ABE SLUPSKY, SLEUTH.

The Famous School Reformer Appears In a New Role.

HE RELATES DETECTIVE STORIES

Wherein Colonel Abraham Slupsky Figures as the Bright Particular Star—He Does No Dirty Work, but Is a Shrewd Investigator of Crooked Practices.

The illustrious Abe Slupsky of St. Louis, who has attained national fame as a school reformer and all round philosopher, now appears before an amazed and admiring public in a new role. It appears that Colonel Slupsky is in reality a detective and is described in the peculiar vernacular of the St. Louis press as "a guying, joshing and very shrewd investigator of crime or connivance of any sort."

Colonel Slupsky has lived so long in St. Louis—something like a quarter of a century—that he is a familiar figure on the down town streets and in the political clubs and ward meetings. But so many persons know him who never saw him that a brief description needs to be tacked to this story. He is about as tall as an ordinary boy of 16, and, though he is in his thirty-sixth year, he is often taken for a youngster. One of his favorite disguises as a detective is to rig himself up as a street arab and pass himself as a newsboy or a bootblack.

SLEUTH SLUPSKY DISGUISED AS A PEDDLER.

When not disguised, he wears the most stylish clothing the tailors can turn out in compliance with his orders as to style, etc., patent leather shoes, red neckties and pink shirts. He fairly blazes with diamonds. The stone in his finger ring is as big as a walnut, the headlight that flashes from his shirt front cost a fortune, and he has diamonds in his cuffs, his wristbands and at every opening of his shirt. His eyes are like a ferret's. He has a strong Hebraic face that he can twist into so many varied expressions that it is possible for him to assume numerous characters without the use of false beards. His hair is bristling black, and he brushes it in a peculiar way that makes it look like a wig. Some folks say it is a wig.

His political career is well known. Once he was a candidate for school director. He came out with a bold declaration that he not only favored free schools, but free books and free clothing for poor scholars. This proved a popular platform, and Slupsky might have been elected had not his enemies got hold of the fact that he never went to school a day in his life and used it against him. Slupsky was born in London. His father dealt in secondhand clothing, but died when Abe was learning to walk, and the youngster had to go out into the streets of London and hustle. He got a job washing dishes on an ocean steamer and worked his way to New Orleans.

In 1870 he came to St. Louis as a deck sweeper on a Mississippi flatboat, started on his career as a peddler, bought old clothes and finally opened a furniture store. He might have become a prosperous merchant had not a Scotland Yard detective trailed an English murderer from London to St. Louis and lost sight of him in the secondhand quarters. The detective employed Slupsky to help him locate the man. Slupsky found him and followed him across the continent. He was about to turn him over to the police of San Francisco when he got a telegram to let the man go, the real murderer having been captured in London. Slupsky returned to St. Louis fired with an ambition to become a detective. He sold out the furniture store and ever since has been a sleuth.

The other day a bright young man of The Post-Dispatch got hold of Colonel Slupsky and induced him to unbosom himself on the subject of detective work. "I like it," he said. "It's so fascinating. I am a first class detective. I do only political work and hunt down criminals. I am not one of those rats who shadow wives and husbands and get evidence for divorce suits. That is dirty work. I am high toned in business. I ferret out mysterious

ABE AS A NEWSBOY.

crimes and never give up till my game is safe behind the bars. These rats of the profession will do anything. If they can't get evidence, they will manufacture it. I know of a case in this town where a railroad president became infatuated with the wife of one of his subordinates. He hired a detective, a low rat, to get the fellow out of the way. The detective took some of the railroad company's property and secreted it in the man's house. It was found there, and the man was sent to the penitentiary. The railroad president then took possession of the wife."

Colonel Slupsky told a lot of stories about rascally detectives, this one among them:

"A woman fell in love with a rich cattle dealer who promised to marry her if she could get rid of her husband. She went to a detective. The detective questioned her closely, and on finding out that the husband was a man of irreproachable character and devoted to his wife he said that it would be a difficult task to trap him, but he would agree to do it for $250. The woman paid $100 down, and the detective promised to have the necessary evidence to insure a divorce within a week. Before the time elapsed he called one night at the woman's house and told her to come with him and he would show up the perfidy of her husband. He led her to a hotel on Olive street, up two flights of stairs, and, throwing himself against a door, burst it in. There sat the husband in a big easy chair with a little curly haired woman coiled up in his lap. The sight infuriated the wife. She forgot that she wanted a divorce and sprang at the little woman like a tigress. She would have torn her to pieces if she could, but the detective seized hold of his client and dragged her off, shouting: 'Hold on! Don't hurt that woman. She's my wife!'

"That's the sort of rats a good many of these detectives are," continued Slupsky after he had finished his story. "They wouldn't hesitate to drag their own mother into a case if they thought she could help them. Some of them would rob their own trunk."

Colonel Slupsky then told how he elected McKinley governor of Ohio by traveling through the state and selling six tin cups for a quarter. He also related a thrilling story of how he saved the Louisiana lottery more than $1,000,000 by ferreting out some rascals in Chicago who were printing counterfeit tickets.

"Abe, tell the gentleman how you captured the St. Paul firefles," chirped Mrs. Slupsky.

"The what?"

"The St. Paul firefles. You know, them fellows that swindled the insurance companies by burning up houses."

"You mean firebugs, my dear. Yes, that was one of the best pieces of work I ever did. One winter a lot of stores and houses were burned in St. Paul. I was sent for to work up those cases. I was set at work by the board of underwriters to investigate. The last suspicious fire was a house belonging to a man named Michael. It was heavily insured, and burned one night when all of the family was away from home. The firemen found that most of the goods had been removed, and that there was a lot of straw about the place and everything was saturated with kerosene. Disguised as a peddler, I went to the house where the Michaels had moved to and engaged board. You wouldn't have known me had you seen me in my disguise. I used to look in the glass and laugh for I didn't even know myself. Here is a picture I had taken. Well, I staid at the house for about two months, peddling all day and spending my even-

ABE AS A SPORT.

ings with the Michaels, even eating onions and garlic with them. All of my diamonds I had stored away in a safe."

He soon gained their confidence, and after two months of hard work he had the whole gang in jail.

"You should have seen them when I appeared in court," said Abe. "Of course they did not recognize in the handsome young fellow, with stylish clothes and elegant diamonds, the little old crooked peddler they had known as Ben Finkletack, and when I threw up my hands and greeted them with the old familiar 'Has du gesehen' they got up and kicked themselves."

After relating a number of other entertaining reminiscences, including a diamond robbery in Denver in which he played the hero, Colonel Slupsky condescended to speak of the financial aspects of detective work. "Sometimes I get big fees," he said, "but I do a good many jobs for my friends and don't charge them. If I have a friend in trouble who can't afford to pay me, I do the work for nothing, but when a rich man wants my services I bump his head."

A Snake In Their Eden.

A young lady was receiving her betrothed in the front parlor at Wethersfield, Conn., the other evening. The evening was well advanced when there came a noise of the rattling of blinds. Both were momentarily frightened, but the man realized his opportunity to prove his courage and ability to protect and ventured outside. He found no one on the premises. He returned, and in a few minutes the sound again disturbed them. This time he went to the window, and raising it a striped snake jumped into the room and began to glide across the carpet. The young lady was petrified with fright, but the young man grabbed the unwelcome visitor by the tail, and going outside quickly ended its life. The snake had crawled up a bush near the window, and entering between the slats of the blinds found difficulty in getting back to mother earth again. It is not every young couple who can tell of a veritable snake having entered their blissful edenic courtship.

The Mexican Idea of Smallpox.

The ignorant class of Mexicans consider an outbreak of smallpox in their miserable hovels a visitation of divine wrath for some sin they have committed. So set are they in this belief that they will do nothing whatever to check the ravages of the disease except, when it attacks their infants, to take the victims in their arms, press them closely to their breasts and pray devoutly and continuously to God to forgive them for their wickedness. Of course the smallpox runs its course after awhile, though never before claiming several members of every family as victims, but not until it does are the afflicted parents purged of their sins.

A Boy Who Liked Pancakes.

A careless mother at the food show the other day left her small son at a counter where samples of pancakes baked with a patent flour were given away with a lavish hand. As fast and as long as they were passed across the counter to him, the young man seemed to consider himself bound to devour them. He finally became black in the face and had to be rolled upon the counter by a returning and alarmed mother and the too generous white capped cook.—New York Times.

Potatoes Bring Big Money.

Houlton farmers received nearly $23,000 for the 42 carloads of potatoes that were shipped west from the town last week. They must have money to let around these Aroostook farms.—Bangor Commercial.

Four thousand nine hundred and fifteen new books and 1,339 new editions, a total of 6,254, were published in England last year. This is an increase of more than 500 over the production in 1891.

J. Sterling Morton enjoys the distinction of being Nebraska's first representative in a president's cabinet.

HE WAS ALWAYS KIND

THE SIMPLE STORY OF A MAN WHO AIMED TO BE PLEASANT.

A Suburban Gentleman Whose Memory Is Revered, Although He Never Did Anything but Spread Sunshine Wherever He Traveled—His Courtesy.

The other day there died in a little north shore suburb a man whose memory I would hold back for a moment from the eternal silence. Others far greater than he have joined the pale phantoms of the dead within the past few weeks, but I doubt if one has entered the audience chamber of the great King of Kings with better chance of recognition. He was not a man of splendid intellect, indeed I doubt if within his simple brain was ever formed a solitary conception higher than the faithful fulfillment of duty. He worked daily for the bread that only comes by honest toil and was always at his post until a stronger than he met him by the way and bade him step out of line.

For eight years it has been my almost daily privilege to take the same train to town with this man of whom I write, and through those eight years I can truthfully say I have never heard one cross or complaining word from his lips nor seen an action that was not kind, considerate and courteous. How is that for a record? Do you not really think such a one is better than almost any other you could choose?

He never meddled with politics, that inky pool wherein men snirch their reputations and their souls; he did not concern himself about anything but his own affairs and had no higher aim in life than to be kind. We used to smile a little once in awhile at the almost exaggerated courtesy of his manner, and yet, now that he has gone, we look through tears toward the place he once occupied and miss him sadly.

There was never a morning in blooming weather that he did not enter the car with a spray of the season's special blossom in his hand. In spring it was a violet or two grouped with golden buttercups or the starry dandelion; in summer it was wild roses tied together with feathery grass, and later on it was always goldenrod and purple asters that he carried. We were wont to look upon him as a sort of peripatetic dial of the year. By the flower he carried we knew what floral hour had struck. He had an artist's soul and was wont to choose the sunrise and the sunset side of the train that he might mark the glories of the sky. He painted a little now and then, and I have a sketch hanging upon my wall that he gave me with which I would not part for money. So excessive was his politeness and so unusual its manifestation that he always rode bareheaded on the train.

I could as soon imagine John the Baptist playing poker as think of my little gentleman as an expectorator. He would far sooner have been shot than knowingly have annoyed the veriest stranger. He was never offensive any more than God's sunshine is, or the robin, or the welcome spring rain. He was never obtrusive, and yet was always ready with a smile or a cheerful word. I doubt if he knew much about books, and yet he carried with him a higher charm than is attained by mere culture. Too much learning sometimes makes the heart "splendidly null and icily dull." To be truly lovable one must retain something of the simplicity and humility of ignorance.

One of the peculiarities of my friend was his remembrance of the absent. For many years the train by which we came to town was an accommodation train and stopped at every station. Of course we got to know almost every body on the road, and comradeship in many instances developed into friendship. It chanced within the past few months that the railroad company thought best to change our easy going train into a "flyer," so that we dashed through the smaller suburban stations and left their platforms dusky with the friends we should know no more as traveling companions. Not many of us gave a second thought to the severance of such an ephemeral tie. We glanced out of window, laughed little and speedily forgot. Not so with the man of whom I write. For months, up to the very last day of his riding on the train, he never neglected to raise his window a trifle or go to the rear platform and wave a greeting to the comrades from whom a "sullen corporation" had ruthlessly separated him. He never forgot.

Up to the last morning of his boarding the train he never forgot to pass a pleasant word with the brakeman or venture a shy pleasantry with the conductor. Indeed it would be difficult to imagine an employee so crusty as not to melt a little under the influence of his general manner.

We noticed for one or two cold mornings in succession that his place was vacant on the train, and it proved how much he was to all of us that not a single passenger failed to inquire the reason of his absence. No storm had ever been too severe, no snow too deep, no cold too keen to keep the old gentleman from his place. By that token we knew he must be ill.

"Only a cold," said somebody who knew, and so we hoped to see him again as usual when the trifling ailment should have run its course. But the "mere cold" worked with a deadly touch and quickly chilled the pulses of a noble heart. Only a day or two ago they laid all that was mortal of this pleasant gentleman, of whom the outside world knew nothing, in the grave. The peculiar essence of that lovable personality escaped the bondage of the tomb and is working out its deathless errand—somewhere. All that is left to us is a memory as fair as a May morning and a model it will behoove us to shape our own lives after.

It will matter little to you or to me with our mediocre powers what may be said of our achievements after we are gone. Even though we may wield a ready pen or an artist's brush, woo the muse or charm with our beauty, all that will be forgotten in a world so full of scribblers and dabbers and posers as this. But if some body shall stand by our coffin and say, "She was so good to me," "She comforted me," "She lent me a helping hand," or even, "She was so pleasant," we shall not have lived in vain.—Amber in Chicago Herald.

Degrees of Importance.

Here is a sentence recently used in an argument before a state supreme court which seems to indicate that a superlative does not always mean what it seems to. "While it is of the utmost importance that the right parties should transact business as members of the house of representatives, it is of far greater importance that some discreet rules should be established in the case."—Hartford Courant.

French Prisoners of War In Scotland.

The walls of a large room in Hawkhill House, situated between Restalrig and Leith, beside Lochend lock, are adorned with large panel paintings (the subjects conventional pieces of scenery) which are attributed to the brush of French prisoners confined in the house. Unfortunately I do not know at what period, nor do I know what is the authority for this tradition.—Cor. Notes and Queries.

Granting a Request.

No one who knew anything of the late Duke of Somerset will doubt as to the reply he made to Palmerston's repeated request that the brother of a great supporter might have the command of a ship. "Very well," said the first lord, lord of the admiralty, "I will give the order tonight, and you will lay my resignation tomorrow before the minister."—London Academy.

Light trousers, black frock coat, white tie, pearl gray gloves, form the correct costume for groom and ushers for a June wedding.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

Remarkable Cases of Its Occurrence In and Effect on Human Bodies.

Medical literature of this country as well as that of England and continental Europe relates many remarkable instances of the spontaneous combustion of the human body. In all such cases, which are the more interesting on account of their comparative rarity, the victim has been a person addicted to the immoderate use of spirituous liquors, either as a beverage or in the form of a bath. Little by little all the water and other liquids of the body are replaced by alcohol, and then all that is necessary to cause a catastrophe is to find some means of applying flame to the spirituous gases which are escaping from every pore. Occasionally the breath of the poor victim is fired while lighting a pipe or a cigar, or it may be that a flame comes in contact with and lights the alcoholic vapors which are escaping from some other portion of the body. When once the fire is applied, a bluish flame extends very rapidly to all parts of the body, leaving it a shapeless mass of charred flesh and calcined bones. In many instances attempts have been made to extinguish the flames with water, but always without success. When the affected parts of the victim are touched, a fatty matter attaches itself to the finger, still continuing to burn and giving off a very disagreeable odor, something similar to that which arises from burning a mixture of horn, hair and wool.

During all this time a thick black smoke arises from the body and attaches itself to the surface of all objects with which it comes in contact, the "settlings" from it being in the form of a sweat, unctuous to the touch and of an unbearable fetor. In the majority of such cases combustion is only arrested when the flesh has been reduced to cracklings and the bone to powder. Vincent, in his "Curiosities Respecting Man," says, "Commonly the feet and portion of the head are not burned, but usually when the combustion is finished it is difficult to believe that the incinerated mass is all that is left of a human body."—St. Louis Republic.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

The English Drummer Compared With His Fellow Salesman In America.

The commercial traveler in England is little different from his American brother, pursuing the same line of policy in "getting there" so far as securing trade is concerned. His invariable rule, however, is that his first price given to a local merchant is his last and only one. There is no going in the morning with an offer and then in the afternoon with an extra inducement to make the trade. This being the invariable rule, it saves much labor and apprehension in the mind of the buyer that he has not done so well as he could have done with more diplomacy.

Everything is done for the comfort of the traveler, and at the hotels a special apartment called the commercial room is set apart for his exclusive use. In this room smoking is prohibited until 9 p. m., a place being devoted to that purpose at other times. The traveler takes his meals in the commercial room, the dinner being a set affair at which all travelers in the house generally participate. The oldest man is at the head of the table and is called the president, while at the foot is the youngest man, and he is termed vice president. Selections of food are often made by vote, and two or three will club together for special dishes or wines, the president generally putting the question.

A dinner costs in this way from 50 to 75 cents and other meals in proportion, very good food and service being had throughout Great Britain and Ireland at these prices. At these dinners and in the general conversation no introduction of one to the other, if strangers, is necessary, and all join in the general conversation and story telling, a trait common to the whole brotherhood of commercial travelers, be they found in London, New York or Kamchatka.—Hardware.

Quarter Deck and Gangway.

Quarter deck originated from the arrangement that the portion of the deck so called was about one-fourth of the whole space. Fore or forward castle received its name as being the principal part of the ship in which the fighting took place, being raised much above the level of the other part of the deck and holding a commanding position. Poop, the raised afterpart of the ship, set apart for officers, both in meaning and derivation, comes from the Latin.

Gangway has been handed down from the days of the ancient galleys of the Phoenicians, Carthaginians and Romans, it having been a board which ran along the whole length, serving as a passage for the rowers to and from their seats. It was also utilized as a resting place for the mast and sail when not in use. The term now denotes a place of exit or entrance from or to a vessel, generally from the shore, by means of a long plank or platform.—Chambers' Journal.

Dead Men's Shoes.

It is not generally known that a special line of shoes is manufactured for the undertaking trade. In appearance they differ to only a slight extent from the shoes made for ordinary purposes, but there is no leather in the soles, and they are made entirely for show. They are sold to the trade in assorted sizes for prices varying slightly from $1.50, and they answer every purpose as well as those costing five times as much. It is said there is only one factory in the country in which they are manufactured, and considering the amount of orders the firm receives all the year round this is probably correct. It is well known that special lines are made for burial purposes in various articles of clothing, but it will be news to many that shoes with light pasteboard soles are made to go with them.—Philadelphia Times.

As Mamma Did.

"Oh, you dreadful hippopotamus," said a small Miss Malaprop to the brother with whom she had been having a wordy battle. "Smoke out your own eye before you poke out your brother's," she went on indignantly, in fine assumption of the manner of her mother, who, not long before, had quoted the Scriptural mandate about the mote and the beam to emphasize some nursery homily.—New York Tribune.

Blaine on Gladstone.

Speaking of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Blaine once said: "He is undoubtedly a great man, but he has very bad manners. All conversations with him must be one sided, and he insists upon doing all the talking. I met him half a dozen times. Upon one occasion I was with him two hours, and I do not think I said a dozen words in all that time, and yet I am told that I am something of a talker myself."

WASHINGTON IN 1853

BELLES AND OCCURRENCES FORTY YEARS AGO AT THE CAPITAL.

How the Scene at the National Center Has Changed as Regards the Central Figures. The White House and Its Cheerlessness Then.

The most elegant home in Washington 40 years ago was that of Mr. Corcoran, the banker. When we felicitated him on being the possessor of Powers' Greek slave, he said very pleasantly, "And that is the only slave I own, for you know I am an Irishman." The yellow guest room of his house was greatly admired. He had recently sent to Messrs. Baring & Co. of London which could not sell he repaid in money, and they sent him a gorgeous covering for his bed. It was of superb yellow satin, with Chinese embroidery of flowers and birds in fine, showy colors. The sides were heavy with a many colored fringe, and the lining was of rich white silk. He told us he had a bedstead made to accommodate this gift. It was of rosewood, with headboard of lattice work, through which yellow satin was pricked. The pillows were covered with blue silk, and the cases were of finest linen cambric, trimmed with costly lace.

At a reception at Mr. Corcoran's Mme. Bedinco was the belle of the evening. She wore a dress of corn colored brocade with low neck and bare arms. The black bugles of her bertha were so fine that they appeared like lace. A wreath of wild roses surmounted her brow and fell over her fair neck. The old count was very proud of her. She never accepted an invitation to waltz without his consent. While she was dancing he turned to a friend and said, "My God, is not Mme. Bedinco very beautiful?"

Among the noted beauties were Mrs. Riggs, with her coronet of auburn hair; Miss Cutts, who married Stephen A. Douglas, and the handsome widow, Mrs. General Ashley, betrothed to Senator Crittenden of Kentucky. A young daughter of Mrs. Ashley, when dressed for a ball, said, "Oh, mother! don't you wish you were as young as I am?" To which the mother responded, "My dear, don't you wish you were as handsome as I was?" The fashions in those days were not elegant. Middle aged ladies wore caps of blond, with flowers or marabout plumes, high waists with vests and flowing undersleeves of rich embroidery and lace. The dresses were of moire antique or brocade, but seldom of velvet. Mrs. Fillmore wore a red velvet, though she was a blond. Her daughter, Abigail, looked best in blue silk and white lace, with a wreath of water lillies.

The Fillmores found the White House in a miserable condition, dirty and bare, with no corner that seemed like a home. The great room over the blue room was covered with a straw carpet made filthy by tobacco chewers. Underneath this was found a good brussels carpet of the old pattern, a basket of roses upset. Mrs. Fillmore had this cleaned. She sent to Buffalo for her piano and Abigail's harp, shut off much of the space with screens, and with a wood fire and comfortable surroundings made the place very pleasant.

The old black cook who had served many years at the White House was greatly upset when a range of small hotel size was brought to his quarters. He had managed to prepare a fine state dinner for 30 people every Thursday in a huge fireplace with crates, books, pots, pans, kettles and skillets, but he could not manage the drafts of the range, and it ended in a journey of the president to the patent office to inspect the model and restore peace to the kitchen.

At that time there seemed to be a dearth of great men. Clay, Webster and Calhoun were gone. When Mr. Sumner took his seat in the senate, Mr. Benton said to him in a patronizing way: "Sir, you have come upon the stage too late. Not only have our great men passed away, but the great issues have been settled. The last of these was the national bank—that has been thrown over forever. Nothing is left you, sir, but sectional questions and petty strife about slavery and fugitive slave laws, involving no national interest." How little did Mr. Benton and Mr. Sumner foresee the things they lived to see!

We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers Fillmore, who took a note to Mr. John Washington from his mother, asking admittance for Mr. Washington Irving to the room in which General Washington died as Mr. Irving was finishing the last chapter of his great work—"The Life of Washington." But Mr. John Washington was very surly, to say the least, and did not consent that the room should be opened. Of course Mr. Irving was hurt and chagrined and our party disappointed.

At a state dinner we met Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, whom Mr. Fillmore escorted to the table—a plain little old lady and very plainly dressed. The dinner consisted of nine courses, and we sat from 7 to 9. Through the entire length of the table was a mirror about a foot in width, with a sort of birdcage arrangement at the edges, on which at intervals were placed vases of artificial flowers; we saw very few natural flowers, and there was no conservatory at the White House.

Mr. Fillmore was very popular in the entire south after signing the fugitive slave bill, and his family were making preparations for a trip southward immediately after the inauguration. Mr. Fillmore rode with President Pierce on that day, while his wife went in her own carriage and secured the best possible place, but being deaf she could not hear the inaugural, and stepped out on the cold, wet ground. A neglected sprain and a severe cold caused her death in a few weeks. She died at Willard's hotel and was taken to her home in Buffalo by her sorrowful family.—Kate Field's Washington.

Noble's Farewell Story.

Secretary Noble says that in many respects his official life in Washington was extremely pleasant. It involved a vast amount of hard work, but on the whole it was work that was agreeable to him. Nevertheless he felt much as did the runaway darky before the war. He was on his way to Canada and was met by a countryman who questioned him as to the treatment he had received at the hands of his master. "Didn't you have enough to eat?" the countryman asked. "Yes." "And enough to wear?" "Yes." "And a warm place to sleep?" "Yes." "Then, what did you run away for?" "Say, boss," the darky replied, "if you think you'd like the place, it's open to ye."—Washington Post.

A Question of Eating.

Some small men consume more food than large men. The result must depend upon a great variety of circumstances. It may be said generally that there is no reason for asserting that a big man consumes or requires more food than a small one. It is of course evident that any person in good health and in a healthy climate, doing a large amount of physical and mental work, requires more sustenance than one who under the same conditions passes a sedentary and inactive existence. The proportion of vital force which goes toward carrying on the work of the body is so much larger than that which is used in merely building up its frame that there is no comparison between the two.

A small steam engine, working at high pressure and running a lot of machinery all day, may be doing double the work and therefore consuming twice as much fuel as a big one at half the pressure and working slowly. So it will be seen that the amount of food required should really depend chiefly upon the amount of work done, but habit has so much to do with this matter that it is impossible to formulate any precise rules.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THOSE STRIPED STOCKINGS.

A Lewiston Man Tells a Good Story of the Indian Territory.

The returned Lewistonian fell to talking story a revolver that he carried in the arrest of a desperado in New Mexico, and then he diverged and told this story:

"Years when we were going down in the Indian Territory as we rode out of the village we passed the house where a New Brunswick girl had just come to live in the little prairie village. There had been considerable joking about the new arrival, and as we passed she came out to hang up her washing on the line. I rode a little red pony—one that I had swapped a shotgun for—and when I saw the New Brunswick girl hang up a pair of the longest, biggest striped stockings I had ever seen I rode right up into the yard and under the clothesline and seized those stockings and pulled 'em off the line and rode away.

"All that trip down across the hot plains and over the rustling buffalo grass the boys plagued me about those stockings. I had put them into my trunk and kept them. I don't know what I took them for or why I kept them.

"Well we got down into the territory and among the Indians. They are great gamblers, you know, and we bet with them everything we had. We raced and won from them all the money and blankets they possessed.

"The blankets were United States army blankets, but we can use them by cutting out the 'U. S.' At last we came down to foot runners, and the Indians brought out their man. He was tall, broad chested and long limbed. He could go like the wind, and our best runner was nothing compared with him. Why, he was the best physical man I ever saw. He looked at our man, and his thick lip curled in derision.

"'He no good—get a man!'

"The savage was stripped to his skin. I looked at our man.

"'Jake,' I said, 'you wait a minute. Then I went and got those stockings. When I brought them out, they created the biggest kind of a sensation, and the curiosity to touch them was something comical.

"They just wanted to put their hands on them to see what they were.

"I did not let them satisfy their curiosity, but carried them through the crowd as if they were only relics.

"'Jake, put those on and run with them,' I said.

"'Why, I can't run with those on,' he said.

"'Yes, you can. Don't you see that they are mystified?'

"He put them on, and though he was a large man they came clear to his hips. We pinned them up, and he started with the big Indian. It was plain by the faces of the greasers that they had lost all faith in their man as against the striped stockings. The Indian ran a little distance and then fell behind, with his eyes fixed in terror on those flying stockings. He was beaten. And do you know I sold those stockings to the Indian for five ponies and a rifle?"—Lewiston Journal.

To Promote Matrimony.

Everybody in a big city knows how difficult it is for what may be called the lower middle class to make acquaintances. Young men might marry young women if they knew any, and young women might make good wives if they knew where suitable husbands could be found. With that practical instinct characteristic of the British it is proposed now to bring these eligible people together. For the young man and the maiden at present there is no common meeting ground.

The scheme is to take most of the large boarding school buildings, which in America would be called public schools, and turn them into meeting places for those anxious to marry—to let the children have possession of the schools by day and the older people take possession of them at night. Now the buildings stand idle after dark. It would be easy to have dances, meetings and lectures there, let every one attend who cares to and in this way bring about a union of loving hearts. The plan is feasible, and the chances are that it will be carried out here.—London Letter.

The Fate of the Naronic.

There is no information in regard to the nature of the disaster. The Naronic may have collided with a derelict, or there may have been a fire or an explosion on board, such as to compel her crew to abandon her and take to their boats only to perish in the severe storms of Feb. 23, 24, or Feb. 27, 28.

If the Naronic took the northern transatlantic route, which should not be followed after Jan. 14, she may have collided with an iceberg or field ice and have been sunk, as was the iron bark Adamantine on Feb. 27, in latitude 47 degrees 21 minutes north and longitude 47 degrees 39 minutes west. From this position the Naronic's boats may have been drifted by the prevailing winds and currents to the place where seen by the Coventry.

There has been less ice and fog this season than usual, and it is strange that such a disaster could occur without leaving some more definite trace of its nature.—Hydrographic Office Bulletin.

Old Hoopskirts.

The query lately suggested as to what has become of the old and indestructible hoopskirts that flourished 25 years ago is partially answered by a woman writing from a little Massachusetts village. "I can vouch for the disposition of 23," she says, "which were gathered from about the neighborhood, where they had lain in unsightly rubbish after fulfilling their mission as dress distenders, and buried in a grave specially dug for the purpose.

"Old hoopskirts are worse than stones on a farm. They tangle in the plow and get caught in the rake. Suns do not fade them, snows do not freeze them, time does not absorb them, and these 23 steel skeletons had at last to be formally tackled and specially disposed of. Women should indeed pause and reflect before they call up again to life and being spirits so difficult to exorcise."—New York Times.

A Lover of Tobacco.

It is said that the camel is a lover of tobacco. Let any one smoke a pipe or cigar in the camel compound, and the camel will follow the smoker about, place his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes, with a long sniff, swallow the smoke, then throwing his head up, with mouth agape and eyes upturned, showing the bloodshot whites, will grunt a sigh of ecstacy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a love scene.—Bow Bells.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Philip's Trained Cat.

I expect you will be interested to hear that "Flip's" cat January, whose wonderful doings I chronicled last week, has learned a new trick. What that animal will become in time is beyond me. How he remembers all he has been taught is simply wonderful, I think. We expect dogs to be clever and knowing, but we seldom ask more of puss than that he should be fond of us, keep his coat clean and glossy and wage war upon the rats and mice. But January is an exceptional cat in every way. His latest accomplishment is finding a hidden biscuit, a dainty of which he is, strangely enough, very fond.

When the tea comes in, his young master, Philip, takes a biscuit, and showing it to him asks him if he would not like to have it. To this question January re-

plies by standing upon his hind legs and giving a plaintive mew. Then he is made to hide his head until the biscuit is secreted about the table. At the word of command he is let free and proceeds at once to search for the dainty. Gravely he walks round the table, picking his way carefully among the china, and looking knowingly under the edge of the plates and saucers and into each cup. Sometimes he finds it at once; at other times he is not so successful, but he never gives up in despair and sooner or later always produces the coveted prize from somewhere on the table.—Pall Mall Budget.

Hazel's Protector.

"I'm going to find my papa, so I am," said Hazel, with a knowing little nod.

So she started out.

Mamma was in the garden weeding her pansy bed. Roy had gone down town on an errand, and Mary was busy in the kitchen, so there was a good chance for Hazel to get away without being noticed.

By and by mamma came into the house for a drink of water. She looked around for Hazel, and not seeing her she feared that her wee girlie was lost.

Mamma was so frightened at the thought that she sank into the nearest chair. When Roy came, she sent him to find the baby. Down the street the little boy hastened, looking in every direction.

He was turning a corner when he saw something that made him smile. The little sister was strolling along looking as happy as a child could.

Her apron strings were untied, and holding fast to the sash with his teeth was Neb, the faithful dog. Roy named him Nebuchadnezzar, but he was called Neb by all save his master.

"I haven't found papa yet," wailed Hazel as her brother took her in his arms and started homeward. "We were just going to find him, I and Neb."—Rena Reynolds in Our Little Ones.

Grandma's Trees.

Tom's grandma had a number of cedar and pine trees in her yard. One day Tom could not be found, but after a long time put in an appearance and to his mother's inquiry of where he had been answered, "I've been playing under grandma's Christmas trees."—Youth's Companion.

Real Bliss.

First Little Girl—Oh, I've got just the loveliest doll you ever saw, an I'm so happy with it I don't know what to do.

Second Little Girl—Is it big?

First Little Girl—Big? It's so big it mos' breaks my back to carry it.—Good News.

Defined.

A little Auburn boy evidently has older sisters, for when his teacher asked him the other day to define the word "fellow" he spoke right up and promptly said, "A feller is somebody whot comes to see yer."—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Mrs. Kendal's Doll.

Mrs. Kendal, the English actress, was presented with a pretty little doll by some lady friends in Philadelphia while she was playing in that city. The doll

was dressed to look like a little Quakeress, and Mrs. Kendal is very fond of the cute little woman. The illustration is from a photograph taken in London after Mrs. Kendal had returned to her native England.

The Squirrel's Lesson.

Two little squirrels out in the sun,—
One gathered nuts and the other had none.
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain;
"Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Around the World on a Wheel.

Thursday morning Thomas G. Allen of Ferguson, Mo., and William L. Sachleben of Alton, Ills., rolled into St. Louis on their bicycles, having completed a tour of the world in three years. Both young men graduated from Washington university in 1890 and undertook the trip to China to improve their education. In their tour the cyclers crossed the Chinese empire from east to west, a distance of 3,200 miles, and are the only white men who have accomplished this feat since Marco Polo in the thirteenth century.