

## WINNING.

He wins last, who builds his tree  
In living words and actions just.  
The winter blast is stern and cold,  
December has its harvest gold.  
Snows and glories the soil may meet,  
Yet love writings triumph and defeat.  
The clouds may darken o'er the sun,  
Nature's own sun will gain.  
Earth brings the bitterness of pain,  
Yet worth the crown of peace will gain.  
The wind may roar among the trees,  
Yet great ships and the stormy seas.  
Fall at we tell the song of toil,  
Yet joy has light for all the years.

On every banner blazes bright,  
"For all, and truth, and love we fight."

## Captain's Funny Way.

When the French sought to establish a monarchy in Mexico a Mexican youth raised a regiment of boys and waged war against much of the invaders as appeared in Simola's *warfare* that told. The young man's father was of Castilian blood and his mother was a Mexican. His name, Corazon, soon became famous, and at the age of twenty-five he was regarded as the *Moby of Mexico*. At the end of the war he was a major general, the hero of the soldiers, and the idol of Mexican society. He was six feet tall, broad-shouldered, handsome and daring. While attending a ball at the American Hotel, in Mazatlan, he stumbled over a domestic, knocking a tray from her hand. Shouting to pick up the mockery, General Corazon noticed that the girl was very pretty and very saucy. She said him that her name was Betty Bowman, that her mother was a San Francisco washerwoman, and that he ought to know better than to rush so headlong down a dark staircase. Corazon made love to the American miss, and before leaving for the capital he had learned of her irreproachable though very humble life. Once away, Betty's face and part ways haunted him so much that he wrote to her, arranging for a marriage by proxy. He remained in Mazatlan; the bride went to a convent school. They were a thousand miles apart and wrote to each other daily, the husband constantly instructing the wife in polite ways. President Juarez, fearing that Corazon's popularity would lead the people to give their votes to the young soldier at an election then approaching, commanded to send him as Minister to Madrid, the most enviable diplomatic position in the eyes of all Mexicans. General Corazon took the washerwoman's daughter to his palace in Madrid, and she is now regarded as the most brilliant and accomplished lady at the Court of Spain.

John H. Lane, a farmer, who lives near Springfield, Ill., told his daughter about two weeks ago that he objected to Henry Mangave, a Springfield young man, because he wrote poetry and affected to admire Democracy as the constitutional party. In vain did Mangave try to convince the dyed-in-the-wool Stewart that neither literature nor politics ought to be considered in law-making. The father was firm. Miss Lane declined to offend her parents and promised them that she would never be married except under the home roof. She repented of the promise afterwards, and indeed that only kept her from agreeing to an engagement that her lover proposed. But as love taught at last—such as Ophelia of the leaves knew himself. Last Tuesday night Miss Lane crept down stairs dressed for departure. She lifted the latch at twelve midnight and let in a party of tipsaking people, among whom was a swindler with a pleasant smile and an elastic step. A single candle was lit in the kitchen. The marriage ceremony was performed, the glass was downed, the party silently departed, the young couple sped away to Chicago, and Mr. Lane awoke at five o'clock to find himself beaten around the stamp.

Mr. Richard Smith, editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, was writing one of his most thrilling leaders in his editor the other evening when there fell upon his ear the sound of gentle tapping at the salient door. To his surprise a blushing couple entered. The young man announced that they had the license and would like to be married right away. Mr. Smith, at once thinking of his wicked partner, told the lovers that they had made a mistake and that though he was sometimes called "debonair" he was really not accustomed to marry people. Further talk disclosed the fact that the lovers were searching for the Rev. Henry Buckley, who was then in the building. Mr. Smith sent for Mr. Buckley and the editorial staff and the ceremony was performed in the good editor's room.

A young man appeared at the City Clerk's office in Newport, R. I., on Tuesday, the 3d instant, to file an intention of marriage. When he gave the age of the young woman at twenty years, the clerk told him that, under the rigorous marriage law of the State, her father's written consent must accompany the bill of intention. The young man was startled at the turn of affairs, for the marriage was to occur that evening and the bride's father lived in New Brunswick, Canada. Letters from the father kindly mentioning his daughter's proposed change of name were shown, but the clerk decided that he had no power to grant the license. He suggested, however, that the reception be held all the same, and that the next morning the young couple should take the train to Fall River, Mass., or Stonington, Conn., where no rigorous law held sway. The hint was taken, the reception was held, and the first train on Wednesday morning bore the lovers to Fall River, where the ceremony was performed.

A Buffalo paper recently told of a lover who began to propose to his girl just as his horses started to run with the sleigh. Being determined to have a go over with, he got the question out the moment the sleigh struck a mile post. The girl was thrown high into the air, but as she came down she uttered a firm "Yes, Charlie," and then fainted. There is some doubt as to the truth of this story, but the one that follows is correct in every detail. One day last week two young women of Davenport boarded an eastern-bound

train that they might ride a few miles to Melrose with another girl, a through passenger from the West and a former classmate at Vassar. As one of the Davenport girls was not very well acquainted with the passenger, she and she that she would stand on the rear platform to watch the train across the Mississippi. It happened that her heart was on the same train, and it happened again that the blushing youth joined his sweethearts on the platform. The meeting was delightful, the girl's cheeks were rosy, and the great river sparkled in sunlight beneath. "Right there," says the local crier, "while the coast was above the middle of the mighty Mississippi he asked her if she would be his and she said she would." The reporter further tells that as the young man stepped to kiss his betrothed, a laugh in the doorway so startled him that he fell backward. The girl caught him in time to save his life and there was much excitement and rejoicing. The laugh came from the other young woman who was standing at the door and who saw the whole performance.

## The Journalist.

The journalist knows all the news. Therefore he is said to have a nose for news.

He is a man of many parts—part modesty and part truthfulness. He has great regard for the truth, and approaches it only with diffidence and awe.

His modesty is so great that when he occurs an exclusive article of news he never brag about it—until after it is in print.

The prime article in the journalist's mind is that it is not right to get left; and many a prime article he gets in consequence.

The journalist is a reflector of the times, but has little time for reflection nevertheless.

The life of the journalist is one continual round of pleasure. He is made up of thumb-grinding, banqueting and walking about the streets. Any fool can become a journalist, but it is not becoming to be a fool.

Everybody pays court to the journalist—everybody who wants to get his name in the paper. And that is all that most bodies feel called upon to pay.

He is not required to have ideas.

Everybody is willing to supply him with all he needs and more.

There is said to be honor among thieves; but the journalist is not a thief. The journalist is always ready and willing to help his fellow when he cannot get ahead of him.

He never tells a falsehood, although he will lie all day for a bit of news.

When he sees a wrong, he writes it at once.

The journalist is a man of the average.

The journalist handles the Archimedes lever that moves the world. Archimedes had no foundation to rest his lever upon, and much that the journalist writes has the same airy basis.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the journalists make the news. The news makes him.

The brightest journalists, it is said, are graduates of the case. Therefore let us red our case here.

Children, if you would be good and great, if you would be respected of all men; if you would get your food, money, amusements, travelling expenses, etc., gratis; if you would live an active and useful life and escape the dangers inherent to riches, be a journalist.

## Satisfied Minnie.

The many people who frequently want a drop of something to make them feel right when you are me and/or too hot, or too wet or too dry, or too something, will rejoice to hear that foreign chemists have discovered how to satisfy wines and spirits.

However a man should be able to carry some crumbs of the precious stuff in his vest pocket instead of going about with the full tale stuck protruding from a pocket in his coat, and instead of invoking his poor companion to the nearest bar he can summon there a bistro from a nest box no larger than a cigar case.

Better yet, it is said that the process of solidification causes the liquor to lose its smell, so an man after refreshing himself need rack his brain for plausible explanations to make his wife about the source of gloves or coffee that he consumes. Under the new and solid dispensation, the corker will not be horrified, be the most important portion of a man's baggage, and even in Boston the wayfaring man will be able to stimulate in full flight without being arrested. When election day is about due, a candidate will not need to keep an "open house" at every rum shop in his district; he need only carry a pocketful of neat little boxes of solidified patriotic inspiration and distribute them freely. And yet it would be just like Assemblymen coming down to New York after a week at Albany to prefer the old way to the new, for it takes something at least as big as a quart bottle to seem worth touching by a politician.—[New York Herald.]

## Women's Shoes.

Take the most recent fashion of shoes. The heel of the human being projects outward, or rather backward, and gives steadiness to "the sure and certain step of man." But fashion has decided that the heel of the boot or shoe shall get near the center of the tread as possible.

Instead of the weight of his body resting upon an arch, in the modern fine lady in front, which have to prevent the body from toppling forward. Then the heel is so high that the foot rests upon the toe and the gait is about as elegant as if the lady were practicing walking upon stilts. In order to poised the body on these two points a bend forward is necessitated, which is regarded as the correct attitude of the "form divine." It is needless to say that there are few ankles which can stand this strain without yielding; and it is quite common to see young ladies walking along with their ankles twisting all ways, or perhaps with the sole of their shoe or boot encircling from under the foot and the side of the heel in contact with the ground. With such modern improvements on sandals, which allow the feet perfect freedom and play, the present Mademoiselle when she attempts to run is a spectacle at which the gods—well, not quite that, but at which her mother might well weep.—[Good Words.]

A Buffalo paper recently told of a lover who began to propose to his girl just as his horses started to run with the sleigh. Being determined to have a go over with, he got the question out the moment the sleigh struck a mile post. The girl was thrown high into the air, but as she came down she uttered a firm "Yes, Charlie," and then fainted. There is some doubt as to the truth of this story, but the one that follows is correct in every detail. One day last week two young women of Davenport boarded an eastern-bound

## Recruitries of Bismarck.

At the battle of Peach Orchard, when McClellan was making his charge of base a Michigan infantryman fell to the ground as if shot dead, and was left lying in a heap as the regiment charged position. The ball which hit him, first struck the barrel of his gun, glanced and struck a button off his coat, tore the watch out of his vest pocket, and then struck the man over the heart, and was stopped there by a song book in his shirt pocket. He was unconscious for three-quarters of an hour, and it was a full month before the black and blue spot disappeared. At Fighting Landing a member of the Twelfth Michigan Regiment of Infantry stooped to give a wounded man a drink from his canteen. While in the act, a bullet aimed at his breast struck the canteen, turned aside, passed through the body of a man, and buried itself in the leg of a horse. The canteen was split open and dropped to the ground in halves. At the second battle of Bull Run, as a New York infantryman was passing his plug of tobacco to a comrade, a bullet struck the plug, glanced off, and buried itself in a knapsack. The tobacco was rolled up like a ball of shavings, and carried one hundred feet away. Directly in the line of the bullet was the head of a lieutenant and had not the bullet been deflected, he would certainly have received it. As it was, he had both eyes filled with tobacco dust, and had to be led to the rear. At Roundy Station, one of Custer's troopers had his left stirrup strap cut away by a grape-shot, which passed between his leg and the horse, blistering his skin as if a red-hot iron had been used. He dismounted to ascertain the extent of his injuries, and as he bent over a bullet knocked his hat off and killed his horse. In the same fight was a trooper who had suffered several days with a toothache. In a hand-to-hand fight he received a pistol shot in his right cheek. It knocked out his aching double tooth, and passed out of the left hand corner of his mouth, taking along a part of an upper tooth. The joy of being rid of the toothache was so great that the trooper could not be made to go to the rear to have his wound dressed. An object, however trifling, will turn the bullet from its true course. This was shown one day at the roundout camp in Pleasant valley. They had a "bull pen" there in which about five hundred bounty jumpers and other hard cases were under guard. Once in a while one of these men would make a break for liberty. Every sentinel in position would open fire, and it did not matter in the least if the man ran toward the crowded camp. On this occasion the prisoner made for the camp, and as many as six shots were fired at him without effect. One of the bullets entered the tent of a captain in the twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry. He was lying down, and the course of the bullet would have buried it in his chest. Fortunately, a candle by which he was reading sat on a stand between him and where the bullet entered. This was struck and cut square in two, and being snuffed out. The ball was deflected and buried in the pillow under the officer's head, passed out of that and through his tent in the one behind it, passed between two men, and brought up against a camp stool. There is a man in Detroit, Michigan, a man who was wounded five times in less than ten minutes at Fair Oaks. The first bullet entered his left arm; the second gave him a scalp wound; the third hit him in the foot; the fourth itself in his shoulder; the fifth entered his right leg. While he was being carried to the rear, the first two men who took him were killed. While his wounds were being dressed, an exploded shell almost buried him under an avalanche of dirt. In being removed further to the rear, a runaway ambulance horse carried him half a mile and dumped him out, and yet he is seeming hale and hearty and walks without a limp.

## How to Kiss—They Way It Is Done in Milwaukee.

The Milwaukee Sun says: Readers of the daily papers have no doubt read of a suit that has been brought by Rose Van Duran against Alpheus Thines, claiming \$5000 damages. The claim for damage on the result of a kiss the defendant is alleged to have inflicted on the defendant on Winnebago street, against the peace and dignity of the city of Milwaukee and the State of Wisconsin. It is said in the complaint that "he then and there did some pinching by the shoulders, put his arms around her neck and did then and there kiss her." The plaintiff adds that by reason of said act she was "grossly hurt in her feelings, and suffered and underwent great mental pain."

In order to set Milwaukee right before the world and do all that is possible to prevent a feeling that our people are too particular about a little thing like a kiss, and make more free than is necessary, and undergo pain and have their feelings hurt, we will say that this is an isolated case. People who desire to come from the country to be kissed or to kiss need have no fears of being sued for \$5000 damages. It may be well enough to keep of Winnebago street, but there are other streets where people are kissed frequently, and this is the first lawsuit about it that has come up. There are plenty of ladies who do not have their feelings hurt and endure mental pain because some one kisses them. If every kiss that is exchanged in Milwaukee caused feelings to be hurt, there would be the worst lot of feelings lying around there that ever was. There are people here that instead of going for damage over a kiss would be willing to pay half the expense.

However, some judgment should be given to the defendant. He should not "seize the plaintiff by the shoulder and put an arm around her neck." He should take her right hand in his left and press it gently, not squeeze it as though he was a clothes wringer, and make all the blood out of the fingers, but just press it a little so as to feel the throbbing of the blood. Then he should look down into her eyes to see if they are talking to him. If the eyes seem to be dancing the kiss, and begin to sparkle and throw off little sparks, such as come from a telegraph machine, and the squeeze hand relaxes a little, and seems to be glad that it is there, and acts as though it wanted to stay all the time, then you can take your other hand and gently encircle her waist. Do not "seize her by the shoulders," like the man in

the law suit did, and cause her feelings to be hurt, but let the arm act as a curved. Then her left arm will stand around by the buckle on the back of your vest, and as you turn to look down and see where her mouth is all this time. There will be a smile there that is worth \$5000, and you will hate to break it up, but you will have to. She will expect it. Then you have a right to bend over a little, and her eyes will close as though she was going to sleep, her head falls on your shirt bosom, the end of the world comes,

Well, as we were saying, it is a disgrace to Milwaukee to have such a case go to the courts, and people will lose confidence in Milwaukee. But, leaving Winnebago street out entirely, there are streets enough for all practical purposes, and there are people who will resent the imputation that it is necessary to carry \$5000 in one's pocket in order to enjoy any religion in a town of 125,000 of the God-blessed inhabitants that ever lived. The papers should not say anything about that law suit, as it will injure Milwaukee as a great manufacturing center.

## The Fiji's Nest.

Prof. Gen. Macioskie, of Princeton College, recently read a paper before the New York Academy of Sciences on "The Proboscis of the House Fly." The wall behind the desk at which the professor stood was decorated for the occasion with diagrams showing highly magnified sections of the body of the common housefly or "Musca Domestica." There were also some pictures of exaggerated cock-roaches and a representation of an enormous lobster, more than three feet long—so large in fact that the teeth in its "spoon-shaped jaws, could be distinctly seen." As for the picture of that instrument of torture, the proboscis of the fly, it resembled in shape and size, a rifle with the barrel broken off where it meets the stock, and a large warty potato stock on. The potato would represent what some naturalists would call the "tip," and what others would call the "knob" of the proboscis. Prof. Macioskie declared that it was a mistake to say that flies bite, the testimony of all mankind to the contrary notwithstanding. They didn't bite, they only filed. It was for a long time said by naturalists that this knob at the end of a fly's proboscis was made up of muscular tissue, by which the owner was enabled to rub his teeth, so to speak, into the flesh of suffering humanity. Later investigation has demonstrated the fact that this knob was made up principally of small rods, the sharp ends of which projected a little beyond the end, making a surface similar to that of very sharp and effective file.

The lecturer went on to describe just how the flies go to work to file a person's face. Having discovered a minute speck of something palatable, the fly first drops a little saliva upon it to moisten or dissolve the dainty morsel. This done he went to work with his file, executing a movement like that of a sow of a pig when rooting up the earth. Having gathered up enough for a "swallow," he drew up his proboscis, emptied the food into his mouth and chewed it. To prove that he had teeth, although they were so located as not to enable them to bite any external object, the professor passed around a specimen of a fly's jaws, adjusted under the objective glass of a microscope, and showing of the fly's back teeth to great advantage. The mosquito's apparatus was very different. That interesting New Jersey bird was provided with a number of lancets set in among a system of sucking tubes. This enabled it to bore for blood and draw it up at the same time.

## A Conductor's Yarn.

The Grand Rapids Democrat publishes the following as having been told by an F. J. P. M. conductor at Reed City recently. The crowd waiting for the G. R. & I. train had been listening to some big yarns by an insurance agent, when the conductor chipped in with:

"That's nothing. A few years ago I was running a train on the Lake Shore road, and one morning, just as we got under way coming out of Fremont the cow-catcher picked up a pig, landing him right up on the platform next the boiler head. After running two or three miles the driver crawled out to see what the pig was doing, and I'll be hanged if he wasn't trying to jump off, but couldn't do it. Instead of jumping off at the side he tried to go straight ahead, and the train was going so fast that he could not jump far enough to get away from it. He could get out of the air, but before he dropped any that platform would be under him, and after trying forty or fifty times he gave it up and took it cool. Well, sir, when we got into Toledo thirty miles—she got down and seemed to be all right, and the engineer said to him to his boiling house keeper for twenty-five meal tickets. But after he had been on the ground a bit there was a sort of reaction, like the shock to his nervous system had been too much, and he laid down and died before he reached the pen.

"I bet you had to eat him just the same," said the insurance man.

"Well, that's all right," said the conductor, "railroad men are not proud—they don't want the best, but it was hard on the engineers. Eating the pig made them so cowardly they couldn't make time—just kill the pig. One of them got so timid that he was always behind the engine and the Lake Shore railroad discharged him. Then he came up here and laid out to the G. R. & I. That's him coming there now; he's scared yet; he's lost half an hour from Cadillac here—thirty-five miles."

Climate always has a great effect on a story. Indeed it is a well known fact that all anecdotes must be altered by the narrator to suit the occasion and the nationality of the persons to whom it is told. Rogers used to tell with great glee and relish of a friend which a Frenchman and an Englishman had in a darkened room. When he was dining in London he always said that the Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's life, magnanimously fired up the chimney, and his great surprise killed the Frenchman. When he was dining in Paris, however, he always said that the magnanimous Frenchman fired up the chimney and killed the Englishman. In this way he made everybody happy and helped to allay those bitter national animosities which all but Americans are too apt to entertain.

## A Russian City.

Odessa has a population bordering on 200,000 inhabitants, and is thus in every more than incidentally, though Phillips-Woolley ("Sport in the Crime and Caucasus") tells a good deal that is interesting about life in the Caucasus and the queer people he met there. The dissipates as mere myths; neither did he see in any case a single face sufficiently beautiful to attract a second glance in London. A few of the women had good features, but even these were so devoid of expression and so animal in appearance as fairly to justify the Turkish belief in their soulless condition. Of course, one would reasonably expect as much; still, it is always sad to feel that one more cherished belief has been rudely shattered before one's face. Living in forest huts with peasants or woodmen, Mr. Phillips-Woolley had many glimpses of the internal economy of Circassians and Circassians, and his account of his stay at Golovinsky, where he lodged in a telegraph shanty surrounded by utter wilderness, is one of the most amusing parts of his book. Black bread and pork fat were the only available food stuffs, and when good luck brought in a bear or two the bear must clearly have been spoiled in the cooking, for the author (who is not by any means given to quarreling with his food) complains that they tasted like "boiled black whalebone." We never tried whalebone, but can testify from experience that good bear's ham, which represents the civilization of the isthmus, we get a very bright and readable description. The town is thoroughly Oriental in character, filled with Tartars, Georgians and Persians in their national costumes and but little marred as yet by European houses or the tall hats of the boulevard propriety. The long strings of soft-footed camels, laden with bales, and crossing the moonlit bridges on the first night of Mr. Phillips-Woolley spent in town, gave a very eastern tinge to the scene. Even here, however, the picturesqueness of local costume is doomed, for a German colony is established on the spot, the railway from Poti brings Paris fashions in its train, and new villas of the western type are fast springing up among the Asiatic architecture of the old town.