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THE JOURNAL.

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LEGEND OF YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

[As Related by an Indian Guide.]

Once, when the wandering Sioux
 Traversed Wyoming's plain,
And bold and savage warriors
 Were chiefs of its domain,
A beauteous Indian maiden
 Unto her lover spake:
"If you would prove to me your love,
 Go swim o'er yonder lake."

The air was raw and chilly;
 Ice floated in his wake,
But manfully against the waves
 He struggled for her sake.
The maid upon the pebbly shore
 Saw his form recede from view,
Until at last he disappeared,
 Across the waters blue.

Then down she sat and waited
 For her lover to return;
And the stars peeped down in silence
 On the hills where camp-fires burn.
Dark clouds obscured the western sky,
 The wind howled weird and loud,
And the white capped peaks in the far northwest
 Gleamed like a ghastly shroud.

But still upon the stormy shore
 The maiden keeps her seat,
And listens to the roaring surf
 That dashes at her feet,
While from the west the storm bursts forth
 In blinding snow and sleet.

Far o'er the lake, the gallant brave—
 His arduous task complete—
Steals forth in search of elk or deer,
 To furnish him with meat.
He spies an elk upon a knoll;
 Creeps forth in haste to slay,
When lo! a grizzly in his path
 Causes his foot to stay.

The monster notes his human foe,
 And quick to combat springs.
One arrow—two—the monster brute
 Heeds not the fragile things;
But down upon his victim's head
 His massive paw he brings.

'Tis o'er—a crushed and bleeding mass
 Is all that now remains
Of the dusky brave, who yesterday,
 Was chief of these domains.

* * * *

The maiden still, upon the shore,
 Her lonely vigil keeps,
A heap of bones among the stones,
 O'er which the wild wave leaps;
And far across the lonely lake,
 Her lover's bones lie bleaching,
Where coyotes bark and puma's growl,
 Mingle with ground owl's screeching;
Bleached by the wind, washed by the flood,
 Their bones still whitening lie,
And the pale-face hears their spirits oft,
 When the blizzard whistles by.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

A WOMAN'S "GLORY."

A Chapter on Her Hair as a Power in History.

Hung by a Hair—Made Rich by One—Rope of Woman's Locks—a Cruel Duchess and a Generous Countess.

Poets have always shown a keen appreciation of woman's crowning glory. That little, grand man Pope wrote:

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair."

The particular hair which suggests this pretty figure of speech could scarcely have ornamented the head of the author's adored Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, for it was a notorious fact that the learned lady entertained a profound prejudice against brush and comb, and was wont to conceal her tangled tresses neath a hideous cap. Dryden said of the one hundred and fifty thousandth part of a woman's capillary attractions:

"She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
 Can draw you to her with a single hair."

Carew added his testimony in the lines

"These curious locks, so aptly entwined,
 Whose every hair a soul doth bind."

That a solitary hair might prove as fatal to a man's neck as to his soul was shown in the execution of the California murderer, Waslelewsky, a few years ago. Judge Belden, a grim satirist, sentenced the criminal and then suggested that justice should be made peculiarly retributive by an original method of hanging, in which a long, black hair from the head of the woman so brutally murdered, and which had figured in the testimony, should be the final means when cut of letting the weight drop and sending the murderer into eternity.

In the profession of quackery, it is often made the foundation of incantations and love charms, as the hair may come from the head of the loved or hated one.

In olden times, when a monarch of France condescended to pluck a hair from his royal head and bestow it upon a loyal subject, it was a sure indication of further and more substantial benefits to come.

We are told, both on scientific and scriptural authority, that the very hairs on our head are all numbered. Dr. Winslow, after many laborious experiments, asserts that the average number of hairs to the square inch on a woman's head is by actual count one thousand and sixty-six; on the whole head from one hundred and thirty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand. Take this number of hairs en masse, let it be long, fine, lustrous and pure in color, and whether it falls straight as an Indian's in unbroken folds, or in curling, clustering masses, or yet in graceful, shimmering waves and ripples, it does, indeed form a really glorious ornament, and one that any woman is loth to lose or part with.

Do you remember that master-touch of a master hand—poor "Fantine" selling her splendid locks that her child might have bread? I have known similar instances in real life; and among the hundred tons of human hair that are bought and sold each year in European marts, how many bundles of silky hair lying among the coarser grades from peasants' heads breathe of a silent sacrifice? For just as much as the hand and ear does the hair betray good blood and fine breeding.

In the great port of Marseilles one has a capital chance to test his acuteness by examining the piles of hair collected for exportation.

That bundle of burnished golden locks, breathing a faint odor of violets, you feel sure is from the head of some young virgin but yesterday made "the bride of Christ," for the Church, like the guillotine, demands a woman's hair before she quits "this world." Here is a package of shining chestnut curls, with such a look of life about them that it is easy to imagine the dark blue eyes, the pink and dimpled face they once enwreathed—cut off, perhaps, to keep a roguish lover from prison. That luxurious mass of long, blue-black perfumed hair. "How came it here?" I asked the swarthy foreman, burnt under the Southern sun.

"It was cut off the head of a young wife, madam, whose husband left her here ill—abandoned. She wished it to be sold to pay for her coffin, and she knew that dealers do not like to buy dead hair any more than they do feathers plucked from a dead goose," he concluded in a most matter-of-fact way. Most pathetic of all was a package of soft, lustrous, silvery-white hair—a mother's sacrifice, no doubt—and which, oh, grim Fate! will bring a higher price than even the heavy flaxen braids at their side.

For the rest, for those pounds upon pounds of brown and yellow and black tresses, one can look at them without emotion, for, take the sheep's wool, they were grown only to be shorn and for the sake of a few silver coins and gorgeous 'kerchief that tempers the wind to the peasant lambs of Auvergne and Brittany.

Two women, both celebrated in their way, deliberately cut off their hair. Charlotte Corday was one. She had no trinkets nor mementoes to distribute among her friends, so she forestalled the grim valet of the guillotine and cut off her beautiful hair herself, sending locks of it to her family and nearest friends.

Of that proud arrogant and ambitious woman, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, we might say she cut off her hair instead of nose to spite her face. To be more explanitory, it seems that the Duchess had very splendid hair, unusual in length and abundance, and exceedingly fine. The great soldier, her husband, who was very much in love with her entertained for it a profound admiration, and was wont to say he loved every hair on her head. Indeed, it was his delight to unbind her tresses himself and let them fall in a luxurious cloud about her stately person. Nevertheless, the noble couple indulged at times in very ignoble domestic battles, in which the warrior was apt to get worsted; but on one occasion he did come out victorious, which so chagrined and enraged the Duchess that she determined to do what she thought would outrage her husband's feelings the most—so going to her tiring-room she took a sharp knife and slashed her superb hair off.

As the last locks fell to the floor the Duke entered with a jewelled peace-offering in his hand. At a glance he took in the situation, and then, without a word, he stooped down, gathered up one long tress from the shinging heap upon the ground, placed it in his bosom, and, with the tears rolling down his bronzed face, silently passed out. It is said this was the last violent quarrel the ducal pair ever had.

Then there was the Countess of Suffolk, who wedded poverty and Mr. Howard. One must admire her for her pluck, as well as her beauty. When it became necessary for the couple to give a state banquet, though their money-chest was empty, the Countess did not hesitate to sell her exquisitely fine and fair hair, of which she had an abundance. Twenty pounds (one hundred dollars) was the sum she received for it, and that, doubtless, provided a right royal feast in those days of cheapness and plenty.

An old copy of the *Protestant Mercury* tells of a Lancashire lass who sacrificed her tresses for even a more notable object. She was in love with a worthy youth, who hesitated to return her affection, as she was poor and her friends would not give her the portion of fifty pounds that the mildly-smitten young man demanded. Therefore, the courageous maid journeyed up to London and sold her hair, which was long and of a tender yellow, to an honest chapman in London, who paid her sixty pounds (three hundred dollars) for it, and soon sold it in wig to his advantage,

To an Indian girl no humiliation is so great as to have her hair cut off. The matron of the London Institute, in giving me a description of the introduction to civilization of the young Sioux, Pawnees and Chippewas, said: "It requires great persuasion to induce them to enter a bath for the first time, and still more to induce them to desist from eating the soap, which they invariably take for something good to eat. To don the garments of the white woman and sit on chairs instead of floors their red skins rebelled against; but all these difficulties are mere bagatelles when compared with the hair-cutting process. Persuasion, bribes and sometimes threats even have to be used to gain this sacrifice to the altar of cleanliness."

"How do you account for it?" I asked.

"Altogether because it is the Indian fashion when mourning the dead to let the hair fall over the face like a thick veil, and which muffles the wailing the women give vent to. The mere thought that if any brave of their blood should be summoned to the happy hunting ground they could not mourn him in proper Indian fashion causes them extreme mortification, and consequently when the coarse black braids fall to the floor in our little lavatory almost tragic scenes ensue. Later on, when they are made to understand that cleanliness is the only condition imposed on its growth they become reconciled, for their hair grows rapidly."

Women in prison, even under a life sentence, never give up all attempts to embellish themselves, and, I am told by the officials, find enjoyment not only in giving their hair extra attention, but even in scraping the whitewash off the walls with their finger-nails to use as powder, and substitute red ink for rouge.

An incident of the unwillingness of woman to part with her hair was given me by a physician from one of the great London hospitals. A poor coryphee from the Globe Theater was brought to him in a most piteous condition from attempting to change the color of her hair to "the glorious golden," promised by the makers of a well-advertised "blondine." The stuff did metamorphose the color. The pretty coryphee made up her complexion and eyebrows to match, and for a brief season she enjoyed the special admiration of the high-collared, eye-glassed young cockneys in the stalls. But alas! frequent applications of the dye brought on pains in the head and face, which finally resulted in a severe attack of erysipelas.

For ten days before she went to the hospital neither brush nor comb could be touched to her head. Her eyes were closed, her features distorted, and the once pretty face frightful to look at; but when the doctor said to her: "The first thing to be done is to have all that hair cut off," the poor girl fell on her knees, and begged and prayed to be allowed to keep it. But said the doctor: "It is in a terrible condition; no human being could straighten it out, neither could you endure having it tried."

"Pray, sir, don't make me cut it off. I will comb it myself if you will let me keep it," she urged, and the kind-hearted physician could not resist her entreaties.

In speaking of this he said: "Never have I seen a more touching spectacle of patience and endurance than that suffering creature presented for the next fortnight. Day after day she sat, racked with pain and blinded by tears, but persistently and tenderly, comb in hand, straightening out a few hairs at a time. It was two months before she left the hospital, and by that time, I think, she was reconciled to the natural color of her hair."

The darker and grosser passions are typified by artists and authors, as a rule, in brunette women, the good angels, whether of the material or spiritual world, being crowned with a glory of golden hair, and even the little cherubim have a halo of yellow rings round their plump faces. But this point opens up too broad a field of discussion, and leads one away from some curious facts in relation to the various uses that woman's hair has been put to beside that of decorating the head of her own kind and furnishing material for sentimental watch-chains, painful memorial pictures and agonizing jewelry.

The Japanese, for example, have shown particular ingenuity in utilizing it, and on a grand scale. The women of whole provinces are shorn to manufacture a single article that requires the strength, durability and elasticity only to be found in the human hair. In the construction of the splendid Buddhist temple at Kioto, which cost, by the way, over three million dollars, a whole ton of ropes made of hair, furnished by devout women as their contribution, was used in the construction of the building.

At South Kensington is exhibited an extraordinary coil of rope, weighing six hundred pounds and eight hundred feet long, made in Japan by order of a Tycoon whose name I can not undertake to spell from memory. During six years all the "spare hair" of one entire province was consumed in its manufacture, but at the time it was completed an English nobleman traveling through the country was so struck with it as a curiosity that he offered in exchange for it the finest steel cable that could be made in England. His Japanese Majesty accepted the offer, and the hairy hawser was afterward presented to the great Kensington collection.

The idea that savages are the only members of the human family that delight in wearing hair as an ornament is quite a mistake. Lace made of it is an ancient invention. In the "Chevalier aux y Eppes" a beautiful lady demands of the King Ris a silken mantle fringed with the beards of nine conquered Kings, and hemmed with that of King Arthur, who was yet to conquor.

Queen Elizabeth valued highly her "pointe tresse" lace, made of silvery white hair, and the most expensive and rare of its kind, woven, by the way, entirely in Bedfordshire; hence Turner's allusion "And Bedford's matrons wove their snowy locks." The Countess of Lennox presented her beautiful daughter-in-law, Mary Queen of Scotts, with a "pointe tresse" collar made from her own hair and woven by her own fingers—a tribute of affection which historians claims would scarcely have been given had the Countess believed her fair daughter-in-law guilty of Darnley's dreadful death.

In concluding this article I must mention the most superb head of hair ever seen in this country—that of the Marquese Conception Montalvo de Quene of Cuba—a very beautiful woman, who has made occasional visits to New York. Of exquisitely modelled figure and tall, her apparent height is added to by massive plaits of hair wound tightly about her finely-shaped head in the form of a coronet and fastened with a small diamond dagger. When these plaits are unwound they fall in a shimmering cascade of burnished brown to the floor, eighty inches in length—over two yards—and as fine as spool silk. One's pen rather lingers on the picture of the Marquise, for her hair was only one of her personal charms. Her skin was as soft and pure as a garden rose; her large dark eyes had the peculiar freshness and open look of a child's; her mouth was lovely enough to drop nothing but pearls and rubies, which I am sure it did in the shape of pretty speeches, and her manners befitted a Princess Charming.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE INDIAN STOREHOUSE.

A Hut Designed for the Preservation of Dried Fishes and Game.

Upon the plantation and near the residence of Colonel Seaborn Jones, known as Mill-Haven, in Screven County, Ga., may be seen, in excellent condition, one of those structures at a remote period in general use among the Southern Indians, and designed for the temporary preservation of dried fishes and game. For quite a century and a half it has maintained its identity. It is located upon the declivity of the right bank of Briar creek, in proximity to that stream, and in the midst of a beautiful forest of oak, holly and pine. Cylindrical in shape, this receptacle has a diameter of eighty feet, and is about six feet deep. The excavation in the ground was at first carefully and regularly made; and when completed its sides and bottoms were covered with a uniform layer of well-kneaded red clay four inches in thickness. These clay walls, the interior surface of which were pressed hard and smooth—are still nearly perfect. As one looks upon the structure it presents the appearance of a huge cylindrical terra-cotta vessel let into the earth.

To Briar creek, and especially to this neighborhood, did the Creek Indians resort to fish and hunt. The adjacent bluffs and fields give token most abundant of former and long-continued occupancy. Village sites may still be recognized, littered with fragments of earthware flint chips, spear and arrow points, scrapers and other objects of primative manufacture. Even now this stream abounds in fishes, turtles and alligators; and its dependent swamps at an early period were filled with wild turkeys, deer and other game held in repute by the natives. Doubtless, during the use of this receptacle, it was furnished with a roof or covering which long since perished. It is probable that in it were stored from time to time the fishes caught by visiitng Indians. These, having been previously dried, they accumulated until the season arrived for the homeward journey, when they were removed and transported to the permanent abodes of their captors. Physical proofs of the prior occupancy by the red race of our region are each year becoming more indistinct, and it is hoped that care will be exercised in the preservation of this interesting object.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

—The Atlanta *Constitution* records a specimen of Confederate wit during the war. A soldier was caught in a persimmon tree by General Longstreet. When sternly asked by his commander what he was doing there the veteran at once disarmed wrath by saying: "I'm eatin' some green persimmons to draw my stomach up so it'll fit its rations."

—Each Congressman gets this year six thousand five hundred packages of vegetable seeds, besides five hundred packages of flower seeds.

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W. H. Tedrow, Co. Supt.

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HE HAD NERVE.

The Gall Displayed by a Traveling Printer in an Iowa Town.

I had been devil in the *Bugler* office, in a town in Iowa, about four months, when the editor was one day called away. The man who was acting as compositor, pressman, job printer, collector, solicitor and so forth, seized the opportunity to go off on a spree, and I was thus left in sole charge.

Just after dinner, as I was washing the roller and cleaning up generally, in walked the first old "printer bum" I had ever seen. The duds on his back weren't worth a silver quarter, his hair was long and unkempt, his face covered with dirt and bristles and his breath scented the room. He was ragged, dirty, homeless and penniless, and had been let out of the county jail, eight miles away, that morning.

"Howdy, boy," he said as he came in, and without a second glance at me he took a seat at the desk and attacked the remains of my lunch. When he had eaten the last crumb he picked his teeth with the editorial pen, peeled off his old coat and commanded:

"Boy, hunt me up a job stick."

I obeyed, and as he took it he walked over to the rack, slung in two or three lines of display type and then stepped to the small pica case and set up the body of a circular reading:

HE HAS ARRIVED!

THE WORLD RENOWNED PROF. PETERS!

Ventriloquist! Mesmerist! Phrenologist!

Prof. Peters has engaged Snyder's Hall for the evening of September 22, 1888 (to-morrow evening), and will give the citizens of Carmer City an exhibition of his wonderful powers in ventriloquism, mesmerism and phrenology. Will imitate the notes of all birds; will speak to you in sixteen languages; will wager $100 to $5 that he can mesmerize any person in the audience; can read your character by feeling of your head; will forfeit $500 if he fails in a single case. Medals from all the crowned heads of Europe. Flattering press notices from the leading newspapers of the world. Every body turn out. Admission only 25 cents, children free.

He placed this matter on a galley, pulled a proof and corrected it, and then cut a lot of print paper to the right size and said to me:

"Get up the roller and roll for me."

I complied, and he worked off two hundred of the circulars. He was not only a good compositor, but he wrestled that old hand press around like a man who had never done any thing else. When we had finished he said:

"Take the tin pail and get me a quart of beer. Tell 'em to charge it to the office."

I was afraid of the man, and I got the beer and paid for it out of my own money. He drank the whole quart with only one breath.

"Now, then, take these circulars out and distribute 'em," he said, as he put away the pail. "Be a good boy and I'll give you two tickets to this great entertainment."

That was inducement enough, and in two hours, with the help of another boy, I had billed the town. When I returned the "bum" had washed up, combed his hair, and had on a new suit of clothes. He had gone to a clothier's and bought them and had them charged to the office, claiming that he had been engaged as foreman. Further than that, he had been and engaged the hall. I had been back only five minutes when the boozy compositor came in. He had scarcely entered the door when the "bum" rose up, waved him back and tragically exclaimed:

"Go hence! This is no place for the depraved! How dare you enter my office in your present condition?"

The "comp" backed down stairs drunker than ever, and after the stranger had questioned me as to when the editor would return he went to the hotel and engaged the best room. I had heard that somebody held a mortgage on the office, and it struck me that this must be the man's agent. I was young and green, and had never seen a display of tramp printers' gall.

Next morning he took possession of the office. When the now sobered compositor arrived the "bum" selected copy for him and bossed him around, and there was no rebellion. He wrote and set up several editorials himself, and made up the outside pages of the paper in a neat manner, and worked off two jobs for which three dollars and seventy-five cents cash was paid. During the day two subscribers paid in four dollars, and all the money went into the stranger's pocket.

The editor was to be gone two days, and the man took such complete possession that we believed in his right, and did not kick. During the day he got a hat and a new pair of boots the same way he got the clothes, and he drank three quarts of beer at our expense.

Prof. Peters' circulars filled Snyder's hall that evening to overflowing, and it was the old bum who stood at the door and took the money. When the last person had passed in, the door-keeper slid into the darkness, and the people sat there for half an hour before they realized that they had been duped. Then a grand man-hunt was organized. But it was too late. The bum had stolen a skiff and dropped down the river, just about one hundred and fifty dollars ahead of our town.—*N. Y. Sun.*

QUAKER MARRIAGES.

A Class of People Among Whom Divorces Are Virtually Unknown.

Divorces are actually unknown among the Quakers, and this absence is accounted for by the extraordinary precaution employed when two young persons desire to be united in marriage. The parties place their proposals of marriage in a written form, which is referred to the society of which they are members, and is acted upon at a "preparation meeting" thereof. If all the attendant circumstances are in every respect in accordance with the views of those present the proposal is approved, and is then introduced at the "monthly meeting," when it is again passed upon a committee of investigation into the characters, habits and circumstances of the engaged twain is appointed. These committees always consist of two members of each sex. The committee, after a most thorough examination and investigation, make its reports generally at the succeeding "monthly" meeting. This ends the preliminary arrangements, and the twain are at liberty to proceed in the acomplishment of their marriage, a committee of two of each sex being appointed by the meeting to see it orderly conducted and the marriage certificate delivered to the recorder. As a rule the impressive ceremonies are generally conducted at the home of the bride, and occasionally in the "meeting-house." At the nuptial ceremonies the certificate is given to the couple, which, after receiving their own signatures, is in turn signed by every person present, and frequently contains a hundred names. Engagement or wedding rings are rarely given.—*Interior.*

A GRAND BURST.

The History of the Eccentric Oil Well at Stannard's Corners.

"The eccentricities of oil wells are numerous," said a former operator in the petroleum regions, "but if there ever was a funnier oil well than the one they put down at Stannard's Corners, in what was the Wellsville territory, then I never heard of it. The people of Stannard's Corners got the oil fever bad, and made up their minds that if there was oil lurking around anywhere in the bowels of the earth the lurking place was straight down under Stannard's Corners. So they hustled some money together amongst 'em, and started the drill to tap the lake of grease that was rolling and tossing down among the subterranean rocks. The whole town—fifty men, women and children, all told—hung around that drill every day, and after two or three weeks the tools tapped a vein of gas. The town went wild over this news, and performed a regular green-corn dance around the well. The driller thought he'd wait for later developments, so he drew his tools and drove a big wooden plug in the casing. Then he bored a hole in the plug and put in a pipe to carry off the gas. But the plug wouldn't stay put, the gas having a strong head. So the people got three or four dry-goods boxes, filled them full of stones, and piled them one on top of the other on the plug.

"When bed time came that night the people left the well and went home. They all got up bright and early and took their positions at the well again. The boxes of stones were then all right, and the people felt that they had the oil-well fastened as tight as a stick in a vise While they were all discussing about what amount of oil she would flow as soon as the real sand was tapped there came a sound as of a battle close by. The store boxes shot upward and onward. There was a shower of stones and splinters around the town for about ten minutes, and the people took to the woods. That's all there was to the oil well. They went to work again, and put the drill down so far that it seemed some Chinaman must surely grab it and pull it into his back yard, but they never got another smell of gas nor any more sign of oil than if they had bored into the walls of the Astor House. That one grand burst of imprisoned gas exhausted the whole business, and the Stannard's Corners oil-well passes into oil-region history as about the only one that ever went dry without there being a drop of oil in it to go dry."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A WITNESS' POWER.

Need of the Oath in the Various Courts of Justice.

I would abolish all oaths of office, or "promissory" oaths. The only value of these, as it seems to me, lies in their setting forth the nature and the duties of the office undertaken, and thus impressing these on the mind of the person undertaking it. But this end would equally be attained by a declaration, while the failure to discharge these duties is now guarded against by ample powers of dismissal. There is, in short, but one class of oaths which I would retain—namely, those taken in courts of justice or in those legal processes which are connected with such courts—affidavits, sworn interrogatories and the like. And I would do so because a court of justice is the one and only place I know of where a power beyond all legal restraint, or at least beyond all immediate legal restraint or prevention, still remains, and therefore still needs all the checks upon the exercise that we can devise. No barbarian warrior with his foe at his feet, no baron of the middle ages, with dungeon keep and right of pit and gallows, ever possessed more tremendous power than that which is nowadays possessed by the witness or the jurymen in a court of law. A word from his mouth may consign an innocent man to the gibbet or to life-long imprisonment; may strip him in a moment of all his possessions or blast him with a social outlawry as terrible as the terrors of the excommunication of old. Against such a power as this we do well still to take all the security that an oath can give us. For this reason, and for this alone, would I, while abolishing all, or nearly all, other oaths, retain this only. It is the only one which seems to me to completely fulfill the conditions which make oath-taking expedient or even morally right.—*Contemporary Review.*

CUPID'S PRANKS.

The Pretty and Encouraging Romance of a Coal Stove.

One day last fall, after talking until his throat was sore, a Detroit stove-dealer succeeded in selling a widow a coal stove, but it was with the proviso that if every thing didn't work satisfactorily he was to make it. Two days after delivering the stove he got his first call. A boy entered the store and said:

"Mrs. —— wants you to come up and fix that stove. The house is full of smoke."

A man was sent up, and he found the trouble to be with the chimney. Only three or four days had passed when the boy came in again and said:

"That stove is puffing and blowing and searing the widow to death. She wants the same man to come up again."

He was sent, and it was discovered that she didn't know how to arrange the dampers and drafts. Every thing seemed to run well for a week, and then the boy walked in to announce:

"She sent me down to have you send that man up again. The house is full of coal gas."

The man went up and applied the remedy, but inside of three days the stove got to puffing; two days after that the fire wouldn't draw; then it drew too much; then gas escaped again. At length the dealer went to the house and said:

"Madam, you gave me thirty dollars for the stove; how much will you take for it?"

"I wouldn't sell it."

"But I can't be sending my man up here every two or three days all winter."

"You won't have to. I've concluded to marry him in order to have some one here in case of accident."

And three days ago they were quietly and happily married.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mr. John W. Mackay's grandson, called the "young Prince Colonna," was christened in grand style at a cost of six hundred dollars, which, says the New York *World*, is said to be more than the child's father receives in a year for serving as an officer in the Italian army.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

☞ Business and professional cards of five lines or less, per annum, five dollars.

☞ For time advertisements, apply at this office.

☞ Legal advertisements at statute rates.

☞ For transient advertising, see rates on third page.

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Lotta, the actress, has a penchant for bestowing diamond rings on her friends.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Michael Gordon, a widower of forty, was married to Annie Hawley, a girl of twelve, in New York recently.

—"How to Be Happy Though Married," is the alarming title of a volume that has been presented to Princess Beatrice.

—Judge Samuel Lumpkin, of Lexington, Ga., says for the last five years he has never lain down at night owing any man a cent. He pays cash for everything.

—Dr. Harvey Lindsly, president of the Princeton Alumni Association of Washington, is eighty-three years of age, and the only survivor of the class of 1820.

—William Mitchell, of Milford, Pa., has just discovered that an old package of Mexican bonds which have served as playthings for his children for years are worth over one hundred thousand dollars.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus") is himself actually an African by birth, for he was born at Joel, on the northeast coast of Africa, while his parents were engaged in missionary labor in that country.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Mme. Patti at Vienna received on the stage a gift in the form of a tree, the branches of which were interlaced with a golden chain, each link of which bore in diamonds the name of an opera in which the prima donna had appeared.

—Ceremonious and stately as she has become in later life, Queen Victoria retains the fondness for children that was such a marked feature of her early years, and she keeps a record of the bright sayings and doings of the little ones that come to her notice.

—Leonard J. Thomas, of Salisbury Cove, in the town of Eden, Me., being over eighty years old, is probably the oldest postmaster in the United States. He has held the office almost continually for nearly half a century, under the different Administrations, and has never changed his politics, being an old-fashioned Democrat.—*Boston Post.*

—There is not a school-boy or a school-girl who does not feel that Boston is a better city to dwell in because Dr. Oliver H. Holmes lives in it, and the semi-publicity of his later days gives something of the radiance of his old age to the atmosphere of a city which is proud to call him its oldest, if not its only poet.—*Boston Herald.*

—"Huxley and Tyndall," says the manager of a literary syndicate, "will never write any thing for publication unless they have something to say. I have tried them many a time, and with good offers of money, too, but always unsuccessfully. They care too much for their fame. But when they have any thing to say they are ready to say it, and to charge for it, too."

—Tom Ochiltree says: "Of all the wealthy men I ever knew, John W. Mackay, the Bonanza king, is the best diner. Every day while here in New York he has six plates spread in a private dining-room in the Hoffman House, and friends who drop in are invited to partake of that which does their hearts good. I suppose Mr. Mackay spends from sixty to one hundred dollars every day for his evening meal, and it is as fine as can be procured. Next to him comes Robert Garrett. He knows how to eat and can order as fine a meal for as reasonable a price as any man I ever knew."

HUMOROUS.

—"Hello! old man! How did you come to fall down?" "Huh! Couldn't fall in any other direction, could I?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A young lady should not allow her head to be turned by flattery, but if a new bonnet passes her on the street she may turn it a little.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—American—"What do the letters H. R. H. mean when applied to the Prince of Wales?" Englishman—"Such bloomiak hignorance! 'Is Royal 'Ighness, d'ye see?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Puritanism has so permeated some of our rural communities that a gentleman was recently invited to leave a town on the Manitoba road on account of his "winning ways." He was a gambler.—*St. Paul Herald.*

—In speaking of the high price of eggs, a Boston paper sagely says, "eggs are eggs." This takes a great load from our manly breast,