DOROTHY'S WEDDING GIFTS.

Presents That Were Received at Two Weddings in the Same Family.

When, one summer day in 1790, it was told in the village of Farmlake that Dorothy Vance was going to be married to James Hogue, all of her friends set to work to prepare her a present. Every one was fond of good little Dorothy, and wished to show love for her. Moreover, the whole village knew that the young people were poor, and hence the gifts were meant to be useful to them in their beginning of married life.

Dorothy's mother gave her a dozen coarse linen sheets of her own weaving; her brother brought two sheep which he had raised especially for her; the old carpenter next door made her a table and a wooden bowl for kneading dough; one farmer's wife knitted her a shawl, another mittens; a third wove her a fine tablecloth to be used only on grand occasions.

Dorothy was very happy in her new treasures. Not only would each one of them make her married life more comfortable and pleasant, but each spoke to her of long hours of patient labor for her sake, and of the deep, tender affection which she had won. She turned them over with a throbbing heart and wet eyes. As long as she lived her "wedding gifts" were kept and regarded with a sacred reverence.

Now, in 1890, Dorothy Hogue, a great-grandchild of this little bride, is preparing for her marriage. Farmlake is now a large city; the Hogues live in an immense new "colonial mansion" upon the site of the old cabin which was the home of their ancestors.

Dorothy is going to marry a man who has a great fortune, and she is said to have in her own right nearly as much as he. During the two weeks preceding her marriage hundreds of wedding gifts pour into the house. She and her sisters scan them with sharp criticisms and sarcastic comments.

"A silver coffee set from the Smiths! Yes, it's very pretty," is the comment. "Smith needs papa's backing in the bank. That explains his generosity. This pearl pendant is from Mrs. Johns. Now I call that mean! Three of those Johns girls have had wedding gifts from us each one worth this pearl thing. These toilet sets I'll change for glass. One can't have too much of that. Here are six grape scissors, and every one marked so that I cannot change them, or even give them away. How stupid! Belle Boyd set aside all the trashy part of her gifts to send as wedding presents!" exclaimed Dorothy. "She cleared hundreds by that little game."

There is not a touch of feeling or sentiment for any of the costly offerings. Even her father's gift, a dwelling splendidly furnished, has been the subject of sharp dispute between him and his daughter.

The custom, like many others, has lost its first high, tender significance, and degenerated into an opportunity for display and barter and sale. A man or woman who means to keep life simple and true will thrust all such heartless observances out of it.

Better the bride should go to the altar without a single gift than loaded with tokens of sordid calculation and sham good will.

When the soul has died out of a custom let it be buried out of sight. Like all other dead things, it has become an offense.—Youth's Companion.

A Simple Storage Battery.

Get two half round porous cups, and a round glass jar large enough for two porous cups to stand in upright. Get two plates of sheet lead one-sixteenth of an inch thick, wide enough to fit the half round side of the porous cups and deep enough to come an inch or so above the top edge of the cups and jar. Solder a stout copper wire or a screw post to each lead plate at the top. Place the lead plates in the cups, and fill the cups nearly full with a paste made of red lead mixed with a solution of sulphate of soda thin enough to run like a cement.

The glass jar containing the two cups should be filled to within half an inch of the top of the cups with sulphuric acid and water—about one part of acid to eight of water. The plates should be marked, so that, in charging, the currents may be sent in the right direction. The cell may be charged by attaching it to a series of a dozen sulphate of copper cells for twenty-four hours or from a dynamo. A wooden cover may be fitted to the glass jar, and evaporation of the fluid should be replenished by adding water. Two or more cells of this battery will work small motors, lamps and induction coils, and if thoroughly charged will retain a large volume of electricity for a considerable time. After being once well charged, four to six cells of sulphate of copper battery will recharge it.—Journal of the Telegraph.

Washington's Handsomest House.

The most perfect house in Washington and the most beautiful is that of Mr. Warder, a retired reaper and mower manufacturer of Springfield, O. It is a Dutch house, with a stone court and gable roofs. It was built by Richardson, the greatest architect this country has yet produced and the designer of many of the finest private houses in Washington. He not only designed the Warder house, but the furniture which it contains, and under his direction the very hangings were selected and patterns cut. The result is said to be the most artistic house in America. There is nothing ostentatious about it, and it was not so very costly. I am glad to add that it is a real home.—Cor. Scranton Truth.

Selfish Man.

Cultured Dame—Just like a man! You grab the paper as soon as it arrives, keep it all to yourself, and then blame me for not being informed on matters of public interest.

Husband—Well, my dear, I'll read the paper aloud, if you wish. Let me see—"Another Ocean Horror."

"Oh, don't read that."

"'The Progress of the Campaign.'"

"I don't care for politics."

"'Issues of the Hour.'"

"Never mind that."

"'Science Solves a Problem.'"

"I hate science."

"'Mrs. Tiptap's Party—Description of the Dresses.'"

"Oh, read that."—Philadelphia Record.

WHAT MAKES THE SUMMER?

It is not the lark's clear tone
Cleaving the morning air with a soaring cry,
Nor the nightingale's dulcet melody all the balmy night—
Not these alone
Make the sweet sounds of summer;
But the drone of beetle and bee, the murmurous hum of the fly
And the chirp of the cricket hidden out of sight—
These help to make the summer.

Not roses redly blown,
Nor golden lilies, lighting the dusky mead,
Nor proud, imperial pansies, nor queen cups quaint and rare—
Not these alone
Make the sweet sights of summer;
But the countless forest leaves, the myriad wayside weeds
And slender grasses, springing up everywhere—
These help to make the summer.

One heaven bends above;
The lowliest head oftimes hath sweetest rest;
O'er song bird in the pine, and bee in the ivy low,
Is the same love, it is all God's summer;
Well pleased is He if we patiently do our best.
So hum, little bee, and low green grasses grow,
You help to make summer

—Marietta Holley in Queries.

AFRICA'S HUMAN SACRIFICES.

Savage and Shocking Customs Still Practiced—A Royal Burial.

It is in West Africa that the personal "customs" still survive in all their horror. Again and again an English trader or traveler has had to look on these "customs," but the horrors were never fully described until 1873, when the German missionaries, Bounat, Kuehne and Ramseyer, were prisoners in Coomassie at the time of the native crown prince's death. As soon as he was seen to be dying the executioners began to scour the streets for victims. When they caught any one two of them would come behind and each thrust a knife through the cheek, the blades passing over the tongue and a handle sticking out on each side. This is to prevent the poor creature from "swearing on the life of the king," that is, swearing that if he dies the king must die too, in which case, instead of being killed, he would not only be spared, but ranked among the "okra" courtiers, whose life depends on that of the king, and who—killed when he dies—hold till his death places of trust and honor.

Besides those thus caught every chief had to offer a victim; but the number was chiefly made up of slaves and prisoners of war. The wives—painted white and covered with gold ornaments—sat around the coffin, flapping off the flies. They were strangled at the funeral. So were six pages, who, similarly painted and adorned, sat by the dead man. They had known their fate some days before, but none ran away save three wives of low birth, whose places were at once supplied by girls. For nine days the slaughter went on, the people fasting, with shaven heads and bodies painted red, but drinking all the more. And this death wake was to be repeated forty days after.

When a king dies the victims are slain at the rate of 200 a week for three months. But there have been "greater customs" than these. A king's mother died in 1816; her son slaughtered 3,000 people, 2,000 being prisoners just captured from the Fantis. To make up the tale, every big Ashantee town had to give up 100, every smaller town ten victims.

A royal burial is in this wise: At the bottom of a huge grave are laid the heads of the slain; on them the coffin rests. Then just before the earth is thrown in one of the bystanders—a freeman, if of some rank so much the better—is suddenly clubbed, a gash made in the back of his neck and he is rolled in upon the coffin. The idea is to send along with the crowd of slaves and prisoners some one who shall look after them as a ghostly "major domo."

For a king there remains yet another "custom." At the end of thirty moons the grave is opened, the royal bones fastened together with gold wire and the skeleton placed in a long building divided into cells, the doorways to which are hung with silk curtains.

Then on his birthday the king of Ashantee goes early to the house of the royal dead. Every skeleton is taken from its richly ornamented coffin, where it has lain surrounded by the things which had been most pleasing to it in life, and is placed on a chair to welcome its visitor. As the king enters each cell with a meat and drink offering to the departed, the band plays the favorite melodies of that particular king, and, unawares, the royal visitor signs to the executioners, who have followed him, and an attendant is pierced through the cheeks and killed, the king washing the skeleton in the warm blood. The same work goes on at the next cell, and so on, the fearful work going on far into the night. The band plays a signal as each victim is slaughtered. Two blasts of the horn mean "death, death;" three drum taps, "cut it off;" one beat from a big drum, "the head has fallen." The signal is taken up by other bands, and all through the city horn blowing and drum beating goes on unceasingly.

The Ashantees always say of a drum, "it speaks," and every traveler admits that they manage to elicit from that unmanageable instrument a most varied range of sound. The sounds form words, the whole rhythm a sentence, readily understood by native listeners. Each chief has his own "call," just as each Highland clan has its own battle tune. Of course this constant killing makes the people callous to suffering and brutal to their prisoners. Their feeling in regard to death is not courage, but apathy. The spectators are as delighted at the revolting "customs" as the Roman populace was at the gladiators' show. Now and then a victim is tortured. The missionaries watched one who, besides the knives through his cheeks, had a couple of forks thrust into his back. He was then dragged before the king, gashed all over the body, his arms cut off, and in this plight compelled to dance for the amusement of the royal savage.—All the Year Round.

Thieves at the Soirees.

French hostesses this season have had to take the precaution of watching who attend their soirees, in consequence of a gang calling themselves the "Franc-Tireurs," who make it a practice to attend, uninvited, various large receptions and carry off valuable property. It is the custom now in large entertainments for the guests to bring their cards of invitation with them and present them at the door, as at a theatre.—Chicago Herald.

Tea at $16 a Pound.

Tea worth, or at least costing, $16 per pound can be had in some Chinese stores in this city. It is used as medicine, and an American was seen buying some of it yesterday. It is very strong, and is said to be good for heart troubles, throat diseases, and for weak eyes as a wash. A cup brewed from it would keep a man awake a week.—Portland Oregonian.

The rate of mortality among the Indians increases about 10 per cent. a year.

Leprosy is said to be spreading at an alarming rate in Russia.

Bismarck in 1866.

The following incident, which occurred in 1866, is related by Herr von Sybel in the fourth volume of his book, "The Founding of the German Empire by William I." During a dinner at the Saxon embassy, in Berlin, Countess Hohenthal, the wife of the ambassador, said naively to the Russian premier, who sat next to her, "Do tell me, excellency, is it really true that you want to fight with Austria and take Saxony?" Prince Bismarck answered, with great amiability: "Certainly it is true, dearest countess. From the very first day of my ministry I have thought of nothing else; our cannons are now ready, and you will soon see that they are more powerful than the Austrian artillery."

"Dreadful!" cried the lady. "But," she added, "as you are in so frank a humor give me some friendly advice. I have two estates. To which shall I fly—to the one in Bohemia or that near Leipzig?" "If you will listen to me," answered Prince Bismarck, "you will not go to Bohemia. It is there, and if I am not mistaken, it is exactly in the neighborhood of your estate that we shall meet the Austrians. You might experience some terrible adventures. Go to Saxony. Nothing will happen near Leipzig, and you will not even be troubled with quartering soldiers, for your castle of Kuauthelm is near no line of march."

When the ex-chancellor was afterward anxiously questioned by other diplomatists as to this conversation, he was much amused that the mocking repulse of an indiscreet question should be taken seriously. But Herr von Buest, remembering his long enmity against the policy of Prussia, really took up the matter in earnest, sent the important news to Vienna, demanded Austria's protection, and declared that if Austria would arm at once all the middle states would stand firmly by her, but that otherwise they would turn their backs on her forever. This communication from Herr von Buest was not without influence in the decisions of the military circle in Vienna. The troops in Bohemia, Moravia and West Galicia were strengthened, so that in a very short time 80,000 men were ready to invade Silesia from three sides, while before only 25,000 men were divided among the usual garrisons.

Remove the Wrinkles.

We will assume you are old, wrinkled with the telltale parentheses each side the mouth and the line across the top of the nose by which men say they tell a woman's age. They will have to learn more if they think to know a woman's age hereafter by anything but the expression of her eyes, which cannot be counterfeited yet awhile by most people. And beware of those who can imitate the tender, innocent, appealing look as of a stray seraph, for they come from the other place direct.

The specific treatment for wrinkles must be kept up for six weeks vigorously and applied afterward as occasions require. At night bathe the face in hot water, as hot as can be borne, and steam it till the pores are opened, when a fine ungent is gently rubbed into the skin, which nourishes and strengthens it.

Then the operator begins the massage, which is not rubbing so much as working the parts. She begins by stroking with the thumbs above the eyebrows—you can't do it yourself—pressing outward perhaps twenty-five times. Then she works all round the orbit of the eyes and you have no idea how it rests the tired nerves of sight.

Down the temples is the next pass, then the cheeks are stroked round, which increases their plumpness or their tendency that way. The lines at the side of the nose and mouth are very gently stroked across and upward, and the drooping muscle of the lower cheek has especial attention and a dash of salt and brandy lotion sometimes to restore its firmness. A skillful operator will fuss over your face twenty minutes, and if you don't happen to exactly look beautiful immediately you feel so.—Shirley Dare.

Awful to Contemplate.

Mother (to daughter)—Your papa has learned the name of the young gentleman who so heroically rescued you from a terrible death, Clara. He is a Mr. Potts, of Avenue A.

Daughter (with a shiver)—Oh, mamma, think of a Vere de Vere being saved by a Potts!—New York Sun.

A Chance to Get Well.

One of Mrs. Googin's neighbors had the misfortune to break his arm, and being a large, fleshy man, was for some time in considerable danger. The attending physician had gratified the kindly but inquisitive Mrs. Googin's desire to know if Mr. Jenkins were "dangerous," by informing her that his patient would recover if gangrene did not set in. A few days after Mrs. Googin met a friend of the sick man, who lived some distance away, and who inquired if she knew how Mr. Jenkins was. "Oh, yes," responded Mrs. Googin, with the air of importance which definitely acquired information always imparts to the uncultured; "Dr. Martin told me himself that he would get well if oleomargarine did not set in."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Herb of Prophecy.

A plant grows in Mixteca, Mex., which the natives call the "herb of prophecy." A dose of it produces sleep similar in all respects to the hypnotic state. The subject answers with closed eyes questions that are put to him, and is completely insensible. The pathologic state brings with it a kind of prophetic gift and double sight. Furthermore he loses his will and is completely under the control of another. On returning to himself he remembers nothing of what he has done.—Chicago Times.

LIGHTS UNDER BUSHELS.

The Great Herd of Copyists—Faith in One's Self—Persistence.

If your faith in your power, your confidence in yourself, or your idea or plan are destroyed or weakened by the first sneer or voice of opposition it meets, you are hiding yourself and your light under the bushel. You will remember that a large proportion of the world are mere copyists. They do only what others have done before them and only what they have learned from others. They oppose and sneer at every new idea, and afterward applaud it and use it, when the man or woman who will not allow their light to be hid under the bushel force it into notice and success. In days past the great herd of copyists sneered and ridiculed the idea of steam as motive power on land and sea. So they did with the electric telegraph and the telephone. So it will be with hundreds of new ideas, new inventions and new powers to be developed in the near future.

These ultra conservative deadweights in every business, art or profession, do not like changes. They are wedded to their rut. They don't want to get out of it. To do so makes them homesick. Besides, it hurts their business. They want to jog on in the "good old way"—in the stage coach instead of the railroad, in the "sailing packet" instead of the steamer. They oppose the new as naturally as rats and earwigs oppose the entrance of light to their underground habitations, and for a similar reason. The light anneys them. It drives them off. It ruins their business. They "love darkness better than light." Hence, they want your light "under a bushel."

If you allow them to keep your light under that bushel they will keep you under it also. They will keep you always in the background. If the first Napoleon had not by force of will ridden over the objections of the veteran martinets who opposed his new methods of warfare, he would never have triumphed at Marengo and Austerlitz. If Cyrus W. Field had not persistently kept his mind centered on the project of the ocean cable despite sneer, obstruction and failure after failure, it might not have been laid today. The glow of every new light upon the world is always the work of one man or a very few men against the many. Three or four men in California, years ago, built the Pacific railroad. They first kindled their light in a dingy Sacramento grocery. They kept it lighted and also kept pushing it to the front, while others were indifferent, or dared not take hold of such an undertaking.

You had no need to bluster or bully your light to the front. It is not the force of physical effort or speech that will carry it there and keep it there. It is the silent force of a persistent determination, bent on one single aim. When you are temporarily overcome and tired out through the opposition of the deadweights and earwigs who love darkness, fall back on yourself and the power behind you. Leave the crowd, leave all not in sympathy with you. Go to your room, seclude yourself. Sleep, and before you sleep, demand, pray, desire more power to cope with opposition. It will surely be given to you. How, we know not, but you will enter on the contest tomorrow with renewed strength, and the silent power you gain in this way will, of itself, work results for you.

In the past thousands of "lights" have, by this dead weight, run in a rut, live in a rut and die in a rut sentiment and crushing out force, been hidden under bushels and died out under bushels. Actors of genuine humor and talent are today playing in third rate theatres or accepting inferior parts in first class ones because they have allowed sneer or opposition or a more or less failure to drag their minds into that permanent discouraged, disheartened attitude which is always saying: "What's the use of trying? Luck's against me—I'm bound to fail, anyway!" On the heels of this comes drink, to "drown care."

So it is with thousands of other actors in all the parts of life. Their own permanent state of mind is the real and only force which keeps their "light under the bushel." They use their own force against themselves. They expend it in talking and complaining to others. They have no knowledge or faith in the fact that a mind decided and determined on a purpose at all times and in all places—a mind that fights off the mood of despondency and discouragement as it would fight off a mad dog—carries and uses the greatest of all powers to keep its light shining and keep it ever in the front.—Prentice Mulford in New York Star

Exclusiveness of "Society."

The number of people who have real merit and talent for society, who are kept out by the exclusiveness of self constituted tyrants of society, must be very large; but if they have tact and learn to wait, they will find their way. The most certain way to please is to show a modest indifference to the smiles of the great. (They call it patronage in England. We have no such ugly word here, nor have be any really "great people" socially.) They should not "push." There is, however, always an ideal exclusiveness, a society which should only admit the cultivated, the wise, and the good. Every hostess should inquire into the general characteristics of her guests, their moral, social and political standing. We use the word political in its largest sense. In spite of all we can do, objectionable men and women do get into the most carefully guarded society; and we have as yet no such inviolable insight that we can rates Dives and Lazarus before their death as they are said to be rated afterward.—Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood.

The Old, Old Passion.

She had received with manifestations of delight the gift of a baby brother, and called him with pretty joy "tunnin brosser." After a while it was noticed her ardor had cooled, jealousy was inserting its entering wedge. One day the mother and a visitor sat sewing and chatting. Baby lay napping on the visitor's lap and Rosebud was playing near by. Unnoticed, she drew closer, up went her dimpled hand and down it came on the tiny sleeper's cheek. The mother sprang to her, caught and shook her. "Naughty little girl, to treat your dear baby brother so; how could you do it?" "Tunnin brosser," sobbed Rosebud, "'sturbed me dis mornin', and I'se been c'oss and s'eepy ever since 'cause o' him."—Detroit Free Press.

Rice at Weddings.

The throwing of rice at weddings is evidently a heathen custom, as in India and some other countries to this day rice is showered on the expectant youth when he goes to the house to get his bride. Rice is the emblem of fruitfulness.—Chicago Herald.

Study of Natural History.

Mamma—Dot, keep away from that cat; it will scratch you. Don't you see how angrily it is swinging its tail? Let the cat alone and play with the dog.

Little Dot—But doggie is wagging his tail, too.—Omaha World.

HINTS TO FLY CASTERS.

Some Good Points About Bait Fishing That Every Angler Should Know.

Two disciples of Uncle Izaak stood on the forward deck of a Barclay street ferryboat, eying inquisitively each other's creels. One was accoutred in the most approved fashion and bore beneath his fishing paraphernalia unmistakable signs of the well to do business man, while the other was clad in the garb of an Erie conductor and carried besides his creel a light rod.

The bond of fellowship and mutual admiration which exists between all good fishermen soon brought the two together. A comparison of the contents of their creels followed, and the railroader had a basketful of speckled beauties, whereas all the business man could produce were two four inch babies.

"Where did you get them?" asked the latter eagerly.

The conductor named his stream and the questioner exclaimed: "That's the place I fished. What on earth did you use—flies?"

"No; the water is too high and I used worms."

"That's what I used," exclaimed the business man, "but I'm not very familiar with worm fishing, and probably that's the reason I didn't succeed."

It was the reason—and few fly fishermen know how to catch trout with bait. It is by no means as easy as they think. In his brief trip across the harbor the business man for the first time learned the rudiments of bait fishing, and it has since been of incalculable benefit, for often the trout will rise to nothing else.

The best kind of worms are those of medium size. They should be kept while fishing in a small box, with free access to the air and just enough dirt to keep them half covered. The hook should never be entirely covered, as some claim, but only a third, and the worm should be so put on that its two ends are free and can move freely in the water. The worm should be so managed that it is under the surface of the water, and to accomplish this often a split shot or two may advantageously be put on the gut a foot or two above the hook.

Let the line run under all the old logs and under the banks, and many a fat trout will be the reward. Be just as careful in bait fishing about not letting the trout see you as you are in fly fishing.

In angling with a grasshopper, grub or almost any insect you can cast just as if you were fly fishing. Grasshoppers can be found in any field, and old tree stumps will always furnish an abundance of grubs, while along the banks of the brook, in the bushes and under rocks are to be secured the various other insects that trout feed upon. Take care to put them on so as least to disfigure them. Whenever everything else fails a big grasshopper will often tempt the monarch of a pool that disdains the gaudy fly or luscious worm. To make such bait more tempting twitch it across the surface of a pool, thus making the bait appear as if making frantic efforts to escape from its watery grave.

The small minnows and fry fish with which some streams abound may be used to great advantage in large creeks. They need not be kept alive, though they must be kept fresh. Put them on the hook with great respect for their small bodies and so that they will float freely and as if alive in the water. Unlike in worm fishing, when it is best to give your fish a little time, strike as in insect fishing, quick and firmly, or the trout steals your bait and swims off uncaught to devour his dainty in some lurking hole.—New York Herald.

Making Sheet Tin.

The only plant at which sheet tin is being manufactured in North or South America is in operation at the United States Iron and Tin Plate works at Demmler Station, Third ward, McKeesport. The fact that this country has for the last ten or twelve years been paying nearly $30,000,000 annually to foreign countries, and that not a sheet of tin was being made on this continent, urged the firm, particularly Mr. Cronemeyer, one of the members, to make strenuous efforts toward securing a protective tariff sufficiently high to enable them to compete with the labor of foreign manufacturing cities.

They have put in a much improved process by Leyshon & Sons, of Tipton, England. The gentleman and one of his sons have been in McKeesport personally superintending the introduction of the plant, which has been placed in successful operation. The process heretofore used consisted of five operations, two dippings in grease and three in tin. By the new process the same results are obtained in one operation by inserting a sheet in a solution of tin and palm oil. The cost of manufacture is wonderfully cheapened, and the quality of the product is said to be excellent, either for sheet or turn work.

The greater part of the tin imported to this country comes from South Wales, where the largest mills in the world are located. There are mills in France, Italy, Germany and Russia, but they make scarcely more than is used for home consumption. The import in 1889 is estimated at 6,000,000 boxes, and it is worth $5 a box.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Making Fireproof Scenery.

Tepper, of Berlin, is credited with the invention of a material for scenery which is incombustible, with none of the disadvantages of processes heretofore tried. He applies to very fine wire cloth a fireproof insoluble yellow plaster, quite fluid at first, but it soon becomes firm. To this the painters apply their pigments. The plaster is not heavy, and is so tough and flexible that drop scenes coated with it can be rolled upon small poles without cracking.—Boston Transcript.

A Plea of Toothache.

A Chicago bank clerk obtained a leave of absence on the plea of toothache. When he failed to return the bank officials went to the root of the matter, and found that his plea was tooth in, so to speak, and his accounts too short.—Norristown Herald.

SONG.

Oh, come! but not o'er trodden roads,
Where beasts of burden trudge with loads,
Or wayside nests are smothered with dust,
Or ice and hail show stain and rust,
Where blazing noonss whitey falls
And burns the growth on garden walls—
Come not that way

Oh, come! but in sure quiet pass
By rill, by bush, through tangled grass,
Through woodland ways, where naught is heard
But leaves astir or twittering bird,
Where sunlight sifts, where rain drops drip,
When honey wets the traveler's lip—
Oh, come that way

"G. B. S." in Chicago Journal.

Cowardice of the Suicide.

Rarely do we have a suicide from noble motives, though a suicide himself, as a rule, takes the ground that somehow he is a hero. Here again is a delusion amounting almost to insanity, and yet falling short of it. What to the destroyer of his own life seems a pathetic sacrifice looks to the world more like a freak of vanity, self pity or chagrin. The wretched murderer, in the inevitable manifesto which he issues before his act, assumes that he himself is the one that is chiefly to be pitied, whereas, in most cases, he forfeits all claim to sympathy by a base desertion of duty, and all the goes out to the victim of his cowardice.

As cowardice in some one of its myriad forms is almost the sole motive to suicide, this crime is essentially contemptible, and, therefore, any secret impulse to take refuge in it should be sternly rejected by the true man or woman. Life often looks forbidding and dark, but only a craven will surrender, even if no other heart will bleed but his own. And what aggravated cowardice that is which, rather than oppose trouble, slinks away just when the need is the greatest! This is to desert in the face of the enemy—a crime justly held to be the most heinous a soldier can commit.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Corny McGrath.

In Trinity college, Dublin, is still preserved the skeleton of Cornelius McGrath, who after his death, at the age of 24, was found to measure 7 feet 8 inches in height. When 15 years of age he was attacked by violent pains, which were at first supposed to be rheumatic, but which were afterward surmised to be growing pains, for during one year he grew from the height of 5 feet to that of 6 feet 8 and 3-4 inches. A boy 16 years of age of that extraordinary size naturally attracted a great deal of attention, and a crowd of men, women and children always followed him whenever he showed himself in the streets of Cork. His hand is described as about the size of an ordinary shoulder of mutton; the lasts on which his shoes were made measured fifteen inches in length; but for all his bulk he was very moderate in eating and drinking.—All the Year Round.

Mud Baths of Las Vegas.

When it comes to genuine cures Las Vegas can show up some pretty tall stories. Most of the cures are effected by the mud baths, which are a novel feature. The patient is plastered over from head to foot with extremely hot mud, made by mixing prairie loam with the hot mineral water. The nose, mouth, eyes and ears are left uncovered. He is then placed in a tub of the mud and left there half an hour, after which his dirty coating is scraped off. A shower bath of the hot water follows, then a plunge in a tank of it, after which comes the massage of a professional, half an hour's siesta—the patient, sleeping, wrapped in a sheet, in a room the temperature of which is about 98 degs.—and after this another rubbing. If rheumatism survives this treatment long the patient's only hope for relief lies in suicide.—Atlanta Constitution.

Known by Their Oddities.

If you have ever visited an asylum for the deaf and dumb you have noticed that the patients at once name all visitors by some peculiarity. If there be a slight facial contortion or a peculiarity of motion it is instantly caught by the crowd, represented in sign language, and so you are henceforth designated by them. Their names are much like those given by Indians to children—"The Man with One Eye Glass," "The Man Who Has a Mole Under His Eye," "The Man Who Squints." They know you by your differences. We are working on the same plan when we describe our great men and leaders. We know them by their oddities. Grant is, in history, the man who smoked and who kept silence. A man with no designative points will never be accepted as a leader.—M. Maurice, M. D.

Mongolian Beauty in American Dress.

A Chinese lady in approved modern fashionable dress attracted a great deal of interested attention in Broadway the other morning. To any one overtaking her the figure was that of a medium sized girl dressed with exceptional elegance and taste. She wore a silk dress of a dainty green tint cut and slashed and trimmed after the latest Parisian ideas, and a heavy black beaded passementerie cape over her shapely shoulder gave a wonderful appearance of neatness to her unquestionably slim waist. Her coiffure was stylish and becoming, and she wore a chip straw hat of the latest shape and of a delicate gray color, elaborately and effectively trimmed.—New York World.

Taking Too Much Quinine.

The quinine habit is gaining strength every day. Dizziness, that you hear innumerable people complaining of in these days, can be traced to excess in the use of quinine. The good effects, that it is nearly always certain of, are lost by excessive doses. Too much quinine will also produce congestion of the ear and vibration of the auditory nerve. The growing habit of taking quinine for neuralgia and other like ailments, without consulting a physician, is altogether reprehensible, and may lead to very serious results. Many cases of deafness are produced by overdoses and long continued use of the drug.—Physician in Globe-Democrat.

Making Silk from Wild Hemp.

Nayemura Sakusaboro, a druggist, of Hikone, in Omi, Japan, after many years of experiment and patient research, has succeeded in converting wild hemp into a substance possessing all the essential qualities of silk. Nothing is said about the process, but it is asserted that a trial of the thread has been made at the silk weaving establishment in Kioto and other factories with excellent results in every case. The plant in question grows wild on moors and hillsides. Its fiber is strong and glossy, in no wise inferior to silk when properly prepared.—Exchange.

SOUTH BAY DUCK SHOOTING.

A Day in a "Battery," with Gun in Hand. Suspicious Birds.

There is a fascination to many sportsmen in shooting ducks from a South bay battery, though a more cramped and uncomfortable position cannot be found than that required by the gunner. The battery consists of a box about eighteen inches deep and long enough to admit the outstretched body of a man. A rubber coat is the substitute for a mattress and a sandbag serves for the pillow. From the box extends on each side a flat, raftlike screen composed of wood and and brown canvas, which serves to float the box and break the force of the waves as they dash up against it. By means of weights the box is sunk in the water and iron decoy ducks hold it in place. A hundred decoys are scattered about the box in a natural manner. The gunner then lies down flat in the box, with his shells on one side and his gun on the other. With a parting instruction to be sure and keep the head well down the battery man sails away, leaving the gunner alone on the sea.

To the man first trying the sport the situation is a peculiar one, and the sensation the same. All alone, surrounded by the little flock of decoys, and the waves pounding up with a swash against the guards to the box, he feels somewhat insecure. As he lies flat in the box his body and head are below the level of the water. Sometimes, if the wind is blowing pretty strong, a wave will break over into the box, tickling his face with briny drops and sending cold streams of liquid down his back. If he is a sportsman he will only laugh at this and take a pull at his whisky flask to prevent catching cold. Sometimes the waves run so high that the gunner is compelled to bail out his box or it will become a fish pond in the sea. The sun beating down on his face will redden it in about ten minutes. Meanwhile the sail boat is tacking across the bay to stir up the ducks. A bunch of them is aroused, and as the birds go skimming along the water they spy the decoys, and, thinking they are a flock of brethren peacefully feeding, shape their course toward them. As they sail up to the decoys they soon perceive they are deceived and wheel away. Just as they come about is a good time to fire, and if the gunner is expert while they are getting away he has time to slip in another shell and fill the back of the rear duck with cold lead. If any of the ducks fall the gunner stands up in the battery, which is a signal for the sailboat men to come up and gather in the fowls that have been shot.

Then the gunner stretches himself out again and waits for another flock. If the ducks are thick and not in a suspicious mood he will not have to remain so long before another set will be along and more blazing away is in order. Some favorable morning there is a constant booming of guns on the bay, and big boatloads of ducks are brought in. It is not uncommon in the autumn for one man to shoot fifty to eighty ducks from a battery. The next day he may not get five.

In the season about five batteries a day start out from Patchogue. The skipper always has a man to help him sail his catboat, and it is a race to secure the best ground. Often in making the best run across the bay the "cap'n" only gets in first to find the ground already seized by the ambitious huntsman who has gone out the night before, slept in the catboat and at sunrise is ready in his battery. The early morning is the best time, as at dawn the ducks begin to feed and are out in great numbers. Every sailboat man is a "cap'n" and must scrupulously be addressed as such. His assistant is the mate. There is no crew. The South bay boatmen are honest, good hearted men, always ready to get as much as they can out of the sportsmen, but working hard to drum up the game for him. He will charge $10 a day for the use of the battery, and will throw in the meals. In the cabin of the catboat the mate cooks ham and eggs, steak, potatoes and coffee, and serves it hot. If the sportsman likes oysters, he will throw over his rake and bring up half a bushel to open on the spot. If one is not having much success with the ducks it is a good plan to allow the "cap'n" to lie in the battery for a time, for he is invariably a crack shot and will fill up the quota needed in short order.

Brant and broadbills are the most abundant of the family in the Great South bay in spring. The broadbills are a plump duck, with short bills. They are swift flyers, and it is like shooting at a bumble bee to draw on one as he comes by. In the fall black ducks and redheads come in the bay. Shell ducks are also plentiful. Shell ducks and coots are good shooting, but not worth eating. The broadbills are great divers, and often, when wounded, will lead the skippers a long chase. On diving they are pretty sure to come up to the windward, and a good distance off. Often the ducks come in the bay in great quantities, and set up in the water like big rows of tenpins. When started they rise with the noise of a whirlwind in the forest. The boobies are a small species of duck that sometimes come in the bay. They get their name from their aptness at losing their heads. A shot into a flock of boobies will sometimes so disconcert them that they will fly around in a circle and allow the gunner to take his time in shooting them down. They are great chatterers, and keep the bay noisy with their cries.—New York Times.

"Cycles" for Army Use.

The recent experiments in employment of "cycles" of various sorts for army use in the spring military exercises in England seem to demonstrate the futility of expecting that class of machinery to be of much practical value for this service. The ascents of long hills had to be made by the cyclist volunteers slowly and with toil on foot, because the machines could not be ridden; a carriage to be ridden and worked by four men, and to carry a Maxim gun, broke down utterly; the "Centipede," or flying sapper, a machine on eight wheels, carrying intrenching tools, engineering appliances and men, broke in two and had to be abandoned, and there were numerous minor accidents in only two days' trials. So long as the operations of war cannot be confined to nice, smooth asphalted floors, and conducted daintily, these machines are not likely to be worth much among possible military appliances.—New York Sun.

Genius.

"Do you know that delightful Mr. Everard—the one who took such high honors at college some years ago? He is a brilliant fellow, and can converse charmingly on almost any subject."

"No, I don't know him. Is he a lawyer?"

"Lawyer! How can you ask such a thing? Mr. Everard is much too refined a man to make his living out of other people's quarrels. No, indeed! He breeds horses and dogs."—Life.

Great cities are tombs that mark wasted nervous energy in the mad rush for wealth and social preferment.—S. B. Elkins.