

**AIM HIGH.**  
High thinking more, high living less.  
Truth telling though the sky should fall,  
Would add to human happiness  
Under the heavens, unto all.  
The lofty standard of the just,  
The courage to defend the right,  
Would move us farther from the dust,  
And lift us nearer to the light.  
—George W. Bungay in Youth's Companion.

**AS A FOREIGNER SEES US.**  
He Thinks Americans Are Contradictory  
Mortals—Common Sense Needed.

"You Americans," said George Q. Taylor, a foreigner, to a group of New Yorkers, "are the most contradictory set of mortals on the globe. You shave all day and spend all night. You submit to all sorts of imposture and extortion, yet you are terrible fighters when aroused. Little things do not seem to fret you as they do foreigners. You are cheerful and courageous in the face of hopeless disaster, yet never seem unduly elated if you make a million or two. Now, why should such a people choose to wear the darkest and most gloomy looking clothing?"

A bystander ventured the remark that he didn't see anything particularly somber about the average American attire.

"You don't? Have you ever been up in the Western Union tower? Well, you ought to go up there. I made the ascent the other day, difficult as it is. The view is entrancing. But when I looked down into Broadway it made me shiver. The hurrying crowds on the sidewalks looked like two unending funeral processions moving in opposite directions. Black, black everywhere. All the red haired girls must have been up town, for there wasn't a white horse to be seen. The only relief to the eye was an occasional Broadway surface car. It was the most gloomy spectacle I ever looked down upon, yet I knew that beneath the dark exterior there were warm hearts, active brains and hands equally ready to fight or work."

"Well, what would you have us do? Dress in bright colors during the winter?"

"Not at all. Use common sense, that is all. Europeans generally do not see the necessity for dark colors in winter. So long as the clothing is heavy and warm the color doesn't matter. You can wear black over there if you like without exciting remark. But here, if a man wears a heavy plaid suit in winter he is contemptuously regarded by a native, even though his critic may be sniveling in his thin, black clothes. Take a New England town, New Haven for instance, if you want to see this provincial spirit in an exaggerated form. A faultlessly dressed New Yorker is an object of universal admiration. People run out of stores to look at him. A shabbily dressed man, even though his clothes fit him better than those of the average New Haven fuff, is at once and on all sides regarded as a sneak thief who ought to be in the lockup. But an Englishman or other foreigner in a plaid suit is an object of horror. To see the open mouths, and uplifted hands one would think Barnum's rhinoceros was loose in the street. I always put on a black suit when I go to New Haven, for I cannot do business there in any other sort of clothing."—New York Evening Sun.

**An Editor's Pigeon Holes.**

When, in the midst of my writing, something turns up that "must go" in or before the next paper, I shove it into a pigeon hole marked "Immediate." This pigeon hole claims first attention when I have breathing space. After this is cleared I turn to one marked "Advance"—matters that need time to develop, and want to be started well in advance.

One marked "Current" is devoted to matters that ought to be attended to regularly with every issue, though not necessarily before a given day. Things accumulate here sometimes, but sooner or later they are ground exceeding fine.

Best of all is a pigeon hole labeled "Contingent." It is practical, comprehensive, and within human limits—unnerving; it is packed with heads and tails for which I know the missing extremities will some day be crying: "Here is a curious contrivance; I want a description of it; I saw one once; then I shall find it here." I do. "You promised." "Oh, no!" "Oh, yes! I have your letter here," and I have. "What is the man's address? If I ever had it it will be here;" it is. "What date was it sent? I have a receipt. Look here." "Where is that circular; that price list; that funny letter? What was the size of that page? How many did I count? Here!" "Oh, you want your 'Ode to a Violet'! I don't remember it; but if you inclosed stamps we shall surely find it here, without any name attached."

A business man would have all these classified, because of a great quantity; but I have only an "infinite variety" of "contingencies," with perhaps two or three of each kind; and it is easy to subdivide when the quantity presses. Every memorandum or paper which I want to forget until called for, and then find handy, I put here; those which are likely not to be called for soon I put in a big drawer, which I label—in my mind—"Remote Contingent." It is thick with the dust of ages.—Wolstan Dixey in The Writer.

It is now called "cascavilla" or "pergamino," each grain being clothed in a thin shell, which when sun dried becomes crisp and brittle, and is easily removed in mortars; the coffee is then said to be in "oro," or gold, from its yellow color, and is practically ready to be toasted and ground for table use. After this it is revolved in the "septadores," or hot cylinders perforated with small holes, to grade it according to the size of the grain, and it is then placed in sacks to be shipped to market. Heat is necessary in the grading process only; all of the other manipulation is done with water power.—Francis J. A. Dare in New York Times.

**"When Seen Too Oft."**  
FIRST BABY.  
Fond Young Mother to proud young father—Albert, dear, did you hear the sweet, precious darling cry his dear little eyes out last night?

Proud Young Father—I thought I heard our angel twitter!

SECOND BABY.  
She—Albert, you unfeeling wretch, to hear that child screeching all night and never offer to take him!

He—Let the little demon howl!—Detroit Free Press.

A Chicago newspaper makes the statement that a railroad train arrives or departs from that city every minute of the day.

**Fruits of Experience.**  
Life Insurance Superintendent—Great Caesar! Another \$100,000 gone on Mr. Strongman, dead at 40.  
Secretary—Yes, sir, and the president of the Thirty Mile a Day association is very low. We've got \$50,000 risked on him, and then there's Bullyboy; the champion sprinter, just buried, \$30,000 gone on him, and we had \$500,000 risked on stroke cars, pedestrians, pugilists, etc., all dead within a week.  
"There isn't a moment to loose. Telegraph all the agents to insure the sick and dying if we don't get more invalids and fewer athletes we'll be swamped."—Omaha World.

**A Family Trust.**



Old Friend—And how are the boys getting along?  
Proud Father—Splendidly, splendidly. They both live in the same town and both are getting rich.  
"Glad to hear it, very glad. The elder one, I remember, learned the trade of shoe making. What is the other one?"  
"He's a corn doctor."—Omaha World.

**Forgot Themselves.**

"My beautiful Choolia, I suffer tire of loking at your lovely hair!"  
The young couple sat in the elegant parlor of a hotel, enjoying a tete-a-tete. They were of their wedding tour. Julia Van Siankins, the beautiful Pennsylvania belle, who had met the distinguished foreign nobleman, Count de Bergamot, while on a visit to her friend in the metropolis, had yielded to the impulsive ardor with which the count pressed her, and after a brief courtship the two were married. Life looked blissful and romantic to the ecstatic young couple, and a future full of rose embowered vistas, endless moon light reveries, and the dreamy dolce fante of far away tropical Edens, whose existence was guessed by both but unspoken by either, rose before their rapturous vision.  
The head of the beautiful bride rested contentedly on the shoulder of her husband, the noble Count de Bergamot, and at the sound of his voice she looked up.

"I am glad, my dear count," she said, "that my hair pleases you."

Lifting the lovely head from his shoulder, the noble foreigner ran his fingers through the wavy masses of her golden hair for a few moments in silence, and then with a deferential, suggestive inflection of voice he absently said:

"Have a shampoo, sir!"

Recovering himself as his bride looked at him with a start of surprise he drew from his pocket a rather lean wallet, took a bank note from it and handed it to her.

"My dear Choolia," he said, "let me have the happiness of gifting you my first present of a pinponish!"

The fair bride took the note, looked at the figures that indicated its denomination, tapped in a mechanical way on the center table, and called out in a shrill voice:

"Ca-a-a-sh!"—Chicago Tribune.

**Simply That.**

He was apparently making a bee line for police headquarters. His clothes were torn and soiled, his whiskers full of cotton batting, his hands cut and bleeding, and the officer who met him promptly exclaimed:

"Right down to the first corner, and then turn to the left. The sergeant will hear your case."

"What case?"

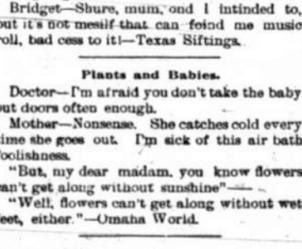
"Don't you want the gang arrested?"

"For what? No one has done anything to me."

"They haven't? Why, I thought from your looks that—"

"Oh, come off! I'm simply moving into another house."—Detroit Free Press.

**An Annoying Loss.**



Mistress—Why, Bridget, I thought you were going out this afternoon!

Bridget—Shure, mum; and I intinded to, but it's not meself that can fend me music roll, bad cess to it!—Texas Siftings.

**Plants and Babies.**

Doctor—I'm afraid you don't take the baby out doors often enough.

Mother—Nonsense. She catches cold every time she goes out. I'm sick of this air bath foolishness.

"But, my dear madam, you know flowers can't get along without sunshine!"

"Well, flowers can't get along without wet feet, either."—Omaha World.

**A Protest Against Grammar.**

It is to be wished there was a law prohibiting the use of spelling books and grammar. I studied grammar in the ordinary way about three weeks, just long enough to find out what a genius some people can show in putting asunder what God hath joined together. It is a splendid device for using up a poor boy's time and souring his disposition; but it will not keep him out of the grave, nor help him pay rent and butcher's bills.—Rev. C. H. Parkhurst.

**HUNTING FOR "FIGHTING JOE."**

Confederate Soldiers Roaming at Will in the Village of Gettysburg.

When the streets of Gettysburg had been cleared of all armed bodies of Union soldiers, the Confederates began to roam about at will, sightseeing and foraging. At a house, closely barred, a party of these independents halted and began to reconnoiter. Unseen from the street, the owner was watching from an upper window, and soon he heard his name used in a way very uncomplimentary. The door plate revealed the name, and one of the Confederates, who was a German, amused his companions by spelling it out, "T-Y-S-O-N, Tyson." Then he added, "Wonder who he is?" and, going to the door, he began to pound with fist and heels to alarm the house. The manner of the men seemed so good natured that Mr. Tyson opened the door and invited them in to try his excellent water, for they all looked warm and exhausted. After drinking heartily the German spoke up again and said:

"Where is Joe Hooker? We're after him and we mean to have him if we have to go to Philadelphia for him."  
At this hour the streets were filled with carts and wheelbarrows, and excited men and women bearing trunks and bundles and leading frightened children; mothers with babes in their arms in the throng, hastening out of reach of the soldiery, the bullets and the shells. Officers in gray rode up and down warning the people to remove women and children to places of safety, as Lee was about to shell the town. It was a trying moment, but Tyson would not be scared or cajoled into revealing anything. He didn't know "Joe" Hooker any more than he knew Lee's humblest private, but he had his garret full of Union soldiers who had been cut off in the street, and he decided to be a know-nothing, and send the scouting Confederates away as ignorant as they came. After listening to a few of his blind answers the spokesman agreed to be satisfied with some bread and butter and called out and seek for "Fighting Joe" elsewhere. There was a fresh baking of bread in the house, but Tyson did not know what panicky times might follow, and he knew that his blue coated wards upstairs were hungry; so he put on a long face and declared that he had just had a visit from a party of Confederates who had eaten up about all the pantry contained, and there really was not "enough left now to begin on." The true humor never expects to live high on a route that has just been traveled by others of his kind, and those unfortunate fellows took the burgher's word for gospel truth and went away in peace.

**Something About Badeau.**

Badeau was born about the time Andrew Jackson was concluding his first term. He was 30 years old when the war broke out, and after it had been going on for a year he volunteered, and was appointed an aide on the staff of Brig. Gen. Thomas Sherman. It was from this position that Grant took him and made him his military secretary, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and afterward colonel. He retired from the war at its close a brevet brigadier, and it was through Grant that he was made secretary of legation at London. He was employed by Grant here, at Washington, and he accompanied Grant on his tour around the world. It was through Grant that he got to be consul general at Havana, and he has been mixed up in some question as to his right to certain salaries which he had drawn. So far, all of his official positions came through Grant.

His literary position he acquired in the same way. It was through Grant that he got the material for his "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant." It was through him that he got the experience that enabled him to write the works on the aristocracy of England, and it was through him that he made money out of his letters headed "Grant in Peace." To show that it is true, it is only necessary to cite the other things which he has written, which have attracted no notice whatsoever. Badeau published in 1859 a book called "The Vagabond," a collection of essays which you will not find even in second hand book stores, and his "Conspiracy; a Cuban Romance," published in 1885, has hardly had a national circulation.

The truth is that Badeau has become great by the reflected light of Grant, and the attempt to make out an ignorant, ungrammatical writer, and a man unable to write the book which he left his children, has fallen flat, as far as Washington is concerned. It may be that Badeau was not treated rightly in the settlement of the contract which he had with Grant, but he has unquestionably injured himself greatly in stating the case as he does.

Gen. Badeau is a very ready writer, and he writes well. He is a very pleasant conversationalist, and his round, red whiskered face, his short, stumpy form and his pleasant blue eyes are well known in Washington. He has been spending the winter here, and it is a matter of regret to his friends that he has become involved in the present controversy. Even were he correct in his statements he would have trouble in proving them to the satisfaction of the people, and he has entered into a controversy in which he is handicapped at the outset, and into which he will get into more trouble the further he goes. There is no doubt in the minds of the leading thinkers at Washington that Grant is the author of his own book, though he may have received some of the advice and the assistance which Gen. Badeau could, from his familiarity with the subject and his knowledge of literary methods, so easily give.—Frank G. Carpenter.

**Statistics Concerning Tobacco.**

It is not without reason that it has been said that you can prove anything by statistics. Under Louis XVI, for instance, the tobacco tax only produced 600,000 francs, because the consumption was small. At that time the average duration of life was twenty-seven years. Now the tobacco tax produces 300,000,000, and the average duration of life is forty-three years. Reckless, who suffer neither from diabetes nor from pituita, have always the calumet between their lips. The Persians, the type of Caucasian purity, say that "all joys come to the heart through tobacco." Where do you find such handsome old patriarchs as among the Turks. Yet in their country the pipe is kept slight as religiously as Vesta's fire in ancient Rome. In those climes the strongest mark of emotion that one can give is to take one's pipe out of one's mouth.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**DIDN'T MIND THE BITE.**

An Old Chap in Arkansas Who Wasn't Afraid of Hydrophobia.

A Georgia man, while standing in front of a blacksmith's shop, was bitten by a dog "gracious alive!" exclaimed the blacksmith "run some and pray for the salvation of your soul, for your body is lost."

"How so?" the old fellow asked as he rubbed the place where the dog had bitten him.  
"Why that dog is mad. Look how he foams at the mouth. That's the dog the neighbors have been looking for!"  
A puff of smoke came from the bushes near by the "bang" of a gun was heard and the dog fell dead in the road.  
"Neighbors been lookin' fur him, eh?" said the old fellow who had been bitten. "Well, I ain't been lookin' fur him, but it 'pear sorter like he's been lookin' fur me."

"Hain't to a doctor, man."  
"No, I can't afford it. I hired one last spring to cure the chills on my daughter Nan, an' I thought it would break me bodily up agin I got him paid. Nan, you know, married Abe Slater shortly after ward, an' I says to Abe, 'Abe, you oughter pay a part of that chill bill.' 'What chill bill?' says he. 'W'y Nan's, 's I, 'Oh, says he, 'I didn't marry the chills too. I only married Nan, an' I nactuially expected the chills not to ter cut no figger in the transaction. Ay, sir, Abe he never would pay a cent on that chill bill, but putty soon long come the yaller ager, creptin' down the big road.' Wait, sub, it hopped a-straddle uv ole Abe an' 'rut him putty high ter death."

"But that ain't got nothin' to do with that mad dog. You'll be a dead man in less'n one day."  
"Well, I'll wait an' see an' of what you say comes true, w'y, I'll come up I ain't no man ter dispute after the facts have dun gone agin me. 'Tain't thator way' with Abe, though. Hell ar'y when he knows he ain't got no show I like ter see a man stick up fur what he believes, but then when a fellow finds he's wrong, w'y he jest nactuially ought ter cave. Well, good mawnin'! I've got a nose trade on nan over yander cross the branch an' I believe I'll fix it up beto' the feller gits outen the notion."—Arkansas Traveler.

**Life in a Russian Prison.**

A Russian army officer who was condemned to "katorga" for an assault committed in a moment of excitement, and who was pardoned by the czar after several years' detention, describes the Onega prison, where he was confined, as follows:

"For smoking and minor offenses of the sort, a prisoner could be made to kneel for two hours on the bare, frozen flags. The next punishment for the same minor offenses was the black hole—the 'kazar'—the warm one and the cold one, underground, with a temperature at freezing point. In both prisoners slept on the stones, and the term of detention depended on the will of the director. Several were kept there for a fortnight, after which they were literally dragged out into daylight and then dismissed to the land where pain and suffering are not. During the four years of my confinement the average mortality in the prison was 80 per cent per annum. It must not be thought that those on whom penalties of this kind were inflicted were hardened desperadoes. We hurried them if we saved a morsel of bread from dinner for the supper, or if a mattress found on a prisoner. The 'desperadoes' were treated after another fashion. One, for instance, was kept for nine months in solitary confinement in one of the dark cells, and came out blind and insane."

"In the evening the director went by the rounds, and usually began his favorite occupation—dogging. A very narrow bench was brought out, and soon the place resounded with shrieks, while the director looked on and counted the lashes, smoking a cigar. The rods were of exceptional size, and when not in use they were kept immersed in water so as to make them more pliant. After the tenth lash the shrieking ceased, anything was heard but groans. Flogging was usually applied in batches, to five, ten, or more, and when the tortura was over a great pool of blood would remain to mark the spot. After every such scene we had two or three days of comparative peace, but flogging had a soothing influence on the director's nerves. Soon, however, he would become himself again. When he was drunk and his left mustache was drooping and limp, or when he went out shooting and came home with an empty bag, we knew that the same evening the rod would be set at work."—Michael Malkoff in Chicago News.

**A Society Girl's Brio-a-Brac.**

But the room of a society girl whose name I could mention, but may not. The odd things upon the walls and lying scattered about are a wonderful mystery to the uninitiated. A variety of cigars suspended from the mantle by different nued ribbons, or a bunch of cigarettes attached to a picture frame by means of a huge ribbon bow, these are easily known for what they are, but a pretty little box on the toilet table, with the inscription "Cremated July 12, 1887," calls for many a guess. The open lid discloses a heap of gray ashes, with another inscription, "Mount Desert, July 12, '87." It is the ashes of a cigar smoked by the fair owner during a mild flirtation of the last season. A parcel of canes, trophies won in fencing matches, occupies a prominent wall space, and a velvet plaque mounted with pipes of all kinds, from common jack through ood and briarwood to meerschaum, are souvenirs of gentlemen friends. All sorts of riding whips rise like cat tails from a large vase, a pair of ornate marked "Isles of Shoals" are crossed over the door, and a genuine fishnet is draped over a piece of statuary. These are quite common souvenirs of vacation delights and tender recollections, but many of the girls vie with each other in collecting oddities. One of them exhibits a tiny Japanese towel filled with shining objects of ivory votive notes.

"These are the first teeth of my friends' tribuna," she explains.—Clara Belle in Chicago Tribune.

**Called Out of Town.**

Citizen to little boy—Is your father in, Bobby?  
Little Boy—No, sir; pa's out of town.  
Citizen—Gone on business?  
Little Boy—I dun know. I heard him tell us that he wouldn't be back until she had got through cleanin' house. Mobby it's busines, an' mebbey it's pleasure. I dun know.—Harper's Bazar.

**Know It Too Well.**

"Have you something in the shape of a tonic and strengthener?" inquired a stout looking man stopping in at a drug store. "I've been riding all night on the cars and I've got to brace up for a day's run around the city."  
"Yes, sir," said the clerk, briskly, producing a bottle of patent medicine, "nothing better than this—Dr. McMillan's Vigorator—fifty cents a bottle."  
"Thunder!" exclaimed the faded looking man, with extreme disgust. "I am the manufacturer of that stuff."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Chance Still Open.**



Young Mr. Diplomat at Washington party—I am so sorry. Miss Naive, they have been down to supper. I had anticipated the pleasure of acting as your escort.  
Miss Naive—Oh, thank you, Mr. Diplomat, but—or—I have only been down once.—New York Sun.

**The Red Dog Did It.**

There were seven or eight boys and a dog fight in an alley off Second street yesterday as a policeman happened along, and after clubbing the dogs apart he said to the largest boy:

"Now, then, I want to know all about this."

"Well, you know," replied the boy, "we were coming up the alley with my spotted dog, and that boy there was coming down the alley with his black dog."

"And you know the dogs would fight, of course."

"Oh, no, sir. When we came up to see other the dogs began to play. We were talking about going fishing when that boy over there came along with a little red dog."

"Where is it?"

"Run away, sir. His red dog began to pick a fight with my dog, and then the black pitched in. This let the red dog out, and away he went."

"But why didn't you separate them?"

"Then who'd get the money?"

"Money! So you had money?"

"Why, after they got to fighting each other on our own dog, of course."

"Then I want."

"But he didn't get one of them, and while he halted at one end of the alley to breathe his run the mob appeared at the other end of the referees announced."

"Being as this fight was interfered with by the police I shall decide it a draw, and it stakes will go to buy oranges for the crowd."—Detroit Free Press.

**No Thought For the Morrow.**

Green Grocer—What is it now, my little dear?

Little Girl—We've eaten up the strawberries, and mamma told me to bring back the box and—

"But, my dear, I don't want the empty box."

"No, I know. Mamma said she wanted it filled with new potatoes, we're on a right eating spree at our house."—Omaha World.

**He Could Understand It.**

"You have studied the Russian language?"

"No, but I think I can understand it."

"If you haven't studied it you certainly cannot understand it."

"I believe I can, though."

"What makes you think that?"

"I am constantly reading letters which are written by typewriter operators."—Braska State Journal.

**What We May Expect.**

Collector (some years hence)—Twenty-five dollars, please.

Widow—Why, what for?

"Was not your husband struck by lightning last week?"

"Yes, he was."

"I am collector for the American Express trust. Twenty-five dollars, please."—Omaha World.

**A Conscientious Child.**

The Minister—And what kind of a Flossie, do you think you will marry when you grow up?

Clara—Why don't you answer, Flossie?

Flossie—I hardly know, sir; I don't see it's right for me to think about marriage until Sister Clara is out of the way.—Littell's Living Age.

**Knowledge of Human Nature.**

First Burglar—That would be a good house to enter.

Second Burglar—Mighty pretty girl going in. Wonder if she lives there!

"Guess so, she went in without knocking."

"No use trying that house, then, it's likely the old man keeps a big dog."—Omaha World.

**Preparing for the Sport.**

Friend to Bertie—I suppose you are going to your father and I are going fishing tomorrow, Bertie!

Bertie—Oh, yes; pa is getting ready to go.

Friend—Is he? Digging bait, I guess?

Bertie—No, sir; he's reading Mammie's letters.—Judge.

**Quickly Disposed Of.**

Magistrate (to prisoner)—Drunk and disorderly; what's your name?

Prisoner—Gawge Washington (to the son, sub).

Magistrate—Well, Gawge Washington, Hick Johnson, it's \$10 or thirty dollars a week.—Epoch.