"Tis better far to give them while the lips or speak;
The golden chord of life at best is weak!
Ab! do not wait.

Kind words in cars whose earthly powers as Like sunshine on the tree by lightning rent, Can give no baim: The better far to give them while those ears can hear;
For life has much of wo and much of fear!
And love brings calm.

It is too late when life's lamp burneth low, When hands once warm are chill as winter Tis better here, where feet are prone to slide Tis better new—than wait till eventide To help their needs.

Ah, friends! dear friends-if any such the Reep not your loving thoughts away from me Till I am gone; I want them now to belp me on my way, As lonely watchers want the light of day Ere it is morn.

And though sometimes my heart, o'er some sore wr ng Long broading, weaves some bitterness in within life's texture where the best are poor.

O, close not up to many faults Love's door!

I need your aid.

D. F. Hodges.

# AN AMERICAN PIRATE.

It was about five years ago that I saw an advertisement in a great literary journal. It ran as follows:

Why, that's my strong point; hang

it, I'm nothing if I'm not original! Why, I can reel it out by the yard onite comfortably, just as though I had | ed author lived. down and began to fire away to Miss Dashes (Miss Dashes is my shorthand writer and amanuensis) and the plots learned the truth. Mr Paul Jones was literature. At the time I speak of I Everybody in Boston thoroughly bewas exceedingly original. In my set determination to be original both in gentle little woman with tender eyes, my own manuscripts, which were many, | compositions (photos of my MSS.). and my own proofs, which were few. and a quarter)—I give it to him. of 'Rachel's Romance."

There's one man who likes the pleasant

I hadn't the heart to u eynical vein, and, though I'm personally a romantic enthusiast, I give him what his soul sighs for. By all this you will see that I'm a very talented a wiser man. Scorcher is perfectly and many-sided person, and a hard satisfied—he is indeed. They—

At the sight of that advertisement I out my new book. called in Bouverie street. After a good deal of beating about the bush, I moral. It is as well for an English earned that P. J. was the manager of dealer in literature; he was a wholesale man, that proverbially indispensable Paul Jones (P. J) is not the only Richmiddle man, who is so very dear to us | mond in the field .- St. James Gazette. alk After several unsuccessful attempts, I succeeded in seeing P. J. in the flesh. He wore spectacles, he spoke with a drawl, and he was evidently a man of business. You send in a semple Uncla

Dudley," said be, with a noble familiar-Ef it suits we shall deal at New York price, which is ten dollars a rds. That seems to astonish you," he said; "but we act liberal in the States." Nothing could be simpler, nothing

could be fairer, nothing could be "You jest whack in a short thing as a sample. We return either the stuff or the money in a week."

Then he offered me a particularly good cigar. I went straight home, I tched a thousand-word story to P. J., and in forty-eight hours I got the following note:

Sin: Your tale is a ring-tailed roarer. I can take any amount of similar stuff. I enclose the equivalent of ten dollars in a postal order. Please call at two to-morrow.

Yours faithfully, P. J.
I could have clasped P. J. to my

breast. Here was an appreciative miss, a congenial spirit. I thought that the leaden-footed hours till two the next day never would have passed; but the time came at length-it struck Iwo at last by the clock of St. Bride's, and I was shown by one of Bliffkins the printers people into the presence The American received me in the

most genial manner.
"You're the boy," he said; "you are the chap that takes the cake, Mr. Nibbs," cried P. J. "I am prepared to run you altogether; it's only a question of terms, my boy, and our folks are full—they are absolutely bursting with dollars. But there's one thing. Mas'r George; is the rest of your stuff up to sample? That is the point that and the question of terms. Then he handed me a huge cigar. "We pay fifty cents for 'em in the States,"

I never met such a liberal man as P. J. before. His "people had every confidence in him"; he had "full powers."
"How much stuff had I got?" "Was I ready to deal on the basis of ten llars a thousand, for all the stuff I had finished?" Can a fish swim? Was I ready?

Aye, that I was. 'It ain't the actual cash," remarked P. J.; "it's the reputation. Our people'll run you in American, and we'll take you in the lump at ten dollars a good enough? Ef you are satisfied,

the amount of the check I had to receive at eight thousand dollars, or two thousand pounds, for there were eight bondered thousand words, or thereabouts; and then I waited patiently.

Would P. J. take them all? Would he take half! I waited, I say, patiently. After a month I received a parcel; it contained my manuscripts and the fol-DEAR SIR: I regret to have to return your MSS. Yours, falthfully, P. J. Five years clapsed.

I had got on slowly, terribly slow-ly; but I had got on. I had published over two hundred short stories, four dad," who had come out to see what novels, and I had plenty of work on they were up to, gathered around the hand and no difficulty in placing it. cage to view the prize. The old veteran My publishers wanted to see me. I turned his eyes up at the dizzy hight, was delighted; they had probably some- and as the tears twinkled under his flect."-N. Y. Weekly. thing to propose; I saw visions of a glasses, he said: new agreement, and a check in advance on account, or at least a three-months'

bill (one can discount a bill.) I put on my three-thousand-pound-aon a Publisher—it awes 'em); and I with remarkable success.

They will soon be ready for was shown into the sanctum. Old Mr. Scorcher, he head of the firm, re-ceived me. I generally see Wagge. Wagge is the Fanior partner-Wagge and I are rather wick. Old Mr. Scorcher had a face a yard

long. Will you kindly look at that, Mr. put a little book into my hands-a very by the rural members.

nice little book—Japanese paper, mar-gins, special type, delightful etchings —in fact, the whole bag of tricks.

I began to turn over the leaves, and then I nearly jumped out of my skin. It was my novel, my successful novel—
"Linda's Lovers," "It's a wicked - "Linda's Lovers." "It's a wicked American piracy!" I cried; "and they'd have the impertinence to alter the title and the names." "Rachel's Romance" There are two sides to every question indeed! "By Jove, they've just simply turned Linda into Rachel, and and the wrong side and our side. - Terre

"It was published four years ago, said old Mr. Scorcher, simply. "You sold it to us as an original novel."
"It's a piracy," I cried, "an infernal

"I don't doubt you. Mr. Nibbs. quite believe what you say—but—" Then we talked for a long time. told him that no human eye but P. J.'s had ever seen the manuscript till his

firm had purchased it. "You'll have to go to New York; you'll have to unearth the pirate; you'll have to prove the whole thing. It't a very serious thing for us—a much more serious thing for you," said old

Mr. Scorcher. Of course he was right.

I went to New York at once. I called on Barrabas & Co., the pubshers of "Rachel's Romance." were very nice people, particularly nice people. They would give an intro-duction to Mr. Paul Jones the author, at once. He was a rising man. Might stories? I thanked them. A glance was enough-they were my short stories. Paul Jones was a miserable fixins, printers, Bouverie Street, E. C.

"Thorough originality!" I cried; plumes! I would make it very hot, indeed, for Paul Jones. I took the ginal! letter of introduction. I went straight yard to Boston, where Mr. Jones the talent-

been a literary silk-worm." And so I I found his house. I found his could, then. Plots? pooh! I never widow. I found his marble tomb, even troubled about a plot; I just sat with a catalogue of his virtues; he had

me; they came as a matter of course. an ingenious man. He had photo-Now it's different; they don't come as they used to. I'm at times even tempted to read other people's fiction and st— I mean 'adapt" their ideas. I wish I by the aid of a magnifying glass he reknew Dutch. Nobody knows Dutch. | copied my manuscript; and he attained There must be a magnificent field for in this way name and fame and pecul— I mean adaptation in Dutch dollars.

manner and matter, I read nothing but | sold me many sheets of his original "Paul," Mrs. Jones remarked, "was

Now I read a good deal, with the re- a very ingenious man. He was afraid sult that I'm not nearly so original as his work might get lost; it did get lost. was. Of course I've grown artful; But we had the photos, and with the I've got the measure of certain editorial help of a magnifying glass I recopied Some want climax-I give 'em all my husband's work. Ah, what a climax; others demand pathos—I give clever fellow he was. stranger; his rem pathos. One man likes plenty of it—I give him plenty of it; another wants concentrated plot (i. c., the plot readers as the author of this charming breaking the ice.—Texas Siftings.

Lovers are slow about proposing this summer. Owing to the high price of the commodity they hesitate about breaking the ice.—Texas Siftings. of a three-volume novel in a column work;" and then she handed me a copy

I hadn't the heart to underceive the poor little woman who believed in her pirate. I returned to England a sadder and

Scorcher, Wagge & Co. are bringing Is there a moral? Yes, there is

author, in submitting his work to a

#### Boys' Squirrel Story

With some of the war gossip of today has appeared the remark "that the American boy inherits very little of the sturdy traits of character that marked the barman. "What do you mean?" America believes this is all nonsense. All over the land there are evidences. they say, of superior culture and strength, and if foreign foes should come they will find that in the char-

The Berskeart family of seven boys, living south of the city, compares favorably with their great-grandfather, who was a hero in 1812. Their grandfather was one of the early settlers of Indiana, and he delights in relating to the boys the adventures of their ancestors. But the other day the boys forced their "grand-pap," as they call him, to admit that they are not inferior in courage. They have a single-barreled shotgun that will throw shot about thirty yards, and they have killed young rabbits and squirrels with it; but have also wasted about five pounds of shots and nowder on an old squirrel that lived in a large oak tree. The other day the boys saw this veteran of the wood in a malberry tree helping himself to the delicious fruit. The oldest boy, who is just fifteen, crawled up to the tree, leveled the gun and fired at the coveted prize. The shot knocked off a few

leaves and tickled the squirrel, but he did not fall He ran up the tree frisking his tail. Then he jumped from the mulberry into the branches of a beech, and from the beech he crossed into a tall maple sugar. The top branches of the latter crossed a large limb of the massive oak. The squirrel mounted the limb of the oak, and ran down about fifteen feet to a curve. Then he looked cunningly at the boys and disappeared in

The younger lads looked at the squir-"Was rel's vanishing tail with considerable dismay, but the older ones exclaimed, "If he kin do that we kin, too!" One boy ran home after climbing material, and in another half hour the two older boys came sliding down the large oak limb with all the material necessary for a capture. A cage was placed over the hole. One boy sounded along the limb, and then cut open a small usand words all round. Es that cavity. Then he inserted a slim stick into the den, and in a moment more city."- Washington Star. the old sly squirrel ran out into the nothing for the boys to do but to come

> limb. Probably any other persons in the Free Press. same position, supplied with a hatchet, would have fallen off or cut notches to climb up by, but not so with the boys. They had tried cutting notches with a dull hatchet before. One boy drew from his pocket a number of large nails that are used in building bridges. He then drove them into the limb, like the iron hand-holds on the tele-

"Boys your grand-dad would abin afeared to done it." The boys are now supplied with a put on my three-thousand-pound-a-suit (I always put on my three-ing on squirrels' eyes a hundred yards with a side of the results of their literary work." "Yes," replied her husband.

They will soon be ready for the in-

Bread and milk is one of the most popular dishes served for lunch at the she munched a tea-cake and scanned congressional restaurant in Washing-ton. Glasses of pure cream or half wretches have been burned up at the Sevres porcelain 4,000 francs. "Will you kindly look at that, Mr. Nibbs?" be said in a will tones. He come from cities but they are avoided mer resorts seem to be alike the world

## WIT AND HUMOR.

felt fate's boot. -Ashland Press. Why does Mrs. \* her reputation in such a foolish squabble? Buffulo Ex-

The general run of women--when a comes in the room. - Terre Haute Express.

Dubbs-"I'm tired of Life." Snuggs - "Well, why don't you stop your sub- The Process of Canning the Porgy Into scription." - Jester. Oil and "Chum."

"How can I get rid of superfluous hair, Mr. Druggist?" "Get married, sir."-Boston Courier.

A man's closest creditor wouldn't

recoguize him in the average hired bathing suit. -Shoe Recorder. It is well to make the best of this world, for you'll never get out of it

alive. - Great Barrington News. There are times when a young man can make himself most interesting by

well. This explains why the postseripts contain all the facts. - American

Stranger (in Tombstone, Ariz.)—"I hear your bank has suspended?" Resident-"Yes; so is the President."-

The rhetoric of convicts is abomin-

able; at all events they have a great aversion to finishing their sentence Philadelphia Press. What will it Costa Rica vengeance on San Salvador?" "I don't know, but

we've Guatemala, no matter what it costs."-Ashland Press.

comings. - Alchison Globe.

Mrs. Fellows-"Jimpson's wife has only one dress to her back." Mr. Fel-

First Hate—"Well, sir. things are going smoothly now, sir." Captain—
"Yes, that is because several of the own hook." But with all the fleet sailors have been iroued."- Toronto

Cumso - 'Jaysmith is penurious, isn't he?" Fangle- I should say he was! He won't even laugh at a joke unless it is at some one else's expense. -Epoch.

It has been discovered that the cash author, in submitting his work to a possible buyer to know something of the person he is dealing with; for Mr. ed time will 1 wait till my charge The process of changing the porgies comes."-Figaro.

"Give me a toboggan," he said to

the heroes of the Revolution." In "Why, wnisky, of course. There's noth- of stairs, the oil "skims itself," as it is not seem to understand, the others fell other words, that in courage the Americans are degenerating. Young hill to make the descent lively. — Phil-"It is a dreary waste of sand, isn't

it?" said the grocer's wife as she and her husband were walking along the from 20 to 30 cents per gallon. acter and courage of the American sea beach. 'Yes, it is; a dreadful waste; boy there is nothing wanting. An ex-Washington Post. He-'Man is the only animal that

isn't necessary for you to smile as often as you do."-Bostonian. Mrs. Sweet (who has her neighbor's

children in to spend the day)-"And so your mother is all alone! Dear me, how she must be enjoying the quiet! (Aside)—I will send my children over there tomorrow!"-Munsey's Weckly.

camera) - "Look pleasant, please." ing to be a likeness?"-Boston Trun-

fornia." "Why, you never told me that your ancestors came from that have a mine of wealth in their scheme. part of the country," replied her husband. - Figaro. "Get up!" exclaimed Miss Bunker-Hill's cousin. But the horse did not

ed .- Harper's Bazar. Housekeeper - "You needn't stop

hoped mebby I'd be in time for family prayers."-Good News. Bank President (to cashier in fail)-

"Why didn't you go to Canada?" "Cashier (haughtily)-"Because I've and live on a back street in a strange

"I see," remarked the poet's wife, that Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, and right, as if she had never met his rat-Lowell all had or have an income out-

poetry if I hadn't a good situation at the ribbon counter."—N. Y. Sun. "Oh, dear, how deadful!" sighed Mrs. Groaner at the table last night as Sevres porcelain, brought 415,000 over," and he glanced maliciously at land this season.

"How the papers do lie," exclaimed inggs, as he threw aside the Morning inn. "It does beat all." "Well, what have they been saying about you, Mr. Sunggsp<sup>n</sup> asked Mrs. S. "Do let me see it." 'They an't been saying nothing about me, but here this paper saying that a man has been killed in a saloon at Burlington, Iowa, and everyone knows there an't a saloon in the ole state. There an't nothing there but drug stores and original-packags houses."—Chicago Times.

A MAINE FISH FACTORY.

Back in the seventies one of the greatest industries in this section of A man never becomes so homely that he is not handsome to the woman he is good to.—Atchison Globe.

the country was the porgy fisheries, says a Boothbay (Me.) letter in the Lewiston Journal. The converting of those fat fish into oil and that very odoriferous though by no means fra-grant substance known as "chum" gave labor, and paying labor too, to hundreds of men. The oil then sold as high as a dollar per gallon, and the chum was also in great demand. It was so profitable a business that fac-tories sprang up all along the coast, and as a result of the great slaughter keeping still.—New Orleans Picayune.

The first week that a man has a telephone in his office he is apt to have boycott the New England coast for the first week that a sapt to have telephone in his office he is apt to have the peller fever badly.—Boston Builetin. till the summer of '88, when small till the summer of '88, when small till the summer of '88, when small the same what had schools came north to see what had become of their old destroyers. They found most of the factories rotten, tumble-down old buildings, the steamers turned into tugboats, and the majority of the owners bankrupt by their Racket.

Bangle—"Isn't Fangle a rattle-headed fellow?" Cumso—"No, sir; there isn't anything in Fangle's head to rattle-head again in such numbers that it seemed as though the whole porgy kingdom had come down to Maine to spend the summer and to swim around in the waters where so many of their grandparents had lost their lives.

As soon as the first shiny school came along in '88, Church, Hathaway & Co. began to build over and to fit up into one monstrous factory the two Some men credit themselves with the good that is in them and blame the weakness of humanity for their shortfrosty for the porgy's comfort, and he started south again. Last year they did considerable business, but their Citizen (agitatedly)—"What, a writ for me? Why, God bless us!" Constable (stolidly)—"Nop. Wrong again.

Mandamus."—American Grocer.

Lovers are slow about. after them, the fish are not forthcom-

> There is capacity to use up 3,000 or 4,060 barrels of fish daily, but as yet only 5,000 barrels have been received all summer. This is, to be sure, rather early in the season, but fishermen say all along the coast that there aren't nearly as many porgies here now as

The process of changing the porgies from a handsome fish into oil and chum Groom—"A ring around the moon is the sign of rain." Bride (sweetly)—
"And a ring around a woman's finger is the sign of——?" Groom (sadly)—
"Reign."—Racket.

from a handsome fish into oil and chum is very simple. They are carried from the with a quick movement, arose on ber feet and stamped on his head, completely crushing it. His squirming body fell back among the others, and where they are first boiled and then pressed with a 100-ton pressure. The oil and water are run off together and by passing through ten or a dozen vats, where they are first body fell back among the others, and the long body thrashed around in their midst till, aroused to the utmost fury placed one below the other like a flight by this disturbance, which they did last vat into barrels it looks for all the world like maple sirup. The oil is used and sometimes for paints. It is worth

After the oil and water have been pressed out the chum, or scrap, as it is sometimes called, is burned with sulphuric acid. Then it is ready for shiplaughs, but it isn't necessary for you to laugh all the time." She—'Man is chum is done away with, and one of also the only animal that smiles, but it the greatest causes of that uncarthly ment. The old process of drying the stench of the factories of a dozen years ago has been removed. The chum ts worth about \$14 per ton, and is sold to manufacturers of fertilizers.

The proprietors claim that there will be no disagreeable odor about the works this year. They say that the only other thing besides the dryingchum which caused the ten-mile steach Photographer (to lady before the of former factories was the waste wacamera) — "Look pleasant, please." ter, off which the oil had been Brute of a Husband—"O, come, now; drawn. This was allowed to stand in season this same waste water is to be used to make fertilizer by the Phoso-"I see by the newspapers," remarked Mrs. Bunting, "that a petrified jaw two feet long has been found in California." "Why, you never told me some chemical process, and are said to

### Mr. Coope's Smart Terrier.

Among the valuable dogs owned by move. "The animal does not seem to comprehend," said Miss Hill. "Let is a family of thoroughbred wire-haired me try." "All right." "Proceed, terriers. These little creatures are Bucephalus!" And the animal proceed- very bright, and among other achieve-"Proceed, terriers. These little creatures are ments are quite expert at snake-killing. That they have an intuitive here. We've got nothin' fer ye. Break-fast was over an hour ago. 'Clear out, now." Tramp—'I didn't expect no breakfas' this time a day, mum, I only

dent noticed by some of the employes. The mother terrier having discovered a rattlesnake ready coiled for a spring placed herself at a safe distance and began barking loudly for an assistant. got some pride about me and I didn't one of her family of terriers responded to the call, when the two dogs placed themselves one on either side of the rattler, barking at it and slowly ap-Pater—"Weil, Adolph, whom did proaching it from opposite directions until within about striking distance shoot the stuff in."

I agreed—of course I did. I returned to my home. I made up a huge lowered to the ground. Then there was lowered to the ground. Can he put things forcibly?" "You upon the snake. The terriers seize down, but first they had to go up that bet! He can pitch a ball through a the serpent about midway of the body wire netting every time."—Burlington and shake them without mercy until life is extinct.

podist's?" Miss Gossip-"I don't know, and was fairly successful, but the fangs but she has been in society for ten of the snake in some way struck her, seasons now, and I suspect that these inflicting a wound. It was evident to visits you speak of form her only opportunity of having a man at her feet."

—America. those watching her that her sufferings began at once, but she did not lose her head with fear. She made for a bunch Enamoren Youth-"I beg you, sir, of snake weed not far off and ate freefor the hand of your daughter. I can- ly of it. Her next move was to a pool not live without her." Old Grumps- of water that made a small muddy "Glad to hear it. I can't live with her.

Name the day, young man, and have it soon." Enamored Youth (backing off)

—"Um—er—please give me time to reflect."—N. Y. Weekly.

Spot. Into this she plunged, rolling herself about in every direction and covering herself with mud. The onlookers gave her up for lost, but the canine physician had healed herself. tlesnakesnip in deadly combat.-Santa

### Cruz Surf.

High Price for Old Furniture. Old furniture still sells extremely well. In Paris recently two Louis XV. cabinets, ornamented with ancient francs, a Louis XV. chest, of drawers

It is expected that 120,000,000 lobsters will be hatched in NewfoundA FLORIDA SNAKE STORY.

That big rattlers still exist here the experiences of Misses Fay and May Barnes, living some five miles from here, conclusively proves. The girls were out berrying last week, and went down into the Pony Creek hammock, a wild and dismal stretch of dark woods himself and the things which interest in and heavy underbrush. Late in the afternoon, while getting ready to re-turn home, May stepped on a rotten which will interest the people with log, which broke and let her down into a deep hole which it concealed. As she fell she heard a dismal and curious women and has nothing better to offer rustling, rattling noise, but the fall so as his contribution to the conversation seared her that she did not think what | than base ball talk or reminiscences of it might mean. She screamed out college scrapes, will make himself entertaining, if at all, only by making behind, came running up. May then was in the hole, only her head being to say, is not what he is after. So of it might mean. She screamed out

"Hurry up and help me out!" she screamed, as her sister came up, "there's snakes in here, I'm sure," and the poor girl almost fainted in the intensity of her fright. Fay set to work like a brave frontier girl, as she was, and tried to pull May out; but it seemed an impossible task. as she had sunk into the hole so deep, and the rotten wood had almost wedged her in. Seizing May by the shoul-ders she pulled justily, but to no avail.

Then, after a moment's thought, she took off the shawl that she wore, and, twisting one end around May's shoulders, fastened the other end to a big limb near by. This made it so that the imprisoned girl could aid herself some. Nerving themselves, and with a "pull all together." they strained. and with delight both saw they were successful. May came up out of the hole and sank fainting on the ground. As Fay

angry looking rattlers emerge from the hole, and their loud ractles were echoed from several points around them in the forest. Hastily catching up her sister, with a superhuman strength that she was surprised at afterward, Fay carried her fainting and helpless sister off out of the threatened danger. Soon, under her energetic treatment, May opened her eyes with a shudder, but as she heard the lond hisses of the serpents that had escaped out of the hole and saw their horrible aspect, she screamed out loud in her fright. Fay proved the heroine of the occasion, and, getting her sister she saw that it was impossible to earry May off in her present unnerved con

As the girls scrambled up on the stump out of present danger the augry rattlings of the snakes became very startling, and their vicious hissing made the girls shudder in spite of their present safe quarters. The snakes became more and more angre as their number increased, and they began surounding the stump on which the two girls now cowered praying for help and ever and anon shouting for aid. The sound of their voices plainly angered the rattlers, and they soon presented a solid ring around the stump. They would crawl up as near as poss ble, and then coil up and strike at the imprisoned girls, but always falling back with hisses of rage and venom.

One of the largest managed to hit

the top part of the stump and his fangs held him there a moment, but May, "mislick" and hit another, and this around that stump in one mad fight, hitting one another, hissing with impotent rage and thrashing about madly in their dying struggles. The girls looked on with big frightened eyes, devoutly boping that their deliverance was working itself out. The sickening stench from the poisoned fangs of the serpents began to effect the girls, and both soon fell forward in a faint, the

broad top of the pine stump fortunately holding them fast. How long the fight lasted they knew not, as their first recollection of recovery was to hear the guns and shouts of their friends. Their eager replies soon rought their rescuers to them and a frightful scene met their eyes. Scatart is all right in its place; why not have a likeness look natural, if it's going to be a likeness?"—Roston Trime gether. Only three were found alive and these were around the stump, colled up and eyeing the girls' forms on it. They were soon dispatched and

the poor girls brought down from their fearful situation. Old hunters think that May fell into a rattler's home, and that she was not dark in there, her body filling up the Journal. opening so that the snakes were too bewildered to strike. - Globe-Democrat.

## Going to See "Maw's Folks.

A few weeks ago a bridal couple came in from near Pine Valley, in Reynolds County, bound to 'maw's folks" over in Shannon County, writes a correspondent of the Denver News. and set it on the platform. The box eye. A tschinovnik of the censure was the only trunk they had, and in it was the clothing of the bride and groom. The happy pair sat on the box, making sheep's eyes at each other and looking down the track for the press. These he reads over, marking train by turns. The groom was very proud of his new wife, surveying her with a look of complete satisfaction. The train drew up at last, and the agent took the box and put it in the baggage car. The bridal couple stood around for a minute, when the conductor shouted "All aboard." 'Come wire netting every time."—Burlington
Free Press.

Miss Gadder—"Why is it that Miss
Longout is always going to the chirotempted the usual mode of procedure,

Longout is always going to the chirotempted the usual mode of procedure,

Longout is always going to the chirotempted the usual mode of procedure,

Longout is always going to the chirotempted the usual mode of procedure,

Longout is always going to the chirotempted the usual mode of procedure,
the rear end of the baggage car, and
the rear end of the baggage car, and the rear end of the baggage ca going into the end door, surprised the after the lapse of a certain time." baggage man by seating themselves on the box. Before that official had recovered himself so as to explain matters the proud groom turned to his pleased bride and smilingly observed: "It do beat all, Mary, how fine they's gettin' things. Ef ther fo'ks et home o'ud on'y see us now, how'd they feel, d'ye reckon?"

### Death Long Drawn Out.

It appears from a report on capital punishment which has just been laid before the Parliament of Austria and Hungary that executions in that country are carried out in an inconceivably barbarous manner. The convict is placed on the ground, where he stands with a long rope around his neck, which presently jerks him off his legs, and he remains struggling horribly in the air for several minutes. A convict is never strangled in less than seven minutes, and often the operation takes a quarter of an hour, and the poor wretch is usually conscious, or nearly conscious, during the greater part of the time. People talk about disgraces to civilization-surely this is

WHY THEY ARE DULL TALKERS. Two Girls, Besieged by Ruttlers, Witness The Average Young Man Must Read If a Hot Battle.

> The Boston Journal says that there the various other subjects, either of business or of pleasure, which are chiefly the concern of men. They ought not to be forced into conversation with women. If the latter want to know about them, very well, but the information should be given as brightly and interestingly as possible, and without any appearance of a conde-scending culightenment. The true gentleman who enters the society of women with the deference which he should feel, will study them sufficiently to know what things are likely to interest them and what are not.

Another difficulty is that the average young man is likely to make a mistake as to the things which will interest young women, even when he makes a sincere attempt to adapt his conversation to them. Old notions die hard. There are still a great many young men who cannot understand that the young man is likely to make a mistake men who cannot understand that the young women whom they know, some of them at least, have minds which are capable of something more than small turned to help her she was horrified to capable of something more than small see the heads of several vicious and talk, of fashion plates, or society gossip. Nevertheless this is true. Nothing is more gailing to young women of cultivation and intelligence than to be persistencly talked down to by the men of their acquaintance. Let the average young man realize that the average knows probably at least as much as he does, and he will make his conversation.

Was going to be the capital of West LIFE SCHOLARSHIPS, - 87.

No Vacations. Day and Evening Sessions. does, and he will make his conversation better worth while by putting a little change the capital fell through for the intellect into it. A third difficulty is that the average

young man is seriously in danger of being left behind, intellectually, by the average young woman. We do not expect that this alarming statement on her feet, she managed to get her up on a tall pine stamp that stood some five or six feet above the ground, as a young man, who in college gave his chief thought to athletics and after he five to ten and twenty dollars an acre, leaves college is engrossed in business. is likely to keep up with his sister, or some other fellow's sister, who started with a mind at least as bright as his, has had equal educational advantages, and has both time and disposition to improve herself. We maintain that no young man can afford to deprive himself of the broadening and elevating influence of good books. The newspaper has its place, but it is not the place of Shakspeare or Milton, of Addison or Ruskin, or any other of the great masters of English. Business has its exacting demands, but they can best be met by a man who relieves the tension met by a man who relieves the tension is likely and the second of the great masters of the place of the great masters of English. Business has its exacting demands, but they can best be magazine on a firm financial basis, bought his supplies for cash, and the magazine on a firm financial basis, bought his supplies for cash, and charged cash for his advertising. He can be stated as the magazine on a firm financial basis, bought his supplies for cash, and charged cash for his advertising. He can be stated boom struck Denver, and he sold, I am told, a pertion of his land to a syndicate for \$500,000 when the sold, I am told, a pertion of his land to a syndicate for \$500,000 when the sold, I am told, a pertion of his land to a syndicate for \$500,000 when the sold, I am told, a pertion of his land to a syndicate for \$500,000 when the sold, I am told, a pertion of his land to a syndicate for \$500,000 when the sold, I am told, a pertion of his land to a syndicate for \$500,000 when the sold, I am told, a pertion of his land to a syndicate for \$500,000 when the sold, I am told, a pertion of his land to a syndicate for \$500,000 when the sold, I am told, a pertion of his land to a syndicate for \$500,000 when the sold, I am told, a pertion of his land to a syndicate for \$500,000 when the sold, I am told, a pertion of his land to a syndicate for \$500,000 when the sold in the sold to be a perturb for \$100 wanti for a package or \$2.50 a cold \$50 perkages. It is the bes is likely to keep up with his sister, or some other fellow's sister, who started sion in standard and current literature. If the young man of the period is to converse to the edification and entertainment of young women he must fill his mind with something besides base ball, or stocks, or politics. These may enter into conversation, but they must not be its staple. To restore the proper conversational relations of the sexes, the average young man must improve his habits of thought and speech in more ways than one.

#### Hints for Amateur Actresses.

To the ladies, only a word or so. one retorted with a vicious bite that Avoid powder on your arms, especiala good deal by tanuers and soap makers stirred up a war at once, and then the ly in love scenes. It is bound to come fight became general. The vicious off on the lover's coat—it is a pity to and ugly-looking rattlers struggled spoil the coat and it is a worse pity to detract the audience's attention from the scene to his misfortune.

If you wear a train, be sure to make wide turns. A woman may manage her train charmingly in the ball-room and yet find herself awkward about it

on the stage. Don't carry flowers, or fans, for handkerchiefs, or hats or dogs unless the piece requires it, and unless you know just what you are to do with such articles when you get on the stage—just when you are to get rid of them-or you will find yourself with both hands full at the very moment when the villinin has to seize you by both wrists, etc., etc., or, when you ought to throw your arms about your father's neck, you will find one hand engaged with an open parasol, or

mething of the sort. To all of you-Don't try too hard to "act." You will act all the better if you keep cool, and so don't get mixed about your lines and situations.

One big rule for always-Play whatever part you are east for, earnestly and conscientiously. It isn't the part; it is the actor that makes a performoitten while in the hole because it was | ance a good one or not. - Ladies' Home

### How the Czar Gets the News.

At present the czar eschews all Russian newspapers: their pmans and their lamentation never reach his ears, says on urgent occasions it has been done in the London Telegraph, Among the many departments of the ministry of the interior there is one called the "Department of His Majesty's Jour-The young pair got out of the wagon that was pulled up by two sleepy oxen.

The man took a box from the value of some mild articles and items of in-The man took a box from the vehicle telligence meant for the emperor's rises from his bed in the gray of the early morning and hurries off to the department, where advance sheets of press. These he reads over, marking with red pencil all the passages the interest of which is not marred by inudiciousness. There are certain events as well as numerous words and phrases which a Russian emperor, like certain French king, must never be allowed to hear.

"Feu le Roi d'Espagne?" (the late dignantly. "Oh, it is a title, your majesty, taken by the king of Spain marked passages are then cut out, pasted together on sheets and handed over to the director of the department, who, after carefully considering and if needs be curtailing them, signifies his approval. The extracts are then copied caligraphically on the finest description of paper, forty or fifty words to the page, and the journal in this state is given to the minister of the interior or his adjunct. If this dignity is satisfied it is passed on to the general-in-waiting, who deposits it on his majesty's table about 4 o'clock the following day. The news that slowly dribbles through this official filter is seldom of a nature to discompose the feelings of the ezar or disturb his

### A Cure for Croup.

Dr. Laugardiere of Toulouse reports to the French Academy of Medicine that he has discovered a cure for croup. It is a very simple one—a tablespoon-ful of flour of sulphur in a tumbler of water. After three days of the treatment his patients were rescued from imminent death, and fully recovered. I the water.

MONEY IN MAGAZINES. the Proprietor of a Magazine Boosted it into Prosperity.

W. D. Howells is now employed ex-clusively by Harper and he gets, per-haps, as large a salary as any literary editor of the United States to-day. editor of the United States to-day. I was told some time ago, writes Frank G. Carpenter, that he received as much as \$2,000 for a short story, and his royalties must bring him a large income. There is more money to-day in magazines and magazine writing than ever before. The Century Company has already grown rich and its English circulation alone is worth a large fortune. Scribner's Magazine is making big profits and the Cosmopolitan Magazine has jumped from bankruptcy into prosperity.

me right back to my father's farm."

A visitor to a wretched tenement relates an incident even more touching. She was met by the eager face of a child who held a broken jug fall of a child who held a broken jug fall of a child who held a broken jug fall of a child who held a broken jug fall of the town ought to have more of the town ought to ha

into prosperity.

This magazine was originally started by Schlicht and Field, a couple of bright young speculators, in Rochester, N. Y. They ran an office-file business N. Y. They ran an office-file business in connection with the magazine and were making it pay when they moved down to New York. Here they branched out in many directions, began to lose money, and threw good money after bad until they were practically bankrupt. It was at this time that "Buck" Grant was taken into the magazine and it had another spurt.

In the meantime the business affairs of Schlight and Field got warranged were Schlicht and Field got worse and worse,

and the magazine was sold to J. Brisben Walker, who now owns it and has apolis, and he went to China with BOOKKEEPING, SHORTRAND, TELEGRAPH Burlingame as a naval attache. After the war he took a notion that a great deal of money was to be made in real estate, and he naticipated the great real estate boom which has since struck settled and ran for Congress, and was, I am told, elected, but counted out. He thought at this time that Charleston In property there. The movement to time and he lost everything.

Gathering up the debris of his estate
he moved to Denver and there edited

for a time a weekly newspaper. He bought it for a song, got it on the road to making money and sold it at a profit. He took the money which he received from it and began to buy land on the outskirts of Denver. He bought one little farm after another at from until at last be had about 1,000 acres.

When he first bought the Cosmopolitan he spent about \$50,000 in the first few weeks in advertising, and he has been spending ever since. He put the magazine on a firm financial basis, bought his supplies for cash, and charged cash for his advertising. He hired the best brains he could find to have him and the result in the the help him, and the result is that the magazine now sells as well as the oldest established periodicals. It has now about eighty thousand circulation, and it had only sixteen thousand when Mr. Walker took hold of it two years ago. It is now making money notwithstanding that it has such men as Murat Halstead and Edward Everett Hale among its editors.

#### Hard Riding in the East.

During the last century when long much in vogue in Europe among the aristocracy and wealthy sporting men, a match was made between Mr. Shafts and Mr. Maywell for 1,000 guineas, Mr. Shafts to find a man who would ride 100 miles per day for twenty-seven

consecutive days. There was a great deal of money bet on this thing, principally against its being done. It was well known, however, that distances of 800 to 1,200 and even 1,500 miles had frequently been covered at the rate of from 100 to 120 or even 150 miles per day, but the knowing ones thought that the enormous distance of 2,700 miles at 100 per day would be likely to break any horseman down. Nevertheless, John Woodcock, who was selected to ride by Mr. Shafts, performed the feat without any extra fatigue or punishment. He used thirty horses, and rode three or links, Rollers, Tablet Composition, Etc. four of them each day.

In Turkey the sultan's mails and Newspapers on the HOME PLAN. dispatches from outlaying provinces used to be carried by Tartars riding post, with relays of horses changed every twenty or thirty miles, and are now in some parts of the country where telegraph has not been established. The same man in charge went the whole distance; these couriers would often perform great feats of endurance. From Bagdad to Constantinople is 1,600 miles, not over a level or rolling 1,600 miles, not over a level or rolling prairie, but frequently crossing mountain ranges, along precipices, across torrents, etc., and there is not a mile of made rode the whole way, yet the ordinary time the Tartars took to perform the distance was a fortnight, and

twelve days, and even eleven days. There is no doubt whatever about this because the route through Asia Minor, from the Persian Gulf, was in former days, before the Red Sea route was established, often used by officers and others who did not mind rough travel and were in a hurry to get home or to get out to India, and they often rode with the Tartars from end to end, besides the British resident at Bagdad, or rather the residency, was for more than a century in the habit of trans-mitting dispatches from India and Con-stantinople and Europe by these same carriers. As much as 150 miles per day has often been done for eight or ten days by the Tartars, They only rested four hours out of the twenty-four, and pushed on the rest of the time at a rate of six to ten miles an hour.

### The History of Pepper.

The value of pepper in cooking seems to have been known long ago. Its use as a medicine was common in the days of Hippocrates, who applied it, moistened with alcohol, to the skin of his patients. Just as sugar and tea have been in past times so dear as only to be within the reach of the wealthy. so pepper was in the Middle Ages a very costly condiment. So much was it valued that a small packet was at that time deemed a suitable present to offer a great person. Common or black pepper is now grown in many tropical countries. It is a climbing ant some twelve feet high, bearing fruit of a bright red color the size of a pea, which, when dried, turns black.

Famous Author (who always tries his fictions upon his wife first)—"You do not like this story; I am a fool to expect it. Malediction! Pehaps when I'm dead you will appreciate me." Long-Suffering Wife (wearily)-"Perhaps; 'Dead men tell no tales,' you know."—Philadelphia Press.

When a steamer passes over the Port Huron tunnel the noise of the wheel can readily be heard in the hole, which is at least forty feet under

Send in Your Gifts.

The matron of a children's as jum not long ago received a barral of vegetables from a thoughtful friend. She actually buried her face among them, suiffing up the pleasant homely gragrance. "O," she exclaimed, "it takes me right back to my father's farm."

An electric brake has been devis in England by means of which a train going at the rate of thirty miles an in a space of 200 feet.



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