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PROFIT IN LITTLE THINGS.

ssful Inventor Tells What He Has Found Most Advantageous. William Westlake, the railroad invenor, whose patents have made a fortune for him, started in life as a roller boy in Wisconsin office in the days when is paper, which now keeps the fastest presses hustling to get off its daily edi-n, was printed weekly on an old Frankpress. Becoming dissatisfied with his try of \$2 per week, he severed his con-

on with the establishment and tried hand at several jobs, learning, among ar things, tinsmithing, and finally rifting into railroading.

As a coppersmith he got work on the ser. He "filled" the first locomotive run in Wisconsin, and stuck to engineering until one night he mistook a ringing lantern for the conductor's sigand, and starting his engine just as an old lady was boarding the train, threw her wn and cut off her leg. He resigned d set about inventing a conductor's antern that should be unmistakable.

The result was the half green, half white lantern that is used now the world The glass could not be made in his country, and it was three years before he got one made in Europe. While working on the La Crosse road he invented the railroad lantern with a movable globe, which is now universally used. He offered that invention to two Milwankee gentlemen for \$250, but they nghed at him. Since then millions have been sold and fortunes made out of

In 1863 he went to Chicago with \$250 and started a business that became the Adams & Westlake Manufacturing company, which employs 3,000 men. Mr. Westlake made inventions by the hundreds and sold the patents, but he says he never got 1 per cent. of the amount other people made from his inventions. "I sold my stove board for \$100,000," he sid, "and the manufacturers make that much every year out of it."

Mr. Westlake had on his hands a great any patent lawsuits, and getting tired worry six years ago he sold all his nts remaining for \$60,000 and with the lawsuits. His home is in klyn, and there he spends his time free from business cares.

Mr. Westlake's patents are counted by hundreds. He invented the headlight, the car lamps, the oil stove and zens of other things for every day use. He has recently made some great improvements in the headlight. He says that he has found that it is the little things that pay, and that there is no

ey in inventing costly machinery. He is at present amusing himself by trying to invent a substance with which at the bottom of his yacht which will prevent the formation of barnacles. says he has made a sort of enamel, so oth that nothing can stick to it, and It has worked very well on a centerard. He thinks it will work as well on the bottom of the boat.—Milwankee

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"One night," said a chemist, "a docfor came and woke me out of a sound p to prepare morphine powders for an old gentleman named Martin, who en ill for some time. I weighed out the morphine and put it up accordlag to direction, but thought while I doing so that the powders seemed to be unusually large. Next morning. en I was arranging things in the shop nd that there was a ten grain ght in the scale beneath the one the ription called for, and each of those oders was ten grains too large.

"A cold chill ran down my back when I realized the mistake, for it meant alt certain death. A short time afterward the doctor came in, and I thought my time had come. Bracing up as well sible, I asked:

How is Martin this morning, Doc hach classes

"Did those powders kill him? I stammered out, and in fear and trembling awaited the answer. But the first words relieved me " 'No: the powders had nothing to do

with it. He died half an hour before they were received."-New York Ledger "Who Was Shot Last Week ?"

In 1851 Mokelumne Hill was one of the worst camps in California. "Who was shot last week?" was the first question asked by was the first question asked by niners when they came in from the river or surrounding diggings on Saturday hts or Sundays to gamble or get sup . It was very seldom that the answer "No one."

would race up and down the en would race up and down the roughfares in single file, as boys play game of "follow my leader," each imisome particular letter in a sign they id fire in turn, regardless of everything e accuracy of the aim. Then they ild quarrel over it as though they were oys playing a game of murbles, while very shot was likely to kill or wound unfortunate person. - Dr. C. B. Gilles le in Century.

A Queer Sheep. orge Sevingle, of Stoverton, O., is the owner of a rare specimen of the sheep kind. respects a sheep. Instead of having the I's mouth, both upper and lower jaws, is ad with long and sharp, wolf like fangs, ng it extremely difficult for it to pick ass like other sheep. It gets its chief sistence from twigs and young shrubs, the bark and tender wood of which it devours greekly,—St. Louis Republic.

The Sloyd School in Boston But perhaps the school presents none these sights, but a very different one; a sight half sad, yet not without a ray of gladness; a picture not composed of trained teachers or boisterous youths or pratting children eagerly listening and as eagerly speaking, but of a group of deaf and dumb. And now, if ever, you may see what intense enthusiasm may be thrown into manual training. The poor unfortunates deprived of hearing and of speech find here a new field in which to exercise their minds and express their ideas. By their disabilities they are enabled to concentrate their minds better than their more fortunate brethren, and even outstrip them in excellence of workmanship.

Among the boys there is a deaf mute some 16 years of age who surpasses all others in the school, a result attained not by superior talent but by close application. Near him another boy of magnificent build and great ability dashes off his work-now planing, now carving, with a master hand. On the other side of the room, in the midst of that row of girls-neat, even pretty girls-there are two most noticeable; one a brunette, whose quick, observant eye omits nothing while her snow white hand deftly draws and carefully carves the model. Beside her stands a quiet bloude with blue, thoughtful eyes, carefully examining her model; and then, as if sudden ly discovering some new principle, makes a gesture of joy and resumes her work. At the close of the exercise she takes the finished model to her teacher, and, with a pleasant smile, joyful feelings struggling for expression in her soulful face, says, in the deaf mute language, "I love this work."-F. B. Arngrimsson in Popular Science Monthly.

We are all creatures of habit, even in performing duties for which we have prepared A little boy, whose mother had taught him his letters, went to school one day, and attempted to go through them with the teacher. Vain effort! He stopped at "B," and was unable to recognize "C" as even a casual ac-quaintance. At length a happy thought oc-

"Twist my turi!" he said, eagerly, pointing to a sunny lock of hair on his neck. "Mamma does when I say 'em." The teacher began to play with the curl, and the little boy's memory returned.

Even grown people are dependent on habit in fulfilling public duties. Mr. George W. Cable one evening not long ago, as we learn from another paper, lectured in Scranton, Pa. A large audience greeted him with their presence, but only that. When the noted author was introduced he was received with Most speakers would have been embarrassed

sion, and administered a just rebuke in the happiest possible manner.

said that in order to appear at his best before an audience it was quite necessary that he should be greeted with a noise of some sort: they need not scream, nor was it necessary for the ladies to wave their bonnets, but a loud rumbling noise he must hear. Of course the noise came, and when it had ceased he thanked them for their unsolicited appiause, and added that now, with the boldest effrontery, he could begin as he had intended—"Dear friends."—Youth's Com-

Drug Stores in Flat Houses.

"You have a nice place here," remarked a gentleman who had stepped into a drug store, evidently newly established, on one of the rapidly growing thoroughfares in outlying Brooklyn.

"Yes," replied the druggist, rather dubimsly; "it is only an experiment, though."
"Rather an expensive one," continued the first speaker, glancing at the handsome fix-

tures and belongings.
"Oh," laughed the druggist, "that is at the

andlord's expense, not mine."
Further conversation revealed the fact that it is a common thing for owners of flat houses to fit up the ground floor in the most complete manner for use as a drug store as in inducement to a druggist tenant. Shelves, lettered drawers, prescription counters, shelf bottles, and the big window carafes holding the colored liquids, all these and more are contributed by the landlord. In return he expects to gain by a speedy rental of his apartments, people being much more ready to establish themselves over a drug store han over stores of another sort.-New York

The most elegantly dressed man who has walked the streets of Boston for fifty years was the late lamented Nathaniel G. Greene. He had an eye for color. He would go into the shop of a tailor who might be unknown to him, having been allured by a piece of goods in the window, and ask in his winning ones: "My friend, can you make a pair of trousers according to a pattern that I will draw?" Then with chalk he would outline on the cutting table precisely his idea, take from his pocket a memorandum of width of waist and length of leg, and, without asking price, would order the garment to be sent to his adtrees. If that tailor carried out his idea he would buy cloth wherever he'saw what he iked and return and patronize him until he made a mistake. So, also, with his coats, especially overcoats. If the tailor remonstraall as to fashion. Nat would amile and put his shoulder, and inquire: "Are you to wear this garment when finished or am If Your epitation will not be injured because you follow my playful, perhaps reasonless, fancy.

Too Many Publications France is afflicted with more literature than it can use. A tremendous plethora of novels is reported in Paris. For exam ple, 45,000 copies of the last production of a popular writer have been returned to the publishers. It is said that another pub-

lisher has 3,000,000 volumes on hand which are univalable.

A cycling corps has been added to the equipment of the Salvation Army. Pifty young men have been requested to volunteer for three years to travel on wheels.

infectants, among which are coffee pounded and burned on an iron plate, sugar

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The sorcery of ancient woods is quelled.

The sunshine falls but half fortornly fair.

Upon the hills, since from our earth and air.

The fairy folk are gone. Yet I heheld,

But intely, Oberon and Puck propelled.

On firefly chariots through the mist, to rare.

Moonlighted revels. How the tricksy pair.

Door morth, forbeit, What stress music would.

Moonlighted revers. How the tricksy pair poor mortals fooled! What eerie music swelled! Then, by the cloquence of sweetest words, I knew the conjury of Shakespeare's brain, And recognized in their companion chords. The spell of Mendelssohn's eachanting strain. Full clearly sang they both unto my heart:

The fairs of the sensition is American. Full clearly sang they both muo in,
The fairy of the centuries is Arti
- Henry Tyrrell in Youth's Companion.

THE SON OF THE SHEIK.

The smell of the warm slime on the Jeliffe river and the sweet, heavy and sickening odor that exhaled into the unspeakable heat of the desert air from the bunches of dead and scorched water reeds is with me yet; also the sight of the long stretch of dry mud bank, rising by shallow and barely perceptible degrees to the edge of the desert sands, and thus disclosed by the shrinkage of the Jeliffe during the hot months. Ha! I can remember just how those mud banks looked. They were very broad and very black - except where they touched the desert, and there the sand had sifted over them in light, transparent sprinklingsand in rapidly drying under the sun of the Sahara had cracked and warped into thou-sands of tiny concave cakes that looked for all the world like little sancers in which Indian ink has been mixed. (If you are an artist, as was Thevenot, you will the better understand this.)

Then there was the reach of the desert that drew off on either hand, and that rolled away, ever so gently, toward the place where the hollow sky dropped out of sight behind the shimmering horizon, swelling grandly and gradually like some mighty breast, which, panting for breath in the horrible heat, had risen in a final gasp, and had then, in the midst of it, suddenly stiffened and become rigid, while on this colorless bosom of the desert, where nothing stirred but the waxing light in the morning and the waning light in the night, lay tumbled red and gray rocks, with thin drifts of sand in their rifts and crevices and gray-green cacti squatting or sprawling in their blue shadows. And there was nothing more nothing, noth ing nothing-except the appalling heat and the maddening silence.

And in the midst of it all-we. Now, "we," broadly and generally speaking, were the small right wing of General Pawtrot's division of the African service speaking less broadly and less generally, 'we' were the advance guard of said diviion, and speaking in the narrowest and most particular sense "we" were the party of war correspondents, specials, extras, ar its, etc., who were accompanying said advance guard of said wing of said army of said service for reasons herein to be set

As the long, flat, black scow of the commissariat went crawling up the torpid river, with the advance guard straggling along upon the right, "we" lay upon the deck under the shadow of the scow's awuing and talked and drank kouscoussow

I forget now what had led up to it, but

Ponscarine had said that the Arabs were patriotic, when Bab Azzoun cut in and said something which I shall repeat as soon as have told you about Bab Azzoun himself. Briefly, then, Bab Azzoun had been born twenty-nine years before this time at Tlemcen, of Kabyle parents—his papa was a shelk-had been transplanted to France at the age of ten, and had flourished there in a truly remarkable manner. He had graduated fifth from the Polytechnique; he had written books that had been "courronnees par l'Academie;" he had become naturalized, be bad been prominent in politics-no one can cut a wide swath in Paris in anything without hitting against ia politique, he had occupied important positions in two embassies; he was a diploinfluence; he dressed in faultiess French aame as he blew his life breath in gasps fashion; he had owned Crusader; he had into it, and raking it into gridiron patlost money on him; he had applied to the almost beyond recovery by so frigid a recep- government for the office of "Souschef des recoup; he had obtained it; he had come on with "us," and was now on this, his first visit to his fatherland since his tent! year, on his way to his post.

Voils Bab Azzoun. And when Ponscarine had spoken thu about the patriotism of the Araba Bab Azzoun made him answer, "The Arabs are not sufficiently educated to be true pa

"Bah!" said Santander, "a man does no require to be educated in order to be a patriot. And, indeed, the rudest nations have ever been the most devotedly patri

"Yes," said Bab Azzoun, "but it is narrow and a very selfish patriotism."
"I can't see that," put in Ponscarine. "A patriot is like an egg—he is either good or bad. There is no such thing as a 'good' enough egg;' there is no such thing as a good enough patriot,' if a man is one a all, he is a perfect one."

"I agree," answered Bab Azzoun; "yet patriotism can be more or less narrow. Listen and I will explain"—he raised himelf from the deck on his elbow, and ges tured with the amber mouthpiece of his chibouk. "In looking backward upon the gradual development of patriotism in the minds of men since the days when they first began to band together, you can se t pass through five very distinct stages Patriotism, first, was but love of familyof parents and kindred, but then as the family grows and expands into the tribe it, too-as merely a large family-becomes the object of affection, of patriotic devoof the tribe, the cian, the gens; themselves of the Gothic tribe, of the Clan Chattan, of the Gens Fabianus. In the third stage, the tribe has sought projection behind the inclosure of walls. It is the age of cities; patriotism is the devotion to the city. Men are Athenians ere Grecians, Romans ere Italians, Carthagin ians ere Africans. In the next period p triotism means affection for the state, for the county, for the province, and Burgundian, Norman and Fleming give freely of their breast blood for Burgundy, Normandy and Flanders, while we of today form the latest, but not the last, link of the lengthening chain by honoring, loving and serving the country above all considerations, be they of tribe or town or tenure Yet I do not believe this to be the last, the highest, the noblest form of patriotism. No," said Bab Azzoun, "this development shall go on, ever expanding, ever mount ing, until, carried upon its topmost crest, we attain to that height from which we can look down upon the world as our coun-try, humanity as our countrymen, and he shall be the best patriot who is the least patriotic.

"Ab-b, fichtre!" exclaimed Santander listlessly, throwing a cushion at Bab Az-zoun's head, "va te coucher. It's too hot to theorize; you're either a great philoso pher, Bab, or a large sized"-he looked at him over the rim of his glass before con

cluding-"idiot."

But Bab Azzoun had gone on talking i the meanwhile, and now finished with "and so you must not blame me if, looking upon them" (be meant the Arabs) "and theirs in this light, I find this African campaign a sorry business for France to be engaged in-a vast and powerful govern ment terrorizing into submission a horde of half starved functios," he yawned, "al of which is very bad-very bad-bah! give

me some more kouscoussow."

We were aroused by the sudden stop page of the scow.

A detachment of "Zephyrs," near us upon the right bank, scrambled together in a hollow square. A battalion of Cou-

cuttled by us at a gallop, and the Twenty third Chasseurs d'Afrique in the front line halted at a "carry" on the crest of a sand ridge, which hid the borizon from sight; the still, hot air of the Sahara was and dealy pervaded with something that roused us to our feet in an instant. Santander whipped out his ever ready sketch book

and began blocking in the landscape and the position of the troops, while Thevenor snatched his note book and "stylograph." Of the scene which now gathered upon us I can, in respect to time, place or rela-tive succession of detail, remember nothing, only out of that dark chaos can I rescue a few detached and fragmentary impressions-all the more vivid, nevertheless, from their isolation, all the more dis-tinct from the gray blue of the background

against which they trace themselves. Instantly, somewhere disquietingly near an event, or rather a whirl of events that rushed and writhed themselves together into a quivering maze of dizzying complexity, suddenly evolved and widened like the flerce, quick rending open of some vast scroll, and there were signag burryings to and fro and a surging heavenward of a torrent of noises—noises of men and noises of feet, noises of horses and noises of arms noises that hustled flercely upward above the brown mass and closed together in the desert air, blending or joining one with another, joining and separating, reuniting and dividing; noises that rattle; noises that clanked; noises that boomed or shrilled or thundered or quavered, and one well known noise that, at regular intervals, was dominant over all as of a mighty flood of planks and boards falling from some vast seight upon the earth beneath. And then came sight of blue-gray tremulous curtains but whether of smoke or dust I could not say-tumbling and billowing, bellying out with the hot tempest breath of the battle demon that raged within and whose outermost fringes were torn by serrated files of flashing steel and wavering ranks

And this was all at first. I knew we had been attacked and that behind these buil ing smoke billows, somewhere and some-how, though exactly how and where I could not tell, men, infuriated into beasts, were grappling and struggling, each man, with every sinew on the strain, honestly

striving to kill his fellow And now we were in the midst of a hollow square of our soldiery, yet how we came there I cannot recall though I remember-trivial enough as it was-that the water of the Jeliffe made my clothes beavy and clinging and uncomfortableremember this, although a mortal fear sat upon me of being shot down by some of our own frenzied soldiers. And then came that awful rib cracking pressure, as from some outward, unseen cause, the square

was thrown back upon itself. The smell of sweat, of horses and men. the odor of the powder smoke, the blindng, suffocating, stupefying clouds of dust, the horrible fear-greater than all others-of being pushed down beneath those thousands of trampling feet, the terrible pitch of excitement that sickens and weakens, momentary consciousness-vanishing as soon as felt-that this was what men called "war," and that we were experience ing the stern reality of what we had so often read.

It was not inspiring, not thrilling; there was no romance, no poetry about it; there was nothing in it but the hideous jar, one against the other, of men drunk with the blood lust that eighteen hundred years had not quenched, and all its so called sublimity and glory faded out of sight at the magic of its real presence.

I looked at Bab Azzoun; he was stand ing at the gunwale of the scow-sc we were back on the scow again-with an nuloaded pistol in his hand. He watching the battle on the bank. nostrils quivered, and he shifted his feet exactly like an excited thoroughbred. On a sudden a trooper of the Eleventh Cuirassiers came spinning round and round out of the brown of battle, gulping up blood, and pitched, wheezing, face downward, sitions in two embassies; he was a diplo into the soft coze where the river licked at mat of no mean qualities; he had lots of the bank, raising ruddy bubbles in the terns as his quivering, blue fingers closed Instantly afterward came a mighty rush

cross the river beneath our very bows Forty odd cuirassiera burst into it, followed by eighty or a hundred Kabyles. can recall just how the horse hoofs rattled on the saucer like cakes of dry mud and flung them up in countless fragments be hind them. They were a fine sight, those Kabyles, with their fierce, red horses, their dazzling white bournous, their long, thin, murderous rifle barrels, thundering and splashing past, while from the whole mass of them, from under the shadow of every white haik, from every black bearded lip, was rolling their war cry, "Allah, Allah-il-

Allab!" What long dormant recollections stirred in Bab Azzoun at this old battle shout! As he faced them now he was no longer the cold, cynical boulevardier of the morning. He looked as he must have looked when he played-a sixteen-year-old boyabout the feet of the horses in his father's black tent. He saw the long lines of the louars of his native home; he saw the he saw the Arab horsemen riding down to cry be answered his countrymen in their half the night in a compartment of a sleep

the scow upon the back of a rideriess horse, and, mingling with the band of the Kabyles, sped out of sight. And that was the last I ever saw of Bab Azzoun.-Argonaut.

Among the many things that are hard to understand is the fancy entertained by so many people that other people will be interested to hear at considerable length what they like to eat and what they do not like to eat. There seems to be nothing of fest. His theory of politics was the theory the wound was not away. The finger was very great interest to one's friends in the of the general in buttle, and that is that corded near the hand and the arm near the fact that one is passionately fond of cabbage and onions; and yet, next to the weather, the most frequent subjet of conversation is probably the subject of eat-

"If there's anything I dote on," says Mrs. Chabb, "it's a nice leg of mutton, with a butter gravy and capers. And I like"-"But," says Mrs. Scraug, breaking in, "is there anything more horrid than pickled tripe? I can't bear it."

"My favorite sauce," Mrs. Chubb con-tinues, "is fried apple sauce; and scalloped apples I can't get enough of." "Laws!" exclaims Mrs. Scragg, "you don't say so! No kind of fruit agrees with

me. And I don't see how anybody can est

those miserable things they call olives. So they go on for an hour. nat be going," says Mrs. Scragg, rising last, "We've had a real pleasant time!" Throughout the whole interview Mrs. Chubb has been talking about the things she likes, and Mrs. Scragg has been talking about the things she does not like. Each one has been following her own temperament; and while she has not been at all in-terested in what the other has said she has been greatly interested in what she

This principle of compromise is generally the basis of these little conversations about food. - Youth's Companion.

loughis, with halks and bournous rippling. BLAINES VARIED MOODS party, who was quite a planist, was in als

NEW AND INTERESTING GOSSIP ABOUT THE MAINE STATESMAN.

His Editorial and Theatrical Aspirations. How He Drifted Into Politics-Ris Fondness for Music-A Long Visit to a Walking Match.

[Copyright, 1891, by American Press Associa-

UST before Mr. Blaine was none inated for the pres ldency in 1884 the writer met a gentleman who mount years has been the publisher and owner of the Portland Daily Advertiser. This is a paper which has always been influential

Portland and vicinity, and it was with this paper that Mr. Blaine, not long after be moved to Maine from Pennsylvania, became connected in a subordinate capacity. He was employed by the proprietor to do general work, and was expected to turn his hand to anything, from the writing of an edito rial to the penning of a local puff. After he had served in that capacity for a year or so Mr. Blaine felt that editorial work was entirely to his liking. At that time he determined to make it his life business. So far as his associates in The Advertiser office were concerned, while they realized that Mr. Blaine possessed an exceedingly acute intellect, and grasped by intuition seemingly what others would acquire only after patient labor, yet it seemed to none of them that be had any idea whatever, any premonition, so to speak, of the dis-tinguished career which he was to make. was interested to politics, but apparently no more so than any other newspa per editor who does his work well.

Mr. Blaine's salary, which was raised after his first employment on that paper, was, when he left the paper, twelve hundred dollars a year. He thought he should receive more, he said that it was mpossible for him to support his family on that sum, but that he could do it very nicely on fifteen hundred dollars a year, and save a little each year. His employer did not want to lose him, and at the same time be felt that he could not afford to pay as much money as Mr. Blaine wanted. There was considerable negotiation between them, but it came to nothing, and Mr Blaine determined to resign and go to and see if he could not do better for him self. Thus it happened that Mr. Blaine had a charm for him, but he did not care became the editor and part owner of a so much for Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle weekly paper in Augusta, and thus he had Mr. Blaine's family, or some members of it.

opportunity to take personal interest in olitics, to secure an election to the legislature, where, after a few months' service, he became, of a sudden almost, consc of his remarkable capacities. He was able to attend to his newspaper business and to his political duties as well, as his paper was published at the state capital and it was only issued once a week. It is an Interesting matter for speculation to think what Mr. Blaine's career might have been had his employer in Portland agreed to his request and kept him on that paper for some years as an assistant editor. Of



AT THE EDITORIAL DESK. course the genius that is in him would have asserted itself sooner or later; but its development might have taken an entirely different course had be remained in Port

Mr. Blaine's career as a statesman is the development of his career as a politician. His extraordinary influence in political management was developed very soon after be entered politics, and it is due partly to a zeal and enthusiasm which were some-thing phenomenal, at least in the experi-ence of Maine politicians. A political cam-paign with Mr. Blaine in Maine had all the elements of a great battle. He chairman of the state committee of party for many years, and the work which he did in that capacity was frequently phe nomenal. One one occasion, when a desperate battle was being fought in Maine, and the Greenback party seemed likely to camels and the caravan crawling toward secure supremacy, it was the fortune of the sunset; he saw the women grinding the writer to see Mr. Blaine as the manameal, he saw his father, the bearded shelk; ger of a campaign. He was probably the he saw the Arab horsemen riding down to most ubiquitous man who ever took part battle; he saw the paim broad spear points and the blue yataghaps. He was no longer the Parisien, the "product of civilization," the "race problem." In an instant of time all the long years of culture and education all the long years of culture and education. were as a garment stripped away. Once more he stood and stepped the Kabyle, and with these recollections his long for hosts of the Assyrians. He was no headquargotten native speech came rushing to his ters manager, he carried his headquarters tongue, and in one long, shrill, exaltant in his hat and his head. He would spend own language, "Allah-ii-Allah, Moham-med ressoul Allah!" Ing car, dictating correspondence, analyz-ing reports, studying the weak places in He passed me at a bound, leaped from his own lines and the strong places in the scow upon the back of a riderless horse. enemy's, and making drafts upon his resources which were always met. autocratic and yet tactful, he ruled with iron when necessary, and with velvet when it was wise. He was atterly without self consciousness. Not a trace of that deadly mannerism for a politician which is called quality which afterward made him so conapicuous in national affairs, was perhaps never afterward so splendidly made maniwas not gratitude, but that it was power- and sent to Yuma, when the doctor apas a political manager. No man has ever excelled him in this direction.

pleasant Illustrations of it occurred a few years ago at the Kifth Avenue hotel, in from Washington, and had been assigned to the spartments in that hotel which are always reserved for him. In the office of the hotel were gathered many men of influence who had come to call upon him. Their cards were sent up, but to none of them did Mr. Blaine grant an audience. He was tired; he was not in the mood for talking politics or business with any one. Could the crowd in the corridors below have seen him they would have been amazed, and his actions would have dispelled any suspi cions regarding his state of health

A young lady, a member of the family

private parlor, and Mr Blaine, having given orders to admit no one excepting members of his family, tripped across the parlor floor with the exuberance of a boy, playful as a kitten, and seizing the young indy gently actually waitzed or danced with an impromptu step with her to the piano "Now," said he, "I want some music a good solid hour of it, and first of all I want you to play me that goose or turkey song from the opera of "The cotte." It was a melody of which Mr Blaine was very fond. The young woman played it over, and he clapped and shout-ed, "Encore! encore!" and she had to play it again. Then she took up the other mel edies of that opera, and so for an hour she delighted this wonderful man with these

simple little songs. He snatched up an evening paper, after the imprompts concert was ended, and turning to the annusement announcements of a sudden bounded into the center of the



AT THE PLANO. floor, shouted "Hurrah," and said, "They are going to sing 'The Mascotte' at the theater this evening, and we'll go, all bands." And two or three hours later Mr. Blaine and his party were in a box at the theater, he being concealed by the curtains, and his delight was as great as that of a child with the performance. Yet the next morning the papers announced that Mr. Blaine had been holding a secret political conference somewhere in the city that

evening. He had not seen a politician all that day or evening.

Mr. Blaine is very fond of the theater and his tendency is toward high comedy, although he does not disdain a genuine rollicking farce. He was a great admirer of John T. Raymond's representation of Colonel Mulberry Sellers, and never failed to see and hear it when it was possible to do so. Joe Jefferson as Bob Acres always say that there have been times in his life when he almost wished that he had made the stage his profession. Of course such desire was never seriously entertained by him, but he has always felt that if chance had brought him to the stage be would have made a great reputation as an actor. One time while speaking of this he said in toke, "Some of my would be friends as sert that I am acting all the time, and if I could do so well with the world for my stage, why shouldn't I do well in the play Mr. Blaine is no great admirer of athletic

sports, and he has been amazed that some of our public men have confessed to weakness for reading accounts of great prize fights. He likes to drive, but cares nothing for racing or for a speedy horse. But there was one sport, which for a time was a phenomenal craze in New York, which attracted his attention. He was in the city at the time of one of the earlier six day walking matches, when New York city-even its most staid professional men ame fevered with that frenzy.

Mr. Blaine's curiosity was excited, and having some leisure moments he strolled across Madison square and entered the building where this curious display was going on, expecting to stay but a few mo ments. He stood in a dark, obscure corner of the building and watched young Rowell | temptation's way and O'Leary, the American champion, and the other haggard walkers and runners as he supposed for about half an hour. on looking at his watch he found that he had, been there nearly three hours, and had



the spot, but he did not feel very guilty for he saw distinguished men whom he knew under the same spell as he himself was at that time. It was the only exhibi tion of athletic sports which he ever wit

nessed in New York city.
E. J. EDWARDS. Victims of Battlesnake Bites. Either the reptiles of Florida are more deadly than those of Arizona, or else nerve and coolness have a good deal to do with kuman seif preservation. A resident of Key West, Fla., while deer hunting the other day, was bitten by a rattlesnake and died in four minutes. It is believed that "big head" was apparent in his manner fright contributed to his quick taking off. His overwhelming personality, that very In contrast with this is the case of Jos Chavez, a plucky ten-year-old of Gila City, A. T. Recently he was bitten by a rattler He never whimpered while the flesh around success must be won at all bazards short shoulder, and the child made to drink con-of dishonor. He once said that politics siderable brandy. He was put on the train perhaps the most perfect epigrammatic plied such remedies as the case demanded, description of the science of politics Although an hour and forty minutes had ever made. It was such management as clapsed from the time the lad was bitten, this, kept up long after he had become a the case yielded promptly and the boy is national figure and even a presidential well. The anake was four feet six inches possibility, that distinguished Mr. Blaine in length.

excelled him in this direction.

It is not generally known that Mr. Blaine
is passionately fond of music, but in his
family this disposition has long been recognized and catered to. One of the most

There's no other girl in the whole big city
So wholly divine as she. Honest Confession

Bhe's rich, she's fair, she's shy, she's winning, Her soni is so pure that a thought of sinning Would fill her with grief, and I'm beginning To fear she's too good for ms.

HI - DETERMINATION. But still around her I daily hover, the knows no godden I place shove her, And when I have shown her how much I love her I'll win her—just wait and see!

What's this in the paper! Am I alive, or Have I gone mad! How can I survive her! She's gone and etoped with a horse our driver!

THEIR BED A COFFIN.

LIFE OF A SMALL RELIGIOUS COM-MUNITY IN MONTREAL

A Rigorous Existence-At Certain Times of the Day Young Girls Wear Heavy Ox Chains About Their Necks-There Are but Five Enthusiasts, However.

There are five women and one man living in Montreal who sleep every night in coffins. For some time past The Empire correspondent has been told of a certain Dr. Jacques, a widower and graduate of the Victoria School of Medicine, who, without obtaining permission from the ecclesiastical authorities. had founded a community, and in order to verify the reports of the extraordinary character of the bouse in question a visit was paid to the establishment. The reporter was received most cordially by the doctor, and, while conducting the correspondent through the different departments of his singular little monastery, he related the history of the work since its foundation.

Dr. Jacques has the appearance of a very sincere man, but is evidently touched on the religious question, and in fact, he admits that Archbishop Fabre is not pleased with the work he is carrying on. However, he believes God is with him, and that the ecclesiastical approbation will sooner or later descend

upon his head. "I made a bargain with the bon Dieu." began the zealous doctor, "the year the smallpox raged in Montreal. I visited no less than 1,200 cases, and in return God greatly favored the mission I have in hand, viz., the adoration of the 'Holy

Face." WEARING OX CHAINS.

Among these patients was a family from St. Jerome named Aubin, and the father and mother, with five daughters. the eldest 24 years, and the youngest 13, now live under the doctor's roof. The parents live like ordinary mortals, but the five children lead a life almost as severe as the terribly austere regime of a Carmelite nun. The house in question is not of modern construction by any means, and when the visitor was shown into the court yard in the rear the elder Aubin was engaged washing the dootor's wagon, and his good wife was simflarly occupied with the windows.

As this worthy couple do not belong to the community proper, and consequently do not sleep in coffins, they were left at their work, and the next floor was reached. The five little sisters, as the doctor calls them, were found robed in red material, with a white head dress falling down over their shoulders. These girls have no education whatever, yet their medical protector says they are very learned in things pertaining to the celestial sphere. They retire at half-past 8 and arise at 4, and although they do all the work for the house, the greater part of the day is spent in adoration and

By the side of a nicely decorated altar stands a post about six feet in height. and upon the latter hangs an ox chain ten feet long, the use of which was explained as follows by the good doctor: When Montreal is given over to carnivals, to balls and parties, and when the devil finds it easy to tempt frail man and womankind, it is at these seasons that the five sisters devote themselves most intently to penitence and prayer. This heavy chain is hung around each sister's neck for an hour at a time, while they kneel in prayer for their sisters of the world whom destiny has thrown in

THEY SLEEP IN COFFINA

The doctor now draws aside a curtain and a large, deep coffin, painted black and covered over with gray cotton meets the astonished gaze of the reporter. The missed an important appointment at the the astonished gaze of the reporter. The hotel. He never could explain what the cloth being removed the pillow is found fascination was which held him rooted to to be made of soft wood, and not a single article of clothing is visible. The five sisters sleep upstairs, the second floor being divided into a half dozen small, cheerless rooms or cells. The furniture in each of these sleeping apartments consists of a black coffin, a table and a tin washbasin, the same absence of clothing being quite as marked as on the floor below. In reply to a question Dr. Jacques stated that the girls would rather die any time than leave the community, and be rattled off the most wonderful miracles that had been operated following a brief sojourn in his community.

A brother from Oka had left his own establishment broken down with disease, and after a sojourn of forty-eight hours had returned to his monastic home in the Otland weighing sixty pounds more than when he left, and being quite unrecognizable by his religious confreres. "In fact," concluded the doctor, "far more miracles are performed here than at Sta Anne de Beaupre, and everything has been done but bringing the dead to life

The only recognition of this famous community by the archbishop of Montreal is in the fact that the Rev. M. Filjatrault, of St. James' church, is spiritual director of the live sisters in question, of whom three go to communion every morning and two three times a week. Cor. Toronto Empire.

A Viennese bank cierk was recently robbed of a package of 57,000 florins that had been intrusted to his care. The clerk's emplo paper calls the "American system." In other words, he promised to ask no questions if the thist would return 20,000 florins, keeping the balance for his trouble. The offer was accepted and the money returned, but unforefforts made to recover the money, and about the time the banker received it the clerk blow however. - San Francisco Chronicle

"Underwear! That's how I keep from catch ing cold; I wear the same quantity at all times, on and off the stage, and so when I am in a low bodice draughts do not trouble me, and when I am in a high one I am not too and when I am in a high one I am not too warm. I never wear one stitch on the stage that I do off it, and even my handkerchiets, yes, those pretty ones with the lace border, being to my siage wardrobe. I am not Mrs. Grimston when I go on the stage and I do not want her clothes; I am Mrs. Kendal, the actress, and I prefer to put on hers."—Mrs. Kendal in New York Herald.

A Bright Young Man in England. An English hishop lately ordained a young genileman as descon, and felt it necessary to send for the dergyman who had recommend-

"What may your lordship want with me?" "I wish, sir, to speak about that young

"What young man, your lordship? "The young man, sir, whom I ordained, want you to keep him in cheek. I had gre difficulty, sir, in keeping him from exami-ing me."—Clothier and Furnisher.