

THE NEW BOY.

Did y' ever stop your ears up,
And listen to your teeth,
As they dance 'nd clank 'nd clatter
On the crackers underneath?
Kin y' make your ears go wobby
Like a donkey when he brays?
I'll bet y' can't make both your thumbs
Go roun' two different ways!

Kin y' yawn as if y' liked it,
With your mouth shet tight?
Y' don' know how t' cluck your tongue—
Now, that ain't right!
Kin y' whistle on two fingers,
Like a ninging callin' "coal"?
Say—howme see your sling-shot—
You got a fishin'-pole?

Y' can't stan' on your head-u'-han's
'Thout a wall to prop—
D' y' ever go in swimmin'
An' never tell your Pop?
The teacher's watchin' both of us—
She's on to me, I gues—
'F she keeps me in f'r talkin' t' you,
I'll—lick you at recess!
—New England Farmer.

THE DAGUERREO-TYPE CASE.

"T'S an insult," said John Stone; "you shall send them right back. You're just as near a relative as the Gordons, yet they have got everything, just because they were there when your aunt died; and then because they knew you were entitled to something, in fact, just as much as they, from her estate, have sent you this collection of odds and ends."
"Hush, John; never mind. It's not worth talking about, and we might as well make the best of it. Beggars can't be choosers, you know," sagely remarked his wife.

The cause of this outburst was an oblong green pasteboard box, which had just arrived, and whose contents, so Eleanor Stone said, were not worth the express paid on it. An accompanying note, addressed to Mrs. Stone in explanation of the box, was as follows: "Dear Eleanor: I send you herewith what mother, May and I have picked out as your share of Aunt Marcia's belongings. They weren't as much as anticipated, and we divided the rest among ourselves, as we had the care of her in her last illness. Your affectionate cousin, EFFIE GORDON."

Eleanor Stone took the note and flung it in the stove. "So much for my cousin's affection. It's too bad. I know Aunt Marcia must have had some money, and as for the bother of her last illness, it was self-sought, which makes me doubly sure she left something, for the Gordons are not the kind to put themselves out for nothing. If we only had just a little of her money to tide us over until you get well and put us on our feet again."

Aunt Marcia was Miss Marcia Perkins, a maiden great-aunt of Eleanor Stone, who had lived somewhat as a recluse and who had recently died. Eleanor turned the box upside down, gazing regretfully at the little heap on the table. There was an old-fashioned bone hairpin, two bits of lace, surmounted with lavender bows, such as old ladies wear for caps, two of three cheesecloth dusters, five handkerchiefs, a hair-ring, and an old-fashioned daguerreotype in a rusty black and gilt case, showing the faded countenance of a genteel-looking youth of past date.

"There," said Mrs. Stone, derisively, "is my share of my late lamented aunt's estate, and here am I, who expected a hundred or two, anyway, as hard up as anybody could be, with John sick and unable to work, while Aunt Susan, Effie and May Gordon, who know nothing of hard times, are probably basking in the sunshine of her dollars."

At this point, being of a philosophical turn of mind, she gathered up her inheritance, put it away in the closet, and devoted herself to her husband, who lay grumbling on the sofa, a victim in the clutches of rheumatism.

Several weeks later Eleanor was brooding over the financial situation, when the bell rang, and an elderly man stood at the door. He introduced himself as "Mr. Clavers," and said that being the Gordons' family lawyer, and happening to be in town that day, he had come at their request to ask a little favor.

"Would Mrs. Stone care to part with a little old fashioned daguerreotype the Gordons had sent her in a box of things that were Miss Perkins'?"
Eleanor's curiosity and suspicions were aroused by the sudden desire for this worthless relic of former days. Mr. Clavers explained that the ladies had taken a fancy for it, as an antique merely. They would be quite willing to purchase it, and if a \$10 bill would be any object—

"No," answered Eleanor, spurred on to refusal by a sudden conviction. "I didn't get many of my aunt's things, but what I did I shall keep," whereupon she arose and politely but unmistakably bowed the astonished old gentleman out.

Then she hurried to the closet, and, rummaging around, soon found the box, and in it the daguerreotype case. This she opened and began to scratch it all over with her thumbnail and to finger its surface carefully, hoping, all the while, that she had not let a \$10 bill go for nothing.

It might really be a whim of Aunt Susan's, after all, to want the old thing, yet somehow it seemed to Eleanor that she had once heard Aunt Marcia speak of a daguerreotype case with a secret spring and false back which was a much prized possession, the gift of a dear friend.

Suddenly she gave a gasp and John looked up from his couch in time to see something white flutter to the floor. Forgetting his rheumatism, he sprang from the sofa and stood, reading over Eleanor's shoulder a bit of writing on a scrap of paper that meant much to those two.

"I, Marcia Perkins, hereby give to the person who, after my death, becomes the owner of the daguerreotype of Joseph Thurston, in the case of which this paper will be placed by me, the sum of \$2,500."

"That was as far as they went," "O!" said Eleanor.
"Hum," said John, and there was a silence for as many as three seconds.

"Go on," said John.
"It's nothing more about us. It's only that he," waving the placidly pictured young man, "was her lover. He was drowned at sea, and her house and other belongings are to be sold and the money is to go to the Seamen's Orphan's fund."

"So Effie and the others will have to give up what they have already taken possession of, and instead of everything will have nothing."
"Good enough," concluded John, in a satisfied tone, "provided this paper is perfectly legal. Thought they could slight you entirely, but instead they made a mess of it themselves by giving you a cast-off, insignificant-looking trinket, which happened to be the most valuable thing your aunt left after all."
"If everything is only turned over to us without any trouble," concluded his wife, "to think of their pretending she didn't leave anything."

There was little trouble over the matter, the paper being dated, signed, and witnessed. Thus the Gordons reluctantly saw their knowledge of the daguerreotype's secret came too late, while the Stones, with its aid, were enabled to buy a pleasant little home, where, secure from "hard times," they enjoy life together, the daguerreotype case occupying the place of honor.—Boston Post.

WHY WOMEN DON'T MARRY.

Reasons Given by One Who Knows the Men of To-day.

There is a good deal of discussion over the fact that many women do not marry. In fact one would almost imagine that it is only the men who marry nowadays. There is a reason for it, of course, and there seems to be an effort on the part of many to find it out. Some say it is because she is "too vain," others that she is "too extravagant," "too mercenary," "too modern." However, Winifred Black throws a few interesting side lights on the subject, many of which show the color of truth. She says:

"The modern woman doesn't marry because the right man doesn't ask her. Women to-day are just as anxious to be married as their grandmothers were; sensible, honest women are living to-day, and the man who wants to marry one of them can do so, but they are not looking for that kind of woman. A man falls in love with an empty-headed, heartless doll for her pretty face, and then complains because he finds the doll's head is hollow. When a man chooses a sweetheart because she wears 'dead swells' clothes, and then falls to lamenting over the capriciousness of a woman when that same girl asks him what he'll do before she decides about leaving him he is not quite as logical as he might be. Now, is he, really?"

"Any woman worth marrying will marry the man she loves even if he can't scrape up money enough to pay the minister. She may not be happy with him after she marries him, but it will not be his poverty that makes her miserable. The great law of natural selection holds its sway with the just as well as with the unjust. You can't educate the human nature out of a woman any more than you can refine it out of a man."

"A master of the science of economics will elope with an extravagant creature just as quickly as a proud, high-tempered woman will mysteriously fall in love with a stupid nobody. Dan Cupid, Esq., has gone out of fashion, but he isn't dead, not by any manner of means, and never will be. Men put women on a pedestal, but they set the pedestal in the mud.
"A woman's friends hear of her marriage with a sigh of relief. A man's friends hear of his marriage with a gasp of incredulity."

For Players and Typewriters.

In this age of wear and tear on the nerves anything to save them from shock is a great help. Scientists have invented a rubber thimble to protect the fingers in piano playing and typewriting. The tips of the fingers are not only nerve-centers, but one of the most sensitive parts of the body. Consequently the finger nerves receive many severe shocks in practicing or typewriting. The new thimbles are made of rubber, to fit the ends of the fingers like gloves, and will lessen the shock to the nerve centers. The speed also is increased 10 per cent. by their use. It is certain that the ends of the fingers are kept from becoming callous and the nails from splitting.

A Discouraging Sign.

"How is your son getting along with his literary work, Mrs. Rockingham?"
"I don't believe he's making much headway. Nobody ain't accused him of stealin' any of his writin's from anybody else, so I guess they can't amount to much."—Chicago News.

To Float Stranded Vessels.

Vessels can be easily removed from sandbars by a new apparatus consisting of an endless chain of buckets to be attached to the sides of the vessel and driven by engines to excavate the sand from around the hull until the ship floats free.

The first thing a man does when he gets married is to try to practice economy by shaving himself.

The great trouble is, people haven't very good sense, and they are not disposed to be very fair.

Too many excuses for failure to do your duty are worse than none at all.

NOTED INDIAN SCOUT.

MAJ. DRANNAN, THE CAPTOR OF CAPTAIN JACK.

A Veteran Plainsman Who Has Been a Fighter and Hunter for Fifty Years—Some of the Exploits in Which He Figured.

One of the most famous Indian scouts and the last of the great hunters and trappers common in the Rocky mountains fifty years ago is Major William F. Drannan, who still sees service among the Nez Percés of Idaho. He carries a knife with which he has scalped thirty-five Indians, after having killed them in fair fight.

It was Major Drannan who captured Captain Jack, the chief of the Modocs, in 1873, and put an end to the Modoc war. The conflict between the United States troops and the Modoc Indians broke out during one of Major Drannan's periodical attempts to "settle down" and farm. Couriers dashed up to his ranch, their horses covered with foam, and brought the news that Captain Jack and his Modocs had gone on the war path.

The whole settlement was soon in a state of great excitement. The Indians killed all the defenseless ranchers they could and then fled to the lava beds of Idaho and entrenched themselves in a cave. Somebody had to ride to Jacksonville, a hundred miles away, to warn the town and bring re-enforcements to the regular troops. Nobody cared to undertake it. Major Drannan saddled Black Bess and started at sundown. All night long the sharp eyes of the scout and the sagacious nose of his pet mare picked out the trail as unerringly as a bloodhound. Before sunrise the Major rode into Jacksonville and told the sheriff to gather a strong posse, as Captain Jack was on the war path and murdering settlers by the score. General Wheaton, in command



MAJ. WILLIAM F. DRANNAN.

of the regular army forces stationed at Linkville, sent for Major Drannan and commissioned him to organize a scouting force. With this force he scouted a strip of country about forty miles long every day in front of where Captain Jack and his men were entrenched in the lava beds, because the officers feared an uprising of the Utes as well. Not an Indian showed his head. Their stronghold was nothing more than a big cave in the lava rock, but it was absolutely secure. There was only one place to get in, a narrow passage, but there were numerous rifle holes on the east and south sides.

General Wheaton determined one day on taking Captain Jack by storm and for three days the whole command, backed by howitzers, were turned loose on the Indians. The assault failed. General Wheaton lost sixty of his men, while the Indians did not appear to have been stung.

General Canby took command and tried to take Captain Jack by storm himself. He lost 100 men and failed. A conference was arranged between General Canby, his chaplain, Colonel Thomas, two interpreters, and Captain Jack, all without arms. Before it was held Major Drannan went to Colonel Miller, Canby's aid, and said:

"Colonel, if the general ever goes to that council with Captain Jack he will never come out alive."
The Major repeated his warning again and again, but Captain Thomas said, "The Lord will protect us," and General Canby laughed at the idea of treachery.

The conference was held and General Canby, together with Colonel Thomas and George Meacham, interpreter, were traitorously shot down by the Indians.

Captain Jack.

Major Drannan then had the cave surrounded by a double ring of guards, knowing very well that the supply of horse meat on which the Indians were living was about exhausted. Soon he found that Jack was sending the squaws and children away, to save food. Every Indian that attempted to escape was captured by Drannan and his men. They all said, "We heap hungry."

One night Drannan, scouting as usual, crossed the trail of three Indians. One track was quite large and long, a second smaller, and one quite small.

"Captain Jack, his squaw, and their little girl are running away," said Drannan to Black Bess. "They are starving, and they've started out to Clear creek to catch fish."

The Major had been in the saddle twenty-four hours, but he never hesitated. He took up the trail and followed it as rapidly as he could push ahead. Across miles and miles of gravel ridge there was nothing to go by except sometimes a bent twig or a pebble turned by the feet. Finally the Major looked down in the valley from

the top of a high ridge, and caught sight of the three Indians. He tremblingly put his field glasses to his eyes, and, sure enough, it was Captain Jack, his squaw and little girl.

"Where are you going, Jack?" asked the Major, as he rode up to the big chief who had been causing all the trouble.

"Heap hungry," said Jack, dejectedly. "Guess go Clear creek catch fish."

A few hours later the old scout rode into camp with his three prisoners. The capture put an end to the Modoc war. Drannan avenged the murder of the Davis family, which was a sensational horror of the plains thirty years ago. An inoffensive family of settlers was killed in cold blood by a party of Mexican greasers, who then made off with their cattle. The deed was laid to the Ute Indians.

"No," said Drannan, with his usual sagacity, "this is the work of greasers."

Lieutenant Jackson detailed him a squad of men and he started in pursuit. He traveled all day and about 9 o'clock at night Black Bess sniffed the air curiously.

"Here's their camp," said Drannan, triumphantly. Sure enough, by the light of the dying embers the little posse could discern the forms of the greasers. The cattle feeding near were those taken from Davis' ranch.

"We'll give you five minutes to get ready," said the Major to the Mexicans, who pleaded abjectly, as they were surrounded. At the end of five minutes they were lined up and shot.

Drannan started on his remarkable career from St. Louis with Kit Carson in 1847 and when 15 years old killed his first Indian or rather two of them. Major Drannan is to-day lithe and agile and stands 6 feet 2 inches in his stocking feet. He still eats bear meat and sleeps on an elk-skin bed.

BORN TO GRUMBLE.

Some People in Every Community Who Are Never Satisfied.

In every community there are chronic grumblers, always finding fault with the existing condition of things, and are better satisfied with attempts that are made in the line of improvement.

A Western village had been sorely scourged by fire, its principal business portion having been burned twice. There was no fire department, the citizens apparently being of the opinion that it would be too expensive.

Among them was a man of the name of Grinders, who, while invariably grumbling at the lack of enterprise displayed by the business men of the place, opposed any and every attempt to organize a fire department. "We are taxed too heavily already," he said.

But after the second disastrous fire there was such a clamor for better protection in the future that the town trustees purchased a chemical engine, with hooks, ladders and the usual paraphernalia, provided a room, and a volunteer company was organized.

"It's a waste of money," said Grinders. "It will be twenty years before there's another big fire. Mark my words. Lightning doesn't strike three times in the same place. You'll see."

Several years passed without any real occasion for the services of the new fire department. The company, it is true, turned out in response to several false alarms, and always made a creditable display when on parade, but Grinders was irreconcilable.

"Look at it!" he exclaimed. "Five hundred dollars thrown away—absolutely thrown away! I told you we shouldn't have any more fires, but you wouldn't listen to me."

One day, however, a fierce blaze broke out in one of the stores in the rebuilt business district. The fire company was promptly on hand, and by strenuous exertions put out the flames before much damage was done. The work of the "fire boys" was creditable in the highest degree, and it was the general opinion that they had saved the town from a third calamity.

"What do you think of our fire department now, Grinders?" asked one of the exultant merchants—the one, in fact, in whose store the fire had started.

"H'mph!" growled Grinders. "How much did you lose?"

"Only about thirty-five dollars," replied the merchant. "Mostly empty boxes. The boys put the fire out before it got into my goods."

"H'mph!" growled Grinders again.

"Five hundred dollars to put out a thirty-five-dollar fire!"
And after that he grumbled worse than ever.—Youth's Companion.

The "Lady" Question in Germany.

Germany is having its "ladies" and "gentlemen" question. A controversy has arisen with regard to the style which should be adopted in addressing married women. There are, in the language of the fatherland, four names whereby that delightful class may be designated—gemahlin (consort), gattin (spouse), frau (lady), and weib (wife). To save the not infrequent disputes and heartburnings which arise from impertinence and ignorance in the use of any one of these terms, it is now proposed that one shall be officially allotted to each of the recognized gradations of the "scale social." In this manner, a general's wife shall be known as his "consort"; she of an official of the next lower grade shall be that happy person's "spouse"; the middle-class partner becomes her husband's "lady," and the workingman's helpmate is simply his "wife."—New Orleans Picayune.

Prun—Have you heard that horrible story about old Stille being buried alive? Dr. Bolus (hastily)—Buried alive? Impossible! Why, he was one of my patients.—Exchange.

Some men walk so lazy and worthless on the streets that you know they are on their way to a saloon.



WARNING TO GIRLS.

"SOME men, nay, many men, have a reprehensible habit of showing the notes and letters written them by girls not only to other men, but, what is still worse, to women," the Baltimore News quotes a bright girl as saying. "Every woman knows that this is true. Doubtless there is not one of us who has not had submitted to her scrutinizing gaze an epistle written by some fair maid to a man whom she thoroughly trusted. This breach of confidence on the part of masculinity—for it is nothing less—was brought vividly to my notice by a man who handed me three letters, written by feminine friends, to read."

"Eve left me with a full heritage of curiosity, and I was just wild to see what was in those notes. I was just tempted and I fell. I read them, I even criticised them, for you see I am interested in the man," says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer. "I was altogether horrid and dishonorable, but one thing the incident did for me. I resolved instantly that never would that man get a scratch of the pen from me any more than an innocent 'I will be pleased to have you,' etc. He won't even get that if he can be reached by telephone."

"Two other men don't hesitate to say that they read each other's mail. Indeed, one of them does most of the correspondence for the firm, and if his chum is busy makes a draft of an answer to the letter which it is necessary should be responded to immediately, the latter copying it docilely at his leisure. In this way the one was writing to the other's fiancée, while she, poor girl, was pouring out her heart to her betrothed, innocent that the outpourings were read by this rank outsider, who, having no sympathy in the matter, must have had no end of amusement out of it."

"A girl should never write anything in a letter to a man that she doesn't mind a select coterie of his friends seeing—fiancée or no fiancée."

"There is a general idea that only very young men are addicted to this custom, but this is a mistake. Men of 33, which is certainly an age of discretion, have no more conscience about showing letters than a boy of 15."

Society Women Keep Young.

The fashionable woman looks as young and rosy at 50 as the unfashionable woman generally looks at 30? It is because she takes care of herself. The unfashionable woman gets her beauty sleep every night and never dissipates in the matter of balls and little suppers, while the rest of the world is asleep. She eats her three meals a day and at just the proper hours. Everything on her table is wholesome and intended to keep her skin rosy and her little body lissome. She thinks it almost immoral to clog the pores of the skin with powder and pomade, and she believes in nature absolutely. And just there is the difference. The fashionable woman believes in art. She knows that nature is a wonderful restorative, but she has infinitely more faith in art and science. When the wrinkles begin to come the fashionable woman knows of pomades and massuers. She has found that the Turkish bath will do more towards making her eyes lustrous and her skin clear than all the ten-hour sleep and whole-wheat-bread remedies in the world. She wears corsets—snug ones, too—but they are corsets that fit the figure and do not grip it in a cast-iron vise, and she hangs her skirts from the hips. But she can dance all night and be as fresh and rosy next day as if she had never seen the inside of a ballroom.—New Orleans Picayune.

To Clean Ostrich Feathers.

Cut some white curd soap in small pieces, pour boiling water on them, and add a little pearlash. When the soap is quite dissolved and the mixture is cool enough for the hand to bear, plunge the feathers into it; draw the feathers through the hand until the dirt appears squeezed out of them; pass them through a clean lather with some blue in it, then rinse in cold water with blue, to give them a good color. Beat the feathers against the hand to shake off the water and dry by shaking them near a fire. When perfectly dry curl each fiber separately with a blunt knife or ivory paper-folder.

Tooth Paste.

Violet tooth paste is the latest and perfumes the breath. Violet tablets are carried by some women in the glove or pocket, in place of sachets. There is a substitute for the old sachet powder, but it is expensive. Violet flannel costs \$15 a yard, but cut up in bits as long as the cloth lasts. There is also a preparation for the hair, which makes my lady's tresses as fragrant as she wishes.

Love in the Home.

"In the first few months of married life love is so sufficient and loving so simple that there seems no other need in life," says the Ladies' Home Journal. "But by and by, when care begins to shadow them, when duties press themselves, and, strangely enough, conflict with each other, when convictions clash and tastes differ, then both husband and wife begin to realize that

back of love must stand justice, patience, honesty, sincerity and magnanimity. Indeed, on these depends the very continuance of love in man, for it is not possible to go on loving less that is found which is worthy of love. The world is full of men and women who think, either because they like to think so, or, sadly, because they must, that one can love where one does not respect. One may pity, may have an infinite yearning tenderness over what one cannot respect, but love is a royal birth and recognizes only what is as royal as itself. The way, then, to keep love secure in married life is not so much to be anxiously watching and guarding lest it should escape, or crying that love has spread its wings because the first holiday romance is replaced by graver feeling, but by living along simply and honestly and frankly together, on a high plane, looking most and always toward 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.' Then Love will be not a captive, but a most willing guest."

Girls' Physical Training.

Many mothers who have felt at times that young, enthusiastic but inexperienced physical culture teachers were using more zeal than discretion in the training of their girls, will appreciate these words of caution given to mothers and teachers by an experienced director who is a physician as well: "In the great race of life," she said, "health is no handicap to a woman. But strength is not necessarily synonymous with health. Some of the muscles may be strong, and some may be weak. Strength should never be the primary aim of physical education. Exercises for beginners should be of the simplest, and, while graceful movements should be cultivated, too much attention should not be given to the prettiness of the exercises. Great care must be taken that in all physical exercises there shall be correct posture that shall allow free circulation. Twenty minutes' exercise taken out of doors is worth an hour's exercise in a class room that lacks pure air. Running in the fresh air is magnificent exercise for a girl, and graceful movements in running will be found conservative of energy."

How to Climb Stairs.

Many people will be surprised to know that there is a scientific way of walking upstairs. A physician, in telling how it is done, says that usually a person will tread on the ball of the foot in taking each step. This is distinctly a bad practice; it wears and tires the muscles, as it throws the entire suspended weight of the body on the muscles of the legs and feet.

In walking upstairs the point to be secured is the most equal distribution of the body's weight possible. The feet should be placed squarely on the step, heel and all, and then the work should be done slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any muscle; but each one does its duty in a natural manner.

The practice of bending nearly double when ascending stairs is extremely pernicious. It cramps the lungs, and makes the heart work harder. A slightly forward inclination is all that is necessary to make the method of going upstairs above described a much less laborious task than it usually is.

Boxing a Bride's Ears.

In Lithuania, a province of Russia, it is customary that the bride's ears should be boxed before the marriage ceremony. No matter how tender-hearted the mother may be, she always makes it a point of administering a hearty smack to her daughter in the presence of witnesses, and a note is made of the fact. The mother's intention is a kind one, though the custom itself is bad. The reason for it is to protect the bride should her marriage prove an unhappy one. In that case she will sue for a divorce, and her plea will be that she was forced into the marriage against her will, and on that score the verdict of the judge will be in her favor.

A Story of Mary Lamb.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke, who recently died in England, was fond of telling how her Latin teacher, Mary Lamb, Ella's sister, entertained her with a fellow pupil at dinner. When the little party was seated at the table the teacher said: "Now, remember, we all pick our bones. It isn't considered vulgar here to pick bones."

To Remove Freckles and Tan.

Venice soap, one ounce; lemon juice, one-half ounce; oil of bitter almond, one-quarter ounce; deliquated oil of tartar, one-quarter ounce; oil of rhodium, three drops.

For Chapped Hands.

Oil of coconut, one ounce; lemon juice, one-quarter ounce; alcohol, one-half ounce; glycerine, two ounces; rose water, one and one-quarter ounces.

Long-Delayed Correction.

Postmaster Tuttle, of Carthage, Mo., has just received from the Federal government a draft for \$8.25 in payment of a debt that has been running since the civil war, but of which Tuttle knew nothing. It appears that in settling with Captain Tuttle for his services as a soldier one day's pay was overlooked. It took Uncle Sam thirty-four years to discover the error.

In Finland women have the right of suffrage. They usurp men's privileges and are carpenters, paperhangers, bricklayers and slaughterers.