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"I'M SITTING ON THE STILE."

She turned the music swiftly o'er,
Her lovely color came and went;
She tossed her jaunty hat aside,
And sat before the instrument.
The ivory keys her ivory hands
Touched with a master touch the while
With sweetest voice she sang that sweet
Old song: "I'm sitting on the stile."

He softly stole within the room
To hear her sing; entranced he sat
Upon the most convenient chair,
The chair which held her jaunty hat.
She turned and looked with anguished eyes,
He turned and looked with sickly smile;
Beheld the ruin he had wrought,
And said: "I'm sitting on the style!"
—*Mrs. Geo. Archibald, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

A POOR INVESTMENT.

The Custom of Putting Spare Cash in Precious Stones.

"The time-honored custom of putting your spare hundreds or thousands during flush times into jewelry and silverware, under the impression that you are at any rate laying away a nest-egg for a rainy day, is a great mistake that people are waking up to," remarked a broker and an agent who is an old and prominent citizen of San Francisco, and into whose possession has fallen in a special way of late a large quantity of the valuables of which he spoke.

"It is a custom fruitful of sorrow and disappointment to many of the persons who indulge in it, and in more instances than you would imagine, upon first thought, a source of serious annoyance and difficulty to their friends. All the conditions under which the habit is practiced, favor such results. In San Francisco during the last few years the facts of the case have been demonstrated in a most peculiar and forcible way. The public knows very little about the matter, how the trade in these costly articles is conducted, or what is the ultimate disposition of the wares, and it should be provided with general information concerning the subject. Then considerable vexation might be avoided, especially on this coast. The subject is an interesting one, full of novelty and suggestions of the lights and shades of life on the high tide of success, as well as the low ebb of financial depression, and I will try to give you a few points. Probably there have been few instances in history where there was such a universal disposition on the part of every one to buy these costly goods as during the bonanza times of California; the noteworthy era of colossal fortunes made in a day; the time of inflated values in all property; the days when people of all social grades, into whose hands, as if by magic, heaps of gold had fallen, plunged into all sorts of extravagances, and the venders of diamonds and precious stones, and costly ornaments, and wares of gold and silver, reaped a harvest. Millions were spent.

"Not only did large establishments offering these gems and luxuries prosper here, but Eastern dealers sent out large consignments to be sold here. The Eastern dealers continue to do so now. The sales in this city were enormous, and there was another extremely large influx of goods which were brought here by old settlers and mining magnates who had gone East to visit their homes again after making their fortunes. When the large majority found that the untrustworthy stocks had swallowed up their money with the same startling speed that it had been amassed, the gems, etc., in their possession went for the most part to the pawnbrokers. As a matter of course none of their owners received anything like the amounts the goods originally cost. Many people, yet retaining their faith in the stocks they held, put up their jewels as security in the hands of their brokers. Then came the first realization of what a small percentage of the original cost can be obtained under any circumstances. I wish to emphasize particularly the case of jewels and precious stones, because it is a natural and widely prevalent belief that at all hazards a jewel—a diamond ear-ring, for example, would be worth at any time, and in any place, very nearly what it cost, for the setting is an inconsiderable portion of the value, and the stone remains the same always. But the belief has no foundation in fact. In actual practice it would only be a question of extraordinary luck if the owner obtained, under a forced sale, more than thirty-five to fifty per cent. of what he paid for it when he bought it out of the store. One of the most astonishing examples of this kind that has come to my knowledge occurred in this city.

"A gentleman took a magnificent set of diamonds, which he had presented to his wife while in affluent circumstances, to his broker, and delivered them up as collateral for stock that he was holding. The set consisted of ear-rings and a cross, and the man had paid a firm in this city five thousand six hundred dollars for them. He supposed, of course, he could dispose of them any day for at least from three to four thousand dollars, and nearly any man owning jewelry in the city would believe the same thing. But they would be far from right. When the stocks that the broker was holding for the gentleman sank lower instead of going up, it became necessary to sell the jewelry, and the very best offer that the firm who had sold them to the gentleman would make to take them back was one thousand three hundred dollars—not one-quarter of what the goods first sold for. It is a very plain case. The firm admitted that the stones were the same that they had sold for the large amount, but the price at which they would take them back indicated that a profit of about four thousand three hundred dollars had been made on them. This is only one of many cases, and nearly all dealers seem to prefer to deal with the trade and bring more and more stones to the market in preference to offering even half what is paid at first for any jewel. Many thousands of dollars' worth of precious stones and expensive jewelry are held in the safe vaults of this city to-day which must be parted with by the owners at a great sacrifice, as many of the owners are among our old and most respected citizens. In flush times they accumulated the property in the way of presents from their friends or individual purchases, and now when hard times have come upon them the treasure relics of bygone prosperity must go to pay for the necessities of life, and to secure money with which to tide over temporary penury. It would surprise any one to hear the names of our local men who have been reduced to this method of raising funds, and the array of gems brought together would be a further revelation.

"The men in question shrink from going to a pawnbroker. They seek out a friend and ask him to lend some money on the goods. The friend knows that the man is not telling a falsehood, and, after viewing the original invoice for the jewels, he advances with a good will two thousand dollars on a three thousand dollar set of diamonds at a fair rate of interest. Finally the man to whom the money has been loaned goes to his friend in perfectly good faith and says that times are not much better, that even the interest is burdensome—and the jewelry must be sold. Then the mistake of the whole transaction is brought to light. The price obtainable for the jewels is much smaller than the money loaned. A few examples of these cases are: One lot of silverware, consisting of wedding presents and various purchases, costing in all more than two thousand dollars, was sold for five hundred dollars. Come in here and look at these sets and see what you think of them, Here is a pair of diamond ear-rings and a brooch that cost two thousand dollars. I can not sell them for four hundred dollars. Here is a seven hundred dollar set of silver ware that can go for one hundred and fifty dollars to any purchaser. That diamond locket was bought for eleven hundred dollars, and it goes a begging when offered at four hundred dollars. And, as you see, not any of them show wear in the slightest degree. Undoubtedly in some cases the owners of these jewels paid exorbitant prices in the beginning, for there are unscrupulous dealers who are apparently trustworthy, but as a rule the gems are of the finest quality, and the men who handle that class of goods are not usually objects of suspicion. However, you will notice a strange thing when you go to a jeweler to have an expert place a value on a set of diamonds upon which you wish to make a loan. He will tell you that he would not sell the set for a certain amount he names; but upon the instances above enumerated it is evident that he would not give you half as much if you were to offer the set to him.

"This expert valuation is an inscrutable system. I suppose there have been several instances where the amount of money loaned on a set of diamonds was based upon an expert's valuation, which, as I have said, proved to be a considerably larger sum than could be realized at a forced sale. A lady in New York is the possessor of jewels bought at Tiffany's for eighty-four thousand dollars, and she concluded to sell them, because they were so much trouble to her. Tiffany would not take them back and pay more than thirty thousand dollars. I carry a good watch, and have for a long time been living in the happy belief that by means of it I could get home at any time I happened to be caught out of town, but I am every day growing to consider my heretofore happy belief a delusion and a snare. I don't know but that I would be obliged to walk home if the car fare was too big, vene if the place where I was literally swarmed with pawn-shops. People for the last two years have been melting up their old silver to get the bullion. At one time one concern alone melted up an average of six sets per week, and at the present time sets are continually sent through the banks from private homes in this city and from all parts of the coast to the mint to be melted up. At a recent date a wagon-load of silver coming from Mexico, and comprising every article of household furniture, even to wash-bowls, was taken to the mint. Some people do this because plated ware needs watchful care, and others do it because they are compelled to."—*San Francisco Call.*

DOGS AS PETS.

The Species Most in Demand and What They Bring in the Market.

Dogs, certainly, take the palm in popularity, and, as pets, there is an unceasing demand for them. It is a mistake to suppose that the black-and-tan is losing ground in popular favor. If he is going out of fashion it is because he is also going out of existence. Black-and-tan dogs are very rare indeed, and it is almost impossible now to get a really fine one. The rage for smallness became so great that the black-and-tan terrier has been pretty nearly reduced out of the world. A fairly good one can still be bought, however, for about one hundred dollars, and a pup, that may or may not live to attain its full growth, would be valued at not less than twenty-five dollars. The other dogs for which about the same prices rule are the Yorkshire and fox terriers. The latter is not so great a favorite with women as with men, but of late years the Yorkshire has become very popular with all lovers of toy dogs. The pug or "toy bull" as he is sometimes called, is also greatly prized, and good ones, weighing from eight to ten pounds, may bring considerably over one hundred dollars. Pups can be bought for a third of that price. The peculiarity of the pug is that he is little more than a diminutive bull-dog. He has the same wrinkled, unprepossessing countenance, and looks, like the stock from which he sprang, as though he thirsted for blood. His appearance, fortunately, belies him, as the bulldog's usually does, for the pug is good-natured and affectionate enough, and makes an admirable and appreciative pet. His days are too often shortened by over-feeding and too little exercise; but he seems to prefer that it should be so.

The rarest and most expensive of all pet dogs is the King Charles spaniel. A lady who has secured a really good one may go home and congratulate herself, for she owns a treasure. She had better keep a watchful eye upon him, too, for he is easily stolen and as easily disposed of. These dogs can hardly be said to be in the market. They are very rare, and with their long, fine, silky hair, large pendant ears, and meek, intelligent eyes, they are exceedingly beautiful. They are better known in England than in this country, but there, too, their price is very high. It is very hard, indeed, to get the poorest kind of a King Charles for $100, and for a good one $200 is not considered by any means an unreasonable price to ask. The King Charles is rather delicate, and is often injured and even killed by over-feeding. Both among the terriers and the King Charles breed of dogs the male is valued a little higher than the female, but the difference in price is very slight.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Poetry Everywhere.

Henry was an editor, and Maude was a poetic young woman, with whom he was more or less in love. They were out last Sunday breathing the clear air of the hills, enjoying the beautiful colors, with which nature was painting the trees, and in various ways luxuriating in the harmonious holiday of a Sunday afternoon.

"Oh, Henry," she exclaimed, rapturously, "isn't this lovely?"

"Quite delightful," he responded, somewhat enthusiastically.

"Just see the hills, Henry, in all the shades and tints that the painter knows. What a soft, hazy blue the air assumes, and what a restful quiet there is everywhere."

"Yes, Maude, it is first-class."

"It is a time, Henry, full of poetry. There is poetry in the woods, there is poetry in the running water, there is poetry in the rough old trees, there is poetry in the cattle in the fields, there is poetry in everything."

"Yes, Maude, darling, there is poetry in everything, even in my waste-baskets—bushels of it, dear. Let's go and get a square meal at that farm-house over yonder."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Silk is now grown in twenty of our States.

A TALK WITH A DRUGGIST.

The Penchant of Physicians for Something New—Rise and Decadence of Remedies.

"Is there anything new?" repeated the druggist after the inquiring reporter. "Yes, there's something new every few minutes. Here's a list of new remedies with high-sounding names that I have been studying over. The able manufacturing pharmacist who introduces them to the medical profession vouches for them as being wonderful, but it is not likely that even the names of two-thirds of them will be recalled two or three years hence. Doctors are death on medical novelties, and manufacturing pharmacists, knowing their weakness, are always giving them something new. The more rare and high-priced a remedy is, the surer it is to find favor with the medical practitioner. The number of roots and leaves that within the past five years have been torn from their primeval haunts in South American swamps and jungles and Australian forests is astounding. It begins to look as if no guilty plant could escape. There is not absolute safety even in the darkest corner of Africa. Do you remember cundurango, advertised far and wide a few years ago by Dr. Bliss, of Washington City, as a cure for cancer? It was wonderful, because new, costly and untried. To-day it is rarely used and the profession have no faith in it at all. In this list of new remedies few of them will prove of any value at all. Here is the Judas tree, or red bud. It was thrown out of the pharmacopœia in 1840, and here it is again as a new remedy. The only good thing I know of the Judas tree is a beautiful piece of poetry written about it, a couple of years ago by Dr. H. W. Taylor, of Terre Haute.

"California is now in high repute for wonderful curative agencies culled from the vegetable kingdom. Most of them rejoice in exceedingly ornate names. Here is the yerba santa, herb of health; yerba bena, herb of beauty; yerba reuma, whatever that means, and many others. Among the recent curative fancies is duboisia, an Australian plant similar in its properties to belladonna. The Sandwich Islands furnish a plant called tonga, from which we have a proprietary medicine called tongaline, which has quite a run now, probably for the reason that nobody knows anything especially about it. The lily of the valley, which, in Solomon's time, toiled not, neither did it spin, is now put into a concentrated liquid and credited with having control of the action of the heart. Here's the manaca, a Brazilian weed of which little is known. For that reason it is galloped after by doctors, who are willing to believe that it is a specific for rheumatism.

"One good thing may be said of Alaska. I do not think she has given a single leaf, stalk, flower or root to our parmaceutical acquisitions. It quite reconciles me to the possession of those barren leagues of ice and solitude.

"Among the unpleasant remedies that are passing out of favor is propylamin, made from herring brine, and about the most nauseous smelling stuff in the entire scope of materia medica. It is seldom used now. Among the most valuable contributions of chemistry to the healing art is that of salicylic acid, which is used for many diseases, and in rheumatism has superseded almost everything else. The demand for it is great, and for that reason it is fortunate that science is able to furnish an artificial supply, Kolb, a German chemist, now making it from coal-tar. Others make it, but all under his patent. The vegetable supply might be sufficient, but it would be at such a cost as not to allow of its use in a fifth of the cases it is now employed in. Have you any idea of the number and importance of the products of coal-tar? Well, there's a long list of them. Among them is a substitute for genuine benzoic acid, which formerly was made of hippuric acid, horse urine, and is now a coal-tar derivative. That's better than horse urine. People are more squeamish about such things than they used to be. A hundred year's ago camel's stale was a popular remedy.

"Guarana and jaborandi are two South American remedies that after several years' use continue in favor. Jaborandi is now extensively used in the form of the salt, pilocarpin in fevers. It was at one time claimed that it would restore hair to bald heads. I had a customer who tried it for a long time, and one day, after a couple of weeks' absence he came in with a beautiful head of hair. Did the pilocarpin do it? I thought so until he took the hair off and showed me it was a wig. Guarana is a nerve medicine much used for headache. It does not sell to the extent it formerly did, the novelty having worn off.

"Coca is another South American plant which rejoices in the dignified name of erythroxylon coca. Its active principle is the alkaloid cocaine. The leaves of the coca have long been used by the South American Indian mountain-climbers, who are said to do a prodigious amount of work with its aid. They chew the leaves with ashes, which heightens the effect of the drug. It is a wonderful stimulant, not an intoxicant. The effect of chewing the leaves is said to be to retard the waste of tissue so that much work can be done with little food; neither is much liquid required under its influence. Unlike other exhilarants, its continued use does not produce any ill effects, and the Indians who habitually use it live to old age. Upon its introduction to the civilized world, chemists went to work and found that its virtues depended upon an alkaloid which they call cocaine. This alkaloid is considered one of the most remarkable medical discoveries of the century. In weak solution, introduced a few drops at a time into the eye, it establishes complete anæsthesia of that organ, so that the most difficult and delicate operations of optical surgery can be performed without pain to the patient. This is better than chloroform, because more reliable and without the ill effects of the latter. This is the report we get of it from abroad, where it has been tried, and from the most trustworthy sources. It has not reached this city yet. By the aid of cocaine the pain attending operations of dental surgery will be entirely vanquished. Indeed, the problem of local anæsthesia appears to have been solved by the discovery of this alkaloid. It is anticipated that sciatica, will also yield to this new power. It is exceedingly expensive—60 cents a grain, $288 an ounce, $4,500 a pound—but, like all other discoveries, will grow cheaper. I remember when bromide of potash was put up in ounce bottles and sold at sixty cents an ounce. It now sells at twenty-eight to thirty cents a pound. Atropia, the active principle of belladonna, formerly sold at fifty cents a grain; it now sells at that much a dram. I expect the day is not far distant when cocaine will be cheap enough to be in active demand for domestic use in mashed fingers and stumped toes."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—"Why a man laughs at a joke instead of weeping, and why one weeps at a stroke of pathos instead of laughing, are questions," says a recent German writer in discussing the positive results of science in the department of psychology, "which are just as blind as ever they were in Parmenides or Plato; but the man who should reverse the process would be voted mad by his fellows, nevertheless."

—Canada has a military force of about 39,000 men, comprising about 750 regulars, 500 mounted police and about 37,740 "active militia."

DUTIES OF FARMERS.

Some of the Things Which Should Never Be Given the Go-By.

Let every owner of buildings and contents—and especially farmers who are generally more or less remote from cities and villages where fire engines are kept, and the water supply is abundant—keep a good line of insurance on buildings and contents. It costs something, it is true, and if one does not get burned out it seems to some as though it was money thrown away, but such is not the case. Insurance never was cheaper than it has been of late, and no one, unless he is very rich, and has property well scattered, can afford to go without insurance. Farm barns are especially liable to be struck by lightning in summer and set on fire, while there is in winter more or less danger from the use of lanterns, tramps smoking in the barn, etc. Farm buildings are often so connected that if one burns they all will, and such a fire often means utter ruin to the owner. There is no excuse nowadays for not getting insured, and one who does not will receive little sympathy if he suffers loss by fire.

The farmer should have more system in doing business than is generally found in sections remote from cities. They are generally honest themselves, and so suppose all others are. We lately had occasion to look up the title to a farm, and found three mortgages on the same—one is generally too many—and when we reported how things stood the farmer said he had paid off the larger one some years ago, and he supposed it was discharged. He had nothing on record to show that fact, however. Every one should, under such circumstances, have the business done properly. So in paying any bill, or paying money on account, the party paying should always insist upon a receipted bill or a receipt on account. It will not do to trust one's memory. We have saved money and much trouble, not only for ourselves, but for others, in doing business on strict business principles. Men may be ever so honest, but mistaken. Some years ago a grocer with whom we traded brought in a bill and requested payment. We could not say absolutely off hand that the same had been paid, but we had that impression, and so requested a little time to look over our receipts and check book. On examination we soon found a check for the amount payable to the order of the trader, with his indorsement on the back, on which he had drawn the full amount of the bill. The sight of his name on the check was sufficient, and he apologized handsomely for the mistake; but if we had not been able to show him the check, or a receipt, he would have always felt that we owed him the amount, unless we had paid him again. We give this as an illustration showing the need of care. Farmers, as well as all others who do any business, should keep books, and not trust to memory or chalk marks on the back door. Many law suits and much hard feeling has grown out of carelessness in regard to accounts between neighbors. "Short accounts make long friends."

Farmers should when they buy real estate be as careful as other people are, and have the title to the same carefully examined by a competent conveyancer or lawyer—some one who understands the business. Nothing has surprised us more than the carelessness displayed in this particular. There are very few farm titles that are strictly correct. This we know. Only this week we had the title to a small farm examined upon which we were loaning money, and found there were no less than three undischarged mortgages. Sometimes the descriptions of the real estate are so vague that it is almost impossible to locate it. In other cases the instrument by which the land purports to be conveyed is very defective in execution, showing the importance of having titles examined when one is buying, before the purchase money is paid.

A farmer should be very careful when he is hiring or letting a farm and be sure and have proper leases written, and have the same properly executed. Some depend upon oral leases, but they are only a snare, for it would be next to a miracle if both parties should remember alike for three or five years. What is written will tell the same story every time. Let there be a full and thorough understanding between the lessor and lessee before the documents are prepared, and then when they are properly signed there is little danger of further trouble. The lessee should always bear in mind, no matter what the lease may say, that if the lessor objects the lessee can not remove from the farm any dressing made upon it during the term of the lease. The courts have decided—following the English decisions—that the land shall not be deprived of the dressing made upon it. Farmers should in short do all their business, so far as it is possible, on strict business principles as business men do, and they will save themselves much needless trouble and vexation.—*Congregationalist.*

A MAD PRACTICE.

How Some Persons Shorten Their Lives by Fighting Sleep With Tea.

The practice of taking tea or coffee by students, in order to work at night, is downright madness, especially when preparing for an examination. More than half of the cases of break-down, loss of memory, fainting, etc., which occur during severe examinations, and far more frequently than is commonly known, are due to this.

I frequently hear of promising students who have thus failed; and, on inquiry, have learned—in almost every instance—that the victim has previously drugged himself with tea or coffee. Sleep is the rest of the brain; to rob the hard-worked brain of its necessary rest is cerebral suicide.

My old friend, the late Thomas Wright, was a victim of this terrible folly. He undertook the translation of the "Life of Julius Cæsar," by Napoleon III., and to do it in a cruelly short time. He fulfilled his contract by sitting several nights successively by the aid of strong tea or coffee (I forget which). I saw him shortly afterward. In a few weeks he had aged alarmingly, and become quite bald, his brain gave way and never recovered. There was but little difference between his age and mine, and but for this dreadful cerebral strain, rendered possible only by the alkoloid (for otherwise he would have fallen to sleep over his work, and thereby saved his life), he might still be amusing and instructing thousands of readers by fresh volumes of popularized archæological research.—*W. Matlieu Williams, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Two flocks of sheep, one numbering two thousand seven hundred and the other three thousand seven hundred, were recently driven by trail from Washington Territory into Montana. The sheep taken eastward from this Territory greatly outnumber those of former years.—*Chicago Times.*

—P. R. Hoy describes the manner in which Indians make their stone implements. From an extended series of experiments with rocks he comes to the conclusion that all the instruments thus far found could not have been made by chipping rocks with round stones.

ANGORA GOATS.

The Prohibition Placed on Their Exportation by the Ottoman Government.

Our advices from Texas represent considerable difficulty on the part of those who wish to engage in Angora goat husbandry, in securing pure stock from Asia Minor, by reason of the prohibition placed on the exportations from Constantinople, by the Turkish Government, of Angora goats. This matter has a peculiar interest to the growing mohair industry of this country, and knowing that if any one could give light on this subject it was C. W. Jenks, we addressed that gentleman an inquiry of the cause which prompts Turkey to take such a course. It may be needless to say, that Mr. Jenks is the most competent authority in this country on this subject, and the following communication will, no doubt, be read with interest:

"The absolute inefficiency and incompetency of the Ottoman Government are well known to you, and perhaps its utter treachery and faithlessness as well. These are shown in all that pertains to the mohair industry, as in other matters. They are aggravated by the industrial policy of Great Britain toward the industry, in Turkey, as in like circumstances shown in Ireland, India, etc.

"When forty years ago the French and English sought, by importations of the Angora goat, to establish the Angora husbandry on their own soil, there were no obstacles put in their way. Later, these ventures proving unsuccessful, the English arranged to manufacture the mohair on their territory, and monopolize the same. This competition gradually silenced the spinning wheels and looms of Angora, Geredeh, Dromish and Trebizond, and the Ottomans saw their markets leaving them, and the goods they had made, for the bazars of Bagdad, Constantinople, etc., being supplanted by the English artisans. About this time the exportation of the animals was again sought by the nations of the West. Turkey had lost the monopoly of manufacture in the industry, but blindly clung to the idea she could retrieve her loss by retaining the animals. I was obliged to guard, with paid police, my animals from the home flock to the vessel to secure their safe delivery on shipboard. Finally the rapid growth of the industry in the Cape Colony (from six thousand pounds mohair in 1865 to two million in 1880), induced the Porte to enjoin the exportation, and my last inquiry for them in 1881 was met by refusal to sell by the Angora shepherds, followed immediately by injunction by the authorities against exportation to any quarter, which enactment so far as I know, is now in force. The reasons given by the Porte for the course are these:

"That a once extensive and profitable industry in the manufacture of mohair, in the Province of Asia Minor, has been entirely destroyed by the artisans of Europe.

"It is also now attempted by the transfer of the Angora flocks to South Africa, and elsewhere, to remove the sources of supply of the raw material and introduce a competition that would be ruinous. Therefore exportation of the goats, in any number, for any purpose, to any quarter is entirely prohibited.

"This is official to me from the best posted man in Asia Minor on the subject, Hon. Gavin Gatherall, B. C., Angora, Asia Minor, now deceased.

"I will say in closing, this condition of things is not necessarily fatal to the prosperity of the industry in this country. There are small flocks of Angoras now in the United States, thoroughbreds, that are in stock and product fully the equal of any in Asia. These can be the nucleus of future flocks here; in fact are now so, and are being drawn from by shepherds West and South. The Angora district proper of this country is the entire Eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, from New Mexico to Manitoba."—*Colman's Rural World.*

"TOO LONG A BILL."

A Terrible Creature Which Got Away With a Missouri River Steamboat Captain.

Ed Walsh, of Fargo, tells a good story of how he once got the best of a Missouri River steamboat captain. He was going from Sioux City to St. Louis, last summer, and the flies and mosquitoes were very troublesome. It took Ed about all the time while on deck to fight them off. He sat under the awning one day, busily engaged in keeping the flies and mosquitoes at bay, when the Captain came up mopping his brow with a big bandanna that hadn't been washed for over a year, and noticing Ed's wild gesticulations, asked him what was the matter.

"What's the matter?" replied Ed, "why those infernal mosquitoes are enough to kill an elephant."

"Oh, pshaw," said the Captain, "this ain't nothin'. They're darned thin now, compared with what they be sometimes."

"Well, they're plenty thick enough to satisfy me," said Ed, making a dash at a big blue bottle fly that was boring for gore on the instep of his nose.

"They don't trouble me; I've got used to them," said the Captain.

"Get out! Nobody can get used to them," replied Ed.

"Say," said the Captain, "I'll tell you what I'll do, young feller. I'll bet yer fifty dollars that I can take my hat off (yer see I ain't got over a hundred and fifty hairs on my head) an' I won't scare a fly or mosquito off my head for fifteen minutes."

"I'll take you," replied Ed, jumping up and producing the cash.

A crowd had gathered around by this time, and the stakes were put in the hands of a bystander, while Ed took out his watch and the Captain took his seat in the sun, on a camp-stool. He took off his hat and time was called at just two o'clock. In about three minutes the old fellow's pate was black with flies and mosquitoes probing their bills into the tender flesh. Ten minutes expired and the old chap sat coolly chewing his quid of tobacco as complacently as if there wasn't a fly within a thousand miles of there. Twelve, thirteen minutes passed, still not a murmur. Ed began to get uneasy. He saw he was going to lose his money.

"How much longer've I got?" queried the Captain.

"Two minutes," replied Ed.

"I'll get thar easy," said the old chap, as he spit on the deck and shifted the tobacco on the port side. A half a minute more passed and Ed. was growing desperate. At last a thought struck him. Stepping around behind the Captain, he pulled a sun-glass from his pocket and brought it to bear on the center of the old man's cranium. The sun was hot, and in about three seconds the sun-glass began to burn a hole into the Captain's head. The old fellow began to get fidgety and squirm around in his seat. At last, at the expiration of fourteen minutes, he asked if the time wasn't up.

"No," replied Ed, "you've got one minute longer."

"One minute be blamed!" howled the Captain, jumping up and brushing off his head. I can stand any ordinary fly or mosquito a day an' a half, but I can't stan' no cuss that's got a telescope bill long enough to bore into my brain," and he slid down into the cabin to get away from the jeers of the crowd, just fifty-six seconds behind time.—*St. Paul Herald.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A lawyer in Toccoa, Ga., asked as a fee five bushels of apples and one of chestnuts.

—The highest velocity that has been imparted to shot is given as sixteen hundred and twenty-six feet per second, being equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds.

—Dr. C. C. Abbott has discovered that crows have no less than twenty-seven different cries, each distinctly referable to a different action.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—It takes the labor of five men an entire year to build a locomotive. This is the average at all the sixteen locomotive works in the United States.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The Boston *Post* knows all about a man by passing his house. If he has a stone dog on the lawn that settles it, and he is classed under the head of eminent citizens.

—A Newark maiden attempted to play on her piano the other day, but could not sound a note. Investigation showed that her small brother had filled the top full of molasses.—*Newark Register.*

—"Did any one ever see a girl get a letter at the post-office from her fellow and not read it until she got home? No, sir; and history has no record of any such freak of girl."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

—In the presentation of a cup to an English runner the other day, the referee, making the speech, said: "You have won this cup by the use of your legs, may you never lose the use of your legs by the use of this cup."—*Local Option in England.*

—Among the gentlemen sent to State Prison this fall in various localities may be mentioned "Brocky Bill," "Whalebone Sam," "Texas Jim," "Terrible Jones," "The Hustler," "Bully Bates" and "Scotch John." Society will drag this winter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The New York State capitol building is the most expensive edifice on this continent. It has already cost sixteen million four hundred thousand dollars, and estimates of the further sum required vary from five million to fifteen million dollars.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Crocodiles are the only reptiles whose nostrils point in the throat behind the palate, instead of directly into the mouth cavity. This enables the crocodile to drown its victim without drowning itself, for by keeping its snout above water it can breathe while its mouth is wide open.—*Boston Budget.*

—A recent calculation shows that a man weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, and running a mile in six minutes, performs work about equal to that of a half-horse engine, while a walker sustaining five miles an hour for a long time does work equal to that of a quarter-horse engine, and consumes only one-twentieth of the weight of food or fuel.

—General Sherman said at the cattle convention at St. Louis recently: "I myself have seen the cow-boys of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, and can say they are a brave lot of fellows, a little wild, perhaps [laughter], but, on the whole, with the impulses of a generous and manly nature. I wish one and all of you health, happiness and prosperity."

—A New York photographer is quoted as saying: "After twenty-five years' experience under the skylight, and photographing over one hundred and fifty-seven thousand people, I have become convinced that in nineteen cases out of twenty the left side of the face gives the most characteristic likeness, while to the same degree the right side is the most symmetrical."

—Life in New York flats, where each floor is occupied by a different family, is not always harmonious. A musical young lady, who lives on the second floor of a flat on Concord avenue, meeting on the stairs the old gentleman who lives on the first floor, said to him: "That miserable dog of yours howls all night long." "Yes, I know it; but to make up for it he doesn't play on the piano all day long."—*N. Y. Star.*

—One of the queer sights in the streets of Japan is the rows of wooden sandals, old and new, large and small, which are seen outside of the doors of the houses, where they are left upon entering. They have a separate place for the great toe, and make a loud, clacking noise. It is surprising to see how quickly the people step in and out of them without even stopping. Straw slippers are also worn, and travelers, starting on a journey, take a supply of several pairs, in order to have new ones ready when the old ones give out. They cost only one and one-half cents a pair.

—The old-timers will not recognize the utility of the weather bureau. Just after the recent cold wave had come, a merchant in explaining the cold-weather flag, said: "Now, you see, the flag is hung out at least twenty-four hours before the cold wave reaches this place. This gives the people time to protect all perishable goods." "That may be true enough," replied the old fellow, "but before them blamed Yankees rigged up the fool contraptshun thar wa'nt no cold waves. When the weather wanted to change—why, she just changed, an' thar wa'nt no wave about it."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—"When an impression," says Dr. R. Wood Brown, "is received upon the retina, tympanum, tongue, fingers or olfactory bulbs, it is conveyed by proper nerve filaments to cells in the gray matter of the brain. These cells vibrate from excitation and undergo a change, say that of molecular arrangement. If this impression is repeated often enough, the molecules are permanently changed, and we have memory cells and remember the impression. But repeated impressions are not always necessary to produce a memory cell. A sudden violent excitation will cause a permanent change in a cell.—*Boston Globe.*

Aboriginal Gratitude.

Awhile ago a man who has a ranch close to the Texas line, and has some very fine Jersey cattle down there, took quite a fancy to a Kiowa Indian. He went on a trip to Fort Worth and took the Indian along. They remained about two weeks and the Indian came back with a new suit of clothes that the ranchman had purchased for him. A few weeks after that the Indian got short of provisions, and what did he do but go to the Jersey herd, take out a cow that was worth at least one hundred dollars and kill it. The agent heard of it, called up the Indian and asked him why he killed that cow. The Indian said he wanted some meat.

"I thought you were on friendly terms with the owner," said the agent.

"So I am; we're the best of friends," answered the Indian.

"Well, then, what did you kill your friend's cow for?" asked the agent.

The Indian was astonished at the question and replied: "Why, if you couldn't kill your friend's cow, whose cow could you kill?"—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—The cholera epidemic in Paris produced a special newspaper, which the newsboys cried vigorously on the Boulevards. Buy *L'Anti-Trac* (the Anti-Scare), the only journal which doesn't mention the cholera." Their announcement was true enough, for when the passers-by had invested their penny in *L'Anti-Trac*, they found only four blank sheets of paper—a regular sell.

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