

HUMOR

CRUEL ETHELRIDA.

Why It Was That John Fled Away in the Night.

He was plain John Smith. She was the beautiful and cultivated Ethelrida Martingale. But what mattered that to him; he loved her. Love is the great leveller. Not that it had leveled the sweet, pale Ethelrida exactly, for it had not; but it had knocked John out flat. Happy Ethelrida, for she had the brute on him. It is ever thus. In love's sandwiches one piece of bread will always have more butter on it than the other will. Yet Ethelrida was not cruel, and she did not long to let him drop her enough to cripple him for life. On the contrary, she sought to let him down on silver strands to beds of thornless roses. But John wouldn't have it. Nor is our hero the only man built that way.

He loves but little, or not at all. Who fears the dampness of his fall. That was John Smith all over, and still John was no slouch, as the word goes. Ethelrida knew what was coming, but she was powerless to prevent it, unless she took an ax to John, and she hesitated to resort to harsh measures. Woman's nature is ever gentle. It was a calm and beautiful Sabbath evening when John called for the last time.

"I love you, Ethelrida," he whispered, low and lying, at about 11 o'clock, "and I want you for my wife." It was then apparent to Ethelrida that Mr. Smith meant business. "It cannot be, I fear," she replied, standing him off. "Papa is unutterably opposed to our union, and he has said he will lock me in my room and keep me there if I persist in seeing you." That was a tip John should have acted upon—that and the palable fact that Ethelrida did not rush to his throbbing bosom like an undamned torrent when he had so unmitigably biased the way for her.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," he said courageously, ignoring the surface indications. Again was the fair girl balked in her generous purpose, and there came into her face the hard, cold lines of resolution and into her eyes the cruel glint of justice, long deferred. "Yes, and at John Smith's," she added, a naive simplicity scarcely concealing the edge of the sword. And John fled away into the misty, murky darkness of unforgettable disappointment.—Detroit Free Press.

A Matter of Duty.

The casual observer would have detected nothing strange in the personality of the youngish party who sat alone in the front parlor. Yet a close scrutiny would have revealed symptoms of mental strain. Mental strain was something Aloysius De Gughmp could ill afford. Presently a beautiful little boy fitted into the room. The youngish party started eagerly from his seat. There was a look of agonizing doubt in his eyes. "What did she say?" he demanded. "She said," replied the child, "to tell Mr. De Gughmp that she'd be right down." The youngish party could not repress an exclamation of joy. His face shone with satisfaction. "And is that all she said?" he asked, striving to be calm. The child shook his head. "What was it, Willie? Tell me her words. Every syllable is a treasure to me." The boy approached and looked trustingly into his face. "She said—"

Aloysius de Gughmp held his breath. "She'd be polite although it did turn her stomach." The youngish party at once resolved to make his call strictly formal.—Detroit Tribune.

Millions in It.

Servant (pounding on door)—What, hot within there! Awake, awake! Dime Museum Owner—What means this turmoil? Why at the midnight hour do you arouse me from my slumbers? Servant—Peace, master, until you have heard the joyful news. I have here a messenger boy who has never whistled "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay."—Truth.

No Hope for Him.

He—Will you marry me if I stop smoking cigarettes? She—No, Mr. Sappy. I can't bear the idea of marrying a man who does nothing.—Brooklyn Life. He Laughed Once Only. "I suppose you haven't forgotten that it is leap year," he said as he took a seat beside her, "and so I must be careful not to lead the conversation in a dangerous direction," and he laughed. "I had quite forgotten it," she said with a yawn. "What's the use of remembering it when you never meet a man who is worth proposing to?" This time he didn't laugh.—Tit-Bits.

Laughing as a Medicine.

Persons suffering from rheumatism are naturally anxious to try every proposed remedy. John Raymond, of northern Iowa, had tried without relief nearly every alleged cure suggested by friends. Then he read this in a medical journal: "There is more benefit in a good laugh than in the hot water remedies, the faith cures, the electric, and all other new treatments in the world, and it costs nothing. If you know of nothing else to laugh at, laugh at your neighbor." This was a new idea to poor Mr. Raymond. But what should he laugh at in the house was nothing amusing. However, the medical journal said, "Laugh at your neighbor." He went out on the front porch, and sitting in a chair, watched the people on the streets. For a time he saw nothing funny. Then a big German walked by, muttering aloud to himself. "Ha, ha, ha!" went Mr. Raymond. The big German stopped and looked. "Vot's dot?" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Vot vor you haw, haw, haw, mit me?" "Ha, ha, ha!" Over the fence leaped the big German, his fists uplifted. "Oh!" cried Raymond, "I—I meant no harm. I was laughing for my health." "Und den you liddle sick Yankee laugh mit big Dutchemn! Dot ish all right. Dot ish you goot shoke on me. Ya, ya, ya!" But Mr. Raymond, who really had not meant to be rude in the least, gave up the laugh cure, believing that the "shoke" was on himself rather than on the good German.—Youth's Companion.

Music as Medicine.

The one discovery above all others that has made Ambrose Pare famous for all time was the plan, which he was the first to suggest, of tying the arteries after the surgical removal of a limb. In one part of his writings he gives a curious account of a case of successful amputation, in which he appears to have anticipated one of the latest of modern fads and to have used music as medicine. The patient had been wounded in battle. The famous surgeon took him in hand, successfully amputated the limb, using his new plan of tying the arteries, and when the sufferer began to mend prescribed what the quaint English of the translation describes as "a consort of violins and a jester to make him merry." In a month the patient was able to hold himself up in a chair and was carried down to the gate of his castle to see the people pass by.

A successful issue to such an operation must have been of rare occurrence, for we are told that "the country people of two or three leagues about, knowing they could see him, came the first day, male and female, to sing and dance pell-mell in joy of his amendment, all being very glad to see him, which was not done without good laughing and drinking." "The camp being broken up," concludes Pare, "I returned to Paris with my gentleman, whose leg I had cut off. I dressed him and God cured him. I sent him to his house merry with his wooden leg, and was content, saying that he had escaped good cheap not to have been miserably burned."—All the Year Round.

Water Clocks in China.

In the history of the Tang dynasty it is stated that in Persia at the same period there was a clepsidra on a terrace near the palace, formed of a balance containing twelve metal balls, one of which fell every hour on a bell and thus struck the hours correctly. It is deemed not unlikely that this instrument was identical with the celebrated one which the king of Persia sent in the year 807 to Charlemagne.

In 898 the astronomer Tsang produced an improvement on all former instruments—a machine arranged on a sort of miniature terrace, ten feet high and divided into three stories, the works being in the middle. Twelve images of men, one for every hour, appeared in turn before an opening in the terrace. Another set of automata struck the hours and eighths of hours. These figures occupied the lowest story.

The upper story was devoted to astronomy, containing an orrery in motion. Very complex machinery must have been required. As to the nature of the mechanism nothing is known except that it was kept going by falling water. Inasmuch as the Arabs had reached China by sea at the close of the Eighth century, some assistance may have been derived from them in the construction of this complicated instrument, but in all probability it was wholly Chinese.—Boston Globe.

Men Are Good Listeners.

"What a splendid listener," says a woman, "seems the average young man, and how weak apparently are his conversational powers." Yet he manages to draw much from his young women friends, saying little, but quickly setting the ball rolling. Is it because we have all the volubility, which must pour out in any event? I think so, for two men walking or riding together find little to say to each other. But watch a strong leaving the theater or church or anywhere and you will see every woman chattering away, with nearly every man a pleased listener.—New York Times.

Rather Unreasonable.

Little Girl—I don't see why teachers has to be so mean. Aunty—What has yours done? Little Girl—In the 'strenuous lessons last term she asked me how many moons Jupiter had, and I said five, and she marked me a miss 'cause the book said four. Now she says Jupiter really has five moons, and I wanted her to mark that miss off, and she wouldn't.—Good News.

Reason to Be Proud.

Fond Mother—My child, you will always have something to be proud of. You were born on the queen's birthday. Sweet Child—Dear me, mamma, were we twins?—Exchange.

UNITED AT THE LAST.

PITIFUL TALE OF AN EMIGRANT FAMILY THAT PERISHED.

The Terrible Blizzard of 1881 Had for Some of Its Victims a Whole Family Which Froze to Death in Dead Man's Cove—Heroic Efforts of a Mother.

"That's Dead Man's cove right before your eyes," said the old man as he pointed to a recess of half an acre in extent in the southern face of the Little Rocky mountains. "That's Dead Man's cove, and you kin see the work of the wagon lyn about when ye git closer. When I first looked in here that was five human bodies lying dead in that wagon. Me an my pard we dug a big grave and buried 'em all together back agin that cliff, thar whar the rocks is. We pried the rocks that way so the wolves couldn't git at the dead."

"But there is no headboard—no names," I protested as I rode closer to the spot pointed out. "Couldn't be no names, 'cause we couldn't find any," he replied, "and them rocks is a gravestun as will last forever. We'll git off and sit down fur a smoke, and I'll gin ye the full particulars. I've passed here a hundred times in the last three years, and it allins gives me the heartache. Poor husband—poor wife—poor children!"

"It was this way," he continued after his pipe was alight. "Me and pard had our shanty down the valley about a mile. Plenty of emigrants in the'r kivered wagons used to come by this trail and turn south into Wyoming, or keep west into Idaho. They'd come five or six families at a time, and they'd come singly. Some of 'em would take such chances of injury, sickness, landlides, starvashun and death as would make your ha'r stand on end to think of. No man kin begin to guess how many graves thar be of men, women and children between the Dakota line and the west branch of the Missouri river. I've counted a hundred in a day's ride."

"Waal, one December mornin me and pard woke up to feel that thar was a blizzard makin ready to bust on us. It had been coolish but pleasant up to that time. We could tell by the feel of things that was comin, and began to git ready fur it. It was jest arter noon when a woman walked into our shanty. She was an emigrant. Right here in this cove she had left her husband and four children to try and find some help. He had bin sick fur three weeks and was liddle better than a dead man, and she had bin drivin the team an takin keer of things generally. She orter to hev turned back long before, but some fool of a doctor had told the man he'd get well if they kept on."

"They had got separated from the party they started with, and had made the last hundred miles alone. They war out of grub, hadn't a match left to build a fire, and the woman knowed a change fur the wuss was blowin up. She was a frail, liddle woman, and she had gone through with nuff to down a yan. But she hadn't lost all her pluck yit. As soon as she told us the story we got ready to go back with her an bring in the outfit. We made a start, but we never got thar."

"The blizzard prevented, eh?" "She did. She came swoopin down all of a sudden, like some great bird droppin from the sky. A fine snow begun to fall, the wind started right in to blow a livin gale, and I believe the thermometer went from 45 degs. above to 19 degs. below inside of half an hour. We hadn't any with us, but the change was sudden an amazin. You couldn't face that gale to save your life. It jest stopped us and turned us around before we had got fifteen rods from the house. As to the cold, it jest paralyzed you. We had to go back, and arter takin a big drink of whiskey all around and puttin on more clothes we tried it agin."

"Me and Sam was as tough as bars them days and could hev laid down in a pond of water and let it freeze up with us, but we couldn't buck agin that blizzard. When we made the second start we got about half way up the hill, the liddle woman leadin the way all the time. Then we had to stop. You couldn't see three foot from your nose, and all of us was freezein to death by inches."

"And you went back?" "We did. The woman was determined to push on, and we jest had to pick her up and carry her back. It was only by the Lord's hand plakin the way that we ever reached our cabin agin. We had our ears, noses and fingers friz, and an hour arter we got back water friz solid in our cabin within five foot of a roarin fire. The woman prayed to God and appealed to us, but we knowed it was no use. That was the blizzard of 1881, and I've heard men say it was 48 degs. below zero in this valley that night."

The woman got nipped wuss than we did, but her mind was on the family back here. She was bound to come back alone, but we stood her off till she got dark. Then she made a bolt fur it and got away."

"And went to her death?" "Jest as sartin as if she had jumped off that cliff. The blizzard set us in fur three days. When we got out we found her within twenty rods of the cabin. She had friz to death goin that fur. Of course we knowed how it would be up here. The horses had been on-tched and turned out. They lay over by the trees. The folks in the wagon had crowded together and kivered up with all the blankets, but all war stun dead as hard as rocks. They never saw that first night come down."

Science and Experience.

A professor of chemistry expatiated as follows: "Gentlemen, when exposed to the air, coal loses 10 per cent of its weight and heating properties. This arises through the influence of the alkaline constituents of the"—

"But how is it when a dog lies near the coals, Herr Professor?" broke in one of the audience. "Sir, this is neither the time nor place to crack little jokes; this is a serious matter."

"To be sure, Herr Professor; that is just what my father thought when, after three nights' exposure to the open air, his provision of coal had diminished to the extent of 72 per cent. He consulted me, as a student of chemistry, as to what had best be done, and I advised him to keep a savage dog chained up near the coals. Since then our coals have not lost so much as 1 per cent. in a whole month."—Volkshbibliothek.

Impossible.



Chapley—Do you know if Miss Cole is at home?

Ma'id—She wasn't in five minutes ago, whar another young man called.

Chapley—But mightn't she have come in?

Ma'id—How could that be? O'd take me oath she didn't go out since.—Sun & Gray's Monthly.

Anecdotes of Renan.

Once he and Gambetta were dining at the same table in one of the fashionable salons of the day. Everybody was out of sorts, and the dinner threatened to become unbearably monotonous, when Gambetta, alluding to the harmonious voice of Renan, approached him and whispered in his ear, "Allons, M. Renan, the ladies are waiting; give us a bit of music."

On another occasion he was present at a banquet given by Mme. Anbernon, whose mansion was then the rendezvous of the celebrities of the epoch. M. Jules Simon was among them, and in the course of the repast he began to develop an ingenious social theory. Renan, growing tired of it, was about to speak when the hostess stopped him by saying, "Wait a minute or two, M. Renan, and then we shall be happy to hear you." Renan closed his mouth while Jules Simon continued to hold forth. At length he brought his speech to an end, and Mme. Anbernon rose to call on Renan. "I think you had something to say," she remarked. "Yes, madame, you are right. I wanted to ask for a few more potatoes."—London Globe.

A Wealthy Corporation.

He had been standing on the corner for thirty-eight minutes waiting for a car. During that time it had rained steadily and half a dozen cars had passed him—going in the wrong direction. For the last twenty minutes he had been saying things that he never saw in his prayer book and stamping his feet as if annoyed. Finally a policeman sauntered past.

"Say, Mr. Officer," observed the impatient citizen in a sarcastic tone, "you must have a pretty wealthy car company here."

"Think so?" was the guarded rejoinder.

"Yes, I notice they don't use the same car twice."

"How's that?" inquired the officer, becoming interested.

"Well, I've been waiting here about an hour, and about thirty cars have gone down, but not a blamed one has come back."

"Loop line; come back on next street" and the patrolman sauntered on through the falling rain.—Detroit Tribune.

Wanted to Be There.

Few people can claim to have outwitted Sir James Hannen, the well known judge. His lordship, however, was curiously "done" by a somberly dressed jerryman in his own court. In a most melancholy tone the jerryman claimed to be exempt from serving on the jury which had been impaneled to try an important case. Sir James very sympathetically asked on what grounds he claimed exemption. "My lord," said the applicant, "I am deeply interested in a funeral which takes place today and am most anxious to follow." "Certainly, sir; your plea is a just one," remarked his lordship. The man departed, and the next day the judge learned that he was the undertaker.—Argonaut.

No Occasion for Worry.

Impenitent debtors, living upon their wit, naturally become ingenious in the matter of excuses. Such a man, says an exchange, having been impounded for his rent till his patience was exhausted, burst out upon his troublesome landlord: "Now you needn't press me so. Why, I owe enough in this town to buy all your old houses."—Youth's Companion.

It Stopped.

Old Lady (anxiously)—Does this train stop at New York city? Brakeman—Well, if it don't, madam, you will see the darndest smashup you ever see.—Truth.

Among the "many handsome and valuable gifts" presented to a recently married couple at Emporia, Kan., was an orange.

STAGE GLINTS.

Mrs. Bernard-Beebe closes her American tour at once. George W. Cable and Eugene Field have started out with a dialogue entertainment.

Boston's aldermen have established a committee of censorship to abate the indecencies of pictorial billposters. Four steers compelled attention to a theatrical enterprise in Boston by drawing a placarded wagon through the streets.

Abelone Harrison advertised the play in which she is acting by serving as a rescued woman, in Kansas city, at a trial of fire apparatus.

Packs of playing cards, with the characters of a drama in place of the usual kings, queens and jacks, are given away by a traveling manager.

A Philadelphia manager keeps a six horse coach going about, with announcements thrown on its windows by an interior apparatus, the vehicle being in all other respects conventional.

Spike Hennessy, the genuine burglar who has figured in a melodrama for several years, may be less eager to exploit his record now that he has married a California clergyman's daughter.

In the way of flamboyant advertising on the billboards the Camden (N. J.) aldermen have resolved to charge fifty dollars a year for each theater thus displayed in that town, the action being taken in the interests of the Camden theater against those of Philadelphia.

Marie Jansen, whose disagreement with Francis Wilson caused her retirement from his company, has made a partnership with another comedian—George Wilson, of local Boston repute as the successor of the late William Warren at the Museum—and together they will try their fortune in comic opera.

RAILROAD JOTTINGS.

Twelve sleeping cars are being built for the Canadian Pacific by a car building firm at Coburg, Ont. A new fast train has been put on by the New Orleans and Texas Pacific company between Cincinnati and New Orleans.

The last census places the number of miles of railroad in the world at 370,299, of which 44.18 per cent. are in the United States. W. P. Tutill, M. E. Cale and George W. Bancroft have organized the Bancroft Vestibule Car company under the laws of Illinois.

The South park branch of the Pennsylvania, from Dunlo, Pa., to Scalp Level, Cambria county, will be finished in time to begin operations in the spring. Second Vice President and General Manager Benjamin Norton, of the Long Island railroad, has resigned, and E. H. Reynolds has been appointed general manager in his stead.

The Wilkesbarre and Eastern, which is now being built from Wilkesbarre to Stroudsburg, Pa., will require a great many bridges. All of these will be built of iron. Contracts for 2,000 tons of bridges have already been let.

The Erie's old broad gauge No. 74 was regarded as the most unlucky engine that ever ran on the road. It was used in the Snaguehams yards, and is said to have killed thirty-nine persons, including four women and three children. In addition to this seventy men were crippled by this engine.

TURF TOPICS.

The day St. Valentine reduced his record to 2:16 1/4 he weighed 1,400 pounds. The pneumatic sniky has reached Germany, and next year will be seen on French trotting tracks.

C. H. Nelson says Nelson's stud duties for 1892 foot up to \$52,500 and his exhibition trotting to \$10,000 more.

"White Hat" Dan McCarty, of California, owns in the neighborhood of 500 horses—trotters, pacers and runners.

Sixteen thousand panes of glass are used in the windows which light the newly completed covered mile track at the Jewett farm.

The coming marriage of Miss Mand Stone, of Cincinnati, to Mr. Carey, of New York, is announced. The prospective bride is the young lady for whom Mand S was named.

Senor Bocau paid \$60,000 for Ormonde, took him to Buenos Ayres, got some high priced engagements and sold him for \$150,000 to Millionaire MacDonough, of California. It is now reported that the Californian owner has set \$3,000 as his service price for Ormonde.

Phallas held the stallion record two months and sixteen days. Fearnaught held it two months and fourteen days. Allerton held it, all told, two months and eleven days, which was the shortest time that any horse had held it until Stamboul was cut off with only twelve days of glory by Kremlin, who was in turn dethroned by Stamboul, the present king.

WHAT SOCIETY ADMIRES.

Half long jackets having capes for misses. Princess dinner gowns of velvet, plain or glaze.

Half military fur capes twenty-four inches long. Girls' coats, with velvet sleeves and cape collars.

Silks having single and Persian colored designs. Eton jackets of fur to wear with fur trimmed suits.

Silks showing tiny dots forming large balls, palms, etc. Heavy repped silks for fine woolen dress accessories.

French kid shoes tipped with patent leather for misses. Ondine silks for dressy house, evening and visiting wear.

Long princess cloaks of silk, velvet, fur and figured cloth.—New York Advertiser.

A Partisan Daniel.

During a discussion at a local cafe at Vincennes between a number of the "bigwigs" of the place a bet was made between M. Maitre, a counselor of the district and a veterinary surgeon, and M. Ango, a wholesale butcher, that the latter would not enter the lions' cage in a menagerie then showing at Vincennes in company with the lion tamer Lorange, the proprietor of the wild beasts. The sum at stake was twenty pounds. The news of the wager spread through the little town, where M. Ango is well known, and as a natural consequence the show was packed with anxious sight-seers at the evening performance, when the bet was to be lost or won.

Punctually at 9 o'clock the lion tamer and M. Ango entered the cage, in which there were no lions, and after the cheers which greeted their appearance had subsided the former advanced to the bars and in a polite speech informed the public that M. Ango had won his bet, having accompanied him into the lions' cage. "But what about the lions?" yelled the audience. "This is the lions' cage, and nothing was said about the lions being in it," explained M. Lorange. The public quickly saw the joke and cheered M. Ango to the echo as he withdrew from the cage.

Curious to relate, M. Maitre flatly refused to pay the money and it is to be seen for the amount, as it was understood that the wager was to be spent on a banquet to commemorate the fete of Sept. 22.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

The Barefoot Cure.

The barefoot cure is evidently the coming craze in panacea. We have had the rest cure, the athletic cure, the Delaerte cure, the faith cure, et al, and now the barefoot cure. Returning travelers from Germany and Austria are bringing the idea over with them, and as it is vastly less harmful than the cholera bacilli, which they might have brought, it is well to be lenient with the lesser folly. The barefoot treatment is a phase of more than one process of cure. Under one authority it is carried on on a sunny beach, and the patients race through the hot sands bare headed, bare armed and with legs and feet bare to the knees.

This is to give the sun and heat, with their health giving properties, free access to the skin. According to another curist, to coin a word, it is a part of the hardening course, and though you begin walking barefooted over smooth turf, you advance by running through wet meadows, and later meadows heavy with hoar frost, to the climax of being able to endure tramping in cold water. As most of the cures effected at present have outlived their novelty, at least we may expect to find this brand new barefoot cure eagerly seized upon.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

To Tax Posters.

By all means let the city commission of sewers raise the tariff of fees for advertisement boardings in our streets. The flaming posters which do so much to make London unsightly cannot perhaps be prohibited altogether until a generation of citizens shall be born with the rudiments of an aesthetic sense, but the local authorities ought to do as much as they can to keep this unsightly patch on the metropolitan landscape within bounds. The commissioners are, however, just now considering a protest against the new fees, supported by an influential deputation, who declared that monstrously pictured and most glaringly inscribed boardings are a blessing to the public, and that the fee demanded by way of license ought to be reduced instead of being enhanced. The fact is, that in these street advertisements there is a rich field for taxation which ought not to be left unharvested. St. James Budget.

Practical Knowledge.

An Auburn lady astonished some of her friends at the Thursday club by her original discourse on the subject of Lake Auburn. Among other things she said: "The funniest thing is when the wind blows real hard, you know, so that the lake is just lovely and rough. Well, then is when it's elegant—great white billows and curious, straight, smooth places right along the lake where the wind doesn't seem to blow so hard. Well, there's where the roads were on the ice last winter. Isn't it peculiar?" "Very peculiar," said a strong minded lady. "Who told you that?" "Why, my brother Henry said so. Isn't it true, my dear?" "Humph!" said the strong minded woman.

At present this club is studying "Hegel on the Good, the Beautiful and the True," and this Auburn lady is considered a very apt metaphysician.—Lewis-ton Journal.

The Belle Charmed the Snake.

Mrs. D. M. Madden, of Denison, Tex., is a lady of nerve. Her little girl Mary, aged two years, was seated on the ground under a tree playing with a tin hoop, to which were attached bells. The noise of the bells attracted a large black snake, which crawled to the feet of the child and stretched at full length, with its head resting on her left foot. The jingle of the bells seemed to charm it, for the snake closed its eyes and was motionless. Mrs. Madden saw the snake. She did not scream for assistance, as most women would have done under the circumstances. She darted to the child, grabbed the snake by the tail and hurled it through the air. The peculiar music of the bells had evidently placed the snake under a spell, as it did not move until it felt the touch of Mrs. Madden's hand.—Cor. St. Louis Republican.

Honest Parishioners.

A pastor after many years' age at with one church announced his intention of resigning. The church officials begged him not to do so, saying: "You must not leave us. You have given all your best years to us and we did mean to give you such a funeral!" Could mortal man resist that plea?—Louisville Western Recorder.