The Columbus Journal.

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LITTLE BLUE CAP.

I WAS paying a visit to my friends, the Durands. They were a friendly, plain living couple who lived in a manufacturing town in Ohio, near the banks of the river, in a great cottage, a mere bird's nest, almost hidden by wisteria and virginia creeper.

Durand's hands bore the marks of honest toil, for he had been a locksmith in his youth and had by industry and economy raised himself steadily until he became the proprietor of quite a snug business, and secured a competency for his old age. His wife, a quiet, gentle creature, worshipped her husband, and both of them wore on their faces an expression of serenity which betokened ease of conscience and a life of peace.

Durand was approaching sixty years of age, and his wife must have been fifty, yet, in spite of their wrinkles and gray hairs, these two treated each other with an affectionate deference which was a pleasure to behold.

While we were engaged in conversation just before dinner, Durand rose and opened a drawer to take out some trifle which he wished to show to me. While he was turning over the contents of the drawer, it chanced that a little cap, such as might have been worn by a doll, or an infant, fell to the floor. I picked it up, and noticed that it was made of coarse blue linen, with bits of twine instead of ribbons. As I handed it to him, I said gayly:

"Are you preparing a baby basket, Mr. Durand?"

I had no sooner spoken than I regretted it, for I recollected at that moment having heard that the only shadow on my friend's life was the fact of their union being a childless one. For a minute Durand made no reply, but looked at the little cap affectionately enough as he laid it carefully away again, he said, in a tone of seriousness:

"That is a souvenir, and I will tell you how it came into my possession. When I was fourteen years old, I was working in a large factory, and I had a companion, of the same age as myself, whom, on account of his ugly features, we nick-named Monkey-face. He was a sly, mischievous urchin very fond of playing boyish pranks, but a jolly little chap, and full of pluck. He was so lazy that he would have been turned out of the factory had it not been for the indulgence of the superintendent, who had been a friend of his father, and took an interest in the boy for the sake of his dead comrade. Monkey-face was an orphan, and the only relative he had ever known was the woman who brought him up, a cousin of his mother. This woman, Mrs. Bolton, was a rude creature, who maintained herself by keeping two or three mechanics as boarders. Her affection for her young charge was manifested only by blows.

I WILL KEEP HER MYSELF.

Perhaps, if he had known a parent's love, he would have been less perverse.

"One afternoon, the lad took it into his head to run away from the factory, and to vagabonding about with a gang of idle urchins like himself. As they came roaming slowly home after nightfall, they heard, to their astonishment, the cry of an infant. The sound seemed to issue from a long, dirty alley, which opened on the street, and at the other end of which was a dimly flickering lamp. After a short consultation, the street boys ventured softly into the alley, and, one of them espied, beside an ash barrel, a little bundle of rags which struggled and wailed. He seized hold of it, and the whole party dashed toward the thoroughfare, triumphant, stopping under a lamp to examine their booty. It proved to be a baby girl a few weeks old, wrapped up in coarse attire, a poor little innocent whom a starving, perhaps desperate, mother had abandoned to the charity of strangers.

"A council was held to decide what should be done with the booty, and the young captors gave free play to their mischievous imaginations. One wanted to put the baby back where they had found it; another to hide it in an empty prune box, which stood at a grocer's door; a third proposed to climb up a second-story balcony and leave the youngster there, and how astonished the people would be next day! But Monkey-face scouted all these ideas, and declared that the baby must be taken to a foundling asylum.

"Monkey-face's decision was hailed with enthusiasm, and he claimed the right to carry the treasure-trove in consideration of his sensible suggestion.

"'Give me the kid,' he said. The baby had all this time been screaming piteously, but it stopped suddenly when Monkey-face took hold of it, and, while he walked along with an air of triumph, it fixed its great blue eyes upon his ugly face and smiled, at the same time stretching its tiny hands out as if to caress him.

"'She is laughing,' cried the boy in delight; 'see how she looks at me!'

"Then a new impulse seized him.

"'I will not take her to the foundling asylum,' he cried. 'I will keep her myself.'

"His companions protested indignantly, but in vain, for, as they well knew, Monkey-face had at the end of each arm an argument so strong that it would be useless, as well as unsafe, to oppose his wishes.

"When he reached home with his burden, Mrs. Bolton exclaimed, furiously:

"'Do you think I have not enough to do to fill your mouth, you lazy imp? Take that brat to the police-station—quick now!' Swat! biff! A box on each ear showed the boy that she was in earnest, and he fled from the house.

"That night he did not return, and the next morning he was in the factory as soon as it opened, for the first time in his life.

"'Mr. George,' he said timidly to the superintendent, 'how much will you pay me if I work hard all day?'

"'I have already told you, twenty-five cents,' answered the man in surprise; and Monkey-face worked indefatigably until night. The superintendent, amazed and delighted at the change, paid the boy for his work and even gave him a dime in advance, at his urgent request, as he said he needed it.

"That night Monkey-face was again absent from his home, and his cousin, Mrs. Bolton, went to the factory the next evening, lay in wait for him and dragged him home in spite of his struggles, administering a thrashing on the way. But it was no use; as soon as the old woman turned her back to prepare supper, the boy slipped out of the house and did not return.

"The factory superintendent having been informed of the state of affairs, made up his mind to settle the matter at once, by finding out where Monkey-face spent his nights, and for this purpose watched the lad as he left the factory. Mr. George, in company with one of the workmen, followed the wanderer at a short distance, and observed him enter a bakery and buy a couple of rolls; next he went into a grocery, and came out carrying a bottle of milk, and then turned his steps toward a lonely, deserted quarter, near the river. Suddenly his followers saw him plunge into an alley; the place having no lamps was as dark as an oven, but Monkey-face was dimly visible as he stopped before a paling, fronting a deserted cabin. The next minute he had scaled it with the agility of the animal which was his namesake, and entered the cabin.

"The two men, determined to discover his hiding place, waited a few minutes, and then cautiously followed him, and saw him seated on the floor of the wretched hut, which was illuminated by a tallow candle stuck against the wall. He was seated on the floor, and gravely pouring milk into a nursing bottle, and in a corner, on a bed of dried leaves, a baby was sleeping soundly, wrapped up in an old blanket.

"'Monkey-face transformed into a nurse!

"'What the dickens are you doing here?' asked the superintendent, throwing open the door of the cabin suddenly; and the boy, startled at first by the intrusion, soon recovered himself and answered slowly:

"'Haven't I got a right to have a little sister?'

"Then, after a pause, he added grandly, 'I earn twenty-five cents a day. That is enough for us both, and we don't ask any one for anything. Here are the rolls I intend for my own supper.'"

The narrator paused, smiled softly, and added:

"The next day the owner of the factory, being informed of the matter, raised my pay to three dollars a week—just double."

"What?" I cried. "It was you."

"Ah, I have betrayed myself," said Durand. "Yes, I was the young rascal who was in a fair way to become an idle vagabond; and, thanks, to the blue eyes of that little girl, I became a good workman, and afterward set up for myself in business. Now, you understand why I kept that little blue cap; she had it on when we found her."

"And what has become of her?" I eagerly asked.

The old man answered: "We have never parted." Then smiling, he looked at his wife and added: "Have we, my dear?"

She smiled in return, but her eyes were moist as she looked at him, and under her eyelids I saw a tear-drop glistening.

ATHLETIC YOUNG WOMEN.

Taking a Fancy to the Sweater, Which Becomes Them.

Many swell sportwomen devoted to athletic amusements, as yachting, cycling, rowing, golf, and tennis, have adopted the English sweater. A woman with a fine form shows up extremely well in a sweater, which clings to the figure without a wrinkle. Garnet, red, navy and royal blue, black and cream, are the favorite weaves, some fancy and others plain and ribbed. They are put on over the head and fastened with small bullet buttons on the shoulder; others are laced with a silken cord on the side; the most perfect fitting ones are ribbed like the top of a man's hose for about the depth of five inches at the waist line; this adjusts them closely to the figure; the sleeves at the wrists are treated in the same manner says New York Herald. The full-topped sleeve, which subscribes to the fashionable craze, is stylish. Although the sweater has its drawbacks, there are many arguments in its favor, and for boating, cycling, fishing, etc., it is eminently well adapted. The sweater has an air of jaunty independence, and is natty, becoming, and comfortable. The athletic girls who are fond of wearing quasi-masculine garments have adopted the sweater with effusion. It is safe to predict that the wearing of the jersey will follow, than which no more delightful garment was ever invented.

Curiosities in Cotton.

A hank or cut of cotton always consists of 840 yards. Thomas Houldsworth & Co. of England produced by their machinery cotton yarn or cotton thread so fine that out of one pound weight of cotton were spun 100,000 hanks, or a thread of 4,770 miles in length. Of course, the thread was too fine to be of any practical value. It demonstrated only the perfection of the machinery. No material admits of such fine spinning as does cotton. Messrs. Houldsworth spun out of one pound of sea island cotton a thread 1,000 miles in length that was quite strong enough for use. With linen yarn a hank or cut consists of 300 yards.

A Baby Worth Having.

A Paris shoplifter, recently convicted, carried a bogus baby with her during her predatory excursions. The infant had a wax face and a hollow leather body. It was the thief's custom to dexterously transfer purloined articles, such as gloves, laces and the like, to the spacious baby, which usually gained much in weight during these little excursions.

AMONG THE RED MEN.

THE INDIANS OF WISCONSIN AND MINNESOTA.

They Are Good, Bad and Indifferent; Mostly Indifferent—All the Romance of the Tribes Has Disappeared.

THE noble red man, as "seen from a car window" in Wisconsin and Minnesota, isn't a very handsome or a very useful specimen of humanity. There are are a great many Indians, and they are quite familiar objects at the railroad stations and other public places, where they come from the reservations or from their own wigwams on ground they occupy in fee simple. In a hurried trip one cannot study up the reason for this dreadful lapse in the Indian's social condition from what he was in the days when he was making a career to be celebrated by poets and elocutionists. Lo speaks for himself now, and there can be no question but that his existence is far from poetic. Six bucks came up on the St. Paul train the other day, writes a Duluth correspondent. They got on at White Bear Lake and got off at Snake River. These sound like dime novel names, but they are perfectly straight. Both are stations on the St. Paul and Duluth road. The six braves looked like almost any other six Indians you can see up here. They wouldn't draw a remark from anyone but a stranger or a tenderfoot. The eastern man, whose knowledge of Indians in the northwest is mainly confined to the impressions made by "Hiawatha," would be saddened by a contemplation of them. Here were six descendants probably of some chief "in the land of the Dacotahs," whose principal business in life just then seemed to be to reach the bottom of a big black bottle of a compound of alcohol and orange cider.

It is against the law, so I am told, to sell fire-water to the red man, so the cute aborigine has evolved the idea of dealing in alcohol "used in the arts." This can be bought at one store. At another shop he buys the orange cider which, mixed with the alcohol, gives it a fine rose water aspect and a fairly agreeable taste. The Indian makes the mixture as soon as he gets the ingredients, and the result is a dose, in comparison with which Jersey Lightning is simply a drop of cold water. When tangled up with the proper proportion of Indian, the result is truly appalling.

In this particular case the bottle was in charge of a strapping big fellow

JOSEPH LEMIEUX'S HOUSE ON WISCONSIN POINT.

with rings in his ears and the slash marks of old wounds on his face. He was dressed in a straw hat, a flannel shirt, some white man's last year's blazer and cheap striped trousers. His feet were first encased in stockings of the six pair for a quarter kind, and then in a pair of beautifully embroidered moccasins. The bottoms of his trousers were wrapped tightly around his legs, above his ankles, and held there by the tops of his stockings. Then he wore a belt, and from underneath his blazer, at the back, peeped the pointed end of a big leather knife sheath. The knife was there, too, he told me, but no one in the car asked him to show it—everybody believed him.

It was a sight to see these degenerate sons of the forest going down before the great American train boy. The Indians had money, the train boy wanted it and he got it. He sold them cigars, cigarettes, oranges, chewing gum, something of nearly everything he had in fact, and when the train pulled in at Snake River one of them had almost bought a fifteen cent edition of a pocket speller. The lee-way of one more station would have found the Indian in possession of the speller, and the boy with the red man's fifteen cents, and I have no doubt but that all hands would have been the better off for the exchange.

But that the Indian may occasionally develop is unquestionable. Let me tell you of one whom I met here. He is a thorough-bred Chippewa named Joseph Roy, of fine physique, and a thorough gentleman, too, so the neighbors say. He has property worth $20,000, lives in a good house, is able to speak French, English and German besides his native tongue, and he can read Latin. Of course he is one among ten thousand, but still his case shows that there are good Indians besides dead ones. Like most of the red men here, Roy is a Roman Catholic, and he observes with great punctiliousness all the ordinances of the church. The priest who ministers to the congregation here, which is most largely made up of Indians, addresses his people first in Chippewa and afterwards in English.

One of the curious sights of this country, although you meet with very few Duluth people who have ever seen it, is the Chippewa settlement over on Wisconsin Point. The point is the Wisconsin end of a long tongue of land which parallels the south shore of Lake Superior, from the "nose" of the lake for eleven miles east, starting opposite Duluth. It is formed of sand piled up by the wash of the lake on the upper side of the strip, and the drift or current from the St. Louis and the Nemadji rivers on the lower side, and it is bounded by Lake Superior, therefore, and by Superior and Allonez bays. These bays constitute the finest harbors on the lakes—so they tell you up here, although one doesn't need to be told that there is an essential difference in the cost of maintaining an expensive breakwater and just letting nature do the work in her very complete and very inexpensive style. Ingress is had to these harbors through the "Entry," which also divides the tongue into Minnesota and Wisconsin points, the one on the east side of the Entry being known as Wisconsin Point and the one on the west as Minnesota Point.

From Duluth the easiest way to get to the settlement is to go down to Conor's Point ferry, cross over in the wheezy little steamer to West Superior, re-embark in another car, which takes you past the whaleback barge works—where the Christopher Columbus, of World's Fair fame, was built—and on down Tower avenue, named, by the way, for a distinguished Philadelphia financier. Jealous Duluth real estate men say of the place and its population, "the town of West Superior lies on both sides of Tower avenue; so do the people." Eventually the street car lets you out at a point near to Nettleton Slip, where boats are available. It looks like a half mile down to Allonez Bay, but if the wind and the wash of the Nemadji are right, it's about four. It is worth the pull, though, to beach a boat in a quiet spot along the shore of Allonez, where the very atmosphere is pregnant with reminiscences of the early French explorers, and where great, tall pines emphasize the apparent remoteness of the spot from the rest of the world. There, when a birch bark canoe is pulled far up on the sand, nothing is needed to complete the picture one's fancy conjectures up save real Indians and sure enough wigwams.

It is somewhat disappointing then to see Frank Sky and his wife and his gun. Frank is a thoroughbred Chippewa, of moderately good understanding of English, but as an Indian, and as a feature of that landscape, he is out of harmony. His tepee is built of store box boards and odds and ends that have washed up on the lake side of the point; inside he has a small stove with a pipe to carry the smoke out, instead of being mindful of all traditions of Indians by building his fire on the floor and having a hole cut in the roof by which the smoke could escape. A little further over is the cabin of Joseph Lemieux, a half-breed French-Canadian. Lemieux's headquarters are a trifle more commodious than Sky's parlors, but hardly more elaborate in their workmanship. The two places are the Widener and Elkins mansions of Wisconsin Point. Lemieux talks no English—only Canadian French and Chippewa. His wife is a Chippewa and talks that language, so he gets along with her all right, although an eastern Pennsylvanian, whose linguistic attainments were confined to an imperfect acquaintance with English and Pennsylvania Dutch, would naturally have some difficulty in making himself solid with the family.

ALONEZ BAY FROM WISCONSIN POINT

CHIPPEWA INDIAN GRAVES WISCONSIN POINT

COTTON MILLS IN JAPAN.

Flourishing Industry Built Up During the Past Fifteen Years.

Cotton manufacturing in Japan is the growth of the last fifteen years. Not a cotton mill, with one exception, of those now in operation was in operation prior to 1880. There is now running in Kagoshima a mill of 3,030 spindles that has been in operation since 1865. In 1880 and 1881 an era of cotton manufacturing was inaugurated by the erection of 14,000 to 15,000 spindle mills. In 1882 a 61,200-spindle mill was put in at Osaka. This mill is the largest ever erected in Japan. There are two 30,000-spindles, one at Tokio and the other at Osaka. The latter location is the principal manufacturing center in the empire. Nearly, if not fully, one-half of the cotton spindles are to be found there. The cotton mills at Osaka are reported as paying average annual dividends of 18 per cent, the highest having been 28 per cent and the lowest 8 per cent. Not more than about ten years ago thepeople depended almost wholly upon foreign products of factory-made cotton fabrics, while now not over a fourth of this demand comes from foreign sources. The Cotton Spinners' association of Japan is the most reliable source of information, and that placed the number of spindles in 1894 at 385,265, yet the Yokohama Chamber of Commerce placed the number in 1893 at about 600,000. Between these two authorities we put our estimate of 500,000 spindles. The cotton mills of Japan will never be able to spin from the native cotton very fine yarn. The cotton is not suitable for anything but for the spinning of coarse yarns.

Still Has the Order on File.

School Commissioner Cary of Milwaukee has for several days been beaming acknowledgment of a good story on himself, which he permitted to leak out because it would have been extremely selfish not to share it with his associates. He is a flour and feed merchant. The other day an order for oats and hay came to him by telephone, and, after jotting down the items, he absent-mindedly shut off the patron before getting the address for the delivery of the feed. Noting his mistake he quickly opened the line and asked: "Who is this for?" The reply was: "For the horse, you —— fool!" Cary still has the order on file awaiting a claimant.—Ex.

Cheap and Conspicuous "Want Ad."

In the streets of Paris the other day a novel mode of advertising his needs was adopted by a workman in want of employment. He had written in a good round hand on a sheet of paper "I require a situation." This he had placed upon his hat and he might have been seen walking quietly along with his head slightly inclined so that the public at large might conveniently read his candid declaration.

Six Days of Awful Suffering.

George Corden, a lad of Dowagiac, Mich., disappeared. He was found six days afterward in a swamp. He had fallen in a fit and had lain all the time in the water. He was alive, but will probably die.

CANADA'S MODEL SEA SERPENT.

Glittering Teeth, Vicious Eyes, Crested Head, and a Lashing Tail.

Quebec special: The latest Canadian sea serpent story shows a change of habitat on the part of the monster. From Black lake, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, the source of the reports has been transferred to Lake Wayagamack, situated between the Lake St. John railway and the St. Maurice river, and well within the region visited by so many American anglers every summer. The truth of the last report is vouched for by L. E. Roy, who is well known in scientific circles, and by two guides, Mercier and Marcheterre. All three are regarded as well worthy of confidence. The three men say that while fishing in the lake, large bubbles rose to the surface, the water became foamy, and then there appeared at the center of the troubled expanse an enormous snake-like head. This was followed soon by a long sinuous body, fully three feet in circumference and seventy-five feet long. Mr. Roy stopped fishing. Although the canoe was some 200 yards from the monster, the occupants could discern plainly the open mouth, the glittering row of teeth, and the vicious eyes. The creature evidently was discomposed by the presence of the canoe, for it immediately gave vent to a series of hissing sounds, reared its crest, and thrashed the water with its tail. Mr. Roy ordered his men to return to camp. Bending to their paddles, they made the little craft spin toward the shore. The serpent rushed after them. When the canoe grated on the beach Roy hastily disembarked. He ran to the log camp and secured his rifle. Taking as careful aim as the excited condition of his nerves permitted, he fired shot after shot at the reptile. One shot only seemed to take effect. As it struck the serpent it gave a louder hiss than usual and sank out of sight. The lake near shore soon after became discolored with blood. Roy and the guides remained watching for hours, hoping that the dead body of the monster would rise to the surface. They were doomed to disappointment. The incident has given rise to great excitement among the scattered people of the St. Maurice region, and some of the older inhabitants recall legends of long ago when Lake Wayagamack was believed to be the home of a water demon.

EXECUTION AMONG STORKS.

A Female Pierced to Death for Hatching a Goose Egg.

A remarkable story comes from Berlin, Germany. Two storks built a nest upon a chimney of a mansion, the owner of which, finding an egg in the nest, took it and put a goose's egg in its place. The female stork hatched the egg, much to the anger of her companion, which circled three or four times around the nest and then flew away. For some days the female stork fed the young goose, and all went well until the morning of the fourth day, when the inmates of the house were disturbed by a loud clamoring. The noise preceded from nearly four hundred birds, which were standing in a compact body, apparently listening to the harangue of a solitary stork standing some twenty yards off. After a short time he retired, and another took his place and addressed the court, and in this way the proceedings continued until about 11 in the forenoon. Then the whole court rose simultaneously in the air and gave forth dismal shouts. All this time the female stork was sitting in the nest, trembling with fear, which perhaps was not altogether unwarranted, for suddenly the whole company of storks flew toward her, headed by one, presumably the injured husband; he struck her violently three or four times, knocked her out of the nest and killed her. He next turned his attention to the unhappy goslin, which he likewise killed, after which the nest was destroyed, and the storks flew away, no doubt perfectly satisfied in their own minds that the law had been vindicated and justice done.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Prof. Emery E. Smith of California, has succeeded by experiments in cross-fertilization in producing an entirely new violet, highly scented and of great beauty.

Lake Superior is in danger of losing its distinction of being the largest fresh-water lake in the world. African explorers begin to think Lake Victoria Nyanza is larger.

A trade journal says: Molasses as a food for cattle in Germany is in great demand, and the dairy interest has been stimulated by this by product of the sugar factories.

Prof. Holden of Lick Observatory writes that before the art of photographing the moon can be carried to greater success there must be plates of greater sensitiveness and finer grain.

One of the most remarkable features of earthquake pulsations is their great duration. The originating earthquake may last but a few seconds, while the ground at a distance may rock gently through a small angle for hours.

Alfred C. Lane writes that ten miles above the earth the cold is far below zero, while ten miles below the surface everything is red hot. This latter is not so certain. It is thought by some that the heat of the earth may be wholly due to the absorption from the sun, and so may decrease after a certain depth has been reached.

That steam power is still, and will continue to be for an indefinite period, the greatest artificial force, and consequently the greatest competitor of human labor, is argued by an English writer, from the standpoint that, as estimated in England, a horse costs ten times as much as steam power, and human labor ninety times as much.

A Paralytic Cured.

His Grandfather, a Revolutionary Soldier, and His Father, Both Died of Paralysis, Yet the Third Generation Is Cured—The Method.

(From the Herald, Boston, Mass.)

Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky a stroke of paralysis came to Mr. Frank T. Ware, the well known Boston auctioneer and appraiser, at 235 Washington street. He went to bed one night about six years ago seemingly in robust health. When he awoke his left side was stiffened by the deadening of the nerves. The interviewer sought out Mr. Ware to get the facts. He gave the interesting particulars in his own way:

"The first shock came very suddenly while I was asleep, but it was not lasting in its effects, and in a few weeks I was able to be about. A few months after, when exhausted by work and drenched with rain I went home in a very nervous state. The result was a second and more severe shock, after which my left arm and leg were practically helpless.

"My grandfather, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and lost an arm in the struggle for American independence, died finally of paralysis. My father also died of paralysis, although it was complicated with other troubles, and so I had some knowledge of the fatal character of the disease which is hereditary in our family. After the second shock I took warning, for, in all probability, a third would carry me off.

"Almost everything under the sun was recommended to me and I tried all the remedies that seemed likely to do any good, electricity, massage and specialists, but to no effect.

"The only thing I found that helped me was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I verily believe that if it hadn't been for those pills I would have been dead years ago.

"Yes, I still have a slight reminder of the last attack six years ago. My left arm is not as strong as the other and my left foot drags a little, as the paralysis had the effect of deadening the nerves. But I can still walk a good distance, talk as easily as ever, and my general health is splendid. I am really over seventy years old, although I am generally taken to be twenty years younger.

"The Pink Pills keep my blood in good condition, and I believe that is why I am so well.

Mr. Ware has every appearance of a perfectly healthy man, and arrives at his office promptly at eight o'clock every morning, although he has reached an age when many men retire from active life. He says that in his opinion both his father and grandfather could have been saved if Pink Pills had been obtainable at that time.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

CURRENT NOTES.

Possibly it would be as well to let the Japs do the missionary work in China for a few years. They understand the business.—Kansas City Journal.

Some one has said that the medical profession divide humanity into two classes: the poor whom they cure, and the rich whom they doctor.—Tid-Bits.

"Music hath charms," she said to her country cousin. "Hit can't charm me," was his reply, "fer I've got a rabbit foot in my pocket."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Ah," said the jovial friend of the man with the valise, "going for a little rest, are you?" "No," was the reply, with a hurried glance at the time table. "I'm going away on my vacation."

Thomas B. Reed is witty, as this will testify: "I am riding for my health," he said to the interviewer. "I was a good deal run down when I got my wheel. Now other people are."—Ex.

"Madam," said the pale-faced wanderer, "madam, I am a roamer—" "Well," remarked the middle-aged lady, "aroma is, I guess, the polite way of expressing it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. DeFashion, about leaving the children's party—"Marie!" Nurse Girl—"Yes, ma'am." Mrs. DeFashion—"It's time for us to go home. Which of these children is mine?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"What is the greatest difficulty you encounter in a journey to the Arctic regions?" asked the inquisitive man. "Getting back home," was the prompt reply of the professional explorer.—Washington Star.

Edison's definition of electricity is "a mysterious fluid about which nothing is known." This is an old definition of water in Kentucky, but it does not follow that water and electricity are identical.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Do not let others kiss you indiscriminately," says the Boston Herald. No indeed. We are bound to exercise some care in this matter, even though we make swarms of people angry. We've got to do it.—Kansas City Journal.

MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

Schumann's mother was gifted in music.

Bach's mother had a marvelous ear for music.

Gounod's mother was fond of painting and music.

John Quincy Adams said: "All that I am my mother made me."

Raleigh said that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother.

Goethe pays several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother.

Wordsworth's mother had a character as peculiar as that of her gifted son.

Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist and very quick at repartee.

Abraham Lincoln said: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

Von Ranke's mother was literary and the author of several essays and other works.

RELIGION AND REFORM.

In 1894 the production of wine in France was 1,031,000,000 gallons, while in the United States it amounted to but 25,000,000 gallons.

The W. C. T. U. Home for Women at Eau Claire, Wis., has been established eight years and in that time has helped 149 young women to a better life.

Sixteen of the Samoan group of islands have been evangelized entirely by native missionaries. The drink traffic is, as usual, the greatest hindrance to their work.

The Christian Advocate notes that the town of Duham, Me., with a population of 1,253, has furnished 30 Methodist ministers, and how many of other denominations it does not know.

Finland has demonstrated that spirits are not necessary in cold countries, having become practically a total abstinence country. This change has been effected under local option and woman suffrage.

PRINCE FERDINAND'S DILEMMA.

A Tottering Throne and Not a Friendly Power to Sustain It.

Our readers do not need to be told that we have never entertained any exalted regard for "the Coburger." We confess, however, to have thought he had more worldly wisdom, if not good feeling, than he has seemed to show himself possessed of during the last few days. Prince Ferdinand is still at Carlsbad drinking the waters which he refused to the ailing and persecuted "Maker of Bulgaria." It is difficult enough to imagine what his highness means by such conduct. Is it callous insensibility to the tragedy which has been enacted before his eyes, and for which he is morally responsible, or simply that incompetence to understand what the situation demands which seems to dog the path of Bourbon princes? Surely it is not cowardice? One can hardly imagine a crown accepting the throne of Bulgaria. But why is the prince not at least going to Stambuloff's funeral? If his absence does not point to a lack of moral if not physical courage, it is not easy to say what does.

Perhaps his head is turned by the reception of the "Bulgarian deputation" at Peterhoff. A pretty scene that is, as the semi-official Vienna Presa says, "Stambuloff murdered, and the Metropolitan Clement posing as the 'representative' of Bulgaria!" Does Prince Ferdinand really think that recent events have given him a stronger hold on the czar and Prince Lobanoff, and that they mean to "recognize" him? All the signs go to show that he is likely to lose his throne first. A few years since Lord Salisbury declared that "in the character of the Bulgarians we look for one of the greatest guarantees and securities that the eastern question will ultimately be solved in the manner which best suits the hopes of all who value human happiness, civilization and progress," and the principality had around her a friendly Great Britain and Austria-Hungary, a well-disposed Germany, a by no means inimical Porte, and a Russia powerless for mischief. At the present moment Austria-Hungary is disgusted, Germany indifferent, the Porte, Greece and Servia irritated, Great Britain indignant and Russia dangerous, and to cope with this threatening situation there is now no Stambuloff. If Prince Ferdinand is at ease in contemplating the change that has taken place, "how singularly deep this deep young man must be!"

ORIGIN OF THE HOT TOMALE.

Micky Explains to Snag Finnerty the Genesis of the Name.

Snag Finnerty was a lad with a philosophical mind and a broken tooth, says New York World. It was this "busted toot," as he called it, that gave him this pretty little pet name of "Snag." They were standing on a corner one day when a hot tomale man passed. "I wonder," said Snag, "whatever made 'em call dem tings tomales?" "Don't you know?" asked Micky. "Naw! Nor you don't needer." "Yes, I does, and I'll tell yer if yer wants to know. D'e know Cully Flynn?" "Yep!" "Well, Cully was er goin' up der Bowery one night wid his gal and she said she was hungry. Cull had der price, so he gets gay and says 'come on,' and drags her inter a restaurant and sits her down ter a table. Up comes der waiter and says: 'What d'youse want?' Der gal's name was Mollie and she says she wants er nice hot sausage an' er cup er coffee. Cull says he wants a cold sausage an' er bottle of beer. Der mug wants to git dat order straight so he says: 'Jist say that agin.' So Cull says: 'Der hot to Mollie and der cold to Cully see!' Well he goes away saying to hisself: 'Hot ter Mollie cold ter Cully' so 'at he'll git it right. When he comes back with it he says: 'Here's yer hot ter Mollie.'"

"Sure? Aw go on."

"Dat's right; so ever since dat time they calls 'em hot ter mollies."

"Say," said Snag, "I'd like ter jist carve my initials into one o' dem hot ter mollies right now—talkin' about eatin' allus makes me hungry." And the pair disappeared around the corner in search of something to eat.

Plausible Argument.

Between the passenger offices of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railway and the freight depot there is a little spot of green sward that the public has few opportunities of observing. A tall fence shuts off the view from the street, so that it is only when the large gate has been left open through mistake that passersby get a chance to see the little park.

Several days ago the gate was standing open and two countrymen who happened to be passing stopped for a closer inspection.

"What do you suppose that's for?" said one.

"Don't know, unless it's where the the railroad grazes its stock," was the reply.

"Pshaw; railroads don't have no stock," said the other in disgust.

"You bet they do," said the companion, "because I read in a paper about them watering their stock, and I guess stock has got to eat as well as drink."

Rather Go Down.

Two sons of Erin were observed yesterday gazing intently at the towering height of the Jackson building.

"I'll tell you what it is, Pat," said one, "I'd rather fall up than down, if I was on that roof."

"Well, I hadn't," replied Pat, "for if I fell down I'd know I was going to land somewhere, but if I fell up the devil only knows where I would sthrike."

As the Seasons Change.

"There do be only wan way to get the besht av borryin' neighbors," said Mrs. Dolan. "An' thot is to move."

"Hov the Rafferties been callin' on yez again?"

"They hov. An' it's the wan that owns the utinsils thot hov to be goin' widout 'em. In the winter they borry the cookshtove an' in summer they come over fur the loan av the oice chist."

Police Justice—What's the charge against this man? Policeman—Impersonating an officer. "What did he do?" "He walked up to a street vender's stand and took a handful of peanuts."—Chicago Record.

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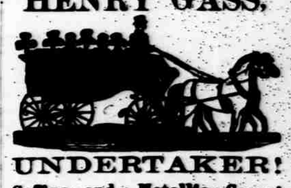

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