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BURNS ..... OREGON

THROWING THE LASSO.

Some Remarkable Feats By an Expert With the Riata.

"Of even more importance in throwing a lasso is it that the distances are gauged correctly. You remember that I spoke about holding the coils lightly in two or three fingers. Well, that is done that as many coils as may be considered necessary may be let go. If you are wielding a riata you know that each of your coils is almost two feet or two feet and a half long. So if you want to lasso something twenty feet away you let go ten coils.

"As to letting go, you simply open your hand at the correct time and the rope slips off.

"But even after you have roped your steer your work is not over. Almost any animal can pull you from your horse, and to prevent this you must get your rope around the horn of your saddle. There is where you have to be quick. There are two ways of making this hitch that are used ordinarily. The one I prefer is simply to take two turns around the horn, taking care that the second turn comes lower and overlaps the other. No pull in the world could make the rope slip, while I can, by simply throwing off one turn, let it all slip off. The other fashion, which is really taking a half-hitch around the horn, holds just as fast, but you have to push the rope through to loosen it. You see, in making this sudden twist, a finger is very likely to get caught, and I have known many fingers being taken off before such a hitch could be unfastened.

"It is often advisable to take an extra twist around any thing you have lassoed, and this is done by simply throwing a coil. Practice again is the only thing that can teach this. Now you have the whole theory of throwing a rope.

"There are four sorts of throws, but they are all made alike, only the position of the arm being different. They are the overthrow, the underthrow, sidethrow and backthrow.

"Yes, backthrow—catching an object behind you—something that you need not even see. That sounds difficult, does it? Well, you stand behind me and you can see it done."

The reporter took his position twenty feet behind Mr. Ohnimus—quite out of his sight, of course. He swung the loop around his head and, without turning, let it fly backward. It circulated the newspaper man exactly, and by pulling it quickly Ohnimus had his arms pinioned to his sides.

"Are there any more trick throws?" asked the reporter.

"Lots of them. I never put myself up as a crack riata man, and I am out of practice now, but I can lay the noose on the ground at my feet and kick it around your neck, or pick it off the ground from my horse and land it around you while the horse is going at full speed, and do lots of things like that, but none of them are any good. The back throw has been used by Mexican highwaymen to considerable advantage. You see, in that country the traveler always looks out for danger from the rear, and is prepared for it, but when a pleasant horseman rides past him, playing with his riata and wishing him 'good day' as he passes, he is likely to consider the danger as gone by, as well as the man. That has caused the death of a good many. The bandit gets the right distance ahead and then lassoes him as I did you. A touch of his spur jerks his victim from the saddle, and that ends it."—Interview with Louis Ohnimus, in San Francisco Examiner.

BUFFALOES AS PETS.

The Monarch of the Plains Is Not Intelligent But Very Affectionate.

Mr. Hornaday, according to the Pittsburgh Dispatch, places the buffalo very low, indeed, in the standard of mental capacity, and makes this stupidity the cause of his extermination. But if the monarch of the plains lacked intellect, he certainly did not want for affection. The manner in which the bull buffalo protected the calves of the herd is a glorious example of paternal instinct. An army surgeon related the following instance to Mr. Hornaday: "He was in the camp one evening when his attention was attracted by the curious action of a little knot of six or eight buffaloes. Approaching sufficiently near to see clearly, he discovered that this little knot was made up of bulls, standing in a close circle, with heads outward, while in a concentric circle at some twelve or fifteen paces distant sat at least a dozen large gray wolves (excepting man, the most dangerous enemy of the buffalo). The doctor determined to watch the performance. After a few moments the knot broke up, and still keeping in a compact mass, started on a trot for the main herd, some half a mile off. To his very great astonishment, the doctor now saw that the central and controlling figure of this mass was a poor little calf, so newly born as scarcely to be able to walk. After going fifty or a hundred paces the calf laid down, the bulls disposed themselves in a circle as before, and the wolves who had trotted along on each side of their retreating supper, sat down and licked their chops again, and though the doctor did not see the finale, it being late and the camp distant, he had no doubt that the noble fathers did their whole duty to their offspring, and carried it safely to the herd." The buffalo, if taken when young, submits with surprising readiness to the restraints of captivity. Mr. Hornaday declares buffalo calves make excellent pets.

Dueling in Germany.

The Emperor of Germany has his faults, but his resolution to put down the practice of dueling merits the warmest praise. Of course there is really no difference between the duelist and the murderer, except that the former more frequently kills in cold blood. But it has taken people a good many centuries to learn even this elementary truth, and in Germany, which is not the least enlightened of nations, it has been difficult to drive the fact home. The dullest man in the Fatherland understands, however, what cashiering an officer means, and it may safely be concluded that the punishment which the Emperor proposes to inflict upon the challenger will have the effect of stamping out the duelists in the German army.—London Figaro.

Slow-germinating seeds, such as parsley, carrots and parsnips, should be of the best quality and should be planted early, so as to take advantage of the spring rains in order to have the young plants well advanced in growth before the dry season comes on. The seeds should go in as soon as the ground is warm.

IMMORTAL.

He walked the world with bended head;
"There is no thing," he moaning said,
"That must not some day join the dead."

He sat where rolled a river deep;
A woman sat her down to weep;
A child lay in her lap asleep.

The waters touched the mother's hand.
His heart was touched. He passed from land
But left it laughing in the sand.

That one kind word, that one good deed,
Was as if you should plant a seed
In sands along death's sable brede.

And looking from the farther shore
He saw, where he had sat before,
A light that grew; grew more and more.

He saw a growing, glowing throng
Of happy people white and strong
With faith, and jubilant with song.

It grew and grew, this little seed
Of good sown in that day of need,
Until it touched the stars indeed!

And then the old man smiling said,
With youthful heart and lifted head;
"No good deed ever joins the dead."
—Joaquin Miller, in N. Y. Independent.

A PERFECT PLOT.

Reason Why He Was No Better Off After Discovering It.

"You are rather late, Stephen," said Mrs. Mostyn, as her husband came into the dining-room one day, just as she had finished breakfast, "and I can not stay with you, as I have to go out."

"Go out! Why, you said last night you were going to finish that china painting this morning, though I really don't know why you should work so hard. We are not in absolute penury."

"No; but it is pleasant making money in a way one likes. Besides, there will be some to give away when we find we have too much ourselves. And how is your trade going on?"

"To tell the truth, not brilliantly. In fact, I am rather hung up for want of a plot."

"A plot?"

"Yes, it is ridiculous. I have a short story to write this week, and, though I have rather a neat set of characters and small incidents ready, if you understand, a main idea is wanting."

"Dear me, that is unfortunate! Why don't you go out for a walk, or for half an hour in the underground, or to the city on a 'bus, and find one?"

"My dear Millicent, what nonsense you talk. As if I were the least likely to find my ideal plot that way! No; I must try and worry it out myself somehow."

"Well, I must be off. Good-bye, Stephen; take my advice—go and look for your ideal in the real of life. I am sure you can find it there."

After his wife had gone Stephen Mostyn ate his breakfast and then sat musing a little, after which, springing out of his chair, he said:

"I never felt less inclined to write in my life! Really, I have a good mind to follow Millicent's advice and go out."

In a few minutes he was standing on the doorstep, deciding upon his next move.

"What a beastly fog! I certainly shan't lose much under ground, so here goes for the Metropolitan railway."

"Where for?" said the clerk, sharply, as Stephen stood vaguely in front of the ticket office.

"Oh, Whitechapel. I should think that leaves room for discovery," he thought to himself.

"What class?"

"Third—better do it thoroughly. Now then, for a trial trip between Kensington and the Mile End Road, to test Millicent's theory.

A small boy with a large, heavy parcel got into the carriage with him, and spent some moments in vainly trying to secure his burden more firmly, by means of a knotty bit of string that crossed it here and there in purposeless festoons. Mr. Mostyn lending his help, between them they made rather a neat thing of it.

"Adventure the first; ended I fear," said Stephen to himself. "I really can't ask him how old he is and where he lives, and if he thinks it healthy."

"Temple!"

Out tumbled the parcel and the boy, and in walked an elderly young woman with a fringe and an American cloth hand-bag. She sat down opposite to Mr. Mostyn, put both her hands to her head as if to make certain that it was still in its place, opened her bag and realized that she had not lost her ticket, looked at the window and sighed.

"Not exactly ideal, but scarcely real," thought Stephen. "Do you feel the draught from that window," he asked.

"No, I don't, thank you," with a well-arranged look of spiteful timidity, and changing her seat to one at the other end of the carriage..

"Is this a beginning?" thought Stephen. "Now, I should like to ask her if she thinks my life for thirty-five years has been working up to the climax of meeting her, vailed in golden fog, in a third class Metropolitan railway carriage? I wonder if it's any good going on with this incident? Madame ——?"

"Sir, I think this is Blackfriars' Station," she said, whisking her head round as she spoke, the end of her nose depriving the glass of a very fine smut at the same time.

"It is not my business to tell her that she is now still more attractive than when she got in," thought Stephen; "she would probably give me into custody if I did—Blackfriars? Yes, it is. Do you get out here?"

"Yes," plunging at the door as she spoke.

"Ah," he said, turning the handle for her, "I don't."

There entered, before he shut the door, a small woman, holding in one arm a tiny bundle of a baby, and pushing before her a little boy. She sat down, the baby keeping its position in the sling formed by its mother's arm, the boy holding close to her, pulling at her shawl, and continually asking her in an unintelligible mutter for something that she had not got or didn't mean to part with. Her bonnet was slipping off her dull, untidy hair; her face was white, with tired, lusterless eyes, pink, pinched little nose and discontented mouth. The poor little apology for a baby might have hung round her neck by a ribbon, and the other child was small and sickly. A shrunken, depressing little group.

Just as Stephen Mostyn was beginning to weave round in his mind a pathetic, tender fancy, the small boy becoming more than usually importunate, his mother said, with no flicker of change in the expression of her face, but with a voice whose rough grating easily overpowered the noise of the train.

"Jest you stop a worritin', Tommy, else I'll tell yer bloomin' dad when we git 'ome—see if I don't."

Stephen shut his eyes, and only opened them as the little family bundled out two stations further on.

"The Monument!" "Mark lane!" No further passengers invaded his carriage.

"I can't stand this any longer, and the condensed fog chokes one. I shall get out at the next station and go back."

"Aldgate!"

Out he jumped and crossed to the return platform, literally feeling his way. The underground station at Aldgate is often quite dark in the middle of summer, and on this day the fog was dense. He found his way to a seat and (so thick was the darkness) did not discover, till he had taken his place at the end of it that there were two other people near him. One of them, a man, was speaking in a disagreeable querulous voice.

"I'm sure it's not my fault if I get nothing to do. I am always trying to find something."

"Yes; in other people's pockets," answered a woman's voice. "You want the wage, not the work."

"Good heavens! that is Millicent's voice, exactly," thought Stephen; "what an extraordinary resemblance!"

"What becomes of money in your hands I can't conceive," she went on.

"It is Millicent's voice! What in God's name is she doing?" and Stephen tried to catch a glimpse of the figure that was screened from him by the man between them, and still more so by the darkness.

"What have you done with the money I sent you last?"

"Done with it? Spent it, of course. A family can not live on nothing. It was not much for you to give—you, who live in luxury; you, whose husband is rich; you ——"

"My husband is very far from rich, and if he were so it would benefit you in no way. Every farthing I have given you for your wife was my own, made by my own work. I, a woman, worked to help a woman, as I would a man, but not such as you."

"Whatever you may have given you owed to my wife."

"I owed her?"

"Yes; for taking from her what was hers by right."

"Shall I let this brute go on speaking to her?" said Stephen to himself, holding the edge of the seat tightly in each hand.

"And now that she is ill and in want you in your prosperity grudge a little help to her and her hungry children."

"I have lowered myself by listening to you thus far," said Millicent, "in order to see if you would not in time say what I expected of you—what I waited for. Now that you have done so, I will answer you fully this once and never speak with you again. I feel that you can not have lived your life without some one's having called you liar and coward, or without your knowing that many had a right to do so; therefore I will not pause to add my testimony to theirs. When your first letter came last year, addressed to my husband, 'to wait an answer,' he was, happily, away from home. To save time, I, contrary to my inclination, opened your 'appeal.' It contained a manly reference to your wife, and my husband's regard for her in past years, and a cringing demand for money for her and your children, if not for you, and it ended with a suggestion as to the possible unpleasant consequences to his domestic happiness if the subject of your letter became known to me. Every detail of the story, as far as it concerned himself, my husband had long since told me, and no mud thrown by you could shake my trust.

"You lie when you say that I took from your wife what was hers by right. My husband once loved her with all his heart and soul, and she made him suffer bitterly. But he had loved her, as I say, and for his sake I consented (if the miserable story should never reach his ears to give him further pain) to help the woman who had repaid his love with betrayal, his confidence with treachery, but who had been dear to him before he gave to me what I took from no one else. You lie again when you speak of her present suffering and the wants of her children—silence!" as the man attempted to speak. "Do you think that in dealing with one like you I should take no steps to verify your statements? Of the two children that lived with you and that you called hers, one only was your wife's, and has been dead six months, you curse! And your wretched wife flung from her my husband's love and trust, not for the love of another man, but for life with you, who dragged her to the mire in which she died nearly a month ago. Nearly a week since I had proof of all I am saying, and my only reason for consenting to see you again, as you asked, was to tell you of this, and also to warn you that if you ever communicate with, or molest me or my husband in any way, I have means to make that your last public performance for a considerable time."

As she said the last words, Millicent rose, walking straight up to and getting into the train that had just run into the station. The man she had been speaking with sat still while she moved away, but as she opened the carriage door, he started up with an oath as if to follow her. Stephen Mostyn's umbrella becoming untortunately mingled with the swearer's legs, he was precipitated painfully on to the platform, as the train left the station, and Stephen bounded up the steps to the surface of the earth.

Mrs. Mostyn had dressed for dinner that evening, and was sitting by the fire when her husband came in.

"Well, Stephen, when you do follow my advice you follow it generously, I must say. Have you been out ever since I saw you last?"

"Very nearly."

"And walking, or in the underground, or on the top of a 'bus?"

"A little of all three, and the club to finish with."

"Well, and have you found your plot?"

"Yes, but I can't write it now, so am not much better off than before."

"Good gracious! why?"

"Because," said Stephen, bending and kissing her eyes, "the story is so pretty that I have no words in which to tell it; no character that I have hitherto conceived is good enough to play a part in it; no incident that I have known or imagined but seems poor and tedious beside it."

"Then it is very good?"

"Perfect!"

"And is it real or ideal?"

"Both."

"Won't you tell it to me?"

"Some day."—London World.

—Many a clergyman who can preach a capital sermon is very unhappy as a speaker out of the pulpit. The Philadelphia Times has heard of a clergyman whose duty it was to introduce to an audience a missionary from Ceylon and did as follows: "This faithful missionary of the cross comes from Ceylon, a land where, as you all know, 'every prospect pleases and only man is vile.'"

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The first iron works in colonial America were established in 1621 in Chesterfield, Va.

—Electric wires strung through tubes of paper, it is said, are made impervious to fire and water.

—An important industrial departure in Philadelphia is the establishment of a trade school for young women.

—Many of the laundries of Paris are said to use soiled potatoes in preference to soap for cleansing boiled linen.

—The berries of the maqui plant, a small evergreen native of Chili, where it grows along the banks of mountain streams, are being used to a considerable extent for coloring wines on the Continent. France is by far the largest consumer.

—Experiments with a new explosive called ocrasite, which is to dynamite as 100 to 70, have recently been made in Australia, and are said to have succeeded so well that the invention has been purchased for military purposes exclusively.

—An English inventor claims to have a system by which coal gas can be compressed into eight per cent. of its natural bulk, and in that shape carried about and turned into an illuminant at any time by simply turning a stop-cock and lighting the evaporation.

—Potato paint is a novelty which is said to adhere well to wood and plaster, and to be very cheap. To make it, boil one pound of peeled potatoes, mash, dilute with water and pass through a sieve; then add two pounds of Spanish white in four pounds of water. Different colors can be had by the use of the ordinary mineral powders.

—It is difficult to find an industry for which, where power is used under a system of distribution, the electric motor is not eminently qualified. A striking instance of its versatility has just been recorded in Minneapolis, where the motor not only runs the sewing-machines in an overalls factory, but does all the cutting. More than this, the current warms the irons that do the pressing on the goods.—Electrical World.

—Sir Frederick Abel recently delivered a lecture on smokeless powder at the Royal Institution in London. He said that the smokeless powder now being manufactured in Europe was a gelatinous substance shaped into threads and strips under pressure. It is made by dissolving gun cotton or some similar material with champor or other solvent, and forcing the compound, when properly prepared, through perforated dies.

—French meteorologists, it appears, have just discovered that the Eiffel tower will prove far more valuable to them for observation than was at first imagined. Indeed, it is said that it possesses most of the advantages of an observatory built upon a mountain. In confirmation of this, it is stated that, recently, while a severe frost prevailed in the city, a strong, warm breeze was blowing at the summit of the tower, and it was three days before this temperature reached the ground.

—An artificial sponge industry is being developed as an outcome of experiments made by Dr. Oscar Schmidt, of the University of Gratz, in Styria. Small pieces of living sponge planted by the experimenter in a favorable spot have yielded large sponges in three years, at a very small expense. In one trial the cost of the cultivation of 4,000 sponges was not more than 225 francs, including interest for three years on the capital expended. The new industry on the coast of Dalmatia is regarded of such importance that government protection has been extended to it.

A TWO-SIDED MORAL.

How a Thoughtful Man Was Prevented from Being Reckless.

"It is true that much human misery results from a lack of economy," said a man whose face wore the marks of midnight thought, "but I once knew a man who now owes his happiness to riotous living. The story is a sad one. There were two brothers, John and Hank Bullfinch. They were twins. They were graduated with credit, and with equal showing they went out into the world. They had no money, but they managed to get into business. John was careful and economical; Hank was prodigal and reckless. If John could not save one dollar per day, he saved fifty cents. If Hank could not spend one dollar per day it was because he hadn't that amount. At the end of their first two years in business the difference between the brothers was very great. John had money; Hank had nothing. John owned a fine horse and buggy, but Hank was compeled to walk. He did not complain, but it was with a sad smile that he would step from the middle of the road, to keep from being run over by his brother. One night while John was driving around town his horse became frightened, ran away and smashed the buggy. Just as John was striking the ground Hank was beating his way into a minstrel show. John was killed. Statistics proved that he did not even kick after he struck the face of the earth. The dead man's property was willed to a charitable institution—"

"Say," some one remarked, "ain't you drifting from the point of the story?"

"Oh, no."

"But you said that you once knew a man who owned his happiness to riotous living.

"Yes, it is a fact. You see that Hank, had he been able to buy a horse—had he saved up enough money and bought one—would doubtless have been killed, and, in fact, Hank was trying at one time to buy the horse that killed John. Hank is still living and is enjoying himself, though he is afraid to save money. I think that the careful, economical man has been praised too much. We ought to give the spendthrift a chance."

"I think," said a member of the company, "that the moral of your story is destroyed by one fact."

"What's that?"

"Well, you see, if John had been more economical he wouldn't have bought the fine horse."

"By George, I believe you're right. Well, sir, I thought I had that thing fixed up all right. Thought I was going to give economy a black eye. I was going to be more reckless, but I don't believe I will. Was going to order the drinks, but you have taught me that it is better to economize."

When the man who had told the story got up and left the room, the old fellow—known as "tough"—who had changed the moral, looked at a companion and said:

"Blamed if he didn't beat us after all."—Arkansaw Traveler.

—A South Carolina man preaches in his sleep. The general rule, it will be remembered, among the clergy, is to preach in other folks' sleep.—Boston Transcript.

DURABLE TIMBER.

Eight Valuable Suggestions Based on Prof. Rankine's Experience.

Professor Rankine says: "There are certain appearances which are characteristic of strong and durable timber to what class soever it belongs. 1. In the same species of timber that specimen will in general be strongest and most durable which has grown the slowest, as shown by the narrowness of the annual rings. 2. The cellular tissue, as seen in the medullary rays (when visible) should be hard and compact. 3. The vascular or fibrous tissue should adhere firmly together and should show no wooliness at a freshly-cut surface, nor should it clog the teeth of the saw with loose fibers. 4. If the wood is colored, darkness of color is in general a sign of strength and durability. 5. The freshly cut surface of the wood should be firm and shining, and should have somewhat of a translucent appearance. A dull chalky appearance is a sign of bad timber. 6. In wood of a given species, the heavier specimens are in general the stronger and the most lasting. 7. Among resinous woods, those which have least resin in their pores, and among non-resinous woods, those which have least sap or gum in them, are in general the strongest and most lasting. 8. It is stated by some authors in fir-wood that which has the most sap wood, and in hard wood that which has the least, is the most durable—but the universality of this law is doubtful. Timber should be free from such blemishes as clefts or cracks radiating from the center; "cup-shakes" or cracks which partially separate one annual layer from another; V "up-sets," where the fibers have been crippled by compression; V "ringalls," or wounds in the layer of the wood which have been covered and concealed by the growth of subsequent layers over them."

A SINGER'S LUCK.

How Chevalier Scoville Won Eighty Thousand Dollars in One Sitting.

Chevalier Scoville, of the Boston Ideals, is one of the few men who have broken the bank at Monte Carlo. It was during sixteen days spent between Nice and Monte Carlo, in the winter of 1878. Scoville had gone to Nice to sing in "Lohengrin." Perhaps no living man can claim to have had better fortune at cards than he had during those sixteen days. At the end of that time he was 1,500,000 francs winner. Talking about this at the Burnett one evening after dinner, with a glass of claret before him and the loose comforts of a beautiful traveling suit about him, he said:

"The atmosphere of these places breathes the gaming spirit. A 1,000 franc note becomes nothing. A fever is upon every body. Great winnings are of hourly occurrence, and nothing but the gaming table is discussed. Men stake their fortunes and win and lose them again within a few days. You breathe gambling and desire nothing but to stake. Soon after I arrived at Nice I became infected. Success there and at Monte Carlo flushed me. I grew daring. I cared nothing for money.

"One afternoon I sat sipping coffee in the great bay window of the Mediterranean Club at Nice. Prince Arem Bey, a cousin of the present Khedive of Egypt, came in, and speaking of my singing in 'Lohengrin,' proposed a game of baccarat. He was then living at Paris with 10,000,000 francs a year and a mountain of debts. He was a heavy player and thought nothing of the ordinary 3,000 franc limit at Nice.

"'What shall the game be?' said he. And then he proposed 50,000 francs as a limit. 'That is only one bet,' said I, with the memory of my Monte Carlo luck to spur me on. He asked 100,000 francs credit of the cashier and obtained it. We sat down to play. An old friend of mine from Vienna held my cards for me. I instructed him to throw the little pencil, attached to the betting card, into the center of the table where the bets are placed.

"'What does this mean?' said the Prince.

"'That represents 50,000 francs,' said I, and at the same time I obtained of the cashier credit for 250,000 francs for the night.

"'The cards were turned. My friend held the necessary nine and won. I placed the pencil on the stack of chips for the second bet.

"'What does the pencil now represent?' inquired the Prince.

"'Let us say 50,000 francs,' said I.

"This made my bet 100,000 francs. The Prince again played, and again I won. I was now 150,000 francs, or $30,000 ahead of the game. There was exactly that amount in the chips which I had won with my pencil. I again put it upon the stack.

"'What is the pencil worth now?' demanded my opponent.

"'One hundred thousand francs,' I answered, with the calmness and assumed indifference which my luck brought me. The Prince rose. He couldn't stand it. I went over and took his place. That is, I was betting my 250,000 francs on the Prince's hand. I turned over the cards which he had abandoned. I was again winner. If he had had the nerve he would have won it all instead of allowing me to win. This gave me 400,000 francs, $80,000 in three plays. The pencil had been my mascot.

"During those sixteen days I broke one of the tables of 'rouge et noir' at Monte Carlo. I backed the red to win nine times in succession, and at the last turn the bank closed, while I walked away with 500,000 francs. O, yes, those sixteen days were wonderful. The Russians who were winning there thought I was a supernatural being."

"And did you ever lose?"

The chevalier sighed and looked mournful for a moment. Then he said:

"But who cares to hear of those who lose in the game?"—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Bore Rebuked.

Mr. Awger (looking over editor's shoulder as he clips an article from an exchange)—"Does that require much intellect?"

Editor—"None whatever; why, I believe even you could do it."—Munsey's Weekly.

—A young lady in Weston, Oregon, dreamed her lover gave her an engagement ring, and thrust her finger into a knot-hole as a substitute, from which, when she awoke, she could not extricate it, until she had aroused the whole family. This dream was doubtless meant as a warning to foolish maidens that marriage is not only a failure, but a delusion and a snare, as well. It is awful easy to get in, but it sometimes requires the assistance of all your relations to get you out again.—West Shore.

—Bronson—"See here, Cadle, did you tell Smithers I was the meanest white man that ever lived?" Cadley—"No, I didn't draw the color line."

PRIME OF WOMANHOOD.

Feminine Charms Not Things Exclusively of Youth.

One of the truths which this woman's era, as one calls the present period, has made emphatic, is that a woman's charm is not, as the earlier novelists taught and people generally believed, a thing exclusively of youth. No changes of thought wrought in the last century are more naked than those which note the steady advance in the period of life at which the feminine part of humanity is thought to reach its prime, says a writer in Dress. The heroine of the original novel was the thirteen-year-old. "Sweet sixteen" and "blooming eighteen" were the favorite ages less than half a century ago.

"No woman is so charming as the woman of thirty years," wrote a wise and witty Frenchman, and many a man of modern society has echoed his sentiment. In the better circles girls do not enter society at as early an age as they did when the big "old maid" was affixed to them if they didn't marry by the time they were twenty-five. The modern young woman is busy with her studies and preparations for the future up to the age of twenty-one and later.

The age of our grandmothers, who took the responsibility of life upon them while they should have been children, is past. The girl who marries at sixteen no longer exists, and the old-time fallacy that girls are earlier matured than the boys for the cares of existence is rapidly giving way to more progressive thought.

The average boy of sixteen or eighteen is quite as matured as the girl of that age. She is no more fitted at that stage of the growth to assume the role of womanhood than he is of manhood. The Spartans recognized this physiological truth when they made a law forbidding their females to marry under twenty-five.

The women of prominence in the world to-day, the social leaders and the society favorites, are no longer in the freshness of their first youth. The reigning favorites of the present are women who have studied life, and whose faces oftener show lines of thought than cheeks of bloom.

The color of "blooming eighteen" no longer concedes its crudities and society's queens are oftener women in the thirties than girls in their twenties; women, moreover, who have something more fascinating than beauty, more real than style. The modern woman is learning the secret which made Mmes. de Stael and Recamier the rivals of the youthful beauties when old age had claimed them, or would have claimed them had it been given a chance.

The loveliness of youth is the loveliness of the rosebud, but the glory of the garden is the rose. What woman would wish always to be eighteen? Who would be, as Dr. Holland expresses it, always a kitten? Who would not rather grow into a Mme. de Stael than to stay for all time in Clarissa?—Boston Herald.

A MISSIONARY'S LIFE.

Heroic Work of an American Woman in the Wilds of Africa.

In this place, one of the most uncivilized parts of West Africa, an American lady is living without white companions instructing the natives and cheerfully performing all the duties that devolve upon her as a missionary. She is Miss Martha Kah, of Cheyenne County, Neb., and she is the only representative left of the missionary party established here by Bishop Wm. Taylor.

Several men were in the party when it came to Africa, but the trying climate proved too much for them. The superintendent of the station, Mr. Steele, was compeled by ill health to return to America last year, and then Mr. Sortore, of Missouri, and Miss Kah were all who were left. In April, 1889, Mr. Sortore died with African fever and Miss Kah is now alone, and is far too busy to be greatly disheartened by the sad events that have robbed her of all her companions.

Miss Kah superintended the housekeeping while the others were with her, and now she is obliged, in addition, to keep the school going, and to direct the labors on the plantation. She teaches school five days every week if not prevented by sickness. The plantation was opened by Mr. Sortore, and on it is raised considerable manioc, bananas and coco. It is necessary to keep up the plantation, for Miss Kah, in addition to her missionary work, must support herself; the theory of the Taylor missions being that the missionaries all support themselves.

It is marvelous how economically Miss Kah and her recent comrades lived in this savage part of the world; and yet they have always been prepared to entertain hospitably any traveler who comes here.—Mamby (French Congo) Letter.

A FEMALE SAMSON.

A Swiss Girl Who Lifts Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds with Ease.

The strongest woman on earth has not been long in making her appearance at the music halls, and, according to accounts, if she had visited the Aquarium some few weeks ago she might almost have entered the lists with Cyclops, for she seems to think nothing of lifting 250 pounds. Mme. Victorine is a Swiss, and for many years was ignorant of her extraordinary strength, or, at any rate, of its remarkable value.

It was only by chance she discovered it. One day, when out walking, she saw two men vainly endeavoring to lift a huge fender from a cart. Smiling at their unsuccessful efforts, she volunteered her aid, and, to their extreme surprise, accomplished the feat unassisted. The story reaching the ears of an eager exhibitor, overtures for introducing her to an admiring public were instantly made, and, after a few weeks of severe training, she made her first appearance.

Mme. Victorine is indeed a prodigy, for, in addition to her really marvelous strength, she is not, like so many wonders, unpleasant to look upon, but is extremely fair of form and face. This makes the third exhibitor of unusual muscle in London, for Samson still has a number of admirers and sympathizers, while Sandow is drawing crowds at the Alhambra.—London Letter.

A Matter of Economy.

"Wait a moment outside, Maria. I've got to step in here."

"You ought to have more regard for appearances, John, than to stop at a drug store on the way to church."

(Fiercely) "It isn't a question of appearances, Maria. It's a question of economy. I've got to buy a cigar or two and get some small change or else throw this twenty-five-cent piece in the contribution-box. Do you think I'm a Jay Gould?"—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENCE AND IN

—London Industries, in view for 1889, says: "It that we owe almost all developments in the Novel boilers, valve gear are all of American origin.

—Northern manufacturers ested in the statement brick made in the South refuse of slate quarries double resisting power one-third as much water brick.

—A use has been canned corn. Hitherto sidered worthless. But has sprung up in the American centers of Cincinnati York, where it is used kraut, the quality of which improved by it.

—In the new process weaving glass into cloth composed of silk forming groundwork on which glass appears. Not less sixty of the original required to form one thread and not more than a yard can be produced in twelve

—The resident surgeon bas Hospital, Minneapolis ports an operation of a performed on a boy of without the use of other the power of hypnotism was led to and from the and even assisted the suming any position fered no pain, lay perfectly hours and then called by operator had suggested a certain time.

—A famous Viennese for the benefit of the poor to earn a livelihood "Never write on white get yellow paper. A shade the same shade placed on the desk will assist in rest, and this will facilitate He has made the suggestion and in each case has thanks of those who have by it. It is simple and does any philosophy to prove it.

—Terra alba, or white exclusively for adulterations. This yet no less than 6,000 tons stance were recently imported New York. Lozenges made this earth are dipped in sugar, with peppermint and other then sold as genuine. When it is known that mineral insoluble by the the extent of the evil of tion may be understood. danger of incurable disease of young children.—San Chronicle.

—Surgeons are now endeavoring od of treatment in cases bodies have been accidentally which originated not in profession, but through of deft members of another the London pickpockets reptitiously acquiring jewelry, these are often followed, and in order that through without harm to or the jewelry, the great elusive and abundant potato the coveted article is again Prof. Biloth of Vienna plan has proved so successful tions of opening into the nails, teeth, etc., are no longer

—An electrical shoal has been devised by two tors. It consists of a filled with shot, so that a cable from a ship it will fectly upright in the water in its center is a glass half full of mercury, the closed by metallic plates. communication, by insulated ried by the cable, with a tery and bell on the deck. The action of the apparatus When the vessel approaches water the cylinder drags below, and is consequently upright, but is thrown on causes the mercury in the both the metallic plates and tube, as above explained; circuit thus becomes complete, warning bell on the ship rings.

RATS IN ENGLA

The Right Little, Tight Little Needs a Pied Piper h

The plague of rats, from than one of our agricultural at present suffering, threatens serious proportions. In Essex though the vermin have been by the thousands, and all steel traps and phosphorus neighborhood are in requisition numbers exhibit no appreciation, while from the Fens Lincolnshire, it is reported never were so numerous or The potato pits are invaded fields constitute a browsing the swarm of rodents, and has been compeled to pay tribute to the horde which has the country.

Since "Hamelin Town in Land" was afflicted in similar such a pest has seldom been It is true that for the present not "fought the dogs and cats, and bit the babies in the and ate the cheese out of their licked from the cooks' own they are in a fair way to plish all these misdemeanors their career is brought to a Indeed the rats seem to stay. Unlike such vermin they are burrowing holes side, and when we remember ing rapidity with which they it is hard to say whether wish the farmers of Lincolnshire East Lothian a severe winter one.

For though the frost might rats from the fields, it would force them to seek the stable and byre, while as frost would favor their increase time the naturalist who is or cultivator of the soil can feel a certain qualified latest inroad, which is simply attempt on the part of itself. It is a protest against severing efforts of civilization the balance of life, since the crease of rats must be traced struction of the birds of prey stoats and other animals them, just as the multiplication weakling grouse has not been been attributed to such feeble being afforded, owing to an extra chance in the struggle istence.—London Standard.