A Butternut Victory.

By JOHN NELSON TRUMP.

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"Vallandigham is just the man
And Pugh's his right hand bower,"

sang Tommy Murphy as Abijah passed the Murphy gates.

"Shet ep!" snapped Abijah.

"Hain't a-goin to," said Tommy and went on with the song:

"To meet the abolition clan
We're ready every hour."

Abijah would have been glad to have stopped and shut Tommy up, but he didn't dare. He was on his way to pay a call on Melissa Bray and was too dressed up to take any violent exercise.

Abijah Hopkins was the beau of Goshen and a rank abolitionist. He went to Cincinnati almost every month and hence was an authority on fashion, as his costume of that afternoon showed. He wore a long tailed blue coat, made with full skirts, fitting closely in the back. Under the coat was a flowered velvet waistcoat, fastened with bulletlike pearl buttons. His dove colored trousers were skin tight, with a black stripe up the side seam and held down by a strap passing under the foot. His shirt was "store bought," and he wore a high paper collar and a tie made of small colored beads woven into a ribbon with infinite pains, the work of Melissa, as was also the snaky looking watch guard, manufactured from her own hair. Abijah was proud of the tie and the guard.

Personally he was not handsome. It might be said that his hands were too large and too red and too freckled and hung, like Ichabod Crane's, "a mile below his coat sleeves." His face was red, too, a shade brighter than his hair, which was parted far to the left in front and "roached" toward the right in a high, sweeping billow. In the back it was parted in the middle and brushed away from the medial line to either side, where it met the front hair in little duck tails just behind his ears. And his whole head was redolent with hair oil.

Abijah was a "stay at home ranger." He hadn't enlisted and had escaped the draft. Though he was the only young man left in Goshen, he was not in demand by the girls, as might be supposed. Few people had any respect for "stay at home rangers," and when Melissa began to go to singing school and spelling bees with Abijah people began to lose respect for her too. But Melissa knew what she was about. She was one of those girls who can't exist without some one to flirt with.

Abijah passed the Murphy gate with anger in his heart. Nothing made him so mad as to hear the Butternut song. He hated Vallandigham and all his adherents, though Molly Murphy was a nice girl. To tell the truth, he was not sure which he liked best—Melissa, the abolitionist, or Molly, the Butternut. He would have felt better could he have thrashed Tommy, but he knew better, both on account of his new clothes and on account of Molly. He wasn't going to give up his chances with the only other girl who would go out with him.

Melissa expected him; he was expected every Sunday afternoon, and she was dressed in her best to receive him. But it wouldn't do to let him know. There was a peculiar code of etiquette existent in Goshen; so when he came up the front steps she pretended to be surprised.

"Why, Bijah," she said, "I'm jest that glad to see you! Won't you set down?"

He sat down and put his hat on the floor. He was awkwardly bashful.

It would be useless to reproduce their conversation. It was about the weather and crops and politics. Abijah avoided the subject of the war as he had avoided the draft officers. As he was about to leave Melissa said:

"Are you goin to the speakin to Mount Repose next Tuesday?"

"I 'lowed to go," said he. "Want to go 'long?"

"If it don't put you out none," she answered.

"You'd jest as well go as not. I'm goin to take my buggy."

"All right, Bijah," she said; "I'll be ready."

He put on his hat and started down the walk.

"You'll have to fetch a lunch," said he as he reached the gate. "Ma's sick, and"—

"All right," she called after him; "I'll fix it up."

Mount Repose was six miles from Goshen, on the Columbus pike, and on Tuesday Brough, the abolition candidate for governor, was to speak. Everybody was going, and Abijah felt proud to think that he would have a girl along even if he hadn't been to the war and got wounded. He walked with his head up till he reached the Murphy gate. He looked for Tommy, but Tommy had disappeared. Molly was leaning over the gate, and Abijah stopped to speak to her. She was considerate of his feelings and had put away her badge made of the cross section of a butternut when she saw him coming. All Butternuts wore badges of that sort, and the abolitionists felt it their duty to destroy all such emblems of opposition.

"Evenin, Molly," said Abijah, as he halted at the gate.

"How are you, Bijah?" said she. "Goin to the speakin Tuesday?"

"Yep," said he, resting his foot on the lower hinge and dusting his trousers with his cane.

"Who with?" she asked.

"I 'lowed to take Meliss," said he. "Why?"

"I wanted to go awfully," she answered, frowning prettily.

"I'm sorry I hain't got a carriage," said he, flushing a deeper red as he thought of his next words. "But if you don't mind, and Meliss don't, you can go in the buggy with us."

"I don't mind," said Molly, not blushing in the least, "and I'll ask Meliss."

She hadn't forgotten the prevailing fashion in feminine attire, but she thought, by exercising proper care, two could ride in a single buggy at a pinch. Abijah was the only chance, and she liked to flirt as much as Melissa.

"Never mind," said the young man. "I'll ask Meliss myself."

It would give him an excuse to call again at both places, at the Brays' to get Melissa's opinion and at the Murphys' to tell Molly.

Molly agreed, and the next day (Monday) Abijah asked Melissa if she objected to Molly's company. Melissa did not object to Molly as a girl, but she did demur about riding with a Butternut. However, Abijah said they need not sit together at the speaking, and that it did not matter much in the buggy, and Melissa agreed and walked down with him to see Molly about the luncheon.

Molly promised to furnish her share and to keep down her Butternut tendencies, and everything went smoothly except for Abijah. He cursed his good nature, which wouldn't allow him to refuse either or both. He could stand one girl in the buggy beside him, but two—

After gearing up Tuesday morning and grooming himself with more than usual care he drove around for Molly first.

She came down the steps as he stopped at the gate, and when he saw her he cursed some more. She had on a white lawn dress, the waist made something like the shirt waist of the present day, but with rows and rows of brass buttons upon it, small ones on the shoulders and down the sleeves and larger ones in quadruple rank down the front. Her hat was a little straw affair, trimmed with illusion and fastened at an impossible angle over her forehead to leave room for the enor-

"Why, Bijah," she said, "I'm jest that glad to see you!"

mous mass of hair—her own and another's—in the back. Her hands were incased in pink silk mitts, and she carried a green silk parasol. But it was not the waist that caused Abijah to curse nor was it the hat; it was the skirt. It was full, very full, and was kept distended by hoops whose periphery was a dozen yards or more. She had to come through the gate sidewise. Abijah turned his horse as far to one side as possible to allow the passage of the voluminous skirts, but with all he could do they touched both wheels when Molly climbed in.

She sat down carefully—she had to—and Abijah sat beside her, and together they drove off for Melissa.

Her costume was the same as Molly's in degree as well as kind, and when the two girls sat on the single seat of the buggy the vehicle seemed filled with skirts. Abijah saw no room for himself and said so.

"You can set between us," said Molly, shoving into one corner, which caused a dangerous elevation of hoops on the other side.

He had some doubts about being able to sit between them, but he could do no more than try, and after much squeezing and exclamation they got very uncomfortably settled and drove off, the hoops standing out over the wheels on both sides and almost hiding the young man in the middle.

There were a great many people at Mount Repose. A few men dressed like Abijah—boys most of them were; lots of girls dressed like Molly and Melissa, and some men in army blue, pale and maimed, home on furlough or discharge. The speaking was held in the open air, with a stand for the speakers and backless benches for the auditors. The crowd made a tremendous noise getting settled.

The morning speakers were of little note—candidates for county offices, with merely a local reputation. In the afternoon was to come the grand speech, the heavy artillery of the campaign—Brough himself, candidate for governor of the state of Ohio. Save for the occasional collapse of a bench, excitement was kept down for the afternoon.

When the recess for dinner was announced, the two girls spread out the luncheon they had brought on a tablecloth on the ground. There were fried chicken, pickles, cold green corn boiled on the cob and piled up like a log cabin, two kinds of cake and four kinds of pie—apple, dried cherry, raspberry and rhubarb. Melissa and Molly sat on either side of the cloth and had to reach way over to get past their skirts. Abijah sat at one end.

After the meal the girls bundled their respective properties into their respective baskets, and when they had finished it was time to get good seats for the afternoon speech. True to his promise to Melissa, Abijah had Molly sit in front of the abolitionistic young lady. He sat by Melissa.

The speech was like all others of that time—defamatory to the south, touching heavily on the wrongs of slavery, touching lightly on the rights of nations and winding up with a eulogy on Abraham Lincoln; only this particular speech ended differently.

Molly had shown no dangerous Butternut symptoms during the day. In fact, she had applauded feebly at times, but when Mr. Brough called the whole race of Butternuts cowards and thieves she could stand it no longer. She put on her Butternut badge, a declaration of war then, and turned so Melissa could see it. Then did Melissa's instinct for destruction of all things Butternutty assert itself, and, in the words of old Mr. Meyer, a German by birth, who saw it all, "she grap for dot padge."

But she didn't get it. Molly leaped to her feet as quickly as her skirts would allow her to resent the insult, and, raising her green silk parasol, smote Melissa on her chignon of artificial hair, thereby breaking the weapon. Then Melissa tried to slap her adversary, and in dodging Molly went backward over the bench behind her. That put an end to hostilities. The scene can be imagined better than described. Abijah turned away, and Mrs. Meyer assisted the prostrate girl to her feet and declared an armistice. But the speech went on unheard. Everybody was laughing too much to listen; everybody except Abijah. He didn't laugh; he was too worried.

"I'm a dumb fool," said he to his aunt Maria when the girls had gone to separate houses to repair damages. "I'm a dumb fool to take a Butternut and an abolitionist out together. Dumbed if I know which to take home."

"Take Meliss," said Mrs. Maria.

"Course I'd ruther take Meliss," Abijah answered. "But I can't well git outen takin Molly. And I dursen't take 'em both."

"Won't Will Hanson take Molly?" suggested his aunt. "He used to spark her."

"They've fell out," he complained.

"Well, there's Ben. He come alone, and he can't drive good with a bullet in his arm. Let him take one of 'em."

"He won't have Molly, and Meliss won't go with him if he is an abolitionist and got wounded. She said so. Mebbe he would take Molly, though."

"All right. You ask him," said Mrs. Maria. "Now, look here, Bijah Hopkins. I want you to talk to Meliss 'bout the way she acted. 'Twan't ladylike."

"Don't care," said he. "Molly hadn't oughter hit her with that umbrell'."

"You talk to her, anyway. Pa's call in me. I got to go."

Abijah's mind was full of very serious thoughts as he backed the pony between the shafts. He guessed he had better talk to Melissa, but he would have to be careful how he talked. She was dangerous. On the whole, he believed he liked Molly best. She was more quiet, and then the pie she had made beat Melissa's all hollow.

Just as he fastened the last buckle he saw Melissa Bray coming toward him in a borrowed hat, and he turned to hear what she had to say.

"I jest wanted to tell you, Bijah," said she, "that I wouldn't trouble you to see me home."

"Who're you goin with?" he asked.

"Ben's goin to take me," she said. "He come alone."

Abijah said nothing, but after she had gone and climbed in beside Ben he thought some more and shook his head over his thoughts. Melissa had done just what she said she wouldn't do, and he would have Molly to sit with him in the buggy. If he wasn't a Butternut, why, then—

"I'll do it," he muttered as she came out and got in with him.

She gave him just the sweetest sort of smile and never mentioned the affair until he spoke first. But they had gone some way before he spoke at all, and it was not until they had passed the first tollgate that he found his voice.

"You hadn't oughter done that way, Molly," said he. "'Twasn't nice."

"She hadn't no business tryin to take my badge," said Molly.

"Mebbe not," said he, "but you hadn't oughter hit her with the umbrell'."

"I'm sorry I done it, Bijah," she answered, looking ruefully at the demolished parasol. "But she tried to hit me afterward."

"I know she did"—he blushed at the thought of the scene—"and I'll tell her so."

"I hain't never goin to speak to her again," said Molly determinedly.

"You won't even say you're sorry?"

"No, I won't. But I'll tell you, Bijah," she said, looking into his face.

Abijah didn't know what to say, so he kept quiet until they were almost within sight of home. Then he decided it was time to speak.

"I wisht you wan't a Butternut, Molly," he said.

She looked at him again and began to sing softly:

"I had a dream the other night
When all was clear and still;
I dreamt I saw Vallandigham
Go sliding down a hill."

An abolitionist song, and Abijah was beginning to understand.

"Then you've changed your mind?" he asked.

"Mebbe," said she so low he could scarcely hear her. "Have you changed yours?"

"About what?"

"About Meliss. Do you like her like you used to?"

"Molly," said he, ignoring her question, "you and me's been knowin each other a long time. I know I ain't handsome, but if you'll"—

"Course I will, Bijah," she whispered, leaning close to him.

And the Butternut had scored one.

Posing as a Model.

A curious feature of a model's occupation is her posing for an artist who is painting some one else. Wealthy people are capricious and often do not care to give long sittings. Therefore, after the artist has caught the expression of the face, he will call in a model to pose for the figure. Some models do not care to do this, as part of their enjoyment of their occupation consists in seeing themselves reproduced on canvas, but there are others who are quite willing to help fill out.

Various models have various points of excellence, and often a painter will employ at different stages in the progress of his work from three to four models for one figure on his canvas. One model is known for her coloring, another for her hands, another for her hair. An artist generally notes in his address book the characteristics of a model after her name. These quotations are taken at random from an artist's address book: "Fine young Jewess," "English, tall and slim, blond, costume;" "Good back," "Good figure, short legs, ivory tone."—Cosmopolitan.

Why She Wanted It.

Mr. Bowers—I don't see why you want to spend money for a new thermometer when we have a half dozen already.

Mrs. Bowers—But this one has a barometer, and barometers are so handy. See, it says "rain," and just look how it is raining!—Puck.

Sarcastic.

He looked about 7 years old, and he sat beside his mother in a Broadway car one day last week. "He's 4," remarked the mother as the conductor held out his hand for the fare. With never a smile, "Is he married?" asked the conductor.—New York Sun.

A QUAINT CEMETERY.

WHERE OVER 100 OF THE COUNTRY'S EARLY LEGISLATORS SLEEP.

Burial Sites In Suburbs of Washington That Were Set Apart For the Free Interment of Congressmen Dying Away From Home.

On the eastern outskirts of Washington, where the city, straggling over the commons and vacant squares, halts at the edge of the marshes of the Anacostia river, stands the old Congressional cenotaphs, memorials of departed statesmen. Years ago the tide of population surged westward and northward, overrunning the salubrious highlands of those sections and establishing its burial grounds in the new regions. But this little city of the dead was left alone in the deserted quarter, with the jail, the almhouse and the workhouse for neighbors.

In it are 160 cenotaphs to dead congressmen, stretching in monotonous rows through the cemetery, all of them, with two exceptions, of a uniform shape and size, and erected at government expense to the memory of the government's dead representatives. Some of the stones mark the actual burying place of the defunct statesmen, but others, like those commemorative of Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Thaddeus Stevens and others, merely stand in honor of those distinguished names. Since 1876 the practice of erecting cenotaphs, begun in 1796, has been abandoned.

When the cemetery was established in 1808, its projectors thought it would be a successful idea to secure the interment in the new cemetery of congressmen who passed away while serving their country in the then malarial climate of Washington and that it would give this mortuary site distinction above ordinary burying grounds.

So 400 burial sites were set apart for the free interment of congressmen dying away from home, and the place was named the Congressional cemetery. In those days it was impossible to transport a body long distances without great expense and trouble, and the purchasing of burial lots was expensive, so the privilege thus extended was readily accepted. The funerals were conducted with imposing ceremonies, and the departed solons were laid away with pomp and circumstance in the spaces specially allotted and set apart for them.

As methods of transportation improved, however, with the years, and the families of the deceased found opportunity to take the bodies home for interment, the practice fell into disuse, and ultimately a law was enacted providing that a cenotaph should be erected in the cemetery to every congressman who died in the harness, and for a number of years this custom was followed, so that many of the monuments merely stand in memory of the congressmen without actually marking the burial sites.

In 1876 a law was enacted providing that no cenotaph should be erected unless interment was made in the cemetery, and there has not been a burial of a congressman in the plot since that year.

The cenotaphs are plain blocks of masonry, covered with cement to withstand the ravages of the elements. Each is inscribed with the name of the dead man, the state he represented in the house or senate and the date of his death. Some of the inscriptions are now illegible, but the oldest one decipherable is on a cenotaph in memory of Andrew P. Butler, a senator from the state of South Carolina, who died in 1796. As stated, all the cenotaphs are of uniform size and shape, except in two instances. One is a marble monument to Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, at one time vice president of the United States and famous in Revolutionary history. It is a pyramid shaped pile of marble about twice the height of the other cenotaphs, surmounted by an urn containing a representation of an undying flame. The other is a monument to George Clinton of New York, also vice president of the United States and active in the war of 1812.

Among the cenotaphs is one to Pushma-ta-ha, a Choctaw chief, who, the inscription states, died of croup in the sixtieth year of his age while visiting Washington in 1824. Beneath this inscription is the statement that the red chieftain in his last breath desired the big guns to be fired over him. He had the salute he desired.

It might be economy if the government were content nowadays merely to honor the departed congressmen with a cenotaph, for the 160 memorials probably did not cost as much as half a dozen modern funerals of defunct statesmen. Congressional funerals now are elaborate affairs. There must be a junket with every ceremony. The body is transported to the home of the deceased in a special car, accompanied by one or two Pullmans, containing a more or less sorrowing congressional escort, with a well stocked commissary, of course. There are carriages and flowers and mourning and a display of white sashes quite imposing.

Then some day special services are held in the house and senate, and the family of the deceased is present to hear him eulogized and endowed with more virtues than ever they dreamed in his lifetime that he possessed. The eulogies are afterward printed in morocco covered volumes and distributed among the friends and constituents, after which congress, deeming that it has performed its duty, dries its eyes and proceeds again to business.—Washington Letter in Los Angeles Times.

Too True.

Schools and colleges exist for the purpose of aiding us to keep up with the knowledge of those who have never attended them.—Boston Transcript.

Vengeance.

Returned Traveler—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her hair. Did she ever get even with him?

Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.—Illustrated Bits.

Ladies and waiting maids among the ancient Greeks and Romans wore plain hoops of gold or silver in their ears, and as time progressed these became more elaborate, precious gems being set in them.

LEARNING A TRADE.

The Danger of Making a Specialist of a Beginner.

It is generally to the interest of an employer that an apprentice should not learn his trade as a whole, but only a little section of it, says Joseph Horner in Cassier's Magazine. It pays better to keep a lad repeating the performance of one section of his craft than to teach him all. More money is made. But the apprentice becomes a young specialist, a prig in his teens, cocksure over some little piece of handicraft at which he may earn something over his normal wages, and many a lad does not become disillusioned until he has to face the world and try his luck in other shops.

And therefore the best shops in which to place a lad are not the big establishments, but the small ones, where every class of work is done and where tools and appliances are often scant. A lad will learn more in these than in those replete with every appliance and minutely subdivided into sections and groups.

The best training for a lad today is that which he can evolve for himself. The greatest evil that can befall him is to become a specialist and nothing more while in his teens. Yet that is what must happen if he spends several years tending machines or doing repetitive, unvarying tasks in one big establishment.

The best training, therefore, today is that gathered by the peripatetic youth. If a lad cannot gain experience in one place, he should move about, gathering as much as he can accumulate with one firm, then on to another, and attending training schools as opportunity offers. His views become broadened, he becomes self reliant, and in time, having found his true work, he may settle down as a specialist.

The Old Fashioned Boy.

At a little dinner of a few old timers in this city the other night one of the speakers said:

"What has become of the old fashioned boy, the one who looked like his father when his father carried the sort of pomposity which was like the divinity that hedged a king in the time when kinghood was in its break of day, the boy who wore a hat which threatened to come down over his ears, the boy whose trousers were made over from his father's by his mother or aunt or grandmother, the boy whose hair had a cowlick in it before and was sheared off the same length behind, the boy who walked with both hands in the pockets of his trousers and who expectorated between his teeth when his teeth were clamped together, the boy who wore boots run down at the heels, the boy who never wore knickerbockers or a roundabout coat, the boy whose chirography was shaped by the gymnastics of his tongue, the boy who believed his father was the greatest man in the world and that he could have been president if he had wanted to be, the boy who was his mother's man when the man was away from home?"—New York Sun.

Virtue of the Mafia.

Among the Mafia "onesta" is the great virtue. This virtue is said to be possessed by those who never under any circumstances help the authorities by giving information, not even of crimes of which they may be the victims. To give information is to forfeit all honor, to become a "caseittuni," or spy.

This feeling which underlies the Mafia, which is not old, but was born in Sicily at the beginning of the nineteenth century, is due to the inborn hatred which the Sicilian has for government. Any interference of the authorities in his private affairs he regards with jealousy and distrust. In his sight a man who calls on the authorities for anything is vile. He believes in settling private differences privately, either by fair fight or murder.

No matter what a member of the Mafia may suffer, he will never inform. If he recovers from an injury, he will avenge himself if he can, and if he cannot he blames no one and would scorn to even take the authorities into his confidence. A Sicilian proverb runs, "If I live, I will kill you; if I die, I forgive you."

Shoving the Queer.

The game of counterfeiting in this country is played by people of all nationalities, and, although some women and children are used as tools, men take the principal parts. After having made the coin the great problem is how to convert it into good money. The maker rarely takes part in that operation. It is the business of gangs, which consist usually of two persons, known as the "holder" and the "shover."

The holder carries a stock of the counterfeit money, and the shover has one piece. This he takes to a store or a saloon and buys something for a small amount, and when he comes into the street the holder sees him from his position a block away, joins him, receives the good money and hands him another counterfeit.

The object is to work so that the shover, if detected, may plead innocence and prove that the piece is the only one that he has and that he has no other money. Some clever operators go so far as to mix good coin with the bad.

A Little Drama.

In the morning a workman kissed his wife and children and went to help a hundred others tear down a building.

During the day he slipped and fell.

Then came an ambulance and a hospital and then a bit of black crape on an obscure door.

His children went on without their father.

His wife, whose life had been bound up in that of her husband, grew pale and died.

Helplessness killed the little ones.

Yet in speaking of the accident men said:

"It was not so bad. Only one man was killed."—Chicago Journal.

There's Etiquette In All Trades.

A lady who imprudently explained to a fishmonger the other day that her purchase was intended for the cat's dinner was a little hurt at receiving it wrapped up in a newspaper. "I understood, as it wasn't for yourself, mum," replied the fishmonger loftily, "we never wraps up in brown when it's for cats!"—London Chronicle.

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Smith's Cash (Dept.) Store

No. 25 Market Street, San Francisco.

The Fruits of War.

Not long ago I visited the town of Novara, in northern Italy. There in a wheatfield the farmers have plowed up skulls of men until they have piled up a pyramid 10 or 12 feet high. Over this pyramid some one has built a canopy to keep off the rain. These were the skulls of young men of Savoy, Sardinia and Austria—men of 18 to 35 years of age, peasants from the farms and workmen from the shops—who met at Novara to kill each other over a matter in which they had very little concern.

Further on Frenchmen, Austrians and Italians fell together at Magenta, the hue of the blood that flowed out under the olive trees. Go over Italy as you will there is scarcely a spot not crimsoned by the blood of France, scarcely a railway station without its pile of French skulls. You can trace them across to Egypt, to the foot of the pyramids. You will find them in Germany—at Jena and Leipsic, at Lutzen and Bautzen and Austerlitz. You will find them in Russia at Moscow, in Belgium at Waterloo. "A boy can stop a bullet as well as a man," said Napoleon. And with the rest are the skulls and bones of boys "ere evening to be trodden like the grass."—Popular Science Monthly.

Queer Turkish Fish.

April 19 is the great fete day of "Balukli," or place of fishes. This is a small church situated outside the walls of Constantinople, and it enjoyed no particular reputation before the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. At the time of the invasion, however, a monk was cooking some fish there when a messenger came and told him that the Turks had entered Constantinople. The monk did not believe the story and said he would sooner believe that the half cooked fish would jump back into the water. As he spoke the fish jumped back into the water, and since then the place has had a great reputation for its healing powers.

A church has been built over the spring dedicated to "Our Lady of the Fishes," and on this day a regular pilgrimage takes place from all parts of the town. Many sick are carried thither, and many miraculous cures are reported. The truth of the story is proved by the presence in a large marble lined tank in the church of the lineal descendants of the half cooked fish. Any one who does not believe has only to look in the water, and he will see them, brown on one side and white on the other, swimming about at their ease.

Sea Bathing.

A person can easily determine with one indulgence whether or not open air bathing is hurtful to him. If circulation is speedily restored after he has left the water, if his skin is well reddened and he is soon well warmed up and as strong and "lively" as when he took his first plunge, then he may properly assume that his bath has done him good. If, on the other hand, his skin continues cold and clammy for 15 or 20 minutes, notwithstanding the brisk rubbing he gives himself, and for an hour or more afterward he is weak, dull and languid, then he may be tolerably certain that there is something wrong with him which forbids cold bathing.

A Pot Walloper.

The parliamentary register for 1896 showed that there was then only one pot walloper in all England. One seeing the term for the first time might easily imagine that a pot walloper was a species of ichthyosaurus or some other reptile of a past age. It will be discovered upon inquiry, however, that the term "pot walloper" is literally one who boils a pot and was applied to voters in certain boroughs of England where, before the passage of the reform bill of 1832, the qualifications for suffrage was to have boiled (walloped) his own pot in the parish for six months.

A Curious Tree.

There is a curious combination tree in West Stockbridge, Mass. It is primarily a maple which measures, a foot from the ground, 12 feet 3 inches in circumference. Fifteen feet from the ground there are one or two birch limbs growing, and higher up are currant and raspberry bushes which bear fruit each year. It is not stated whether the sugar made from its sap has a raspberry flavor, or the birch bark a currant color and taste, or the berries a spicy tang of birch. It is very old and bids fair to stand for many years longer.

His Manners All In a Bunch.

The laundress' little boy is being strenuously brought up "by hand." "Why, mum," she said despairingly, "if I pounded that boy black and blue I couldn't learn him his manners. Here, Willie!" to the urchin, who was looking confusedly at some pennies given him by the mistress. "What do you say to the lady?"

Willie looked troubled. Then, "Yes, ma'am; no, ma'am; pease, fank you, estuse me," he said breathlessly, remembering all his "manners" at once, the occasion evidently being great.

The Human Jaw.

The human jaw is very loosely socketed in the skull, so that it is often dislocated by the mere act of yawning. Not being intended for biting purposes, offensive or defensive, no attention seems to have been paid by nature to making it fast.

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The Drones In a Beehive.

To the drones nature has certainly been very bountiful. They are very large and strong, have a helmet made of enormous black pearls, two lofty quivering plumes, a doublet of iridescent, yellowish velvet, a heroic tuft and a fourfold mantle, translucent and rigid.

While the workers have 12,000 facets to their eyes, the drones are gifted with 26,000; while the workers have 5,000 olfactory cavities in their antennæ, the drones have over 60,000. While the workers are laboring for the benefit of the community the drones sail off every bright morning into space, irresistible, glorious, and tranquilly make for the nearest flowers, where they sleep till the afternoon freshness awakes them.

Then, with the same majestic pomp and still overflowing with magnificent schemes, they return to the hive, go straight to the cells, plunge their heads to the neck in the vats of honey and fill themselves tight as a drum to repair their exhausted strength, whereupon, with heavy steps, they go forth to meet the good, dreamless and careless slumber that shall fold them in its embrace till the time for the next repast.—Maeterlinck's "Life of a Bee."

Bullfighters Afraid of Cows.

It will probably not surprise our readers to hear that most Spanish bullfighters object to fighting cows. The real reason may, however, astonish them. A sportsmanlike objection to persecuting a female animal has nothing whatever to do with it. The fact is that the average toreador is sincerely afraid of a cow.

And he has good reason. The cows of the half wild breed used for the arena are much quicker in their movements than are the bulls. Their horns are more pointed and more formidable. They do not lower their heads to the ground, shut their eyes and charge like a locomotive upon the rails, but are alert and ready to follow every movement of their persecutors. Their warlike tactics have been adapted not to blind, bovine frontal attacks, but to the strategy of active and cunning beasts of prey, of which the human bullfighter is only a feeble mimic. If these cheap idols of the Spanish populace would face young and active wild cows which had just been robbed of their calves, they might perhaps forestall the butcher, but they would, at any rate, do something to earn their laurels.