The Columbus Journal.

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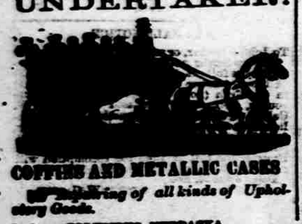

COFFINS AND METALLIC CASES

Repairing of all kinds of Upholstery Goods.

6-87 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

SHOES OF ALL NATIONS.

LARGE COLLECTION AT THE MUSEUM IN WASHINGTON.

Evolution of Footgear in Civilized Lands. Fitting the Shape by Law—Wooden Shoes with Chambers for Corns—"Walking on His Uppers."

Various forms of footgear have been devised by different people under different conditions. All the shoes made have one thing in common, and that is a sole. There are shoes consisting of a sole without an upper, but none that consist of an upper without a sole. Not to have a sole on one's shoe has been taken figuratively to represent extreme destitution. So when one wants to speak of a person who is in impecunious circumstances, one, if he uses slang, is likely to say: "He is walking on his uppers."

The oldest form of a shoe or sandal seems to have been merely a flat sole secured to the foot by thongs.

FIRST EFFORTS TO PROTECT THE FEET.

This form can be seen represented in Roman and Greek sculpture. The Egyptians had similar soles or sandals made ordinarily of leather, but sometimes of palm leaves or papyrus. In the Ninth and Tenth centuries the common form of shoe in Europe was the wooden shoe. Even the nobles and princes wore clumsy wooden shoes, such as now are found among the peasants. The Fourteenth century produced the grotesque long pointed shoe. The points had been extended by fashion so far that in the days of Richard II they were secured to the knee by little chains. The church thundered against this absurd and useless fashion, but almost without avail, for it held sway for 200 years or more. In 1463, however, so much headway had been gained against the mode that a decree of the English parliament was obtained to oppose the decree of fashion.

An act was passed prohibiting shoemakers from making points more than two inches long for the unprivileged classes. Henceforth the long point became a badge of the criminal class. But a reaction came, the long point went out of fashion, and people went to the opposite extreme. The toes of shoes were made of grotesque width. This absurdity was carried so far that Queen Mary felt called upon to issue a proclamation restricting the width of toes to six inches. If there were any of her subjects who had a natural spread of the toes greater than six inches they had to go barefooted.

In the Sixteenth century boots were generally worn in England and France and the boots of the cavaliers were made with enormously wide tops, that were rolled or folded over. After the restoration the tops of the boots were ornamented, at least by the fops of the day, with lace. The simple form of shoe, which has held its own among Europeans and Americans to the present day, made its appearance in the Seventeenth century. This shoe has undergone several modifications. It was fastened with a buckle before shoe laces and buttons came into vogue.

In the National museum in the department of ethnology are gathered together specimens of foot wear from all over the world. Shoes are studied not alone from the economic standpoint. Ethnologists see in the development of shoes, the growth of the heel, the sole and the upper, the process of evolution, just as the naturalist sees it in the mechanical fitness of the prehensile tail to the conditions of life of the monkey that has it. Many drawers are filled with shoes, and in one of the alcoves of the museum are stored away another collection of shoes. If there was a procession representing all nations and even the subordinate divisions of all nations, the representatives of the different countries and localities could all find in this collection the proper boots or shoes to wear.

FOOTGEAR FROM ALL NATIONS.

Then, scattered through the museum, are effigies—armies of very little ones in cases, representing the dress and the implements and ceremonies of different people, and here and there large figures startling in their lifelike character, and on each of these the students of shoes can find an interesting study. Wooden shoes, or sabots, are worn now among the peasants in many countries in Europe. Their advantage is in their cheapness and durability. In France and Belgium are factories where they are made of maple and ash. There are some in the museum from Norway and Belgium, and some used among the Scandinavian settlers in the northwestern states and territories that seem heavy and clumsy to one accustomed to fine leather. The shoe is made all of one piece, hollowed out. They are fashioned in the form of the foot, and sometimes have a little carving outside to represent buttons and the top caps on leather shoes. The uppers are about a quarter of an inch thick and the soles twice as thick.

On one pair of wooden shoes in the museum, from Belgium, even a representation of the little knob supposed to be made by the wearer's corn appears. An attempt was made to establish the manufacture of wooden shoes in this country during the war, but the industry never reached large proportions. Some, however, are made now and sold among the foreign born people of the northwest or exported to Europe. In the tin district of Cornwall, Egypt made wooden shoes or pattens are used.

One of these in the museum is simply a flat piece of wood, with an iron ring fastened underneath. The ring is on the ground, and raises the flat shoe and its wearer above the ground. The shoe is fastened to the foot with straps. Shoes with wooden soles are very common. They are used in some countries for ordinary wear, and many are made for the special use of persons employed in bleacheries or damp places. The impervious wooden soles keep the feet dry. Some shoes with handsomely adorned uppers are provided with wooden soles. —Washington Star.

NOT "SENTIMENTAL."

Robbing Life of the Beauty Which Is in the Expression of Love.

Mrs. Harden blew the horn for breakfast at 5 o'clock. Her husband came in from the barn and her son from the garden, where he had been digging since dawn. The Hardens were thrifty farmers, sober, hard working, God fearing folk. They were healthy and vigorous; they ought to have been happy, but they gathered about the table silently, even without giving each other a roguish smile.

It was a raw, cold morning. Mrs. Harden had been up since 3 o'clock to make certain dishes because her husband liked them. He thought, as he ate them now, that mother's biscuit were even crisper than usual and her chops done to a turn; but he did not tell her so.

Cely, the daughter, who had been at work in the dairy, came in just as the others were finishing their meal. She nodded and they nodded to her, but no one smiled or spoke. Her mother had put away her breakfast to keep it warm, and as she sat it before the girl she felt as if she would like to stroke her head or kiss her, as she used to do when she was a baby; but such demonstrations were "sentimental," and sentiment to a Harden was only another word for silliness.

Tom Harden was an industrious lad, whose thought and ambition were bounded by the farm. His father, the day before, had heard some influential men of the county declare that Tom's calves were the fattest brought to market, and his apples the soundest and most carefully packed. He knew that such praise would delight the boy, and wished that he could hear it; but he could not bring himself to repeat it.

When breakfast was over the men started for a distant part of the farm, not to return until night. Cely, as she packed her father's dinner, felt a wrench of pity at her heart for the old man. He was old and weak; he had worked for his children so faithfully and long! If he could but rest now! She would have liked to put her arms around him and tell him this.

Instead of doing so she carefully packed the basket, saying: "There's the beef and the bread and the pie and the bottle of water. That's all."

All; but the word of tenderness, the loving touch which would have cheered and sweetened the day's labor for the old man!

Too many Hardens are to be found upon our New England and middle state farms, as well as in our villages and towns. They are often the descendants of men who fled from persecution and wrested their living by hard labor from a savage wilderness, and thus learned to value only the rugged virtue of truth and endurance and to despise the lesser charities, the amenities and courtesies of life. The present generation has inherited their grim, unpleasant virtues.

Never be afraid to brighten the life of your friend or neighbor by praise or love, provided the praise and love are true.

God has made nothing for use without giving it an additional touch of grace and beauty. The hardest rock, seen through the microscope, has its exquisite tints and lines.

Why should we strive to rob our lives of that harmony and beauty which is the expression of the love that comes from him?—Youth's Companion.

Cigarettes.

The cigarette is a miserable apology for a manly pleasure. Nothing shall ever induce us to believe that a man who really likes tobacco for tobacco's sake prefers cigarettes. And the proof of this is that the more precious the cigarette is the less pure, invariably, is the tobacco. We do not want to enter into the endless controversies as to what the "loading" really is, or into the other endless fight about "cigarette smoker's throat." But if any one with some faculty of taste and smell will enter (the only way of judging) a room where some few whiffs of any fashionable brand of cigarette have been smoked, himself fasting from tobacco, he will perceive at once that the flavor and odor are of tobacco plus something. Never mind what the something is: it is there. It is not the smell or the taste of the very best Turkish tobacco (such as makers would have us believe is used) smoked in a clean pipe by itself. It is not the smell of any other kind of tobacco mingled with it. The perfume and flavor of, say, the best golden leaf smoked in a pipe, or the best Havana cigars, or the best tobacco, and cigars unadulterated of any other kind and country, are different enough, but they differ like the flavor of different wines—all distinct, but all vinous. The flavor and odor of the cigarette, at least the popular manufactured Turkish or Egyptian cigarette (we know, of course, that vast quantities of ordinary American tobacco are smoked as cigarettes), are, in great part, not those of tobacco at all, but of something quite distinct from, and added to, tobacco; and we believe that all honest persons gifted with discrimination will add that it is a deleterious something—a something provocative of "head" and "throat" and stimulative of a great desire to drink.—Saturday Review.

Joel Chandler Harris Embarrassed.

As the street car rolled into West End, the other day, an elderly lady remarked: "Daughter, Joel Chandler Harris lives over that way."

"Does he, ma?" said the younger lady. "Do you know where Joel Chandler Harris lives?" inquired the mother of one of the passengers.

The gentleman addressed blushed a little.

"Um—what does he do?" he asked.

"Oh, he writes things for the paper, I believe," was the answer, "but I don't know. Daughter, what does Mr. Harris do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the young lady. "I simply heard somebody say that he lived out this way."

Then the gentleman asked the driver if he could point out Mr. Harris' house, and the driver turned red and stared at the questioner and stammered out an answer.

Both ladies looked hard at the stranger and at each other, and suddenly became very silent. The car stopped and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris lost no time in getting out and turning his steps homeward. It gives a man a funny feeling to hear questions asked about him in public by strangers.—Atlanta Constitution.

Shaw but Sure.

The old lady who thought her daughter, in playing a slow and majestic piece of music, was "a long while about it," was of that "capable" nature which brooks no delay. There are others of the same disposition.

During a balloonist's recent exhibition in Scotland, a native of the country was intently watching the slow descent of the parachute.

"Dear me," he exclaimed, "how long he is coming down!"

"Yes, indeed, and he is," observed an Irishman, who was standing near, "he did, I could come down quicker than that meself!"—Youth's Companion.

VALUE OF OLD MASTERS.

FIGURES OF INTEREST TO THOSE WHO LOVE FINE PICTURES.

Americans Not So Easily Humbugged as They Once Were—The High and Low Water Marks of Famous Painters—Murillo's Range from $18 to $128,000.

The value of pictures has been very considerably disturbed by the revelations recently made. It has thrown suspicion upon the method of sale by auction, which has heretofore been so popular, and suggests the possibility that more than one of the great picture sales of recent years have been in a measure "cooked" affairs, in which prices have been made to rise to a height by no means in accord with the actual state of the market.

Americans have not shown quite the same taste for "old masters" as have the people of other countries. Once they reverenced them on account of their age and gave high prices for their pictures. But they were innocent then, and when they awoke to the fact that most of the old masters which they owned were bogus, they made haste to rid themselves of the same.

Since then Americans have had little to do with this class of pictures. Now, however, they are beginning again to buy them.

BIG AND LITTLE GEMS.

Following are some extreme and some average prices of the pictures of men whose names are mentioned:

Jan Van Eyck—An adoration of the magi in the Northwick sale in 1859 fetched $2,160. Van Eyck's works are scarce and much sought after. The picture mentioned must have been an excellent example, for another picture of the same subject was sold in Cologne in 1862 for a little more than $500. Only the best of his pictures have sold for more than $200 or $300.

Guercino—His finest works in the Louvre are valued at $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000, the "Martyr of St. Peter at Modena" being considered worth $9,000. Nearly every gallery in Europe has some specimen of his work. During the last century the highest price obtained at auction has been $2,400. Small heads and less significant works have sold as low as $10. A few single figure paintings have been sold at from $50 to $250.

Hans Holbein—His works are abundantly represented in foreign galleries. Though one of the greatest German painters his pictures have never brought large prices at public sale. A portrait of a lady was sold in 1850 for about $2,000; other portraits in recent years have rarely exceeded $200.

Guido Reni—His "Rape of Helen" in the Louvre has been assessed at $8,000. His works are in all the European galleries. They have seldom sold for more than $3,000. A "St. John" was sold in 1853 for $3,400.

David Teniers—More of his pictures than those of any other painter have been sold publicly. He is extensively copied and imitated, but of a list of about 350 different sales of his pictures the highest price ever brought for any one was $5,000 paid in the Van Sassengen sale, in 1852, for a painting called "The Five Senses."

MURILLO AND RUBENS.

Murillo—The greatest of the Spanish school in point of value. There are nine of his pictures in the Louvre. The most celebrated of these is the "Immaculate Conception," for which the French government paid $125,000. This is far in excess of all the others, which are rated as worth everywhere from $1,000 to $12,000, at which figure the "Holy Family" has been appraised. His pictures figure in all the principal museums of Europe, and have often sold at auction at very high prices. There were no less than fourteen of his pictures in the famous Soult collection, to which the Louvre's "Immaculate Conception" belonged. The "Flight into Egypt" brought $10,000; the "Jesus and St. John as Children," $12,000; the "St. Peter Bound," $30,000; the "Miracle of San Diego," $17,000; a "Brigand Stopping a Monk," $5,000. The rest of the pictures of the collection sold for from $1,000 to $5,000. The price brought by the "Immaculate Conception" was the largest ever paid for a picture at the time. It is doubtful whether it would now realize an equal sum, as Murillo's work has not increased in estimation, while new standards of tastes have taken possession of picture buyers. A large painting of the very same subject in the Eardley collection was put up at auction in 1860, but was withdrawn in default of a bid of $45,000. Since the Soult sale many of his works have been publicly sold. The Empress Eugenie gave the largest price brought by any of his other pictures. She paid $8,000 for a "Sleep of the Infant Jesus" at the Patureau sale in 1857. Many of his works were sold in the Aguado collection in 1843. They ranged from $18 to $5,600, at which sum one of his Annunciations was disposed of. One of his pictures figured in the Aspinwall sale here a few years ago, but was without a buyer. It was subsequently taken to London, where, after long negotiations, it was sold, presumably at no very great price.

Rubens, being the prince of painters, his pictures have naturally commanded very great prices. The fact that he worked much through his assistants has, however, made a great difference in their value. His works in the Louvre are estimated at $20,000, $30,000 and $40,000, some of the famous series in the life of Mary of Medicis being valued at $60,000. His single portraits are worth about $3,000 to $5,000. The famous "Chapeau de Paille," one of the most beautiful portraits ever painted, was sold in 1822 for about $15,000. Few of his best works have sold during the present century. The highest price brought at public sale at any time was for an interior with portrait of the family of Balthazar, which brought $36,000 at the Eardley sale in 1860. Some of his portraits have, nevertheless, sold for no more than $100.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Bear Strangers.

As Hank Cusker, the famous bronco breaker, and James McNaney, cowboys in the employ of the N-N outfit, were driving a bunch of horses from the head of Big Dry to the round up they encountered four grizzly bears. They determined to make it as interesting for the quartet as possible and instantly gave chase, armed with their lariats only. After chasing them a couple of miles and getting them separated they closed in on two of the ferocious beasts and proceeded to use their skill as rope throwers in a very novel manner. They did their respective acts simultaneously and with precision, one catching his bear around the neck and the other surprised his by roping a hind leg. Then the fun commenced, in one going in one direction and the other in the opposite, with the horses plunging and snorting and trying to get away, but they were hitched to too heavy loads and soon became tractable again. Cusker having caught his bear by the neck, soon had his bearship in a strangling condition, and with his usual courage proceeded to tie him as he would have done with a steer or bronco, and he eventually succeeded in his intended purpose. In the meantime McNaney was doing his best to interest his charge, and no doubt did so.

After making sure of his victim Cusker had a great curiosity to know how McNaney was getting along with his protege, and immediately started to hunt him up. He succeeded in finding him shortly and then his services were welcome, as the bear being caught by the hind leg, had full control of his lung power and was making day hideous by his enraged cries. Cusker then undertook to do the tying act with this one, and becoming very bold after the experience with the other one he proceeded at his victim without fear and got a couple of good rounders from the bear to pay for his impatience. However, they were not very severe strokes, and after dodging around awhile they succeeded in getting a rope around his neck and then made short work of him. The only knife they had was a very small penknife, but they were bound to have the pelts, and after working hard for a couple of hours succeeded in securing their skins. When they had dispatched the two beasts they became quite bloodthirsty and wanted to do some more killing, but the other two bears had made a hasty retreat into the Bad Lands and could not be found, so they proceeded on to the ranch.—Glendive (M. T.) Independent.

A Boarding House Secret.

A certain lady who keeps a rather fashionable boarding house in this city is troubled with ten boarders—no less than ten—who possess enormous appetites. Everybody that knows a boarding house can realize that ten boarders with large appetites are very hard upon the profit of the concern. She tried, like a thorough business woman, all sorts of methods to check these ungodly appetites, but to no avail.

One day she happened to tell her family doctor of these ten hungry men and how they worried her, and he said immediately:

"Why, I can give you an easy remedy for that."

She told him that she would be very much obliged to him for any help that he could give her on the subject, and moreover said that it would be worth a great deal of money to her.

"Well," said he, "next week bake a lot of lemon pies and see that those ten boarders get their share of pie."

"Is that all your prescription, doctor?" said the lady.

"Yes ma'am," he replied, "and you will find it is quite enough."

So the next week she baked a number of lemon pies, and she saw to it that the ten boarders were helped twice to pie on the first day. After that she noticed gradually that their appetites fell away, and at the end of that week there was an unmistakable diminution in the bill for provisions required for that boarding house.

The lemon pie diet was continued until the boarding house became as profitable as it had previously been unprofitable. It is not within my power to say exactly how the lemon pie acts on the average boarder, but it is certainly a fact that in this case the lemon pies produced what no other system of dieting could accomplish. This recipe may be of use to some of the down trodden boarding house mistresses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Consumption of Coffee.

Coffee is more generally consumed in Brazil than in any other part of the world. The coffee fields of Brazil cover 2,000,000 acres, with 800,000,000 trees, each tree averaging about one pound per annum. The industry there employs 800,000 hands. The consumption of coffee in Brazil averages yearly 14 pounds per inhabitant; in Belgium and Holland, 11 pounds; in the United States, 7 pounds; in Germany, 5 pounds, and in Great Britain very little more than half a pound. Britons drink five times as much tea as coffee, while Americans drink eight times as much coffee as tea. Down to 1690 the only source of coffee supply was Arabia, but the berry is now cultivated throughout most regions of the tropical world. Java and Ceylon are the principal centers of production after Brazil, and the total output of the world has been estimated to amount to not less than 1,000,000,000 pounds.—New York Telegram.

He Was Too Honest.

"I try to be a man of my word," he said, as he entered a Cadillac eating house yesterday, "but I can't always do as I promise."

"What did you want?" asked the proprietor.

"You gave me a square meal on tick two months ago. The bill was forty-five cents. I promised to pay in six weeks, but I am a little late."

"I don't remember the circumstance."

"Perhaps not, as you are a big hearted man, but I do and here's your money."

The proprietor pulled in a $2 Canadian bill and flung out the change, rather disgusted with the man's honesty. Ten minutes later, however, this disgust had changed to admiration. In making change he took a closer look at the bill, and on the back he found the stamp: "Suspended 1884."—Detroit Free Press.

Progress in Asia.

Central Asia, and more particularly central western Asia, has undergone a revolution during the past quarter of a century. Railroads are being built and telegraph lines connect all important towns. Roads are being macadamized and European costumes and customs are adopted. Education, especially, is fostered where it was unknown; and there are ten times the schools there were, besides colleges established by foreigners. Religious freedom is quite general in the place of bitter fanaticism; and all classes are waking up to new intellectual and moral life. The lower classes look up. Asia, at the present rate of progress, will be regenerated during the Twentieth century to co-operate with Europe and America.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

OPERA GLASS MACHINES.

GOING ALL RIGHT AND MAKING LOTS OF FUN AND MONEY.

Sometimes One Don't Work, and the Dime Must Be Refunded—A Dividend of One Per Cent. the First Month—Stuffing Hairpins and Other Trash Into the Slot.

Many humorous incidents have attended the introduction of the new fangled opera glass machinery at the theatres. The theatre ushers say that the machines are more fun than a circus when the wheels that operate the spring that unlocks the box lid gets in a snarl. But the fun is enjoyed by the spectators, and not by the ushers. The theatre goer whose dime gets stuck in the slot generally makes about thirteen and a half times more fuss over the prospective loss of the dime than a man whose favorite corn is stepped on by the inconsiderate man who persists in going out to see another man between the acts. Recently at the Casino a man in a dress suit, with bank notes in his waistcoat pocket, made a commotion that disturbed the whole parquet assemblage for fully twenty minutes because the usher told him he couldn't get his money back until the next morning at the box office. Two ushers had to scurry around and hunt up the president of the company that runs the boxes to soothe the wrath of the would be patron by handing him back the quarter he had dropped into the slot that was out of order. It costs a quarter instead of a dime, by the way, to get a glass at the Casino. Outbreaks of this this sort are getting less frequent, though, and intending explosions of wrath are headed off by the timely arrival of the usher, who, as soon as he finds that a box won't work, tries another that will without extra expense to the theatre goer. There's plenty of fun, though, when the box selects a cantankerous theatergoer as a victim for 'ts cranky wrinkles. This happens one night a week, anyhow, and sometimes oftener.

GROWING IN POPULARITY.

The boxes are growing in popularity despite these drawbacks. That is proved by the increased number used and by the general introduction of the mechanisms in the city theatres. The dime slot boxes are now in use in eight theatres, and contracts have been made for their introduction into many out of town theatres. On an average 125 boxes are put into a theatre of the size of the Fifth Avenue. Of these between fifty and seventy-five are used nightly. That this is sufficient to return a satisfactory profit is shown by the fact that in the first month of the experiment with the dime slot mechanisms the company paid a dividend of 1 per cent. to Mrs. Langtry and other stockholders. It has been found that the idea tickles the children, and mothers and nurses drop money into the slots just for the sake of seeing the little ones open their eyes in delight when the lid pops up and reveals the opera glass snugly fitted in the box.

Every night after the play an agent of the company goes around from box to box and collects the coins. In the first weeks of the experiment the tour was made unexpectedly interesting by the amount of unique bric-a-brac that was gathered up from the slots instead of the looked for silver coin. Lead dimes, little souvenir medals of brass and lead, and bent pins were found in the slots. Hairpins, too, were collected in bunches at every tour. In fact, the hairpin seems to be the favorite implement used by the conscienceless theatre goers who put up schemes to beat the slot. But it is a waste of hairpins and also of centennial medals and lead coins to try and palm them off on the machine for the genuine dime or quarter of commerce. The machines are made to bend and break all such nondescript counterfeits. And nothing but silver goes through successfully. The only effect of trying to beat the machine is to throw it out of order, and about ten of the machines are in the hospital for repairs each week.

WHY THEY ARE NOT RED.

It was early discovered by dishonest theatre goers that the lids of the boxes cannot be locked, except by a special key, after the opera glasses have been used. A number of the glasses were stolen in the first week, but the pilfering of the boxes has since ceased. Detectives keep a watch on the boxes at each theatre. They caught a well dressed theatre goer walking off with a glass one night recently at the Fifth Avenue theatre, and he was arraigned in court, and only escaped prosecution for the larceny because imprisonment meant the ruin of his little family. On several occasions theatre goers have pocketed the glasses in a fit of absentmindedness and returned them afterward.

"Why don't you paint the glasses red, so that they can be told right off?" a theatre goer asked Stockholder Joe Reynolds the other night.

"Oh, that would burst the whole enterprise at one fell swoop," he said. "You can never get a theatre goer to hire anything that bears on its face the unmistakable evidence that it is hired. It shocks the public's pride too much. As long as the glasses look like private glasses the thing goes. Not otherwise."

The directors of the dime slot machines are considering the advisability of raising the ante on a glass to the Casino limit of twenty-five cents a peep. Some of the stockholders object.

"It won't work," they say, "unless you put a lot of women in tights on the stage to look at. Then you may hope to collar the quarters of the dizzy dudes and the flamboyant bald headed men."

This argument is reported to have brought a delay in the proposed increase.

A new form of case has just been designed. It is made of fine plate glass in the form of a tiny show case with a bowed front. The front is made to slide upward, like the cover of an office desk. If you drop a coin into the slot you can see it slide down and watch it work the machinery that opens the sliding cover. —New York Sun.

An Unequal Battle.

The lower animals go not unarmed. The sword of the sword fish, the sting of the wasp, the venom of the snake, the ink bag of the cuttle fish, the power of the electric eel, and hundreds of other devices, equip the lower orders with weapons offensive and defensive. The way in which a hedgehog kills a serpent is described in the following incident:

The hedgehog cautiously approached the sleeping reptile and seized the end of its tail between his teeth and gave a sharp bite. Then he quickly rolled himself into a compact, spiny ball, and awaited developments.

The snake, thus rudely awakened, was at once belligerent. It turned upon its enemy and fought with its fangs.

The hedgehog, securely intrenched within his spines, retained his hold of the tail and allowed himself to be dragged back and forth during the struggle. Meantime the serpent's jaws were becoming lacerated and useless from constant assault upon its enemy's needle pointed carapace.

Exhausted and bleeding from its many wounds, the snake finally ceased its efforts. This was what the hedgehog had waited for. He unrolled himself, disemboweled the unlucky snake and proceeded to eat his breakfast, apparently none the worse for the encounter which had cost his antagonist so dearly.

The hedgehog might have said: "I didn't kill the snake; but if it was so foolish as to kill itself on my spines, why it must take the consequences, and I'll take a breakfast."—Youth's Companion.

Wouldn't Break the Law.

"I had an experience on the Pennsylvania limited express traveling from Chicago last Sunday," said a prominent merchant recently, "which struck me as being very peculiar. I ordered a bottle of claret with my dinner while we were going through Pennsylvania, and was astonished when the waiter refused to take the order.

"'We don't serve liquors on Sunday, sir,' he said.

"His sanctimonious tone and expression humbled me, and I felt seriously rebuffed. I was still meditating over this when the train crossed the border into New Jersey. Suddenly the door opened and the waiter returned, but what a change in expression! A large and healthy smile illumined his face, and he carried a tray covered with bottles of beer and glasses.

"'How is this?' I asked him as he returned. 'I thought you didn't serve liquors today?'

"'Oh, we're in Jersey now,' was the reply.

"From that time on there was no dearth of strong drink."—New York World.

A Duel with Rum.

A novel kind of duel with a tragic termination has just taken place outside Paris between two rivals in the affections of the buxom barmaid of a wine tavern. The rivals were brothers, and they resolved to drink copious libations of fiery and undiluted rum until one or both should be overpowered. The alcoholic article sold as "pure Jamaica" in Parisian taverns is bad enough when well watered, but when taken neat and in large quantities it is worse than the poisonous absinthe with which too many Frenchmen ply themselves. The brothers began their "rum duel" before the eyes of their damsel, who supplied them with the deleterious concoction as they called for it. At last one of them fell down by the side of the counter and was carried home carefully and restored. The other went out into the frosty air full of liquor, caught a chill and died, thus leaving the field free to his rival.—Chicago Times.

"The Beginning of the End."

"It is the beginning of the end" is attributed to Talleyrand as having been so truthfully predicted by him of the situation of the Hundred Days. But the first time Talleyrand heard it was when he was complimented on it by M. De Vitrolles, and then he saw no reason for disavowing the paternity. Private individuals not infrequently obtain life and credit for their happy ideas by ascribing them to some renowned spirit of the time, and this seems especially to have happened to Talleyrand, who did not, and often could not, disown the authorship. This happened in the case of the saying: "Speech was given to man to disguise his thought," which M. Harel really invented, but according to his custom started in the world under Talleyrand's name in the "Nain Jaune," and which then never afterward he could succeed in reclaiming. But Voltaire was the first to express the idea.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

A Shrewd Otter.

One day as I was standing on the shore of Cranberry bog pond I saw a large flock of ducks near the middle of the pond and soon after discovered three otters in front of me, but not near enough to shoot. While watching the maneuvers of the otters they started down the pond in a straight line for the ducks. The old leader struck out lively, leaving his mates far behind, and as he neared the ducks he dived and presently I saw one of the ducks disappear beneath the surface after a considerable struggle, the remainder of the flock rising and flying away in great commotion. The otter had gone under the flock and selected a certain duck and pulled him under. A few minutes later the otter made his appearance near the south shore of the pond with the duck in his mouth.—Forest and Stream.

Improvement in Farm Tools.

We hear very little about the advance of improvement in agricultural implements and farm machinery, but that branch of the industrial pursuits of the country is keeping abreast of the times, nevertheless. The plow of twenty-five years ago is now a curiosity, and those who sold and used it cannot realize how it was made to serve the purposes for which it was manufactured. And the plow of a decade since, while perhaps not so crude, has been abandoned for a better implement. And so it is all through the list of agricultural implements and farm machinery, and in another quarter of a century it is possible that the farmer will walk no more in the cultivation of his farm.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Tailor with Forty-six Trades.

Mr. C. R. King, of this city, is a natural genius. When a boy of nine or ten he completed a miniature saw mill, an exact countepart of the mill owned by his uncle, for whom he worked. This was placed under the mill, where it was run by a water wheel. Long, red potatoes were cut into "planks" and "boards," the machinery running with the precision of the larger machines. As he grew older his genius developed until he could turn his hand at anything. He worked at many trades and was the master of each after a short apprenticeship. Mr. King is now 60 years of age, and in making a list of the various trades he has followed he finds the total to be forty-six.—Hartford Times.

The musical journal tells of a concert programme in London, in which a song was announced as: "'She Wandered Down the Mountain Side,' accompanied by the composer."

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