"LITTLE BOPEEP."

The Charms of the Little Maiden at the Fancy Ball.

Her shoon are made of satin fairer far than Arctic snows,
And gayly pit-a-pat in them amid the dance she goes;
So graceful is her tripping
Forever I could look
To view those shoon a-skipping
About her dainty crook.

Her gloves are number sixes—she could don a five with ease;
They were fashioned by the pixies that no mortal ever sees.
They reach up to her shoulder;
Her arm no eye may scan,
'Tis shocking, I have told her—
Such cruelty to man.

Her hair—how shall I term it but summer sunbeams curled?
I know 'twould make a hermit gay and win him to the world.
Her lips are pouting scarlet,
Her eyes a witching blue;
I'd style each one a starlet
If stars were only blue.

'Tis far beyond my praises the hat she chose to rim
Her winsome face, with daisies bright all nodding round the brim;
And, when her eyes like beryls
Beneath them coruscate,
Each glance is fraught with perils,
As I have found too late.

The dowagers in glasses inspect her frolic skirt,
And often as she passes by I hear them whisper, "Flirt!"
But let them take all that on—
What care hath gay Bopeep?
With saucy hose and hat on
She leads the beaux like sheep.

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

GOT HIS EYE-TEETH CUT.

Dunder Comes Across One of His Old-time Experiences and Gets Left.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Sergeant Bendall yesterday, as a corpulent form darkened the doorway of the Woodbridge Street Station, and he looked up to see Carl Dunder walk in.

"It vhas me, sergeant."

"Yes, I see. Where on earth have you been for the last three months?"

"Sergeant, you know me for a long time."

"Yes."

"I vhas some hayseeds."

"You were."

"I vhas so childlike dot eaferybody shwindles me."

"That's true."

"Nothings und nobody vhas twice alike in dis country."

"No."

"You advise me to soak my head, sand-paper my neck, shump in der rifer or hang myself."

"Yes, I did."

"Vhell, I like to oblige you, because you vhas my friendt, but I goes to Puffalo instead. My bruder vhas in Puffalo! Ah! sergeant, dot Puffalo vhas a great place—a great place. Sooch sharp peoples you nefer saw. I goes by my bruder und take some lessons. Dat vhas der place to get some eye-teeth cut out. Sergeant, look at me!"

"I'm looking. You look like a different man from what you did. You've got a foxy look about the eyes, and nobody would take you for a greenhorn now."

"Sergeant, I vahs more ash one fox—I vahs four foxes. If anybody can beat me now I like to see him try it on. I doan take ten tousand dollar for what I learned in Puffalo."

"Well, I'm glad of it. What ails your finger?"

"She vahs broke—ha! ha! ha!"

"A joke then?"

"Der biggest kind of a shoke. While I vhas in Cleveland der odder day a stranger comes oop to me und says vhill I buy some photographs of Garfield's tomb. I hit him so queek ash lightning, und dot finger vhas broken."

"What did you hit him for?"

"Because he takes me for some hayseed. Nobody has a tomb until he vhas dead."

"But Garfield is dead."

"Not mooch. Doan' I see aboudt him in der papers all der time? Doan' it say dot he shall vetoe dot silver bill?"

"That's Harrison! You have got the two mixed up!"

"You doan' say so! Vhas dot possible! Vhas it Ben Harrison who vhas President, instead of Ben Garfield?"

"Of course."

"Great scots! Und dot feller vhas all right, und I almost killed him! If Garfield vhas dead I doan' remember it. Vhell! Vhell! I make oop for it, however."

"How?"

"On der train I meet a man who vhas hard oop. He take me for a sucker. He beliefs he can schwindle me like seexty. He has a watch und wants to sell him und get moneys to go by his mudder's dying bedside. He ask me feefty dollar."

"And you paid it?"

"Not mooch! Dot isn't der Puffalo vhay. I offer him twenty, und he shed some tears und say he shall haf to do it."

"Got it with you?"

"Yes. Here she vhas."

"Got tired, I see, and stopped. Wheels loose, too. Silver plate on a nickel case. Worth $5 a bushel when the market isn't glutted. Mr. Dunder, it was a swindle."

"Noap!"

"He took you in and made a fool of you. What's in that package?"

"Some agency for Michigan. I buy him in Puffalo."

"Fly-screen, eh? Where does the agency come in? Isn't it like any other fly-screen?"

"She was rewersible, you see. I buy der whole State agency for $25."

"Reversible? How?"

"Voy, if you haf dis side out der flies can't come in. If you haf dis side out der bugs und mosquitoes can't come in."

"And he made you believe that!"

"Belief that! Can't I see mit my two eyes?"

"Yes, but look at that screen in the window. Doesn't one side keep everything out? You have been victimized all around."

"Sergeant!" said Mr. Dunder, as he rose up, "was I a wictim?"

"Yes."

"Doan' I know more ash a haystack?"

"Not much."

"Vhas I shust as green ash before I goes to Puffalo?"

"Greener."

"Dot vhas all. Good-bye! Vhen my body vhas pulled out of dot rifer shust speak mit dem reporters und say dot I couldn't help it. I vhas a good man, but so shild-like dot dis cold und weeked world vhas no place for me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Joaquin Miller's Lonely Home.

All alone, with himself as his only company, up among the high cliffs just outside the town of Oakland, Cal., Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, is passing his days. "What is there to attract one here?" he recently wrote to a friend who wanted to travel 2,000 miles to visit him. "Nothing, absolutely nothing, except centipedes, scorpions and the tarantula, and they are not the best company for a city-bred man, for whatever they put their feet on they poison. But I like it. I just turn the rocks up here over, then I plant a tree or build a fence, and once in a great while I write—keep away from me; stay where you are, and when I want you and the rest of the world I'll send."—*Philadelphia Press*

A system of electric homeopathy is d to be successful in curing leprosy. sed in India.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Some flies go around looking for spiders to catch them.—*Atchison Globe.*

A brand of sausage has been named after Explorer Stanley. This is a doggone good compliment.—*Peoria Transcript.*

The youth who wakes up fresh as a daisy is likely to go to bed tired if he keeps up his freshness all day.—*Puck.*

Honesty is the best policy. That seems to be the principal reason why some people are honest, too.—*Somerville Journal.*

Elsie—"Did you know papa well before you married him, mamma?" Mother (sadly)—"No, dear, I didn't."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Don't spend your money for beer in a vain endeavor to keep cool. Let some other fellow buy it for you.—*Terre Haute Express.*

A writer says: "There are some things a woman doesn't know." There may be, but no man can tell her what they are."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

"But, Mrs. Brown, there are flies baked in this cake?" "O, if you please, ma'am, the most of what you see are raisins."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Whenever you find a man who is a failure, you will find also a patient little woman who makes his excuses to the world.—*Atchison Globe.*

Miss Eugenne—"Where did you say you resided in Newport, Count?" Count—"Right on the bluff, Miss Eugenne, on the bluff."—*The Arena.*

It is an old military axiom that "Money wins the battle." Is it in harmony with this idea that so many banks are rifled?—*Philadelphia Press.*

Little Boy—"Pa, what is a trunk railroad?" Father—"Well, my son, I expect the railroad that goes to Saratoga is a trunk line."—*Texas Siftings.*

Inquiring Boy—"Pa, what's a misnomer?" Father—"O, it's calling the fastest vessel afloat after Philadelphia. Now, go and play, my son."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

She (at the poultry farm)—"Just see what a convention of hens." He—"Yes, a convention composed entirely of lay delegates."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Thought you were tending bar, Jack?" "Was—been fired." "What for?" "Couldn't raise 10 cents' worth of foam on one cent's worth of beer."—*Ashland Press.*

Snodgrass—"I'd like to pay that bill, but I can't just now. You must give me time." Creditor—"I don't mind giving you time, but you seem to want eternity."—*Life.*

Visitor (at lunatic asylum)—"I see you give your patients amateur photograph outfits to amuse them." Superintendent—"No; they bring them with them."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"For a life by your side, my darling, I would give up everything I possess—parents, position, wealth—all." "But in that case what would there be left for me?"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"He hasn't much go." "Mercy, no! He hung on at our house last night until after 12 o'clock. Then pa put out the light and turned to Chollie and said: 'Next!'"—*N. Y. Herald.*

It is a good thing for a man to have friends. If it were not for your friends you would never be aware of the many times you have made a fool of yourself.—*Terre Haute Express.*

"I am sober and steady. I was ten years in my last place and five in the one before that." "But where was the last place you worked." "In the State's prison."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"Maria, how many beers have I had?" "Six." "What, six already? You actually terrify me. However, suppose you bring me another to take away my fright."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Little Girl (during a thunder-storm)—"Mamma, do they have music in Heaven?" "Yes, my dear." Little Girl—"Well, I guess Wagner must be leading the orchestra."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Beggs—"I wonder why Mrs. Jaggs won't let her husband employ a female typewriter operator?" Foggs—"Don't you know? She was his former typewriter operator herself."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"When I asked her to marry she began to shrink like—like a flannel shirt." "That's an odd comparison; what do you mean?" "Just what I say. She got up around my neck."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The banditti, Henrietta, were highwaymen. In this country band ditties are played by highwaymen, Germans chiefly, who may be musicians at heart but never so anywhere else.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

"And you call that young Scrapesy a musician?" "So he is, and a good one." "Well, for a musician he keeps shockingly bad time. He didn't come in this morning until near 4 o'clock."—*Philadelphia Times.*

McMackin—"Didn't yez phromise me th' p'sition av dog-drowner if I supported yez?" Alderman O'Fenelly—"Oi did not." McMacken—"Hivin bless th' phunograph! Listen t' th' wur-ruds yez said."—*Judge.*

Benevolent—"Well, Fritz, you got whipped in school to-day?" "Yes, but it did not hurt." "But you certainly have been crying?" "O, I wanted to let the teacher have a little pleasure out of it."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Robinson—"They say that hiccoughing caused by drinking can be stopped by putting a lump of ice in each ear." Wentman—"But, then, how do you stop the earaches?" Robinson—"Take another drink."—*American Grocer.*

"Permit me, madam, to present you with this—" "O, sir, but I really cannot accept anything of value from you." "Pardon me, but it is only a volume of my poems." "O! I can accept it without hesitation."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Wickwire—"Now you have graduated, I suppose you feel ready to earn your own living?" Young Potts—"Earn my living? If I can't get a living without earning it I might just as well have staid out of college."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Marriage is indeed a lottery," sighed Tomnoddy, after a tiff with his wife. "And we both drew prizes," returned the lady. "Ah!" said T., somewhat mollified. "Yes. You got a capital prize, and I took the booby."—*Harper's Bazar.*

She (yawning as the clock is on the point of striking 12)—"Isn't there a game played with cards in which one gets out and the other stays in?" He—"Yes; it's called p——" "Well, let's play it. I'll stay in." He didn't stay long after that.—*Norristown Herald.*

"No," said a young man about town who is distinguished by an utter lack of the retiring disposition which makes so many men failures in life. "I never took a sea bath in my life." "Ah!" was the rejoinder, "that explains why the ocean is salt."—*Washington Post.*

It was 11:30 p. m. "Harry," said the Congressman's daughter, "this is the fifth time you have thought of something to say just after you had picked up your hat." "Why—er—yes; so it is," said Harry. "And I don't think filibustering is a bit fair."—*Washington Post.*

Sleeker—"Yes, sir; I always kept a diary. And there never was an entry in that diary which I would have been ashamed that my mother or my sister should see." Ruffun—"Same here. I used to put down 'candy' for cigars and 'sundries' for drinkables."—*Boston Transcript.*

Lawyer—"If anybody asks for me this afternoon tell them I am called away on most urgent business." Office Boy—"Yes, sir." (Half an hour later.) Stranger—"Is Mr. Quill in?" Office Boy—"No, sir; he's been called away to the base-ball game on most urgent business."—*Racket.*

Exterminating Rats.

The best course to take, when the extermination of a colony of rats becomes a necessity, is to make them help to destroy one another in the following manner, says the *Cornhill Magazine.* A number of tubs, proportionate to the quantity of rats in the place it is desired to rid of them, should be placed about, the middle of each occupied by a brick standing on end. The bottom of these tubs should be covered with water to such a depths that about an inch of the brick projects above it. The top of the tub should be covered with stout brown paper, upon which a dainty meal of bacon rind and other scraps dear to the rat palate figures—a sloping board giving the rodents facilities for partaking of it. The feast should be renewed for several nights, so that all the rats in the neighborhood may get to know of the good food which is placed within such easy reach. When it is judged that this policy has been pursued long enough, the center of the brown paper should be cut in such a manner that any rat venturing upon it will be precipitated into the cold water below. It might be thought that the result of this would be to capture a rat, or at the most two, for every tub prepared, but no such meager reward for the trouble that has been taken need be feared.

The first rat to find his trust abused and himself struggling in the water at the bottom of a tub soon recovers sufficiently from the shock to ascertain that there is a little island of refuge, onto which he clambers and squeals his loudest for help. Now, the squeal of a rat in trouble attracts everyone of his kind within hearing, and very few moments will elapse before the victim of misplaced confidence is joined by one of his friends. The new comer is as quick to discover the chance of escape from a watery grave that the brick offers as was the original victim, but when he attempts to avail himself of its presence it becomes apparent that there is not room for more than one upon it. The first comer resists with tooth and nail the efforts of his companion in trouble to dispossess him of coign of vantage, and the squeals which form an accompaniment to the fight for a footing upon the brick attract more rats to the scene of the tragedy. The conflict waxes more and more furious as rat after rat topples into the water, and by morning bedraggled corpses in plenty will gladden the eyes of the man whose losses at the teeth of rats have induced him to adopt this means of thinning their numbers. Some years ago the plan described above was tried in a city warehouse, with the result that more than 3,000 rats were destroyed in a single night.

An Incident at Sea.

Sometimes on board an Atlantic steamer an incident occurs which causes human sympathy to bridge for an instant the gulf between the first cabin and the steerage. As when, for instance, on the first day of May a young married woman in the steerage became the mother of a tiny girl, and in mid-ocean the passenger total was suddenly increased by one.

Great was the excitement among the children in the first cabin when they heard there was a new baby in the steerage.

"It's such a long way for an angel to fly without resting," exclaimed Phyllis, aged six, to Lillian, aged four, "that they don't often bring them to ships. But I s'pose he just felt like coming, it was such a lovely moonlight night."

"I wish the angel had brung it to me," whimpered Lillian. "I heard the doctor tell mamma that the mother who got it was only a little girl."

"Don't cry, Lillian," says Phyllis. "You know Polly, our stewardess? Well, she says it's awful pink, and they're going to call it Mayflower. Isn't that nice?"

"Oh, my!" says Lillian. "Let's get a lot of presents, and go ask the governess if she won't borrow it and let us baptize it."

The baptism is postponed, but presents arrive, and from all quarters. Flannels, wine, bonbons, and toys find the mother and child in the steerage hospital. The toys are perhaps a little premature for a miss just three days old. But the children who send them refused to be denied the pleasure of giving, and the prudent grandmother carefully puts them away against the time when they will be needed.

The hospital nurse, a comely young woman in a neat black dress, crisp apron, and dainty lace cap, holds the little mite on the pillow by the proud young mother while the ship rolls and tosses, and the artist, braced against the doorway, sketches the sympathetic little group for *Harper's Weekly.* The hospital is neat and ship-shape, but very small. While the artist sketches, the happy father and doting grandmother stand outside, and vainly try to moderate their delighted smiles. They are all going to visit the old home in Scotland, and the grandmother explains that although little Mayflower "is a wee bit bairnie noo, she'll aye be bigger coomin' back."—*Minnie Buchanan Goodman, in Harper's Weekly.*

The Water Ousel.

Away up on the mountain side, where the numerous streams find their way through deep, dark canyons down to the pulse beat of old ocean, is the natural summer home of the water ousel, the strangest of all strange birds. You seldom see more than one of them at a time, according to the Tacoma *Ledger.* They are of a dark blue color, and are easily recognized by a peculiar quick, jerking motion, which they never seem to tire of. And as they flit from rock to rock they are continually bobbing up and down, performing such a polite little courtesy as would cause you to smile to see it.

Owing to their peculiar habits and the isolated spots they select to build their nests, no one but the most ardent sportsmen and naturalists succeed in finding them. Hence a water ousel's nest with two of their eggs in it has a commercial value among nest collectors of $25. They always build their nests just back of some waterfall or under some overhanging bank, where they have to go through or under the water to get to it.

Another strange habit of this bird is the deliberate manner in which they appear to commit suicide. They will start slowly, very slowly, to wade right down into the water until they disappear from view, but if the water is clear and you have a sharp eye, you can still see their little dark form clinging to the bottom in search of their morning repast, which consists of periwinkles.

New York state has 644 G. A. R. posts and 40,758 members.

"UNCLE JIMMY" FAIR.

His Advice to a Hired Fighter to Go to Grass Valley and Prospect.

Hard stories are told of United States Senator Fair's liberality (?) and methods, and the old miners of the Comstock often get back at him in this way. His crafty under handedness, ignorance, craving for enviable notoriety and like characteristics form the groundwork for these yarns, of which the following of local flavor is a sample:

One of "Uncle Jimmy's"—he was "Uncle Jimming" among the miners—admirers among the sagebrush peasantry was Pete Fitzgerald. Though unknown to fame in California, Pete was as renowned on the lode in his day as Peter Jackson, or Senator Fair now is throughout the world. He was a "hired fighter" in the time when the mines up there were worth fighting about. A hired fighter, it should be explained for the enlightenment of the tenderfoot, was a bohemian of the pistol who for $20 a day and the assurance of protection from the annoyances of the law, was wont to lend himself, his revolver and the terror of his name to any employer. When a hired fighter had in a professional way put a man or two underground he was given to feel that he had established a permanent claim on somebody. One sunny afternoon, about ten years ago, Pete offered his hand to Senator Fair in the Virginia City postoffice, and it was shaken cordially. There being nothing doing in the fighting line, Fitzgerald asked for work in the mines of which Mr. Fair was in control.

"Well, Pete," said the senator, in his friendly way, "ye see I've nothin' to do wi' the mines here noo. The superintendents an' foremen run things jist as if they owned them, an' care no more for what I say than if I was yerself."

"By Jupiter," growled Fitzgerald, "I've got to get work at something or I'll starve, sure."

"Prospectin's pretty good," suggested the senator. "I think ye might go prospectin' Pete."

"Where?"

"Oh, over Grass Valley way. I've no doubt there's many a good claim to be found in that old country yet."

"All right, senator," cried Fitzgerald brightening up, "but I'm dead broke. How am I to get there?"

Well," said Mr. Fair, with undiminished cordiality, but making a move to leave; "well, the walkin's pretty good."

With heightened color, but in manner as calm as if he were on duty in a disputed drift, Hired Fighter Fitzgerald reached forth his right hand, caught Mr. Fair's nose between his first and second fingers and gave it a twist that nearly took it off.

So appalling an outrage was, of course, not spoken of by the Comstock press, but some irreverent journalist telegraphed the news to the San Francisco papers. Then, to the astonishishment of Virginia City, a card, signed by Fitzgerald, appeared, stating that there had been no nose-twisting, and that if Peter had a friend in the world whom he adored it was Senator Fair. When asked in private why he had done this the hired fighter was wont to execute a slow wink and pat his pocket in an absent-minded way.

The Discontented Man.

Truly was he an honest gentleman, but hard to live with, and much given to discontent and fault-finding. So it came to pass that tradesmen were little inclined to sell him wares. The tailor would have his doublet turned back on his hands because of a seam, or, belike, because the cloth of the cape was not of Flemish dye, and with his shoon and hosen he never was satisfied. The cook because the meat was too much or too little roasted, or the sauce not to the master's taste, was sorely troubled, and the groom was often roundly held to task on account of the hides of the horses. My lady's stomachers and farthingales caused him much vexation of spirit, as did his children's garters. And when he went to heaven, and St. Peter took from his own stores a halo and bid him wear it, but, being as over-particular in heaven as he had been on earth, quoth my fine gentleman: "Prithee, is this the last fashion hereabouts? It does not fit me. See you not it falleth down over my ears? The gold of the halo wants refurnishing. It looketh for all the world like unto brass. I fear me it is not of the Tower stamp. I deem some low person hath worn it before and shabbled it, and I came not here to wear what is second-handed." And so he went on complaining sore.

To stop his clatter, which was unseeming in heaven, St. Peter said unto him: "It is well, thou man hard to please. Thou shalt have thy earthly frippery." And so the bonnet he had worn when he was alive was brought unto him and he was made to don it, and a pitiful sight was he, for in time his worldly habiliment became old and tarnished, and a sorry saint did he look like.—*The Stranded Humorist.*

No Flag of Truce.

"It was the closing day at Fredericksburg," says Gen. Kershaw, "when a man by the name of John Kirklan came rushing into headquarters and said: 'General, I can't stand it any longer.' Referring to the wounded Federals lying in front of our breastworks, he said: 'Those poor fellows yonder are crying for water—they are perishing for water—and I came to ask your permission to go out there and carry them some.'

"Said I: 'Kirklan, you know it would be almost certain death.'

"'Yes, said he, 'but I will risk it for humanity's sake.'

"'I don't think I ought to give you permission to go,' said I, but I was so struck with his heroism that I let him go. He gathered some canteens, filled them with water and went over the breastworks. He got a few steps and came running back; I thought his courage had failed him, but he came to me and asked if he might put up a white handkerchief. Said I: 'No, Kirklan, we don't propose to use any flag of truce on this occasion.'

"He got his canteens and went over the breastworks again and went about from man to man giving the wounded water. At first the enemy fired at him, but as soon as they saw his purpose they stopped, and he remained out there until he had given water to every one of those poor fellows."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Closes His Saloon with Prayer.

A saloon man has been found in Washington who closes his place with prayer. His application for a renewal of license having been rejected on the ground that his place bore a bad name, he appeared before Commissioner Robert in his own behalf. In reply to the question "Do you shut up prompt at midnight?" he answered: "When ten minutes to 12 comes, I kneel down, say my prayers, and shut up."

A Big Catch.

A diver who was working at the foundation of a railroad bridge near Boise City, Idaho, gave a signal to be hoisted quickly. When he got to the surface he held fast a sixty-five pound salmon that he had caught by the gills.

IN REGARD TO SUNSTROKE.

The Things to be Done to Avoid It, or When It Occurs.

Sunstroke is one of the afflictions to which humanity is liable in summer, during the hottest of the weather. Heat and moisture together seem to be the conditions most favorable to its occurrence, for moisture in warm air prevents the radiation of heat from the body, and thermal fever, or sunstroke, as it is called, is probably an overheating of the blood, producing chemical or fermentive changes in it which are inimical to health and even to life. When, therefore, during the heated term, one who has been exposed to the sun's heated rays in a humid atmosphere begins to suffer from headache, giddiness, nausea, and disturbance of sight, accompanied with sudden and great prostration of the physical forces, sunstroke is probably imminent.

If such a one is wise, he will, when the symptoms above given manifest themselves, immediately seek a cool place and make use of some restoratives, such as aromatic ammonia, &c., and he may avoid further trouble, but if he persists with his business, he will doubtless soon become very ill, which illness usually takes the form of heat exhaustion, heat apoplexy, or genuine sunstroke, the thermic fever of some writers. Those who are exhausted by the heat have a cool, moist skin, a rapid, weak pulse and respiration movement, and the pupil of the eye is dilated. In fact, the symptoms are those of collapse. These patients will probably recover promptly, an event which may be hastened by the use of a tonic and restorative treatment.

Those who suffer from heat apoplexy frequently become unconscious at the outset. The heart and breathing apparatus are not markedly disturbed and the pupil may be normal, but unconsciousness deepens and the case runs on to a final termination. An artery has been broken in the brain, and the poured-out blood pressing on the nerve centres, brings about the fatal event. A treatment calculated to draw the blood from the brain to the extremities, hot foot baths, bleedings, &c., promises to be the most useful in such cases.

The thermic fever patient is unconscious and convulsed, and his body temperature may be 108 degrees Fahrenheit—that is, about ten degrees above normal. The skin of this patient feels as though it would burn your hand when laid thereon. In this case the thorough and prompt application of cold is needed. Ice to the head and cold water to the body generally will be in order.

Medical advice and assistance should be promptly had in either of the two cases last referred to. Complete recovery from sunstroke is rare, the brain being permanently crippled or affected. Residence in a cold climate, it is said, affords most hope for such patients.—*Boston Herald.*

How to Use Glue.

All the glue as received from the factory requires the addition of water before it will melt properly, and every addition of water (while the glue is fresh made) will, up to a certain point, increase the adhesiveness and elasticity; and it is the duty of every man who uses glue to find out just where the point lies, as it is possible to melt glue and have it so thick that after it is dry or set it will be so brittle as not to adhere to the wood. Some glues will bear more water than others, according to the *Manufacturer and Builder*, but all will bear more than usually falls to their share, and that, too, with greater increase in the quality of the work. For glue to be properly effective it requires to penetrate the pores of the wood, and the more a body of glue penetrates the wood the more substantial the joint will remain. Glue that takes the longest to dry is to be preferred to glues that dry quickly, the slow-drying glues being always the strongest, other things being equal. For general use no method gives such good results as the following: Break the glue up small, put into an iron kettle, cover the glue with water and allow it to soak twelve hours; after soaking boil until done. Then pour into an air-tight box; leave the cover off until cold; then cover up tight. As glue is required cut a portion and melt in the usual way. Expose no more of the made glue to the atmosphere for any length of time than is necessary, as the atmosphere is very destructive to made glue. Never heat made glue in a pot that is subjected to the direct heat of fire or lamp. All such methods of heating glue cannot be condemned in terms too severe. Do not use thick glue for joints or veneering. In all cases work it well into the wood in a similar manner to what painters do with paint. Glue both surfaces of your work, excepting in the case of veneering. Never glue upon hot wood, or use hot cauls to veneer with, as the hot wood will absorb all the water in the glue too suddenly and leave only a very small residue, with no adhesive power in it.

Defacing a Counterfeit Bill.

I happened to be in the United States sub-treasury on Wall street the other day, says a N. Y. *Star* gossiper, and was rather amused at a little incident I witnessed. A gentleman entered, and, approaching one of the clerks, handed him a $20 bill and asked if it were counterfeit. The clerk took it, went away, and in a few minutes returned and handed out the bill without a word. Cut across its face with a die was the word "Counterfeit." The rage of the owner knew no bounds.

"Confound you!" he shouted, "I didn't ask you to destroy the bill. I simply asked you to tell me if it were counterfeit. It's worthless now."

"It never was of any value," mildly responded the clerk, "and the rule of the department is that all bills offered in this way must be defaced when counterfeits before returning them to the party presenting them."

"Now that," remarked the examiner to me, "is an almost daily occurrence. A man gets a counterfeit bill passed on him and, being in doubt, he comes in here to ask about it, and it is destroyed for him. He is naturally indignant, as doubtless he gave value for it and would like to have a chance to pass it off on some one else. But the law is imperative on us and we must destroy all such bills under penalty. If that man had taken his bill to a bank it would have been returned to him O. K., but he made the mistake of bringing it here. The national banks are supposed to deface counterfeits as well as the treasury. They seldom do it, however—perhaps not one case out of 100. They are afraid of insulting a customer."

Water in Cities.

Paris supplies its inhabitants with 31,000,000 gallons which can be used for drinking and 100,000,000 gallons more used in manufactures and to water the streets. This is only one-half more than the average of 90,000,000 gallons Philadelphia uses, and yet Paris has two and a half times as large a population. If Paris got as much water as Philadelphia, and used water as freely in every house, it would need 225,000,000 gallons instead of 131,000,000.

Out of 6,740,000 children in the Japanese empire 2,800,000 are enrolled in the public schools.

The Footlight Fever.

"Tell me, I pray you, little one, what would you like to be?"
I took the beautiful baby girl and held her on my knee.
"What 'ood I like to be?" she lisped, and she looked like an infant sage.
"Oo won't tell nobody never, now? I wants to go on the stage."

"What is your aim, oh Sweet Sixteen?" and the darling murmured: "Well,
I've no objection to answering you; of course you mustn't tell.
You know that elegant leading man, whom all the girls adore?
Let me play opposite parts to him, and I'll ask for nothing more!"

"Madam, your dainty home to me a paradise appears."
She was a pearl of womanhood, wedded a dozen years.
"Oh, yes, we'd get on well enough," she said with a kind of sigh,
"If he'd let me act, but he says I shan't and I'll do it or I'll die."

"What do you wish?" I blandly asked of an old and withered dame,
Who hobbled in with my laundry work. She was bent and a trifle lame.
"Well, boss, you see," she answered me, "my work's too hard by far;
It's a positive fact that I can act, and I'd like to be a star."

—Edward E. Kidder in N. Y. Press.

CHINESE JOSSES IN NEW YORK.

The Old One Has Lost His Grip and His Name is Dennis.

One of the most interesting announcements that has recently come from that unique locality in New York know as Chinatown was to the effect that the Chinese laundrymen of New York were getting up a subscription for the purpose of sending to China for a new joss, whose business it would be to watch over laundrymen exclusively, and not over merchants, gamblers, highbinders, and other persons, as the old josses in Chinatown have been in the habit of doing.

This multiplication of josses in New York's Chinatown is rather an interesting episode, says the *Mail and Express*. It is not so long ago that one joss was good enough for Chinatown. He was not much of a joss, and only to the eyes of his followers was he an impressive object. If ever a joss had a soft time of it he did. It is true he had to listen to the appeals of nearly 10,000 Chinamen who live in and about New York, but, as he never complained, it must have been all right.

This may have been for the reason that being of wood he was not much given either to small talk or to undue animation. He had multifarious duties though. It was his business to keep the police away from the "fan-tan" houses and opium joints in and around Mott street—manifestly a difficult task even for a Chinese god to undertake—to bring business to about 7,000 Chinese laundries, and, in fact to look after the interests of Chinatown generally.

It did not seem to worry the joss very much. He sat under a rich canopy, inhaled the incense offered before him, and conducted himself generally in a very dignified way. In one respect he was something like some of our politicians; he made no promises. So if he didn't do everything he was expected to do no one could charge him with having acted in bad faith. However, no such charges were made against him. If it seemed apparent that he had granted the prayers of the faithful he was treated with special consideration by the lucky ones. If not, well and good.

On certain occasions he was treated to vast quantities of roast pig, chicken, and other delicacies. He never ate any of them. Wooden josses don't run to roast pig as a rule. However, it was placed before him, and if he had concluded to eat it there was nothing to prevent it.

On the occasion of a certain great ceremony, or rather a series of great ceremonies, in Chinatown some time ago the colony had an experience that stirred it as it has rarely been stirred. The ceremony had been going on for several days and vast quantities of food had been placed before joss. No matter how much was placed there it disappeared. Chinatown got excited. Its oldest inhabitant had never before heard of a joss with an appetite like this one. The joss-house was thronged and the matter quietly discussed.

The joss displayed not the slightest interest in the whole matter. Neither did he show the slightest effects of overeating. There were no signs of indisposition or dyspepsia, or of the contentment that good living is said to bring. He was just standing pat and saying nothing. The thing went on for several days and then there was an explosion.

One of the high priests, in inspecting the joss-house, saw under a platform what looked like an old shoe. He pulled on it. It was an old shoe, and attached to it was a man. He was a ragged specimen of a man and stood in need of washing and shaving, but he was decidedly self-possessed.

"Well, my yellow jaglets," he said, airily, "the game is up, is it? Yes? Well, I'm sorry. I ain't lived so well since me and Gould used to dine together. Ta-ta." And with these mocking words the profaner of the temple left just in time to save his skin, which was fairly well filled with the dainties intended for the joss. The joss' appetite has been more closely watched since this unfortunate occurrence.

But the old joss has fallen upon evil times. When the rich men of Chinatown got a brand-new joss-house they decided that the old joss was not quite up to the new mark. So they sent to China for a magnificient god, warranted to be sound in wind and limb, and to be gentle and obliging in harness. He is doing all the high-toned business in Chinatown now, and the old joss is reduced to doing business with highbinders, gamblers, and the like, and even these are loosing respect for the old gentleman, for the police have been giving them a good deal of trouble of late, and they think that old joss is losing his grip or this could not be. So they are about to get another joss.

Give the Boy a Chance.

We mean your boy, the little fellow you left at home this morning when you started for the store or office. Don't forget he has wants, as real and tangible to him as yours to you.

Remember he is no more a born saint than you were. And if you just reflect a little you will be ashamed to think how far from it you were. Don't forget him as soon as his "good-by papa" fades away behind you. Didn't he ask you for something? a jacknife or a hammer or a new slate or some pencils or something or other? If you love your boy and wish to show him that you do you might better forget a business appointment down town than forget his request.

If he asks you for something your better judgment says he should not have, don't be content with simply ignoring the boy's wish, but take the time and trouble to explain your reasons. Boys, even pretty little ones, are quicker than you may think to see a point. Always give a reason for refusal of his request, even if it is the one you too often give, that you can't afford it. And be careful how you give that reason.

It he has lost or broken his jacknife, and asks you for a new one, don't scold him. Albeit you may give him a little lesson in carefulness, but don't tell him you can't afford to give him ten cents for a new one and then before you leave the house pull out your cigar case and light a ten-cent cigar.

The boy will be drawing invidious distinctions before you know it.—*Business Chronicle.*

How to Eradicate Warts.

"Warts!" exclaimed the oracle to the presiding member of the oyster cracker convention in a Main street grocery store in Lewiston recently. "I've had 'em. Yes, sir, I've had 'em, but I charmed 'em away."

After this statement the members of the convention fell into silence, considering the departed warty days of youth. "If a man will write down the number of warts that he has on his hands on the hatband of a tramp without the tramp knowing it the latter will carry the warts away with him," suggested George William, the elderly oracle on warts, after a long silence. "Warts used to give in," he continued, "when you cut one notch on a green elder stick for every wart you had and then rubbed the stick on each wart and then buried it in the barnyard until it rots. That fixes 'em. Take a black snail, rub him on the warts and then stick him on a thorn bush. Do this nine successive nights and the snails and the warts will be dead together."

"Chalk marks on the stove funnel used to fix my warts," said the Chairman of the meeting. "Get 'em on when nobody could see you and when they disappeared the warts went too. This used to get sort of mixed when my mother saw the chalk marks and wiped 'em off. When I used to see a funeral go by unexpectedly I used to rub the warts up and down and say, 'Warts and corpses pass away and never more return.' That was intended to fix 'em."

"Charming warts was the popular way in my day," said the minister. "A man of elderly mien and sad features was the king of charmers. I went to him surreptitiously one day and he looked me in the eyes and said something that sounded like 'wobbly, gobbly, gum,' and a lot more of the same interesting description. I've forgotten whether the warts went or not. We used to think that to take as many pebbles as we had warts, touch them to the excrescences, sew them in a bag, take them to the four corners of the cross-roads and throw the bag over the left shoulder, would do the business. The only bad feature about this was that if any person should find the bag and open it he would reap the warty treasure of the bag."—*Lewiston Journal.*

Skipped a Cog.

I was waiting at the railroad depot at Cairo, Ill., and fell in with a young farmer and had quite a lengthy chat with him about agricultural matters. We took the same train and got into the smoker, and we had scarcely left Cairo when a young man sat down in the seat facing us and began to throw three cards about. It was the old, old game, and I smiled in contempt. Not so with my acquaintance, however. He was at once interested, and when I denounced the game as a swindle he replied:

"Well, I dunno about that. I believe I kin pick out that keerd."

It wasn't three minutes before he bet $5 that he could, and he won. Then he bet $10 and won. Then he bet $10 more and won.

"You were born lucky," said the sharper. "Don't you want to raise your bet?"

"I guess so. I'll go you $75 this time."

I expected to see him lose, of course, but he won, and as he did so the other uttered an oath about a rod long, and put up the cards. I saw that he was greatly perturbed, and said:

"What's the matter, old man?"

"That's what I'd like to know myself," he angrily exclaimed. "I'm no professional; I'm a farmer's hired man. About two weeks ago a chap came along and offered to show me how to work this for $25. I took it in. This is the first time I've tried it in public."

"And you are about a hundred dollars out?"

"Exactly. Hang me for a yaller calf, but the durned machinery has skipped a cog, blown out a flue, broke a piston rod, or bust a biler on me somewheres, and I'm so near dead broke that I can't raise a chaw of tobacco. I orter known better. Kick my shins if I ever did have sense enough to burglarize a haystack, and here I've gone broke and made a fool of myself to boot!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Bismarck's Drinking and Smoking.

"I am only allowed," says Prince Bismarck "to drink thrice a day—a quarter of an hour after each meal, and each time not more than a half a bottle of red, sparkling Moselle, of a very light and dry character. Burgundy and beer, both of which I am extremely fond of, are strictly forbidden to me; so are all the strong Rhinish and Spanish wines, and even claret. For some years past I have been a total abstainer from all these generous liquors, much to the advantage of my health and my 'condition' in the sporting sense of the word. Formerly I used to weigh over seventeen stone. By observing this regimen I brought myself down to under fourteen, and without any loss of strength—indeed, with gain. My normal weight now is 185 pounds. I am weighed once every day, by my doctor's orders, and any excess of that figure I am at once set to work to get rid of by exercise and special regimen. I ride a good deal as well as walk. Cigar smoking I have given up altogether, of course under advice. It is debilitating and bad for the nerves. An inveterate smoker, such as I used to be, gets through 100,000 cigars in his life, if he reaches a fair average age. But he would live longer and feel better all the time if he did without them. Nowadays I am restricted to a long pipe, happily with a deep bowl, one after each meal, and I smoke nothing in it but Dutch Knatter tobacco, which is light, mild, and soothing. You will see presently; the pipe comes in with the pint of red Moselwein. It will be a whole bottle to-day, and you must help me out with it. Water makes me fat, so I must not drink it. However, the present arrangements suit me very well."

The Ocean's "Under-Tow."

Doubtless we have all heard a good deal about this "under-tow," as though it were some mysterious force working from the recesses of a treacherous ocean to draw unwary bathers to their doom. As a matter of fact its presence is obviously natural, and the explanation of it more than simple. As each wave rolls in and breaks upon the beach, the volume of water which it carries does not remain there and sink into the sand; it flows back again, and, as the succeeding wave breaks over it, the receding one forms an under-current flowing outward of strength proportionate to the body of water contained in each breaker, and, again, proportionate in a great measure to the depth of the ditch. Where this latter is an appreciable depression, it can be readily seen that the water of receding waves will flow into it with similar effect of that of water going over a fall, and that a person standing near is very likely to be drawn over with it, and thus, if the ditch is deep enough, carried out of his depth. This is all there is to the much-talked-of "under-tow" and the numerous accidents laid to its account.—*Duffield Osborne, in Scribner's.*

A MOMENT OF TERROR.

A Pennsylvania Camper Finds a Rattler in His Trouser Leg.

Dr. Sampsel and J. K. Snyder, both of Centreville, had an experience recently that they will never forget. They camped at the lower dam at Swift Run near a ledge of rocks on the night in question, and before darkness came upon them they scraped a lot of leaves together for a bed and provided a pile of wood to keep up a fire during the night. About 10 o'clock they prepared for sleep and drawing a blanket over them, lay down to pleasant dreams.

Along toward 1 o'clock Mr. Snyder felt chilly, and got up to put some more wood on the fire, and then lay down and soon fell into a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by a cold object which seemed to be resting on his leg. Without moving he lay awake waiting for developments.

The next moment he felt an indescribable sensation come over him which seem to paralyze every nerve in his body. Realizing that there was something extraordinary the matter, he called to the doctor to hurry and get up, as something was crawling up the right leg of his pantaloons, and he believed it was a snake. The words went through the doctor like an electric shock, and, raking a brand out of the fire he approached Mr. Snyder, who was lying as it paralyzed, with the cold sweat standing in big beads on his forehead. Half blinded by the flickering flame of the brand, he noticed what at first looked like a broad black strap hanging out of Mr. Snyder's trouser leg, but the next moment exclaimed: "My God, Muckel, lie still, it's a rattlesnake!"

Trembling like a leaf, Mr. Snyder seemed powerless to move even if he would. The condition of things was at once evident. The reptile had been attracted to the fire, and sought warmth on the person of Mr. Snyder. Every moment she disappeared further up the leg, and prompt action was necessary. Grasping the snake by the tail the doctor pulled with all his might. His hold slipped, and the rattles, fourteen in number, came off and remained in his hand. The reptile had wrapped itself around the bare skin on the man's leg, and violently shook its derattled tail, indicating its anger at such harsh treatment. This performance almost threw Mr. Snyder into convulsions.

Recovering himself, the doctor bethought himself of his knife, and, quickly opening a blade keen as a razor, he cut the pantaloons up to the body. This released the snake, and she quickly unwound and threw herself into a coil, ready for effective work, but, before she could strike, the doctor struck her a blow with a club that cut her clean in two. Mr. Snyder was lifted by the arms and dragged away from the hideous serpent, and the next moment was on his feet scarcely able to stand.

They drank the balance of their "nerve tonic" out of a pint bottle, which to some extent restored their equilibrium, but sleep was out of the question and they spent the balance of the night in stitching up Mr. Snyder's trousers to make him presentable, and at early dawn they pulled up stakes and took a solemn oath to never, no, never, bunk at Swift Run again.—*Middleburgh Post.*

They Were All Ducks.

The many thefts of poultry and produce from farmers in the small North Atlantic seaport towns by the crew of the man-of-war Powhatan some years ago had at last caused the officers to take action toward punishing the offenders. The men were all notified that dire punishment would be inflicted upon them if they continued in their nefarious practice, and for a while a chicken could stroll along the beach with the utmost impunity while the vessel was in port. This did not last long, however, and one day while the ship was anchored in a small seaport some of the men asked to be allowed to go ashore. When the officer of the deck was importuned for permission he replied:

"Yes, you may, but if I hear of you robbing a hen roost I will put you in double irons for twenty days."

"Pat" Harvey, an Irishman, who acted as spokesman promised that no hen roosts would be robbed, and the men left the ship.

Early next morning an irate farmer came on board and swore that the men had entered his barn and carried off several hundred pounds of poultry. All who went ashore were called up and the officer of the deck, who happened to be the same that let the men off, pounced upon Harvey.

"Didn't you," he cried, "promise not to rob a hen house if I let you go ashore?"

"Sure Oi did, sir," replied Harvey. "We didn't take a hen, sur: they're all ducks."

Harvey was right. There were eighteen ducks found when the mess chest was searched, but there was not a single chicken among them.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Cures for Obesity.

"The number of nostrums for the reduction of obesity which have been put upon the market during the last two months," said the manager of an upper Broadway drug store, "is almost without limit. Here, for instance, are four remedies, all designed for this particular ailment, and every one of them has been turned into our hands for sale within the month." He placed two bottles, a pill-box, and a tin can full of powders in a row on the show-case. They were all incased in neat wrappers, and every one of them had a name which suggested corpulency, but did not use the word fat. "All of these remedies," said the old druggist quietly, "are claimed to be made of special ingredients, but they are nothing more than Epsom salts in one form or the other. We never recommend them, but we have to keep them on sale owing to the steadily increasing demand for all medicine of this sort. It is not that they are especially deleterious. They simply have the same weakening effect that Epsom salts have if taken every day for a month or two. Naturally they reduce the weight, but the flesh comes right on again as soon as the salts are stopped. You can imagine the prices the public pay for these things when you reflect that our profit on this bottle of stuff is 60 cents. It is sold for $1, and I have no doubt that the manufacturer clears 30 cents on every bottle."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Wonderful Bed.

Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt is said to have the most imposing bed in New York. It revives the ancient style of posts and canopies, and it stands enthroned, as it were, on a raised platform, two steps high, in the center of her room, which has four windows looking out, two on Fifth avenue, and two on Fifty-second street. The bedstead is of rosewood and the canopy used to be lined with an enormous plate-glass mirror, so that the sleeper could see her face and figure as long as she kept awake, but this vulgar thing has been removed and is now replaced by the more conventional panel of old-rose satin.—*Chatter.*

A Big Tree.

The largest tree in the state of Washington is a hollow pine, thirty feet in diameter at the base.