

KEEP AWAY FROM CONGO.

This is the Advice of Special United States Commissioner Tisdell.

The following are some of the most striking passages of Mr. Tisdell's report to the State Department:

"I recommend most earnestly that Americans who contemplate establishing themselves on the Lower Congo, or anywhere on the west coast of Africa, should not do so unless supplied with a large capital, which will enable them to compete with the long-established Dutch, English and German houses, which control almost the entire trade of the west coast. American houses establishing here must first be assured that they have transportation for their manufactured goods outward and for the products of the country homeward. This is of vital importance. They must locate factories or stations in different parts, engage help acclimated and familiar with the country and the natives, and with a knowledge of both the Portuguese and Fiole languages, make presents to chiefs of tribes, and in this manner induce the natives to come into the newly-established factories. All this takes time and money, and little or no return can be expected for at least a year. It is a mistake to suppose that all of the products which are reported to come from the Congo are grown there, or do actually come from there. Not one-tenth is harvested there.

"It is my belief that in all the world there is not a richer territory than that which borders the sea, commencing at the Senegal River in latitude 16 degrees north and extending to latitude 18 degrees 30 seconds, and inland an average distance of one hundred miles. The country is densely populated, yet it is next to impossible to induce the natives to pluck the valuable products which nature produces. With the exception of the Loango and Kabinda tribes they are a wild, savage and cruel people. They do not like the white man, and while they are glad to have his cloth and gin, they would much prefer never to see a white man within their domain. The question of labor will have much to do with the future of this country. It is a remarkable fact that a Zanzibar man or a Houssa man from the Niger can travel anywhere in the country unmolested, even among the most savage tribes. This fact clearly proves to me that an industrious black man with a knowledge of the Fiole language will be enabled to exercise a greater and better influence over these people than it can be possible for the white man ever to do. The question of climate is a serious one. It is humid and enervating to the whites of Europe and America, and much sickness is the result. Very much precaution must be exercised during the first year's stay in the country in order that the system may be kept free from the poisonous influences of the malaria which overhangs the entire country. Along the entire coast the products are not at all unlike the exports, consisting principally of rubber, ground-nuts, palm oil, palm nuts, coco nuts and gum copal. Some ivory is also exported, but in small quantities, the principal coast markets for ivory being at different points in Angola. Common cotton and woolen goods, rum, gin, glass beads, guns, powder, tobacco and common cutlery make up the principal imports, and with these articles the traders barter for the products of the country. It is the only currency known.

"Fifty per cent. of all the goods which go to the coast, including provisions, are purchased in England. The gin comes from Holland and is manufactured expressly for the trade, the quantity being forty per cent. of all imports. A few bottles of gin will go much further in trade with the natives than ten times its value in cloth, and often it happens that traders are compelled to return to the coast without having accomplished a trade, the natives insisting upon having gin, while the trader was supplied with cloth alone. The most valuable productions of the country, and for which there is an ever-increasing demand, are rubber, palm kernels and palm oil, gum copal, ground-nuts and wax. The rubber and palm trees are of spontaneous growth and to be found everywhere in the lowlands. The supply is not equal to the demand, yet there is no limit to the quantity of these rich products which might be taken from the country if the natives could be induced to work. Here again arises the question of labor, and to me it seems feasible to create want amongst the tribes of the low and coast lands, which will after a time induce them to gather and bring to the traders in large quantities the products which they so readily exchange for anything which they may require. There are other and valuable products, but the staple commodities are those enumerated.

"In no sense of the word can this be called an agricultural country. Nothing is cultivated except the ground-nut and a few tropical vegetables, which, however, are found only in small patches near the villages."

Physical Culture.

Rev. Myron W. Reed, in a sermon on physical culture in the First Congregational Church of Denver, Col., lately, said: "Selwyn, late Bishop of New Zealand, was an earnest man at Cambridge. He was the founder of the swimming association. Only those who were in the river five days in each week were admitted to full membership, and the ceremony of admission must be performed in the water. All this early training at the University came well into play in New Zealand, and enabled him to endure the hardships of a missionary life. He swam the rivers, pushing before him his clothing in a rubber sack. During the five months' voyage he learned the new language, and was able to preach to the natives the first Sunday after landing. He could do anything a native could do, and do it better. It costs as much to raise a scrub as a thoroughbred. What an economy there is in raising such a man as Bishop Selwyn!"

"Of the total area of the United States, forty-four per cent., or 1,365,000 square miles, is devoted to grazing.—Chicago Journal.

EUPATORIUM AGERATOIDES.

Prof. John Collett Describes the Cause and Cure of Milk-sick.

"I notice," said Prof. John Collett, ex-State Geologist, who is a man of varied and profound information, "that the Chicago papers are giving some attention to 'milk-sick,' and the News of that city, I think it was, had a long article upon the subject. 'Milk-sick' was a terrible scourge forty years ago when the country was new. Many persons think it no longer exists, but it still prevails, though not by any means with the virulence that characterized it in the days of the pioneers. Still it is deadly in its character to-day, and its cause no better understood now than forty years ago, when the State of Kentucky offered a reward of \$25,000 for a discovery of the cause of the disease. Similar rewards, smaller in amount, were offered by farmers and stockmen in Indiana, Illinois and elsewhere.

"The cause of 'milk-sick' was a mystery that puzzled and terrified the early settlers of western Indiana, southern Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, and other States. It was something that carried off human beings by hundreds and thousands, and cattle also by thousands. It destroyed the value of farms, and the owners of wide acres lived in the fear of this dread and secret pestilence.

"Horses, as well as cattle, were attacked by the disease, and hogs and even dogs were not always exempt from it. In cattle this disease was contributed to human beings through milk, butter and beef. The disease was assigned to many causes. Some thought it due to a gas, yet a stake-and-rider or board fence would mark its limitations. On one side the disease would prevail in all deadliness, on the other side there would be complete immunity. This showed conclusively that it was not due to a gas wafted by the air. Others believed that it was an exhalation from the soil. In other places springs were believed to be the cause, but chemical analysis would show the suspected water to be wholesome. Particular spots that were presumed to be the habitat of the disease were fenced up.

"After the gas and water theories were abandoned, careful observers like Michael Sullivan, of Redroot, Ill., and Judge John R. Porter, of Vermilion County, Indiana, found that 'milk-sick' did not prevail where autumnal fires had run through the woods. This indicated a vegetable origin of the disease. These and other observers found the disease did not prevail upon prairies swept by autumnal fires ignited by lightning or by hunters. It was further found that it did not prevail in over-flooded bottoms. All these things strengthened the theory as to the vegetable origin of the disease, and of a plant requiring more than one year for its life. Experiments by Dr. Bassett, of Vandalia, Ill., Mr. Brown, of Sullivan County, Indiana, by the proprietor of Kirksville in Gibson County, this State, all tended to show that it was caused by vegetable food. Their experiments, and those of many others in Wabash, Edwards and other counties on the Little Wabash and Embarras rivers of Illinois, showed conclusively that it was of vegetable origin.

"The plant causing all this dismay, disaster and death is the eupatorium ageratoides, known commonly as autumnal white-blossom, white-top or white Virginia snake-root. This weed contains a virulent poison in the autumnal season, but especially after the first frosts. It is not eaten by animals, except when they are starved by drought or when through excessive moisture grass does not grow. Hogs and dogs will take the disease from eating the carcasses of the animals that have perished by it. For ordinary animals, the effect of the poison is to produce, first, constipation and an inflammatory action upon the stomach. Such animals, including man, are affected with terrible vomitings and inflammatory action upon the intestines. Animals with more than one stomach, like the cow, do not and can not vomit, and the poison is carried off into their flesh, milk and butter. Man and all animals affected by this disease have paralysis of the locomotor muscles, and, consequently, when these muscles are brought into active use they become helplessly and hopelessly paralyzed. A well-conditioned horse, ox or cow, affected by this poison, if driven rapidly a half mile would stop, spread its feet and tremble in every fibre of its being. This gave the pioneers the name of 'the trembles,' for one of the manifestations of this disease. Then with exhausted energy the stricken brute would lie down to die.

"This disease also prevailed along the blue range of the Appalachians from Virginia to Georgia, and nowhere worse than in the Black Mountains of Georgia and Carolina. It still prevails, as I said before, though in a much less degree and in a modified form.

"Eupatorium ageratoides is a plant of the composite order. It is a biennial and is closely allied to the boneseed, so much used for its medicinal virtues, and is so modest and simple as not to attract attention. It grows upon the best sugar-tree and beach land, but may be subdued by the plow or by mowing for two successive years. No farmer has a right to allow such a virulent poison to exist on his land. There is a great outcry raised against the Canada thistle by many who ignorantly pass by as harmless this more pestiferous plant. Hundreds of cases can be cited where people have needlessly exposed the lives of their families and their stock to certain death. This year cattle are dying by the hundreds in Illinois of this disease, and it is doubtless prevailing in other States where deaths of cattle and human beings are attributed to other causes, in many cases through ignorance, and in others from mercenary motives, and the reputation of 'milk-sick' given to a piece of land renders it valueless at once. The general cultivation of the land, plowing, has had much to do with killing white-top. Another reason for the disappearance of the disease where it once prevailed, is that farmers feed their stock better. They are fed upon hay, grain and clover, and are not left to the wild herbage of the woods and waste-places. A perfect antidote for the trouble is to kill off the cause, the eupatorium ageratoides, and this can be done with absolute certainty."—Indianapolis Journal.

MAKING GINGER ALE.

A Large Amount of It Made in New York and Sold as an Imported Article.

"The demand for ginger ale," said a prominent manufacturer of that article, "increases very rapidly. When I started in it years ago there were not more than twenty in the business. The most of my business is manufacturing the extract for others to put into potable form, and these others have grown from thirty to about five hundred. In the main, all the makers use the same formula and method. They mix an extract with pure sugar sirup, dilute with water until an ordinary bottle contains about fifteen drops of ginger, and then put this into bottles with a carbonic acid machine. Two qualities are made, one, the better, for private use and first-class hotels and saloons, and a second for the general bar-room trade. The difference is almost entirely in the quality of the extract employed. With the first, we make a ginger ale which sells for one dollar or one dollar and twenty cents per case of twenty-four bottles; the second runs from fifty to seventy-five cents a case. It may surprise you to know that three-fourths of the so-called imported article is made here. The bottles belonging to favorite brands are carefully kept and sent to us regularly to be filled. We leave the labels intact or paste on fac-similes, and put in new corks and metal caps or tags. There is not one person in a thousand who can tell the difference. In one first-class hotel I've been filling and refilling the same old bottles now for seven years, and I think it will keep on as long as I live."

"Is there no bad 'ginger ale in the market?"

"Yes, there are two bad kinds, and both so bad that the Board of Health should stop their manufacture. They are made in large quantities here in New York and Brooklyn, and sold chiefly to beer saloons and ice-cream stores. One kind of it is made from cheap ginger, and is doctored with the extract of red pepper and other chemicals to give it body and bite. The men who make it claim that red pepper is good for the stomach, but they never refer to the other chemicals. The other and worst kind is made by a few German establishments. Instead of using a pure extract, they buy up, wherever they can, condemned and spoiled ginger root. Some of them make their own extract from this and re-enforce it with cayenne. Others grind it up and brew a vile ale from it, which they finish with cayenne and glucose. You can easily tell this last class by letting it stand after being opened. The yeast continues to work and the ale turns sour, and then putrid. Drinking it is just as bad as drinking sour beer. Its cheapness recommends it, however, to unscrupulous saloon-keepers. It never costs more than fifty cents a case, and frequently goes as low as thirty-eight cents. Retail at ten cents it yields a larger profit than any article sold across a bar."

"It's a nice business, but has its drawbacks. Despite every precaution and safeguard, the bottles every now and then explode and do damage. Last winter while watching the 'botting' at work, the head of a large Brooklyn establishment was struck by the fragments of a bottle that burst, and had his left eye cut in half as clean as if done with a knife. In fact, you'll hardly meet a man in the business who can not show scars similarly obtained."—N. Y. Sun.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

New York Customs Officials Losing Thereby a Valuable Perquisite.

A man between the half and three-quarter posts of life yesterday called on the big sugar importers whose offices are in the vicinity of lower Wall street, and asked for the control of their Custom-House samples. He also visited many of the big refiners who of late years have imported direct from Cuba, Brazil and the East Indies, and requested the same favor. A dozen or more signed a document giving the visitor exclusive control of their Custom-House samples, and a new industry was started in the commercial world.

"For years," said an importer who signed the document, "the sugar importers and refiners of New York have paid little or no attention to the return of the unusually large samples taken from cargoes by customs appraisers, but it is about time to economize in that direction. This man promises to collect all the samples after they have been duly appraised, and to either return them to us or to sell them and give us half the proceeds. His profit is the other half. Will it pay him? I should say so. Just consider that 50,000 hogsheads of sugar come into this port every month. The arrivals are in cargoes of 500 hogsheads, and customs officials have taken for samples from each cargo all the way from 150 to 250 pounds. They take the same amount from cargoes of barrel and mat sugars. They always notify us of the appraised value of the sugar, but have conscientiously neglected to return the samples. In the last ten years these customs appraisers have divided \$15,000 to \$20,000 each year, derived from the sale of sugar samples. They sell it to candy makers, and jobbers have often complained that the appraisers have undersold them. Raw sugar makes good candy. It is now worth five and one-half cents a pound, duty paid. We pay the duty on the samples taken by the appraisers, and as they get the sugar for nothing they make a handsome profit selling it to the candy makers at four cents a pound, although injuring the jobbers, trade when they do it. This man, whose document I have just signed, is to act for importers and importing refiners alike, and I haven't a doubt but what he will net from \$5,000 to \$7,000 in his share each year. I don't think he will return us the samples; that is not obligatory. He will use his judgment in selling them so as not to compete with the jobbers, and give us half the proceeds. It will go a long way toward paying the clerk hire."—N. Y. Sun.

"One spirituelle girl," says a seaside landlady, "will eat up, waste and muss over more food than any two men who sit at my tables. I'd rather board a bear."—N. Y. Mail.

IN THE OPEN AIR.

How I Was Cured of Sleeplessness—Taking Care of a Garden.

I passed a vegetable garden recently which elicited my admiration. Every bed was laid out with mathematical precision, every drill was straight and well defined, and the young plants were of uniform growth, and neither scattered nor crowded. Not a weed was visible. The whole was as attractive as such a garden could be. In ludicrous comparison comes before my vision my own garden. It is planted on a long land between two rows of trees in our orchard. First come the radishes; they do pretty well; then the lettuce, which has more than supplied our table. But the onions! Some of the rows are so neat together that I can not get the hoe between them, and for several inches there may not be one plant, while in others they are so thick that they can not grow large. The beans are in hills, but how they ever came up here and there as they are coming is strange. The peas are in trying to conform to all known lines of direction. However, they are thrifty and promising.

I will not say much about the weeds, for owing to the wet season I do not think it has been a fair trial. I have not given up the contest, neither have the weeds; but I think I have rather the best of the battle.

Like many another woman, my duties are mostly inside the house, and when the leisure hour comes, it is spent in-doors. For over a year I have not been able to sleep well. Only those who have suffered from this can realize the torture of lying for hours wide awake—tossing, turning, longing, praying for sleep, blessed sleep, and at the last have only short, fitful naps. The remedy came to me unexpectedly. During the early spring circumstances required me to take a walk of a mile and back each day for a month. Toward the close of that month I found that I slept like a top, and directly I discovered the remedy—physical exercise in the open air.

As the best means of forcing myself out daily for exercise, I decided to attend to the garden. I knew that if it did finally become overgrown with weeds, it was worth the trial. In carrying out this purpose, my reward meets me day by day. I find the early part of the day the best time to kill weeds, but the latter part the most agreeable to work, and with a big kitchen apron, a sun-bonnet and a pair of buckskin gloves, I bid defiance to dirt and sun. Sometimes it is very tiresome work—hoing until it seems as if your muscles would give out, but they do not, and I have grown to love the work. I like to see the tiny leaves peeping up through the hard ground, then stretch up and grow, as if they had a purpose in this world, and meant to accomplish it.

These two things I know about gardening: It has a fund of pleasure in the work itself; but far more, it has in it a fund of health to us in-door workers which we will do well to seek after.

Why I suggest taking care of a garden is so that you will feel obliged to go out into the open air—not to ride in a carriage, whose finely-balanced springs ease every motion, but to do something which will give bodily exercise in the fresh air and sunshine. Any man would, with his strong physical powers, become feeble if shut week after week and month after month within the four walls of a house, only seeing or knowing what goes on therein. I suppose you will think that you can not find time. Do not try to find time; take time. Get one or two girls—half a dozen if you need them—to help in the house, and arrange some plan which will necessitate your getting out of doors a part of each day. You will feel fully repaid in the buoyant life which flows into every nerve and muscle. I do not wonder that we American women are old at forty."—E. K. Chase, in Country Gentleman.

SOUR BREAD.

The Use of It Inducive to Dyspepsia and Kindred Evils.

In this country there is much poor and sour bread, resulting in part from a want of knowledge of the chemical principles, and also from our hot haste, not having time to look after the dough. In Europe it is not so, but there the dough is not allowed to ferment too much, and of course soda is not used. They laugh at us for our use of it, as unnecessary. Now it should be known that the range of fermentation is from 50 to 90 degrees Fah.—or the best temperature for it, while it is arrested below about 35 degrees and when it rises to 190, 212 being the boiling point. The putrefactive fermentation (rotting) is from 50 degrees to 100; is slow at 50, moderate at 60, rapid at 70, and very much so at 90, and utterly stops at 195.

It should be remembered that it is utterly impossible to have sweet and good bread if the dough is soured by too great a degree of fermentation. It is true that the soured dough may be neutralized by soda or any alkali (the bakers sometimes use ammonia), but that does not make sweet and nutritious bread. Since the fermentative or "raising" process is one of destruction, consuming the starch, dissolving the gluten and materially wasting the nourishment of the grain, just as certainly, therefore, as this process proceeds beyond the first stage, entering the acetous, some of the best elements of nutrition, the sweetness, are forever destroyed, and all the alkalies of commerce can not restore them. If we eat such bread, we are liable to become dyspeptic, while its use in the family will naturally make the children—of various ages—like sour. It is economy, therefore, to bury such dough or give it to the swine or fowls, unless we have much sympathy for them. This will be less wasteful than to eat it, provided we are careful to avoid the repetition—by due care. We may avoid sour bread, as we do scorched steak—by care. —Dr. J. H. Hanford, in Golden Rule.

—A baunyan tree cutting from Cairo, Egypt, is to be planted in Central Park, New York, with the hope that it will take root and prove a special attraction. It will take a year's time to determine the result.

AMERICANIZED CHINESE.

How the Celestials on the Pacific Coast are Adopting American Habits and Institutions.

The Tapes have been raising a *tapage*. It was through the application of the Tapes to the Supreme Court that the Chinese public school was opened in San Francisco. The Tapes are Americanized Chinese, and how Americanized the following story will show: John Tape is an expressman, drives one wagon and owns another, wears his hair cut short and goes to Sunday-school. In taking goods to the mission he met Mary, a servant, who wore her hair in a butterfly chignon, painted flowers and did embroidery. John and Mary courted and were married. John built a neat little house out in the western addition, where in due time appeared two little Tapes—Mamie and John. It was an American family in custom, costume and speech, and the mission folk used to take visitors out to the Tapes, and exhibit them as examples of how very Caucasian the Mongolian might be made. A little while ago, however, John came to the mission in a very unpleasant frame of mind. Something was the matter with Mary. He could not for the life of him tell what it was, but Mary was not herself. She was neglectful and listless, but would give no explanation of her behavior. Would some of the ladies go up and find out what was the matter? Nothing would please the ladies better, and the very next morning they paid a visit to the Tape residence. There was plenty of evidence in Mrs. Tape's manner that John's complaint was well grounded.

"What's the matter, Mary?" asked one of the visitors: "has John been doing anything?"

"No; John's all right," said Mary.

"Have the children been misbehaving?"

"No; the children are all right."

"Well, what is the matter, then?"

"Another man," said Mary, plainly.

Without any more pressing Mary confessed that she had fallen in love with the Chinese interpreter of the Sacramento Courts, and that she did not care any longer for her husband. Attempts to impress her with the heinousness of this domestic offence were fruitless, and the ladies left much cast down. When John came home that evening Mary told him the terrible news with as little circumlocution, and added that she intended to pack up and leave the next day. Arguments and entreaties were fruitless, and sure enough, next day Mary placed her children with a mutual friend and left. Something—John said it was God, but it was probably Oriental cunning—told John to be at the Market Street depot that afternoon. Soon after his arrival a Union Street car brought Mary and a bundle on the scene. John hid behind a pillar and saw his wife joined by the Sacramento interpreter. With a howl he rushed out, and seizing the interpreter's pigtail with one hand, swung him round and with the other hand planted such a terrible blow between his rival's eyes that he fell like a log. Mary looked at the fallen interpreter, then at John's terrific right hand, took his arm and quietly walked home with him.—San Francisco Call.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

A Chapter on Prudence in Conduct and Temperance in Diet.

The extreme heat of the season, with the increased number of deaths, suggest great prudence in conduct and temperance in diet. A large proportion of the fatal results traceable to thermal causes might easily be prevented by a little care. Of course the few who can afford to gratify their desires by fleeing to some cool and quiet retreat, and then have the good judgment to be temperate in their habits, are the furthest removed from all seasonal dangers, but to the many this is impossible. The less fortunate ones can comply with well established hygienic principles.

Cleanliness is of the first importance and it applies not only to the person, but also to the premises. The body should be sponged once a day, and twice is better, with water not cold; clothing next to the person should be frequently changed; the bedroom and linen should be thoroughly ventilated and aired after use. The common practice of shutting up the sleeping room all day in order to keep it dark should be avoided; the clothing should be aired throughout the day, and the couch not made up for use until evening. Keep no fresh meat or decayed vegetation anywhere about the premises. Whitewash the cellar and be careful to avoid keeping remnants of food about to decay and mould.

Equal in importance to cleanliness is the supply of pure air. Let every room in the house from cellar to garret be abundantly ventilated during some portion of each day. Flies and hot air are preferable to a dark, stuffy apartment, which is thus converted into a disease breeding nest. Hot air naturally rises, and if the upper rooms are kept closed throughout the day, they will be found charged with the foul air that has been generated in the living rooms. Take the utmost care of the sewers. Temperance should be observed, both in eating and drinking. Where the appetite or the vocation demand, it is better to eat more frequently, rather than overload the stomach at long intervals. Unripe fruit and vegetables are poisonous, and are especially injurious in hot weather. Meats and vegetables should be thoroughly cooked before eating, and all should be fresh when cooked. Intemperance in the usually regarded harmless summer drinks and compounds is followed by serious results as over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Eat and drink seasonable, ripe, well cooked food and light fluids in small quantities and at more frequent intervals.

Do not attempt any over-exertion or excitement of body or mind. Start in time to meet every engagement without hurrying. Whether in the harvest field at the work-bench, in the counting room or study, or enjoying the leisure and comforts that wealth afford, be careful to observe these precautions. There are none so poor or unfortunate that they may not have them, and none so rich that they can safely neglect them. These hints are useful at every season, but they are essential now and will be during the succeeding six weeks.—Philadelphia Press.

The English Language.

A back-biter—The mosquito.

When beer drinkers fall out in a bar-room, re they not at loggerheads?

"Insure your life!" an agent said.

The gambler gave a grin;

"No, no, my friend, I play no game if I have to die to win."

"A penny for your thoughts!" said she;

"I can't think of my object guns."

"Why seek, my dear, to buy?" said he,

"That which you now possess!"

THREE LETTERS.

"So you leave for the ashore to-morrow to worship at gayety's shrine. I can see by your face that your sorrow at parting does not equal mine.

Since you wish it, I'll write to you often. Of you I ask very much less, That you'll send me, my labors to soften, Three letters, and those: 'y-e-s.'"

His Reward.

[Evansville Argus.]

The man who made mosquito bars Should with the angels stand, And float around among the stars A harp within his hand.

Diplomacy.

[Detroit Free Press.]

She answered the ring at the door to find a strange man on the steps.

"Any fly screens?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Any fly paper?"

"No, sir."

"Any powders for making lemonade?"

"No, sir."

"Any painting or whitewashing to do?"

"No, sir."

"Want some paris green to kill garden insects?"

"No, sir."

"Got any old clothes to sell?"

"No, sir."

"Got any coal to put in or wood to split?"

"No, sir."

"Couldn't you spare me—"

"What's that, sir?"

"O, never mind. My wife is barefoot, and I was going to ask for a pair of old shoes, but it would be no use. You have got such a dainty little foot that my wife couldn't get her big toe into one of your shoes."

When he left he had an old coat on his arm, a quarter in cash in his pocket, and there was a square meal stowed away behind his vest.

The Blade and the Spoon.



Did you notice how the waiter stared when he brought us in the cream, As though he'd lost his little wit, Or was walking in a dream? I suppose it does seem odd enough To these obsequious cooks To see a notched old blade like me Among a lot of spoons.

There are startling metamorphoses: But it puts all in the shade To note how soon a simpering spoon Becomes a driving blade; For along life's path the Gordian knots Are dangling in festoons; And to hack them through our brisk old blade Is worth a dozen spoons.

My temper has been sorely tried By the changing cold and heat, Though you, my dear, have always been A helpmate true and meet; But it makes my old heart young again To watch these silly loons, For their foolish ways recall the days When you and I were spoons.

Only for the Umpire.

Since all femininity has taken it into its head to watch the baseball games from the vantage ground of the best seats in the grand stand, it is interesting to listen to the learned comments made upon the progress of the game.

"Wasn't that a splendid hit! There now, why didn't he run?"

"Why, my dear, that was a foul ball."

"Well, I'd run anyhow."

"But the umpire wouldn't let you."

"Of course not. The umpire is all the time yelling and running about and interfering with the game. If it wasn't for his baseball would be real interesting."

That Depends.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Frivolous young lady to guide—"How deep is this hole?"

Guide—"Never been measured, miss."

Frivolous Y. L.—"Suppose I should fall down there, where do you suppose I would go to?"

"That depends, miss, entirely upon how you have lived in this world."

On the Bridal Tour.

[Peck's Sun.]

There are many tunnels, but not enough. If the whole line were a tunnel the bride and groom would not care how slow the train proceeded. The man who has not tried to bless the builder of tunnels does not know what happiness is.

A Scene for an Artist.

[Fall River Advance.]

We never noticed how much poetry, music, Platonism and spiritual refinement of beauty there is in a girl until we had her play one of Chopin's delicious waltzes on the piano, while her mother is mangling a shirt in the wash house and the old man is jousting a new seat in his pants in the woods.

Currency.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Philadelphia is to have a crematory taking in eleven acres. This is the first attempt in this country to get up a respectable rival to—to—to—you tumble.

The Boston Globe remarks that the English editor who recently asked, "Will Americans fight?" never listened to the war stories of his own father and grandfathers.

Texas Sittings: "You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. Was I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat." "I say, pa, you are having a much better time of it, now you are 47, as with us, ain't you?" remarked little Tommy.