

GRAND SNAKE ROAST.

An Able-Bodied Yarn Coming All the Way from the Pacific Coast.

"I was reading something in your paper about snakes the other day," said J. D. Andrews, an Oregon pioneer. "Let me tell you of a peculiar experience I had with snakes. I have a farm on the Mollalla, a few miles from Oregon City, near an oblong, rock-covered hill, called Rattlesnake Hill, which for years has just been swarming with them. In the spring, when the weather gets warm, rattlesnakes come out of the ledges and drift down on the creek bottoms, becoming very troublesome. My farm being only three miles away, these reptiles become each year more and more troublesome, endangering especially the lives of my children, who, despite all I could do, would persist in going about barefooted.

"Well, a year ago last spring they swarmed into my wheat-field so thickly that I couldn't cut it when it was ripe. This may sound odd to you, but it is a fact. But I got some of my neighbors to help me, and I plowed several furrows around the field, and then laid hair ropes around it and set fire to the wheat. Well, of all the sizzling and frying and strange squawks and noises you ever heard, we had them there. Such a lot of rattling and leaping up and displaying forked tongues, I don't think anybody ever before saw. Of course, they ran from the fire, but the hair rope on the further side turned them, until we had a complete circle of fire around them.

"Well, when the wheat was burned off there were thousands of dead rattlesnakes. They were thicker in the middle of the field than anywhere else, and were twisted and tied together in knots and bunches almost as tight as a barrel. I guess we must have made a clean sweep of them that time, for they have never put in an appearance there since."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

ANDY JACKSON'S HOME.

A Visitor's Account of a Call at the Hermitage.

Attention by Alfred, the old servant of General Jackson, is quite the same to all visitors at the Hermitage. His politeness on the arrival of visitors by his manner conveys the idea of compensation of favors. On an occasion he said: "Sit here in the hall till I open the windows." On entering the parlor he said, not loquaciously, but with an interest which repetition does not lessen: "That's General Jackson's picture, painted when he was President by Mr. Earle." Then he called attention to another by Healy four days before the General died.

"All this furniture was his and sits just where he left it. That's the last cup and saucer used by the General; this is his snuff-box. They didn't use snuff then as now, but put a little of it in the nose. That's his pipe. The General usually smoked a cob pipe. There was his goose quills—pens and inks, you know. Here are some Injun tools. I suppose the head chief gave them to the General after peace was made.

"That's General Coffee," resumed Alfred, pointing to a portrait. "That's his adopted son. I hope to bury him," meaning he helped to bury him. "I was forty-one when the General died; was born and brought up here. He bought my wife in '32 to wait on him 'n' old mistress.

There are several rare pieces of furniture in the building. A sideboard is one of the most elaborate to be found. The hall paper is of French design and antiques historical. A Bible is well preserved, printed MDXCIII, in Tübingen. Of the five hundred acres in the farm, there are one hundred in large forest trees in front of the residence, half as much woodland besides, and a fourth as much in garden lots and roads."—*Nashville American.*

WANTED TO SMOKE.

The Strange Request of a Sturdy Centenarian Made of a Friendly King.

When King Frederick William IV. of Prussia visited the Rhine provinces in 1843 he stopped some hours at Wesel, in which strongly-fortified town, as the military commander of the post informed him, the oldest man in the monarchy was then living. The King went to see the oldest of his subjects and found him a hale and still hearty veteran of one hundred and six, comfortably seated in an old arm-chair, enjoying his inseparable companion—a short pipe. On the approach of the King he rose and advanced a few steps, but the King made him sit down, and conversed quite freely with him, the pipe, however, not leaving the old man's lips a moment. On parting the King asked him if he had any wish that he could gratify. "No, your Majesty," was the reply. "I thank you; I have every thing I need in this world." "Have you, indeed? Just think a moment; we mortals generally have some wish or other." "Well, sire, on second thought I might ask a favor. My physician insists upon my taking a walk every day on the ramparts. Every time I pass in front of the powder magazine the sentry hails me from a distance, crying out 'Take the pipe out of your mouth,' and as I can advance but slowly my pipe goes out every time. Now, if your Majesty will be gracious enough to give the order that the sentry shall let me smoke my pipe in peace the whole of the way I shall esteem it the greatest boon of my remaining days." The order was given and the old man enjoyed the privilege for upward of two years, dying with his pipe in his mouth.—*Paris American Register.*

UNCLE SAM'S ARMY.

What Is Required of Young Men Desirous of Enlisting in It.

"Then what few men are out of employment and want to go into Uncle Sam's service are most of them not up to the standard," said Lieutenant Cusick, who is in charge of the recruiting office recently moved to Portland from Pittsburgh, Penn. It is the first opened in Maine for a great many years, perhaps the first since the days of the war. The Lieutenant continued: "The United States army wants 1,500 men at once to bring its strength up to the 25,000 required by the act of Congress. So far we have had but 21 applications in Portland, and only three of them have been acceptable. Of the other 19 there was one 'out' or another that compelled us to reject them. Fully two-thirds of them had defective eyes. One eye was not so good as the other. In the army a man must have good eyes that he may become a good marksman, and that he may be able to distinguish different objects. One eye should be as good as the other so that in case of temporary injury to an eye the efficiency of the soldier may not be impaired. Dissipated habits, too much rum and tobacco, are common causes of these weaknesses of the eyes. In many cases defects of vision have been produced by blows.

"Then in chest measurements and weight we find frequent reasons for rejecting applicants, especially in the fall of the year. The hard work of summer reduces the weight and the girth of the chest. We have a regular system of measurements, and it will not do to depart from a standard in a single particular. For the infantry service we take none below 5 feet 4 inches in height, and none over 6 feet 3 inches. For the cavalry 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 10 inches are the limits. We don't have any tall cavalrymen because they are liable to get too heavy. Light, tough men are wanted for the service. Now for the shortest infantrymen, 5 feet 4 inches, we require that he shall have a weight of 128 pounds, a chest measurement of 34 inches, with the ability to expand his chest 2 inches by drawing in a full breath. Then these requirements of weight and chest measurement are higher for taller men. A man 5 feet 8 inches tall must weigh 141 pounds at least, measure 34 1/2 around the chest, and have a chest expansion of 2 1/2 inches; for 5 feet 10 inches the required minimum is 155 pounds for weight, 35 1/2 inches chest and 2 1/2 expansion; for 6 feet the weight is 169, the chest measurement 36 1/2, expansion 2 1/2. You see, it does not necessarily follow that a man must be an athlete to join the army, as the tables to which the professors of physical culture train their pupils to have a standard of chest measurement somewhere near 40 inches for a man 6 feet tall. But we want good average, well-built and healthy men, without any defects physically. So far we have secured three out of every twenty applicants. But I don't think this small proportion is any sign that the vigor of the youth of Maine is departing. For many reasons the men who apply are not fair samples.

"Are the inducements offered by the service such as to attract the most ambitious young men?" asked the reporter.

"Well, you can judge for yourself. The soldier gets \$13 a month with his board and clothes. He enlists for five years, and must stay in the service till his term expires, unless he can get the Secretary of War to allow his discharge. By good behavior he gets an increase of \$1 a month during the third year of service, \$2 during the fourth and \$3 during the fifth. If he is promoted he gets further additions to his pay. He may become a corporal, a sergeant, a quartermaster-sergeant, a quartermaster or a commissary; he may even go higher, and by passing an examination before a board of officers get certified for an examination at Fort Monroe, Va. If he passes at the fort he may then become a commissioned officer, starting as a Second Lieutenant.

"Do many avail themselves of the opportunity?"

"The young men who graduate at West Point have the first chance, and of late they have filled all the vacant commissions. Practically very few men rise in the army from the ranks to a commission. Adjutant-General Drum, however, is one who did. I am not a graduate of West point myself, but I served as an officer of volunteers during the war, and was then transferred to the regular army as a commissioned officer. So I had an opportunity better than falls to the young man who enters the army now in any other way than through West Point. Yet there are some promotions even now. The commissions of the army are also open to civilians, though this is not generally known. After the West point graduates have got places, and the promotions from the rank of non-commissioned officers have been made, any vacancies left (there are rarely any, however) are open to civilians who can pass the examinations required."—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

—The *Paris Figaro* says that if you want your children to have pretty teeth you must begin with the second dentition to press back with the finger every morning the teeth which have a tendency to project forward and to pull forward those which tend backward. As a wash—boil in a tumblerful of water a pinch of quassa wood with a pinch of pulverized cacao. It strengthens the gums and whitens the teeth without injuring the enamel which covers the bone. Wash the mouth after each meal with lukewarm boiled water.

TERRORS OF POLYGAMY.

The Experience of a Mormon Girl as Related by Herself.

I have often been asked to marry Mormons who had wives. I will tell you about one of them, a wealthy man, now dead. His name was Franklin Neff. One day his wife—the only wife he had—came to our house and had a talk with me. She said she wanted me to marry Mr. Neff. I was only fifteen, but I knew what polygamy was, and I had set my heart against it. "Well, Mrs. Neff," I said, "if he wants me he'll have to summon up cheek enough to ask me himself."

I said this in fun, and then asked Mrs. Neff what she thought about it. She said herself and husband had talked the whole matter over, and she had come to the conclusion that as her husband was obliged to take a second wife she knew nobody she'd sooner have him take than myself; therefore she begged me when he called to give him a favorable answer. The proposition, coming from a woman thirty-five years old, who had been married for years to her husband of about the same age, and who had assisted him in accumulating his wealth, was at once strange and amusing. Mr. Neff called that same night, and in answer to his question, I told him that he must be crazy to make such an offer of marriage to a mere child, but he insisted that he was in earnest, and he went to my mother who, on account of his high position in the church, was afraid to flatly refuse him. Mother said she would not go against my wishes, but if he could persuade me into polygamy she would have no objection; at the same time she warned me not to give my consent for any consideration.

Mrs. Neff came round to see me several times, and was always urging me to marry her husband, saying that he could not live without me, and both of them would be all the happier for it. But the more she talked the firmer I became in my resistance! They invited me to spend a few days at their country home. I wanted to refuse, but mother said I had better go. I went, and I don't think I spent a more miserable time anywhere in all my life. The husband was continually asking me to go buggy-riding with him and the wife was coaxing me to consent. Still, I thought I saw that the woman was unhappy. She seemed to be doing what she did against her will. A ball was given in the neighborhood and I wanted to go. Mrs. Neff asked me to go with Frank (that was her husband's name), but I said no, I would go alone, unless she agreed to go along. She agreed, and we went. That man tried his very hardest that night to dance with me, and his wife even asked me to dance with him, but I kept plenty of engagements ahead with the young fellows and he got no dance.

Some one then told him that I would not dance with him while Mrs. Neff was present, so he told her and she went home. After she went he came to me and said she had gone and he hoped now he would have the pleasure of a dance, but I continued to make excuses and avoided him. The time came to go home, and I refused to allow him to accompany me unless there was a third party along. His brother Amos accompanied us, and after leaving me at the door the two men went to Amos Neff's house. I found Mrs. Neff in her room in tears—a more heart-broken woman I never saw. She had been sitting there fretting and crying and moaning for hours, thinking that I was dancing with her husband and that I was coming home alone with him. And only the night before she had sat up with me until twelve o'clock trying to talk me into marrying him, making all sorts of promises, and saying that herself and Mr. Neff would write out deeds for one-half of all the property and possessions they had if I would only give my consent.

She begged me not to say any thing to her husband about the crying scene, as she said he would scold her for it; but I said I thought it my duty to tell him, and also to let him know the opinion I had of him. I told Mrs. Neff not to grieve, as I would never cause her the slightest sorrow, and sent her to bed a much happier woman than I had found her on my coming in. Next morning at the breakfast table Mr. Neff said something about polygamy. That was all the provocation I wanted. I said: "Mr. Neff, if you were any kind of a man at all, or had even the commonest human instincts, you'd let polygamy alone; you have a wife who is too good for you, and who loves you better than you deserve—stick to her and let other women alone." Then I told him the condition in which I had found his wife on coming from the ball. His face grew white, and, laying down his knife and fork, he arose from the table and left the room. I went home that morning, and neither saw Mr. Neff nor heard from him again. He never went into polygamy, and I felt very glad of it for the sake of the heart-broken little woman, to whom a second wife by her husband's side would have meant a speedy death.—*Salt Lake City Cor. Troy (N.Y.) Times.*

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IN FRONT OF A MUSEUM.

An Instructive Harangue Delivered by a Bowers Amusement Orator.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and pass inside. Every thing in plain sight, and as represented. Two nickels, or ten cents, admits to all, and no extra charge for the fine symphonies of Mozart, played upon a caliope by a royal dude, from Dudeville, Dude Co., N. J.

"In this elegant museum are congregated not only the seven wonders of the world, but seventeen thousand other freaks too numerous to mention, and enough to set you crazy, and whose rare and varied attractions have not only paralyzed the crowned heads of Europe, but have caused some of them to get up before daylight and foot it nine miles in a rain storm in order not to miss this show.

"Here we have the Rocky Mountain Sardinian, the Sacred Horned Toad of Texas, and the taboos—I mean tattooed—woman with her back hair done up in a girl net. Here we have the Bedouin chiefs from Bagdad, just as they appear on the sandy plain of Sahara, eating prickly pears and drinking mare's milk; the Patagonia giant, who is nine feet high and talks Pennsylvania Dutch in his stocking feet; the fat girl and the living skeleton; the bearded lady and the freckle-faced farmer of the Long Island flats; the black boy turning white and the white boy turning black. I'll be honest with you about this curious freak of nature, ladies and gentlemen, for the fact of the whole business is, it's just this way, when he is in one end of the room he is the black boy turning white, and when we tote him over to the other end he is the white boy turning black. We are honest about this because just now the boy is on his standstill, and we don't know exactly what kind of a shoot he will take, but you will find that he is a splendid dapple boy.

Here we have the humpback buzzard of the Ganges; the wild men of Chicago, captured after a long and fearful struggle, in which they sandbagged nineteen of the ship's crew and picked the captain's pocket; birds of beautiful plumes and appetites like a hired man's; artless apes, and the man with the iron jaw, who eats a hotel beef-steak every fifteen minutes to prove his marvelous power. All of which, and hundreds and thousands of other attractions, are now opened to your inspection for the ridiculous sum of one for-see-dime. Children under ten years fifty cents a bunch. Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in!"—*Texas Savings.*

NOT THE SAME CROWD.

An Incident Descriptive of Life in Western Dakota.

"Say!" said a bushy-headed man, stopping us as we were driving into a Western Dakota town—"say! you're the same fellers what was here three or four weeks ago workin' the thimble-rig game, ain't you?"

"No, sir; we were never here before," I replied.

"Yes you was. Can't fool me. You're the head feller, and went into Zeb Tippe's saloon and throwed three-card monte and passed a ten-dollar bogus bill at the bar."

"You're mistaken. We never were any of us in the town before."

"Sure? Well, you're jes' such a lookin' crowl anyhow, an' you're the very pictur' of the leader I spoke of. Afterwards he worked loaded dice on the boys, beat the hotel-keeper out of five dollars makin' change, an' stood the sheriff off with a gun."

"Yes?"

"An' one of his partners that looked 'zactly like your partner there got on a box in the street an' sold brass jewelry an' fore he left beat the county treasurer tradin' horses an' stole a houn' dog of Alf Jenks."

"Any thing else?"

"Yes; there was a little squint-eyed cuss with them that resembled your other partner powerful close, an' he sold quack med'ine on another corner an' held a tenderfoot up back of the big livery barn fer his watch. When 'fore they left they cashed a bogus draft at the bank an' the head feller, that looked like you, tried to bunko the Methodist minister. 'T's mighty strange the powerful 'semblance there is 'tween you fellers an' them—you, 'specially, and the head feller with that crowd; but, come to think about it, you can't be the same one, after all, 'cause I heard that they went on up to Deadwood, where he was afterwards hung fer hoss-stealin'. Well, no o'fence, any how—good-bye! But, say! If you've got any of them games I mentioned, better look out, 'cause the boys are kinder hot 'bout that other crowd yet."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Word of Warning.

A German Lieutenant took occasion to change his orderly. The new orderly, while rummaging his master's room, found a note intended for himself. It read as follows:

"You will find the boss a pretty good sort of fellow. If you brush his clothes good and make his shoes shine, he will treat you like a gentleman. But let me tell you one thing, don't fool with his cigars. The blankety blank fool counts them every night."—*Omnibus.*

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"Never marry a widower," was the advice of a young matron to a friend. "But you married one. Why?"

"It's bad enough to have to hear about your husband's mother's cooking, but to have his first wife's biscuits thrown in your face every morning is simply unbearable."—*Tid-Bits.*

An Honest Man Indeed.

"Beg pardon," he said as he hurriedly re-entered the car, "but did you find my wallet on the seat?"

"I did, sir," was the prompt reply. "This is the one, I presume?"

"Ah! thanks! You are an honest man."

"Oh, no thanks—no thanks. The fifteen cents, two shirt buttons and a recipe for making hair wash were no temptation to my principles!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

SUPERFLUOUS DUTIES.

How Many Women Make House-Keeping a Terrible Burden.

A woman's instinct of cleanliness is so strong that she will actually squander time in unnecessary work, just as a squirrel in a cage will store up nuts by force of his instinct of accumulation. If some house-keepers had double the time at their disposal that they have now, yet they would manage to occupy it with superfluous duties. But this is going farther than any semblance of a reason can attempt to excuse. There is no sense in working like this.

A woman can be a good house-keeper without taking all her time to do her housework. If she can not, let her after all be satisfied to be an ordinarily good one and take some of the time from her previously self-imposed drudgery for reading, education of children, self-improvement and for recreation. There is no reason why a long programme of work should be laid out for every day, nor why it should be carried through at all hazards. If each hour of the day is arranged for some kind of work, one hour at least ought to be set apart for recreation, and that hour of all others rigidly observed.

These housekeepers who are facing so much superfluous work every day, never think of doing such a thing as reading a newspaper or gathering information that will enable them to improve the quality of their work. They do not know what is taking place in the world, of which they are so small a part. They like to listen to other people's tales but never think of informing themselves by reading or observation. The children ask her questions that any one would be supposed to be able to answer, and are sent to somebody else for reply, or put off with no satisfaction at all. They soon come to the conclusion that mother isn't supposed to know any thing outside of house-keeping.

The reader has seen the more agreeable housewife who is not always fussing up something and yet who has a house so clean that no sense detects any thing unclean, the housewife who is a companionable sort of person, at least fairly well informed regarding the events of the day as well as her special daily duties, and who finds time to get out of that everlasting grind of work that extinguishes a manifestation of womanly and motherly instincts that may make her an adorable wife and mother if they are not laid aside for that perpetual cleaning and multiplicity of work that make everyone uncomfortable at home. Such a housewife is by no means a rarity, and her opposite, the one who squanders time in superfluous duties, ought to cultivate her acquaintance.—*Good House-keeping.*

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Seaside Life of the Woman Who Rules the Spaniards for Her Baby Son.

If Queen Christina of Spain were pretty, she would carry all before her; unfortunately, she has the sort of complexion which English doctors term roseate—a complexion which would ruin the effect of the most perfectly modeled features. It's a pity that her hands and feet are so long. Don't mind my saying so, but in their arms and the extremities of both sets of limbs the House of Austria shows more than "traces" of descent from Darwin's common simian ancestor. I dare say it would be a vast relief to the Queen-Regent if she could wear gloves when she takes her public sea-bath. Fortunately for her, there are pockets in her tunic, into which she sticks her fingers, and so hides their extreme length and sinewy anatomy. She carries a sunshade that nearly hides her face. She gives it to the bathers in the water, and he slings it by the strings on his arm.

The marine attire consists of lute shoes, stockings, pantalettes of the zouave kind, with deep frills hiding the ankles and a short tunic. For the promenades after the bath—and her Majesty is frequently to be met like an ordinary mortal walking along with a baby infant clinging to each hand—she wears usually a black cashmere skirt, with horizontal bands of ermine and a casaque trimmed with ermine. Her veil is very long. She has a figure that lends itself well to drapery, although the shoulders are rather high. We hear that she smokes cigarettes, having learned to do so as a girl at Vienna. Her cousin, the Archduchess Matilda, who was to have been Queen of Italy, was a confirmed smoker, and lost her life through thrusting the cigar behind her back, on seeing an uncle on the terrace under a window at which she was smoking. She forgot that she had on a muslin dress, which, coming in contact with it, at once caught fire and blazed up. This will explain why Queen Christina has no objection to Ministers smoking in her presence at Aranjuez.

The little King is a jolly sort of baby. He is the image of Queen Isabella, and enjoys being noticed and shown to the crowd, to which he blows kisses with a pair of little, fat hands. He goes through this form of salutation with all his heart, and his eyes jump out of his head with glee.—*St. Sebastian Letter.*

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VALUABLE LANDS.

Where Cockle-Burrs, Sand-Burrs and Tumble-Weeds Grow in Profusion.

He was sitting in front of a sod house in Nebraska, near the Niobrara river, smoking a cob pipe and occasionally pausing to whistle a few bars of "Dixie" as he gazed lazily but admiringly at a semi-circle of dogs stretched on the ground around him. We drove up and inquired how far it was to Valentine.

"Dunno, stranger," he replied. "Haven't you ever been there?"

"Yes, I 'low I've been there."

"How far do you think it is, then?"

"It might be 'bout seven mile, then she might be nearer ten—makes a heap o' difference what you do down where the road forks. Say, don' want to buy a good farm, I reckon?"

"Don't believe we do."

"No, I 'lowed not. Seems's if I can't never sell out."

"Where you going when you sell out here?"

"Gob'ly men, I shal pull back to Mis-soury!"

"Can't you raise good crops here?"

"Can't raise nothin' on this farm 'cept cuckle-burrs. That's what I call it, gen'l'men, Cuckle-Burr Home! I got 'nother farm out on the flat farther."

"That must be poorer soil than this."

"Doggoned sight was. Can't raise nothin' but sand-burrs there. I call it Sand-Burrs Place. I got one other farm down n'earer the river."

"That seems like a better location."

"O yes, some—you can raise red tumble-weeds on that land—it's Tumble-Weed Retreat; that's the name of it."

"All for sale, are they?"

"Every one of 'em. Buyers can take their choice be ween Tumble-Weed Retreat, Sand-Burr Place or Cuckle-Burr Home—they all got their good p'int. Tumble-Weed Retreat commands a good view of the river an' more musketeers; Sand-burr Place is level and nice, but is exposed to the wind; Cuckle-Burr Home is sheltered from the wind, an' there's fourteen badger holes on the back forty, an' a feller can take a dog an' have piles o' sport with 'em. I'll take the Home for nine every time—I'm powerful on sport. Goin' to shack along, air you? Well, if you see any body that wants to buy some land 'bout this 'd'scription jes' send 'em out. I'm gettin' mighty anxious to be moseyin' down round old P'keag's."—*F. H. Carruth.*

—The armies on the continent amount, we are told, to 9,847,084 men, and the cost of training, maintaining and furnishing them with munitions of war, amounts to the enormous sum of £840,000,000 yearly. How can the nations prosper under this grinding weight?

—Social etiquette at Perkin is undergoing a revolution. The marquis and marchioness of Tseng visit freely at all the foreign legations and receive visits of foreigners at their homes. This is directly contrary to former custom, and the inference is drawn that the course of the marquis is instigated by the higher powers.

—Rev. Ailrondack Murray says of the lying capacity of the French Canadian: "There is a childish enthusiasm about it that captivates you. He smiles as he lies. He lays his hand on his heart; he lifts his eyes upward; he embellishes his little lie with saintly allusions; he lies as if he believed his own lie."

—Within the past forty years numerous attempts have been made to introduce the English skylark into this country. Large numbers of the birds have been brought over and liberated at various points from Delaware to New England, but without exception the birds have disappeared at once and never been heard of again, except occasionally, after intervals of years, reports come of one being heard in some part of the country. Abroad they flourish from the south of England to Scandinavia. Why they die in this country no one knows. Some think they do not die, but that the country is so big that they scatter over it as soon as landed, and are swallowed up in its immensity, as it were.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Seaside Life of the Woman Who Rules the Spaniards for Her Baby Son.

If Queen Christina of Spain were pretty, she would carry all before her; unfortunately, she has the sort of complexion which English doctors term roseate—a complexion which would ruin the effect of the most perfectly modeled features. It's a pity that her hands and feet are so long. Don't mind my saying so, but in their arms and the extremities of both sets of limbs the House of Austria shows more than "traces" of descent from Darwin's common simian ancestor. I dare say it would be a vast relief to the Queen-Regent if she could wear gloves when she takes her public sea-bath. Fortunately for her, there are pockets in her tunic, into which she sticks her fingers, and so hides their extreme length and sinewy anatomy. She carries a sunshade that nearly hides her face. She gives it to the bathers in the water, and he slings it by the strings on his arm.

The marine attire consists of lute shoes, stockings, pantalettes of the zouave kind, with deep frills hiding the ankles and a short tunic. For the promenades after the bath—and her Majesty is frequently to be met like an ordinary mortal walking along with a baby infant clinging to each hand—she wears usually a black cashmere skirt, with horizontal bands of ermine and a casaque trimmed with ermine. Her veil is very long. She has a figure that lends itself well to drapery, although the shoulders are rather high. We hear that she smokes cigarettes, having learned to do so as a girl at Vienna. Her cousin, the Archduchess Matilda, who was to have been Queen of Italy, was a confirmed smoker, and lost her life through thrusting the cigar behind her back, on seeing an uncle on the terrace under a window at which she was smoking. She forgot that she had on a muslin dress, which, coming in contact with it, at once caught fire and blazed up. This will explain why Queen Christina has no objection to Ministers smoking in her presence at Aranjuez.

The little King is a jolly sort of baby. He is the image of Queen Isabella, and enjoys being noticed and shown to the crowd, to which he blows kisses with a pair of little, fat hands. He goes through this form of salutation with all his heart, and his eyes jump out of his head with glee.—*St. Sebastian Letter.*

NOT THE SAME CROWD.

An Incident Descriptive of Life in Western Dakota.

"Say!" said a bushy-headed man, stopping us as we were driving into a Western Dakota town—"say! you're the same fellers what was here three or four weeks ago workin' the thimble-rig game, ain't you?"

"No, sir; we were never here before," I replied.

"Yes you was. Can't fool me. You're the head feller, and went into Zeb Tippe's saloon and throwed three-card monte and passed a ten-dollar bogus bill at the bar."

"You're mistaken. We never were any of us in the town before."

"Sure? Well, you're jes' such a lookin' crowl anyhow, an' you're the very pictur' of the leader I spoke of. Afterwards he worked loaded dice on the boys, beat the hotel-keeper out of five dollars makin' change, an' stood the sheriff off with a gun."

"Yes?"

"An' one of his partners that looked 'zactly like your partner there got on a box in the street an' sold brass jewelry an' fore he left beat the county treasurer tradin' horses an' stole a houn' dog of Alf Jenks."

"Any thing else?"

"Yes; there was a little squint-eyed cuss with them that resembled your other partner powerful close, an' he sold quack med'ine on another corner an' held a tenderfoot up back of the big livery barn fer his watch. When 'fore they left they cashed a bogus draft at the bank an' the head feller, that looked like you, tried to bunko the Methodist minister. 'T's mighty strange the powerful 'semblance there is 'tween you fellers an' them—you, 'specially, and the head feller with that crowd; but, come to think about it, you can't be the same one, after all, 'cause I heard that they went on up to Deadwood, where he was afterwards hung fer hoss-stealin'. Well, no o'fence, any how—good-bye! But, say! If you've got any of them games I mentioned, better look out, 'cause the boys are kinder hot 'bout that other crowd yet."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Word of Warning.

A German Lieutenant took occasion to change his orderly. The new orderly, while rummaging his master's room, found a note intended for himself. It read as follows:

"You will find the boss a pretty good sort of fellow. If you brush his clothes good and make his shoes shine, he will treat you like a gentleman. But let me tell you one thing, don't fool with his cigars. The blankety blank fool counts them every night."—*Omnibus.*

It Must Be Unpleasant.

"Never marry a widower," was the advice of a young matron to a friend. "But you married one. Why?"

"It's bad enough to have to hear about your husband's mother's cooking, but to have his first wife's biscuits thrown in your face every morning is simply unbearable."—*Tid-Bits.*

An Honest Man Indeed.

"Beg pardon," he said as he hurriedly re-entered the car, "but did you find my wallet on the seat?"

"I did, sir," was the prompt reply. "This is the one, I presume?"

"Ah! thanks! You are an honest man."

"Oh, no thanks—no thanks. The fifteen cents, two shirt buttons and a recipe for making hair wash were no temptation to my principles!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

VALUABLE LANDS.

Where Cockle-Burrs, Sand-Burrs and Tumble-Weeds Grow in Profusion.

He was sitting in front of a sod house in Nebraska, near the Niobrara river, smoking a cob pipe and occasionally pausing to whistle a few bars of "Dixie" as he gazed lazily but admiringly at a semi-circle of dogs stretched on the ground around him. We drove up and inquired how far it was to Valentine.

"Dunno, stranger," he replied. "Haven't you ever been there?"

"Yes, I 'low I've been there."

"How far do you think it is, then?"

"It might be 'bout seven mile, then she might be nearer ten—makes a heap o' difference what you do down where the road forks. Say, don' want to buy a good farm, I reckon?"

"Don't believe we do."

"No, I 'lowed not. Seems's if I can't never sell out."

"Where you going when you sell out here?"

"Gob'ly men, I shal pull back to Mis-soury!"

"Can't you raise good crops here?"

"Can't raise nothin' on this farm 'cept cuckle-burrs. That's what I call it, gen'l'men, Cuckle-Burr Home! I got 'nother farm out on the flat farther."

"That must be poorer soil than this."

"Doggoned sight was. Can't raise nothin' but sand-burrs there. I call it Sand-Burrs Place. I got one other farm down n'earer the river."

"That seems like a better location."

"O yes, some—you can raise red tumble-weeds on that land—it's Tumble-Weed Retreat; that's the name of it."

"All for sale, are they?"

"Every one of 'em. Buyers can take their choice be ween Tumble-Weed Retreat, Sand-Burr Place or Cuckle-Burr Home—they all got their good p'int. Tumble-Weed Retreat commands a good view of the river an' more musketeers; Sand-burr Place is level and nice, but is exposed to the wind; Cuckle-Burr Home is sheltered from the wind, an' there's fourteen badger holes on the back forty, an' a feller can take a dog an' have piles o' sport with 'em. I'll take the Home for nine every time—I'm powerful on sport. Goin' to shack along, air you? Well, if you see any body that wants to buy some land 'bout this 'd'scription jes' send 'em out. I'm gettin' mighty anxious to be moseyin' down round old P'keag's."—*F. H. Carruth.*

—The armies on the