A MODEL GRAND JURY.

Criminal Practice in Arkansaw in Early Days.

A history of the criminal practice of Arkansas would not only be a volume of bloody tragedy but would contribute largely to humorous literature. Years ago, when Colonel W. P. Grace was prosecuting attorney of a southern circuit, he was determined, in view of the inexcusable leniency which prevailed, to effect a reform by enforcing on the minds of grand jurors the necessity of punishing criminals. On one occasion when court met at Arkansas Post, the Colonel was particularly desirous of making a good record. The grand jury, described as an "onery lookin' set o' fellers," occupied a negro cabin, near the court house. "Now, gentlemen," said Colonel Grace, "expediency demands that you should organize and get to work just as soon as possible." A man named Jacquins was elected foreman. "Now," said the Colonel, "who will act as clerk? Won't you?" addressing the most intelligent looking member.

"Kain't read nor write," replied the man.

"Well, won't you?" addressing another.

"Would if it wa'n't fur one thing."

"What's that?"

"I ken read, but I kain't write worth a cuss. Wush I could, but I kain't."

"I am certain you will," addressing an old fellow.

"No, I b'leve not to-day. I kain't spell nuthin' nohow."

"Oh, go on an' sarve, Uncle Caleb," said the man who could not write worth a cuss. "Go on an' sarve, I say. You don't haf to be able to spell. All you've got to do is to read an' write a little."

"Well, gentlemen," remarked the Colonel, "to expedite matters, I will act as clerk until you can get some one else."

He wrote down their names and called the roll, requesting each man when his name was called, to state whether or not he knew of any violations of the law.

They answered "no," until Grace's patience became sore:

"Why, gentlemen," said he, "you know very well that several men have been killed in this county since the last term of court. One man was killed down here at a saw-mill. Do you know anything about that?"

"Wall," drawled a long, dyspeptic-looking fellow, "I did see a man t'uther day what 'lowed that a feller had been laid out down thar, but I wuz sorter busy at the time an' didn't 'vestigate, but I reckon he's dead, fur arterwards I seed 'em diggin' a hole out in the orchard whar his folks does all thar plantin'."

"Is that all you know about it?"

"Wall," with another long drawl, "'bout all I can think uv right now. Mout think of more though, if you'd gimme time. Lemme see. Wall, I reckon, in reason they must've killed him, fur I seed a wagin with a long box in it drive up to the house, an'. yes, airterwards I seed 'em drive to the orchard. Reckon the feller must've been killed?"

"I don't doubt that," replied the Colonel. "What we want to get at is the manner and circumstances of the killing. Do you know by whom and how he was killed?"

"Wall, a short time before I seed the box in the wagin, the man Blythe, what I have every reason to believe wus in the box, had a 'spute with a feller named Miller."

"Did Miller kill him?"

"Wall, Miller he said, that the first time he seed him he 'lowed to shoot him."

"Miller killed him, then?"

"Wall, I don't know, but Miller is a powerful truthful feller. Never heerd nobody 'spute his word. A mighty apt hand with a fuzee, too, Miller is. Mouter not killed him, fur it ain't fur me to say. Blythe didn't owe me nuthin'."

"It is for you to find out though, for you are here to see the law enforced."

"Yas, that's whut the boys was jes' tellin' me, an' I reckon' it's so. Whar is Miller now, boys?"

"He's left the country," some one replied.

"Wall, Colonel, I reckon he's the man what done the killin'. In fact, I know he is."

"No, he ain't left the country," said some one else, "fur I seed him day afore yistidy."

"Wall, Colonel," continued the evasive grand juror, "I ain't so certain, sence I come to think about it. Don't want to put the matter too strong."

"There's another case," declared the Colonel. "An infernal scoundrel, that ought to be hanged, killed his brother over on White River the other day. Do any of you know anything about that?"

An old brown "jeansed" fellow, who had said nothing, arose and replied:

"Yes, an' I'm the man that done it."

"Mr. Foreman," said the Colonel, "adjourn the jury until to-morrow morning. This is the worst crowd I ever saw."

That night every member of the grand jury, with the exception of the foreman, were found engaged in a game of poker. The following morning they were marched into court and indicted. When Colonel Grace had completed his business he went to the Sheriff and spoke to him concerning his fees.

"What fees?"

"The fees for convictions. Don't you understand your business?"

"I don't know anything about fees."

"Where are those men that were arrested the other day?"

"Gone home, I reckon."

"Why didn't you put them in jail?"

"Jail, they've got no business there."

"Why?"

"I've dun rented it out to a feller fur a livery stable. Folks in this country don't want no jail."

"Well, sir, I shall sue you on your bond."

The Sheriff laughed. He had never heard of a bond.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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Salt Lake As It Was and Is to Be.

At its highest stage, Great Salt Lake covered about thirty-five thousand square miles of surface. The water is generally supposed to have disappeared by evaporation, or, in plain terms, an approximate evaporation occurred of about one hundred and ten cubic miles of water. Now you see that the rate of one-hundredth part of an inch per year (and that supposes an evaporation of one million five hundred thousand cubic feet annually) then it was at its greatest height one million two hundred years ago. If the evaporation continues in the future as it has in the past, in one thousand five hundred years there will be nothing but a thin sheet of water during each spring where Great Salt Lake now is.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

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—Two thousand septuagenarians recently met at Leicester, England, and each was presented with half a crown. There were above two hundred over eighty years of age, one centenarian, and one woman ninety-nine years and ten months old, who described herself as "a game old girl yet." All septuagenarians, ill or bed-ridden, were visited by ladies and received similar gifts.

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—The Kansas Senate has forty members, of whom all but three are lawyers

THE PROMISED LAND.

Oklahoma—Its Boundaries and Treaties—Interesting Facts Concerning the Coveted Lands.

The so-called Oklahoma Territory is an unknown quantity. It has no geographical recognition on the United States maps. Payne and the Oklahoma boomers locate a Territory of that name on the western portion of the Ceded Indian Lands, which they claim to be public lands of the United States. On the map of the "'Frisco" Road Oklahoma occupies an irregular shape south of the Red Fork of the Arkansas, and bounded on the south by the Canadian and on the east by the Pottowattomies and the Sac and Fox Agencies, while the western boundary extends to the Wichitas, Cheyenne and Arapahoe Reservations. In a map of the Indian Territory published a few years ago by the Oklahoma Association, they embraced all the western portion of the Indian Territory extending from the Cherokee outlet on the north to the Red River on the south, and including the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Reservations, basing their claim on the statement of Colonel Boudinot, who showed that by the treaties of 1866 the United States purchased from the Indian tribes in the Indian Territory about fourteen million acres of land. These lands were bought from the Creeks, Semioles, Choctaws and Chickasaws; the Cherokees selling no lands by the treaty of 1866, hence they still hold what is known as the Cherokee Strip or "outlet," extending to the one hundredth meridian, lying between the Kansas border and Oklahoma, and which is about ninety miles wide.

The Creeks, by their treaty of 1866, sold to the United States 3,250,560 acres for the sum of $975,168. The Seminoles, by their treaty the same year, sold to the United States 2,169,080 acres for the sum of $325,362. The Choctaws and Chickasaws by their treaty the same year sold to the United States the "leased lands," lying west of the 99th degree of west longitude, for the sum of $300,000. That tract contains about 7,000,000 acres. Of these ceded lands the United States has since appropriated to the Sacs and Foxes 479,667 acres, to the Pottawatomies 575,877 acres, to the Wichitas 743,610 acres, and by executive order the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and other wild Indians were given reservations. A portion of these 14,000,000 acres of land has not been appropriated by the United States for the use of other Indians. In the articles of the treaties with the Creeks and Seminoles, by which they sold these lands, it was stipulated that they were ceded "in compliance with a desire of the United States to locate other Indians and freedmen thereon." The settling of so many wild Indians between the borders of Texas and Kansas excited the jealousy of those States, as they were in constant danger of Indian raids. A few years ago Mr. Mills, of Texas, caused a provision to be inserted in the Indian appropriation bill prohibiting the removal of Sioux Indians to the Indian Territory, and by a similar provision in the Indian approbation bill the next winter the removal of any Indians from Arizona or New Mexico into the Indian Territory was prohibited.

These laws it was contended by Payne and his followers left several millious of acres of the richest lands free from the Indian title or occupancy, and subject to entry like other public lands. By the treaties canceled in 1866 with the Seminoles, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees and Creeks, growing out of the rebellion, the tribes agreed to the establishment, if Congress should so provide, of a General Council in the Indian country to be annually convened, consisting of delegates from all the tribes in the proportion of their members respectively, and to have power to legislate upon matters relating to the intercourse and relation of the several tribes resident in the Territory; the laws passed to be consistent with treaty stipulations and the constitution of the United States. The Council was to be presided over by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. In the treaty with the Choctaws and Chickasaws the plan of a General Council was more clearly defined and agreed to in more detail than in the other treaties. The powers of this General Council were defined so as to establish for many purposes not inconsistent with the tribal laws, a Territorial Government, with the Superintendent (of the Southern Superintendency) as Governor of the Territory, which was to be named "Oklahoma." Provision was made for a Secretary of the Council and for pay of members and for a Marshal of the Territory, and a clause was added looking to the establishment of an Upper House, to consist of one member from each tribe. In the treaties made at the same time with the Creeks and Cherokees provisions also for a General Council were made, the same as in the Seminole treaty. The General Council was intended to be in relation to the federated tribes similar to that of the Federal Government at Washington to the several States.

In 1875 a General Council in accordance with the provissions of the above treaties was held at Ockmulgee, the capital of the Creek Nation, for the purpose of forming a constitution. At that convention the following tribes were represented by delegates: The Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees, Seminoles, Pawnees, Keechies, Confederated Peorias, Eastern Shawnees, Absentee Shawnees, Black Bob Shawnees, Ottawas, Modocs, Sac and Foxes, Mexican Kickapoos, Wichitas, Ionies, Wacos, Comanches, Towoccanies, Caddos, Anadarkoes, Delawares, Kaws, Osages, Pottawattomies, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Wyandottes, Quapaws and Senecas.

The late Colonel Robert Campbell, as Commissioner, and a representative of the *Republican*, were present at the sessions, which were prolonged several weeks. A constitution was agreed to, the concluding section of which was as follows: "Section 14. No person who denies the existence of God or a future state of rewards and punishments, shall hold any office in the civil departments of this Indian Territory, nor shall be allowed his oath in any court of justice, neither shall the Bible ever be prohibited as a text-book in any school in this Territory." The constitution was submitted for ratification, but was defeated by the Cherokees and some of the larger tribes. The consequence is that Oklahoma, instead of giving name to a Confederacy of Nations, has been applied to an insignificant Territory coveted by outside boomers.—*St. Louis Republican.*

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—There is a paper-mill now running in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, which manufactured the continental currency of more than a hundred years ago, and afterward furnished the greenbacks that supplied the sinews of war for the more recent conflict. Of course, improvements in machinery were added from time to time, until now the mill is entirely revolutionized. Up in the loft of this old building had accumulated during this century a huge variety of waste paper, and this collection was recently sold as refuse, and some of it has found its way to the stationery department of a prominent Philadelphia firm, and is now being used for fashionable menus.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

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—There are ninety different styles of collars in use by gentlemen in this country.

TAKEN FOR A TRAMP.

A Clerk Who Expected to Paralyze a Strange Guest, But Was Pulverized.

There is no denying the fact that he looked seedy. His hat was of the "shocking bad" order, the cut of his coat of antique style, his general make-up of the modern tramp school. Trying to dodge a cart in crossing upper Broadway yesterday, a gentlemen of the above description blundered against a vehicle coming from the opposite direction, and smeared his hand with tar grease oozing from one of the hubs. It is a good thing to have clean hands, although manual uncleanliness is no uncommon thing in this great, bad city. Walking into an adjacent hotel, the man of smeared hand proceeded to wash himself in one of the marble basins for lavatory use.

"Can't you read?" asked a stylish young man with a cutaway coat, richly particolored scarf and a glittering diamond scarf pin.

"I can," answered the stranger, as he vigorously rubbed the ball of soap over his smeared hand. "Why do you ask?"

"Because there is a printed notice over your head that you should read and heed."

"Ah! I see," was the stranger's cool rejoinder, raising his eyes and reading the notice. "For exclusive use of the guests," and then he continued in the same cool tone: "I had not observed the notice before. It is not an original idea, by any means. I have seen it frequently in hotels, but it's intensely stupid—has no meaning in it. One of the rules of the house, is it? What nonsense! What constitutes a hotel guest?"

"I don't want any of your conundrums, old fellow," indignantly interrupted the young man, his flashing diamond paled by the fiery flashing of his eyes. "You are not a guest of the hotel; so get out of here."

"Who are you, that you should talk to me in that way?" asked the stranger, in the same tone of imperturbable calmness, and scanning his interlocutor with a keenly-scrutinizing gaze as he began to wipe his hands on the immaculate towel suspended from a roller.

"I belong to the hotel. I am the clerk," quickly answered the young man, with that professional air of colossal importance and supreme contempt for ordinary mortals which it is expected will be followed by an immediate paralyzing effect.

"Then I don't mind," said the stranger. "I am not as frightened as I might have been. I thought surely the hotel belonged to you, instead of your belonging to the hotel."

"I don't want any more words; you get out of here, quick."

"Young man," and the words were uttered in a slow and deliberate tone, "I want to give you some advice; it's very old and trite, but it is very good for a fast young man like you. 'Think before you speak;' 'Never judge from appearances.' Impress these aphorisms on your feeble mind. The fact is——"

"But I tell you again, get out of here," fairly screamed the young man in his increasing rage, "or I'll call a policeman."

"I won't get out of here, and no policeman will put me out, either. You insultingly called my attention to that printed notice, 'For exclusive use of the guests.' Now, understanding clearly, the moment a stranger steps foot over the threshold of a hotel he is the guest of that hotel and entitled to its privileges and comforts; for all the privileges and comforts he chooses to avail himself of he can be charged. There is no law restricting him in the freedom of his choice, and neither is there any law compelling him to stay longer than he wishes. I desire to avail myself of no further privileges at this hotel, and I propose to leave at once. Now, I want to see the proprietor and pay my bill."

"There's nothing to pay, and if there was you probably haven't a dime about your clothes. There's the door."

"My young friend, I see that avenue of egress, and I propose to utilize it in my own good time; but I see you will not take advice. I've only one word more with you," taking the young man by the collar, who paled and quivered under his wrathful grasp and menacing eye. "I have only just arrived in this city, but if I meet any more like you I shall do two things—enlarge the boundaries of my private burying ground and found an asylum so long needed in this country for that large class of imbecile cursed fools—hotel clerks."

"I have used your wash basin, soap and towel," the stranger said to the proprietor, whom he found in the office, "and I want to pay my bill."

"There is nothing to pay," politely answered the proprietor.

"But I insist on it," taking out a large roll of bills and extracting a ten dollar note and laying it on the counter. "If it's more than the bill would be, use the balance in trying to germinate brains and develop good manners in your hotel clerk."

"But, sir——"

The stranger disappeared. Later in the evening the gentleman—a prominent lawyer of this city and ex-Judge of one of the higher courts—recited the above story to a party of gentlemen dining with him at Delmonico's. He had just come from the mines of California, having gone there in a spirit of adventure and to improve his health, and he retained his mining garb until his arrival to astonish his friends and amuse himself over their puzzling failures to recognize him. It is hardly necessary to add that the idea of an asylum for hotel clerks was received as one of the brightest indications of the progressively philanthropic spirit of the age.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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ALL ON BOTH SIDES.

Kentucky Law That Fitted One Side of the Case Just as Well as the Other.

"Mr. Lawyer, I want to ask you a question," said a countryman with a bandage about his head, to one of our most honorable lawyers.

"Yes, sir; take a seat. What is the nature of the case?"

"Waal, ef you wer a huntin' on your naber's premises an' he'd tell you to git off, and you wouldn't go, and then he'd try to knock you off, could ye bring suit agin' him for tryin' to knock you off?"

The lawyer then looked at the bandage around the man's head and replied in an emphatic way:

"Most assuredly; and collect heavy damages."

"Waal, then, I reckon I won't do nothin' more about it."

"Why, why not, my friend? You could certainly get heavy damages. The law is all on your side."

"I reckon not, mister. You jist now said the law was the other way."

"How's that? I probably misunderstood the case."

"Well, the feller come in my orchard and was shootin' rabbits when I ordered him off; but he wouldn't go. So I went at it to knock him off, but I got the worst of it, as ye can see. I reckon he must be one of these 'ere boxin' fellers."

"Ah, ahem! Yes; just so. That puts the case in another light. Of course you can sue him for trespass and assault and battery."

"Waal, I reckon I won't do no more in the matter, as you said he can also bring suit agin' me and collect heavy damages."

"No, hold on. Don't go. You've got the law all on your side."

"So has the other feller. Good day, sir."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

CLOTHING.

The Care Necessary to Determine the Kind of Clothing the Young Should Wear.

More care is necessary than is usually supposed to be, in determining what clothing the young should wear. They need enough to make them comfortable, or enough to retain a certain amount of heat, generated within their bodies. Health demands that the temperature of the body should be uniform, varying but very little from time to time. If we wear flannels by day, we should by night unless artificial heat supplies any deficiency in natural. As we should suppose, from the fact that natural heat is generated within the body, its outer surface is cooler than the inner by one or two degrees. The blood is heated by the chemical action of the air upon the food we consume, so that the blood in its wonted rounds delivers a portion of the heat it has to the skin and under tissues and then pursues its usual course, and then returns to the lungs to be again loaded with freshly generated heat, and then dispenses it to the inner organs and various tissues, and thus continues to keep the body uniformly warm. Exposure to a lower temperature than usual will act upon the outer nerves in such a way as to cause the small blood tubes of the skin to contract and reduce their size so much, that they can no longer convey blood enough to keep the outer surface of the body warm; clothing then becomes absolutely necessary to retain all the heat generated and so repel the influence of cold.

Checking the outer circulation in this way by sudden exposure to cold is apt to induce congestion in the inner organs and check the perspiration and so induce inflammation of the pleura, lungs, air tubes and kidneys, and ultimately produce some serious if not fatal malady. The skin and kidneys are intimately connected. Disturbance in the function of the one will often induce greater or less disturbance to the other. Exposure to cold may check the exudation from the skin, and so increase the secretion of the kidneys. We often have occasion to relieve the congestion of the kidneys by increasing the perspiration. This can be easily done by a warm bath. And so we resort to this means of cure, when any inner organ is suffering from a sudden depression of temperature. In the same category come colds in the nasal cavities, the throat and the lungs. Now to lessen the influence of sudden changes of temperature, or to prevent a loss of heat, we resort to a proper amount of clothing. We speak of warm clothing, when we mean only retentive clothing. So that the character and usefulness of clothing must depend upon its power of retaining heat and so maintaining a uniform temperature of the inner and outer portions of the body. The great art of resisting the influence of cold consists in regarding the temperature of the air in which we live and move. In place of one heavy coat that some people wear, we have two thin ones. In moderate weather we wear one only, but in cold weather we wear two. The advantages of this arrangement of our outer garments are that the two thin coats retain within their meshes and between their folds a larger amount of air—the great retainer of body heat—than can the thick coat, and then we get rid of a great weight that a thick coat always has, and can always adapt our outer clothing to the present temperature.

No doubt we can harden children to easily enduring a low degree of cold, but we must do it in a gradual way, so that we may not kill them, or make them ill in the process of hardening. Many children die simply because they are poorly dressed. The heat generated by the chemical action of the air upon the atoms of nutritious food is not retained in quantities enough to keep the blood moving in its wonted rounds, yielding as it moves, those particles of food that keep the animal machinery in working order.

How many mothers clothe their children so that the small amount of heat they generate may be retained sufficiently to keep them uniformly warm and not induce copious perspiration? Flannel is often used as the proper fabric. We object to its use as coming next to the skin of the young. It is so rough and irritating that it keeps them fretful and uneasy. We prefer soft cotton fabric near the surface and flannel over it.—*C. H. Allen, M. D., in Western Rural.*

LINEN CLOSETS.

A Good Test of a Woman's Housekeeping Ability.

There is no better test of a woman as housekeeper than the condition of her linen closet. A good and complete supply of this essential to pleasant living is a luxury which it requires habit and training to appreciate, and the deprivation where such habits and training exist is more severe than the absence of other things which seem more important. People who have acquired some means, yet whose ways are not over refined, spend as little as possible on articles of everyday use and comfort, and really do not know the immeasurable difference it makes in the enjoyment of life to use towels of ample size and good, solid quality, handsome napery, sheets heavy and laundried; and all in abundance. They reserve their strength for display and are forever poor in those personal belongings, the possession and use of which make one feel rich. There is inherent beauty in linen—even more than in silk. It is delightful to handle, and conveys a sense of substance, of wealth, as well as of cleanliness. It is purely an imported fabric; very little flax is grown and none manufactured in this country. The finest linens come from Ireland, from the neighborhood of Belfast, but those of the second class are imported largely from Germany, the weight and quality of these being superior to any others for the money. The fashions in the patterns of table linens vary almost as widely as the fashions in dress fabrics. Just now they are natural, and really beautiful. Growing flax in its different stages furnishes a very delicate and pretty design; oats, among which are poppies, another, and grasses, among which are blue bells and swaying wheat, a third. The borders are very deep, but unconventional, not inclosed in rigid lines, but forming a sort of dado of flowers and grasses, with curled ribbons between them and the lovely centers.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—An aged woman, found lying in the mud on the Schaghticoke turnpike, about a mile north of the village, by Humphrey Lee, a milkman, was brought to the station house by William Derrick, of Adamsville, on Tuesday morning. The woman was partially deranged and presented a shocking spectacle, her face bruised and bleeding and her hands and clothing being covered with mud. She stated that her name was Mrs. William Sage, of Troy, and that she was a sister-in-law of Russell Sage, the New York millionaire. Her statement proved correct, and, her friends being notified, took her home.—*Lansingburgh (N. Y.) Courier.*

—Lord Shaftesbury, the well-known head of the Young Men's Christian Association movement in England, says the greatest benefit that could be conferred upon Great Britain would be the migration of from three to five hundred thousand women.

THE LOST CHILD.

A Highland Incident Illustrating the Faithfulness of a Dog.

A shepherd who inhabited one of those valleys or glens which intersect the Grampian Mountains, in one of his excursions to look after his flock, happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant of three years old. This is not an unusual practice among the Highlanders, who accustom their children from the earliest infancy to endure the rigors of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of the range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day to night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child, but owing to the unusual darkness and his own trepidation, unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours, he discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley and was near his own cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was, therefore, compelled to go home although he had lost both his child and his dog, who had attended him faithfully for many years.

Next morning, by break of day the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On his returning home to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed his search for his child, and still, on returning home disappointed in the evening, he found that the dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet, separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appalls the travelers that frequent the Grampian mountains. Down one of those rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared by entering a cave, the mouth of which was almost level with the torrent. The shepherd, with difficulty, followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by eyeing his young charge with the utmost satisfaction. From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance.—*Exchange.*

THE BOARDING-HOUSE PIE.

A Distinction With Scarcely a Difference.

I never could find out how it came about, for there was never anything between them, so far as I could discover; but all of a sudden, one day, the Bottomcrust took up the Uppercrust quite short, and remarked that it needn't feel so stuck up, for it wasn't so very much above the Bottomcrust as it imagined.

"I don't care to talk with you," retorted the Uppercrust, pale with rage, "for you are beneath me."

"Beneath you!" muttered the Bottomcrust, in an undertone; "you needn't be so crusty; you're of very little weight anyway."

"Yes," resumed the Uppercrust, "you are not only beneath me, but you have the reputation of being a very tough character. It is not meet that I should associate with you."

"I should like to kow," replied the Undercrust, "what would become of you if I didn't support you. And I'd have you to know that contact with you is just as hateful to me as it can possibly be to you."

"You thick-skinned, soggy old fool!" exclaimed the Uppercrust; if I didn't hide your dyspeptic countenance from the boarders, you wouldn't be tolerated in decent society."

"And if it were not for me," retorted the Bottomcrust, "everybody would be able to see right through you, and your hollow pretensions would make you the laughing-stock you deserve to be."

"Come, I like that!" exclaimed the Uppercrust. "You disgusting old dough-face! If I didn't hide your bilious features from the boarders, who'd be the laughing-stock then, eh?"

"That's right!" replied the Bottomcrust, ironically; "put on airs and call names. I'm nobody, of course! I'm good for nothing but to keep out of sight and sweat, just to bear you up, you who are so proud of your lily-white complexion!"

"Oh, you greasy old thing!" exclaimed the Uppercrust. Keep your clammy hands off of me. I really can't abide you."

"Can't abide me, indeed!" retorted the Bottomcrust. "Then why do you cling to me so closely? I'll tell you why; it is because you are so thin you would fall to pieces without my support."

"And if I were such a dull, heavy person as you," replied the Uppercrust, "I would be thankful there was somebody to hide my hideousness from the public. If it were not for me, who would stomach you, pray?"

There is no knowing how long this senseless wrangling might have gone on, had not the boarding mistress come alone at this moment. She immediately divided the pie into geometrically exact proportions, and it was then found that notwithstanding the war of crimination and recrimination which had been raging between the Uppercrust and Bottomcrust of that pie, there was really nothing in it.

But the belligerents were as hostile toward each other as ever. It was easy to see that both were terribly cut up, but for all that there was no cry for quarter.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Lady (in a book store)—"Haven't you a copy of Shakespeare bound in red instead of blue?" Clerk—"No, madam, we have them only in blue." Lady (laying the volume down regretfully)—"I am sorry. I wanted it to lie on my ebony center table, but a blue book and a black table would be too inharmonious in color, I think."—*The Key-Note.*

—We think a good deal could be said in favor of a law forbidding men and women to marry until they are twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, at any rate. That is quite soon enough. There are numbers of baby-faced girls taken to the altar every year that are more fit for the nursery.—*Toronto Truth.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—There are 3:7 female blacksmiths in England, all of whom actually swing heavy hammers and do men's work.

—The hair of a farmer near Rainsboro, O., is reported to have turned from gray to blood red.—*Cleveland Herald.*

—Coleman, the great mustard man, says that he has not made his fortune out of mustard eaten, but out of mustard wasted on plates.

—Port Said, at the northern terminus of the Suez Canal, is generally believed to be the wickedest place on earth.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A barrel of oysters was shipped from the Virginia beds to Baltimore the other day, eighty-six of the monstrous shellfish filling the barrel to its utmost capacity.

—Mrs. Charles Griffin made 15,816 button-holes last year, for which work she received over three hundred dollars, and did all her housework in addition.—*Lowell Courier.*

—A new sort of gas lamp gives the light of two hundred candles at a penny per hour, and which throws out no noxious vapors. It is called the bower lamp.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The city limits of New Orleans so greatly exceed the bounds of the city proper that some persons who live within the corporation limits have not a neighbor within twenty miles.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The North Carolina Commissioner of Immigration says one hundred and forty families, numbering seven hundred persons, have settled in the State, mainly from New England, in the last year.

—The building of the Georgia State capitol, at Atlanta, develops the fact that granite can be quarried in Maine, brought to Savannah, and thence by rail to Atlanta at a less cost than it can be had at a quarry only sixteen miles away.

—Having lost the whole of both legs in the war, and subsequently living in poverty for twenty years on his pension, a Nashville (Tenn.) man hit upon the idea of making a side-show curiosity of himself by attaching deceptive wax feet to his stumps and figuring as a freak of nature. He is now prosperous.

—The Boston *Journal* tells how a lady in the Hub cured herself of snoring. "She attached to her eye-glasses," it says, "a small metallic spring, on the end of which is a wheel made of gauze. This wheel connects with a small ostrich feather, and the heavy breathing of the snorer starts the wheel and the feather tickles the ear."

—There is but one place in the United States where gun cotton is made. Until six months ago the navy was obliged to depend upon England for all the gun cotton used, but a manufactory has been erected at the torpedo station, Newport, and now produces all that is required for sea-going men-of-war and torpedoes.—*Boston Post.*

—From a single kernel of wheat one thousand and twenty pounds of grain have been produced in three years in Grass Valley, Cal. The first year there were twenty-two stalks and heads, yielding eight hundred and sixty kernels. These were planted and yielded one-fifth of a bushel, and last season there was raised from this seventeen bushels.

—A new and important discovery of borax has been made near San Bernardino, Cal. It is a very large ledge, and assays fifty-four per cent. of pure borate of lime. The discovery is likely to interfere with the monopoly hitherto maintained by a wealthy San Francisco firm, which has succeeded in controlling the supply of borax.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—In the United States there are 32 Washingtons, 20 Bridgeports, 18 Londons, 18 Buffalos, 18 Newarks, 17 Brooklyns, 17 Clevelands, 17 Rochesters, 16 Hartfords, 15 Louisvilles, 13 Bostons, 13 Pittsburghs, 11 St. Pauls, 9 Romes, 8 Cincinnatis, 8 Philadelphias, 7 Detroits, 6 Chicagos, 5 Milwaukees, 5 St. Louises, 4 Baltimores, 4 Franklins and 4 New Yorks.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Alhama de Granada, recently destroyed by an earthquake, possessed a most romantic situation and the most romantic history of any town in Spain. It stood high upon the verge of a gigantic cleft in the mountains, the result of volcanic action. From its position it was justly regarded by the Moors as the key of their kingdom of Granada, and when captured in 1482 by the forces of Ferdinand and Isabella the Alhambra was felt to be foredoomed. It was that event which gave origin to the mournful ballad, "Muy Doloroso," translated by Lord Byron, with the sad refrain at the close of each stanza, "Woe is me, Alhama."

—Dr. Edson's report of his discoveries in the groceries of New York lightens up the ways that are dark in that line of trade. He found that common Rio coffee is put through a process of manipulation and poisoning which transforms it into any desired variety. Tea sweepings and willow leaves under treatment come forth "the best imported." Mustard is adulterated with tumeric and buckwheat middlings, when there is any mustard in the mixture. Pepper contains the tumeric and buckwheat with condemned sea-biscuit. Lead and its compounds are found in almost every article of prepared food, while copper and arsenic are in frequent use.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE SKATE'S EVOLUTION.

How the Beautiful "Club" Skates Were Foreshadowed in the Curled Toes of Old.

The Milwaukee *Globe* says: Many a man of to-day can remember the long curled toe, steel runner, imbedded in a solid piece of wood, that formed the skate of his boyhood days. To the wood were attached the long straps and the screw in the heel that fastened the skate to the foot. This skate, too, was guttered, and the fellow that had a pair of "smooth bottoms" was the envy and wonder of all the other boys. The curly-toe gradually disappeared, the long straps gave place to the double toe-strap, and the heel-strap, that with its harness rings always reminded one of a halter, took flight with the old wood screw that used to be bored into the boot heel. Other changes followed rapidly.

Some bright skater concluded that better speed could be attained if less of the steel touched the ice, and the "rocker" skate made its appearance. Another happy thought knocked the toe straps out in one round and gave the steel clamps, tightened by means of a double screw and wrench, in place of them. A plate in the boot-heel, and knob on the skate, said "good-bye" to the heel-strap, and very shortly afterward clamps similar to those on the toe made the heel of the skate nearly perfect. A simple turn of the wrist connected the two sets of clamps with a lever, and the skate was made. [The *Globe* might have added that the process of evolution has to a very large extent done away with skates, and substituted rollers, which are now all the craze.—*Brooklyn Times.*

—A little son of Mr. Hise Davis, of Dripping Spring Mill, was playing with a cat a few days ago, when the animal became enraged, and, whirling around, struck him in the eye with her claw. Apparently the injury was slight, but in a day or two it suddenly grew worse and the eye popped out of his head.—*Glasgow (Ky.) Times.*

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