THE ACADIAN WILD MAN.

Down in the rich alluvial delta of Louisiana there winds to the sea a slow brown bayou called the Terrebonne, from the fertility of the black loamy land through which it flows. Big sugar plantations lie along its course, but near the mouth are the homes of many Acadians, for this was one of the streams along which they settled in Louisiana.

They cultivate little rice farms and orange groves, and live in summer upon their fishing and the produce of their gardens in winter—upon the game that abounds in the marshes. Since their exile they, like the Bourbons, have forgotten nothing and have learned nothing. Their language, customs and manners are identically the same as the day when

> With the turn of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
> And the coasts of their beloved land grew misty with distance.

In among these thriving little farms is a large tract of land, a melancholy, weedy waste. Great forest trees have grown up in the midst of what were fair fields that waved with golden rice. Fences and boundaries long ago rotted away. The ditches are choked with grass, and young willows grow along their line. The whole is matted with the tangled growth of the lavish vegetation brought up from this fertile soil by the tropical suns and wild rains. Sometimes at dusk you will catch a glimpse of a bent figure skulking away from the door of a ruined cottage whose chimneys have fallen in, whose roof is a green pulpy mass of lichen, and whose walls totter forward to a fall. The neighbors will explain that it is only old Allandin, the wild man.

If you will lie in wait about this hour of the day, concealed in the underbrush, you may catch a closer glimpse of him. He looks seventy, but is not really so old. His once tall form is bent, and he walks with the quick, creeping movements of an animal. Long gray hair hangs in filthy matted locks to his waist and mingles with his great sweeping beard. Two large dark eyes gaze out from a wrinkled, pallid face through the rough hair with a glare like a cat. His hands are like rough, knotted claws, and his whole body has a growth of coarse hair upon it. His only covering is a pair of brown blankets, through which a hole has been torn to admit his head, and he creeps silently away every night into the forest swamps. This is the story the neighbors tell:

Thirty years ago there was no more prosperous farm in the parish than that of Etienne Allandin, and no more respected man than its rich young owner. He was alone in the world with the exception of some distant cousins, but his friends were many, and he was betrothed to a pretty young girl who was to marry him in the next March.

His face was plain, except for his splendid dark eyes, but he had a warm, gentle heart, and was a fine *parti*, so that he would not have asked any parent around for twenty miles for their daughter in vain. According to old Acadian usage, he built a new house that winter, spending loving care upon the nest that was to hold his little mate.

The wedding day approached. The happy bridegroom made ready the marriage *corbeille*, as was usual, only his gifts were the most splendid ever seen in that simple neighborhood. The wedding gown was of real white silk, the veil, wreath of wax orange flowers, with the white shoes and gloves, had come all the way from New Orleans.

He rose early that lovely March morning, and arrayed himself carefully in his black, shiny clothes, casting tender, amused glances at the little feminine garments lying on that pride of every Acadian woman's heart, a plump, strong bed with ruffled pillows. He was making up a parcel of these garments ready to be carried to the bride when an embarrassed and sympathetic delegation came to inform him that the bride had disappeared. She had eloped with a handsome young good-for-naught who had been refused by her parents, and had left not a word for her betrothed. Allandin stood like a man stunned; then he turned every one out, and shut himself in with his ruined happiness.

Soon the neighbors whispered that the new house was empty and Allandin had gone away to the swamp. From that day he never spoke to any human being. All day the man hid in his house, and with nightfall went to the forest, and like a wild beast sought his food. Crawfish, lizards, field mice, and birds, eaten raw, were his sustenance. His hair and beard grew long and tangled, his clothes fell to pieces, and a blanket became his only garb. In all these thirty years he has never spoken, and now he knows no human language. His only sounds are a few inarticulate cries, and he shuns his kind like a haunted animal. The sympathetic Acadians have never disturbed him, and at nights when they hear a faint echo from the swamps of a wild human cry, they look sadly at each other and say: *"C'est e paurre Allandin cal!"—N. Y. Sun.*

The Produce Exchange of New York City.

The New York Produce Exchange is one of the most conspicuous buildings on Manhattan Island, the seat of the most influential mercantile corporation within its limits, and the market in whose exchanges the entire national commonwealth is most deeply interested. "Like a beetling cliff commanding the eye of the home-bound mariner," it challenges the notice of travellers approaching through the Narrows, or crossing the Hudson from the further shore. Its massive campanile shares with the lace-like Brooklyn Bridge, the spire of Trinity Church, the tall tower of the *Tribune*, and the ambitious altitude of the Equitable and Western Union structures the admiration of the stranger.

In view of the purposes this edifice is designed to serve, it is architecturally unrivalled by any in this or any other country. Of the modern Renaissance in style, and marked by symmetrically beautiful lines, its general effect is imposing, and imparts the idea of strength and permanence. The Building Committee knew what they wanted, and were fortunate enough to find in George B. Post, the architect, a trained artist abundantly able to unite their original designs with the graces and elegance and uniformity. Begun on May 1, 1881, it was finished on May 1, 1884. Fifteen thousand and thirty-seven New England pine and spruce piles, driven through the yielding primitive soil to a solid bed, and cut off below the level of tide-water, insures the safety of the superstructure, and by their uprightness are supposed to harmonize with the mercantile men and morals they uphold. The building is fire-proof throughout. Granite, brick, terra-cotta, and iron are piled above the corner-stone—bearing in lasting bronze the word "Equity," that was laid with imposing ceremony on the 6th of June, 1882—and compose an edifice 300 by 150 feet in superficial area, and, with tower and terrace, of 53,779 square feet. One hundred and sixteen feet measure the distance from sidewalk to roof, 225 feet to the coping of the tower, and 306 feet to the top of the flag-staff. Of course we are not surprised when told that the flag, 50x20 feet, is the largest ever made. The tower clock has a face twelve feet in diameter, each number measuring a foot in length, and weighs 1500 pounds.

The Produce Exchange, costing with land and furniture a grand total of $3,178,645.14, is a valuable index of progressive wealth and civilization. It includes 12,000,000 bricks, 16 miles of iron girders, 1 3-4 miles of columns, 2061 tons of terra-cotta, 7 1-2 acres of flooring, more than 2800 windows, nearly 1000 doors, 7 1-2 miles of sash cords and chains, over 47 tons of sash weights, 1-5 of an acre of skylight over the Exchange room, 29 miles of steam-pipes, nearly a mile of paneled wainscoting, and weighs over 50,000 tons. Four thousand separate drawings were required for its construction. The nine hydraulic elevators carry an average of 21,600 people daily, or 6,500,000 every year. The pumping capacity is sufficient to supply water to a city of 175,000 inhabitants, and 1,194,133 horsepower is utilized annually for heat and force. All these items are of less practical interest to the members than the fact that the 190 offices rent, together with privileges, for about $180,000 per annum, not including premiums of over $24,000 paid for choice, and return about six per cent on the entire investment. With the rents and annual dues there will be in 1886 a net surplus above interest and expenses of $40,000. This income will, of course, increase as the bonded debt decreases. When the latter is liquidated, the Exchange will enjoy a net income of about $200,000 a year, which may be applied to the reduction either of dues or of gratuity assessments.—*Richard Wheatly, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

AROUND PERUGIA.

A Hilly Country, Honeycombed with Etruscan Burial Vaults.

The old town of Perugia is well worth visiting on many accounts, writes a correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce.* Traveling by rail from Rome to Florence, one sees large clusters of houses perched high on the hillside. They are crowned with campaniles and domes, surrounded by high walls, and provoke one's curiosity to make their closer acquaintance. But on consulting his guide-book the tourist finds that these elevated settlements contain a few objects of interest, better examples of which can be found elsewhere. He also learns, which is as much to the purpose, that they have no good hotels. Now, Perugia is very old, very quaint, full of venerable historical associations, a center of Etruscan tombs and other antiquities, 1,700 feet above the sea, and has a first-class hotel. This modern structure occupies the highest ground of the town, and commands a magnificent view of the Umbrian valley. East, south, and west I survey all the details of a landscape of variety and beauty unsurpassed. It is intersected by the Tiber and some smaller rivers, which flash in the morning sun. Many villages are visible as brown patches, among them Assissi, famous as the birthplace of St. Francis. Mountains bound the view on all sides. Some of them are still tipped with snow, and their summits would easily be mistaken for clouds, if the latter were not scurrying past in the south wind. This wind will soon melt the snow, and is already making Perugia uncomfortable. As I write a haze is beginning to blot out the more distant villages. A heated term is threatening. But Americans are not to be frightened by that. Only I wish the roads were not so white and dusty.

This country is a vast cemetery. No one can say how many races were buried here before the Etruscans passed away in their turn and left the ground honeycombed with their tombs. When one sinks a well or digs a cellar for a house he is apt to strike his spade against a rock, which gives back a hollow sound. It is the roof of an Etruscan burial vault. From this subterranean chamber the air has been excluded for more than two thousand years. I am told that strange things are sometimes seen in these tombs at the moment when they are opened, and then vanish forever. They say that glimpses are caught of old Etruscan lords and ladies sitting at banquets, and that these disappear the instant the outer air touches them. When the finder proceeds to open and examine the tomb he discovers nothing but a heap of dust in place of the vision that had startled him. These are obviously fables, for the most part. Though I believe that it is true that an Etruscan knight in full armor collapsed to dusty nothingness in precisely this way when his tomb was invaded a few years ago. We have been to see the sepulcher of the Volumnii, about five miles below Perugia and found it and its contents very strange and interesting. It is supposed to date back to the third century, B. C. A descent of some thirty steps leads down to it from the roadside. First, a chamber about twenty-five feet square is entered, and from this smaller apartments branch to right and left. The sepulcher is hewn out of the tufa rock. It is very damp and cold. Heads of Medusa, dolphins, and serpents are carved with much skill on the top and sides of this tomb. All around stand small stone urns, each one bearing in *alto relievo* the representation of a fight. One man is always killing another unless the scene is varied by the sacrifice of a bound and helpless woman or child on an altar. The covers of these urns are higher works of art. They are surmounted with recumbent figures of the men and woman. These are dressed in the costume of their age and sex, and each has in his or her hand a bowl for tears. Lifting off a cover I find inside the urn about a hat full of ashes. I run my fingers through this mass and feel fragments of burnt bones. But I am rudely stirring up all that remains of some gallant warrior or some haughty beauty, and I withdraw my hand with a sense of remorse. A great many personal ornaments of exceeding richness and grace have been taken from these receptacles, and are separately exhibited by the custodian. But if one wishes to realize the full extent of the arts and sciences familiar to the old Etruscans he should inspect the splendid collection in the university museum at Perugia.

Variegated Shirts.

Blakely Hall, writing in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, says: "The colored shirt mania is becoming acute, and is rapidly getting beyond control. The proudest man in town to-day is the one who parades Broadway with a liberally-exposed shirt-bosom formed of a background of sea green, splashed with red roses and occasional arrows of a light shade of pink, with a high white collar and a purple tie. This gentleman feels that he can defy all comers. The only rival to this particular specimen of misdirected energy in the matter of color is Mr. Berry Wall's waistcoat. It was built for him at vast expense, and would be the pride of Mr. Wall's friends if it were not for the fact that the sight of it plunges them into a condition of blind, unreasoning, and violent envy. The body of the waistcoat is white, and over its surface are embroidered countless miniature representations of Mr. Berry Wall's great race-horse Wallflower, with a jockey on his back wearing Mr. Wall's colors, blue and white. * * * The appearance of shirts of gorgeous color and the advent of the racing season are simultaneous this year. It is a curious freak which makes the most extravagant admissible as far as the shirt bosoms and cuffs are concerned, but rigidly prescribes a white collar. Of all the fashions that have afflicted the town this is by long odds the most absurd.

Good society in Fulton, Ky., was somewhat shocked a week ago by the announcement that Sam Clevins had killed his step-father, but it was decided to let the law take its course. In a few moments word came that the foul crime had been committed with a hoe. "Killed him with a hoe!" exclaimed the astonished citizens, "what's the matter with a Derringer?" And they blacked up and hanged the base-born plebeian who had disgraced the fair name of of their beautiful state.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BUMPS AND TRAITS.

The Mistakes of a Phrenologist—A Fellow Whose Bumps Varied from the Chart.

I can't just now recall his name, but he was registered at the hotel at Elk Rapids as from the Chicago *Tribune*. There wasn't anything singular in two newspaper men making up to each other—not when they were both away from home. I liked his looks from the start, and when he realized it he brought out a chart of his head which Professor Fowler had given him. According to the chart his leading traits were:

1. Extreme liberality.
2. Utter absence of selfishness.
3. Strong friendship.

I was glad that the chart confirmed my own private impressions, and our friendship was cemented with the blood of the revolution, for which the landlord charged ten cents a glass. On the fourth day we went out together in a skiff on the bay to fish. He insisted on paying for the bait and in rowing the boat, and that agreed exactly with trait No. 1. We were a half mile off shore, and still going ahead, when the skiff banged against some unseen object, the bottom was stove in, and the next moment she filled to the gunwales. The oars floated away as we floated out, and we settled down to business with the wreck floating full of water, and he hanging to one end and I to the other. It was only then that a suspicion crept into my mind that Fowler hadn't felt of that chap's bumps in dead earnest.

"You did it—you infernal idiot—you did it!" he yelled at me, as he got Little Traverse Bay out of his mouth.

As Fowler hadn't included truth in his leading traits, I felt free to deny the allegation, but he repeated it in a vigorous manner and added:

"I've got a revolver, and if you don't let go of this boat I'll shoot you!"

"For why?" says I.

"Because it won't float both of us, and I'm going to save myself at any cost!"

That was his "utter absence of selfishness," as recorded on the chart, and I was surprised and grieved to think Fowler had been so taken in. I asked for a little grace, and he replied:

"Give you just two minutes to say your prayers."

I wanted twenty, and he wouldn't even compromise on six. That was more of his "extreme liberality." When I saw that he was inclined to hurry the funeral I bounced the boat around and prevented him from getting at his weapon, which had stuck fast in his wet pocket. Pretty soon he tried another lay. Said he:

"I am a married man and have four children. All you've got is a wife, and she's half dead at that. Have some reason about you."

I agreed to argue the case, each side being limited to five minutes, and he charged me with cold-blooded selfishness. If the circumstances were only reversed he'd die for me in a minute, but as we couldn't reverse 'em he had another proposition. If I'd let go and die quietly and decently he'd raise at least $100 for my widow if he was saved and would give me a column notice in the *Tribune*, describing the details of my heroic act, and winding up with the paragraph:

"We are certain that the public will not let his grave remain unhonored by a fitting tablet."

I wanted to know what sort of a tablet, the cost, etc. I had seen so many cheap tablets that I felt like holding out for a Scotch granite monument, with an angel on the apex. He got so mad at the delay that I had to bounce the boat again to keep the pistol in his pocket. When he had calmed down he appealed to my generosity and manly honor. He had just had his salary raised. His father-in-law had just come to appreciate him for what he was. He was the president of a Chicago literary society, and a leading member of a debating club. His future was full of the biggest kind of watermelons, and the whole world would miss him. I hadn't any salary worth mentioning—no father-in law at all—no hopes beyond fourth-floor rates. Wasn't it better to die a hero than to live on like a thistle by the roadside? I asked him to put his language in the form of a motion, which he did and a vote was taken—it was a stand-off. His side only got one vote and that was half full of water.

I never saw a chap so full of motions and resolutions as he was for three-quarters of an hour, and I never attended a caucus where the opposition was so determined to vote them all down. He had apparently exhausted his stock and was hunting for something new, when he lost his hold on the wreck and went down—down—down—about four feet, where he rested solidly on a sand-bar. The water for fifty feet around was from two to four feet deep, and it was the end of a sunken spar which had wrecked us. He came over to me and held out his hand, but I waded away from him in a dignified manner. He said he was only in fun, and he offered me three fish-hooks, a jack-knife, a ball of string, and a big hunk of Petoskey maple sugar to resume friendly and confidential relations. In vain. A fisherman came out and took us off the bar, and we never spoke again. A man whose bumps deceive a phrenologist is no fellow to tie to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LAKE COMO.

A Pretty Little Sheet of Water, and That Is All.

A few days after leaving Venice I found myself on the shores, or banks—I hardly know which is the correct term—of Lake Como, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. It is a very pretty sheet of water, but there are many lakes in America quite as beautiful if less historically interesting and less favored as to climate. Travelers stopping at Milan do not always seem to be aware that they are so near to Lake Como, and consequently fail to visit it, which is an error. By getting up at an unjournalistic hour in the morning, and taking a circular ticket, one can go to Como, which occupies about an hour. Here he takes a steamer—it is quite unnecessary to say a little steamer, since big ones do not exist in Europe—and is conveyed to Bellagio, where he has two or three hours for observation. Then he takes another steamer equally small, and without going to Colico, at the further end—a name with a choleraic sound—he turns down the other arm, and at Lecco boards a train which brings him back to Milan by dinner-time. It is time enough to see everything of special interest, unless he desires to take up his abode in this quiet retreat, where he can have an occasional whiff of the mountain air, even in midsummer, and a sight of the snows that forever whiten the higher peaks of the Alps. It may interest the classical scholar to be reminded that the Romans lived and cultivated the soil about Lake Como, and that a noble Roman of distinction, who might have been Seneca if he was not another, had a villa on its shores. Villa is a better term here than palace, the grandiloquent word used by Bulwer in his inflated play, "The Lady of Lyons."

Much of the lake is so narrow that, as the steamer ripples in quiet waters, you can almost throw a stone on to either bank, and the visitor who remembers Claude and Pauline scans attentively the little valleys and the steep hillsides that seem to disappear in the clouds, if perchance he may discover a palace like that which the deceitful lover described in such glowing terms to his enraptured inamorata. He remarks nothing that corresponds to the rhetorical architectural details of Bulwer.

There are some very pretty residences along the banks, nestling in valleys half hidden by foliage, but none tha can be called, with any propriety of speech, a palace. Towns and villages abound along the entire length of the lake, which is thirty-two miles, though it often seems hardly possible for them to cling to the steep hillsides, and they are all of the Italian type, with some variations introduced by foreign residents. Como has 22,000 inhabitants, Cernobb 720, Bellagio 2,745, Menaggio 1,270, Colico 3,229, Lecco 7,040. The other towns and villages are generally smaller. The vine is cultivated on the hillsides, and a very good wine is made at Bellagio, whose reputation, however, hardly transcends the horizon of the lake. The olive, which grows in a gnarled and contracted fashion, since it finds the climate somewhat inhospitable, brightens the steep slopes with its bright green foliage. The lake has a strange peculiarity. Having no sufficient outlet it is subject to inundations whenever unusual rains are precipitated on its capacious watershed and run off quickly into it. One of these, about a year ago, threatened to do serious damage to Como.

The poets have been really, or have professed to be, singularly inspired by the marvelous beauties of Lake Como. I happened to remember some lines of a pretty, but rather meaningless poem, whose burden was the following couplet:

I met my love among the low
Rose gardens by Bellagio.

Of course the poet did nothing of the sort, the pretended meeting being all in his mind's eye, but the lines perplexed me because I could not really tell whether the place where he had his alleged felicity was Bellagio or Menaggio, there being so many aggios and aggios in Italy that the mind gets quite perplexed in trying to disentangle them. There was certainly nothing in Bellagio that could be called a rose garden in the sense in which the Persian poets used the term, nor even as a Californian reared in a land of roses, would understand it, and I could not conceive that Menaggio, which I could see a mile or so off on the other side, had any more luxurious floral accessories. Gardens there were, but they were in no wise remarkable, and the roses or rose bushes in them were not abundant. It is thus that the poets beguile the people with their vain imaginings! Bulwer had seen a great many palaces before he wrote, but it is uncertain that he had then seen Lake Como, while the other rhymester may have seen the lake, but came from a land where one rose made a summer, and the few in its gardens seemed a profusion.

Lake Como is in its way quiet and beautiful. It is really a place of retirement and repose, where the native life is dull and silent, and foreigners come rather to add to the quiet than to disturb it. The passage of the steamer is a little feature of activity in the landscape. Its landing at the wharves of the tranquil villages, with the bustle of arrival and departure, are the unimportant events which give the day all that it has of healthy excitement. In winter its airs must be chilling and its towns and villages absolutely cold and dead. In summer its attractions are all seen at their best, and for itself, as well as for its associations, no tourist should ever pass so near as Milan without giving it a visit.

Lying in Wait for Simons.

"That explosion of powder in a store down the river puts me in mind of a personal experience," said a Detroiter yesterday. "I was living in Missouri, and the country store at which I used to trade was kept by a man named Simons. He was a queer, cranky old chap, having his own ideas about everything, and, while he always kept in stock several kegs of gunpowder, he insisted on storing them for his own convenience, without reference to the danger. A twenty-five pound keg always sat on the counter within ten feet of his weighing scales, and the very first time I entered the store the old man weighed out a pound for a customer and kept a lighted pipe in his mouth all the time. There were twenty people inside, but I was the only one to skip out. The others had got used to it. I felt it my duty to warn Simons against such terrible carelessness. He heard me through and replied:

"Stranger, mebbe you had better patronize some other store. I'm most too old to want advice from boys."

"There was no other store within seven miles, and I therefore continued to trade with the old man, though he seemed down on me forever after that. One night I drove up after something and found fully twenty men in the store, most of whom were smoking. There were three kegs of powder on the counter this time, and when I heard a customer ask for a pound I slipped out of doors and didn't stop running for half a mile. I waited for half an hour, but no explosion took place. When I returned most of the men had gone. I got my goods, mounted my horse, and set off for the lead mine, wondering how it was that Providence fooled around with the old man so long. I had noticed powder scattered on the counter, and the wooden plug was out of one of the kegs. I was about a mile away when my horse seemed to be lifted off the ground, and there came a rumble as if an earthquake had broken loose. Fences along the roadside were leveled, and I heard glass breaking in farm-house windows. I knew what had happened, and I turned and rode back. When I reached the site of the store there was simply a great hole in the ground. The building had been scattered for half a mile around. Old Simons was found in a potato-patch forty rods away, bruised, blackened, broken, and dying, and when we picked him up he gasped out:

" 'It's all nonsense to be afraid of the durned stuff.' "—*Detroit Free Press.*

Frightening a Senator.

Senators Beck and Voorhees have taken Mr. Gordon into their brotherhood of practical jokers. Mr. Pugh, of Alabama, is the latest victim of this brilliant combination. President Sherman has lately adopted the plan of calling the younger senators to the chair when he desires a rest, in order to give them practice as presiding officers. Senator Pugh of Alabama, had hardly taken the chair yesterday, when a page handed him a note. It informed him that as soon as Senator Logan, who was then speaking, sat down a complicated point of order would be raised. He was requested to hold the chair against all comers and decide in favor of his party. The result of the communication was appalling. The big, good-humored Alabamian began to grow pale and made covert motions to John Sherman in the hope that he would relieve him. It is impossible to imagine that Mr. Sherman was in the plot, but it was some time before the anxious chairman could catch his eye. He came to the rescue, and the three jokers adjourned to the cloak-room to roll on the floor. Mr. Pugh left a line on the desk for Mr. Sherman, it is said, reading:

"Please don't ask me again."—*Cor. New York Herald.*

To sit at that hour of luscious summer night when the lightning bug, vying with the stars, threads the air with golden shuttle, gazing earthward for his lady love, the expectant glow-worm, as she sits unwinged in the damp grass, to enjoy the odors of grass and clover and blossom, to hear the sighing of the rising night breezes, the cry of the night birds, the songs of a summer night's insects, and the full chorus of toad, frog, and tree-frog of the many varieties is to enjoy the saddest and sweetest and noblest chorus Nature has composed and leads.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

A needle was recently found in an egg laid by a Philadelphia hen. Hens should never try to attend to their sewing and cackling at the same time. This weakness is confined to women alone.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Caught a bad cold, I see; how did you get it?" "In one of those bweastly street-cars, dear boy." "Sat beside the open window, eh?" "Ah, no." "How, then?" "I caught it in the cars sitting next to a wet-nurse, don't chew knaw." —*Texas Siftings.*

Aunt Jane (from the country)—"Conductor, just let me out at Nathan Sikes' house." Conductor—"I don't know Nathan Sikes. What street does he live on? Do you know?" Aunt Jane—"Well, no; I don't. But I'm in no hurry. Just drive your 'bus around town. I guess I'll know the house when I see it."—*Tid-Bits.*

This is the way in which a loyal Philadelphian differentiates Philadelphia from New York. "In Philadelphia," he says, "there are always 200,000 quiet people who have a dollar more than they need, and in New York there are 300,000 fast people who each have $5 less than they owe."

Clara (sorrowfully)—"Mother, I am convinced that young Mr. Simpson does not love me." Mother—"Why, dear?" Clara—"Last evening he referred to a new pair of shoes that he had just bought. He got them a size too large. No young man in love ever buys shoes too large for him."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Washington *Republican* says there is no place on this footstool where better liquors are sold than under the dome of the Capitol. And it is safe to say that nowhere on this footstool are there better and more experienced judges of liquor than can be found under the dome of the same Capitol.—*Norristown Herald.*

It is reported that the cowboys of Western Dakota will join the general strike. When they do, any man being appointed a Deputy Sheriff to help arrest them can send his address to the leader, and one of the boys will be detailed to go around and shoot him at his own residence. No publicity. Death guaranteed in every case.—*Estelline Bell.*

"No," said a bankrupt merchant, sadly, "advertising doesn't pay. I tried it just before I failed, so I know what I'm talking about." "What newspapers did you advertise in?" "Not any newspaper. I pasted 500 dodgers on a barn just out of town, and I'm a sinner if a wind-storm that same night didn't scatter that barn over a ten-acre cow-pasture. Don't talk to me about advertising."—*N. Y. Sun.*

In leap year Japanese girls who want husbands set out flower-pots on the front portico as an emblem. Such a custom in this country would exhaust the floral contents of many conservatories. At present all a young man wants to know is whether the young woman has anemone. He is always ready to marigold—but not quite so much so, perhaps, as the young lady.—*Norristown Herald.*

Mrs. Parvenu was at a very exclusive affair on Sixteenth street the other evening, and the hostess was asking about her daughter, whose health has not been good. "O," said the lady, "Mollie is not improving as I should like to have her. You see, the doctor told me she ought to try calisthenics, and I've been to every drug store in town, but can't find a bit anywhere. I sent to New York for some, but I haven't heard from there yet."—*Washington Critic.*

The boy had been in the habit of going to the old lady's residence each succeeding spring and raking and cleaning up her yard. This year he went as usual. The old lady asked him what would be his charges. "Two dollars, mum," he replied. "How is that? I never paid you but $1 heretofore." "Well, mum, you see labor is capital, and we must insist on our worth." The old lady cleaned up the yard herself, and sent $1 to the missionary society.—*Albany Journal.*

There is a large-sized unpleasantness in a church that does or rather did exist at Oconee, Ga. The members were living together harmoniously and owned a neat church. All was peaceful till the preacher and the deacons started to arguing the prohibition question, and then the parson got so mad that he turned all out of church who disagreed with him. Then the dethroned deacons, not to be outdone, went to the church, turned the parson out, and locked the doors. Now there is a dearth of ecclesiastical instruction in that town.

"What is a 'walking delegate,' pa?" "He is a man, my son, who is paid to go around to tell men to strike." "Don't the men know enough to strike without being told?" "No, my child. They are too busy at work to discover that they are being oppressed. The walking delegate, not being at work, has time to find out all these things." "Does he always walk, pa?" "No, precious, he never does. He rides and the men pay for it. Now, run away, my son, and some other day I will give you another lesson in labor."—*Philadelphia Call.*

There seems to be a difference between Cincinnati and Chicago reporters. Sam Jones says, "I don't understand why you newspaper people are so hard to reach. I should think you'd be easy, seeing that you see so much of the hollowness, sham, and wickedness of the world; but you ain't. I can reach you as newspaper men, I can touch your appreciation by smart or witty sayings, mayhaps, but you are awful hard to touch as men. Your hearts are difficult of access. Now, in Cincinnati I converted several reporters, but in Chicago I could not touch one with a forty-foot pole."

The late venerable Timothy Dodd of Boston boarded for a long time at the American House. He stood in front of the hotel one day when a stranger rushed up and screamed out, "I am in great haste to get to the Fitchburg depot!" looking Mr. Dodd in the eye. "What did you say, sir?" asked Mr. Dodd very mildly, and bowing low. "I am in haste to reach the Fitchburg depot!" screamed the stranger louder than before. Mr. Dodd, again bowing and speaking in that mild way of his, then said: "I hope, sir, that you will not allow me to detain you for one minute." —*Boston Traveler.*

The contribution box was being passed in a certain congregation by a worthy deacon who was very deaf. Near the front sat a man who was notoriously stingy, but who put a dollar bill into the box, and began to help himself to change. The deacon, not caring to have the coins thus fingered, gave the man half a dollar, and was serenely pursuing his way when the miserly contributor whispered. "Give me another quarter!" The deacon did not hear, and again came a frantic appeal, this time loud enough to be heard by half the congregation: "Let me have that other quarter, I say!"—*Congregationalist.*

Bishop Harris of New York, in response to the address of welcome tendered to him in behalf of the Buffalo Methodist Union the other evening, told a good story at his own expense. He had gone to the little Town of Dundee, in the central part of the state, to dedicate a church. He was the guest of the pastor, who had a very beautiful and interesting little boy who had been on the tiptoe of expectation to see the Bishop, about whose coming he had heard so much. At the dinner-table the Bishop sat at the end with the little fellow just around the corner, and the prelate did his best to make himself agreeable to the young gentleman in conversation. The talk was of school and school studies, of church, Sunday-school, and other matters likely to interest. The pair made quite an acquaintance, and seemed pleased with each other, but after the distinguished divine had left the table the boy looked up at his mother in almost blank astonishment and said: "Ma, is that all there is to a Bishop?"—*Buffalo Courier.*

Young Monsieur X. (only a short time in America): "Mai I hav ze playsure, Mees Clara, of ze invite to ze theatre wiz you tomorrow evening?" Miss Clara: "O. thanks, Monsieur X. And what is the play?" Monsieur X: "Er—vat you call him—'La Case de l'Oncle Tom?'" Miss Clara: "I shall be delighted, I am sure. I think those plays adapted from the French are so entertaining."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Quaker Conservatism: Landlord (to old Philadelphian) —"I will make the rent for the coming year $30 a month, Mr. Penn." Old Philadelphian—"But I have always paid you $35." Landlord—"Yes, but I can afford to make a reduction of $5 a month to so good a tenant." Old Philadelphian (shaking his head)—"I am sorry, sir, but in that case I shall have to move. I've always been accustomed to pay $35, and I wouldn't like to make any change."

Tom Anjerry, a student at the University of Texas, applied to Prof. Shore for permission to be absent. "I would like to be excused from my jography lesson this afternoon, as I want to take my sister out riding," said Tom. The old Professor, who is no fool, looked at the young man over the top of his spectacles and said slowly: "Want to take your sister out riding in a buggy, eh? Is she related to you?"—*Texas Siftings.*

"Yes, I used to be President of this very railroad line," he said, as the train bowled along over an Indiana road. "Got tired of the place, I suppose?" queried the other "No, sir. The fact of it is I attempted to inaugurate a measure of economy and made a miserable failure of it." "How?" "I cut off the passes of the State Legislature, and in six weeks I was running a grocery instead of a railroad."—*Wall Street News.*

"Yes, we had a row, your Honor," she said in a Police Court the other day. "What caused it?" "She said my husband had run away from me, and I gave her a slap." "You shouldn't have cared for what she said." "But I couldn't help it, your Honor. When my husband has been sent to the workhouse for three months he hasn't run away, and I'll not stand by and hear any one traduce his loving character!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The local names given to the citizens in different parts of Nevada are striking if not classical. Those living near the Town of Lovelocks are known as "Slough Pumpers." The people who live around Mill City are dubbed "High-Steppers." Those in the vicinage of Winnemucca are named "Sand-Lappers." The citizens of Golconda are "Ditch-Angels." Those who are happy enough to live in Paradise are "Mud-Waders"; while the residents of Quin River Valley are "Spouters."

"Say, John, for the sake of old friendship, give a feller a dinner, will yer?" said a seedy-looking individual, as he entered the counting-room of a well-known business citizen of Lynn. "Certainly, Bill. Here, Sambo, take this man down to the restaurant and tell the proprietor to give him what he wants and send the bill to me." The next day the bill came for 55 cents. "Well," said the business-man, "what did my friend buy for 55 cents?" "Nine beers and a cigar, sir."—*Lynn Union.*

"Tell me a story," said the small boy, jumping into his big sister's bed one of the late mornings. "O, I can't, I'm sick," she said. "Well, I'll tell you one," he offered, genially. "I don't want to hear it," she answered sleepily. "I'm sick; I tell you." A smile of the most engaging sort broke over the small boy's face. He bolstered his cheek into his hand and his elbow into his sister's pillow, and said: "I'm awful sorry. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll tell you a sick story."—*Boston Record.*

First Theatrical Manager—"Isn't it strange what love the Westeners have for the bottle? I played in a town last month where the whole audience got it during the performance in one way or another. After the first act was over one-half the audience rose and went out." Second Theatrical Manager—"What became of the other half?" First Theatrical Manager—"O, he helped himself to a bottle he had in his pocket. The other fellow must have drowned his sorrows, for he didn't come back."—*N. Y. Tidbits.*

Victoria' Canine Pet.

In the kennels of her Majesty Queen Victoria at Balmoral Castle in Scotland is an enormous St. Bernard dog, which is almost as great a favorite with the gracious ruler of the United Kingdom as was her faithful henchman, the late John Brown.

"Odin," as he is called, measures nine feet from tip of nose to tip of tail, and stands nearly four feet high.

"That dog," said Mr. Wolfe, late of the beer-brewing firm of Engle & Wolfe of this city, as he showed a picture of the beast to a correspondent the other day, "was once my property. That was fully twenty years ago, and I kept him in my summer-garden here in Philadelphia to frighten young fellows who refused to pay for their beer, and to bounce those who became unruly. One night there was a crowd in the place, and a well-dressed man, just a little bit boozed, persisted in treating all around again and again. Finally he started for the gate without paying, and I ordered the dog to seize him. Did he seize? Well, I should say so. In a twinkling he had him by the back of the neck and had hauled him to the ground.

"'Call the brute off!' yelled the man.

"'Pay up and I will,' I replied.

"Finding that resistance was in vain he paid his bill, and then he said he wanted to buy the dog. I had no idea he was in earnest, but I told him he could have the beast for $250. He counted out the bills, and, taking the St. Bernard dog by the collar, walked him out of the garden.

"The next year," the brewer said, "the gentleman sold the animal to a New York gentleman for $1,000, and the New York gentleman took 'Odin,' as he is now called, to England with him.

"He was walking in Hyde Park with him one day when the Queen drove by. She was so much attracted by his great size that she stopped her carriage and called to him, and the brute went to her. She patted his head, and by means of one of her equerries inquired whether his owner would sell him.

"The owner said that £700 would buy the shaggy old boy, and the Queen sent back word to him that he could consider him bought. She took the gentlemen's address and the next day a messenger with the money in crisp Bank of England notes arrived at his lodgings, paid the price, and took away the dog that but a few years before had been 'bouncer' in a Philadelphia beer-garden."

* * *

Against her conscience—(Scene: Highlands, Sunday)—Tourist—"Can you sell us three-penny worth of milk, Missus?" Mrs. McJob—"Whit did ye say? Losh me!—sell mulk the Saubath day? Na, na! I couldna do that; but as ye seem dacent boys, I'll gie ye thripence worth for naething, an' ye'll jist mak me a praesent o' a shullin'."—*London Fun.*

* * *

The wife of Senator Stanford of California gave $5,000 to the San Francisco kindergarten on her birthday.

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Should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the little sufferer, with red and swollen face, gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma Gedney, 150 West 128 st., New York, writes: "While in the country, last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with Croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and frequent doses, and, in less than half an hour, the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral saved my darling's life." Mrs. Chas. B. Landon, Guilford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,

and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

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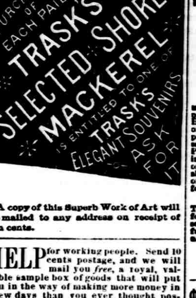

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