

G FOLKS COLUMN.

THE AGE OF A DEER IS TOLD BY HIS ANTLERS.

Girl Tells What She Knows of the Great American Waterfall, Victoria and the Celebration of the Jubilee.

Many things that are being said about the golden jubilee of Victoria, of England, it may be well to the younger readers of this jubilee or celebration means



QUEEN VICTORIA.

It has always been customary to celebrate the birth and coronation days of kings and queens. Sometimes this has been done in respect to a time honored custom, because of the people's fondness for the pomp and pageantry of the occasion, and they have truly loved the woman who ruled over them.

Queen Victoria will have reigned as England's fifty years, or half a century, on the 24th of May. It is safe to assume that the day will be a grand one, and that representatives of all countries will participate in it.

Social Game of "Mummy." "Mummy" bids fair to rival the popularity, says a writer in Harper's, of the game of bridge. Divide the company into two parties, according to number, send division into an adjoining room, and should be arranged in a semi-circle, the larger ones on the lower chairs, the smaller ones on the upper. Each one in a sheet, only the eyes uncovered, but concealed so entirely that it is even a matter of conjecture whether it be a man or a woman.

A Narrow Range. Lawyer—I heard that Brassfront had his argument yesterday. They say he shut him up. Lawyer—Not exactly; only contrary to fact.—Tid Bits.

The Antlers of the Stag. Antlers are to the stag what a strongly pronounced nose is to man. They are the only part of his body which he cannot see, and which he is known and identified by, in mountain and in forest.

Miss Waldo (of Boston)—Yes, Mr. Wabash; I am perfectly delighted. Papa has decided that we shall spend next summer in Rome. Mr. Wabash (of Chicago)—Indeed! Why, I've got a friend in Rome. He is night clerk of the Butterfield house.—Tid Bits.



A STAG.

Year the stag casts his horns, adding more sprays, as these are formed, with age, but the main formation remains the same.

A Curious Experiment. In a semblance of perpetual motion, pieces of camphor giza in a basin of water. These pieces of camphor will exhibit a peculiar motion, traversing the surface of the water, but constantly being stopped by dropping into the minutest quantity of an oily

A Rare Combination.

Certain society circles have been greatly agitated this week over a novel sort of beverage introduced by the wife of a New Jersey congressman at her recent reception. Nobody seems to know what it really was, but everybody, you may depend upon it, is eager to find out. Quite by accident I am enabled to satisfy this curiosity. The following conversation between the hostess and one of her "assistants" at the refreshment table took place in one of those lulls when the stream of incoming visitors seems to have for some unaccountable reason been arrested, only to break out afresh with redoubled fury five minutes afterward. It is given upon the authority of a young scapegrace, at the time an inmate of the house:

Hostess (turning to the refreshment table and pointing to a pot of bouillon)—Mary, dear, if you want to replenish that pot of bouillon, just ring the bell for the servant; she'll bring it up from the kitchen. Mary—Is that bouillon! Oh, heavens, and here I have been serving it all the afternoon with milk and sugar! Tableau!—New York Tribune.

He Had No Library. "I believe you are a great reader, Miss Quimby?" "Yes, I read a great deal." "Have you read any of Tolstol's works?" "No, but I am dying to see some of his books." "There is no reason why you shouldn't see them. I can furnish you with them." "How delightful! You must have quite a library, Mr. Longhead?" "No, I can't say that I have. But, you see, I am a book agent."—Nebraska State Journal.

Necessary Preliminaries. Professional Stage Manager (engaged to superintend amateur theatricals)—Are the audience all seated? Professional Assistant—Yes, sir. "No one allowed to enter except those who had invitations?" "No, sir." "Did the policemen at the door succeed in disarming everybody?" "Yes, sir." "Ring up the curtain."—Omaha World.

They Acted Like It. "Do you know," remarked the professor, "that dogs have been known to act strangely for several hours before an earthquake?" "I do," calmly answered the student. "And what do you infer from this fact?" continued the professor. "That they were strange dogs," replied the brave young man.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

After His Wool. Mr. Cluff (who is going to have his hair cut)—Whad'er want, chile? His Youngest—Mummy told me t' feller yo' down, en git de wool whad kims off, fer fer stuff de softy piller.—Tid Bits.

Omaha Bows to Gotham. Over \$67,000,000 were invested in new buildings in New York last year. New York is rapidly becoming the Omaha of the east.—Omaha World.

They May Meet.



Here's a Moral for You. Donald Fletcher, who has just been elected president of the Denver (Colo.) Chamber of Commerce, reached that city nine years ago almost dead with consumption and with only \$5 in his pocket. He is now one of the wealthiest men in Denver, and has robust health. Moral: Go west, young man, with \$5 in your pocket and a bad attack of consumption in your system.—Norristown Herald.

The Philosophy of Etiquette. "Is it now considered ill bred to take the last biscuit off the plate?" queried Richelieu of Waggle. "Well, no, but it is decidedly unwise." "Unwise?" "Yes; always wait a minute and they'll bring on some hot ones!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Little Girl in The Pearl, not long ago, wrote the following concise and comprehensive composition on Niagara: Among the many wonders of this world is the great cataract of Niagara. It falls 164 feet. A short distance below the falls piles a small steamer, properly named the "Maid of the Mist," which conveys visitors within a few feet of the base of the cataract, where they can view it to their satisfaction, each being enveloped in a rubber suit to protect his clothes from the heavy mist.

In and about Niagara are many pieces of interest. Among them may be mentioned Table Rock, the Horseshoe falls, the Cave of the Winds, Goat Island, Three Sisters Islands, and last, but not least, the whirlpool rapids. The suspension bridge and the railroad bridge span the chasm that forms the bed of the Niagara river below the falls.

At Landy's lane, within sound of the roar of this mighty cataract, was fought the bloodiest battle of the war of 1812.

Unsymmetrical Physical Development.

Perfectly symmetrical development is rarely found in man or woman. Of course, those who work with their hands and are much on their feet generally excel in form, but there is a tendency in all for some limb or parts of the body to become stronger and better developed than the others. To occupation can be attributed this disparity, which, however, unless marked, is not of great significance. Excluding from consideration that class given to hard manual labor, we find that, in the majority of men and women, after the age of maturity is reached, the upper half of the body does not retain its relative development and strength as compared with the lower half.

Of course, the solution is easy, the labor put upon the lower limbs is greater than that which falls upon the arms to do. The business man, when told by his physician that he must exercise, insists that he has all that he needs, for he is "on his feet from morning until night," and the hard working housekeeper thinks, too, she has quite enough, and gives the same reason. We find these people strong on their feet, but comparatively weak in their arms. Circulation in the lower half of the body is good, but in the upper part it is less free, and less blood is attracted to it. The natural adjustment is destroyed. Nature intends that a certain portion of blood in the human body should enter and distribute itself throughout the muscular system. If, however, large muscles, like those of the arms and trunk, are insufficiently exercised, and as a consequence grow smaller, then the blood intended for them is diverted elsewhere. It must be taken up by the internal organs, and the liver is the one organ which, from its peculiar construction, will bear the greatest increase in the blood supply.—Boston Herald.

The Fear of Drafts.

Foul dust in rooms cannot be got rid of by any amount of sweeping and carpet beating. The only thing that will remove and replace it is a current of comparatively pure air from the outside. Except in very cold weather there should always be two open windows in each room on opposite sides. "If we should follow that advice," the horrified reader will exclaim, "we should all catch a fatal cold." Don't I remember a dozen colds I got by being exposed to a sudden draft? Only a few nights ago, when I occupied a seat near the door of a theatre, the door was left open during the intermission, and the draft, though pleasant enough, gave me a bad cold. No, thank you, no drafts for me!

This logic seems good, yet it is utter sophistry. As a metaphysician would say, the draft was only the occasion, not the real cause of the cold. The real cause was the foul, hot air in the theatre, which demoralized your skin and relaxed its blood vessels, so that they were unable to react suddenly and endure the healthful cool air from the street. In other words, it was not the draft that gave you the cold, but the sudden transition from hot to cold air. Such a transition is always injurious to the skin, whether it be from both to cold or from cold to hot air. But if you are not overheated, a current of cold air is never injurious.—The Epoch.

"Stirring Up" an Oil Well.

When the first flush of a well is gone, the torpedo agent is called in to increase the production. In shooting a well from 50 to 100 quarts of nitro-glycerine are used. This is lowered into the hole in shells cleverly contrived to prevent a premature explosion, and then the "go devil," a chunk of iron for exploding the cartridge on top of the glycerine, is dropped. In a minute or two an explosion about as loud as a firecracker will be heard, while the casing in the hole will rise a few inches above the derrick floor and then settle back. The response from the shot will not come until ten or twenty minutes later, then the well flows freely and at an increased rate. In the course of time the well refuses to flow of its own accord and is classed among the "pumpers." Two-inch tubing is run down to the producing sand, and the same machinery that was used in drilling the well is called in to do the pumping. From time to time the tubing and sucker rods are drawn and the well cleaned out or treated to another dose of glycerine. This explains why the derrick at a completed well is never torn down.—Rufus R. Wilson in San Francisco Chronicle.

Virtue in Onions and Beef.

What is the most strengthening food for a convalescent? Well, you know, the beef tea theory has been exploded. The most life giving and digestible food that can be given to one just recovering from an illness is chopped beef. Just take a pound of the finest round of raw beef, cut off all the fat, slice two onions, and add pepper and salt. Then chop the onions and meat together, turning them over and over until both are reduced almost to a pulp. Then spread on slices of rye bread and eat as sandwiches. People talk about celery being a nervine, but let me tell you that there is nothing which quiets the nerves without bad results like onions. The use of them induces sleep, and much strength is obtained from them. That is my ideal food for those convalescing or for any one who is in a weak state of health.—Kansas City Star.

His One Infirmity.



Grafton—A fully clever fellow, Gagley. He might shine in society if it wasn't for his one infirmity. Miss Clara—Why, I always thought he was very correct in his habits. Grafton—Oh, yes; he is all that, you know; but his neck's so ducedly short that he always has to wear a turn down collar.—Life.

IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

THE PECULIAR MARBLE LIKE QUALITIES OF POLAR SNOW.

Little Danger of Trains Being Blocked by Snow Drifts in the Extreme Northern Regions—Meteorological Conditions. Mistakes Which Writers Make.

When there was some talk a little while back about the Canadian government or the Manitoba portion of it, building a railway from Winnipeg to a port in Hudson's bay to get water communication through Hudson's strait to Europe, the press of the United States, and especially that of the Atlantic seaboard, was naturally against the scheme that ignored their country and its commercial advantages, the most common argument that I saw being condensed into the remark of one paper, which said that "this Arctic railroad would be busy shoveling snow off their track eleven months in the year and could rest the other month waiting for ships through the ice blocked straits." Had this railroad ever been built (I understand that it is now abandoned, although the railway company is anxious for another expedition to the straits), I surmise it would have been a commercial failure, but wholly so from the "ice blocked straits," while as far as snow impediments were concerned it is very doubtful if it would have suffered as much as many of the railroads within our own limits that have two or three serious blockades every winter.

NO DANGER OF BLOCKADES.

If any one of my readers will closely watch the railroad news through a winter he will see that the worst snow blockades are not confined to the most northern railways by any means. Only the other day I saw a Canadian criticism of the prospective Russian railway from Europe across Siberia to the Pacific ocean, as competing with their own for Chinese and Japanese trade when this same false idea that the Siberian railway would be closed half the year, with "deep Arctic snows," was thrown out as a big piece of comfort in the case, when the chances are good that it would be closed less by this means than the Canadian Pacific, while it has less trouble than transcontinental roads south of it. I lived a number of winters on one of these interoceanic railroads running nearly through the center of our country, reckoning north and southward, and this fact was painfully impressed on me in annoying blockades of days in length.

But it should be said on the other side, also, that from its greater density a foot or yard in depth of this hard, marble like Arctic snow would probably impede a train much more than an equal depth of the soft snow with which we are so familiar; but giving this all due allowance it is still in favor of the polar regions, and no capitalist need hesitate to put his money into Arctic railways on account of snow difficulties. There is already a railway in Europe—to Sweden—that runs into the Arctic regions for the purpose of tapping districts rich in the finest iron ores. It runs from the port of Lulea, in Sweden, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, across the Arctic circle to the Gellivara mountains, where the ores are found. It is only within the last month or two that the iron horse has invaded the frigid zone for the first time, running over this line, while the Hudson Bay railway, which has been so generally called the American Arctic railway, at its northern terminus was over 600 miles from the Arctic circle, or a little over half way from the Canadian-United States boundary to the frigid zone.

HARDNESS OF ARCTIC SNOW.

The shortness of the two seasons, spring and autumn, when the snow is falling, probably helps to explain why there is so little of it, at least in comparison with the popular idea regarding the large quantity. I know that occasionally some Arctic writer in a desperate attempt to portray the desolation of the north speaks of the deep, deep snow covering everything with its mournful mantle, but in a country where there are no trees nor brush to project through the snow, covering whatever may be its depth, it is impossible for any one to tell whether that covering is a foot or forty fathoms, as far as the superficial indications are concerned, and no such a person is going to take a ten-foot pole and go thrusting into snowdrifts to confirm his assertions for the benefit of his readers.

The peculiar hard consistency of the Arctic snow is due, according to Eskimo authority, to two reasons—the packing power of the polar gales and the action of the extremely low temperatures of that region. At least both of these conditions will have to be fulfilled before these Arctic architects will use the fall snows for building their curious winter homes of that material, or probably, to put it plainer, after enough snow has fallen to make house building safe on the side of quantity, a regular old boreal thermometer must have swept over it and the thermometer must have had a siege of depression before they consider it fit to cut into blocks and put together into houses.—Lieut. Frederick Schwatka.

"Cribbed, Cabined and Confined."

What enemy of a race, dependent for stamina and stability upon the health of its women, invented and ordained our "evening dresses?" The long pointed bodice—what there is of it—fits like a kid glove; a wreath of roses fast on the left shoulder, droops low below the bust until it finds safe lodgment on the protuberant right hip. Folds of tulle nestling the garland, in "surplice" style far below the breast bone, are confined on the right shoulder by a bow of ribbon. Sleeves there are none, unless the obsolete articles are indicated by the bow on one shoulder and the flowers on the other. The V-shaped exposure of the chest is corroborated at the back by a vacancy between the shoulder blades, which has the spinal column as a visible center. Long gloves strain in paroxysmal modesty to reach the ribbon knots and roses and fall by four inches of tender flesh.

It is winter, and undervest of merino or sanitary flannel was stripped from shoulders, chest and arms before the wearer "dressed" for the ball. She is padded and pinioned, and her skirts are tied painfully back over steel ribs that outbursts a satin and tulle train. In this rig—"cribbed, cabined and confined"—she is to enjoy invigorating exercise, the poetry of motion, in a room heated by furnace, gas and a crowd of steaming human bodies; the medium of air for which her staves leave room in her lungs will be breathed fifty times over before her turn comes.

MARK TWAIN'S VISITOR.

A Consumptive Man Ventures Into Twain's Smoke-House. (Arkansas Traveler.)

A Washington correspondent tells how Mark Twain, when he acted as the national capital correspondent of a California paper, used to occupy a small, dingy room, and how he used to smoke a villainous pipe and murderous tobacco to rid himself of unpleasant visitors. This was assuredly an excellent idea for a man who could stand it, but it cruelly sacrificed men who, with the kindest of intentions, called to see the quaint writer who was beginning to make a reputation.

One day, while the humorist was busily at work on a sketch which is now known in foreign languages, a tall, sallow-faced man, with a miserable expression of countenance, and a deep, consumptive cough, entered the room, and, without an invitation, sat down. In those days "Mark" could not well affect that independence which justifies the ejection of a caller, so, turning to the visitor, Mr. Clemens said:

"Well, what can I do for you?" "Well, nothin' in particular. I heard 'em say that you are the man that writes funny things, and as I have several hours to loaf round before the train leaves, I thought I would come around and git you to make me laugh a little. I ain't had a good laugh in many a day and I didn't know but what you might accommodate me."

"Twain" scowled at the man, who, thinking that the humorist was presenting him with a specimen of facial fun, began to titter.

"That'll do fast rate, cap'n, but I'd ruther heah you talk. I can make a mouth at a man about as easy as any feller you ever saw, an' w'at I want is a few words from you that'll jolt me like a wagin' had backed agin me."

"My friend, I am very busy to-day and—" "Yes, I know all that. I am busy myself except that I've got about two hours to loaf an' as I said jest now, I'd like for you to git off something that I can take home."

"Won't you have a cigar?" the humorist asked, to learn whether or not the man was a smoker.

"No, I never could stand a seegrah." "Twain" smiled, and, taking up his pipe filled it with tobacco strong enough to float a skillet on its fumes and began to puff. "I'll keep him in here now," the smoker mused, "until he is as sick as a dog. I wouldn't consent to his departure if he was to get down on his knees and pray for deliverance."



"I'll keep him here now until he is as sick as a dog."

"Nothing does a man more good than a hearty laugh," the visitor said, coughing as a cloud of smoke surrounded his head. "Wah, hoo, wah, hoo! Don't you think it is a little close in here?"

"Oh, no," replied "Mark," arising and slyly locking the door.

"I like a little fresh air, especially when there's so much smoke in a room."

"Oh, there's air enough here. How did you leave all the folks?"

"Well, Gabe, my youngest—wah, hoo, wah, hoo—ain't as peart as he mou't be, but all the others air stirrin'. You ain't got no chillun, I reckon?"

"No," the humorist replied, as he vigorously puffed his pipe.

"Well, I'm sorry fur you. That ain't nothin' that adds to a man's nachal enjoyment like chillun. That boy Gabe what I was talkin' about jest now, w'y, I wouldn't give him up fur the finest yoke of steers you ever seen."

"You wouldn't?"

"No, sir, wouldn't tech 'em with a ten foot pole—would refuse 'em pine blank ponder, don't you—wah, hoo, wah, hoo—think it's a gittin' a little too close in here now?"

"No, not a bit, just right."

"Well, I don't know the style in this place, but I'll try an' put up with it."

"Mark" showed no pity. The visitor, after a moment's silence, continued: "When I left home, Mur—that's my wife—said to me, says she, 'Now say, while you are there don't smoke that cob pipe.' Well, mother, says I, 'what'll I smoke? I never could stand a seegrah fur it ain't got no strength.' 'Well then,' says Mur, 'don't smoke none.' I wanted to follow her advice, but I put my—wah, hoo, wah, hoo—old fuses in my jeans an' now I'll be 'ere I'll take a smoke."

He took out a cob pipe and a twist of new ground tobacco, known in his neighborhood as "Tough Sam," whistled off a handful, filled his pipe, lighted it, put his feet on the stove and went to work. "Mark" soon began to snuff the foul air, but he was determined to stand it. Had he been acquainted with the numerous strong points of "Tough Sam" he would have surrendered at once, but this was his first introduction to "Samuel." The visitor blew smoke like a tar kiln. "Twain" grew restless. Beads of cold perspiration began to gather on his brow. He felt dizzy and seasick. Then, throwing down his pipe, he hastily unlocked the door and fled. On the sidewalk he met a friend.

"Hello, Clemens, what's the matter?" Twain told him what had occurred.

"Oh, you mean that fellow in brown jeans?"

"Yes."

"You ought to have had better sense than to light your pipe in his presence. He's a member of the Arkansas legislature."

A Free Climate.

"Look here!" she exclaimed. "This is terrible. You charge me twenty-five cents for that card of buttons, and back east I could get them for ten cents."

"Yes, ma'am, but just think of the elegant climate you get thrown in with every card of buttons."—Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press.