

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while to jostle a brother... Hearing his load on the rough road of life... In blackness of heart that we war to the knife!

AN EPISODE OF LIFE.

Yesterday forenoon a man doing business on Michigan avenue put a quart of kerosene in a jug, walked out to the crossing of First street, and deliberately let the jug fall to the pavement.

Misplaced Charity.

Decharity of Detroit has bred a race of beggars who will neither leave us. It has added to de lauterian an encouraged idleness and general shiftlessness.

Family Funeral Time.

The Lampton family is in one respect one of the most unfortunate in Austin. They have lost by death five or six children, but the births are pretty much in the ratio of the deaths.

A Cool Crowned Head.

Alfonso is described as "an insipid little fellow, who loves cigarettes, garlic, girls, fast horses and brandy."

HE HAD SEEN IT ALL.

The Lofly, Traveled Youth, and the Lad, Who Took Him Down.

There is a youth on board who makes himself a bore with his lofty airs. He wears a rose-colored suit, and carries a smooth alpenstock with a chanoy horn mounted atop; and over his fraxed hair, which is beautifully parted behind, he wears a red Turkish fez.

"What? Didn't go to Valmar?" he said, with an incredulous inflection, to a young professor from a western college. "Is it possible? That lovely church—that unique composanto—that wonderful history—that stupendous palace! If I had missed Valmar I shouldn't feel as if I had been to Europe at all."

"Well, I declare!" he gasped, as he passed on. He had been gone only a minute when a lawyer came along. He, too, brought up with a sudden jerk, and asked:

The "Leader" Editor's Future.

The flag has dropped on ponderous journalism. The great, good-natured public will put up with much, but it will not have a daily magazine at the breakfast table.

The Moonshiner's Hogs.

The thoughtful provision of this moonshiner for his hogs reminds one that the hog sometimes is himself a guide for the revenue officers.

A Cool Crowned Head.

Alfonso is described as "an insipid little fellow, who loves cigarettes, garlic, girls, fast horses and brandy."

Chinese Medical Treatment.

The most absurd superstitions are held in regard to sickness and disease. It is always attributed to the evil spirits floating in the air, and when a member of a family is attacked with illness they send for the priests.

A Strange Interruption.

The Primitive Baptist camp-meeting at Silver Creek, Ga., had a strange interruption. A matronly woman began to scream and cry in a violent manner during prayer time.

A Wicked Joke.

Charley Willard was a practical joker; he was what the many victimized darbies called "a ba-and man."

Economy of Coquetry.

The life of a belle is one of continuous hard labor, with little or no compensation, and still, unlike the telegraphers, they do not strike.

Musliman Funerals.

As soon as the grave is filled up, each friend plants a sprig of cypress, one on the right and another on the left of the deceased.

Inter Ocean.

Fashionable young ladies should not forget that Goliath died from the effect of a bang on his forehead.

SUN-BURN IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

One of the Scourges of Arctic Travel—An Old Whaler's Experience.

"The worst trouble that I had in my first voyage north was from sun-burn. Yes, sir—sun-burn. I could stand the cold when I was forty degrees below zero; I could stand frozen noses and ears; but but my top-rails if I didn't suffer the torments of hell the first time I got sunburnt in the Arctic regions."

"I thought that settled the whole business; so I kept right along with a bare head, while the other boys, who were old hands at travel in the north, kept covered up. The side of my face that was next the sun was hot as fire, while the side that was in the shade was frozen pretty stiff, but as we kept tacking around in going from place to place, I showed first one side and then the other to the sun, and the freezing and the cooking was pretty evenly divided."

"You take and stick your head clear down to the chin in a bucket of scalding water, and keep it there for five minutes, and you'll know what I felt like when I got back to the ship that night. My face was swelled up so that I couldn't see out of my eyes, and one of the boys had to lead me around for three days. My head under the hair was so tender that I couldn't touch it to a piller, and I took my sleep like I took my whisky, standing. The boys used to come around me and laugh and holler, because they said my head looked like a hog fattened up for Christmas; but it wasn't no joke for me, and I couldn't understand the laughing until I got well enough to see out of my eyes into a looking-glass, and then I laughed, too, at the picture."

"You don't believe me, eh? Don't lie about it; I can see in your eyes that you don't; but it's true all the same, and any man who has been well up north in summer will tell you the same. The cap'n he told me the cause of it was that the sun shines so straight up and down there that his rays burn like fire. I don't know nothing about that, but I do know that sunburn is the painfuller danger in northern travel."

Old Virginia's Solid Solos.

And with all this material progress let us put it upon record that the Virginian is still the old Virginian. And let us be thankful for that. He, with his solid notions of honor, truth, piety, hospitality, is a good anchor to the nation. This old Virginian, under whose solid mahogany I have had my legs, is building a barn. Every timber of this barn I have had to approve and praise for its solidity and permanence.

Ladies Who Shave.

"I'm in about as big a hurry as yourself today," said a Trenton, N. J., barber to a reporter; "this is my Chambersburg day."

WHEN WINDS WERE LOW.

When winds were low and bright the summer hours, Some minstrel, wandering through my garden fair, Forsook his harp, and left it standing there With silent strings among the wondering flowers.

Blonde and Brunette Beauties.

In New York, for the past two seasons, there has been great rivalry existing between the lovely blonde and darning brunette beauties. The war still rages furiously, and it is hard to tell at the present moment which is to come out victorious, and whether the blonde beauties or their darker sisters will lead fashions this winter, and which will be the more popular.

"What is known as the 'Irish type' of beauty in one of the loveliest. No eye is so blue, so large, so expressive, or so heavily fringed as that of the possessor of this type; no hair is so glossy and dark and heavy; no complexion so rosy and healthful, and to people in general this type is the most bewitching and fascinating."

A type of beauty that has had its day, but of which we see representatives occasionally, is what is known as the "strawberry blondes." Brick red hair, blue eyes and fair, pink complexions, are the accompaniments of this type. The "yellow blonde" is another type which is rapidly going out of fashion, and "yellow blondes" are seldom seen now except on the stage. Fanny Davenport is an example of this type.

The daughters of Spain and Italy are the best examples of the brunette type of beauty; those of England and Germany of the blonde type, and those of Greece of the Van Dyke type. Here in America we have a mixture of all kinds of types, as we have a mixture of all nations. The true American type of beauty, however, is neither of the blonde nor brunette, Van Dyke nor Irish, Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, strawberry or yellow blonde types. The true American beauty has hair soft and brown, eyes of gray or blue, complexion rather white, clear and devoid of rich color, and features not by any means as regular as those of the other types of beauty, but possessing far more expression.

Knives and Scissors at Sheffield.

First, were taken into the show-rooms, where the glass cases are an endless numerical variety of razors, carrying knives, forks, and case knives of of most exquisite finish, a few plated; these for the American market, English not liking the them, our countrymen, however, deeming them in wholesale quantities, assessors of all sizes, from an almost infinitesimal (1,400 of them to an ounce) the largest shears used by tailors; of these are some most beautifully finished with polished and semi-polished complicated faces, produced by skillful grinders. Pen-knives are in endless variety under a bell glass has 1,883 blades, a new one being added each New Year's day.

The Phenomena of Cloud-Bursts.

Hon. W. H. Harris, in the Smithsonian report, describes these phenomena graphically and accurately. He says: "Cloud-bursts are of frequent occurrence if these mountains—Humboldt mountains, in Nevada, Star City, in the Humboldt range, was nearly destroyed by one. In 1892 several persons lost their lives in the Washoe mountains, being overwhelmed by a flood coming sudden from the mountains. I witnessed several of them, have been in the edge of one, and once stood on the top of a mountain and saw the terrific scene of an immense volume of water rolling down the canon beneath me."

The first sign of them is the sudden gathering of a small black cloud on the mountain, near the top, and generally at the head of a canon. Soon the cloud dashes its upon the mountain side with a gusty motion. It looks like a huge funnel drawing immense quantities of water from the clouds and pouring it a cascade upon the side of the mountain. These waters uproot trees, and I have known rocks weighing tons carried an eighth of a mile by the torrent. In one case the water in the canon rising from the cloud-burst was three feet deep. These phenomena are different from anything I ever heard occurring in other parts of the world. They occur when the sky is elsewhere clear and cloudless. From the first gathering of the cloud to a cloudless sky again seldom exceeds forty minutes."

A STREET SCENE.

The Man Who Strayed Sullivan Meets With Unexpected Reverses.

At the intersection of two downtown business streets, yesterday afternoon, a large number of vehicles seemed to collect from all directions. One coal cart had for a driver an eccentric individual, who by his shouts and wild gesticulations made himself a nuisance to inquiring eyes. He is a most enthusiastic character, and directly opposed to his horse in this respect, for the animal's ears hung down like the private pocket of a bank cashier, and he exhibited no more activity or desire to progress than the politician who his friends are "forcing into nomination, you know."

This peculiar turnout was remarkable from the fact that the driver, like the colored race, was incessantly clamoring for recognition and his well directed efforts in the respect stopped the street cars and entangled the wheels of his cart with those of a heavy express wagon. It seemed that the cart man was doing for just such a scene. He cried out to his horse, to the driver of the express wagon, and finally dropped his reins and exclaimed:

"Gimmie road! gimmie road, there!" A low tigerish growl from the expressman was the only response. "Don't make me sit down out here, I tell you," continued the irate coal-man. "Well, get your unfounded cart out of the way," replied the other. "This was almost too much. 'Get out of the way, did you say?' he almost yelled, while the reins began to stand out on the long coal mine on his forehead. 'Young man, don't you provoke me—in a dangerous character!'"

"I don't care what you are," snikily replied the expressman. "Grat gr headed lightning!" roared the driver as he jumped over the tailboard of his wagon. "Step down here and I show you why John L. Sullivan is going to California. Come along and give me a little exercise," he conned, spitting on his hands and lapping them together with a force that made the lookers-on glow pale.

The empassioned, and for a few moments this was a terrifying scene of kicking and biting and striking. When the statement had somewhat subsided the expressman was coolly climbing into his wagon, while the man who scared Sullivan out of the eastern states was delightful trim to grace an Italian bag. One eye was closed, two front teeth were missing, and his left hand called for a division of the house. To the policeman who endeavored to reach the scene in time to take somebody's ante-mortem statement he exclaimed: "Well, you see, I was the roaring lion of the cart, but if I can get a raw oyster a yard of sticking plaster I'll resign my position or go on a vacation. It seems that there was some trouble, but it was over so quick that I have but a faint recollection of it."

Knives and Scissors at Sheffield.

First, were taken into the show-rooms, where the glass cases are an endless numerical variety of razors, carrying knives, forks, and case knives of of most exquisite finish, a few plated; these for the American market, English not liking the them, our countrymen, however, deeming them in wholesale quantities, assessors of all sizes, from an almost infinitesimal (1,400 of them to an ounce) the largest shears used by tailors; of these are some most beautifully finished with polished and semi-polished complicated faces, produced by skillful grinders. Pen-knives are in endless variety under a bell glass has 1,883 blades, a new one being added each New Year's day. Stilettoes, cut-throats, "et hoc genus" of pretty wester toys, some were "tooth-picks" with blades a foot long. Carved ivory paper-knives in profusion. The art of carving ivory being necessary to produce the elaborate case and pen-knife handles carried still further, and many ivory ornaments are made. There are also tortoise shell tools with beautiful highly finished tools for the ladies' aid in brooching and sewing. Pearl work, applied to knives, is in profusion also. The glitter and gleam from these cases round one of fairy or fantastic faces work. Little do the results show how many fingers have had the doing nor though how many sections have been sighted before the stamp of fine and perfection is put upon them, and there allowed to go forth into the world, "joys forever."

The Phenomena of Cloud-Bursts.

Hon. W. H. Harris, in the Smithsonian report, describes these phenomena graphically and accurately. He says: "Cloud-bursts are of frequent occurrence if these mountains—Humboldt mountains, in Nevada, Star City, in the Humboldt range, was nearly destroyed by one. In 1892 several persons lost their lives in the Washoe mountains, being overwhelmed by a flood coming sudden from the mountains. I witnessed several of them, have been in the edge of one, and once stood on the top of a mountain and saw the terrific scene of an immense volume of water rolling down the canon beneath me."

The first sign of them is the sudden gathering of a small black cloud on the mountain, near the top, and generally at the head of a canon. Soon the cloud dashes its upon the mountain side with a gusty motion. It looks like a huge funnel drawing immense quantities of water from the clouds and pouring it a cascade upon the side of the mountain. These waters uproot trees, and I have known rocks weighing tons carried an eighth of a mile by the torrent. In one case the water in the canon rising from the cloud-burst was three feet deep. These phenomena are different from anything I ever heard occurring in other parts of the world. They occur when the sky is elsewhere clear and cloudless. From the first gathering of the cloud to a cloudless sky again seldom exceeds forty minutes."