

NOT MUCH OF AN EATER.

It Took, So He Said, Very Little to Satisfy Him.

Captain R. W. Morgan, every inch a Welshman himself, likes to tell this story when there is another Welshman in hearing. He went home to dinner one day and found a paper hanger at work in the house. He asked the time, and Captain Morgan told him it was noon.

"I guess I'll knock off and go home to dinner then," the paper hanger remarked.

"Stay and eat with us," the captain said, and the invitation was accepted.

Captain Morgan was attentive to his guest during the meal. He had a prodigious appetite. The captain helped him to roast beef several times, until at last he had some curiosity to see just how much the fellow would eat without crying enough. The game was growing quite interesting when the fellow began to show signs of quitting.

"Will you have some of the plum pudding?" the captain asked him to revive his falling appetite.

"No, thanks," he replied. "I've had enough, I think."

"Oh, take a small piece of the pudding," the captain urged. "It's genuine English plum pudding and home-made at that."

"Well, I don't mind trying it," he said.

The captain helped him to a section of the pudding weighing about a pound, and he ate it with much relish. Then he shoved his chair away from the table and leaned back for an after-dinner chat.

"I'm not much of an eater," he said, not noticing the smile on the captain's face. "It takes very little to satisfy me. Say, you ought to see the Welsh eat."

"Are they hearty eaters?" asked the captain.

"Hearty eaters?" repeated the fellow. "Say, they eat like a lot of hogs."—Pittsburg News.

IT WAS GENUINE.

The Signature of William Shakespeare That Admiral Luce Had.

At the time of the New Orleans exposition, in the winter of 1884-5, Admiral Luce was in command of the north Atlantic squadron and was sent down there to add to the gaiety of nations, which no other old seadog could do better than he. Upon his return the flagship was anchored in New York bay, where it was visited by many people. One day a party came aboard which included among others a very pretty girl and a very dignified and learned Englishman. As Admiral Luce was entertaining them in his cabin he asked the pretty girl if she would like to see an original autograph of William Shakespeare.

At this the dignified and learned Englishman pricked up his ears and remarked that he had made a study of the autographs of Shakespeare and was positive there was no authentic example in America. Admiral Luce replied that he was very positive his was authentic and that its genuineness had never been questioned. This made the Britisher quite mad, and he delivered a lecture on the fraudulent autographs and manuscripts that were brought over to America and exhibited as originals.

"Well," replied the admiral, "I am convinced that my autograph of William Shakespeare is genuine, and I am going to have the pleasure of showing it to this young lady." Whereupon he went to his desk, took out his visitor's book, turned back a few pages and then pointed out the signature, "William Shakespeare, mayor of New Orleans, Jan. 12, 1885." The Englishman gave a painful gasp and retired.—Chicago Record.

The Clever Romans.

It seems quite surprising that the ancient Romans did not acquire the art of printing with movable types, inasmuch as they came so very near to it. They had wooden blocks carved with words in reverse, by means of which they stamped those words on pottery, while the latter was as yet unbaked and soft. Incidentally it may be mentioned that they knew the modern method of mending broken pots by means of rivets, and many pieces of pottery thus restored have been dug up.

In ancient Rome there was one daily newspaper, which was written entirely by hand. Furthermore the Roman senate had a publication which corresponds to the Congressional Record, being a report of the daily proceedings of that important legislative body. It likewise was written by hand. Speaking of baked clay, one might mention the fact that the little boys of Rome 2,000 years and more ago were accustomed to play knuckle-down with marbles of that material just as children do now.

Goat's Milk.

Modern medicine says that goat's milk, contrary to the general impression, differs from cow's milk not in being more digestible, but in being less digestible and less nutritious, although it contains a larger amount of solid matter than cow's milk. It is indeed the most indigestible of all milk.

Goat's milk has a peculiar and unpleasant odor and flavor, due to lactic acid or birchic. It contains an excess of fat and is therefore altogether too rich for an infant's diet.

Decided.

An Austin colored waiter told a Boston man at a hotel that in eastern Texas a white man had married a negro woman.

"Was he not decided?" asked the Bostonian in the classic speech of the "Hub of Culture."

"He was," said the negro. "Dey rided him out ob town on a rail."—Household Words.

Quicksand Hidden Under Clay.

Curious but dangerous freaks of nature frequently found in the deserts of Arizona are called sunideros by the Mexicans and Indians. They are masked pitfalls of quicksand that occur in the dry plains and are covered with a treacherous crust of clay that has been spread over them in fine particles by the wind and baked dry by the sun.

The peculiar properties of the soil retain all the moisture drained into them after the infrequent rains and allow it to be filtered to unknown depths, so that a man or a horse or a cow or a sheep that once steps upon that deceptive crust instantly sinks out of sight beyond hope of rescue. The sunideros are on a level with the surface of the desert. There is no danger signal to mark them, and their surface cannot be distinguished by the ordinary eye from the hard clay that surrounds them. They occur most frequently in the alkali covered flats and are often 15 or 20 feet in diameter. Sometimes they are only little pockets or wells that a man can leap across, but the longest pole has never found their bottom. A stone thrown through the crust sinks to unknown depths, and no man who ever fell into one of them was rescued. They account for the mysterious disappearance of many men and cattle.—Chicago Record.

Four Courtship Sundays.

The four Sundays of November are observed as fete days in Holland. They are known by the curious names Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession and all refer to matrimonial affairs, November in Holland being the month par excellence devoted to courtship and marriage, probably because the agricultural occupations of the year are over and possibly because the lords of creation from quite remote antiquity have recognized the pleasantness of having wives to cook and cater for them during the long winter.

On Review Sunday everybody goes to church, and after service there is a church parade in every village, when the youths and maidens gaze upon each other, but forbear to speak. On Decision Sunday each bachelor who is seeking a wife approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow and from her manner of responding judges whether his advances are acceptable. Purchase Sunday, the consent of the parents is sought if the suit has prospered during the week. Not until Possession Sunday, however, do the twain appear before the world as actual or prospective brides and grooms.—Denver News.

English Secret Service Money.

The term "secret service money" is usually applied to a fund placed at the disposal of ministers to be expended at their discretion in promoting or protecting the interests of this country. These moneys consist of a sum of £35,000 annually included in the estimates, in respect of which ministers are only required to make a declaration that the moneys spent have been expended "in accordance with the intentions of parliament." As ministers are required to give no account of their stewardship, it is obvious we have no means of knowing how these moneys are expended. The reader, however, who carries his mind back to episodes within his knowledge, such as the collapse of the Fenian conspirators or of their later development, the "Irish Invincibles," will have little difficulty in realizing how indispensable a fund of this kind is to the protection of a state and of understanding the infinite variety of uses to which it may be applied.—Chambers' Journal.

Sighting the Water.

It was at a railway refreshment room. The passenger was hungry and in a hurry.

"Please pass me them pertaters, mister," he said, addressing an elegant gentleman who sat next him.

The latter slowly focused his gold eyeglasses on the speaker. "Did you think that I was one of the waiters?" he asked icily.

The others held their knives and forks suspended in midair, expecting to see the man shrivel up, but no such phenomenon took place. He turned and beckoned to the nearest waiter.

"George, come here, please."

"What is it, sir?" asked George.

"I wanted to apologize to you—that is all. You see, I mistook this party here for you, but I hope you won't be offended at it. Now pass me them pertaters, and we'll go on with the rest of the meal."—London Tit-Bits.

A Question of Degree.

Judge A.—Well, Uncle Zeb, where are you going?

The Benedict—I wuz jis' going to de cote, suh, to see you, suh, and get a remorse from dat yeller limb dat I married the yarder day.

Judge A.—Why, see here, that won't do! Didn't you promise me that you would take her for better or worse and all that?

The Benedict—Yas, suh, but den she am a sight wuss dan I took her fur.—Harper's Bazar.

Saved.

Nodd—Blinker had a hard time the other day. His head clerk is in the habit of giving him checks to sign, and Blinker, who has every confidence in him, always does so without question. This day his wife filled out one, and the clerk took it in. Blinker signed it.

Todd—Ruin him?
Nodd—No. It was for such a large amount the bank wouldn't cash it.—Detroit Free Press.

In Luck.

"You think you know all about women, don't you?" asked the newly married boarder.

"No," replied the savage bachelor, "and I am mighty glad I don't."—Indianapolis Journal.

WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW.

The rooms are hushed, the lights are low,
I sit and listen to the wind
That comes from out the distant hill.
It comes and croons in an undertone
Of alien regions vast and lone,
Of pleasures lost in a land unknown,
Then steals away, and all is still.
The good to listen to the wind
When rooms are hushed and lights are low,
When those we love have come and gone,
The weary to be left behind—
To miss sweet eyes where late they shone,
To look for what we may not find,
Long, shorted forms that haunt the mind,
Soft voices that were close too kind,
To live and miss them one by one,
Is weary work. Who'd stay behind
When those we love have come and gone?
—New York Times.

A TRAGEDY IN A PICTURE.

His Snap Shot of a Drink That Killed Two Men.

"The most remarkable snap shot picture in the world is owned by a friend of mine in a town in Georgia," said an enthusiastic amateur photographer. "Its story is extremely curious. It seems that he went one day to a blacksmith shop to get a shot at the men at the forge. The smith was engaged on a difficult piece of ironwork and had two helpers. Just behind them on a shelf was a pint flask full of yellowish white liquor, evidently the corn whiskey for which the native Georgian has a peculiar liking.

"As my friend was preparing to take his picture one of the helpers caught sight of the bottle and communicated his discovery by dumb show to his companion. The smith's back was turned at the moment, and the first man reached stealthily for the prize, while my friend, unnoticed in the corner, quickly aimed his camera. It was a comical scene, and in his mind he had already named the photo 'The Stolen Drink.'

"The helper uncorked the flask and took a swift gulp, and his comrade snatched it and did likewise. Then for a brief, breathless instant they looked at each other, and as they did so their foolish grin gave way to such a stare of questioning horror as I never saw before upon a human face. I know because it was then that the camera clicked, and the picture is as clear as crystal. The flask contained carbolic acid. Within an hour both men were dead.

"When my friend took one print, he broke the negative so as to make the photograph absolutely unique. It shows the forward end of the shop. In the foreground is the anvil, with the smith bending over his work. Behind him are the two helpers, one still holding the flask, looking at each other. You can see tragedy in their eyes as plain as print. It is a frightful and dramatic tableau that could not be duplicated by any sort of art."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Chant of the Cyclone.

Ever see a cyclone, say? Bite the world and munch away? Eat up houses, fences, trees, just as easy as you please? Get a hustle on its jaws? Swipe the earth with fendish claws? Hump its back and take a run through the orchard just for fun? From a hill to hollow flit, seeming to get strength from it? Never seen one? Well, I jing! It's a pesky sort of thing.

Ever see a cyclone, say? Take its track and speed away? Switch its tail and snort and bound, just like lightning o'er the ground? Get a swift move with its feet, racing for the winning heat? Then convorting up and down, heeding no laws of the town? Pushing everything aside? Out upon a gayly ride? As though owning all the track, ever onward, never back? Never seen one? Well, I swow! It's a buster, anyhow!—Kingsley (La.) Times.

Yachting on Salt.

Save during the rainy season Lake Lefroy, in western Australia, is quite dry. But as the water evaporates as the hot weather approaches a smooth, glassy floor of crystalline salt is deposited. Those living on the shores have found a means of utilizing this.

All boats which sail on the lake when possible are, during the rainy season, fitted with four wheels, and thus are enabled to continue their travels. As Lake Lefroy has an area of 100 miles, and the surrounding country is extremely rough, this means a great saving in expense, labor and time. The speed attained by these wheeled yachts is very considerable, though not quite equal to the pace of the ice yachts so popular in Canada.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Senatorial Slander.

Two ladies visiting in Washington during one of the sessions of congress went to the capitol to hear the proceedings in the United States senate. Most of the galleries being filled, they approached the doorkeeper of the senators' gallery, where admission is by card. As they did not possess this passport, the doorkeeper suggested that they procure one from any senator if they might be acquainted with.

"But we do not know any senator," they replied.
"Well, it is very much to your credit," said the doorkeeper. "Pass right in, ladies."—San Francisco Argonaut.

High Art.

"Oh, yes, he is a follower of one of the higher arts."
"Well, he doesn't look it. What does he do?"
"He's a professional flagpole painter."

Belgium is the home of the racing pigeon. There the sport is a national pastime, and a good pigeon frequently wins for its owner large sums of money. The prizes being considerable, to which heavy pools are added.

The earliest pottery with printed designs of American subjects was made at Liverpool at the end of the eighteenth century.

Born Equal, but Not Free.

"Here is a curious error," said the schoolboy as he laid down his "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and turned to the encyclopedia. The author uses the expression, 'All men are born free and equal.'"

"Well, what is the matter with that?" inquired the schoolboy's uncle. "Why, the quotation should be, 'All men are born equal.' There is no 'free' in it."

"Do you mean to tell me that Jefferson did not write 'Free and Equal in the Declaration?'"
"That's what he didn't."
"I'll bet you!"

"Don't do it, uncle. Remember, you have a family to support, and they will need all your money. The word 'free' does not occur there. See?" And he placed the big book before his misguided relative.

"Oh, I know better! I will get a copy of the constitution in one of my old books. I have heard that quoted so often I know what I am talking about."

"You have heard it quoted wrong every time you heard the 'free' in it." After they had found the good and reliable old book and all the rest of the authorities the uncle ungraciously gave up. But he hated to do so. It seems impossible to correct that wrong impression. The boy was right. Yet people will go on indefinitely making a "free" and inaccurate quotation.—Chicago Post.

Outwitted by His Coachman.

The carriage horses of Chief Justice Marshall were exceedingly thin, and his family told him that it was currently hinted that Jerry, the colored coachman, exchanged too great a proportion of the horse feed for whiskey for personal use to allow the horses food enough to keep them in a good and creditable condition. The judge went to the stable and directed Jerry's attention to the poor appearance of the horses, told him of the rumor about his exchanging oats and hay for whiskey and thereby depriving the horses of their necessary supply of food and spoke of the sleek, fat team driven by his neighbor Brewer.

"Laws, Massa John," said Jerry, "it's the natur' of the animals! Look at Mr. Brewer himself, sah, a short, fat, greasy gentleman, that ain't seed his boots after his feet was in 'em for years, while you, sah, is tall and round shouldered an sees your feet all de time youse walkin, an look at his coachman, thicker through than he is long, whiles Ise only skin an bones! Of course his critters is fat, while yours is thin. It's their natur', Massa John; it's their natur'." They belong to the fat kin, and we all belongs to de lean kin. It's natur'."

"Perhaps that is so," said the judge reflectively and walked away as if well satisfied with the explanation.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Largest Emerald in the World.

A vase cut from a single emerald has been preserved in a cathedral in Genoa, Italy, 600 years. Its dimensions are: Diameter, 12½ inches; height, 5¼ inches. Every precaution is used to insure safekeeping. Several locks must be opened to reach it, and the key of each lock is in the possession of a different man. It is publicly exhibited very rarely, and then only by order of the senate. A precautionary decree was passed in 1476 forbidding all persons to approach the priceless treasure too closely. An antiquarian advances the theory that it was one of the gifts made Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, and has written a book to prove his assumption. It is difficult in these matters of fact days to believe so large an emerald had ever been found, and it would be interesting to hear the verdict of a gem expert after he had carefully examined the vase.—Manufacturing Jeweler.

Artists in Mother of Pearl.

The incrustation of precious woods with mother of pearl is in Hanort, French Tonquin, an important industry, an entire street—known as the "street of the inlayers"—being devoted to it. Landscapes gleaming in the sun, sheafs of many colored flowers, the most delicate arabesques and many other beautiful things are evolved by the deft and pliant fingers of the artificers, with the aid of the plainest and crudest tools only, and marvelous cabinets and other articles are fashioned and put together without the aid of nails, by dovetailing and lacquer paste.

Church Bells.

Why do they have church bells? What good are they? Men go to a bank or the store at the proper time without a bell. Women open up their millinery stores on time without being rung up. People in the country, where there are no bells, get to church on time. The fact is church bells are a relic of ancient times. People have them because it is custom. They do no good. Really, they are a nuisance.—Atchison Globe.

An Unpleasant Diet.

Mr. Dukane—Jonesy indulged in a linguistic diet yesterday.
Mr. Gaswell—What do you mean by that?
Mr. Dukane—Northside made him eat his words.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The man who insists at the poker party that the husband is the lord and master is the one who takes off his shoes to sneak up stairs when he gets home.—New York Press.

A calm at sea resembles that artificial sleep which is produced by opium in an ardent fever; the disease is suspended, but no good is derived from it.

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never bleaches, the thought that never wanders—these are the masters of victory.—Burke.

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SHE WAS BLIND.

A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer—I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is very uncomfortable.

I know all about it; it's **DYSPEPSIA**. Take one of these; it will cure you in ten minutes.

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