A SCRAP OF PAPER.

Used as a Gun-Wad It Betrays a Murderer.

It Completes a Chain of Circumstantial Evidence Which Convicts the Man Who Committed the Crime.

Very few chains of purely circumstantial evidence have been so complete as that which fastened the guilt of James Irwin's murder upon George Matthews. The crime was committed in Charles county, Md., in the first week of August last, and Matthews' trial began on November 23 and ended with his conviction four days later, Thanksgiving day. He then confessed the murder and is now under sentence of death.

As a sequel to Matthews' trial came that of Emma Irwin, the murdered man's wife, which began Monday, January 18, and ended in acquittal owing to the stubborn refusal of Matthews to testify in the case. In his own confession last November Matthews fully implicated Mrs. Irwin as his accomplice and Mrs. Irwin's sister as one of the chief instigators of the crime. When Mrs. Irwin was brought to trial Matthews flatly refused to give the testimony, without which it was impossible to convict. The counsel for the prosecution tried every legal device they knew to introduce Matthews' previous confession, but in this they were defeated at every point by the alertness of Mrs. Irwin's counsel.

The murder itself was a peculiarly brutal one. Irwin with his wife and child lived at the little fishing village called Allen's Fresh, Charles county, Matthews, a fisherman, lived a few miles away. Letters intercepted by Irwin and others, found in the house after his death, implicated Mrs. Irwin and Matthews in guilty relations and testimony showed that Irwin had knowledge of the fact and was much distressed by it. His little child testified that there was domestic trouble on the night of the murder and that Irwin was shedding tears before he went to bed.

In the dead of that night Mrs. Irwin went to a neighbor's and said that her husband was dead. She said that she was sleeping on the bed with him and was next to the wall. She was awakened by a loud noise and when she put her hand upon her husband's head she found the head torn and bleeding. She then fled for help.

That was her story and it was found to be true enough so far as the murder was concerned. The neighbors found Irwin's head half blown off by a gunshot and what was left of it hacked as with an ax or hatchet. The little child, sleeping in the room where the deed was done, if awakened at all immediately went to sleep again and knew nothing of what happened.

When suspicion first fastened upon Matthews he gave so clear and circumstantial an account of his movements during the 24 hours, which included the time of the murder, that belief in his guilt was shaken. But one small circumstance after another was brought to light, until finally the chain was made complete by the clew afforded by the paper gun-wad found in the dead man's head. When spread out and cleaned it was found to be a scrap of a newspaper with the printed words nearly all legible. In Matthews' pocket was found a scrap of paper which fitted the tear on the side of the gun-wad scrap, and when joined together the lines could be read. Still another torn scrap of newspaper found in Matthews' pocket fitted a scrap found on the floor of the shanty in which he lived. It was the newspaper which Matthews had used in loading his gun, and it was a scrap from an editorial which he had so brutally fired into poor Irwin's head as he slept in fancied security by the side of his wife.

This scrap of paper so conclusively connected Matthews with the crime that the jury was only a few moments in bringing in a verdict of guilty. In his confession Matthews said Mrs. Irwin knew that he was coming that night to murder her husband and that she was lying awake on the bed when he did it.—N. Y. World.

How to Mend Gloves.

If you wish to mend your gloves neatly, turn them inside out and sew them over and over with fine cotton thread. Silk seems to cut the kid. If there is a tear, set a piece of kid under it and secure it with a few stitches; if you have not the kid of the right color, use a bit of ribbon or silk. Save the best part of the old pair to mend the new. Court-plaster will mend a break nicely, but always stiffens the kid. — N. Y. Ledger.

She Wasn't Often Fooled.

"Evidently," said the poet, picking up a volume of Shakespeare from the table, "you recognize genius, Mrs. Fishcake."

"Well," said the landlady, as she showed the prospective boarder her drawing-room. "I gen'lly do, an' make 'em pay two weeks in advance. But sometimes I get fooled when they palm 'emselves off on me for honest clerks!"—Odds and Ends.

The Regular Way.

The detective came out from the cell, where he had been questioning the suspect.

"Well?" asked the other detectives.

"I believe the man is innocent."

For an instant they paused. Then, realizing that there was no time to lose, they sprang on him, bound and hustled him to the insane asylum before he had time to become violent. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

MYSTERY OF A NECKLACE.

Genuine Diamonds Carelessly Placed in Theatrical Property in London.

In support of the idea that it is not easy even for the practiced eye to detect the false from the real diamonds, a writer in London Sketch repeats this story of an actor's experience:

A very popular melodrama had been produced in London, a piece in which the heroine did as new women are popularly supposed to do, and then repented in the last act. To emphasize her repentance, she took the diamond necklace from her neck, cast it upon the ground and spurned it heavily. The long-suffering necklace was made of paste stones, with strong gold settings, and had to be repaired two or three times a week, owing to its cruel usage. After a very long run in town the piece was sent into the provinces, and the poor necklace was, as usual, thrown about and trodden on, until it came to grief once more and was sent to some provincial jeweler for the usual repairs. Toward the evening the manager sent a man to fetch it in time for the performance. "Where is your written order?" said the man of jewels. Said the messenger: "Ain't got none—it's only a property necklace," or words to that effect. "Well," said the tradesman, who knew a good thing when he saw one, "you go back for a written authority; I don't give diamond necklaces worth more than a thousand pounds to the first man who calls for them!" When the manager received the message he was furious and went to the shop at once. There he found to his amazement that the necklace so recklessly treated o' nights was composed of genuine diamonds worth a large amount. For a long time nobody could understand the mystery, but it was afterward cleared up. At the shop at London where it was regularly repaired the stones had once been set aside by those belonging to a noble lady's tiara. They were, by some some strange chance, very similar in size, shape and number, and by mistake the paste went to the tiara and the diamonds to the property necklace.

Russian Language in China.

The Amur Gazette states that the Chinese government has made it obligatory for all cadets in the military and naval schools in China to learn Russian.

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FOSSIL MINES.

Scientists Often Buy Stone Fences to Get Specimens.

The pavements of cities are not infrequently veritable mines of fossils. Slate flags often contain the visible remains of marine whelks and ancient mollusks related to the modern pearly nautilus, etc. The paleontologist walking down Broadway, in New York city, finds a whole story book of antiquity in the sidewalk. In northern New York state the limestone fences are so full of fossils as to excite amazement. It is not an uncommon thing for a scientist in that part of the country to buy a few rods of stone fence just for the purpose of knocking it to pieces and getting out the fossils, which stand out in bold relief so as to attract attention. Among the fossils are many kinds of corals, numerous species of extinct mollusks and not a few "sea lilies"—animals counterfeiting flowers in their appearance, which lived on the bottom of the ocean when New York state was covered by the sea. The rocks of the Schoharie Mountains in Schoharie and Albany counties, N. Y., are full of queer crustaceans which were the ancestors of modern lobsters and crabs. Such crustaceans are yielded in large quantities by the famous cement bodies of Buffalo. From thence is obtained the so-called water limestone, which is converted into cement by a simple process of burning and grinding.

Once upon a time there was a shallow lake in a little valley near Pike's Peak, Col. Ancient streams poured into this lake, their waters carrying insects which fell into them. There was a great volcanic eruption in the neighborhood, and great quantities of ashes and other debris filled up the lake, burying the insects and preserving them in fossil shape. Thus it happens that the geologists nowadays dig out the fossil insects with pickax and hammer. One little hill, which was formerly an island in the lake, has been found a mine of these bugs of antiquity. Buried in the rocks are mosquitoes and gnats in abundance, bees and wasps of many species, ants of all sorts, saw flies, butterflies and moths. Of fossil beetles the variety is endless. There are ground beetles, water beetles, June bugs, blister beetles, snout beetles, with long noses; also, dragon flies and cockroaches. It seems wonderful that things so fragile, so minute and so easily destroyed should have been preserved in the rocks for millions of years in such perfection that the very hairs which fringe the certain small varieties are visible to-day beneath the microscope. From the remarkable deposit described comes the greater part of the National museum's collection of fossil insects, which, appropriately enough, is placed alongside of the new collection of fossil jelly fishes.—Boston Transcript.

FEAR THE PLAGUE.

Indian Servants Leave Their Masters to Do the Work.

Domestic servants in India during the plague are obtained only with the greatest difficulty. Clubs and hotels are alike in a sorry state, and it is more than likely that many of them will have to be soon shut, says the Bombay correspondent. A meeting held by the servants of the Bombay club decided in favor of flight. One old man only stood up and said: "I have been all my life in the club and I will not leave it now." He is the only old servant now remaining.

At the Yacht club, with the exception of the barmen, porters, etc., who are high-salaried, there are only two old servants now remaining. Members sitting in the billiard room have to take turns of going to the bar to fetch trays of refreshment. All the Goanese servants at Watson's hotel fled in one day. I had a conversation with the head waiter there recently. He told me he was leaving in the evening, and when I asked why, said: "I am a poor man, sir, and have been here 18 years, but if I die here there is no one to mourn me. In Goa it is hard to get work, and there is little food, only curry and rice; but it is better there than here."

If the present state of panic continues it seems not improbable that the "sahibs" will have to leave the town not from fear of the epidemic, but from the utter impossibility of living here without servants.

The Yacht club, as a last resource, has sent to Agra to enlist Mussulman waiters. It is thought that the followers of the prophet, with their sturdy creed of "Kismet"—"It is fate"—will be panic-proof. The result remains to be seen. It is a remarkable fact, however, that the Arab horse-dealers are very downcast. In Byculla they sit in a row, very silent beyond their wont, and every week one or other of them hands over his remaining animals to a friend and leaves, overjoyed to get away to his own country.

It is to be hoped that the Agra Mussulman has a firmer belief in the irrevocability of "Kismet" than his Arab coreligionist.—Westminster Gazette.

BRAKE HANDLE BAROMETER.

Motormen on Trolley Cars Are Good Weather Prophets.

"This rain is about over," said a motorman on one of the open cars the other afternoon.

"Are you a weather prophet?" was asked.

"I should think I am, as far as dry or wet weather is concerned," he replied. "I can tell whether we'll have rain within 24 hours or not.

"How am I able to do it? Well, it's like this: When it's going to rain the brake-handle becomes sticky almost a day before. The motorman will first notice it fully 20 hours before the storm arrives. You can just barely notice it then, but the stickiness will increase until it will be almost impossible to get a decent grip without tearing the flesh on your hands. Now, on Friday night, I began to feel that sticky business, and I told a fellow who was on the seat behind me that it was going to rain. The sky was clear, and after he glanced around he said that I was away off. I said: 'I don't say it's going to rain right away, but it will before this time tomorrow,' and it did. Oh, there's no going back on the brake as a barometer."

At this point in the motorman's remarks a passenger boarded the car. The front seat was about filled, but that did not matter. He wanted to talk with the motorman.

"Is the rain all over?" was the query.

"Pretty near," answered the electricity pusher.

"Well, I'm glad of that. Do you know," continued the latest arrival, "I place more confidence in a motorman's prediction than I do in those made by the weather signal man?"—Albany Argus.

—"I'll bet," remarked Mr. Jason to his wife, as they sat in the family circle at the play, "I'll bet from the looks of it that the dress that there woman in the box is wearing is one of them elegant dresses one-half off we seed advertised yesterday in the papers."

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INDIAN ENGLISH.

How the Red Man Expresses Himself in Our Tongue.

A Multitudinous Observations on the Peculiar Speech of the Western Indians—Some Queer Constructions.

Lieut. Grote Hutcheson, aid-de-camp to Gen. Coppinger, is in receipt of a highly interesting letter from one of his brother officers now in camp at Fort Hall agency, Idaho, the home of the Indians who were mixed up in the recent Jackson's Hole trouble. The letter is interesting because it has nothing to say of Jackson's Hole which is a relief. Instead, it deals largely with conditions at Fort Hall from the standpoint of a student of ethnology.

"I am taken," says the writer, whose name Lieut. Hutcheson does not feel at liberty to mention, "with the speech of the Indians in their communication with the whites. Having little to occupy time, I have bothered to look into the origin of the kind of language which I hear used by Indians and traders in their talk with one another. It suggests the slang of the Bowery, being a purely artificial adjunct to both the Indian and the English language. It suggests, too, the baby talk of young mothers, who insist on placing verbs where nouns should be, and who prefer mixing up their first, second and third persons to taking them straight. For instance, there is the word 'mebbe.' At first I thought this to be a sort of corruption of may be, meaning perhaps, or used in a doubting way. This is not true. The Indian and the white in conversation use 'mebbe' as an affirmative. 'Mebbe get wagon' is the strongest way of declaring that you will get a wagon. 'You eat mebbe' brings delight to the Indian, for that is a promise of giving him food, a promise which may by no means be evaded. A white man, too, in conversing with an Indian, when the Indian will converse, and when he knows even this patois, injects 'mebbe' into his talk at every fourth word, or, if he gets excited, he puts it in at the third.

"There is no pronoun in the mixed vocabulary of the reservation. The words 'white man' and 'Injun' will fill in for all the persons and all the cases, too, by the way. Somebody will write an Indian-English grammar some day, and it will be comprised in less than a hundred words. Simplicity takes the place of explicitness, I am bound to say, and sometimes you have to use a carefully-trained ear to know whether it is a threat, a command or a promise, or a request that is being flung at you. Mood is unknown in the grammar of the Bannock.

"I discover that the English language of Fennimore Cooper and Oll Coomes are nonexistent. I have dug profoundly into the 'Ugh' and the three-word sentences of the novelist, and I find they are out of fashion. If you succeed in getting an Indian to talk to you at all he will not shut off with three words ending in an exclamation point. Neither will he use the expression 'pale face.' No self-respecting Indian says 'pale face' now.

"Altogether the language is a study worth attention. Seriously, I imagine a text book could be compiled which would really result in a great good for the government in bringing the Indians to something like civilized habits. As it is, the instruction is based on the same conditions as prevail in the English language and with English-speaking persons. This does not fit the Indian. His language is simplicity itself, and there are no twists of case, tense or the like. As to tense, one illustration will show. Take the word 'Go.' We have it 'go, went, gone, going, will go,' while the Indian puts in two cases, 'go' and 'was go.' If he wishes to make it a future tense he simply puts in the specific time, as 'He go to-morrow, mebbe,' which to my mind is quite expressive of the idea. I seriously believe attention might be called to this situation among scholastic men and perhaps we would be able to get along without rascally and incompetent interpreters. One hundred words would be a good vocabulary." — Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

OVERRULED BY THEIR WIVES.

A Case Where All the Justices of the Supreme Court Changed Their Minds.

It was a matter of some surprise that Justice Shiras, of the United States supreme court, should have changed his mind within a few weeks upon a matter of law, but it is not many months since the whole court changed their mind on such a matter, and that in the course of a few days.

The case before the court, says the New York Sun, was one arising out of a customs decision at this port, and the counsel arguing against the decision of the custom house was a New York lawyer, then for the first time before the supreme court. The case turned mainly upon the question whether an article of importation should or should not be classed as a sauce. The custom house had called it a sauce and taxed it accordingly. The government maintained this contention, and, of course, the New York lawyer sought to show that the article should not be classed as a sauce.

When the supreme court came to consult upon the case their unanimous opinion was favorable to the contention of the government, and one of the justices was instructed to prepare a decision in favor of the custom house. The justice, on returning home, told his wife of the case, and indicated the ground of the decision; whereupon the lady told him in plain words that the justices of the supreme court did not know what they were talking about, and had agreed upon an unjust decision. The lady was entirely clear that the article in dispute could not properly be called a sauce, and openly ridiculed the court.

The perplexed justice, instead of preparing the decision in accordance with the instructions of his brethren, did nothing in the matter, but at the next opportunity unfolded to the other justices his wife's view of the matter, and asked them to seek domestic counsel on the case and report at the next consultation of the court. When that consultation came round the justices, having taken feminine counsel, all reported against the original view that the article involved in the case should be classed as a sauce, and accordingly the justice originally charged with the task of preparing a decision in favor of the government was now instructed to prepare one in favor of the New York lawyer's client. It thus happened that the lawyer won his first case before the supreme court because the wives of the justices knew more than the court itself.

—A toe post is an English bootmaker's ingenious device for correcting distortions in the feet of men and women. It is a thin, vertical steel plate, covered with leather, which rises from the inside of the sole and separates the great toe from the toe next to it, thus correcting the tendency of the great toe to become twisted round. Of course, hosiery having a separate compartment for the great toe is also necessary.

GATHERS SKULLS.

A Medical Student Who Risks His Life to Get Them.

About 45 miles below Portland, on the Oregon side of the Columbia, the broad expanse of water flows without a ripple, and is deep and as still as death. The bank rises high above the water's level and stretches away back to the timber line. Just above this point is "Coffin rock," which was the starting-place of "the happy hunting grounds" of the various Oregon tribes of Indians, but the very high water of 1862 swept Coffin rock of all of its deposits to the point below. It is a lonely place, without sound, save the call of the cricket in the grass, or the hoot of the screech owl in the adjacent timber. Here the overflowing waters of nearly a half century ago lodged the remains of many tribes high and dry, literally mocking the last resting-place of their dead, for no Pacific coast tribe ever buried their dead below the surface of the earth. Some hedged them about with rocks, above the ground, leaving the face upward and exposed. Others put a bark covering over them, while others were suspended from limbs or left in the forks of trees. Time has robbed every form of its substance, and left only the whitened bones and bleached skulls.

Students, dentists and physicians are eager to secure these trophies for articulation. So great is the demand that at least one man has for years followed the hazardous business of gathering these skulls for the market. It is risky, for the few remaining Indians still keep vigil over the remains of their dead, and to be caught in the act would mean a prison in the recesses of the neighboring mountains, followed by a death of slow torture, for no quarter or mercy would be shown to the victim. Still, knowing this, Howard Clause, a recluse, nightly risks his life to gather these grinning, whitened skulls, and every now and then a box of large and small skulls are shipped from Portland, Ore., to the various noted seats of medical and dental learning in the east. —San Francisco Call.

SOME GOOD IN HIM.

How the Prisoner Succeeded in Impressing His Captors by a Speech.

The Texas court had convened at the foot of a telegraph pole and the horse-thief was watching the proceedings, says the New York Sun. Presently the judge turned to him.

"Seein'," he said, "as how the boys come off in a hurry and forgot the rope and it's goin' to take some time fer the man to git back that's gone after it, p'r'aps you like to make a few remarks to entertain the crowd and git yer mind offen the main objeck uv yer bein' present on this occasion."

"I ain't much of a speaker," replied the prisoner, "but I'm willin' to please, and as I used to be an exhorter before I got the Texas habit I reckon I might make a try at it."

"Well, go ahead; you've got a few minutes and the choice of subjecks. Considerin' yer doin' it to please us, we won't be too pertickelar."

"Can't you make it a few years," smiled the prisoner.

"We'd like to, but the objeck of the meetin' wouldn't git a fair shake. Besides, we've been to a good deal of trouble to git you here and we ain't got time to waste that a-way. You jist go ahead and make the speech and make her lively, fer the boys may git to shootin' before the rope gits here."

Thus importuned, the prisoner took his place on a pile of railroad ties and launched forth in an impassioned address, patriotic, religious, personal and highfalutin, the poor fellow evidently feeling, as had been suggested by the leader, that in this way he might forget the object of the meeting.

He kept it up for fifteen minutes or more and then the leader held up his hand for him to stop and he looked around nervously, expecting to see the man returning with the rope; and that's what he did see, but the leader stepped out and beckoned the man to one side.

"That's all right," he said reassuringly to the prisoner; then he turned to the crowd. "Boys," he said, "you have heerd this man makin' a speech here for the last fifteen er twenty minutes, and in all that time he ain't said a dern word about free silver ner the Wilson tariff bill, and I move you now that we give him fifteen minutes to git out. Thar must be some good in him and we ought to give him a chance to let it spread. All in favor of that motion say aye;" and with a unanimous vote those wild and woolly Texans gave that horse thief another chance for his white alley.

No "Three Estates of the Realm."

For all practical purposes there are only two estates in the English parliament, lords and commons. Thus the phrase of the three estates, which had a meaning in France, became meaningless in England. For centuries past there has been no separate estate of the clergy; some of their highest members have belonged to the estate of the lords and the rest to the estate of the commons. Hence has arisen a common, but not unnatural misconception, as old as the long parliament, as to the meaning of the three estates. Men constantly use those words as if they meant the three elements among which the legislative power is divided, king, lords and commons. But an estate means a rank, or order, or class of men, like the lords, the clergy, or the commons. The king is not an estate, because there is no class or order of kings, the king being one person alone by himself. The proper phrase is the king and the three estates of the realm. But in England, as I have already shown, the phrase is meaningless, as we have, in truth, two estates only.—C. A. Freeman's Growth of the English Constitution.

PNEUMATIC SKULL CAP.

You May Blow It Up and It Will Form a Pillow.

The pneumatic tire system has been applied to all sorts of things lately. A traveling cap, for instance, has just been brought out—which is nothing more than a pneumatic tire adapted to the purposes of headgear. It is an ordinary cap, to all appearance, and would not excite too much attention in a railway carriage or on the platform of a station, but when filled with air it forms a pillow on which the weary traveler can rest his head against the side of the carriage and sleep in peace. Another adaptation is to the rollers of washing and finishing machines. So far, whether of wood, iron, or even india rubber, these are deficient in elasticity, and the latest idea is to wind a spiral india-rubber tubing around the two cylinders of the washing machine throughout the whole length of their surface. The ends of these tubes can be attached to an air-pump, by which means they can be so filled with air that uniform and regulated pressure can be put on the goods passing through the cylinders. Sarfert, the inventor of this system, claims that the flattening of the tubes at the point of contact gives a rubbing action between the india rubber and the stuff, which allows the cleaning of the fabric to be done in a third of the time necessary with the system of rollers.

ASPARAGUS IN FRANCE.

Vineyards Devastated by the Phylloxera Planted with the Vegetable.

Asparagus, like many other table delicacies, is much more of a luxury in Europe than in the United States. According to a Parisian periodical, of ninety thousand bundles of asparagus consumed daily in Paris between April 15 and May 15 nearly sixty thousand were delivered to the restaurants.

The region of Argenteuil is regarded as furnishing the finest asparagus for the Parisian market, and it is from that region that large quantities of the vegetable are sent to England and Russia. The region about Alost in Belgium also produces an asparagus that is greatly esteemed by epicures. The asparagus of Argenteuil at its best measures from three and one-half to four inches in circumference, and half the length of the stalk may be eaten. The culture of asparagus has saved the fortunes of land owners whose vineyards have been ravished by the phylloxera. Asparagus has been substituted for the ruined vines on suitable lands and market gardening has succeeded wine making. Asparagus has replaced the sugar beet about Laon, and the crop throughout France is worth many millions of francs a year.

It is the rule of the most careful French asparagus growers never to cut asparagus after May 20, though some continue cutting considerably longer. Large cultivators have asparagus fields of different ages, and prolong the cutting later than May 20 only on those that are sure to run out and need renewal in a year or two. It takes five years to make a proper growth of asparagus, the French cultivators say, and the earlier sprouts should not be cut at all. One French amateur asparagus grower leaves home when the sprouting season comes, in order that he may not be tempted to do the young shoots a wrong. Some growers devote themselves to producing monstrosities, and a single stalk of French asparagus may make a dish of the vegetable large enough for a family of moderate size. These great stalks are produced by the aid of a bottle in which the stalk grows. When the young stalks are found side by side the points are gently brought together and a neckless bottle is placed over them. They unite as they grow, and the twins gradually fill the bottle. Another plan is to introduce a single stalk into a rather short bottle and let the stalk double upon itself. Stalks two inches in diameter are thus produced, and they are said to have an especially delicate flavor.

COLLEGE HIPPODROMING.

The Show Business Carried to an Extreme by University Students.

There is a sentiment rapidly spreading and taking root in the minds of the alumni of the different universities of this country antagonistic to the excessive amount of show business in which the students of American institutions of learning are permitted to indulge. The feeling, says the Buffalo Commercial, is growing that the only legitimate field for the exercise and exhibition of the physical, intellectual and musical accomplishments of these young men is to be found in the university athletic grounds, the university theaters and society halls. In other words, the alumni and a large body of thoughtful people not directly connected with the various seats of learning are coming to an agreement that the college youth is altogether too much in evidence outside of the college yards, either for his own good or the legitimate prestige of his particular alma mater.

Of course, the conditions under which the rowing matches are held make the selection on a somewhat retired and neutral course like that at New London fit and proper; but the football, like the baseball matches, should be confined to college grounds, with the avowed intention of reducing the number and improving the character of the spectators, reducing the expenses and minimizing the publicity and spectacular features of the competitions. Another desirable result of this policy would be the elimination of most of the gambling and very demoralizing "sporting" elements that inevitable gather around events like the great football matches that fill the columns of the newspapers for several weeks every autumn. Certainly the students themselves would undergo less excitement and suffer less distraction from their legitimate college work if the scale on which their athletic rivalries are tested were effectively reduced. When these rivalries become matters of national concern they naturally tend to become dangerously intense and injurious to health and morals.

We think this policy of restraint should also be applied to the practice that has now become universal among the colleges of sending out troupes of young men organized as glee, banjo and mandolin clubs to give public performances for money in the leading cities during the holiday recess. These lads travel about the country in special cars, give ten or fifteen concerts in public halls and undergo a succession of "social attentions" calculated to impair the constitutions of seasoned men, to say nothing of immature youths who are supposed to be resting and recuperating from the strain of three months of hard work at their lessons and lectures. Essentially their performances are not to be distinguished from the professional shows, and when they become an annual affair they are as tiresome as they are surely a tax on the good nature of the local alumni, besides being an unwholesome experience to those who take part in them.

We have heard that the authorities at Harvard have served notice to the glee and banjo clubs of that university that their present tour is to be the last one. It is to be hoped that the report is well founded, and that the example will be followed elsewhere, as it deserves to be. Let the college youth attend their colleges and be required to attend more exclusively to their regular college business.

Holding for a Rise.

Ex-Congressman Ben Cable, of Illinois, has a little daughter who has the making of a great financier in her. One day her father called her to him. "My dear," said he, "a man this morning offered papa this room full of gold if he would sell little brother. Now, that means gold enough to fill this room from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling. If I sell little brother for that sum, I shall be able to buy everything in the world you want. Shall I sell him?" "No, papa," answered the little girl, promptly, and then, before her delighted father could embrace her for expressing so much unselfish affection, she went on: "Keep him till he's bigger. He'll be worth more then."—Washington Post.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets, Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

—A little city boy was making his first visit in the country at his grandfather's. He was very much interested in the Jersey cows, and the first milking at which he attended was watched with astonishment. The continuous stream of milk aroused his curiosity until he suddenly burst forth with "Say, grandpa, where do you turn it on?"—Home Companion.

TOASTED TO A TURN.

Sister Caroline Got Even with the Man Who Had Deceived Her Love.

There was a sensation at the Calvary Ba[illegible] (colored) on a recent Sun[illegible] "[illegible]enant" or experience meeting [illegible] progress, and Sister Caroline [illegible] of some 50 summers, had the floor. She began in the usual orthodox fashion of telling her experience, but shifted to a recital of her personal grievance against Brother Jackson, whose arrival with his bride upon his arm had turned the course of her remarks. The way she roasted him was highly entertaining, if not edifying. Rev. Mr. Parish attempted to call her down, but she insisted upon having her say out. Unable to control her, he sought to overcome her harangue with a song, and so gave out a hymn. For awhile the sister's voice could be heard above the united tones of the congregation. She continued to talk against the overwhelming odds until her voice gave way under the strain and she fell exhausted in the seat.

Here is the way she began her experience recital:

"I praise de Lawd dat he has 'lowed me to lib to see dis day. De great Almighty is er merciful God. He is a just Lawd, an' will not stand round an' see eny ob his poor creeters suffer wrong. De Lawd has been berry he'pful to me. He has fed me when I wuz hungry, an' I have been naked an' he clothed me. He hab put money in my purse." Just then Brother Jackson appeared with his bride and the sister changed the key of her discourse.

"Oh, Lawd, I thank thee that thou has been so good to me. I thank thee, oh, Lawd, that thou hast 'nabled me to feed Brother Jackson, who done got married to another in violation of his promise to marry me. I thank thee that thou hast 'nabled me to give him six shirts and has helped me to raise de eight dollars for him to buy a pair of new shoes. Oh, Lawd, I thank thee that he hab libed in my house a whole year without payin' board. I thank thee, oh, Lawd, that I raised, by thy help, the money to send Brother Jackson ter Chicago. And now, oh, Lawd, he hab come back an' school have begun, he has not kept his promise to marry me. But, oh, Lawd, how grateful I am dat I can say dis bright day in de language of de pharisee, that 'I am not as other men am.' No, Lawd, your own Caroline am still libing in hopes ob an eternal salvation, an' if it is possible, Lawd, I pray thee to save Brother Jackson, for berrily, I say unto him, ye know not what ye do.'"

Naturally the congregation was confused, and Rev. Mr. Parish, after ineffectual efforts to quiet his sister, thus addressed the congregation:

"Brethren, we cannot permit our misguided sister to go on. Sing the longmeter doxology and keep singing it until she takes her seat."—Louisville Times.

SLAUGHTER OF FELINES.

Medical Students Are on a Still Hunt for Cats to Be Dissected.

At this period of the year each of the medical students in Chicago is required to dissect an animal and mount its skeleton. The animal preferred is a cat. There are some 200 medical students in Chicago in their first year, and each of them is instructed to keep his eye open for a cat, and they have been prowling down alleys in search of felines, and perhaps half of them have been lucky enough to be successful in their search.

It is not an easy thing to find a cat when you want one. Ordinary mortals see plenty of them as they squall through the night outside of their windows. But it is different with the medical student. When he wants a cat he finds it very difficult to get one, and therefore he is forced to make a very thorough hunt before bagging his game. On this account the medical student finds it better to make the residence districts his hunting grounds, where he may be able to catch some very tame feline who has wandered from its house and home to sun itself on the steps.

The stray cats are much harder to capture, because they are not as tame and have been taught by sad experience to regard all men as their enemies. The pet tabby is less suspicious and falls an easy prey to the medical student when he wanders from her own fireside. Hence it is that most of the cats which are being made martyrs to science are well groomed and high bred. Fully a score of beautiful Angoras and nearly as many Persian cats have been captured alive and chloroformed by the students during a recent week.

There is a student at one of the medical colleges who has been so successful in capturing cats that he has been making a business of it and is laying by a store of money to help pay his expenses through the college. He has a winsome way of saying "Pussy, pussy," which few cats seem able to resist, and as a result has caught 16 during a week, which he has had very little difficulty in selling to less fortunate hunters of the feline pets.—Chicago Times-Herald.

CALIFORNIA UNDER SPAIN.

Trade Restrictions Which Were Deadly to the Young Colonies.

England was a careless parent. Her children, neglected by the mother country, forced to earn their own living while yet young, though having thus a sorry youth, still early developed strength, energy and ambition to do for themselves, and be free from parental rule. Spain, though she even fed and clothed her colonists, kept them strictly dependent upon her for the smallest as well as the greatest needs, discouraging freedom of thought as well as action, governing by a mass of rules to which was exacted implicit obedience. She thus kept a strong hold upon her most remote settlements, which rendered it difficult, almost impossible, for the colonists to develop into independent citizenhood. Spanish trade restrictions were deadly to the young colonies, and at length almost suicidal to the parent land. No trade was allowed with other countries, and only with Spain herself through the one port of Seville, where it was rigidly inspected by the "house of trade"—that board of regulators with the narrowest ideas and instructions. All commerce had to be carried in Spanish vessels, so why should the settlers build ships? Trade between sister colonies was forbidden, and no foreign vessel could enter a harbor of a Spanish possession, or land a man without carrying special permit. To prevent colonists trading with foreigners, death and forfeiture of property were the penalties. To strengthen further her peculiar trade policy, Spain forbade the cultivation in the colonies of such raw products as came into direct competition with home industries. The culture of hemp, tobacco, olives, grapes in vineyard, and many other articles, came under this list.—Overland Monthly.

A Lost Business.

It is stated that $25,000,000 has been lost in attempting to start daily papers in New York during the last 50 years.

Eczema
All Her Life
Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithonia, says that his daughter, Ida, inherited severe case of Eczema, which the mercury and potash remedies failed to relieve. Year by year she was treated with various medicines, external applications and internal remedies, with no result. Her sufferings were intense and her condition grew steadily worse. All the so-called blood remedies she took seemed to reach the disease at all. At last S.S.S. was given, and it was an improvement from the start. The medicine was taken continuously and the favorable results continued until she is now in sound and well health. The skin is perfectly clear and pure, and she has been free from what threatened to blight her life forever.
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