A Railway Conversazione.

Burdette, the humorous editor of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, has the following letter in his last paper:

The last time I ran home over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy we had a very small but select and entertaining party on the train. It was a warm day, and everybody was tired with the long ride and oppressed by the heat. The precise woman, with her hat swathed in an immense blue veil, who always parsed her sentences before she uttered them, utterly worn out and thoroughly lonesome, was glad to respond to the pleasant nod of the big rough man who got on at Monmouth, and didn't know enough grammar to ask for the mustard so that you could tell whether he wanted you to pass it to him or pour it on his hair. The thin, troubled-looking man with the sandy goatee, who stammered so dreadfully that he always forgot what he wanted to say before he got through wrestling with any word with a "W" in it, lit up with a tremulous, hesitating smile as he noticed this indication of sociability, for like most men who find it extremely difficult to talk at all, he wanted to talk all the time. And the fat old gentleman sitting opposite him, who was so deaf he couldn't hear the cars rattle, and always awed and bothered the stammerer into silence by saying "Hey?" in a very imperative tone, every time he got in the middle of a hard word, cocked his irascible head on one side as he saw this smile, and after listening intently to dead silence for a minute, suddenly broke out with such an emphatic, impatient "Hey?" that everybody in the car started up and shouted, nervously and ungrammatically, "I didn't say nothing!" with the exception of the woman with the blue veil, who said, "I said nothing."

The fat old gentleman was a little annoyed and startled by such a chorus of responses, and fixing his gaze still more intently upon the thin man, said, defiantly, "Wha' say?"

"I-I-I I w-w-wuh-wuh-wuh-waan'-waan'—I waan' s-s-sp—speak—"

"Hey?" roared the fat man.

"He wa'n't sayin' nauthin'," shouted the big rough man, nodding friendly encouragement to the thin man; "he haint opened his mouth!"

"Soap in the South?" queried the fat old man, impatiently. "Wha' for?"

"Mouth, mouth," explained the precise woman, with impressive nicety, "He said 'opened his mouth.' The gentleman seated directly opposite you was—"

"'Offers to chew' what?" cried the fat old gentleman, in amazement.

"Sir," said the precise woman, "I made no reference whatever to chewing. You certainly misunderstood me."

The thin man took courage from so many reinforcements, and broke in, "I-I-I-I d-d-d-dud-dud-dud-don't-don't, I don't ch-ch-ch—"

"Hey?" shouted the fat gentleman.

"He don't chaw nauthin'!" roared the big rough man, in a voice that made the car windows rattle. "He wa'n't a talkin' when you shot off at him."

"Who got off?" exclaimed the fat old gentleman; "wha' d' he get off for?"

"You do not appear to comprehend clearly what he stated," shrieked the precise woman. "No person has left the train."

"Then wha' d' he say so for?" shouted the fat man.

"Oh!" said the thin man, in a surprising burst of fluency, "He-he-he d-d-did-did—"

"Who did?" queried the fat man, talking louder than any one else.

"Num-num-num-num-n-no-nobody nobody. He he d-d-d-dud-didn't didn' didn't s—"

"Then wha' made you say he did?" howled the deaf man.

"You misunderstand him," interrupted the precise woman; "he was probably about to remark that no reference whatever had been intentionally made to the departure of any person from the train, when you interrupted him in the midst of an unfinished sentence, and hence obtained an erroneous impression of the tenor of his remarks. He meant no offence—"

"Know a fence!" roared the fat man, "of course I know a fence!"

"He hain't got middlin' good hearin'," yelled the big rough man, as apologetically as a steam whistle could have shrieked it; y'ears kind of stuffed up!"

"Time to brush up?" cried the fat man; "wha' for?"

"No," shrieked the precise woman; "he remarked to the other gentleman that your hearing appeared to be rather defective!"

"His father a detective!" hooted the fat gentleman in amazement.

"N-n-n-n-nun-nun-no!" broke in the thin man; "h-h-h-h-huh-huh-he s-s sa said-said you w-w-wuh-was a little dud dud—was a little deaf!"

"Said I was a thief!" howled the fat man, a scarlet tornado of wrath, "said I was a thief? Wha' d'ye mean? Show him to me! Who says I'm a thief! Who says so?"

"Now," shouted the big rough man, "nobody don't say ye ain't no thief. I jest sayed as how we didn't git along very well. Ye see he," nodding to the thin man, "he can't talk very well, an'—"

"Wh-wh-wh-why c-can't he t-t-t-tut-tut-tut-talk?" broke in the thin man, white with rage. I-I-I-I'd like t-t-o know wh-wh-wh-what's the reason I c-c-c-can't tut-tut-talk as w-w-w-w-well as any bub-bub-body that's bub-bub-been tut-tut-talking on this car ever s-s-since the tut-tut-tut—"

"Hey?" roared the fat man, in an explosion of indignant suspicion.

"I was sayin'," howled the big rough man, "as how he didn't talk middlin' well—"

"Should say so," growled the fat man, in tones of intense satisfaction.

"And," the big rough man went on, yelling with delight at having made the old party hear something, "and you can't hear only tolerable—"

"Can't hear!" the fat old gentleman broke out in a resonant roar. "Can't hear! Like to know why I can't hear? why can't I? If I couldn't hear better than half the people on this train, I'd cut off my ears! Can't hear? It's news to me if I can't. I'd like to know who—"

"Burlington!" yelled the brakeman. 'Twen' minte f' supper!"

And but for this timely interruption, I don't think our pleasant little party would have got out of that snarl this side of San Francisco.

The *Hawkeye* has a correspondent writing from here over the nom de plume of "Claire" who is a very effective and able writer, and possesses the much prized merit of condensation.—*Charlton Patriot.*

Bill Arp, of Georgia.

HIS FIRST INTERVIEW WITH JOSH BILLINGS.

Mr. Carlton introduced us at his store, under the Fifth Avenue. Josh was a settin' there about half asleep. I thought he was a Methodist ex'orter. Mr. Carlton, says he to me: "Arp—Major Arp—allow me to introduce you to Col. Billings—Josh Billings. Col. Billings, Major Arp, from Georgy."

Seating myself, I looked at Josh and Josh looked at me. He never said nothin' and I never said nothin' for I still took him for an ex'orter. After a good long minute he opened his mouth solem'ly and said:

"Say something."

"Something?" said I; for I had just spotted him and was looking as solem' as possible,

"When you fled from the foul invader you had a steer with a knot in his tail," said he.

"Yes," said I.

"Is he well?" said he.

"As well as could be expected, consideri'n'" said I.

"Consideri' what?" said he.

"He is dead," said I.

Billings sighed, and, wiping his eye, said, with much feeling:

"Hence these steers."

Just then Mr. Carlton called us to the door to see a balloon sailing away with a balloonatic in it. We looked at it as long as we could see it. After awhile it drifted clear out of sight and we sat down to ruminate. Billings sighed again and the corners of his mouth drooped very low. Said he:

"The like of that makes me very sad. Thirty years ago I embarked upon life's uncertain sea—not the wet sea shore enuf but the dry land. I started West with $4 and a good carakter—which is to say there were no indictments agin' me; I wasn't a runnin' away from nothin'. I went on an explorin' expedition like Columbus and Sir John Franklin—an experimental survey of the face of the earth. I traveled afoot—that is a good many feet—in fact a few hundred miles and got out of money and expedients about the same time—way off at a little town in Indiana.

"My natural aversion to muscular exercise had about brought me to the verge of bankruptcy when I spied a crowd moving round in the suburbs. There I found a little dried-up Italian going round with a hat trying to make up ten dollars. He said he could go up in his balloon for that sum and no less. The crowd hesitated, and talked and laughed and joked, but they didn't contribute. The little fellow looked sad and discouraged, and was about to give it up when I suddenly discovered my opportunity. Rousing myself as it were from despair, I whispered to him and asked if he would give me all over the ten dollars that I could get. 'Yes,' said he. Seizing the hat, I grew eloquent. I let fly my homely wit and got everybody in good humor, and in about five minutes had raked in twenty-two dollars.

"The rotten old balloon was fired up in a twinkling. I helped to fire it—and filled it so full of gas the old guy-ropes could hardly hold it to the ground. I saw that the little fellow looked anxious, but I felt gaily and was bound to give him a lively send off.

"When we cut the ropes he shot up like a sky rocket; in less than a minute he was about a mile up in the blue ethereal vault. It was a calm, still day as you ever see, and he went up so straight it almost broke our necks to look at him. Up and up and up he went until the balloon was a bare speck in the sky—and higher and higher it went until the speck was gone, and not even a sky glass could find it.

"My friends, from that day to this nobody has ever seen or heard of that little Italian, and somehow or somehow else I have always felt responsible for him. My only hope is that he went dead straight to heaven. May the Lord have mercy on us all."

Billings choked up and sobbed a little as he remarked: "I've got his part of the twenty-two dollars, but if he's ever heard of I'll pay it to him and three per cent interest—I will upon honor—Arp, let's step round and take somethin'—I'm feelin' so sad."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Mohammedan Notion of a Religious Festival.

A correspondent of the Columbus (O.) *State Journal*, writing from Cairo, Egypt, of the Mohammedan festival which closes the ten days rejoicing that follow the return of the Mecca pilgrims, says: "At 12 o'clock all the recently returned Mecca pilgrims gather at one of the mosques, and then march, thousands of them, men and boys (no women), with their pilgrimage banners and their rags. Thousands of them, some well-dressed and quiet, others half naked and wild with excitement, waving their arms, or banners, or naked swords in the air; some praying loudly, some apparently beside themselves with religious excitement (or that horrid strong drink, raca,) were foaming at the mouth, held up and dragged along by their companions. Then a lot wilder than the others appeared, and riding behind them the Sheikh of their sect, who was to perform the crowning feat of the day. At a certain point on the road this sect, two or three hundred of them, prostrated themselves on the ground, and the Sheikh, seemingly half unconscious, and supported by two attendants, rode over them, that is, on their prostrate bodies. The horse a dainty Arab, milk white, did not seem to like the animated pavement over which he was forced to tread, but champed his bit, seemed nervous and excited, and walked rapidly. Can you imagine anything more horrible! The Mohammedans pretend that the faithful are never injured, or rather that the horse does not touch them at all! Some of the men and boys were in spasms, or swooned through injury and excitement. These are immediately carried out of sight and no report is ever made of accident or physical damage."

A patent has just been issued to Miss Harriet G. Hosmer by the United States Patent Office for her process of making artificial marble, regarding which so much has been said. The claims set forth that limestone, or other like substance, including alabaster stone, may be given the appearance and uniform hardness throughout of natural marble in its various colors by the application of moist heat or heat in the form of steam, in combination with a bath of alum and water, or with various baths composed of different chemicals and coloring materials.

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.

The Pocasset Sacrifice.

Dr. Munsell, the Medical Examiner of Barnstable county, Mass., has been watching Charles F. Freeman very closely, especially since Freeman's removal from the barn-like jail to the new structure, but he has been unable to detect any of the usual physical symptoms of insanity, either developed or incipient. Freeman was greatly pleased when he was put into the new jail, and even his wife, whom nothing has aroused from her melancholy, was glad to get away from the loft in which she had been confined. Freeman has been especially interested in the religious discussion which the killing of his little daughter has provoked. He still holds with pertinacity to his belief that he was called by God to do the act, and that some great good is to come of it yet. To Dr. Munsell he is reported as having said a day or two ago that it was possible that what God intended was a great religious awakening. He professes to prefer to be convicted, and even hanged, rather than to be acquitted on the ground of insanity. He is said to have affirmed repeatedly that he knew perfectly well before the act, and realizes just as well now, the responsibility that he was taking, but adds that as a faithful Christian he was constrained to sacrifice his child.

Freeman was told, it is said, that the account of his act, printed in the *Sun*, had been telegraphed to the newspapers in England and France, and he seemed to view this as only the working out of the mysterious purpose that compelled him to kill little Edith. He sleeps soundly, eats well, and takes much interest in the ordinary affairs of life. Since his imprisonment he has allowed his full beard to grow.

But Mrs. Freeman still sorrows, and is apparently pining away. She has admitted that she believed the act was the result of a mistaken faith, but she insists that neither she nor her husband was guilty of any crime. The recent letter to a sister, which has been published, has been commented on by a number of clergymen as not the least remarkable manifestation of this mysterious tragedy. She speaks of Elijah, Elisha and Christ raising the dead, and still insists that after the deed was done she and her husband had perfect faith that the child would be raised to them. But as the days passed and there were no manifestations, her heart failed, and now she knows they did wrong.

Mrs. Freeman found comfort in a recent conversation she had with Mrs. Fisk, who has charge of the eldest child. Mrs. Fisk suggested that she might have been tempted as Christ was by Satan, and this made a strong impression upon Mrs. Freeman. She asked Mrs. Fisk, pleadingly, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, whether she supposed God would forgive them for having yielded to temptation, and Mrs. Fisk replied that God always forgave where there was true repentance.

"Then He will forgive us," and with that remark Mrs. Freeman seemed to give up all consideration of the religious aspect of the act, and to allow her maternal sorrow for her child to be unrestrained. Her husband's condition and the life of her living child are the only matters that now concern her. She does not want little Bessie brought to see her. She thought the surroundings would terrify the child. But she gave minute directions regarding Bessie, her school life, her dresses, her companions and her religious instruction. Bessie does not yet know that her sister Edith is dead.

The Second Adventists in Pocasset have not yet recovered from the bewilderment which the widespread horror of Freeman's act has created. They are as meek and passive now as children. All that they say is, "We can't understand it." The feeble Foster Howard, one of the elders of the Pocasset church, the man whom Freeman first told of the act, sits day after day in his kitchen, often with his Bible open in his lap, pondering. His faith was so strong that Edith would be raised that he has not yet recovered from the shock that the undisturbed grave has given him.

"I don't understand it," he recently said. "Here is the promise that if we have faith sufficient we may say to a mountain, 'Be removed,' and it is done. Our faith was equal to that, and yet our faith does not avail."

It is possible that the Second Adventists may hold the camp meeting, beginning June 15, as they intended, because public indignation has gone, and sympathy, or rather pity, has taken its place. But they can not have the grove on Buzzard's Bay shore, and Mrs. Swift, Mrs. Freeman's mother, has offered them a grove on her farm.

Throughout New England the attention of the clergy has been generally called to the tragedy, and many sermons have been preached upon it in Providence, Boston, Lawrence, Lynn, Springfield, Worcester and other cities. In Hartford three clergymen—the Rev. Dr. Sage, Baptist, the Rev. Dr. Parker and the Rev. Mr. Gage, Congregationalist—preached upon it on Sunday of last week. Dr. Parker boldly said that he doubted whether the Abrahamic story ought to be accepted literally, and Dr. Sage argued as strongly that it should be so read.—*N. Y. Sun.*

NOT OVERWORK.—A writer, in the New York *Times* thinks that "overwork" is carrying, just now, much more than its share. He says:

Numberless men, alleged to be hurt by overwork, do not work half enough. Their trouble comes from superabundance of leisure and activity.

They yawn through three or four hours in the office or counting room; are too indolent to walk up town; eat too heavy and rich a dinner; go out afterwards to see merchants, bankers and the like, and join boon companions who walk around billiard tables or sit at cards, and keep very thirsty until the drowsy steeples toll two and three. This is overwork, but overwork in the wrong direction, and of a very different kind from that supposed.

Overwork covers a multitude of bad habits; it is made a scapegoat for countless transgressions; it is very often a shallow pretence, a miserable sham.

While there are far too many who overwork, there are a great many that break down and kill themselves by laziness, self-indulgence and dissipation. Very decidedly, overwork is overdone.

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PHOSPHATE SOAP!

If your wife is in the habit of using cosmetics of any kind, advise her to give up the pernicious practice, as the most harmless face powders obstruct the pores of the skin and sooner or later injure the complexion, while PHOSPHATE SOAP removes all impurities and assists nature in developing a natural, healthy and really beautiful skin.

No salve or ointment can heal a wound or sore of any kind. Every educated physician will tell you that nature alone can do this. PHOSPHATE SOAP, by its cleansing, soothing and purifying qualities, gives nature a chance to act freely.

Not only for daily use on the face and hands, but for bathing the entire body, there is nothing equal to PHOSPHATE SOAP. It is a thorough disinfectant and removes offensive odors of every kind.

Ladies who have injured the skin by the constant use of cosmetics may do much to restore their faces to that beauty which nature alone can give by constantly using PHOSPHATE SOAP.

Thousands of articles are palmed off on the public which have no genuine merit, but PHOSPHATE SOAP is the result of modern discoveries of celebrated chemists.

For all diseases of the skin use PHOSPHATE SOAP. There is nothing like it for removing impurities and giving the skin a healthy and natural vigor.

Read the article from the Chemical Zeitung in another column. You can then understand how PHOSPHATE SOAP is compounded on scientific principles.

If you want a nice article of Toilet Soap and something that is beneficial to the skin, buy PHOSPHATE SOAP.

Sensible girls avoid cosmetics but use PHOSPHATE SOAP for the toilet because it is fragrant, pure and pleasant.

It is an old proverb that an ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure. Twenty-five cents invested in a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It acts as a constant disinfectant, preventing Salt Rheum and a hundred other skin diseases.

If your wife will persist in the use of cosmetics buy her a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP and tell her to use it every night before retiring. In that way much of the harm will be avoided, as the skin will thereby be able to retain much of its natural vigor and beauty.

Natural beauty surpasses anything which can be imparted by artificial means. PHOSPHATE SOAP gives health to the skin simply by removing impurities and eradicating the poisons which give rise to skin diseases.

Cheap toilet soaps manufactured from rancid and refuse grease injure the skin and are really more expensive than PHOSPHATE SOAP, which retails for 25 cents per cake.

If you wish to make your hands soft buy a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP for 25 cents, and when that is gone you will buy a dozen and recommend your friends to do the same.

PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

PHOSPHATE SOAP is made of the best toilet soap stock combined with the phosphate of soda and other materials beneficial to the skin.

For chapped hands the constant use of PHOSPHATE SOAP will be recommended by all who give it one fair trial.

Ladies who wish to make the skin look beautiful and natural should use PHOSPHATE SOAP.

PHOSPHATE SOAP

Should be used by ladies for the Complexion. Cosmetics injure the skin but **PHOSPHATE SOAP** is beneficial. It removes impurities and leaves the skin soft and healthy.

PHOSPHATE SOAP is an elegant article for the toilet. It retails for 25 cents a cake and one cake will last longer than three of cheap, inferior soap.

PHOSPHATE SOAP Possesses medicinal qualities surpassing anything else in the market. For chapped hands, eruptions on the face or skin of skin diseases of any kind, use **PHOSPHATE SOAP.** It should be in every house. Sold by all dealers. One cake sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents in postage stamps.

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Double Ranch Harness, $75 to $125 per set; Double Buggy Harness, $50 to $150 per set; Single Buggy Harness, $12.50 to $75 per set; Saddles, $6 to $50 each; Buggy whips, $1.50 to $60 per doz.; Carriage robes, $3 to $7 per doz.; Horse robes, $6 to $12 per doz.; Copper rivets, 30c. per lb.; Harness leather, good quality, 30c. to 35c. per lb.; Curry Combs, $1 to $10 per doz.; Horse brush, $1 per doz.; Brass whips, $9 to $30 per doz.; Sweat Collars, $8 to $12 per doz.; Riding bridles, $10.50 to $21 per doz.; Stirrups, $4.50 to $18 per doz.; Collars, $15 to $30 per doz.; California hand forged bits and spurs.

My heavy saddles for stock herding on the best hard wood trees, cannot be excelled for fine and quality. Orders by express promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed. W. Davis, 25 Market St., near First, San Francisco. Send for Price List.