POOR CARL DUNDER.

He Gives a Harrowing Account of His Last Sad Failure in Politics.

"He vhas no use!" sighed Carl Dunder, as he entered the Woodbridge street police station yesterday and dropped into a chair.

"To what do you refer?" queried Sergeant Bendall.

"To some politics. I shan't nefer try to onderstand him again. I vhas all busted oop und broke down."

"How?"

"Vhell, der poys came in my place two months ago und say to me: 'Oldt mans, go in und bet on Cleaflands. He vhas der man to get there. He vhill shweep der country.'

"Vhell, I like to make some money, und so I bet feefty dollar on Cleafland. It vhasn't fife days before some poys come in my place und yells out: 'Hooray for Harrison! He vhas der poy who knocks 'em all out! Say, oldt mans, if you like to make some money, bet on Harrison. He vhas der feller to sweep dis country.'

"Vhell, I pelief dot, und I bet feefty dollar on Harrison. Pooty soon an alderman comes in my place for a glass of beer un says: 'Say, Dunder, don't you be some fools. If you haf some money oop on Cleaflands take her down right avhay. Dot election vhill knock him out like a crow bar.'

"Dat scares me like eaferytings, und I gif fife dollar to withdraw my bet. It vhasn't fife days pefore anoder alderman comes in my place to say: 'Hello! Dunder, hef you make a shackass of yourself? How? Vhy, dot Harrison vhas for der Chinese und high taxes, und we shall scoop him high und dry. He shall nefer know who hit him. Let me advise you as a friendt not to put any money on him.'

"Vhell, dot scares me again, und I gif ten dollars to withdraw my bet on him."

"I see. Go on."

"Vhell, pooty soon a feller comes aroundt mit a banner on which vhas painted, 'Chipman Headquarters,' und he says: 'Look here, Mister Dunder, I like to gif you a pointer. Chipman vhas sure to get there. Put oop dis banner und go mit der swim.'

"Vhell, I like to go und swim, und so I tell him to nail it oop. It looks pooty nice, but he vhas oop only one day pefore a feller comes along mit a banner which reads: 'Baker Headquarters—Der Poy for our Wotes,' und he says: 'Say, oldt mans, don't get left. Baker vhas going in by five thousand majorities, und if you vhasn't a Baker man you vhas a greenhorn. Put dis oop as queek as you can.'

"Vhell, I put him oop, und Baker vhas left out in der cold, so vhas I."

"It is sad," sighed the sergeant.

"You bet mit me it vhas! A feller comes in my place und looks all aroundt und whispers: 'Say, Dunder, if you like to make money bet on Mr. Youngblood. He goes in by three thousand ahead of Littlefield. I vhas inside, und I know.'

"Vhell, I make a bet of feefty dollar, but pooty soon a feller comes in, calls me into a corner, und says: 'Mister Dunder, you vhas all right mit der boys, und I like to see you ahead. Bet two to one on Littlefield. Dot vhas straight.' Dot scares me so I can't sleep nights."

"You lost your fifty?"

"Of course! I lose on more ash ten men, but vhas I to blame? Vhas I some green horns to bet? Here comes a man who says dot Governor Burt vhas shust so shure as next winter, und he likes to gif me a pointer. Next comes a man who says he vhill bet his lung dot Luce runs vhay ahead, und he likes to gif me a chance to scoop der poys. How vhas I to tell?"

"You can't."

"Und so I lose more ash two hoondered dollar und vhas all proke oop."

"You'd better let politics alone after this."

"Sergeant, see me in der left eye! If I haf some more to do mit politics in dis country I like to be sent to der crazy house! Next time I don't vote for nopody, und if some pody comes to gif me some pointers I break him in two so queek he can't holler! I vhas all mixed oop. Eaferypody vhas elected—eaferypody runs vhay ahead—eaferypody vhas sure, und nopody comes out like he expects—nopody but me, und I vhas wegetables!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wouldn't Do for Her.

Mrs. Newrich, a wealthy lady on her travels, visited Paris, and while there it occurred to her that it was the proper thing to have her portrait painted by a famous artist. Accordingly she hunted up the studio of a painter of high reputation, and rapped at the door. A pupil of the great painter opened the door to the lady.

"Will you kindly sit down and wait a few moments?" he asked, when Mrs. Newrich had stated her errand.

"Well, I'm in a hurry. Is your master busy?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, he is engaged on a study."

"On a *study!*" exclaimed Mrs. Newrich. "Well, no matter, I guess I won't wait. I shan't want him to paint *my* picture. *I* want an artist who has got all through with his studies!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Will Resort to Law.

Little three-year-old Robin had got a shoe-button in his nose, and his mother took him, in great haste, to the doctor's. The removal of the button caused the little fellow some pain.

"Well, my little man," said the physician, "are you all right now?"

"Yes, I are all right now," was the indignant response; "but I are doin' to have ee 'rested."—*Harper's Bazar.*

HOW PENS ARE MADE.

The Process Explained in a Way That Every Body Can Understand.

The first steel pen was made by an Englishman named Wise. It was cylindrical and adjusted to a bone case for pocket use, but it was too expensive as well as clumsy to come into general use. A Birmingham man, named Meyer, who had been experimenting to improve on Wise's invention, had in his employ a young man named Gillott. About the time Meyer had nearly completed his invention, his daughter married Gillott, and told him her father's secret. In consequence Gillott anticipated his father-in-law, and started a factory for making the very kind of pens the old man had spent years in devising.

How are the pens made? A sheet of the finest steel six feet long, two and a half feet wide and one-sixteenth of an inch thick, is cut into strips each long enough to make two pens. These strips are annealed by placing them in pots with clayed lids and leaving them over night in the "muffler," or oven, which is kept at an intense heat. When they are cooled they are scoured with acid to remove the scales and brighten them. They are then rolled to the gauge desired and taken to the cutting shop to be transformed into blanks by hand-presses. Thence they go to the piercing shop, where a hand-press makes the slits in the sides. After being cleaned in sawdust to remove the grease, they go to the hardening shop and spend a second warm night in pots in the oven. Next comes the stamping room, where the firm name and trade mark are received.

Thus far they have been merely flat blanks. Now comes the transformation scene. In the raising shop they are given the semi-circular forms that makes them pens. After a brief incarceration in the oven, they are given an oil bath, shaken in a revolving colander till the drippings are removed and saved, and then wiped dry in drums with a sawdust towel. In the tempering shop a hundred gross are put in a single drum and turned slowly over a charcoal fire, a man with a long-handled ladle watching the changing color, scooping them up at the proper instant and spreading them on a cooling pan. In the scouring shops they again encounter sawdust in a drum; in the slitting shop a hand-press makes the slits in the points; in the grinding shop they are treated to either a straight or cross grinding, the latter being considered preferable. The back of the pen shows readily to which process it has been subjected.

The longest stay is in the polishing shop—two days—the time being spent in the most intimate intercourse with the rubbish known as "pot," and in revolving drums. They emerge polished and with the sharp corners worn off the points. Then another trip is made to the tempering room, where they are given a blue, light, dark straw, or any other desirable color. Into a thin varnish of alcohol and shellac they are plunged, and spread on a perforated and heated iron plate to dry, and thence to the looking-over room, where girls inspect each pen, rejecting al defective ones. They are very particular to this part of the process, as a bad pen, like a bad egg, will spoil the reputation of the entire box. The final processes are counting in gross lots and boxing, when the product is ready for the trade; and after going through all these manipulations the completed pens are sold to dealers for about a third of a cent apiece.

Soon after steel pens became popular, inventors went to work to discover something better. Glass, horn, tortoise-shell and other substances were tried, and the numerous experiments culminated in the gold pen with double diamond points, first made in England by Isaac Hawkins, an American residing abroad. Subsequent the same man found that iridium was about as good as the diamond, and it is now used almost exclusively. It is found in connection with gold-bearing quartz in the mines of California and Russia. Until 1844 gold pens were split with scissors and rounded up with mallet and stick. The price was then from five dollars to ten dollars a pen. After John Rendell invented machinery that would do the greater portion of the work, the price declined rapidly, and although much of the work is still done by hand, a good gold pen can be purchased to-day for from one dollar to two dollars. The best gold pens are made in this country, and the exportation is quite large. —*Golden Days.*

Not Honest, but Frank.

An Eastern traveler gives the following account of a brief, pointed, and we think rather unsatisfactory interview with an Arab of Jebel Hauran:

"What brought you to the spring, when you saw us there?" I asked him.

"To strip you," he coolly replied.

"And why did you not do it?"

"Because Mahmud was with you."

"But why would you plunder us? We are strangers and not enemies."

"It is our custom."

"And do you strip all strangers?"

"Yes, all we can get hold of."

"And if they resist, or are too strong for you?"

"In the former case we shoot them from behind trees; in the latter, we run."

"How do the people of your tribe live? do they sow or plant?"

"No, we are not *slaves*," said he, with much disdain.

"What do you do for a living?"

"We keep goats, hunt partridges, and steal."

"Are you all thieves?"

"Yes, all."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Many a man has been burned in the final heat at the races.—*Life.*

NOT IN A HURRY.

A Conversation Overhead at a Railroad Station Ticket Window.

Enter woman:

"Is this the X. Y. & Z. ticket office?"

"It is."

"Can I take the train here for Pumpkin Hollow?"

"You can in just ten minutes."

"What time does the train go?"

"At 6:30."

"La me! They told me up at Catchem & Cheatem's that it went at half past six."

"And so it does."

"Hey!"

"The train leaves at half past six. Will you have a ticket?"

"Well, I dunno. I kinder thought I'd drop down and see what time the train went out to-night, cos I'd about made up my mind to wait over and go in the mornin'. S'pose I can go in the mornin', can't I?"

"At 9:45, madam."

"Hey?"

"You can leave here for Pumpkin Hollow at 9:45 to-morrow, standard time."

"Law sakes—what fibbers some people is! I just asked that big French policeman outside there, and he said the mornin' train didn't go until a quarter to ten! S'pose the fare'll be the same if I wait over and go in the mornin', won't it?"

"Just the same."

"Well, you see, Mary Jane—that's my darter by my fust husband—she lives here, married to a feller by the name of John Smith; mebbe you know him? Never heard of him? Law, suz, you don't say! Now that's curus, hain't it? Live in the same town with my darter's husband and don't know him; never s'much as hearn tell of him! Well, as I was saying, Mary Jane wants me to stop over and go to prayer meeting with her to-night an' kinder see the sights. Now, it won't cost me a cent to stay, but I never could abide that John Smith. Didn't want Mary Jane to marry him in the first place, and—"

"Excuse me, madame, but will you have a ticket?"

"Well, don't be in a hurry! I was tellin' ye about John Smith and—"

"But you see there are others waiting to be served?"

"Well, I guess my money's as good as anybody's, and I don't stir from this window until I get my ticket; now see if I do!"

"Ticket? Dollar ten!"

"Well, here's two dollars. I s'pose you can make the change?"

"Ninety cents. Next!"

"Well, don't be in a hurry; we'll just see if it's ninety cents! I ain't got any too much confidence in railroads since they run over that red heifer Joshua bought of Jim Madden's widder and then went to law cos we wanted what she was lawfully wuth. They didn't want to pay us but twenty dollars fer her, but we got a jury of farmers, and I tell you they made that air old railroad talk turkey in—"—*General Manager.*

MILITARY GENIUS.

A Power Which Has Been Possessed by All Great Generals.

There is a quality that must not be ignored in any analysis of military genius. I mean the power of calculating chances. This power is much more natural to some than to others. I have known men with whom it is a second instinct, while with others it is merely an arithmetical process, learned by book and never thoroughly effective. This, I think, is to be accounted for by want of imagination. The General who can not in his mind's eye see before him the whole scene that some projected operation will present, who can not, as it were, picture to himself in a series of mental dissolving views all the various and progressive phases of, say, an attack upon his enemy's position, lacks a natural quality which no amount of study can supply. If you can not in your own mind identify yourself with your antagonist; if you can not put yourself within his brain, as it were, and reason as he is doing at every critical moment of a campaign, and from your knowledge of men, and of him in particular, gather what he means to do, you can never be in the front rank of great commanders. A vivid imagination, allied to a cool, calculating brain, can alone insure this power to any one. The poetical, the imaginative side of war can not be dispensed with by the able General, the great leader. Wellington, in conversation long after his great achievements, said that he had spent his military life in trying to divine what was taking place behind the ranges of hills which bounded his view. He was above all things a man of sound common sense; unimpressionable, and the last man whom the world would have accredited with a brilliant imagination. The story of his life always appears to the casual reader of history as the abnegation of poetry. And yet he must have had a large share of imagination to have enabled him to foresee his enemy's movements with that perspicuous clearness which was manifest in all his campaigns, Waterloo alone excepted. Great military genius is impossible without a combination of all these qualities, many of which are rare, even when taken singly. They must be well balanced, also, so that no one quality shall overweigh or outrun the other. No one can be omitted without leaving a weak point, a breach into which uncertainty of decision and confusion of action may penetrate to the utter destruction of the man and of all committed to his care.—*General Viscount Wolseley, in Fortnightly Review.*

ANTIQUITY OF BAKING.

A Prehistoric Art Practiced by the Ancient Egyptians and Hebrews.

The origin of baking precedes the period of history and is involved in the obscurity of the early ages of the human race. Excavations made in Switzerland gave evidence that the art of making bread was practiced by our prehistoric ancestors, as early as the stone period. From the shape of loaves it is thought that no ovens were used at that time, but the dough was rolled into small round cakes and laid on hot stones, being covered with glowing ashes. Bread is mentioned in the book of Genesis, where Abraham, wishing to entertain three angels, offered to "fetch a morsel of bread." Baking is again referred to where Sarah has instructions to "make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth." Lot entertained two angels by giving them unleaven bread. The mere mention of unleavened bread shows that there were two kinds of bread made even at that time.

The art of baking was carried to a high perfection among the Egyptians, who are said to have baked cakes in many fantastic shapes, using several kinds of flour. The Romans took up the art of baking and public bakeries were numerous on the streets of Rome. In England the business of the baker was considered to be one so closely affecting the interests of the public that in 1266 an act of Parliament was passed regulating the price to be charged for bread. This regulation continued in operation until 1822 in London, and until 1836 in the rest of the country. The art of making bread has not yet reached seme countries in Europe and Asia. In the rural parts of Sweden no bread is made, but rye cakes that are baked twice a year and are as hard as flint. It is less than a century ago that bread was used in Scotland, the Scotch people of every class living on barley bannocks and oaten cakes. Owing to the fact that bread is sold very cheaply in Great Britain, the bakers of that country are a poorly paid class of laborers. For years the employers made use of child labor to such an extent that parliament in 1863 passed a law making it a criminal offense to employ a young person under the age of eighteen years to work in a bakehouse between the hours of nine p. m. and five a. m. As most of the work done by bakers is in the night, this statutory law in Great Britain virtually prohibits child labor in bakehouses. In all countries of the world wheat flour is the principal material for making bread, although rye is used largely among the peasantry in some parts of Europe. The price of bread has always followed the market price of wheat very closely, and a recent rise in wheat advanced the price of a pound loaf in Chicago 25 per cent.—*Chicago News.*

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Constant and Rapid Growth of the Peoples Using It.

In an article, "The Future of the English-Speaking races," Mr. Gladstone computes that the habitual speakers of English have increased from 15,000,000 to 105,000,000 during the last one hundred years, that they will number 120,000,000 by the year 1900, and at the rate of increase, seven times in a century, they will include 840,000,000 of people by the year 2000.

The increase during the last century has, of course, been due chiefly to the growth of the United States. Since 1787 our population has been multiplied twenty times, while that of the British kingdom itself has only a little more than doubled. We have increased from about 3,000,000 to more than 60,000,000, and England, including all the British isles, has increased from 14,000,000 to 35,000,000. In other words, while this country contained only one-fifth of the total of English-speaking people a century ago, it now contains three-fifths.

The increase during the next century, as computed by Mr. Gladstone, must also be in the United States in chief part. If the present rate of growth, about 3 per cent. annually, should continue, our population 100 years hence would be 700,000,000, or nearly twice the present population of China. Even assuming the gradual fall of the ratio of increase to 2 per cent. a year, it would be more than 550,000,000, and by the year 2000 out of the 840,000,000 English-speaking people in the world more than three-fourths would be in the United States.

Mr. Barham Zincke, a well known writer, astonished the world in 1883 by estimating that in 100 years from that time the aggregate of the English-speaking races would be 1,000,000,000. Of these he gave the United States 800,000,000, estimating our rate of increase at 2 per cent. annully, or a doubling of the population once in every twenty-five years. That would be four-fifths of the whole, while England itself would have only 70,000,000, or a very insignificant part of the English-speaking population of the world. Another computation, by a continental writer, estimates our population a century hence at 700,000,000, or ten times the number that can reasonably be estimated for the British Islands.

Whether the present rate of increase in this country continues during the next century, or whether it falls from 3 to 2 per cent, or even lower, there is no question that here is the great seat of the English-speaking race, and that England itself and all its English colonies will steadily decline in relative importance, until they become so far inferior in numbers and power as to be completely overshadowed.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TRICKS OF MEDIUMS.

What an Old Theatrical Man Knows About Impostors in Spiritualism.

A well-known manager of traveling theatrical companies at present in New York had handed to him on the street a dodger announcing the "Death to Spiritualism" entertainment that Dr. Richmond, the dentist, promises to give in the Academy of Music Sunday evening. He laughed as he glanced it over, and then he said:

"When I was manager of a theater on the Pacific slope the advance agent of Anna Eva Fay came along and wanted to hire the house. I didn't hire that time; I wanted shares or nothing, and as I had the only theater in town he had to accept my terms. They had a big house, and afterward engaged me to manage their tour through the small towns where I controlled the houses. I had to go with the company, and in that way got my first insight into the business. I wasn't taken into any secrets of the trade at all; these mediums never give themselves away except to their actual confederates, but a man with half an eye could see easy enough what a humbug the whole business was. One of Anna Eva's great tricks then was the production of the spirit of some well-known person who had died in the place, and the verification of the identity by the production of its name and other particulars written on a slip of paper which some one in the audience had inserted through a slit in the cabinet. It made the countrymen get right down on their knees and groan when they saw those blank slips come out with names and dates of which the medium was thought to be absolutely ignorant written on them. Sometimes they used even to recognize the handwriting.

"It was simple enough. Part of the business of the advance agent was to visit the graveyard in each town where he billed the company. From the tombstones he copied names, dates of death and other particulars, especially of recently deceased persons, or of persons who seemed to have been of some prominence in the community. He also went through files of the recent issues of the local papers and copied particulars from death notices and obituary columns. The mass of memoranda thus gathered he inclosed in an envelope and left at the hotel for Anna Eva when she came. From these memoranda names and other matters were copied upon slips of paper exactly like those the audience was to have; and the slips thus written on were concealed upon the medium's person, when she went into the cabinet. After that the substitution of the written slips for the blank ones put in by the audience was a perfectly simple matter. Of course it goes without saying that the tying in the cabinet was all a sham. That is so with all of them. The staples to which the ropes are fastened seem solid enough to any ordinary examination, but any one who knows the trick can pull them out without trouble. As to the hands, any one with a slender hand can, with practice, double it up so that it will slip out of any knot that can be tied or out of the smallest size of handcuffs.

"The trick of materializing flowers and making them float in the air before the cabinet was another strong card for Miss Fay. We used to buy the flowers of some florist as far away from the center of town as possible. They had very long stems, and she simply stuck them through holes in the cabinet and waved them about. In the dim light nobody could tell that they were not floating in the air, and the poor fools in the audience used to snatch them up after the performance and carry them away as sacred.

"Several bad breaks were made on that trip, but she was never really caught. Miss Fay is the cleverest woman I ever knew at the business, and I don't believe she ever can be actually caught in one of her tricks. Even when things look pretty dark for her she manages to slip out of the trap somehow. For one thing, she is a dreadfully sweet and pretty little thing, and she can put on a most appealing look when it is necessary, and few men can withstand that. They drop the subject and let her go on without giving the trick away."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Keeping Seed Potatoes.

If the seed is kept in barrels in the cellar it may be poured over from one barrel to another; but after all the main point is to keep the temperature down to a low figure. There has been some talk in the papers lately to the effect that forty degrees was low enough, that it was not wise to let them get any nearer to freezing. I would keep them as cold as thirty-three degrees to thirty-four degrees, providing, of course, that the cellar was well enough built so that there would be no danger of its freezing during a cold night. Just as near freezing as you can and run no risk would be my motto. I have planted hundreds of bushels that had been kept at a temperature as low as above mentioned for months and all grew finely. In case of a sudden cold snap potatoes will stand a freezing temperature or even lower for a short time. I have planted some that were exposed to a temperture of twenty-nine degrees for a short time on purpose and they all grew all right. But when the mercury gets below thirty-three degrees during a very cold spell one had better be on the safe side and warm up the cellar a degree or so. A little oil stove does this nicely in a short time, and just enough and no more if one is watching.—*T. B. Terry, in Country Gentleman.*

—One of the first impulses of human nature is to pull down, instead of building up.

HIBERNATING FAKIRS.

A Curious Story Which Nobody Is Compelled to Believe.

A traveler from India relates the following trick of the fakirs, which, if true, certainly out-Houdinizes Houdin: A fakir makes a wager with some skeptical person or persons, generally officers of the British army, that he will allow himself to be buried in the earth "from corn to corn," a period of about six months. When the arrangements are completed, the fakir betakes himself to his family, probably for the purpose of going through a course of treatment. He is then brought forth, dressed in flannel, which is the chief article of apparel among his class. Every one who desires is permitted to witness what occurs from this point.

The man is then laid upon the ground by his brother fakirs, and his tongue is thrust upward and backward into his throat and there secured. This is probably done, physicians think, to prevent the flow of saliva. His knees are then drawn up and his head thrust down between them, bringing him into as small a compass as possible. In this position he is allowed to remain until such time as he becomes unconscious and his respiration imperceptible. It is supposed that unconsciousness is produced by the position of the tongue. He is then placed in a rubber bag to protect him from all moisture, and the bag is sealed up. By this time physicians claim that he has passed through the comatose state, and into a state of coma only one remove from death.

The persons who have made the wager are then allowed to select the spot in which they wish the body buried, there being but one restriction imposed upon them, which is that they shall select a place slightly elevated above the surrounding country, in order that the water or moisture may not settle about the buried fakir. He is buried in plain view of all. Over him the ground is harrowed and corn sowed and reaped. In one instance where the trick was performed the officers who laid the wager kept two sentinels, who were relieved according to regular military custom, pacing over the body of the buried fakir both night and day from the time he was interred to the time he was exhumed in their presence.

When the six months or therabout had expired the body was disinterred and laid upon the ground in the presence of a considerable audience. After a short time the rubber bag was removed, care being taken to keep the body always on its right side, and another interval occurred. Then the flannel covering was loosened and shortly after the tongue was brought back to the proper position. The body was then raised to a standing position and carried about between two fakirs until its limbs became capable of motion. These demonstrations were continued but a short time before the fakir, to the satisfaction of his audience, walked up and down unaided several times before them and then departed alone to his home to be cared for by his family.

Medical men who were present at this experiment and were allowed to examine the fakir when exhumed asserted that they were unable to detect the slightest evidence of circulation by feeling of the pulse or the heart.

EQUITABLE ENOUGH.

How an Arizona Magistrate Decided a Troublesome Law-Suit.

The Drawer hears of a case that was recently tried before a justice of the peace in one of the mining districts of Arizona, that for the impartiality of its settlement is unique in the annals of the law. The plaintiff was a wealthy druggist, who sued the Knights of Labor for the cash equivalent of certain medicines furnished an injured Knight on the written order of the association, which order the association refused to honor.

Witnesses were examined on both sides at great length and the counsel for both parties to the difference indulged in the highest flights or oratory, to which his honor listened with becoming dignity, ruling always with the greatest deference for the properties, and taking apparently great interest in the point at issue.

The trial lasted for two days, both sides summed up, and, in accordance with the usual custom, each of the counsel requested that the judge would award the verdict to his client.

When counsel sat down a look of ineffable disgust crossed his honor's face, and rising from his chair, he fixed his eye upon the legal luminaries before him, and remarked: "You fellers must think I'm the blamedest fool that ever lived. Give a verdict to your client? What kind of a freak do you take me for?"

"I'm sure, your Honor," cried the plaintiff's counsel, "that neither I nor my client holds you in any other than the highest esteem. Your rulings have shown that your Honor is possessed of an erudition which"—

"That'll do, that'll do, my friend. I don't want no back talk. But I'll give both you fellers this p'inter: If I give a verdict agin Mr. Blank" (the druggist), "Mr. Blank, bein' the richest man in this town, 'll be down on me, an' I can't afford losin' none of his influence; and if I give a verdict agin the Knights, the town 'll git so darned hot I couldn't stay in it. I ain't no fool nor no freak, so I don't deliver no decision on no side. The court's adjourned."

The case will probably be appealed. —*Harper's Magazine.*

—The more you practice what you know, the more you shall know what to practice.