The Columbus Journal.

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9-42 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

AFTER MEXICAN LIONS.

SCARING FOUR OF THEM OUT WITH AN IMPROVISED BOMB.

Hunters in the Lone Star State Get Tired of Killing Deer, Turkeys and Squirrels, and Plead for Larger Game—Daredevil Bob Harper's Proposition.

Along in the '60s W. H. Stephens, an old and well known Texas frontiersman, established a cattle ranch on the Medina river, twelve miles above the town of Bandera, and as his stock was large and rapidly increasing he built several small cabins in different parts of his range for the convenience of his hands.

In 1879 the writer, with some half a dozen companions, was up in the mountains above Bandera on a camp hunt, and one night camped at one of Mr. Stephens' "sub-ranches," as we called it, which that night happened to be the camping ground of Stephens himself and some of his cowboys.

Stephens, or Uncle Billy, as he was called, was enraged over the depredations of some varmint on his stock. He had that day found a fine colt and a fine Jersey bull calf dead and partially devoured, and, from the tracks, he was satisfied that either a Mexican lion or a "painter," as he called it, had killed his animals.

He said the country around abounded in both. He and his men had killed a number of each, and he knew the difference between the two animals very well.

LOCATING THE "CRITTERS."

Killing deer, turkeys and squirrels had grown rather monotonous to our party, and we determined to have a try for larger game and more exciting sport. We had several good hounds, and had already enjoyed several night hunts for wild cats and the like, of which we had killed several.

One of Uncle Billy's hands said he was satisfied he knew where a pair of lions had their den, from the fact that a few evenings before, about sundown, he had seen two cubs frolicking on a large rock on a small hill densely covered with brush, about five miles from camp, and he knew the old ones could not be far off.

He had no dog or gun with him, but had determined to beat up their quarters the first convenient opportunity, and he now offered to guide us to the place. His offer was gladly accepted, and the next morning our party set out for the varmints' lair, accompanied by Uncle Billy and the guide, John Jarvis.

A short chase brought us to what looked like a cave in a ledge of rocks, or rather beneath the ledge, and the beaten trail leading into it plainly showed that it was occupied by some wild animals.

The dogs ran to the opening and stopped. They sniffed around, whining and giving an occasional yelp, but declined to enter. We approached cautiously and peered in, but could see nothing.

At intervals, however, our ears were greeted with a low growl. We knew we had run something to its lair, but whether it was a lion, panther or bear, we could not tell. The next question was how to induce whatever it was to come out and be killed.

Leaving four of the coolest men and best shots to watch the entrance, the balance of the party began a search to see if there was any other entrance to the den or cave.

A short time satisfied us there was not, and we returned, when a council of war was held. Bob Harper proposed that two or three of us crawl in and see what we could find. We scouted the idea, and Bob admitted that he was not in earnest.

He was just enough of a daredevil to have tried it, though. We tried to smoke them out, but either the smoke did not penetrate the cave or there were crevices enough in the rocks for it to escape. Anyhow, it didn't have the desired effect.

UNCLE BILLY'S BRIGHT IDEA.

A bright idea struck Uncle Billy. He sent Jarvis back to our temporary camp for a small canteen he had in his saddle and a blanket.

Jarvis soon returned, accompanied by our two companions who had been left to keep camp.

Uncle Billy took the canteen and poured nearly a pint of powder into it from the horn he carried. He next cut several strips from the blanket, which he damped slightly and then smeared with a small bottle of bear oil he had in his pouch, rubbing them thoroughly with powder, making a very respectable fuse.

He then tied a small rope to the canteen, and sticking the end of the fuse into the mouth of the canteen he bade us look to our guns while he lowered the improvised bomb into our den.

We formed a sort of semicircle in front of the den and breathlessly awaited the result. As soon as Uncle Billy felt the canteen lodge he tied the rope, and striking a match he carefully lighted the fuse and then fell back in good order, calling out:

"Look out, boys! If that darned thing works he'll come!" The "darned thing" worked. We heard a dull report in about three minutes, and not only "he," but she and the little ones came; and the old ones came "like the waves come when navies are stranded."

They didn't wait a second, and charged at once on the party nearest to them. But what chance had two brutes, no matter how large and fierce, against seven or eight men armed with Winchesters, each with sixteen cartridges in the magazine?

Both the old ones were badly wounded at the first volley, but it took several shots each to finish them.

The whelps were supposed to have been about two months old. Some of the boys shot one of them, but Bob Harper and Jarvis captured the other, receiving several severe scratches.

The lion measured 7 feet and 2 inches from tip to tip, the lioness 7 feet 3 inches.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A PROFOUND YOUNGSTER.

He Enlightens the Assembled Theologians by His Discovery in Profane History.

There was a convention of Sunday school teachers in session at Crystal Lake, and all the teachers of the three counties represented were there. The amount of biblical and theological knowledge they had was something astounding. On the last day of the convention the high chief ranger of the affair announced to the 400 delegates that he would be pleased to have the knowing ones think up some hard questions on subjects pertaining to their work, write them on slips of paper and submit them to him, and that evening, at the last session, which was to be a sort of entertainment, he would answer them. A lot of people wrote their questions and gave them to the great professor, and when evening came he had about fifty good old gnarly problems in his bunch of paper slips.

The evening's exercise began with reading and answering the questions, and though some of them were from away back and very obtuse, the good man who had put himself up there as a mark coped with them successfully and impressed the great gathering with his vast knowledge.

Finally he ran against a question that made him knit his brows. He scowled at it a moment and then laid it aside. When he answered all the rest he picked up this side tracked query and said:

"Here is a question which I confess I am unable to answer. I submit it to the audience, and if any one is able to give the answer I will be glad to hear what it is."

Then he read this query:

"Who was the boy and what was his name who held the basket containing the five loaves and two fishes which fed the multitude?"

Nobody made any effort to answer it, and the professor said:

"It seems that nobody knows any more about it than I do. I will have to call on the person who submitted the question to come forward and answer it. Will you please do so?"

To the great surprise of the 400 people and of his mother as well, Frank Jones, a 12-year-old school boy, got up and modestly walked up the aisle. Everybody looked at him amazed. The professor said:

"Did you submit this question?

"Yes, sir."

"Can you answer it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am sure everybody will be glad to hear it."

"The boy," said Frank quietly but steadily, "was Ben Ezra, son of Miriam, who was a sister of Philip, one of the twelve disciples."

A murmur of astonishment ran over the audience. Here was something too deep for even the professed theologians in convention assembled. The professor turned to the boy:

"Did you find that in the Bible?"

"No, sir."

"Where, then, did you get it?"

"In Greek history?"

That was the cap sheaf. A lad of thirteen bowling down 400 declared teachers in the Christian cause, and telling them in an unassuming way that he dug the information out of Greek history.

I think it will be well to give this boy room to spread himself when he becomes a man.—Chicago Mail.

An Ophidian Bonanza.

James McCalan, a young man residing on Walnut creek, near Index, Mo., was squirrel hunting. Noticing his dog barking furiously, he went forward. The object of the dog's attention was an enormous black snake, which, when killed, measured fourteen feet nine inches. The reptile stood perfectly erect for about four feet of its length, and seemed unable to move the middle part of its body at all.

Although somewhat abashed by the formidable appearance of the reptile, Jim was not slow to observe that it could not move from the spot where its body seemed bound to the earth, so he picked up a stout club and striking the monster several blows upon its head, which it was waving about in the air, soon dispatched it. He was again astonished when, attempting to raise the monster upon his stick, he was unable to lift it from the ground.

About that time he saw a neighbor on the road. Calling upon him for assistance, they cut the snake open at the place where the immense weight was located. They took from its body an old boot leg thonged together at each end, and containing something so heavy they could scarcely lift it. Great was their surprise and joy when, upon cutting open the boot leg, it was found to be filled with gold coins from $1 up to $20.

The only plausible explanation is this: It is well known by parties living here that during the late war a party of bushwhackers burried a boot leg full of gold somewhere on Walnut creek. The monster who found near a small ravine, where it is supposed the gold was washed out of its hiding place and found by the snake.—St. Louis Republic.

Speed of Atlantic Steamers.

The first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, which sailed from the southern city whose name she bore, and reached Liverpool twenty-five days later. This was in 1819. She depended on her sails more than on her engines, however, and when the wind was favorable and all her canvas could be spread her paddle wheels were hauled on deck and folded up like an umbrella. It can be imagined that she was very little like an ocean steamer of the present day, and her success was so questionable that when she returned to the United States her engines were taken out of her and she was converted into a sailing ship.

Nineteen years later, after other experiments, it had been demonstrated that steam navigation was a practicable thing, and a regular line of steamers was established between England and America. One of these steamers was the Great Western, which made seventy voyages across the ocean. The quickest of these voyages was accomplished in twelve days and seven hours.

From that time to this there has been a constant effort, stimulated by competition and by improvements in machinery, to lessen the duration of the voyage. The old side wheel, or paddle, steamers were abandoned about fourteen years ago, and the modern type of vessel is the screw propeller.

The most recent steamers are "twin screws"—that is to say, instead of having one propeller, each steamer has two, and in this way it is expected that a higher power can be utilized. The twin screws are also an element of safety, since each screw is worked by a separate engine, and should one engine be disabled the other would have power enough to propel the ship into port.

The distance from New York to Queenstown is about 2,800 miles, and up to 1880 the fastest passage was a little over seven days, which was made by the Arizona. Since then it has been successively reduced by the Alaska, the City of Rome, the Servia, the Oregon, the Umbria, the Etruria and the City of Paris.—Youth's Companion.

THE TURN VEREIN.

TODAY'S PRACTICAL WORKINGS OF THAT ANCIENT SOCIETY.

Organized Nearly a Century Ago—A School for the Physical and Mental Education of Children—The Organization Large and Growing in the United States.

This is no new organization; it was founded at the beginning of the century by Father John in Germany, and named the Turn Verein. Father John believed that physical training was the basis of true thinking, and after a careful study of old Grecian and Roman games he evolved a system of training which he believed he could teach theoretically to his countrymen. With him were associated Leon and Spies and a dozen other men, who together organized the first Turn Verein and pledged themselves "to aid each other in rearing a people strong both in body and mind, and recognizing in the propagation of universal education and in the fostering of good morals the sole means of a thorough reform in social, political and religious matters."

MAKING GERMAN SOLDIERS.

The society grew so rapidly that the government, fearing its prowess, endeavored to suppress its increase by law, but subsequently realizing the advantage of a militia chosen from a people of strength and vigor, they reinstated it in favor, and out of its teachings grew the law requiring the practice of light gymnastics in all the public schools.

After the revolutions the veterans of '48, compelled to leave their country, came to America, and one of their first acts in the new home was to establish a branch of the old society, which now numbers in the United States 31,000 men, divided into 250 or 300 societies, by whom 20,000 children are taught gymnastic exercises under nearly 150 teachers.

Whatever may be the political bias of the society, the second article in its act of incorporation states that "the particular business and objects for which such society or corporation is to be formed are the promotion of physical education and culture and gymnastics and athletics in general, and the establishment and maintenance of a school for the physical, gymnastic, athletic and mental education of children."

There are 150 children, or turners, in the New York school, and twice each week, after the public school closes, the girl turners, in dark blue flannel dresses, fashioned with loose blouse waists and straps of bright blue braid, black hose and white slippers, march up and down the large gymnasiums belonging to the society, and are taught to use all the apparatus arranged for men and boys. Twice each week, too, in the intervening days, the boy turners, in dark trousers, light waists, scarlet belts and stockings and white slippers, are taught the exercises adapted to their years.

HOW THEY ARE TRAINED.

On Sunday both classes meet together for instruction in German reading and speaking, which is the only language used in the school. Children enter the classes as soon as they are 6 years old, and continue the training until they are 18, when they become members of the society if they desire. Members of the organization pledge themselves to exercise in the gymnasium two evenings each week until they are 30 years of age, after which they may be excused from active work. Discussions of the leading questions of the day, political, social, and educational, are held each month, in which the members participate, and a library is also owned by the society, and at the disposal of the members. The children are taught in classes of thirty or more members; and thirty little lassies, in their blue gowns and white slippers, are a very pretty spectacle, when not one of them is less than 6 or more than 10 years old, and each stands straight and firm, with a pair of dumb bells in her small hands.

The most noticeable thing about the tiny turners is that they stand well, walk well, and carry their heads very proudly. They march and countermarch in single lines, then two, four and eight abreast; strike graceful attitudes, which bend and curve their bodies in every line of beauty; swing the dumb bells high over their heads and lay them on the floor without bending the knees, and when the hour's drill is ended the baby battalion is drawn up in line and marches sedately out past a long file of girls from 10 to 15 years old, who enter for their exercise.

There is to be seen again the same graceful carriage, the free, light step, and in the exercise which follows with the clubs the precision of motion adds much to the pleasing effect. Every club rises and falls in unison, as if swung by the same hand, and, when the drill is over, the girls show their muscular power in drill with the heavy apparatus.

Meanwhile the baby turners have marched into another room, and are knitters and needle women now under the direction of the gentle faced teacher and her assistant. There are laces of wool and linen growing in their busy little hands, and hems and tucks and the tiresome "over-and-over" blocks are stitched by the patient little lassies. The class of larger girls have embroideries and fancy work in progress, and one large girl is stitching with bright silk the sleeve of a new gown.

Down stairs the tiniest babies of all are taught the fascinating kindergarten work, and all the time the steady tramp of the marching feet and the clatter of the apparatus in the gymnasium may be heard.

The woman's branch of the Turn Verein has also a class in the gymnasium, but their special work is to interest themselves in the affairs of the school and the training and teaching of the children.—New York Sun.

HE WASN'T SORDID.

But He Thought Six Months Was Enough to Give to Mourning.

I had been sitting in the shade of a fence corner for a quarter of an hour when a farmer came along with an ox team and invited me to ride with him. I was only fairly seated when he said:

"Sad thing happened back there about six months ago."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; that 'ere blamed off ox shied at a paper in the road and run us into a ditch and tipped the wagon over."

"Yes!"

"Martha was along. Crushed the gizzard right out of her, and she was dead when I picked her up. Funeral cost me $40. I was just looking at the bill. Had a coffin with six silver plated handles. Ever lose your wife?"

"Never."

"Awful sad thing. Haw there, Buck! She had two unmade dresses in the house, which were left on my hands. Guess I'll get shot of them, however—guess I will. Whoa! you yaller ox! Undertaker said we could scrape along with four handles to the coffin, but I told him to make 'em an even half dozen. Feller can't afford to be small about those things. Say, you know what belongs to manners, eh?"

"I hope so."

"Guessed you did, even if you are afoot. I want to ask you how long a widower has to wait before taking another. There's no law, yer know, but a sort of custom. Is it a year?"

"Some wait a year."

"And some only three or six months?"

"I've heard of a second marriage within a week or two."

"Too soon—a leettle too soon," he answered, as he stroked his thin whiskers. "Looks too sordid and grasping, you see. Neighbors would probably talk, too. Couldn't complain about six months could they?"

"I should think not."

"That's twenty-four weeks or one hundred and sixty-eight days, you see. Nothing sordid about that, eh? It's coming off next week."

"What? Your marriage?"

"That's it. Bin engaged five days now, and it's to come off next Wednesday. Her name is Feebe. Awful hard to get up airly and keep hustling all day. Had my eye on her ever since the day of the funeral, but you needn't mind telling it. Folks is gossipy, you know. Git up, you lazy beasts! Say, I want to ask bout another thing."

"Well?"

"Havn't got Martha any tombstone yet. Have to git one, won't I?"

"Why, yes."

"If I didn't they'd say I was sordid, wouldn't they?"

"They might."

"Would you put a lamb or a dove on it?"

"That's just as you feel."

"Has it got to read: 'Martha, the first and most beloved wife of Aaron Snyder?'"

"Not necessarily."

"Kin I jist put on: 'Erected to the memory of Martha Snyder, who died April 22, 1888?'"

"Why, yes."

"And have it quietly taken up and set up, and not let on to the other. I see. Nothing sordid about Feebe, but sich things grind, you know. Do you take the cross road? Wall, good day. Glad we met. Seemed some six months was long enough, but I kinder wanted an outside opinyun. Had six handles, you remember, but the neighbors might call me sordid and shut us out on quilting bees and corn huskings."—New York Sun.

BATHS FOR HORSES.

An Establishment Where the Noble Beast Receives the Turkish Kind.

Turkish baths for horses are not only given in Milwaukee, but they are quite popular and are very generally made use of in case of sickness as well as to humor the caprice of aristocratic family pets. The bath house in this city is the only establishment of the kind in the west. The place was designed by Dr. T. T. Toussaint, and the baths are given under his personal supervision. Being a veterinary surgeon, Dr. Toussaint first made use of the bath for the cure of certain diseases, but afterward the place became popular among horse owners, who send their favorite blooded animals for a regular weekly bath.

The bath house is designed much the same as those which are patronized by humanity, only on a larger scale. There are three rooms connected with wide doors that shut so closely as to be almost air tight. The horse is first taken to the rear room, where the floor is made of hard wood stripe. A steam coil is concealed in the wall, and the steam can be turned on from the room adjoining. After the horse has been led in, the door is closed and the room filled with steam until the temperature rises 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The animal is left there until the perspiration is streaming from its body, when the door is opened and the horse is led into the middle room. Here there is no steam, but the temperature is at 165 degrees. Two attendants now come forward and a little window is opened into the first room, through which the horse's head is placed. This is done so that the animal will not breathe the air at a temperature above 100 degrees.

From the ceiling a shower bath is directed on the horse, and the two attendants, standing on either side with smooth, flexible pieces of hard wood, rub off the perspiration and the water. The shower bath is continued for the space of fifteen minutes, then it is stopped and the horse is given a shampoo, where soft brushes are used. He is then rubbed for a few minutes with dry cloths and is led into the front room. The room is at moderate temperature and is fitted with an adjustable table, padded and covered with an oiled canvas.

The horse is given a drink of brandy and then led up beside the table. This padded table is of mechanical construction. When first seen it seems to be an upright platform. The top of the table is in a perpendicular position, one side of which rests on the stone floor. Through it are drawn wide strips of heavy canvas, and as the horse is led up beside the table top the canvas is placed around the animal's body and fastened. His feet are also buckled in straps, and when he is securely fastened against the upright table top an attendant begins to turn a revolving shaft that tips the padded board over, and it soon rests in a horizontal position with the horse lying at full length on his side.

The rubbing process is now carried out, while the horse lies on the table and a preparation of bay rum is applied. The mane and tail are combed and braided, and when the horse is again restored to an upright position by the tipping of the table, he is given another drink of brandy and led out.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

In the Rainy Days.

Simeon Easygo, after living sixty years on a farm, finds his quarters on shipboard somewhat cramped. He obviates the lack of space, however, by stowing his trousers and shoes into a round cupboard in the side of the vessel on going to bed. 7 a. m.—Startling disclosures: "Steward, las' night I put my clothes in that 'ar cubbyhole, an' they hain't thar now." "That ain't a clothes press; that's a port hole, sir."—San Francisco Argonaut.

PATENT LEATHER FRAUDS.

HOW THE DUDE IS SOMETIMES DECEIVED IN HIS FOOT GEAR.

Shoes Which Are Made of the Material Called Patent Leather Not Always What They Seem—The Way the Genuine Article Is Made.

Going down on a Broadway car the other day was a fashionable young man, wearing patent leather shoes. It was during one of the brief, cool spells of weather.

Seating himself in one corner of the car, he proceeded apparently to warm his feet by rubbing them together. While this may have been all right for the feet, it seemed rather hard on the patent leather, as the heel of one shoe was continuously rubbing and scratching the vamp of the other. With such usage the pair of shoes will wear about four weeks, when they will begin to crack. Mr. Dudelet will return them to the retailer, who, in turn, will return them to the manufacturer.

MAKING PATENT CALF.

A shoe manufacturer who was spoken to by a News reporter told the story of a retailer who had ordered a lot of patent leather shoes which were made and shipped to him. Upon receiving the shoes he wrote to the manufacturer asking him to warrant the shoes not to crack. The only reply the manufacturer could make was that if the retailer would warrant the usage of the shoe he could then warrant the leather. This the retailer declined doing, and so the shoes came back.

Now in order to know why the manufacturer could not warrant the shoe let us learn something of the property of patent leather. There is quite a difference between patent leather and patent calf. Very little patent calf is now made in this country for the reason that the country does not grow calfskins suitable for its tannage. To make a good patent calf a skin of peculiar qualities is required. These qualities are usually found in small skins. The fiber must be fine and the skin not too heavy. There must be no sores or cuts in the skin; the shoulder not too light nor the head heavy. When tanned and before the japan is applied the skin is stretched so as to take from it as much as possible all tendency to expand.

In patent calf there may be said to be two bodies, the calfskin and the japan. The japan is not so elastic as the calfskin, and if the calfskin should stretch a half inch the japan would only stretch say a quarter inch or less, and its body drawn apart just that much. It is for this reason that calfskins are stretched as much as possible; otherwise the shoe would be sure to crack with the most careful wearing if not in the lasting.

The japan is applied to the flesh side of the skin, and if there be any imperfection in the skin it will show in the roughness of the japan when finished. The quality of the japan is known by its jet blackness and brilliancy. If it is dull and bluish it will have a tendency to peel, blister or crack in proportion to the dullness and bluishness. Japan has a tendency to expand or contract from heat or cold, so extremes must be avoided, or the japan will crack when one goes from a heated room to a cold one. The warm foot being in contact with the calf tends to keep that part of the leather warm, while the cold air strikes the japan, which has no protection.

WHERE IT COMES FROM.

In cutting patent leather the cutter first examines the japan side for any imperfections. Turning the skin over the quality is judged from the grain side. Patent leather is always cut japan side downward. Care must be taken to avoid the "hips" and coarse parts of the skin and skirts. On the japan side the cutter looks for what he terms "measles." These are fine blisters sometimes no bigger than pin heads. Occasionally a hair from the japanner's brush has become embodied in the japan.

The greater part and the best of the patent leather imported into this country from abroad comes from Worms, on the German Rhine. There patent calf has been prepared for generations and the workers have attained such skill in its manufacture that the French, with all their ingenuity, have not been able to reach the same degree of perfection. One factory alone there employs over 3,000 men.

Common patent leather is really an imitation of the patent calf, which was the only article formerly sold under the name of "patent" leather.

As patent calf costs much more than patent leather the retailer may know that when a shoe is offered him at a very close figure there is danger that, though the surface be the brightest of japan, the body may be of the dry grain leather, which forms the basis of ordinary patent leather.

When made up in the shoe patent leather cannot be distinguished in appearance from patent calf, unless one be an expert. An importer of patent calf, or other person who is conversant with the peculiarities of patent calf, can tell its quality the minute he looks at a shoe.

No rule can be laid down to judge of patent calf or patent leather when in a shoe. It is one of the things only to be acquired by experience. Just as the diamond expert or jeweler can tell the quality and value of his goods at a glance, so can the expert in patent leather tell the value of his.

In this matter of using patent leather in place of patent calf the retailer is at the mercy, or rather the honesty, of the manufacturers.—New York News.

What Is Malaria?

Another delusion is malaria, so called. The word malaria means bad air. The diseases that are attributed to this cause are frequently common in districts where there is no stagnant water or anything else to taint the atmosphere. It will be remembered that during the autumn of 1881 there was an unusual number of people who were attacked by these diseases in southwestern and west central Missouri and also eastern Kansas, when there had been no rains of any consequence for months, and that, too, in districts far removed from decomposing water or any other substance.

The cause or causes of these diseases were surely not in the air, consequently should not be attributed to malaria. It is more probable that during the dry, hot weather of summer the heat that is radiated and the electricity that is generated by the sun have an enervating influence on the system—that from the nerve centers this influence reaches the muscular system principally through the pneumo-gastric nerve, and the stomach being the most delicate and intricate of almost any of the involuntary muscles, is the principal sufferer from such enervating influence. Indigestion follows as a symptom, and an increase of bile brings what is called biliousness and malaria. I hope my medical friends—and I claim many as such—will pardon the presumption on my part of the discussion of a subject that comes more within their province than that of mine.

But this conclusion has been forced from observations that reach over a period of many years as a surveyor in the west. I have observed that there were more cases of sickness of this kind during or immediately after the season in which there were the greatest number of electric showers or electric disturbances, as shown by the surveyor's instruments. I conclude, then, that heat and electricity are the prime causes of "malaria," and that they weaken the stomach and, in a large majority of cases, produce the diseases usually attributed to this cause. I give the thought to the profession with the hope that it will offend none.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Evidence Against Himself.

Among the many things the saw mill man has to contend with in this part of Georgia is the lack of perfect titles to the lands on which he purchases timber. Numerous troubles result therefrom and, as a rule, we are waited on every day by some native who claims that we are cutting timber from land that has been in his possession for years, although we have leases on it from other parties. A few days since our general manager was called on by one of these persons, who told him that he must stop cutting on a certain lot that we had just begun.

"Have you the titles to it?" was the first question put to him.

"I have," was the reply, and he forthwith pulled from his pocket a dirty, aged looking roll.

The general manager took it and carefully read them through, then, turning to the would be owner, said:

"I can't notice such documents as those."

"Why?" asked the astonished man.

"Because," replied the general manager, holding the paper up between him and the light, "this deed was written just twenty-five years before the mill was built that made this paper."

The claimant took his papers and went sadly away without another word.—Atlanta Constitution.

They Preferred the Higher Price.

The story is told of a retail dealer who obtained a rare bargain in ladies' hemstitched linen handkerchiefs, which he designed to sell at a fair profit at twenty-five cents each. On examination of the goods he determined not to give such value for so small a sum. Taking one-half this lot, he marked each handkerchief in the corner with a lead pencil, twenty-five cents, and the other half of the lot, precisely the same style and quality, he marked in the same way thirty cents, and displayed the goods on the counter side by side.

Imagine his surprise when he found that his lady customers, on their own judgment, and after a seeming careful and critical comparison of the goods, in two purchasers out of three, selected the bargains at thirty cents, leaving him with the larger part of those marked twenty-five cents on his counter. As it was impossible to alter the marks on the goods from twenty-five to thirty without soiling them, he was actually compelled to purchase another invoice of the same lot to oblige the dear creatures who preferred to pay thirty cents for the article rather than twenty-five cents.—Cloak and Suit Review.

Sir Edwin Arnold.

Any one who expects to see in Sir Edwin Arnold a man who suggests the wild romance of his poetry will be disappointed. He is quite small, with a very thin face, the most striking feature of which is a long nose, which gives him a somewhat Jewish cast of countenance. His beard is iron gray and thin, and he brushes it out from his chin. My impression is that he is bald, but I cannot speak with certainty on this point, for he wore a skull cap all the evening. Sir Edwin is an amiable gentleman and a clever journalist as well as a poet. It was, however, his poetry that made him famous. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, by the way, owns the original manuscript of the "Light of Asia," which was presented to him by Sir Edwin a short time after the book was published.—Boston Transcript.

Clews to Crimes Through Conversation.

"To my mind there is no field for the silent, mysterious detective who never says anything to anybody except the story book writers," remarked a man who is old and experienced in police work. "I have made lots of cases, and every one of them I made by talking. You can't get people to tell you anything without talking to them. Wherever I go I always try to get into conversation with people, especially with children. Children are very close observers; they always remember what they see, and as a rule tell it accurately."—Washington Critic.

Inventors Who Have Made Money.

The business of inventor pays a smaller average profit than any other business in this country, because there are so many failures to one success. But the inventor of the Hoe printing press made $300,000. Thomas Silverman, a poor mechanic, made $70,000 from copper toed shoes for children. The horseshoer, Henry Burden, made $300,000 from his manufactured horse shoes. The inventor of the stylographic pen has made $1,000,000. Edison has made $4,000,000, and his inventions have benefited the world ten times as much.

A good many know that Thomas Jefferson was a great man, but it is not so well understood that he was the father of the American patent system; that he drew up the earliest patent laws, and that while he was secretary of state under Washington he gave his personal consideration to every application that was made for a patent.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Prolific Writer.

John Strange Winter is the pen name of Mrs. Arthur Stannard, one of the most prolific of English lady novelists who have attained to any degree of eminence. In the early days, when "Bootles' Baby" was not as yet, she turned out for various serials, including the veteran Family Herald, the astounding number of forty-two novels.—Current Literature.

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