

A FORTY DOLLAR JOKE.

How a Physician Gets Even with a Practical Joker.

If a prominent physician ever in the north-west hasn't got even with one practical joker...

"Does Dr. J— live here?" "Yes." "Have you lived here long?" "For twenty years. Who are you? What business do you want?"

"I want to know why you don't move. That's all. Tell me." "And then the funny man bores down into the street and scolds home, where he laughs for half an hour straight."

"He didn't laugh half so much the other night. The doctor was loaded for him. He knew that laugh and that yell, and he struck a funnel in the tube and poured in two quarts of aquafortis. Stafford's indelible ink, liquid tea and a few chemical whiffs of torment. It gurgled and gurgled for one second and then struck Dr. J— in the mug, just as he opened his mouth for another howl. It came with a thirty-foot fall and a ten-pound pressure to the square inch."

"He swallowed a pint before he could get his mouth shut, and the impromptu hospital arrayed all over his face and silk hat, and shirt front, and dress suit. It was a roof raiser, and curled him like a cockroach on a hot stove."

"It will cost the doctor \$40 for plumbing, but he grins every time he thinks of it.—Washington Post."

A High Liver.



Medicant—Is that you, Tilly? Tilly—Yes, father.

Medicant—Well, run home and tell mother or not to forget to deposit the money I left with her this morning, and to leave duck and green peas for dinner to-night. (Hearing a strange footstep.) Fly the poor blind!—Life.

Really Quite Careless.

A West Side church is in process of renovation, and the pastor is daily engaged in raising funds to pay the expenses. One means the pastor takes for that purpose is to call on his parishioners and ask for subscriptions. In one case a good man approached the front door of a parsonage's house, rang the bell, the door opened and a little girl appeared.

Pastor—Good afternoon, my child. Is your mother at home?

Little Girl—No, sir, mamma is down town.

Pastor—Will she be back soon?

Little Girl—I-I guess so.

Pastor—Then I will come in and wait a few minutes.

Pastor enters and takes a seat in the parlor. Being desirous of knowing what kind of house his people provide for their families, the clergyman looked about him and soon discovered a pair of feet protruding from under a curtain. A little further optical investigation satisfied him that the feet belonged to the little girl's mother. By and by the child appears again and said that she thought her mamma would not return for an hour or two.

"Well," says the pastor, "I will not wait, but, my child, be kind enough to tell your mother the next time she goes down town to take her feet with her."—Buffalo Express.

His Version.

It is the excellent practice of the teachers in the Washington public schools to give out to their pupils brief extracts from the best poetry and to ask the pupils to reproduce the lines in their own language. This not only familiarizes the pupils with our best literature, but teaches them to read understandingly and to write such in his own independent style. The other day a gentleman who coaches for the truth of the story informs a teacher gave out the following lines from Longfellow:

I heard the trailing garments of night sweep through her lattice-halls. I saw her white skirts all fringed with light from the eastern walls.

One little fellow brought in his translation, beginning:

I heard the long tails of her night skirts sweep along the moon floor.

Encouraging Extraneous.

One Frank, a Massachusetts man, was digging a well when he struck oil on his. Two men seemed to fill up the well for \$6, and the oil came out and down and around the barrel as if it were a cork.

South America's Yucca Root.

The mealy substance of the poisonous yucca root, or cassava, furnishes the flour of the country—yuca starch. This is the same root from which the tapioca of commerce is prepared. The Indians, who are the bakers of the country, grate the yucca root and squeeze out the poisonous juice with their hands. They wash the substance and bake it before the fire. This final process drives away any remnant of poison that may remain, as the poisonous element of the plant is prussic acid, a volatile liquid easily expelled by heat. In some Indian tribes the juice of the yucca root is used as a mode of public execution, and twenty-six drops are said to be enough to kill a stalwart man in six minutes. Yet even this deadly juice, when boiled, becomes harmless, and it is commonly fermented to make chicha, the favorite beer of the country.

The Indians make a delicious snow white bread from the yucca, which resembles the passover bread of the Jews. This bread they retail in guambos or netted bags thrown across the backs of donkeys. Yuca flour is imported to our own markets under the name of tapioca arrowroot. I think the Brazilian arrowroot is all made from the yucca root. South American cooks make delicious little breakfast puddings of this yucca starch and cheese, which are served with coffee in the sleeping room before the regular breakfast hour. The root of the yucca is boiled and takes the place of our potato, and all the clear starching of the household is done with yucca starch.—Amy C. Slianks in Good Housekeeping.

Her Retired Revenge.

A young man and his wife, who have not long been married, were intending to spend the night at her father's house in a neighboring town; and as the husband could not get away until late in the afternoon, he escorted his wife to the station and put her on board of a somewhat earlier train, an accommodation train, as he supposed, just before it started. And it so happened that in the same car, in the next seat to his wife, was a young man who is generally believed to have been an unsuccessful suitor for her hand. The train had scarcely left the station before the husband, who, by the way, is of a very jealous disposition, discovered it was an express, making its first stop forty or fifty miles from Boston. After a good deal of telegraphing to one person and another, including an explanatory dispatch to his mother-in-law, the mortified young man had the pleasure of meeting his wife at the proper station about two hours late for dinner. She could scarcely have been otherwise than fatigued, hungry and irritated; but mark the cleverness of the woman! "Tired, worn out? Not in the least. I suppose I must be hungry, but I really had not thought of it. I have had the most charming afternoon. Mr. — very kindly waited with me at — junction, and I never appreciated before how entertaining he is." This is what I call civilized revenge.—Boston Transcript.

Turks Gathering Manna.

Mr. Cole, of Bitlis, a missionary of the American board in Eastern Turkey, in describing a journey from Harpoot to Bitlis, says: "We traveled for four days through a region where had newly fallen a remarkable deposit of heavenly bread, as the natives sometimes call it—manna. There were extensive forests of scrubby oak, and most of the deposit was on the leaves. Thousands of poor peasants, men, women and children, were out upon the plains gathering the sweet substance. Some of them plunge into kettles of boiling water the newly cut branches of the oaks, which washes off the deposit, until the water becomes so sweet as to remind the Yankee of a veritable sugaring off in the old Granite state as he takes sips of it. Other companies of natives may be seen vigorously beating with sticks the branches, which, from having been spread upon the ground, have so dried that the glistening crystals fall readily upon the carpet spread to receive them. The crystals are separated from the pieces of leaves by a sieve, and then the manna is pressed into cakes for use. The manna is in great demand among these Oriental Christians. As we were traveling through a rather dry region, the article came in play for our plain repast."—Chicago Journal.

Society in Tahiti.

A Tahitian gentleman or lady is a charming person to meet. They are cultivated and refined, the men have been educated in the best universities in Europe. They and their wives are traveled, and they meet the stranger with a knowledge of his customs as well as of his language, and with a hospitality, simple, generous and delightful. What with spearing fish on the reef by torchlight, picnics in coconut groves by the sea, drives on the beautiful Broom road up or the cliffs and across the lagoon by Piarah's caves, dinner parties under a banana leaf roof, and reclining under the trees on moonlight nights, the happy days slip by unnoticed. But Tahiti exacts an expensive tribute from the stranger for the happiness he has felt—he can take but the memory away and a longing to be back in "dear, lazy, sunny Tahiti."—Cor. New York Tribune.

Blue Eyes the Best.

There is some reason for the admiration generally felt for blue eyes. A connoisseur in eyes states that nine-tenths of the railroad men, pilots and others who are selected for their keenness and correctness of vision have blue eyes. Eminent eyes are beautiful. Gray eyes usually denote intelligence, and hazel eyes denote a strong fancy. The connoisseur is a flash into his heart.—L. L.

OREGON WILD CATTLE.

The Strange Breed That Inhabits the Top of the Umpqua Mountains.

"California sportsmen can now go up to Oregon and shoot wild cattle," said John Day, an Umpqua mountain pioneer, referring to the completion of the railroad. "It is a fact that there are hundreds of wild cattle in the high hills skirting the Umpqua valley, and some of them are not more than a couple of miles from the railroad track. Some of these cattle, too, are 25 years old or more. In the mountains near Riddle and Beaudou they are probably the thickest, but they do not venture down in the valley much. They stay in the tops of the hills and get water from the living springs which run there. For the most part they are concealed in the dense growth of oak and fir in these mountains. There is heavy underbrush, too, so that it is a hard matter to get on to them. They go in bands of six or eight usually, but at night a herd of forty or fifty get together and lie down in the same yard—that is they sleep on the same spot, which is usually a secluded place among the trees. A band of wild cattle have been known to get together on a cleared place like this every night for a couple of years."

"When feeding there are always a few bulls to act as sentinels. While the cattle graze in bands of half a dozen or so, they are nevertheless close to other bands, so that at any alarm from any one of the bulls, which leisurely feed on higher ground, they all run away together."

"The cattle are of all colors and wilder than deer. It is a hard matter to get a shot at them for the reason that their scent is so keen. They can smell a man a long distance off. They got wild in 1853 when the old man fiddies and two or three others of the first settlers came to the valley. Their cows wandered off and could not be found. After two or three years, all the pioneers had to do when they wanted beef was to rig out two or three pack animals and go up into the mountains. The cattle had to be killed on sight the same as deer or bear, for they could no more be driven down than deer could. Once killed they were quartered, packed on the horses, and carried down. They have been hunted a good deal of late years, so that there are not as many as there used to be."

"Some of the cattle are very large and fat. I have caught glimpses of bulls in the top of the Umpqua hills that astonished me. A bull I saw in the fall of '78 on the head of the Rogue river I am certain would weigh 1,400 pounds. There is good grazing in the mountains all the year round. A peculiarity about these cattle is that their eyes and horns are jet black. The retina, iris and the whole apple of the eye are one mass of black. You can't distinguish any difference in any part of it. The horns, too, while being black as ink, are long and very sharp. Brought to bay, the Oregon wild cattle are very wicked fighters."—San Francisco Examiner.

Old Times in Louisiana.

Those "society balls" were conducted with great propriety and reserve. The claim of every person of both sexes to be admitted having been previously determined by the responsible and trusty committee, there was a sort of temporary and conventional equality on the terrace-floor and, therefore, every gentleman had the privilege to invite a lady without the formality of an introduction to figure in the dance as his partner. After it was over he escorted her back respectfully to her seat, without presuming, if unknown and not duly presented, to remain standing before her, or to sit by her side, to continue the conversation or prolong the accidental acquaintance.

During the intervals of dancing the gentlemen walked up and down between the rows of ladies that densely lined the hall, some merely bowing as they passed to those whom they knew and others stopping to converse. No woman, married or single, joined in this promenade with a male companion, as is the custom in these present days, and the eye of a lynx could not have detected the slightest flirtation. The word itself was not known, for the thing it means is for Louisiana a modern invention, which had not then been patented and brought out for public use. In fact, this peculiar pastime would have been impossible to attempt. It would have produced a social earthquake.—American Magazine.

The Color of the Sea.

Artists always seem at a loss to deal with the color of the sea, and few are those who please the public. Professor Tyndall has come to their aid. He recognizes three principal hues in sea waves—blue, green and yellow. Solid particles held in the water act as minute mirrors reflecting the light which penetrates the liquid. The rays which are sent out, after having traversed only a thin stratum of water, preserve their yellow parts; but if the reflections are attenuated the water appears green; and if they do not exist at all, the sea being clear and free from muddy matters, the color is deep blue. In an indigo sea the crest of the waves will appear green on account of their lack of thickness. Seaweed, animalcules and other local or accidental causes may have much influence on the color of the water.—Court Journal.

Finishing a Buffalo.

I saw an old Indian, over 60 years of age, apparently following a buffalo that was just able to drag himself along with three arrows in his side. The old man's quiver was empty, and he was impatient to finish him. He hid cautiously from his pony, and, stealing up behind the buffalo, sprang forward, snatching one of the arrows from his side and sending it smack as a flash into his heart.—L. L.

A Heaven on Earth.

Mrs. Gushing—Oh, I am so charmed with your home, Mrs. Quiverful. Such a beautiful house, and such pleasant surroundings! and then such daughters, too. I hope the young ladies realize that their home is a perfect paradise.

Uncle Joe's mean old thing—Oh, they live up to it, Mrs. Gushing. I assure you there is no marrying or giving in marriage here.—Dunsey's Weekly.

Weather Changes.



George—How much colder it's getting! Viola—Yes, but it will be warmer soon, for here comes papa.—Munsey's Weekly.

Unable to Come to an Understanding.

Footpad presenting pistol—Fork over your rhino, and be quick about it! Near Sighted Bostonian—Beg pardon? Sternly—No monkeying! Unhumble! Produce the acids!

"Pardon me, but I do not exactly apprehend the drift of your"— "Guess your patter! Don't you see I've got the drop! Unload your hoodlum!"

"I am totally at a loss, my dear sir, to perceive the relevancy of your observations or to"—

"Clap a stopper on your gab and whack up, or I'll let her speak! Turn out your bundle quick! Get a squirm on you!"

"Is there any peculiarity in the external seeming of my apparel or demeanor, sir, that impels you, a total stranger, to"—

"Once more, you dash bedeviled bloke, will you uncork that awg?" (Hopelessly bewildered) "My friend, I profess my utter inability to gather any coherent idea from the fragmentary observations you have imparted. There is something radically irresolvable and incapable of correlation in the vocabularies with which we endeavor to make the reciprocal or correlative interchange of our ideas intelligible. You will pardon me if I suggest that synchronization of purpose is equally indispensable with homogeneity of cerebral impression, as well as parallelism of idiom and"—

But the highwayman had fled in dismay!—Chicago Tribune.

The Power of the Press.

"I don't want that young fellow to come around here any more," her father gave out decisively.

"All right, father. He is only a newspaper reporter, and"

"A reporter? Oh, well, in that case I don't think it's any use. In the first place it wouldn't do any good, and we'd only be having him coming down the chimney or through the window, so I guess we had better yield gracefully."

And that evening, after she told him, it was a pleasure to them both to acknowledge the great power of the press.—Philadelphia Times.

The New Courtman.

Lady—And what is your Christian name? Courtman—Sebachnimezar, mum.

Lady—What a dreadfully long name. I should never be able to pronounce it if I wanted you in a hurry.

Courtman—You don't need to pronounce nothing, mum. When yer wants on you're only to stick yer fingers in yer mouth and whistle, and I'll be around afore yer can say Jack Robinson.—Venetian News.

No Nonsense About Him.

They were talking of death when one man asked: "What were his last words?"

"He didn't say anything," was the reply. "That's just like him," said the first man, with an approving nod. "There was no gas about him. He was all business."—Texas Sittings.

Overworked.

Customer—Does the edge improve on a razor by laying it away for a time after honing?

Barber—I believe so. Customer—You ought to put that one away for about two thousand years.—Boston Herald.

You Costly to Trifle With.

Caller—Why don't you try Christian Science for Pido? You know how much it did for our baby.

Hostess—Yes, but I can't afford to fool with the life of that dog. Why, he cost \$45!—Boston Gazette.

Native Vegetable Products.

In visits to nearly forty tribes of American Indians, Dr. J. S. Newberry has found twenty-three kinds of native vegetable products included in the Indian dietary, besides a great variety of nuts and vegetables.—Arkansas Traveler.

Separate Pleece in a Watch.

The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has 18,000 beats or vibrations per hour; 12,940,080 in thirty days; 137,680,000 in one year; it travels 1-43-109 inches with each vibration, which is equal to 9-3-4 miles in twenty-four hours; 223-1-9 miles in thirty days, or 3,578-2-4 miles in one year.—Christian Union.

My yer fiddle do bread pan do yeast say else dirt so wend'do ter poster

CLIFF DWELLERS OF ARIZONA.

A Fine Collection of Relics, Showing Their Life and Habits.

Professor Albert S. Bickmore, the superintendent of the American Museum of Natural History, at Seventy-eighth street and Eighth avenue, the other afternoon showed a reporter an exceedingly interesting collection which was received at the museum within a few days. It is an assortment of over 2,200 distinct specimens illustrating the mode of life and of death of the ancient Pueblo Indians. The collection was made and donated to the museum by Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, assistant surgeon in the United States army, now stationed at Fort Verde, A. T. Here he has been for nearly three years, and has occupied himself with searching for and exploring the wonderful cliff dwellings and other ancient remains so common in that region. The collection which he has sent on to the museum is exceedingly fine and interesting. It embraces articles illustrating the art of war as carried on by these aboriginal inhabitants of America, their various domestic manufactures, their manner of hunting and the foot upon which they lived.

From the great depth at which the articles were found, the immense layers of time since these villages were in active operation and teeming with life, may be estimated. Some of the articles were found at depths ranging from two to six feet; in the caves they were covered with dust and guano formed by the millions of bats which inhabit these dreary recesses, while out in the open plain they were covered with volcanic dust and scoria washed down from the neighboring heights. The caves are situated far up (sometimes hundreds of feet) on the sides of the canyons in which all the strata of that region are found. They are probably artificial and were made by the ancient inhabitants as protections against wild beasts and their human enemies.

Among the most interesting specimens in the collection just received are seven large lava or sandstone mortars, called metates by the Indians of the present day. They were and are still used by the modern Mexicans for grinding corn (maize), preparatory to making it into cakes. The method of grinding was exactly similar to that of the common mortar and pestle. But the chief interest attaching to them is their great size, several being one and a half or two feet in length and a foot in thickness; also the unusual depth to which they have been hollowed or scooped out. This depth shows the unremitting toil, energy and patience of this primitive race, who, with but another stone as a tool, gradually hollowed out, by hours and days of labor, a block of stone of the hardest kind to a depth of several inches. Each mortar is accompanied by several pestles, also made of lava, sandstone, and some of greenstone, a variety of lava.

Another exceedingly interesting set of specimens are the axes, of which there is a large number of examples. Among them are a few, which Professor Bickmore states he considers to be probably unique. These are stone battle axes, with a pointed end like an awl, instead of the usual flat edge. In the collection is an assortment of cloth fabrics, and among them is a needle, found in a piece of the cloth. This, unlike our modern needles, although yet very sharp, is of wood, being nothing more or less than the sharp, needle-like leaf of a member of the pine family of trees. The thread is still in position just as it was left by some aboriginal lady of fashion, long since dead and gone.

Besides these articles already noticed, the collection includes pieces of wicker and basket work, almost as it came from the hand of the maker, specimens of corn grains and cobs, cuds, bone awls and pins, stone arrow and spear points, fashioned both from splinters of obsidian (volcanic glass) and from chert-stony hammer, arrow sharpeners, stone knives and many other articles made both from stone and bone, whose uses are sometimes not wholly clear even to the skilled archaeologist. Among the various tools there is a small, round piece of wood, which Professor Bickmore explained was evidently intended to produce fire. A soft, pliable stick, being inserted in a hole in the first piece of wood and quickly twisted backward and forward, the rapid motion soon sets it afire.

Besides the corn and seeds, the food of the ancient Pueblos is also shown by a large assortment of bones—some whole, some fractured, and some mere splinters. When found they were in such a position and condition as to show that they were the remains of ferals. Other bones, such as those of man, have also sometimes become mixed with them. Some of the animals whose bones can be recognized are the elk, mule deer, antelope, beaver, spermophile and gopher (both species of rat), turtle, snake, turkey, cottontail and jack rabbit, mouse, musquash, and many others.—New York Evening Sun.

Working in a Mustard Mill.

I am employed in a mustard mill, where we daily grind hundreds of bushels of the strongest mustard seeds, then sifts it and preparing it for the trade. We also grind peppers and spices, occasionally preparing cayenne pepper. I work eight to ten hours a day in the fine dust that floats in the atmosphere of the room. You couldn't hardly come inside without sneezing for hours after. Yet I am fat, hearty, and do not know what sickness is. I make good wages and have worked many years at it, but there is one drawback. Whoever the creases in the skin made by the joints, etc., are the mustard and pepper get in, the first acting the same as a mustard plaster and the pepper irritating until sometimes the inflammation and sores are awful.—Philadelphia News.