

FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

Household Hints.

Tea or Coffee should be made with water which is freshly boiled.

It is said that the happiest women are those who lead the ordinary home life.

If you are bilious, try the juice of a lemon in a cup of cold water—no sugar—before going to bed.

A correspondent writes that she has found a plate smeared with lard to be an excellent ant-trap. She says they prefer lard to any other food. When the plate becomes covered with them, hold it over the fire, and then reset the trap.

Ice boxes and refrigerators in general are not half cared for. They should be washed in every part with hot soda water, rinsed with clean water, dried and aired each time before putting in fresh ice. Between times, wipe up any milk, gravy or vegetables that may be spilt.

In cases of diphtheria or other contagious diseases, a German physician recommends a mixture of equal parts, say 40 drops of turpentine and carbolic acid put into a small kettle of water, and allowed to simmer slowly over the fire in the same room with the patient. The atmosphere of the sick room must be kept constantly impregnated with the odor of these substances. In several cases of diphtheria there was no attempt at isolation and the mother cared for sick and well without spread of the disease.

Women Who Never Buy.

From the New York Sun.

A dry-goods salesman says: We have to endure a great deal at the hands of those ladies who never buy. These people take up valuable time, and a good part of our energies is directed to the effort to circumvent them. The moment an "old timer" comes up to the counter she is instantly recognized by some one of the salesmen, and the warning signal, a tap on the counter is passed along the line. Then we have some fun. The "old timer" will call for, say, a certain shade of yellow. She is told that it is not in the stock. "Oh, what a pity," she exclaims, "that is just what I wanted. If you had it I would buy sixteen yards of it." Then it is the next man's turn. He comes up, accordingly, and tells the first salesman that he is mistaken, that there is still a bolt of twenty yards of that identical stuff in the store. He brings it forward and lays it down. You would think the shopper who never buys would be disconcerted at this turn of affairs. Not a bit of it. She says smilingly: "Oh, that is just what I want. Lay it aside for me and I will see my dressmaker and see just how many yards she needs, and to-morrow I'll come back and buy it." Then she departs with a simper, but she never comes back. We amuse ourselves in this way, but it's a terrible nuisance all the same.

Waxed Floors.

Yes, I deal in antique furniture, and get up new furniture on antique models, and repair things and so on, but my principal business is in making floors—hardwood floors, of course. That is increasing all the time. I don't have much to do with the floors of dancing halls because the men having charge of them get into a way of waxing the floors themselves. It is in private houses that my services are in demand. Three years ago there were very few waxed floors in New York residences, but they are all the rage now among New Yorkers who live in good style. Some have them because they are nice for a German or a small social party; but they are also popular among those who do not dance, for they give an air of richness, of well keeping and are so much cleaner than carpets can ever be. When you sweep a carpet you send up a cloud of dust and fibers from it, but that cannot be the case with a waxed floor, which gathers no dust and the more it is swept and brushed and polished, the smoother and brighter it becomes. A hardwood floor should be waxed thoroughly three or four times a year, besides being rubbed occasionally by the servants of the house.—New York Sun.

A Sensible Woman.

It matters not whether your dress is silk or cotton, so long as it is clean. I prefer a clean cotton gown to a dirty silk. Sometimes I have a visitor—a real live, heavy "swell." He or she finds me in a cotton gown, a shadynote at that whose only merit lies in its cleanliness, but what care I? My gown is cotton. My hands are red, because I do lots and lots of housework, but my brain is just as it always is, and I can hold my own in spite of the cotton gown and red hands. If the visitor has any idea that I am not the proper person to be on friendly terms with, because I open my door in a cotton gown, it is the privilege of that visitor to walk down the steps and never ascend them again. If my mated rooms do not seem good in the eyes of my acquaintances, who possess body Brussels carpets, they need not call. If I cannot hang up Landseer's pictures on the walls I am happy to get a handsome chronometer from them, since it would be worse than folly to go without some sort of ornamentation because the finest could not be obtained. Just suppose a woman taking a house squatting down on bare boards, and gazing up on bare walls for an indefinite period, because she had not the money to buy the finest and richest of everything. There is no philosophy in that, Mrs. S.—San Francisco News Letter.

The Best Bed.

Of the eight pounds which a man eats and drinks in a day, it is thought that not less than five pounds leave his body through the skin. And if these five pounds, a considerable percentage es-

capies during the night. This, being in great part gaseous in form, permeates every part of the bed. Thus all parts of the bed—mattress, blankets, as well as sheets—soon become foul, and need purification.

The mattress needs this renovation quite as much as the sheets. To allow the sheets to be used without washing or changing three or six months would be regarded as bad house-keeping; but I insist, if a thin sheet can absorb enough of the poisonous excretions of the body to make it unfit for use in a few days, a thick mattress, which can absorb and retain a thousand times as much of these poisonous excretions, needs to be purified as often certainly as once in three months. A sheet can be washed. A mattress cannot be renovated in this way. Indeed there is no other way of cleaning a mattress but by steaming it or picking it to pieces, and thus in fragments exposing it to the direct rays of the sun. As these processes are scarcely practicable with any of the ordinary mattresses, I am decidedly of the opinion that the good, old-fashioned straw bed, which can every three months be exchanged for fresh straw, and the tick washed, is the sweetest of beds.

If in the winter season the porosity of the straw bed makes it a little uncomfortable, spread over it two woolen blankets, which should be washed. With this arrangement, if you wash all the bed-covering often, you will have a sweet, healthy bed. Now, if you leave the bed to air, with open windows during the day, and not make it up for the night before evening, you will have added greatly to the sweetness of your rest, and, in consequence, to the tone of your health.

Improved Methods on the Farm.

From the Breeder's Gazette.

There are very few farms in this country, east or west, that have ever been made to produce over 50 per cent. of their capacity, and very few farmers capable of making even 100 acres do more than this. A vast majority of those who own more would be benefited by selling the surplus and using the proceeds as a capital to improve the remaining acres, and by purchasing better stock.

The little Island of Jersey is said to maintain one animal to every two acres on the island, including roads, fences and the ground occupied by buildings. Their farms average about ten acres. In a very few instances in this country one animal has been supported to each improved acre. This proves what is possible under the best management. The best talent, the intensest study, the most knowledge and the best business methods should be devoted to agriculture for years to come. The professions are overstocked. Doctors are without patients and lawyers without clients, as most of them ought to be; but good lands are cheap and plenty. Intelligent laborers on the farm are scarce and better paid than any other class. Farming has been accepted as a last resort by those unable to live by their wits, or good enough for such as were considered incapable of or indifferent to thorough culture. The mentally-active boy has taken a medical course or a law course of lectures after completing his education at the academy or college. These avenues are now full to repletion; they are in need of thorough drainage. Now that farmers begin to see that they need more culture, more knowledge and business methods to attain any standing in their own business, and to fill creditably such public positions as their numbers and their occupations entitle them, let them win back their sons from the shop and office to their farms, where all their intelligence can be more profitably employed. Let them send their sons to the agricultural college instead of the medical school; let them attend a course of lectures on botany and chemistry instead of law, and they may possibly do something to make farming more attractive as well as profitable, and take and hold that station in life to which the poet's fancy has assigned him.

Farming Notes.

In dry weather keep the cultivator moving. Frequent stirring of the surface soil will do much to mitigate the evil effects of a drought.

The cattle loss in Kansas during the year—chiefly from starvation, thirst or cold—is placed by the Cowboy at "about 10 per cent." This simple figure stands for an aggregate of suffering and disgraceful to our boasted civilization.

Mr. F. K. Phoenix, Walworth, Wis., reports Jersey Queen strawberry "utterly tender and worthless" on his clay loam after two years careful trial.

The Michigan Farmer reports twenty-five carloads of thoroughbred sheep as having passed through that state recently, en route from Vermont to the west.

Of a herd of cattle in a Kansas pasture, thirty-five standing or lying near the barbed-wire fence during a recent thunder storm, were killed by lightning attracted by and following the wire. This is a fair warning to keep ourselves and animals away from all wire fences during storms.

Prof. Wiley, the United States chemist, states that sorghum is one of the most valuable of forage crops. He doubts whether there is anything better adapted than sorghum for ensilage. Especially where dry summers are apt to prevail, will the sorghum plant be found invaluable—for forage purposes it should be sown broadcast, or in drills like wheat or oats. Both as a sirup-producer and a fodder-maker he looks to see it one of the most important crops of the great northwest.

Treatment of Stallion.

J. D. D.—How can my stallion be made surer? He leaves plenty of seed, but does not stick more than one mare in 10; he is vigorous enough, and is always willing, and is worked moderately. Ans.—It doesn't seem to be the fault

of the stallion that the mares do not get in foal; probably the fault lies entirely in the mares. When not easily got in foal, a mare should be brought to the horse cool and not fatigued with exercise. Then let her be served and put into a cool stable by herself, where she will not be disturbed by the sight, movement, or noise of any other animal. As soon as the horse can serve her again—which may be in a quarter to a full hour's time, according to his vigor—put her to him the second time, and then let her rest an hour or two, and do not let her get hot or be exercised much till the next day, and then and afterwards let her be gently and moderately worked. Some mares can never be got in foal except by two services, and they occasionally require three, as fast as the stallion is able to serve them. When put to the horse the mare should be in proper condition—neither fat nor lean, nor should she have been idle or worked hard, and she should have been fed moderately. Your treatment of the stallion seems to be judicious, so far as giving him moderate exercise daily. It is presumed he is properly fed hay or grass, with six to twelve quarts of oats per day, as he may need; or an equivalent of other grain, such as middlings or ship stuff, mixed with one-fourth to one-half of Indian meal; but oats are the best feed. Avoid pure corn, although at the South and West it is fed more or less with impunity; but there the horses are reared on it, and being accustomed to it, they are not apt to be injured by it when fed pure in moderation.

The Growing Power of the Republic of Chile.

After the perfection of its national independence, the Chilean government soon passed into the permanent control of civilians, "while the other governments of the west coast remained in the hands of military chieftains." Its present constitution was framed in 1833, and though it is only half a century old "it is the oldest written national constitution in force in all the world except our own, unless the Magna Charta of England be included in the category." The political history of Chile during the fifty years of its life has been that of a well-ordered commonwealth, but one of a most unusual and interesting sort. Its government has never been forcibly overthrown, and only one serious attempt at revolution has been made. Chile is in name and in an important sense a republic, and yet its government is an oligarchy. Suffrage is restricted to those male citizens who are registered, who are twenty-five years old if unmarried and twenty-one if married, and who can read and write; and there is also a stringent property qualification. The consequence is that the privilege of voting is confined to an aristocracy; in 1876, the total number of ballots thrown for president was only 46,114 in a population of about two and a quarter millions. The president of Chile has immense powers of nomination and appointment, and when he is a man of vigorous will he tyrannically sways public policy, and can almost always dictate the name of his successor. The government has thus become practically vested in a comparatively small number of leading Chilean families. There is no such thing as "public opinion" in the sense in which we use the phrase, and the newspapers, though ably conducted, do not attempt, as they do not desire, to change the existing order of things. "History," says Mr. Browne, "does not furnish an example of a more powerful political 'machine' under the title of republic; nor, I am bound to say, one which has been more ably directed so far as concerns the aggrandizement of the country, or more honestly administered so far as concerns pecuniary corruption." The population of Chile doubled between 1843 and 1875; the quantity of land brought under tillage was quadrupled; copper mines were discovered, and so worked that Chile became the chief copper-producing country in the world; some of the silver mines rivaled the Comstock lode; more than one thousand miles of railroad were built; a foreign export trade of \$31,695,039 was reported in 1878; and two powerful iron-clads, which were destined to play a most important part in Chilean affairs, were built in England. Meanwhile, the constitution was officially interpreted so as to guarantee religious toleration, and the political power of Roman Catholic priesthood, except in home manufactures and education, flourished. The development of the nation in these years was on a wonderful scale for a South American state, and the contrast between Chile and Peru was peculiarly striking. Comparative purity and strength of race, born out of hardship and producing political stability and honesty and personal courage, seemed to be the prime factors in the Chilean distinction. And yet the two peoples were the descendants of the same European race and of kindred Indian races. Doubtless the difference in climate was entirely favorable to Chile. Apropos, one recalls Mr. Edward Everett Hale's rule for determining in advance the length of a South American outbreak: "Multiply the age of the president by the number of statute miles from the equator; divide by the number of pages in the given constitution; the result will be the length of the outbreak in days. This formula includes an allowance for the heat of the climate, the zeal of the leader, and the verbosity of the theorists."—July Atlantic.

Suppose you are given to a habit of profanity. You enter conversation with a man who never swears; in other words a gentleman. By and by you begin to perceive that he is the superior man. Your remarks have a tame, flat, feeble sound to your own ears. Your cheeks begin to burn with a sense of your friends' excellence. Your peevish little damns sound rough and coarse and vulgar, as they are. They begin to drop out of your sentences, ashamed to remain in the company of good, honest English words, until, as you discover

that you are carrying on your part of the conversation without swearing you feel increased by a foot. Just observe this, my boy, and see if I am not right. But you will rip out some time or job, yes, in some way you will. I know some good men—some of the best in the world—who will "confound it," and in New England even a deacon has been known, under a terrible strain to "condemn it." But, as a rule, my son, don't do it. Don't swear. It isn't an evidence of smartness or worldly wisdom. Any fool can swear. And a great many fools do. I, my son? Ah, if I could only gather up all the useless, uncalculated, ineffective swears I have dropped along the pathway of my life I know I would remove stumbling-blocks from many inexperienced feet, and my own heart would be lighter by a ton than it is to-day. But if you are going to be a fool just because other men have been, oh, my son, my son, what an awful, what a colossal, what a hopeless fool you will be.

A MALE LADY'S MAID.

A Society Scandal That is Convulsing London Society.

To-day's issue of The London Vanity Fair contained a startling sensation, involving a scandalous charge against a lady of title and high social standing. According to Vanity Fair, a young person who has been for some time in the lady's employment as a confidential lady's maid has been discovered by the police to have been practicing a shameful deception. The newspaper does not venture to divulge the lady's name, but refers all inquiries to the police. The public reference to a scandal which has for several days past been whispered about in the clubs is expected to cause a commotion in Belgravia. The story is told in much greater detail by a well-known detective, who is employed exclusively upon what are known as society cases. According to this authority, the lady's maid was a modest appearing and demure young person, who seemed to give great satisfaction to the lady, but who never mixed with the other servants, and was regarded by them as supercilious and disagreeable. An upper housemaid of the lady's household, who especially disliked the lady's maid, had for her beau a very intelligent member of the police force, and told him of her dislike for her fellow servant. This led the Constable to take particular notice of the privileged maid, and he soon observed little peculiarities in her manner and bearing that led him to believe that a masquerade was in progress, and that, in fact, "the maid was a man." The policeman at once jumped to the conclusion that the young man had gained access to the lady's household for the purpose of robbery, and was biding his time to levitate with the jewel cases. The officer reported his suspicions and theory to his superiors, and was instructed to follow up the case and obtain conclusive evidence as to the suspected person's sex. He soon found abundant proof that his suspicions were correct, and made haste to inform the lady that the person whom she had harbored as a confidential maid was in fact a young man. It is stated that the zealous policeman never felt so cheap and ill-rewarded in his life as when he saw that his startling intelligence was received with neither horror nor surprise, nor even with thanks. The lady's manner crushed him with the conviction that he had told her no news, and that he had done an exceedingly improper thing in presuming to enlighten her concerning the affairs of her own household. He retreated abashed. If the detective's belief is well founded, the motive of the lady in conniving at the masquerade is an explicable mystery to all but herself, and perhaps the "maid." It is stated that the young man will be pensioned off by the lady's family, on condition that he will leave England and never return.

The Democratic Tariff Rock.

Wash. Special.—The principle object of many of the Democratic members of congress in going to Chicago is to exert their influence to prevent any row over the tariff. The plan is to restrict the entire discussion of that whole question to the committee on resolutions, and as that committee will sit with closed doors to thus keep out of public sight any differences that may arise, the general expectation is that some compromise satisfactory to both wings will be reached. It is this necessity for moderation upon the tariff that gives Randall's friends so much hope. They contend that the policy Randall fought for must be triumphant at Chicago, if the party is to enter the canvass with hopes of success. As the feeling aroused by the struggle over the Morrison bill has died out, there has been a growing tendency in the party toward Randall. Another fact not to be lost sight of is that some of the untiring and skillful workers will be at Chicago in the interest of the ex-speaker.

The frosts in New England in May and June were much more severe than first reported. In the detailed accounts from some localities it is reported that the ground froze and that ice formed an eighth of an inch thick. The best informed say that the garden and vegetable crops generally will be almost a total failure in Rhode Island, Connecticut and some parts of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. The outlook for farmers was never more discouraging in New England, and the fatal season of 1816, the year without a summer, in which frost fell in every month, is despondently recalled. Corn that withstood the freeze in the last Friday in May was cut down by the frost of June. Added to the frost was a drought that will prevent anything like the usual crop of hay, while the pastures are as brown as in October, unless accounts are greatly exaggerated the people of New England have at present a very dismal prospect ahead.

The will of Mrs. Eliza Cody of Philadelphia, who died recently leaving an estate valued at about \$150,000, has been admitted to probate. She bequeaths about \$100,000 to Catholic charities.

MATT RILEY.

A Once Active Person Who Shot Ten Men in Ten Minutes Single Handed.

An Eastern journal recently published an account of the shooting of eight Texans by Matt Riley in Kansas some years ago. The article concluded with the statement that Riley some years after the tragedy described, was attacked with paralysis and died in the Eastern States. Riley did not die in the East, but, on the contrary, is alive and a resident of San Francisco, where he has lived the greatest portion of the time since his celebrated adventures in Kansas caused a sensation throughout the Southwest. Matt Riley, or Matt Foster—the latter being his right name—was at the date of the occurrence referred to one of the most noted and desperate of the professional fighters and gamblers of the West. He was about thirty years old and in physique the counterpart of the redoubtable John L. of Boston. His whole life has been passed in scenes of rough adventure. When a boy he entered the civil war on the Confederate side, being a native of Arkansas, and finally graduated as a full-fledged bushwhacker. At the burning of Lawrence, Kan., he obtained a considerable share of booty, and, growing tired of fighting for his party, concluded to do something for himself. At that time the sparse population and peculiar conditions of life in Kansas offered great inducements to a desperate man, and Riley made the great state his abode. He filled several positions—was sheriff of Ellsworth and was deputy marshal at Newton at the time of the sensational adventure with the Texans, McClusky, the marshal of the town, was Riley's partner.

Riley had formed McClusky's acquaintance at Laramie, where he met him in company with some of the most desperate characters that ever infested the West. Subsequently McClusky and Riley met on the Atchison and Topeka road, and they became partners in the preservation of the peace, and the proprietors of a burdyrudy and gambling house at Newton. On the day of McClusky's death Riley had been out hunting a horse thief, and got back in the afternoon. While standing outside the dance house talking to some one he noticed that the place was doing a lively business. There was eight women dancing on the floor and as many more peddling drinks, and the cowboy element was numerous and uproarious. McClusky was sitting on a chair with his back to the wall looking at the proceedings, when of a sudden a party of Texans who had planned to kill him sprang forward from the crowd and began to shoot at him. McClusky had killed one of their men some time before, but was wholly unsuspecting of an attack, and he was riddled with bullets before he could draw his pistol. The desperate character of the man asserted itself in the death agony, and his last movement was to cock his pistol and point it at his assailants. He had not strength to press the trigger, however, and fell on his face, dead.

At the first report of the Texan's pistols, Riley started for the dance house. His quick eye took in the tragic situation of his partner at a glance, and in an instant he had seized the nearest Texan by the neck, and, holding him up before him as a living target, opened a fusillade on the assassins. When the firing ceased there were nine men lying on the floor dead and wounded. When Riley loosened the grasp of his herculean arm from the neck of his human shield the tenth victim of the terrible encounter dropped lifeless to the boards. He had been dead before the encounter had well begun, but if he had not succumbed to the pistols of his comrades there was a cartridge in Riley's third pistol at his service. Eight of the dead and wounded men were of the party of Texans who had murdered McClusky.

The other two men who had been killed in the affray were railroad hands and on-lookers at the tragedy. It spoke volumes for the closeness of the shooting that only two bullets had flown so wide of the intended marks as to bring down innocent victims in the crowded dance hall. Riley remained in Newton three days after the sensational affray, and then found it expedient to leave for parts unknown. He subsequently figured in several desperate affairs on the line of the Union Pacific railroad, and through Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Nevada. Orders had been issued on the Union Pacific railroad to allow no night gamblers to ride on the trains, and in obedience to this command Captain Payne of the Omaha depot police tried to eject Riley and his partner, Sullivan, while traveling from Council Bluffs to Omaha. He put off Sullivan, but Riley refused to leave the train, and in the struggle which ensued the captain was knocked senseless by a blow from the desperado's pistol. After this the trains of the Union Pacific were uncomfortable for Riley, and he moved his headquarters. His partner, Sullivan, like almost every partner he ever had, met a tragic death, another gambler, named Duval, shooting him in Chicago.

After parting with Sullivan, Riley formed a partnership with the notorious Jack Wiggins, and opened a large saloon in Salt Lake City. On the opening night a Mormon known as Dutch John, who figured as a destroying angel, entered the saloon and intimidated to Wiggins, that no Gentile would be allowed to run such an establishment in the city. Some hot words following, the destroying angel seized a bottle and hurled it through the large mirror behind the bar, shivering the glass into fragments. Wiggins had his pistol out almost before the destroying angel swung the bottle, and the crash of glass was drowned in the report of a shot that sent Dutch John to eternity. For the inauspicious incident of the opening night Wiggins was arrested and sentenced to death.

With that lofty consideration which distinguished Mormon justice. Wiggins

was given the choice of death by hanging or shooting. He chose the rope, although exhorted by his most friends to elect the bullet as the most expedient and respectable agent of extinction. When reasoned with by Riley, he stated that he preferred to be hanged, "for," said he, "I've seen many a good man shot, and I want to see one hanged."

A few days before the day of execution Riley managed to secure an opportunity for Wiggins to break jail, which that worthy improved with alacrity. The fugitive was concealed for eight days in the cellar under the Walker House. Riley had sold his saloon and spent all his money to secure the escape of Wiggins. He had hired a notorious character named Bill Bean to take the fugitive to Evanston, Wyo. T. on horseback, as from that point he could get East in safety. On the night when Bean was to have taken Wiggins away the latter asked Riley to give him his pistol, as he had only two of his own, and he wanted another for Bean, whom he expected to fight for him if necessary. Riley refused at first, as the pistol was an old friend, but finally yielded to Wiggins' importunities and handed him the weapon. The moment Wiggins got the pistol he became almost insane with passion, and, seizing Riley, thrust the muzzle of the cocked revolver down the latter's throat till it nearly choked him. Before Wiggins could carry out his threat to blow the head off his partner Bean and others interfered, and Riley made his escape. He at once went to his lodgings, and, getting another pistol, rushed back to the cellar, but Wiggins had set out on his journey and tragedy was averted. It subsequently transpired that Wiggins was jealous of Riley, whom he suspected of paying attention to his inmate, while he was hiding from the officers of the law in the cellar. After escaping from Utah Wiggins could not rest. He soon made his whereabouts known by several daring escapades, and was finally arrested and taken back to Salt Lake. He again escaped, and some years after he was shot in a row in New Mexico.

Riley moved to Nevada from Salt Lake City, and figured in that section as a monte gambler and a hard case generally. He finally descended on San Francisco, and, in conjunction with Charles Merion, better known as Boston Charley, a swell mobster, now serving a term in an Eastern penitentiary, opened the first bunco shop in San Francisco. The establishment was located at the corner of Sansome and Pine streets, and did a thriving business, the capital being furnished by some business men of the city. While in this avocation Riley, alias Foster, fell desperately in love with a sixteen-year-old girl of Helweg descent, and finally married her, despite the opposition of her parents, when she was scarcely 16 years of age. After this exploit he settled down to the comparatively quiet life of a faro dealer, in which profession he became paralyzed under remarkably strange circumstances. One night when dealing "a flyer" a gambler won eleven straight bets. Foster, for by that name he was then known, burst into the wildest profanity, and wound up his exhibition of anger with the wish that he might be paralyzed if the man won the next bet. The man won, and as the faro box dropped from the nervous hand of the dealer the players looked at him in horror, for he was stricken helpless with paralysis of the left side. Some time after the broken-down desperado, no longer a stalwart specimen of humanity, but a poor cripple tottering on crutches, was committed to the almshouse, by his wife. It seemed impossible that he could ever again return to the world, but the tremendous vitality of the man brought him back from the jaws of death, and he is again struggling for a living, a cripple, sustained only by the hope that he may somehow regain the affection of his wife, now separated from him by divorce and married again.—San Francisco Call.

The Impending Crisis.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"I got a letter out of his box at the Post office, which he hurriedly read and indignantly flung on the floor. On second thought he picked it up and placed it in his pocket, but he was still red in the face when a friend queried: 'From your tailor?'"

"I wish it was!" was thereply. "No; it's blackmail!"

"How?"

"Why, it's from a friend who got married a few years ago. I had an invite to his wedding, and I had to take a present costing \$25."

"Of course."

"Then his first anniversary occurred, and it cost me twenty more."

"I've been there, old fel."

"Then he had a boy born, and our set had to whack up on that. I guess he named that cub after at least thirty of us."

"I see."

"Then came his birthday. Then his wife's birthday. Then the second anniversary. Then the cub's birthday."

"Exactly. And now?"

"Well, his mother-in-law has come to live with him, and this is an invitation to come round and leave a \$7 rocking chair on her 65th anniversary."

"And you'll go?"

"I'll have to or be ruled out of our set, but I'll have revenge. There's seven of us in the family, and I'll be hanged if we don't go at it and hold an anniversary or something every two weeks for the next ten years."

A correspondent asks: If a man gets 1 cent the first day of a month, and he is to get it doubled every day for 31 days, how much will he have coming to him for the thirty-first day? The amount to be paid for the thirty-first day's wages would be over \$100,000,000. The total amount to be paid for the entire 31 days would be over \$20,000,000.