The recent thrilling adventure of the three ice-beats which came so near being lost in their trip across Northumberland Straits, between Cape Traverse, Prince Edward Island, and Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick, has been a very general topic of conversation in this city, and many stories have b en related by those who have at some time or other passe I through similar dangers. One of the most interesting of these was told in a casual conversation with a Globe reporter by Quartermaster James C. Laughton, of the Boston Light Infantry Veteran corps, and relates to a like trip across these same straits which Mr. Laughton took thirty years ago. That no erroneous idea of the technical transmission in this ice-mail service may be entertained, and of the almost inconceivable hardships which these trips somet mes force upon the men who make them, Mr. Laughton's story is published, not only as a sort of explanation, but as a deeply interesting

narrative. "In 1855," said that gentleman, "I was in the employ of a Boston firm, and in January they sent me on a busi-ness trip to Prince Edward Island. At that time the railroad ran only to Waterville, Me., and from there I staged it and roughed it generaly to Cape Tor-mentine, New Brunswick. From this cape to Cape Traverse, Prince Edward Island, is a distance of only nine miles, but on either si le the distance between the shores varies to a width of thirty or forty miles. Now every one seems to have a wrong idea in regard to these ice-boats, and how they are run. They are not a triangular craft, with shoes at the corners and propelled by sails. In fact there are no sails about them. They are much like a common yawl, fifteen to twenty feet long. The keel is shod with steel, and on either side and quite near it are two steel runners. The outside is cased in a light metal sheathing. and the inside is open. In the bottom of the boat the mail-bags are placed, and this is the only load that is carried. no trunks being taken. A sachel will be taken, however. The crew usually consists of four men, and each passenger has not only to pay his fare but work his pasage, and work like thunder. too, let me tell you. No more than two are taken in each boat." "If sails are not used, as so many

think, what is the propelling power?"
"That is the point. The men do not ride in the boat on the ice, but walk alongside and drag it. A strong strap is fastened to the gunwale of the boat and passed around each man, so that if the ice breaks and lets him in this strap will eatch him and hold him up.' "Does the ice break often?

"Break! We were getting ducked all the time. And every time it gave way we would go in up to our waists, and when we came to clear water we would in and row till we struck ice

'My first trip across the ice to Prince Edward Island was uneventful, and we made it in eight or nine hours. Once there, I transacted my business and started to return. It was on a Saturday morning in January, 1855. We left Cape Traverse at daylight, the crew, myself and another passenger, six in all. Now the current runs through this place with tremendous velocity, and we had to steer in a diagonal direction or there was danger of being carried either one way or the other to a point anywhere from five to twenty miles away from the shores. For an hour and a half we was warm, and so foggy we had to pick our way by compass. We would be walking along when all of a sudden the ice would break and a man would go in up to his waist. When we struck water we would row until we came to ice, then the men in the front of the boat would break away the ice with poles till a safe point was reached and we could start on foot again. When we came to a place where the ice and snow were piled up only a couple of feet or so we could get over it quite easily; if it was a little higher we would send a man up to see if there was a way on the other side, and then sling the mail bags over and drag the boat up after. Often we would come to a place too high to get over, and sometimes we would have to go two miles out of our course to find an opening. Then again we would strike a patch of ice smooth enough for skating, and perhaps a half a mile long. We would be going along at a good pace over this, where everything looked firm, when, without any warning, it would give way, and in we would go again. At last we came to a large open space of what they call 'lolly,' that is, water with snow perhaps a foot deep floating on it. It was still foggy, and we pulled away for several hours without striking a place to set foot on. Then it commenced to freeze. Now, if we didn't get out some way, this snow would cling to the bottom of the boat, and she would sink. We couldn't step outside to help ourselves, the fog was dense, we didn't know where we were, and when the man said he hadn't used the compass for three years, and didn't know whether it was good for anything or not, I began to feel very anxious. Put her about, boys. Put her about, and head for where we started from. It is our only hope,' I said; and it was done. Just then the fog lifted on the island side, though not on the side of the mainland. We pulled and frogged it back, and were lucky enough to get home at dark. We hadn't had a home at dark. We hadn't had a mouthful to eat all day, as the men had forgotten their provisions, expecting a quick trip, were drenched from head to foot, and had worse than wasted the whole day.

'The next day was Sunday, and the natives wouldn't start out from religious motives. But on Monday morning we started again at daylight, and made a quick trip, arriving at Cape Tormentine by dinner time. It was so cold though, that the mercury refused to register, and every breath froze and weighed down the men's beards so that every once in a white they had to stop and break the ice off."

"Do ladies ever cross in this way?" asked the reporter.

"Yes; quite a number have made the trip. They simply sit in the boat, of course, and don't do any work."

"Do these boats carry rations for any length of time?"

"Oh, no. The men, as a rule, make the trip in a few hours. The greatest dangers are either that they will lose their bearings in a fog and get carried by the tide beyond a safe point, or that a cold snap may come on suddenly and freeze them when they are wet. was the mail service then, and it is the same to-day .- Boston Globe.

# WESTERN TRAIN ROBBERY.

the Commotion Which Followed the En trance of an Ill-Looking Man.

The last weary traveler was stowed away for the night, the last curtain was drawn across the section, and the low rumble of the train through forest and clearing, farm and valley, was only broken by the occasional snore of a heavy sleeper. Miles and miles of the dreary solitude of Missouri night scenery were left in the distance; the train went whizzing by sm:l', unimportant stations, and now halted at some wayside tank and took in solid and liquid refreshment for the bloodless horse. But why should it now slow up in the dreariest of all the many dreary unfor-bidding places along the road? What ill-looking stranger was that who just entered the car and passed down the aisle between the slumberers, with a scowling face stamped with a sinister brand?

"Crack!" Surely a pistol-snot!
"I knew it! I've been looking for that sort of thing for the last six months!" shouted a Kansas City drummer, diving for the aisle and getting there with both feet. "I surrender!" "Crack!"

"Vengeance is m'ne, saith the Lordesides that, I haven't got a pistol," echoed a muffled voice from the sepul cher of an upper berth. "Crack!

"Oh, save me from Jim, boys! Landlord, save me!" shricked the woman from Parsons, "save me for my darter's

"Crack!" "Throw up your hands!" said the drummer, trying to squirm away. The woman from Parsons complied rapidly. and be slipped out to the rear platform. The train was just starting away from a ghostly tank looming up against the rosy-hued horizon of approaching day. The conductor entered the car from the other end. 'Crack!' He dodged into the smokers' apartment and peered out. Capped and undre-sed heads were thrust without the curtains, and white, anxious faces looked up and down the

"Any train-robbers at your end?" shouled the drummer above the din of

the howling Parsons woman.
"Not any down my way," answered the conductor, stepping out in front of the old lady's berth. "Thunder and Mars! What's this? A soda fount-

"Why, for the land's sake!" broke in the Parsons woman, "ef that ain't my yeast-six bottles of it, all fer Jane, and busted, busted, busted. I was afeered all along that the rattle of the keers would get the stuff a-workin'.''—
Drake's Magazine.

#### DEAF LEFT EARS.

The Advantages Resulting from What Is Usually Considered an Infirmity.

"Wil you be good enough to let me walk at your other side?" said a gentleman to a companion with whom he was erossing the City Hall Park. "I am deaf in my left ear, and I have been trying for five minutes to get at your tramped, dragging the boat after us. It | left side so that I might hear what you say; but you seem to have been endeavoring to prevent me."

"Why, of course I have," was the reply. "I, too, am deaf in the left ear, and if we change sides I could not hear a word you said.

Both gentlemen looked astonished, and went on their way laughingly. "There is nothing unusual in such

an experience," said a New York aurist. "The left ear is peculiarly liable to deafness or partial loss of hearing. An immense number of persons rely wholly, or in great measure, upon the right ear to do the duty of two, and it very soon becomes trained to fully bear the pres-sure placed upon it. Person who have been long deprive i of the left ear can usually hear sounds at a distance far more distinctly than those whose hearing is divided between two ears, owing to the particular sharpness acquired by the solitary organ, which is seldom sympathetically affected.

"The only inconvenience I know of in the loss of hearing by the left ear is when one is walking with a lady or driving a friend in a buggy, or otherwise so situated that you can not easily get your sound ear toward them. But for a constant traveler, such as a drummer, such an affliction is invaluable. No noise in a totel can keep him awake at night. He has only to press his good ear to the pillow, and what can disturb him?"-N. Y. Sun.

## FAMILY ÆSTHETICISM.

One of the Dreadful Possibilities of Practicality.

"I hardly know what I shall do next," murmured Mrs. Fitzjoy. "I've embroidered sunflowers, painted pond lilies on shingles, made a crazy quilt, hammered repousse work, got enough darned lace on hand to keep me cool all summer, and carved a holly-wood 'Kate Greenawsy.' Dear me! life is such a bore when one has nothing to do!"
"Indeed it is," remarked her hus-

band. "Why don't you take a few lessons in embroldering cookies, painting a rich soup, bammering beefsteak until it's tender, or possibly making a loaf of bread?"

"There you are with your everlasting practicality again. I'll make some biscuit and 'throw' them at you, as the boys say."
"That'll be all they'll be fit for."-

Hartford Post.

-Florida is proud of a sweet potato weighing fifty-one pounds, just dug at Wildwood, in that State. The local papers are responsible for the statement. -Chicago Times,

-A New York collar and cuff manu factory keeps ninety different styles of collars in stock, and the dudes go right on grambling for something fresh. N. Y. Sun.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

An Apparently Impartial and Unprejudiced View of the Mock Mooted Ques-tions Connected with this Important Affair—The Discrepancies of History II-instrated—The Issues of the Battle Prob-the first day. But we think the facis ably Determined by an Accident.

other by Colonel William Preston John-leadership had remained of course, the Federal, the other the Confederate, side. Not only is their interpretation of the aims and purposes of the combatants, and in their estimate of the significance and result of the first day's battle, do they differ, but in their accounts of events, even in minor details. Thus Colonel Johnston credits Grant with an army of 58,000, nearly 50,000 of whom were effectives, while he allows the Confederate commander 50,000, of whom but 40,000 were available for combat. General Grant, on the contrary, gives the entire strength of the Federal army at 38,000 of whom not more than 25,000 were in line on the first day. Of course General Grant's statement of his own forces is official and conclusive; but the fact illustrates the discrepancies of history. The battle of Shiloh was one of the

great battles of the war. It was great

whether estimated by the number of men engaged in it, by the character of the Generals commanding, by the desperate nature of the conflict, by the uncertainty of the result during the whole of the first day, or by the consequences which ensued from the Confederate defeat and which might have ensued from a Federal defeat. The Confederate authorities have always insisted that General Grant was virtually beaten at the end of the first day's fight, and that nothing saved his army but the death of General Johnston, and the consequent change of commanders. General Grant was freely charged at the time with being intoxicated, and severely criticised for patting undisciplined men at the front without earthworks. The newspaper correspondents had General Prentiss' division surprised and captured at the very beginning of the fight. Some of these then current errors are corrected, so far as we know for the first t'me officially, by General Grant's paper. General Grant's horse fell on him, and nearly disabled him, two days before the battle. The raw levies were put at the front purposely. General Grant trusting to their commander, General Sherman, to compensate for their inexperience-a trust reposed not in vain. And General Prentiss' divis-

ured till after four o'clock in the after-The man of Northern prejudices will read General Grant's paper, and will but glance at Colonel Johnston's. The man of Southern prejudices will console himself with Colonel Johnston's conviction that the battle of Shiloh was won on the first day, and was lost on the second only because the Confederate commander was killed. The impartial historian, accepting the veracity, but not necessarily the judgments, of both authors will compare the two papers to reach a true understanding of this mo-mentous battle, and will find in General Grant's frank confession of his misapprehension of the strength of the Con-

ion fought bravely and effectively throughout the day, and were not capt-

General Grant, "I, as well as thousands of other citizens, believed that the rebellion against the Government would collapse suddenly and soon it a decisive victory could be gained over any of its This was substantially the armies." universal opinion in the North. It was even shared by many in the South. The fall of Forts Donelson and Henry apparently opened the whole Southwest to the Federal army. The North believed that further resistance would be in vain. Thousands in the South shared that belief. General Grant, as soon as the dilatory Halleck gave him opportunity to move, acted in accordance with his subsequent instructions to General Sheridan before Richmond and pushed things. He hurried his army forward after the retreating Confederate forces, meaning to give tiem no time to recover from their demoralization. He expected no other than a Fabian policy of slow retreat and sullen, but not aggressive, resistance. Assuming that the Confederates would retreat, if pushed, he threw up no earthworks. He put raw levies at the front. He telegraphed to Halleck on Saturday night, "I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon The army, catching the contagion of his confidence, perhaps neglected to keep out scouts in the front. This was charged at the time by newspaper correspondents, and is not specifically denied by General Grant. who does specifically deny some other analogous charges. While General Grant was thus taking for granted that the Confederate forces would not venture on an aggressive campaign, the Contederate Generals themselves were in debate upon that very point. General Johnston, first in command, purposed an attack. General Beauregard, the popular Southern hero of Bull Run, was opposed to it. He wished to pursue the policy in the West which General Lee pursued so effectively in the East - to prolong the war, weary out the North, and keep his own army intact, by a defensive campaign. General Johnston overruled all opposition. He ended the council of war on Saturday afternoon with the decisive declaration: "We shall attack at daylight to-morrow. 1 would fight them if they were a mill-

Thus both sides entered the first day's battle under some disadvantage The Federal forces were not expecting an attack, and were not prepared for Even when it came, they regarded it at first as only a reconnaissance in force. General Sherman, who was at the front, so interpreted it. "Beauregard." he said, "is not such a fool as to leave his base of operations and attack us in ours." On the other hand, the us in ours." On the other hand, the Confederates entered on an aggressive dred and fifty varieties of roses in but campaign with divided counsels. The

second in command was balf sick, bad no faith in an assault, and no expecta-

General Grant apparently insists that do not bear out this claim. His front The difficulty which the conscientious had been forced back nearly or quite historian has to overcome in getting at two miles. General Prentiss' division the truth is curiously illustrated by a had been captured en masse-2,200 officareful reading of the two articles on in the possession of the enemy. What the "Battle of Shiloh" in the February the Confederates could or would have Century, the one by General Grant, the done on the morrow if their ston, a son of General Johnston, and on changed must always remain a mat the staff of Jefferson Davis. One gives assailants could have driven the Federal forces into the river, or cut of their retreat, and enforced their surrender, is to us incredible, even if the Federal army had not been reinforced on the morrow by part of General Bueli's forces, and by the gunboats. But the attempt was not even made. The death of General Johnson devolved the command on General Beauregard; and the change of commanders brought a change of policy. At the council of war on Saturday afternoon General Beauregard had urged that the army withdraw to Corinth. On Monday morning he ordered that withdrawal to take place. The first day's battle of Shiloh was a Confederate attack under one commander. The second day's battle was a Confederate retreat under another commander. Both were measurably successful. It is, indeed, rarely the case that a change of command and a change of policy takes place on the field of battle with so little resultant disaster to the army as resulted to the Confederates from their change of commanders and policy at the battle of

This battle singularly illustrates how far the fortunes of war depend upon what we call accident. If General Johnston had lived he would have pursued on Monday the aggressive policy of Sunday, and his army would have either won a victory or suffered a rout. And that he did not live was due to acc'dent. A stray shot cut an artery in his leg. An extemporized tourniquet would have stopped the bleeding. But half an hour earlier he had dismissed the surgeon, who up to that time had accompanied him, to attend wounded Federal prisoners. There was no one present at the moment who knew enough to tie up the artery, and General Johnston bled to death. His humanity to Federal prisoners cost him his life. On the other hand, General Grant, Colonel McPherson and Major Hawkins, reconnoitering the field together, suddealy found themselves subjected to a sharp musket fire from a concealed bat-Major Hawkins lost his hat; Colonel McPherson's horse was shot through the body and lived just long enough to take him out of danger; and the scabbard of General Grant's sword was taken off by a ball. If the one ball had missed General Johnston, and the other ball had struck General Grant, the commander of the Federal forces, not of the Confederate forces, would have been changed, and the issue of the battle of Shiloh might have been different.-Christian Union.

### TOBOGGANING.

Some Speculations as to How the Next Craze Will Catch You

Tobogganing, the contagion of which seems to have come from Montreal's two winter carnivals, threatens to be the next popular craze. Already artifederacy, and in Colonel Johnston's ficial hills are being built, where natural disclosure of the divided counsels in the ones do not exist, and some provision Confe lerate army the two clues to the for a glacial surface when ice is not to true interpretations of the events of the be had will doubtless be forthcoming. It is a wild, whirling sensation that "Up to the battle of Shiloh," says takes hold firmer and holds on longer, perhaps, than the roller skate. It is

thus described: a slope six hundred feet in height, and long distance it falls sheer as a nightmare, dazzling white, each little grain of the snow scintillating like a diamond. You straighten your toboggan's head, and your lady companion bestows herself in the bow, tucking her skirts tightly around her dainty feet, and drawing her nubia down to shield her eves and face. You ensconce yourself behind her; on one hip if you will, with the other foot trailing as a rudder; though my experience teaches me to prefer a square seat, with the toes in the near neighborhood of the rearward buttons of Angelina's sacone, one hand trailing on each side, by whose pressure (a small section of a broomstick is to be

commended 'in this connection') the frail vessel is guided. "All being in readiness you gently push your toboggan to the edge of the precipice. The slender wood creaks, rustles and bends; from a level the sled assumes an almost perpendicular position, and the nether world seems to rise up and smite you in the face. Nothing in the universe resembles this first dizzy swoop. So low is the sled and so light its fabric, and so tremendous the impetus instantly attained, that the impression is one of sitting still while the universe flies up at you. sharp edges of the straining-board cut rainbows of snow that hiss at you, and cover your beard with chilly diamonds and Angelina's hair with priceless jewels, from either side the grinding crystals fly behind you like sparks from a grindstone. You have hardly swallowed your heart again when you are at the foot of the slope, and with the bound of a shark touched with the steel, the sled, striking the level, springs a dozen feet into the air and landing on the level snow-crust speeds onward with scarcely lessening speed till at last it stops more than a mile away from the hill whence you started, and where now the great pines look like scrubby bushes. In a minute you have gone a mile and a quarter, and realized the dizzy plunge of a nightmare and the long, unsupported, breathless swoop of the eagle.-Detroit Free Press.

An English gardener states that fruit does not color so well in a sunny season as in one when there is but little sunshine. There was more sunshine in England last year than during any season for half a century, but still the apples, pears and peaches were very poorly colored.

garden every summer.

IN PERIL

Mirreulous Escape of an Intant from Apparently Certain Death.

One of those strange cases of almost miraculous protection for infants, who feel no fear because they are ignorant of danger, was given not long since in a New York paper. The mother's part per cent. came from other than Massain the incident illustrates the firm strength of love and terror in a weak hand, and the sudden revulsion when its work is done. A man in Stroudsburg, Penn., when passing the favor. house of Mrs. Franklin Smith, saw her lying in the yard with two children crying by her side. He hastened to her, and saw a few feet away a large ratt e-

Mrs. Smith was unconscious, but was soon revived, and said that her little child, aged two years, and the child of a neighbor, aged three, were playing in the yard. She had been watching them from the door, and noticed that while they were sitting side by side in the grass, her little one was occasionally ghtly striking in front of her with a short stick she had in her hand, and after each stroke both children would

The other child at intervals would bend forward, with her face close to the ground, and apparently stroke comea small land-turtle in the yard for some days, and Mrs. Smith supposed the children were amusing themselves with it. She watched them for some time, and then walked towards them to see what they were doing to the turtle.

Before she reached them she was struck motionless with horror at seeing as their plaything a large rattlesnake, which lay at full length, making no hostile demonstrations, simply raising its head when it was touched, opening its mouth, and darting its tongue out and in.

It was this performance of the snake that p'eased the children.

Mrs. Smith as soon as she recovered herself took a step or two forward, and the snake discovered her. Instantly its whole appearance changed. As quick as lightning it threw itself into the coil to make its deadly spring, and sounded its rattle. This alarmed the children, and they rau away.

Mrs. Smith found a club, and with a few blows killed the snake, after which she remembered nothing until revived by her neighbor. The snake was between four and five feet long, and had seven rattles .- Youth's Companion.

#### DIDN'T SHUT THE DOOR.

Nigger Jim's Little Deaf and Dumb Daughter-How He Punished Her and Why He Couldn't Forgive Himself-A Pathetic Story.

"What makes me feel so bad dis time, 'uz bekase I hear sumpn over yonder on de bank like a whack er a slam, while ago, en it mine me of de time I treat my little 'Lizabeth so ornery. She warn't only 'bout fo' year ole, en she tuck de sk'yarlet fever, en had a powful rough spell; but she got well, en one day she was a-standin' aroun', en I says to her, I says: " 'Shet de'do'.'

"She never done it; jis' stood dah, kiner sm lin' up at me. It make me mad; en I says agin, mighty loud, I

"'Doan' you hear me?-shet de do'! "She jist stood de same way, kiner smilin' up. I was a-bilin'! I says:

"I lay I make you mine!" "En wid dat I fetch her a slap side de went into de vuther room, en 'uz gone 'bout ten minutes; en when I come back der was dot do' a-standin' open yit, en dat chile stannin' mos' right in it, a-looking down and mournin', en de "Imagine yourself at the summit of tears runnin' down. My, but I wuz slope six hundred feet in height, and mad. I was agwyne for de chile, but set at an angle of sixty degrees. For a jis' den-it was a do' day open innerds -jis' den 'long come de wind en slam it to, behine de chile, kerblam!-en my lan', de chile never move'! My breft mos' hop outer me; en I feel so-so-1 doan' know how I feel. I crope out, all a-tremblin', en crope aroun' en open de do' easy an' slow, en poke my head in behine de chile, sof en still, en all uv a sudden I says pow! jis' as loud as I could yell. She never budge! Oh. Huck, I bust out a-cryin' en grab her up in my arms, en say: 'Oh, de po' little thing! de Lord God Almighty forgive po' old Jim, kaze he never gwyne to forgive hisself as long's he live! Oh, sle was plumb deef en dumb, Huck, plumb deel en dumb-en I'd ben a-treat'n her so!"-Mark Twain.

## THE WASHINGTON OBELISK.

Diagram Showing the Relative Heights of Some Famous Structures.



The above diagram shows the height of the Washington Monument and that of some of the best-known edities in both hem'spheres. The reader will see at a glance that it is higher than the Cologne Cathedral, the wondrous Pyramid of Cheops and noted historical buildings. It is, in fact, the tallest tower of ancient or modera times. - Chicago Tribune.

-Do not betray the confidence of

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

-Australia has four universities which, in curriculum, rank with Harvard, Oxford and Cambridge.

—At Yale seventy-three per cent of the students came from other States than Connecticut; at Harvard forty-five

chusetts. -An English lady, Mrs. Hayward, has been engaged as professor of elocution in the Cincinnati law school, and the innovation has been received with

-It has been proposed at Harvard University to advise with the students as to rules of order. Possibly it would be better to advise with their parents.

Current. -The Journal of Health says the ill health of school children is more largely due to lack of proper care at home than inadequate hygienic provisions in the school-rooms.

-A Poughkeeps'e church member knows a woman who puts a five-dollar bill on the plate every Sunday, and if she happens to be absent three Sundays in succession she puts on twenty dollars next time. - Troy Times. -Poking fun at Vassar seems to have

had a bad effect, and the managers of the institution are really alarmed by the steady falling off in pupils for five years past. There has been so much said in ridicule of the students of Vassar that the girls will not go there. -Ex-Governor Sanford, of San Fran-

cisco, states that his proposed univer-sity, projected as a memorial to his son, will have colleges for young men and women, and high schools for boys and girls. He also proposes to found an institution after the model of the Cooper Institute of New York; for the advancement of science and art, with evening classes for mechanics and

-The one-man-power may become too conspicuous in a church. Once we were driving by a rural meeting-house, and we asked a man standing near who were the chief supporters of that cause. He answered: "Well, I reckon that Squire Blank is the man that does it all. He is deacon and secton and Superintendent of the Sunday-school. He does everything there but the preaching, and that he hires done."-Watchman.

-This year will bring with it the golden jubilee of Pope Leo's priesthood, which he received in 1835. It has been already decided in Italy to celebrate it by a league of prayers for the triumph of the church, and the prolongation of His Holiness' life; by an exhibition at the Vatican of all the offerings which will be made, specially of objects relating to public worship; by an alms for the mass, made up of offerings from the entire Catholic world; and four aly, by a pilgrimage to the tombs of the Apos-

#### WIT AND WISDOM.

-You can not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other

—The lad was blowing bubbles when he accidentally swallowed some soap-suds, and that made bub ill. — Whitehall Times. -A St. Louis editor who started with-

out a cent forty years ago, is now worth \$100,000. His fortune is all owing to his own energy, industry and fregality, and the fact that an uncle recently left him \$99,999.99. - Philadelphia Call.

-"If man wants to own the earth, what does woman want?" inquired Mr. Grap of his better half, after a little family matinee, a few days ago. "Well, my dear," responded that lady in a gentle tone, "to own the man, I suppose." - Eoston Post.

"I wish you would come to see me oftener, Charlie," murmured Claribell, as they sat in the front parlor trying to find out which knew the least. "Ah. but you know, darling, I am here every night." "Yes, I know that, but I wish you'd come oftener." Well, but don't you see if I did I would have to leave oftener, ha, ha?" "Yes, that was what I said." And then he asked her if she knew where he had put his hat .- Chicago Journa'. -"Am I on the right road to the vil-

lage?" demanded a traveler of an old darkey who was working in a field. darkey who was working "Yaas, sah," said the darkey. The traveler pursued his way, but presently returned very mad. "I say," he returned very mad. "I say," he shouted to the old fellow, "what did you mean by te ling me that I was on the right road to the village?" "I tol' yo' de truf', 'deed I did, boss,'' replied the darkey, "but yo' tuk de wrong direkshun, sah."—Drake's Magazine.

- Confessions of a Lowell (Mass.) journalist: What was almost a plot for a good ghost story was enacted in the editor al room of this paper late one night recently. One of the staff came in in the dark and to his horror found himself confronted by a strange white shape. Motionless, but full of terror in its ghostly phosphorescence. Starting back, he hastily struck a match, and then at once the mystery was solved. It was the clean towel we had given us for Christmas.

-"You have a very rich soil here," remarked a tender-foot to a Dakota farmer. "Rich! Well, I should say so. Two years ago a young man from the East came out here. He carried a snakewood cane. He stuck it in the ground and left it here." "I suppose," remarked the tenderfoot with a smile, 'you mean to tell me it sprouted.' "Sprouted! Well, I should say it did, and blossomed, too. Why, last year I killed ten bushels of black-snakes on that patch of ground, and each one was varnished and had a hammered silver head."-N. Y. Graphic.

## A Mean Man.

Otis S. Richard, of Austin, is a very stingy man, and particularly to his wife. They were in Mose Schaumburg's store a few days ago, and Mrs. Richard hinted that she wanted a blue silk dress.

"Nonsense, blue doesn't suit your complexion, at all."

"Then I'll take a green dress" "Do you want to poison yourself? Don't you know that all these green dresses are po'sonous?"

"Then you pick me out a dress." "That's the trouble. You see I don't like any other colors except blue and and green."—Texas Siftings.