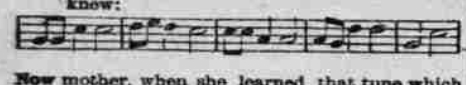


Father's Way.

My father was no pessimist; he loved the things of earth—his cheerfulness and sunshine, his music and its mirth; He never sighed or moped around whenever things went wrong— I warrant me he'd mocked at fate with some defiant song. But, being he wasn't much on tune, whenever times were blue, He'd whistle softly to himself this only tune he knew:



How mother, when she learned that tune which father whistled so, Would say: "There's something wrong today with Ephraim, I know; He never tries to make believe he's happy that way. But that I'm certain as can be some trouble is to pay!" And so, besides, quite natural like, to us observant youth, There seemed suggestion in that tune of deep pathetic truth. When Brother William joined the war a lot of us went down To see the gallant soldier boys right gayly out of town; A comin' home, poor mother cried as if her heart would break— And all us children, too—for here, and not for William's sake! But father, traidin' on ahead, his hands behind him so, Kept whistlin' to himself, so sort of solemn like and low. And when my eldest sister Sue was married and went west, Seemed like it took the tack right out of mother and the rest; She was the sunlight in our home—why, father used to say It wouldn't seem like home at all if Sue should go away! Yet when she went, a-leavin' us all sorrow and all tears, Poor father whistled lonesome like, and went to feed the steers. When crops were bad, and other ills befell our homely lot, He'd set around and try to act as if he minded not; And when came death and bore away the one he worshipped so, How vainly did his lips belie the heart benumbed with woe! You see the telltale whistle told a mood he'd not admit— He'd always quit his whistlin' when he thought we noticed it! I'd like to see that stooping form and hoary head again— To see the honest, hearty smile that cheered his fellow men; Oh, could I kiss the kindly lips that spake no creature wrong, And share the rapture of that heart that overflowed with song; Oh, could I hear the little tune he whistled long ago, When he did battle with the griefs he would not have us know. London, Oct. 23, 1890. —Engene Field.

Let Christmas Stand for Pleasure.

Christmas is the preacher who emphasizes the fact that the religion which celebrates is adapted to human nature. Horace is called the laureate of the worldly, of the epicurean, of the pagan who would eat and drink in view of tomorrow. The gay adage dum vivimus is cited with a shudder as the gospel of pleasure. Christmas was hunted in the Puritan parliament as a kind of god of pleasure who was only a masked devil. It was confounded by Governor Bradford with the Belly god. But why, said Charles Wesley, as he sweetly sang— why give all the good tunes to Satan? The sweet singer might have enlarged his view and his question. Why give Satan any of the good things? Why, above all, let him have Christmas, as Andromeda was abandoned to the dragon of the sea? Let Christmas stand for pleasure and for the reason that it is especially the Christian day. Then Christianity drops her weeds and smiles.—Harper's.

An Impostor Who Made Money.

One of the men who made a fortune out of the Cardiff giant humbug nearly twenty years ago died in New York recently. His name was George Hull. He was formerly a tobacconist in Binghamton, and was the author of the fraud, which he engaged an Italian stonecutter of Chicago to carry out. A large gypsum slab was obtained in Iowa and cut into the form of a gigantic man. The stone was artificially colored, to give the appearance of great age, and then buried in the vicinity of Cardiff, where it was accidentally (of course) discovered and exhibited about the country as a prehistoric figure. The imposture was so clever that many scientific men were deceived by it.—Chicago Herald.

Induction.

Two Detroiters were closing a large land deal the other day by telephone when there came a "zip!" and a female voice inquired: "Is Mrs. Jones home?" "No," answered another. "So sorry! Well, just the minute she comes do you tell her to come right up here." "Sickness?" "No. All my canned peaches have begun to work and must be scalded over again!"—Detroit Free Press.

Electricity has not been practically applied in the art of music heretofore, except, perhaps, in the operating mechanism of church organs. George Breed, of the United States navy, has devised a method by which the passage of a broken current over a conductor in a magnetic field produces musical notes of varying pitch and volume.

A farmer of Sumner county, Kan., has become a raving maniac by reason of the whistling of locomotives through his farm. He has been placed in the asylum, and his condition is said to be most pitiful, as he crouches in terror from every noise under the hallucination that it is a train of cars.

The Good Luck mine, in New Mexico, was first located less than six months ago, and in the last three months has produced \$20,000 worth of ore, and during that time there have not been more than five men at work on an average.

A peculiar fish, of brown color, without scales, and weighing twenty-one pounds, was caught in a net at New Dorp, S. I., by the lighthouse keeper. In forty years' fishing the keeper has never seen a similar fish.

Killed a Mountain Lion With His Knife.

H. Woods went out to Bullock's ranch recently, and from there took a hunting trip into the mountains the next day with his shotgun to bring down some small game. He had not been out long when he heard a peculiar noise in the underbrush, and, after some scouting around, a large-sized mountain lioness showed up. He had only small shot in his shells, but as soon as she came in reach he let loose, and she took the contents in her body and dashed up the mountain.

Woods, thinking that she had a mate, located himself on a rock where he could see into the canyon, and, true enough, in a few moments the lion appeared, and a monster at that, as large apparently as John Robinson's biggest circus lion, and he came directly to the spot where Woods was secreted, and when within a few feet he got the contents of the gun in the region of the heart. The lion rolled down the side of the canyon a short distance, regained his feet, and made up an arroyo.

Woods followed him up and soon came within hearing of the lioness, which was howling frightfully, and all of a sudden it emerged from a thicket and dashed at him, with eyes glaring and mouth wide open. He emptied the contents of his shotgun into its mouth, which dazed it for a moment. Instantly he jerked out his sheath knife and as he did so the lioness sprang for him, but only to receive the blade of the knife into its heart, and the fierce animal lay dead at Mr. Woods' feet as the trophy of his hunt. He did not want any more lioness, but made his way back to Bullock's ranch, but not until he had taken the hide of his lion, which is now on exhibition.—Tucson Star.

Murphy's Long Leap for Life.

John Murphy, a harness maker of Cleveland, sat up with a sick friend at Rocky river and started to walk home next morning on the Nickel Plate track. While crossing the bridge over Rocky river, which is ninety-two feet above the water, he was overtaken by a passenger train. He shouted to the engineer and started to run, but it was too late. The shriek of the whistle, the roar of the train and the trembling of the bridge caused Murphy to become panic-stricken, so that instead of lying down on the outer timbers, as he might have done with perfect safety, he leaped from the bridge into the chasm below.

The passengers on the train and three or four persons in the vicinity saw Murphy turn over several times in his awful fall and strike the water, which is only six feet deep at this point, and supposed he was killed. The keeper of the boat-house, a short distance below, pulled rapidly to the spot, found Murphy still struggling and hauled him into the boat. He vomited freely, but quickly recovered, and on the arrival of a physician it was found that, although badly shaken up and bruised, he had sustained no serious injury.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

About Folding Election Ballots.

If those distinguished New Yorkers really couldn't fold their ballots according to the method prescribed by the new law they may console themselves by the thought that the greatest minds are often puzzled by trifles. Newton, who enunciated the laws of nature, cut a large hole in his study door for his cat and a small one for her kittens. Chauncey M. Depew and Abram S. Hewitt can direct great public interests, but cannot fold a little piece of paper. Such is genius.

As to a Brooklyn gentleman, who bears the euphonious title of doctor of pedagogy, but could not, after repeated attempts, succeed in folding the ballots to the satisfaction of the inspectors, his failure may perhaps have been due to the fact that he took his learned degree into the polling place and got tangled up in its intricacies.—Munsey's Weekly.

Sending Panoramas Abroad.

A product purely American and probably in the nature of a revelation to the heathen peoples of England and France, to whom Steamship Agent Low has just consigned it, reached here all the way from Minneapolis a day or two ago by water. It was a panorama, and as it was fifty-four feet long it had to be tarped and bolted to the deck of the steamship Lydian Monarch, as there was no room for it in the hold. A single freight shipment fifty-four feet long is not to be sneezed at, even if it is only five feet and a half square in the other two dimensions, and this particular bill of canvas weighed all of three tons. The manufacture of panoramas for the European market is a novel industry of recent origin. These canvas pictures are not shown over here at all.—New York Letter.

Electric Oil Well Drills.

A patent has been granted for an electrical drill for oil wells. The device consists of a series of motors in tandem, connected in such a way as to make one motor. The design has been to get the power within a six inch diameter, so that the entire mechanism, which much resembles a common boiler, can be lowered in the well, and the power can be applied at the bottom. The drill bits are firmly fastened on the rod, which is worked rapidly in and out of a cylinder, after the manner of a piston rod.—New York Telegram.

Women Lasso a Vicious Deer.

R. G. Lanham, a farmer, was attacked on his farm near Sherman by a large buck deer, which escaped from the Bat-sell park, and gored very badly. Lanham's wife and daughter came to the rescue, lassoed the animal and tied it to a tree. This is the second man this pet has nearly killed with his immense antlers.—Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette.

Horse Sense vs. Fashion.

McAllister—I noticed you kept your front blinds open all the summer. Going out of society? Smith—No; but we concluded that all the people we really cared to have think us out of town were out of town themselves.—Puck.

Kodaks at a Railroad Wreck.

Superintendent Husted, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, doesn't like the kodak, and his experience of the last few days does not lessen his dislike. When the wreck occurred at Oxford the "kodak fiends" were out in force to make sketches of the scene. As a business proposition Mr. Husted objected to photography of the affair being sent broadcast over the country, and many of the kodak manipulators consented to his request and left the place. One chap with a fine instrument would not listen to anything and insisted on taking a picture. At last the superintendent told him he was trespassing on the company's grounds, and the man with the kodak remarked that he would go to an adjoining field and secure a view.

The superintendent told him that he would be trespassing there also. This made the chap angry. Mr. Husted is an exceedingly mild mannered man, but he grew warm under the collar. "I have tried to treat you as a gentleman," exclaimed he, "and you won't let me. Now, I'll treat you like a tough. If you attempt to make a picture of this wreck I'll smash that kodak over your infernal head." The kodak fiend evidently believed that Husted would make his word good, for he went back to Oxford on a work train.

While Superintendent Husted was thus engaged Chief Engineer Porter and his assistants were chasing kodak fiends over the surrounding country with clubs. The wary men with the cameras didn't hold choice points of view, but it's fair to guess that they are loaded with snap shots at that wreck.—Indianapolis News.

A Story of 5,000 Manuscripts.

I know an editor who is at the head of a popular periodical which, from its peculiar character, invites and receives probably more manuscripts in a single year than such magazines as The Century, Scribner's or Harper's. This year he has already exhausted two manuscript record books, each holding 2,000 entries, and the third is already half filled. In other words, he has received in ten months more than 5,000 manuscripts. I had the curiosity to look into the figures last week which this enormous deluge of manuscripts told, and they were interesting. There had been received, for example, a trifle more than 500 short stories, yet only 11 of these had been accepted, less than 2 per cent! Of over 1,500 poems a few over 30 had been accepted, a little better than 2 per cent! and yet every manuscript had been carefully read, and the position of the magazine is such that it is in a way of getting much good material.—Edward W. Bok's Letter.

Epidemics Among Animals.

The epidemics which show themselves at certain intervals in cattle and other domesticated animals have recently been the subjects of many reports and discussions. Among these diseases none has attracted more attention than that which has recently decimated canaries and other cage birds. Not very long ago upward of 1,800 canaries died in one year at Norwich, England, and occasioned a loss to the owners estimated at about \$5,000. A medical man is now stated to be hard at work inquiring as to the true cause of the disease, which at present is thought to partake of the character of diphtheria. The subject is an important one, as the transmission of diphtheria to children from domestic animals has come to be not only frequent but occasionally most serious in effects.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Educating Farmers' Children.

A movement is on foot in Denmark, corresponding with the needlework industries of England and Ireland, to advance the farming and dairy interests for the benefit of women. Little girls are being trained to raise poultry, make cheese and butter, and brand them with the badge of excellence. The agricultural, industrial and scientific worlds are leved upon for improved machinery and appliances. Not only are the cattle fed in Danish fashion, but by the use of special methods 10 per cent. more butter is extracted from a gallon of milk than ever before. These fancy products are put in the highest markets and yield a revenue not to be approached by the old system of women's work.—London Letter.

Checks Found in a Dump.

Two checks for quite a large amount recently sent by a Saco, Me., man to a Portland firm have had quite an interesting history. As the Portland firm at first denied having received them, it was at first thought that they had been stolen, but it was at last concluded that they had found their way to the waste basket by mistake. This supposition was followed up, and four men were kept at work all day Sunday turning over with pitchforks the dump heap on one of the Portland wharves. It was like hunting for a needle in a haystack, but the search was successful, and the two checks were at last recovered.—Philadelphia Ledger.

While Mr. Williams, of Montezuma, Ga., was driving under an oak tree to dusk the other day he was amazed to find his horse leave the ground and remain in the air. Investigation proved that the affair was not supernatural, as the animal got caught in a swing hanging from a bough of the tree.

Among the latest disinfectants is "lysol," which appears to be very much like carbolic acid. The emulsifying agent is resin or fat soap, tar acid being incorporated with the soap at the moment of saponification.

It has been proposed to make the upper half of war balloons of very thin steel and the lower portion of ordinary balloon material, the whole so constructed as to hold hydrogen instead of ordinary gas.

Blackening the nose and cheeks under the eyes has been found an effectual preventive of snow blindness, or the injurious effect of the glare from illuminated snow upon eyes unaccustomed to it.

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