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THE WRONG CUSTOMER.

A Confiding Young Man Runs Across a Rustic and a Cyclone.

He was the greenest old man you ever saw. He looked around the passenger coach in a way to prove that he had never entered one before, and he sat down so softly, and seemed to be so afraid of damaging something, that all the passengers smiled.

By and bye a young man went over and sat down beside him. This young man might have been directed by filial affection, and he might not. "Which way, uncle?" he softly asked.

"Me! Oh, I m goin' to see my darter in Connecticut."

"Ever travel much?"

"This is the first time I was ever on the keers. I've driv off seventeen miles with the oxen to see my other darter, but oxen hain't no comparison to these keers."

"I should say not. It takes a lot of money to go to Connecticut and back."

"Dreffful lot, but I jest sold the farm, you know."

"I presume you could change a $100 bill for me?"

"Oh, jist as well as not."

"I may want you to by and by. This is good weather, eh?"

"Strordinary weather fur fall. James has been worried about his corn, but I guess it's all safe."

Nothing further was said for some time, the old man looking out of the window and the young man reading a paper. The train made a few stops, and the car was so warm that after a while the old man began to yawn and nod. He fought it off for ten minutes, but at last his head fell back, and his gentle snores mingled with the roar of the wheels.

A slim white hand, with tapering fingers, rested on his leg; then it was elevated to his breast. Its touch was that of a feather. Its movement was that of a serpent creeping forward to strike. The fingers touched an old-fashioned wallet. The young man continued to read, and the old man slept on. Inch by inch the wallet was lifted from its snug resting place, and the hand was almost ready to remove it entirely when something happened. With a sudden movement of his right hand the old man pinned the interloper fast, and his voice was heard calling:

"You blamed skunk! But I knowed all the time what you were after! Where's the conductor!"

"You blamed skunk!"

There was a rush of passengers, and they found a helpless, confused pickpocket and an indignant, but yet elated old man.

"Consarn his pictur, but he took me fur an ole haystack from a back medder! Work roots on me, will ye! Set a trap fur me and fall into it yerself, eh!"

Even a professional pickpocket hadn't cheek enough to urge a single excuse. The fellow hadn't one blessed word to say, and was walked off to the baggage car to be kicked to the platform at the next station.

"Ye see," said the old man, as he turned to the inquiring passengers, "I hain't orter done it. When a man has been constable, sheriff or drover all his days, travelin' all over and meetin' with all sorts of folks, he hadn't orter play off greenhorn and break a young man's heart like this, but I felt sort o' reckless this mornin'. I must put a curb on my sperrits; I'm gettin' too old to be play in' jokes on confidin' young men!"

The Horrid Predicament of a Dainty Dude.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Alfonso was a dainty dude, a member of that class we should from daily wear exclude and put it under glass. He could not take a healthy breath, for like excess of steam, so tightly was he squeezed beneath, 'twould open every seam. He had his cane tied to his hand with dainty silken string; if it should drop and he should bend 'twould ruin everything. He reached a massive garden wall, a foliage hid retreat; was just about to give a call when, falling to his feet, a silver dollar—all he had—went ringing to the street. I will not say the dude was mad; the word is incomplete. Here was a pretty how to do; the dude was desperate. He dared not bend, for well he knew what then would be his fate. He was no Vanderbilt, to lose a dollar in that way. There wasn't much for him to choose, and time for no delay. There was no Arab there to scoff at his sad misery, so he must take his trousers off or let he dollar lie. Now all was dark; no one was near. Ah, shield him, shades of night! He did the deed in trembling fear, and got his tin all right. Bow wow? What's that? Alfonso knew; he'd heard that sound before. Just as he was, like wind he flew; but through an open door old Towser leaped. He made a break and caught the trousers fast. Alfonso didn't stop to shake his grip but hurried fast. The gardener came running then—"Hi, Towser, bring it here! Ha, ha! That dude's been here again; but this is mighty queer. He must have jumped clear from his clothes, I'll bet a dollar note. I'll use the trousers now, I guess, for sleeves to fix my coaf."

"If You Don't Keer."

[Atlanta Constitution.]

There are some good stories told on some of the members of the legislature. When one of the new members arrived and was sworn in he took his seat, and the next thing he observed was the election of the doorkeepers, who were thereafter stationed at the various doors. After remaining in his seat until his legs got cramped and he wanted exercise the member arose and, timidly approaching a doorkeeper, said in a whisper:

"I—I—I—say, I'd like to go out—if—you don't keer. I—I—won't be gone but about ten minutes."

The doorkeeper let him out. Before the session was over the member learned that he could ride home on his free pass and stay a week and nobody would miss him but the clerks, when vainly trying to make sixty or seventy men count up constitutional quorum.

Detroit FreePress: A little Delaware girl was compelled to don a dress to which she took exceptions. For a long time she sat moping, never saying a word. "What's the matter, dear?" asked her mother. "Oh, I believe this dress makes me bilious."

Monterey.

Monterey, the capital of Nuevo Leon, and metropolis of northern Mexico, is picturesquely situated in a sort of amphitheatre among the mountains, their huge, rugged forms towering over it in every direction save the north, where the valley widens out into the great plains lying blue and purple in the distance. Along the southern vista, beyond the green valley of the arroyo, and the gentle foot-hills crowned with white-towered chapels and suburban villas, extends the main range of the Sierra, here flanked on either side by the bold, detached peaks of La Mitra and Silla (the Mitre and Saddle,) both most appropriately named, as is made evident at a glance. The Sierra proper lifts itself in three distinct chains, one serrated line above another, until they fairly seem to lean against the sky, with the summer clouds drifting lazily below. Especially is this true of an early morning, when the rising mists of the valley unite with them in producing the fairy-like landscapes above the clouds that form one of the chief charms of Alpine scenery. In gazing down any of the narrow streets, and indeed in every view of Monterey, this rugged background is ever before the eyes, distance being almost annihilated by the rarefied atmosphere of the mountains.

To the new-comer, especially if escaping from the rigors of a Northern winter, the first night in Monterey offers a scene of enchantment. The narrow streets, with their dead-walls of massive masonry, flat-roofed, parapeted houses, with balconies and windows barred with iron gratings; the slouching groups of loungers at the street corners, wrapped to their eyes in gaudy *serape*, and shaded by sombreros of immense dimensions—all have a delightfully foreign look. Even the execrable pavements over which he is tortured in a decrepit old hack propelled by two deplorable specimens of horseflesh, compared with which Don Quixote's Rozinante was a noble steed, are pronounced unique, as they undoubtedly are. But when the hotel is reached and the traveler ushered into the cool, shaded corridors of the "Iturbide" or "Monterey," with its Moorish arched colonnades and courtyard filled with tropic shrubbery—well, then his impressions of Monterey are, perhaps, a little more rose-colored than they may be a day or two later, when the novelty has a little worn away. We might almost say, "an *hour* or two later," for one of these hostelries is located in the convent of the Capuchinos, and, however romantic the situation the bare stone cells, cement-floored and windowless, afford but sorry guest chambers. buried in their depths, a lamp is necessary even at mid-day; however, as the artist observed, they are just the thing for a convention of photographers, where each would have his own "dark room" without extra trouble or expense.

Brought by the new railroad within a few hours' travel of the United States, Monterey is yet essentially as strange and foreign to American eyes as if the broad Atlantic rolled between, and it were in the heart of Andalusian Spain. Not only are the scenery, architecture, language, very picturesque, but the varied dress and customs of the people, as exemplified in the daily panorama of street life, are even more so, and are a constant source of interest to the new comer. The bells of the numerous churches still keep up their continual jangle throughout the day; but the shovel-hatted *padres* and other ensigned members of priesthood who formerly constituted the most picturesque figure of Mexican street life, have disappeared before the laws of reform, together with the contents and monasteries that gave them shelter. While the Church has thus gone to decay, the State is flourishing at its expense, for soldiers are to be met with everywhere, and uniforms are as common as in the strongest garrisoned towns on the Continent. Hardly to be distinguished from the regular troops are the city police; clothed in a sort of undress uniform, and a little brief authority, armed with a rusty old Toledo in lieu of the regulation locust club, they are a veritable terror to evil-doers, and, in truth, a most formidable body of men. To them it is due that Monterey is to day the most quiet and orderly of cities; indeed, more so than most towns of its size in the United States. Then there are the *cargadores*, or porters, who, numbered and licensed like drays, of which they are the only substitute, may be seen bending under the most tremendous burdens. Provided with only a straw pad to protect the head, they will move piano-fortes and other heavy articles of furniture from one end of the town to the other, and this with apparent ease, and for the most trifling compensation. Another interesting character is the *sereno*, or night watchman, who is always going about with a lantern, though, unlike his famous predecessor, looking for a dishonest man. In storm or calm, throughout the long watches of the night, his shrill voice may be heard calling off the hours, with the monotonous concluding formula of "*y todo es bueno*" (and all is well—a custom brought down through force of tradition from the old Moorish times in Spain, when every city was an armed fortress, and its inhabitants lived in constant dread of being surprised by the turbaned moslem.—*Frank R. Brown, in Harper's Magazine.*

Farmers, Care For Yourselves.

I often think it strange that, as a rule, a farmer is kinder to his horse than he is to himself. If he takes out his roadster, how careful he is on returning to groom the animal till perfectly clean, to see that water is not given till the animal has cooled; yet he will go straight to the well and drink, often without sense or reason; and, without heeding the perspiration that streams from the pores, which are clogged by dust, he sits down to dinner, satisfied if hands and face are clean. A change of underwear would not occupy five minutes, and any wife who thinks about these things will place the garments where they can be easily reached, for man is an impatient being, and must have what he wants there before his eyes. Leather slippers do not absorb moisture and are therefore best, and nothing refreshes the feet more than a regular washing in tepid water and clean socks.—*N. Y. Herald.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—A frame school-house in the Catskill Mountains, which is used for church services, is papered with pictures from illustrated papers published during the rebellion. It is said that during services the walls attract more attention than the officiating clergyman.—*Troy Times.*

—The Russians are a very religious people in the observance of outward forms. Their religion consists chiefly in lighting candles, blessing holy images, bowing to the floor and making the sign of the cross over and over again. Holy images are found not only in the churches, but in houses, on public places, in railroad, stations and telegraph offices, and no devout Russian passes them without bowing and making the sign of the cross.

—The average salaries of schoolteachers in Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and San Francisco is $750 per year. San Francisco pays the highest, the average there being $990 per year. Boston ranks next, the salary paid being, on an average, $978 per year. Cincinnati averages $838, New York $814, Chicago, $700, St. Louis $625, Washington $654, and Philadelphia $486. The average per pupil is $24.25 in San Francisco; that in Philadelphia $9.61.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—President Robinson, of Brown University, favors intelligent and systematic attention to physical culture in all the colleges, instead of permitting the students to continue their sports in the present somewhat indiscriminate manner. If physical culture is to be taken up by the colleges in the manner President Rogers suggests, the value of the sportive quality in athletic exercises ought not to be overlooked. Perfunctory gymnastics do not have that peculiarly wholesome effect upon the participant that indulgence in games, which excite emulation, does.—*Current.*

—The Charleston (Va.) *Jeffersonian* says that the property which the late Arthur W. Austin, of Milton, Mass., bequeathed to the University of Virginia amounts to nearly or quite $500,000. The will provides that the income of the estate shall go to Mr. Austin's children, who are three in number and all grown, until their death. The entire property will then revert to the university. The property consists of railroad and other bonds, well secured, and some real estate. In the body of the will the bequest was made to Mary and William College, but this was revoked by codicil.

Eating According to Gladstone's Rules.

A pale man, with a high forehead, came into Booge's restaurant the other day, sat down at a table and ordered his dinner. Then he took out of his pocket a large diagram, apparently covered with unintelligible signs and algebraic formula and fastened it with a pin upon the wall where he could easily observe it. When his dinner came he looked it over attentively and then turned to a profound contemplation of his figures. After awhile he began to eat, but with a great deal of caution and reserve, as though he was afraid of making a mistake or suspected the biscuit of concealing a snag. Frequently he paused between the bites, and his lips moved as in prayer. The latter illusion was dispelled, however, by the occasional indistinct pronunciation of the name of a numeral. He was evidently counting. He chewed with his eyes fixed upon the equations of the diagram. There was a pale, bluish tinge about his face and he looked billious. His neighbor at the table hitched his chair a little further away and placed his hat where he could seize it a moment's notice. He suspected the new-comer of being a lunatic.

"Why do you look at me that way?" he demanded. "Do you think I'm peculiar?"

"Well, I did think your manner a little odd," ventured the other.

"Not at all, sir," returned the stranger, emphatically. "I'm a dyspeptic and my digestion is in a bad way. I have just learned of Mr. Gladstone's rules for regulating mastication so as to in the highest degree facilitate digestion. I have adopted his system of thirty-two chews to a piece of steak, fourteen to a cold potato, etc., only I have improved upon it. What was before crude is now systematical and theoretical. It is the combinations which puzzle me. They will not when I get used to it. Is the explanation sufficient?" It was, and in a few moments more the dyspeptic was plunged in the intricacies of a profound mathematical problem.—*Hotel Gazette.*

The Colors of Horses.

The Arabs of Sahara are very particular as to the color of their horses. White is the color for Princes, but does not stand heat. The black brings good fortune, but fears rocky ground. The chestnut is the most active. If one tells you that he has seen a horse fly in the air, ask of what color it was; if he replies "Chestnut," believe him. In a combat against a chestnut you must have a chestnut. The bay is the hardiest and most sober. If one tells you a horse has leaped to the bottom of a precipice without hurting himself, ask of what color he was, and he replies "Bay," believe him. Ben Dyab, a renowned chief of the desert, happening one day to be pursued by Saad-el-Zenaty, turned to his son and asked: "What horses are in the front of the enemy?" "White horses," replied the son. "It is well; let us make for the sunny side, and they will melt away like butter." Some time afterward Ben Dyab again turned to his son and said: What horses are in the front of the enemy?" "Black horses," cried his son. "It is well; let us make for stony ground and we shall have nothing to fear; they are the negroes of the Soudan, who can not walk with bare feet upon the flints." He changed his course, and the black horses were speedily distanced. A third time Ben Dyab asked: "And now what horses are in the front of the edemy?" "Dark chestnuts and dark bays." "In that case," said Ben Dyab, "strike out my children, strike out, and give your horses the heel, for these might perchance overtake us had we not given barley to ours all the summer through."—*The Horses of Sahara.*

Not Exactly Bed-Rock.

In California, in the days of the Comstock excitement, when all kinds of wildcats were being floated on the market and rapidly bought by an indiscriminating public, a Mr. Davis bought a claim. This claim did not cost Mr. Davis much, whatever it cost the public, and it was known by the name of the "Bob Tail Consolidated." The speculative Mr. D. lost no time in doing what many a man under like circumstances had done before, and has done since—he organized a company and sold some of the stock. To a very popular friend of his he sold a large block of ten thousand shares at one dollar per share.

For some time the mine amounted to nothing, and after a few twenty-five cent assessments had been levied, the stock would really not have been cheap as a gift.

For this reason Mr. Davis and the friend to whom he sold the ten thousand shares as a good thing were not on speaking terms. One day, however, the friend, to his utter and complete astonishment, received a note, asking him to call at once at the residence of Mr. Davis. He went, and found Mr. Davis in bed. The table was covered with medicine bottles, and Mr. Davis looked as if his head had been reposing in a sack of flour.

"Jim," said Davis, in a hearse and feeble voice, "I did you a dirty trick a few months ago in selling you them 'ere Bob Tails, for I knowed you couldn't afford the money, and, Heaven knows, they've not brought me no luck."

"Well," said Jim, "what has been done, can not be undone now," at the same time gazing compassionately upon the sickly form of the prostrate Davis.

"No, no," urged Davis. "I done you a wrong. The doctor says I haven't many hours to live, and before I die I want to undo as far as I can the injury I done you; where are them shares?"

"Got 'em down at my office," was the reply.

"You bring 'em up here as soon as you can," said Davis, "and I will give you the money that you paid for 'em."

Muttering expressions of grief, and with eyes rapidly becoming moist with tears, Jim rushed off to the office and brought up "them 'ere shares." The shares were handed to Davis, who, with an expression as if it were his last earthly transaction, handed his friend ten thousand dollars in currency.

"I never thought you meant to do me wrong," said Jim, speaking as if he was about to choke, "and I do hope you will soon be better, old man." Jim then retired with his hands full of greenbacks and his eyes full of tears.

* * * * * * *

No sooner had he left the room than Davis, suddenly recovering, jumped out of bed and did a war dance on the floor. Wiping the flour from his face, and taking the rag off his throat, he remarked to a confidant: "Well, I guess I had him that time?"

"I guess you did," replied the confidant.

* * * * * * *

The following morning the news was blazoned forth in all directions that the "Bob Tail Con." had struck the greatest body of ore ever seen on the Pacific coast, and the shares bounded up from seventy-five cents, the last assessment unpaid, to seven dollars. The last time Mr. Davis was seen, he was living at the Hoffman House in New York, feasting on the fat of the land. He was then the largest individual holder of "Bob Tail Cons," and drawing a princely revenue in the form of monthly dividends from the property. But once again Davis and his friend are not on speaking terms.—*Financial News.*

The Future Coachman.

The man who keeps a fiery team and handsome daughters is in a quandary. If he engages as coachman the usual dashing young man the chances are that the dashing young man will dash off with one of the handsome daughters. If he engages some old fellow the chances are that the spirited horses will dash off with him. On the one hand the happiness of the family is in danger of being wrecked. On the other hand the family itself is in danger of being wrecked by a runaway team. It seems to be the alternative between a runaway horse and a runaway daughter. The only remedy appears to be that paterfamilias shall put none but eligible young men on the coachman's box. This opens a new field for our young society men who at present stand all the day idle.

"I would like a position as coachman," the young man will say to the old man.

"What is your genealogy?" asks the ancient.

"I come from the oldest Manhattan families, the Schneiders and the Schoonerhondzenburgs."

"What are your prospects in life?"

"I have $10,000 a year at present and expectations."

"That's all right. By the way, can you drive?"

"Oh, yes; I keep a four-in-hand."

"Then consider yourself engaged."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Sympathetic Crowd.

He was telling 'em in the village store that his son in Chicago had failed, and when they asked for particulars he explained:

"Why, he writes me that he bought for July delivery and got left."

"How left?"

"I dunno, but I guess he couldn't deliver it. Meb-be teams was awful skeerce, and meb-be the roads was bad."

"Well," said one of the crowd as he brought his hand down on the counter, "if I had a knowed that your son Bill was pinched to deliver wheat I'd have gin him the use of my team a whole fortnight fur nuthin', for Bill was one of the best boys who ever left this town."

"And me, too!" added every man in the crowd, while the old man observed:

"It 'll probably be a warning to William and meb-be he'll set in and buy watermelons for January delivery and get on his feet again."—*Wall Street News.*

—Pear sauce is sometimes improved, if the pears seem rather tasteless, by adding a few figs to the sauce before stewing.—*Troy Times.*

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—The area of Philadelphia is 129 square miles. The area of London is 122 squares miles.

—Paris has just taken a census. It shows a population of 2,239,928, of whom 10,789 are English and 5,987 Americans.

—The main building of the New Orleans Exposion is said to be the largest erected in the world, covering thirty-three acres of land.

—There are 810 Young Men's Christian Associations, with 108,137 members, owning $3,956,675 worth of real estate.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The total area of the seas in the world is 231,915,905 square miles, while that of all the continents and islands is only 34,354,950 square miles.

—In 1830 there were 23 miles of railroad in operation in this country; in 1840, 2,818; in 1850, 9,000; in 1860, 30,000; in 1870, 52,000; in 1880, 92,000, and in 1884, 120,000.

—Nearly all of the crops are big this year, sugar and rice being the most notable exceptions. The Florida orange crop is estimated at 1,000,000 boxes—350,000 more than last year.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Eureka *Leader*, in an article showing how well foreign capital has succeeded in Nevada, says: "Of the amount invested in this district by foreign capitalists about $900,000 has come from England and about $600,000 from the United States. Since the opening of the district less than $2,000,000 in assessments has been levied in our mines, while over $8,000,000 has been paid in dividends, showing an excess of dividends over assessments of more than $6,000,000.

—Of the 600,000,000 pounds of tobacco grown in this country this season 300,000,000 will be manufactured into chewing and smoking tobacco and snuff. The tobacco manufactories proper are about 1,000, but of cigar manufactories the number reaches more than 16,000. New York and Pennsylvania have each about 4,000; Illinois and Ohio about 1,500 each, none of the other States reaching in number as high as 1,000. These cigar manufactories made over 3,000,000,000 cigars in the fiscal year just ended and about 750,000,000 cigarettes.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—From the days of Cortez, in 1521, down to the beginning of this century, and even to the present time, except when interrupted by revolution, the Mexican silver mines have poured forth an unceasing stream of silver, such as the world has never seen. It is estimated that the value of the silver coin and bullion produced in that country since the conquest is over $3,000,000,000, and it is well known that some of the mines have been profitably worked almost without interruption from that day to this, and that one of them at least is still running out silver at the rate of over $5,000,000 per year.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Somebody has said that the most direct way to a man's pocket is through his stomach. The most direct way to a woman's pocket has never been discovered.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Arabella: "Oh, Bridget! a mouse, a mouse! Come and catch it, quick!" Bridget: "Sure, mum, there's no hurry. If this one gets away I can catch plenty more for yer, mum."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The little one, being a guest of her grandma, had been literally feasted, when a second dish of pudding came along. Looking at the steaming dish, she exclaimed, with a sigh: "Say, gran'ma, I wish I was twins."

—Now that the fall gunning season has opened the wives of doctors find no difficulty in getting trusted at any of the stores. Merchants hate to refuse credit to those who have prospects of fortune ahead.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—Reading the evening newspaper at the tea-table often brings out the real tendencies of the family. "Hello!" said Mr. Job Shuttle. "The Chinese have beaten the French." "What's the score?" eagerly cried the youthful baseball enthusiast of the Shuttle family.—*Hartford Post.*

—On the Train.—

He from the window looked to see
The landscape rushing by;
It came along—he picked it up—
He caught it in his eye.

Wrathfully he jerked in his head
To dig for the stinging cinder—
But who shall print the words he said,
As his hat flew out the winder?

—*Burdette.*

—There was really nothing the matter with the young orator but nervousness: nevertheless, when he opened his speech by saying: "My cello fitizens, rumthing is sotten in the Den of Statemark," his friends led him off the platform, and next morning published a physician's certificate to the effect that he was suffering from an acute attack of "malarial cerebration."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"What do you think?" said Clara; "that horrid Tom Brown proposed to me last evening. He hummed and hawed a long time, but finally spunked up courage to ask for my hand." "And what did you say, dear?" asked Delia. "Say? Why, I told him I couldn't be so cruel as to burden him with a third hand, when he did'nt know what to do with the two he already had—the awkward booby!"—*Boston Globe.*

—At the Pont des Arts, in Paris, is a blind man, who carries a board around his neck with a sign: "Blind by birth and by accident." "See here, my good man," said a passer-by, "can you tell us how you happened to be blind by birth and by accident at the same time?" "Easy enough," said the old man. "You see I'm blind by birth myself, and I've bought out a blind man who did business on the other side of the bridge. He was blind by accident."

—A young minister and his wife visited the congregation where his father was previously the pastor. He preached on the Sunday; and, after service, one of the venerable elders, speaking with the young minister's wife, said: "Your husband preached from the same text that his father had the last time he was in the pulpit." "Indeed!" replied the lady: "I hope it was not the same sermon, too." "Oh, no," said the good elder, "his father was a dreadful smart man."

Mrs. Jarphly's Contribution to the Campaign Club.

"What is the matter with your eye, Mr. Jarphly?" asked the Man with the Cold Tea Scheme, as he met the Thin Man without a Shirt Collar.

"Nothing the matter with that eye that I know of," replied the Thin Man, looking upon the other rather resentfully out of it.

This was not within the facts. Mr. Jarphly's eye was imbedded in deep purple, etched with a lighter blue, running to a black. In fact it was a very damaged orb and resembled an eye that had run against something more prominent than a knot hole.

"You ain't been sleeping with the window up and caught cold in it?" sympathetically asked the Cold Tea Man.

"Naw!"

"Loaned it to a friend to go to a picnic with?"

"Naw."

"Painted it that way to see how it would fit a new suit you're getting?"

The Thin Man tried to look the Cold Tea Man from head to foot in deep indignation, but as the damaged eye refused to associate with the other one, keeping within itself, as it may be expressed, the repression of the look was lost upon the party it was intended for, and the Cold Tea Man continued:

"Jarphly, we're old friends, and I have never seen an eye on you like that before. Where did you buy it?"

"I didn't buy it; it was give to me. See here, Goshorn, we are old friends, and I don't mind telling you a little matter of the kind. This eye you see me wearing is Mrs. Jarphly's offering to patriotism.

"Offering to patriotism!"

"Yes, it's Martha's contribution to the campaign fund."

"As how?"

"As follows: You know I'm pretty well liked among the boys over in our ward in Allegheny, and when they formed a marching club they elected me Captain."

"That was quite an honor," remarked Mr. Goshorn, complimentarily.

"O, yes," replied the Thin Man. "A good deal of honor but a good deal more beer. Beer and glory have got badly mixed in this country, and it's sometimes hard to tell them apart. But as I was saying, they elected me Captain and Martha didn't much like it. She said she didn't care much for the honor to myself, that she'd trade it for a new pair of shoes. She said she was afraid if I got into politics I'd get into the workhouse——"

"Women are queer," sententiously interjected the Cold Tea Man.

"Ain't they!" replied Mr. Jarphly, with a far-away-Moses look in his best eye. "But it never does to try and explain business matters to them. They don't seem to comprehend the stern realities of life and its commercial obligations, so I told her it was my duty as a citizen of the Republic and one who had the interests of my native land at heart to accept, and I told the boys I'd be down next meeting. As luck had it, it happened that night Martha asked me to get her some stuff for a white dress she was going to her church picnic in and gave me a five-dollar bill. 'Be sure you come right back with it, Jeremiah,' said she. 'O, I will,' says I, and that was my intention. But I thought I'd just go down first and accept the position at the club, and the boys, of course, expected a patriot to contribute to the campaign fund, so I set 'em up a few times and contributions were called for so fast the first thing I knew Martha's five dollars had all been contributed."

"Did you go home?" asked the Cold Tea Man reflectively.

"O, yes, I went home. I had too much patriotism in me to know enough to stay away. Martha asked me where the dress stuff was and what kept me so late. I told her about the honorable position I had been elected to and how it is the duty of every honest citizen to interest himself in politics. 'Where is my five dollars?' said she. 'Why,' says I, 'Martha, to tell the truth, I thought you would like to do a little something for your country, and I contributed it to the campaign fund in your name. I do not exactly remember what did occur. Martha is so excitable, you know. When I got up and took a look in the glass next morning I stumbled over a broken mop handle. That made me suspicious and when I saw this eye I asked Mrs. Jarphly, says I, 'Martha, how did I get this eye?'"

"Wot did she say?"

"She said that she gave it to me to take with me to the Marching Club, that it was her private contribution to the campaign fund."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

What a Bather Can Do in Salt Lake.

A bather can lie on the surface of the water of the Great Salt Lake without exertion; or, by passing a towel under his knees and holding the two ends, he can remain in any depth of water kneeling, with the head and shoulders out of the water; or, by shifting it under the soles of his feet he can sit on the water. The one exertion, in fact, is to keep one's balance; none whatever is required to keep afloat. The only danger, therefore, arises from choking by accidentally swallowing some of the water, for the strength of the brine is so intense that the muscles of the throat are convulsed, and strangulation ensues.—*Salt Lake Herald.*

—The Mississippi Valley produces 185,000 tons of cotton-seed, one-fourth of which is marketed in Memphis, much of it being shipped in a crude state from that point to Italy, whence, it is needless to say, it is returned to this country in the shape of pure olive oil.—*Chicago Journal.*

—When a man points a fire-arm at you in fun it is your duty, no matter how good a friend he is, to break his nose and give him some data to remember the circumstance by.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An Indiana girl baby is named "Cyclonia." Won't the men be carried away with her, though, when she is old enough.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Alabama this year has been distinguished by the inauguration of heavy mining and smelting enterprises.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Underground telegraph conduits become dangerous when struck by lightning. A heavy current is suddenly started that in several instances has destroyed switch-boards and injured bystanders in the operating room.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—According to the *Chemist and Druggist* the substance which gives to Russia leather its peculiar aromatic and lasting qualities is the oil of white birch bark. Dissolved in alcohol, it is said to render fabrics proof against water, acid and insects and renders them more lasting.

—A young lady from New York, who was visiting friends at Weatherfield, was mortally afraid of cows; and coming on one suddenly one day, she was too frightened to run. So poking her parasol at the beast, she stuttered out: "Lie down, sir! lie down!"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—An English chemist who has analyzed all sorts of canned goods comes to the conclusion that there is no danger from metallic poison. Any metallic salt present in sufficient quantities to be poisonous would render the contents so unpalatable that they would not be eaten.

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has applied for a trade mark on a design of which the principal features are a cross and crown, and the words "Blood and Fire." The trade-mark is to be used in cutlery and edge tools, in furniture and upholstery, and finally in preparations for the teeth, and hair, and soap.

—Loco, a western weed, acts upon horses and cattle just as alcohol does on man. They lose all appetite for normal food, become apparently intoxicated at times, and finally die from a disease strangely like delirium tremens. From the vice comes the California expression: "As bad as a locoed horse."—*Chicago Times.*

—A Western man at one of our hotels, where the bill of fare was in French, after sorely puzzling himself with descriptions which he could not comprehend, *cotelettes a la Maintenon*, and *œufs a la braise*, exclaimed: "I shall go back to first principles: give me some mutton chops and boiled eggs."—*N. Y. Caterer.*

—The New York *Commercial Bulletin* says that from the organization of the first fire insurance company on this continent down to this present, more money has been paid out for losses and management expenses by American fire insurance companies than the same companies have actually received from fire premiums.

—The first brewers of tea were often sorely perplexed with its preparation. It is related of a party to whom was sent, as a present, a pound of tea, that they boiled the whole at once in a kettle, and sat down to eat the leaves with butter and salt, and wondered how any person could like such a diet.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The Atlanta *Constitution*, speculating upon the fact that the patent upon paper collars and shirt-bosoms has expired, is of opinion that we may soon expect to see paper garments of every variety manufactured and sold. But it fears opposition to the general use of such material for clothing on the ground that no man would care to wear a suit of clothes liable at any moment to melt away if he is caught in a shower, or to be torn into shreds when he is passing through a crowd. Nobody would risk going to a picnic in a paper suit, as the accident of a sudden shower might leave him entirely unprotected and compel him to take shelter in the woods.

Adobe.

Many strange words are creeping into our language, through the more intimate relations new railroads are giving us with the Spanish-speaking countries south of the United States.

"Rancho" and "corral" have long been part of the common speech of the Southwest, and many other Spanish words have become so naturalized that soon we shall hear them without questioning their origin.

Adobe—pronounced ah-do-by—is a name applied to the bricks of sun-baked clay of which the huts, hovels and walls of the lower classes of Mexico and New Mexico are made.

It is also applied as a generic term to houses built of that material, and as a term of contempt. It is shortened to "doby" by our frontiersmen. Prof. Orton says it is derived from "adoub," an Egyptian word, still used by the Copts, carried by the Moors to Spain, thence by the Spaniards to America.

In making adobe bricks, the clay (or mud) used is mixed with straw and spread out in great beds, then cut up into cakes of the requisite size, or pressed into frames of the shape desired and left to dry.

Many villages in Mexico and South America are built entirely of adobe, and it enters into the construction even of the walls of important cities.—*Fred A. Ober, in Good Cheer.*

Golden-Haired Brunettes.

Since the *perruque blonde* was immortalized by Mme. Angot golden hair has never gone out of fashion, and where nature failed to provide it art has stepped in, as it generally most conveniently does whenever fashion requires it. Who has not seen the "golden hair-dye" advertised? And who has not, since the appearance of the advertisement, noticed a considerable increase of straw-colored—that is to say, golden—hair? As yet it is smuggled on to the toilet-table as eye-lotion or a tonic, but it is to be feared such precautions will soon become useless before the revelations of the interviewer. "Young man," says an American professional hair-dyer, "before you get married stroke your love's hair." Hair-dye makes hair "brittle as glass." But there is no need for such a test; the "young man" might arrive at the truth before he is on such intimate terms with a lady as the above suggestion implies. It is better advice to mark whether the color of the hair changes, and the blonde is now and then a brunette, for even if she is most careful to rub the "wash" in with a sponge, she is not always successful, and the dark natural color may be noticed even by people not over-observant.—*Pall Mall Budget.*