

WILD CATS.

Something About the Various Species Found in the United States.

First on the list of American wild cats comes the panther (*Felis concolor*). It is a large, powerful and handsome animal. Its body reaches a length of four and one-half feet; its color above is tawny yellow, beneath grayish white; its limbs are short and heavy, and the whole contour of the animal shows compactness, agility and strength in a high degree. The panther is found over the entire continent of America up to fifty-five degrees north latitude. Of no other animal in our country are so many fabulous stories afloat, but in reality it is a retiring and timid animal, living only in wild and mountainous districts, and rarely indeed does it, even when pressed by hunger, carry off a calf, pig or sheep from some isolated farm house; nevertheless it is at times guilty of such thefts. Young deer, opossums, rabbits, grouse and other small animals form its usual food.

I know of but one or two reliable instances of a panther attacking a man, except when the animal was desperately wounded and unable to escape. Several have been killed by my personal friends, and in no case did the animal make any resistance, only striving its utmost to escape. I know of several instances where it has been killed with a club, the hunter climbing up the tree in which it had taken refuge, and either killing the animal there, or shaking it down, to be killed by his companion below. In fact this animal can hardly be considered as "dangerous" as a powerful buck of our common deer during the rutting season.

The cougar—as this species is also called—is a silent animal, seldom uttering any other cry than a low growl. The cries usually attributed to it really emanate from the great horned owl, the fox, or the common wild cat.

This beautiful species of cat is nearly exterminated in most States east of the Mississippi; a few yet remain in the wildest localities. It is not necessary to suggest any means of disposing of the panther, for should one be so unfortunate as to show itself in any settled district, all the men, boys and dogs of the neighborhood sally out after it, and sooner or later the poor animal is borne home in triumph, pierced by countless bullets, and mangled by a score of muckers' hands.

The Canada lynx (*Lynx canadensis*) is a much smaller species than the preceding, being but three feet in length, and seldom weighing more than twenty-five pounds, even when very fat. The feet are very large, and densely furred beneath in the winter season. The triangular ears are tipped by an upright tuft of coarse, black hairs. The general color is grey, clouded with darker spots. This animal ranges over the greater portion of North America north of the Southern States, and is found in many localities where the panther has been long extinct. In the thinly settled portions of our Northern States and Canada the farmer not infrequently has some of his sheep or young pigs killed and dragged off by the Canada lynx; turkeys, from their wandering habits, also frequently fall a prey to this species of cat. But it seldom disturbs the poultry house, almost always approaching a near approach to the habitations of man. Its usual food consists of rabbits, squirrels, grouse, young fawns, and the like. The female lynx has two cubs yearly, and is a most affectionate mother to her offspring.

The skin of this animal is valuable, and many are annually trapped for their fur. The lynx may be caught in a powerful steel trap baited with a newly killed fowl, but the only eligible mode of destroying it is by the merry rifle and the help of a well-trained hound or two. When pursued by dogs, the lynx always ascends a tree, and may then be easily shot by the hunter, it being too large an animal to hide itself among the branches in the manner of the common wild cat.

The American wild cat (*Lynx rufus*) seldom reaches two and a half feet in length, and rarely weighs more than sixteen pounds. Its ears are tufted like those of the Canada lynx, but its feet are small, and the soles naked. The color is brown, with darker mottlings. The wild cat is found throughout the United States, and northward to latitude sixty degrees. In the Southern States it is particularly abundant, and there makes great havoc among the chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese of the planter. The "cat" is purely an enemy, for its appetite is epicurean, and confined to "game and poultry," and only when pressed by hunger does it prey upon the small and destructive rodentia—domestic fowls, grouse, partridges, wild turkeys and rabbits forming its usual food.

The home of this animal is usually a tree, hollow some feet above the ground. Here, on a bed of leaves, in the early spring, the female brings forth from two to four young. Even when captured very young, the wild cat is scarcely tamable; it will become accustomed to confinement, and even take food from the hand, but it is ill-natured and uncertain, seldom losing an opportunity to bite or scratch, and exhibiting much cunning in capturing the poultry that come within reach of its chain.

The wild cat is nocturnal, but not infrequently hunts also in the daytime. It is a good swimmer, and readily takes to the water when pursued by dogs, or wishing to cross a pond or river. The usual cry of this species is much like that of the domestic cat, for which it is not infrequently mistaken. The fur is not very close and the skin possesses little value.

When hunted with hounds, the "cat" often exhibits a cunning but little inferior to that of the fox. When started, he will make for the nearest briary field, and there double and run in circles, crossing and recrossing his track, until any but the best hounds are soon at fault. He will also wade through shallow water and soft, dry bottoms, well knowing that in such places the wood will not lie. Should a "burnt wood" be at hand, the "cat" will put any hounds at fault, leaping from trunk to trunk of the charred and fallen trees in every direction, and effectually baffling the dogs. If hard pressed he will take to a tree, generally first

doubling several times on his track, and then leaping as high as possible among the branches by a powerful spring. The wildcat may at times be taken in common steel or box traps, but is usually too wary to be captured in so primitive a contrivance. The plan promising best success is to make a strong, box-like trap, with one end hinged, and shutting by a powerful spring, precisely in the manner of the common wire rat-trap, the trigger being also arranged in exactly the same manner. A chicken-cock is confined at the extremity of the box opposite the door by a strong wire partition, which separates it from the body of the trap. The cat, entering the trap to seize the fowl, liberates the trigger and is caught. A more sportsmanlike method of hunting the wildcat is with the rifle and hound, in the same manner in which the Canada lynx is destroyed. Often it will lie so close to a large limb or in a fork of the tree it has selected, that it is impossible to get a shot. If not too high to be so reached, it may be easily dislodged by a few stones striking near it, when it will attempt to bound to the ground, and can be easily shot. If only wounded, a fierce struggle with the dogs ensues, which, if the hounds are good ones, ends in a couple of minutes by the cat being choked to death. —Ralph W. Seiss, in *Country Gentleman*.

LOCAL MARKETS.

How Farmers May Enhance Their Interests in This Line.

Farmers and stock-raisers often complain of the want of a local market for the articles they produce. To some extent the fault is their own that they send their produce to a distant market to be disposed of. They do not look about and see what kind of articles can be sold near home. Many butchers located in country villages send to large cities to get their supplies of meat. The proprietors of large slaughtering houses and packing establishments in the city have orders for meat from towns located in the best farming and stock-raising districts in the West. It has several times been reported that cut meats have been sent from Chicago to Lincoln, Neb. Many of the hogs slaughtered in this city find their way back to the stations from which they were sent. The farmers dispose of their hogs early in the winter, and nearly all of them are shipped direct to the Union stock-yards in this city. There they are slaughtered and cured. In the course of a few months there is a scarcity of pickled pork, hams, bacon, and lard in the district from which the hogs come, and these products are returned to help feed the people. This sort of trade is one of course beneficial to a city one of whose chief industries is the slaughtering and packing hogs. It is also very profitable to railroads. The trade, however, is not beneficial to the districts in which the hogs are raised. If the hogs were slaughtered at home and their meat properly cured and packed then employment would be furnished many laborers at a time when they have little to do. The cost of transportation would also be saved, and this amounts to a very large sum. It is probably true that many local butchers have not sufficient capital to enable them to pack the pork they can dispose of during the entire year and to carry it till such time as they can sell it at an advance. It would appear, however, as though most country butchers could obtain money from local bankers in the same manner that city packers do.

Farmers would do well to make arrangements with local butchers for supplying them with the animals they will require in their trade during the year. A local butcher can tell with a reasonable degree of certainty how many fat bullocks, hogs, sheep, calves and lambs he can dispose of during every month of the year. He can inform the farmers who are to keep him supplied with fat animals when he will want them. By being informed some time in advance when they will be wanted they can be put in the proper condition. A farmer who has considerable milk and has a supply of corn can conveniently turn off one or two fat hogs every week during the year. A farmer having a considerable flock of sheep and a good feeding lot can make it profitable to fatten mutton during all the time that mutton will be in demand. He can also arrange to have lambs ready to turn off when they are wanted. By so doing he will be receiving money during the times when farmers are generally in need of it. Every butcher desires very fine beef, mutton and veal for Thanksgiving and the winter holidays. Not infrequently he is obliged to send to a distant city to obtain what he wants. At each of the fat stock shows which have been held in this city a large number of the animals or their carcasses have been sold to butchers doing business in villages located in the best farming regions of the West. The cost of transporting these animals two ways, and the expense of feeding them several weeks might have been saved by farmers who lived in the vicinity. Farmers should take pride in seeing the animals they have raised and fattened displayed in the towns where they do their marketing on the occurrence of the holidays that are celebrated by feasting. By supplying the local butchers with choice animals they can acquire a reputation that will be of considerable advantage to them. The butchers should encourage the production of fine meats among the farmers who live near them. —Chicago Times.

A victim of street-car pickpockets determined to get even with them, so he put into his pocket a pocket-book containing only a slip of paper, on which was written the words: "This time, you rascal, you've lost the reward of your labor!" He got into the car and waited, resolved to have the first pickpocket that meddled with him arrested. Twenty minutes passed and nothing happened, and tired of waiting, he got out, having first assured himself that his pocket-book was safe. He opened it, and in the place of the white piece of paper was a blue one, which he unfolded and read, as follows: "What a sly joker you are!" —*Argonaut*.

CIGAR-SHOP INDIANS.

Interesting Talk With a "Sculptor" in Wood—Iron "Figgers" Had for His Trade.

In a little room reached by going through a long passage-way and ascending two flights of rickety stairs, just off Harry Howard square, one day last week a reporter found two men working away with mallets and chisels, while under their well-directed blows pine logs grew to noble red men, clowns, Indian princesses and other familiar shapes that adorn the fronts of tobacco shops all over the country.

"How's business?" asked the reporter. "Well," replied one of the "sculptors," "there ain't much danger of overstocking the market. There's not more'n a dozen and a half manufacturers of wooden figgers in the country, and of this number ten are in this city. But times ain't as good as they might be," and he deftly chipped away at a clown's neck until it was shortly encircled by an Elizabethian ruff. "Before rents got so high that all the ship-building and repairing was driven down east, around Portsmouth and Maine, there was a good deal of ship carving—figgerheads and the like, which you buy better than cigar-shop figgers—to be done about here. Now it's all gone and we have to fall back on wooden Indians. Sometimes we get a wooden coat of arms to make, like that 'on and unicorn you see against the wall, for some rich man. They pay pretty well. Wooden figgers don't pay so well. This Indian chief will cost the owner \$50; that sultan, \$45; the little Indian squaw to the right of you, \$25, and so on. They have begun to make cast-iron figgers at some of the iron-works, and that cuts in on us. We get our designs from every source. We go to the theater and pick out a figger among the actors and study him, then go to the shop and chisel him out. Most of the clowns are cut from photographs of Fox, the original Humpty Dumpty. Sometimes we take the pictures on the inside of the cigar-boxes for models. Last week I cut out a figger of Sir Walter Raleigh for a tobacco store down on South street. I have an order to make a black with patches on his knees and a plug of 'niggerhead,' the sailors' delight, in his hand. Barnum and Forepaugh also buy a good many figgers for their band-wagons and vans. They will put one live man on a wagon to dance and half a dozen wooden ones to keep him company, and half the people who watch the procession will never know but what they are all alive."

"Where does the wood come from?" "Sometimes we take the seasoned masts and spars of a wreck, but generally it is white pine logs from Maine. Fine chips easy, you see."

"Are there any apprentices in the trade?" "Oh, yes, but not many, of course. A good workman can make five dollars a day at this business." —N. Y. Tribune.

THE BOOK.

Some Good Advice to Old and Young People on the Subject of Reading.

There is, perhaps, no greater wonder than a book. By the help of little figures or marks placed upon reads or skins or some other available material men have been able to transmit their thoughts through thousands of years. The names and shapes of things, the deeds and sorrows that have occurred as far back as the time of Adam have been made known to us. Even those abstract and invisible thoughts which have no shape or substance, but which nevertheless inspired the writer and have since inspired others, are all put down in little letters or figures and made eternal. The songs of David; the sublime grievings of Job; the speculations of Plato; the visions of Homer, have by these means been handed down faithfully for many centuries and distributed among mankind. If there were no books our knowledge would be almost confined to the limit of sight and hearing. All that we could not see or hear, in act or deed, would be to us like the inhabitants (if there be any) of the planet Saturn—a mere matter of idle conjecture. To read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest all the thoughts and learning of others is evidently impossible. It is beyond the compass of any intellect. But we may gather a portion of this knowledge, and the object is to know how to begin this humbler task and how to proceed for the purpose. We must not read to waste. We must be moderate if we wish to gain much. The bee does not overload himself with the nectar of flowers, but takes what he can carry away. We must select also and see that the quality of what we take be good. We should read not merely that we may make money, not to sharpen our intellect, but to enlarge it. We should read in order to know what is good and what is evil, and to do what is good and useful. Are we ambitious? let us learn humility. Are we avaricious? let us learn content. When a man can truly say to himself: "My mind to me a kingdom is," a kingdom of which he is the absolute ruler, there is no king beyond him. —Barry Corneall, in *Temple Bar*.

A prominent chemist of Elmira, N. Y., has given the result of recent investigations to the world, as to the proportion of opium found in a dozen packages of the highest priced cigarettes in the market. These he sent to a Pittsburgh chemist for analysis. He says: "The considerable quantity of opium found in all the standard brands is astounding. The universally recognized bondage resulting from the use of opium in any form or degree, especially by smoking or absorption, renders the murderous design of the admixture and the sharp lesson to be learned, terribly plain." —*Buffalo Courier*.

Police-Justice Eisenmenger, of Schenectady, N. Y., wears on his watch-chain a small glass charm or badge, encircled with gold, which was found on a French battle-field by his grandfather in 1813. It is said to have been the badge worn by some of the Scottish Highland clans during the Scottish rebellion, in 1745. —*Troy Times*.

SCENES IN SANTA FE.

Interesting Description of a Convent and some of Its Inmates—The Philosophical Burro.

Arrived at Santa Fe, for the first time we seemed to have turned our back upon the somewhat crude and material civilization of the West, to have gotten out of the new into the old, out of the present into the past. Although the oldest city in America, it does not possess a frame house, a steam engine, or any new-fangled contrivance. The streets are very picturesque, for the most part without sidewalks, the little squat "doby" houses turning their blank mud walls outward, with only a little square opening up high, like a sort of an eye, taking a peep at life and things. The houses are for the most part built about open courts into which the doors open. Some of the poorer sort have no such opening, but are entered from the top by a ladder. There are quaint old—very old—Spanish, Catholic churches, built of large blocks of adobe, roughly plastered with mud. On Sunday the streets were filled with gaily-dressed women, the richer sort with the lace mantilla, and the poorer with bright shawls over their heads; the native men, with broad, flapping sombreros and capes gracefully flung over one shoulder; the Indians in their fantastic togery, and everywhere a foreign language sounded in our ears. We have most interesting acquaintances and some warm friendships among dogs, but we had to come to Santa Fe to meet with the charming little burro. The delightful little creature is quite the philosopher among animals. On meeting you he eyes you over thoughtfully, seems to weigh your character; if you are found wanting he ceases to notice you with Indian stoicism or dismisses you with an impatient toss of his head. If, however, you meet his approval he sometimes tips you a merry wink, gives you a meaningful look, and says unutterable things with his ears. Doubtless he could speak if he would, but being a philosopher and somewhat given to despising the human animal, he has divined the secret of the proverb that: "Speech is silver, but silence is golden." He will stand, with pathetic or contemptuous patience to be laden, so deeply overladen that between burden and burden only his expressive eyes and ears and the thin wisp of a tail are apparent at either end. We are told that when he understands that his way lies toward the mesas, among green pastures, he ambles on with fair speed, but arrived there not all the King's horses nor all the King's men can make him return to the city. He rolls and kicks and laughs to scorn his driver, who usually bows to necessity and leaves the creature to wander at his own sweet will until, satisfied with mere material pleasures, he again returns to the haunts of men to study mind and morals. It is a noticeable fact and may seem to justify his rebellion that he is usually fed whilst in town upon waste paper.

In strolling with our botanist upon the outskirts of Santa Fe we discovered the bell-pull of the convent hanging invitingly outward. Our botanist, supposing that the foot of man might not enter within this house of veils, turned to thread his way along the Rio Chiquito, which flows through the center of the city. Here let us stop just one moment to introduce our big child-hearted botanist. He is well nigh seventy and I raised in much and various sciences. His soul has never taken strong hold on worldly desires, or greatly striven for the things men mostly prize. In spite of his three score years and ten time he has touched him lightly and left his heart simple and young. He is a supreme lover of nature, and once confessed he felt himself a brother to every plant that grew. Doubtless he is. A sister in white gown, black serge veil, with a simple gown of the same, answered the summons and kindly condescended to show us the convent school. The little world within the high adobe walls seemed one piece of beauty and happiness. The low, one-storied buildings formed open squares around two centers. Within one a flower garden bloomed with a great wealth of tropical glow. Within the other was a playground, where twenty or thirty young girls were playing at lawn-tennis or croquet, or wandering hand in hand or seated together beneath the trees in pleasant converse. Their skirts of merry laughter and the musical cadence of their mongrel Spanish chatter told of the unrestrained gaiety of youth. It was Sunday, after their morning service and early dinner. The sister explained that until five o'clock angelus the girls were free to be happy in their own way on this their holiday. These Mexican Christians are not very strict Sabbatharians.

Sister Mary Angela, our cicerone, was a very typical nun. She had a calm, oval face, downcast, patient eyes, subdued voice and meek carriage; nevertheless there looked out from her clear, blue eyes a happy spirit—a sort of coy maidenliness. She was very pretty and not above thirty. When, in the bell tower, we were taking a bird's-eye view of the squat garden city mapped out below, the botanist passed just beneath the outer wall, scarcely a stone's throw off. Pointing him out to our sweet companion, she asked, as she scanned him a little curiously: "Why did he not come with thee, dear lady?" "O might a man come hither, sister?" "O yes, dear lady. It is my duty to show our school to all strangers." And as the magnetism of our eyes drew his upward she added:

"I think he must be good." "Yes, dear sister, he is good." "Perhaps, dear lady, he sees thee. Wave thy hand to him and call him in. I would gladly open the gate to him." And just a little pink color of expectancy crept into her cheeks.

"No, Sister Angela, I may not. A wicked world lies outside these walls, which might perhaps accuse one of these blameless maidens under thy care."

"Thou art wiser than I, dear lady." "Only more knowledge of good and evil, sister." Then we gossiped a little about things in the outer world—love and marriage, even. She, unnamed the Angel, had been set apart from childhood for a nun, and seemed to de-

serve her name through pure innocence. When parting at the garden gate she gathered and gave me a bunch of white lilacs, and breaking off still another cluster, said with coy hesitation: "This is for thy botanist from Mary Angela."

Verily, the woman still lives in thy heart, gentle nun!

We left Santa Fe with reluctance, but that day, running slowly—for the railroads here are delightfully slow—south to Deming, four hundred miles away, was a day of days. Snowy peaks on the right, grassy plains and brown volcanic hills on the left, below the mountains and nearer the mesas, those God-made altars for the worship of the sun, the earth rioting in flowers and along the way curious pueblos, y elding us glimpses of life among the Indians. It was a full, picturesque, beautiful day. A cool and backward spring had left still upon the mount'n tops. An extraordinary rainy season had made the deserts literally to blossom as the rose, while the Rio Grande and Gila rolled in great flood-tide, overflowing their banks. —*Cor. Philadelphia Times*.

POINTS ON INSOMNIA.

The Prevailing American Ailment, and How to Treat It.

New York suffers more for lack of sleep than for lack of food, and this privation is on the increase to a fearful degree. One reason for that excessive drinking which rules our business men may be found in the fact that men thus make up for the lack of sleep. The use of stimulants under such circumstances is doubly pernicious, but this does not prevent it. All classes of brain workers suffer to a greater or less degree, but the most painful instances are found among Wall street brokers and speculators who are under such intense excitement that healthy sleep often becomes an impossibility. The next in point of suffering are preachers and play actors, who become also excited to an intense degree. Editors, lawyers, physicians and business men also suffer from insomnia, and the following paragraph, clipped from a morning paper, is an appeal which might be repeated by a large part of our population:

"Sleeplessness—I am troubled with this complaint; thirty-five years old, married, happy home; active business; \$20 for recipe or cure. Address sleep."

My reply to the above is entirely gratuitous, and yet may be of some value, being the result of experience.

Avoid intoxicating drinks, and if possible get your work done before dark. If very nervous, a warm bath is advisable, for which a wa-h-bowl of water and a sponge may suffice. Eat moderately before going to bed. To break off annoying thoughts, which keep one awake, repeat poetry or count steadily from one to one hundred. I know a man who goes over "Gray's Elegy" night after night until it ends in sleep, while another counts as above mentioned until the same result is reached. Anything that will divert the mind from its tendency to prey upon itself promotes sleep. If it be too cold for a tepid bath, then friction of the skin is beneficial. Opiates are decidedly objectionable, but there is a sedative which is both safe and efficacious, and hence should be better known. This is bromide potassium, which, in a weak solution, soothes the nerves in a harmless manner. It should, however, be properly prepared by the druggists. Some people have waking spells during the night, and it is better to rise and walk round the house than to toss in bed. A man of my acquaintance who has such waking spells walks the street for a half hour, and then returns to bed and obtains sleep.

Knowing the liability of public speakers to insomnia, I asked the most excellent of this class (John B. Gough) how he obtained sleep after one of his thrilling lectures, generally two hours in length. He replied: "On returning to my room I begin reading some interesting book, and in this manner fill my mind with other thoughts, and then I can sleep."

Public speakers find it very difficult to stop thinking after they have stopped speaking. Old Lyman Beecher, father of the Brooklyn orator, had a load of sand in his cellar, and after evening prayer he shoveled it from one side to the other, and by this exercise toned down the fever of the brain, often finishing by playing the violin, which was one of his accomplishments. Bodily exercise is certainly very efficacious under such circumstances. Persistent insomnia is one of the first signs of insanity, and hence should at once call for treatment. As men advance in life naps in the daytime become very useful. I know one brain-worker who takes two or three and also sleeps well nights. If New York could have a "napping" and our business men recruit their jaded nerves by "kind nature's sweet restorer," there would be less drinking, but they keep themselves up by the bottle, and then often lay awake at night from the excitement occasioned by intoxication. Sleep being our great necessity, I offer these suggestions to such of our readers as may find them of service. As a general rule people should sleep all they can. The most noted victim of insomnia was Horace Greeley, whose intense mental labors and anxiety during that fatal Presidential canvass led through loss of sleep to insanity, and then came a genuine collapse of an overworked system which soon found relief in death. —N. Y. *Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A father was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday-school lesson. It was the parable about the wheat and the tares. "What is a tare?" asked the anxious parent. "Tell me, my son, what a tare is." "You had 'em," answered the boy. "Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the astonished parent, opening his eyes rather wide. "Last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny. "I heard mother tell Aunt Susan that you was off on a tare." The lesson was brought to an abrupt close, and Johnny was sent off to bed.

There are evidences that copper mines were worked in this country by the mound builders. The first copper mines worked in the United States were chiefly in New Jersey and Connecticut.

PITH AND POINT.

—An exchange contains a poem entitled "The Silent Barber Dead." It is a fairy tale.

—Business men, as well as religious men, should beware of false prophets. —Men who are the fastest asleep when they are asleep are the wisest awake when they are awake.

—New York wants a half-cent put in circulation. This would permit the average citizen to jingle something besides keys in his pockets. —*Detroit Free Press*.

—An inquirer asks: "What has given women the reputation of being such great talkers?" We don't know unless it is her mouth. —N. Y. *Journal*.

—A fashion item says: "A very useful and ornamental gift to either lady or gentleman is an umbrella-holder." The dude may have a mission after all. —N. Y. *Graphic*.

—Ouida says: "A girl's love must never be begged, but conquered." Paradoxical as it may seem, the girl can not be conquered unless she conquers. —*Chicago Tribune*.

—If plumbers were the right kind of men they would never put in anything but temperance water-pipes. A temperance water-pipe never goes on a bust. —*Norristown Herald*.

—Fashionable Ma—"Children! children! stop that noise. Sit down and keep quiet." Children—"Why, what's the matter, Ma?" Ma—"Doggie is taking his nap." —*Philadelphia Call*.

—A mathematical question. A gentleman while crossing the Brooklyn bridge met a beggar to whom he gave fifteen cents. He soon met another to whom he gave ten cents. What time of day was it? Answer—A quarter to two.

—A photographer recently acted as master of ceremonies at a friend's funeral, and, as he lifted the coffin lid for the mourners to look at the remains, whispered to the corpse: "Now, look natural." Force of habit. —*Chicago Herald*.

—The unreasonable fellow!—A bachelor says that all he should ask for in a wife would be a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connection, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners—money! —N. Y. *Ledger*.

—He (solemnly)—"You had a very narrow escape last night, Miss Julia." She—"Merely, what do you mean?" He—"Well, you see, I had a dream about you. I thought I was just about to kiss you, when the Chinaman rapped at the door and I woke up." She (after a pause)—"The Chinese must go." —*San Francisco Post*.

—"I hear you are highly satisfied with your new minister, Brown?" "Satisfied is a tame word to express our opinion of him. We are delighted with him." "He is very eloquent, I understand?" "Eloquent! Why, sir, when he is preaching he affects the congregat-on so powerfully that there is hardly any interest taken in the flirtations of the choir." —*Boston Courier*.

—"The world is full of deceit," said old Mr. Squaggs, "and women is mostly at the bottom of it." "I know it," said old Mrs. Squaggs; "it is after a man gets a wife that he begins to practice deceit. If he hadn't a wife he wouldn't need to lie" so much about where he spends his evenings. You are perfectly right. It's the women that cause the deceit." Old Mr. Squaggs became very thoughtful. —*Boston Gazette*.

STILL IN A TANGLE.

A Detroit German Who Thinks It Will Take a Year to Get Straightened Out.

"Well, I come to shpeak to you about some more shwindles," he said as he entered the Woodbridge Street Station yesterday.

"Have you been swindled again?" asked the Captain.

"Well, it looks dot vhay. I vvas cleaning up mein saloon dis morning vhen in comes a young man mit a shwell suit of cloze und a gold cane, und he says:

"'Sorry for you, old man, but you must preece oop.'"

"Dot make me seart. I belief my brudder-in-law in Springwells vvas kilt, und I shakes all offer. I couldn't say nothings to him, but he keeps on:

"'I called a hack and took him mit der hospital, und der sharge is \$1.

"'Took who mit der hospital?"

"'Your son Joe!'"

"'What for?'"

"'Why, he proke his leg mit a fall on der ice.'"

"'Well, Captain, I vvas so weak in my knees I almost falls down, und my tongue got so dry as I could hardly shpeak. I gif him one dollar bill und he goes off mit a bow und a smile, und I vvas sitting py der stoaf vhen in comes my vlad in der hospital mit a proken leg.'"

"'Poor woman!'"

"'You petter say poor me! She looks at me, und den calls me a lunatic-foundry, und an idiot-factory, und some old fools who shvays out doors when it rains.'"

"'But why?'"

"'Well, because we haf no poy named Shoe. His name was Shake, but I forgets all about it. I vvas all mixed oop eafar since election. I vvas hear quarters for Cleveland vvhile I bets on Blaine, und I don't get straightened out fur a year yet.'"

—The oldest carriages, used by the ladies of England, were called whirlcoffers. These became unfashionable after Ann, the daughter of Charles IV, and Queen of Richard II., about the end of the fourteenth century, showed the ladies how gracefully they could ride on a side-saddle. Coaches were first known in England in the year 1580. They were introduced from Germany by the Earl of Arundel. They came into general use among the nobility in the year 1605. The celebrated Duke of Buckingham was the first who rode in a coach and six horses.

—An inch announcement in a news paper is worth two miles of letters on a board fence. —*Chicago Journal*.