



My son, what are you thinking about?
That you are the biggest fool in town, papa.
Why, my son?
Because you spent so much for this suit of mine. I could have got one just as good at Ben Forstner & Co.'s and had enough money left to buy a whole toy shop besides.
Largest stock in city. Sold at cut prices.

B. FORSTNER & CO.



CRIMINAL PLUMBING.

Some of the Changes Carelessness May Bring to an Otherwise Good Home.
It is only now and then that some accidental revelation exposes work of the criminally careless or incompetent plumber. Sometimes it is fatal diseases in families which lead to criminal examination of his work, and in rare cases the official inspectors of buildings detect it; but it is a fact known generally to physicians and to all who have given the subject careful study that one-half or more of the fevers and other malarial diseases which are so common are the logical results of the criminal plumber. In point of fact the sanitary plumbing proclaimed and professed to be practiced by the organized master plumbers is seldom enforced. The keen competition in trade compels active underbidding for work, and that causes plumbers to be taken at such low prices that the contractor must choose between doing bad work where it is concealed or losing money on the contract. Few are willing to do good work at less than its actual cost, and plumbers are eminently human in that regard. Most of their work is hidden from ordinary notice, and they largely make their profits by dishonest practices.

The one part of a residence that should not be bothered to competition by contract is the plumbing. Only the most experienced, skillful and honest men should ever be employed to do the plumbing in a home, and then it is safest to watch it with care. The ignorant or dishonest plumber will sow the seeds of death in every home, if he is allowed to do the plumbing, no matter how well he is watched or paid, and the only safe rule is to employ thoroughly competent and honest men, to pay them fair prices for their work, and then require them to guarantee it for five years, subject to semi-annual tests. This rule would be likely to assure first class plumbing and it would drive the incompetent and the criminal plumbers out of business.

There is no excuse for ignorance of poisonous gases in a home. The integrity of the pipes can be as easily and as certainly tested as the leaks in a roof when it rains. By closing the pipes and applying sulphur vapor under pressure, it will not only find every imperfection in the plumbing, but it will declare the exact point of the defect alike by its visible color and by its odor. If it enters the house anywhere, it at once exposes the negligent, incompetent or criminal plumber. This test, or some one equally effective, if there is such, should be applied to each home at least every spring and fall; and it should be a part of the plumber's contract to repair for a term of years all defects thus exposed at his own cost.

The plumber who deliberately puts imperfect work in the hidden parts of a house and thus exposes a family to disease and death is as much a criminal as any burglar or murderer. He knows that the diffusion of poisonous gases destroys health and imperils life, and when he deliberately leaves his fonts in plumbing for gas to carry its deadly fumes into homes, he is a criminal and should be treated and punished as a criminal. The criminal plumber can be driven out of business if the people act with common fidelity to themselves, and it is high time that the good work should be begun in earnest.—Philadelphia Times.

Jupiter as a Planet and a God.
Jupiter, the star which has held most attention of late, received his name from Father Zeus, or Jove, pater, as the Romans called the king of gods and men—a name fully applied to the planet largest by far of any in our solar system. By whatever name Jupiter has been known, he has always borne a good reputation. From time immemorial he has been the star of destiny, of good fortune. The ancient Babylonians and Chaldeans regarded him with favor, believing that his gracious eye watched over them for good. The Greeks and Romans likewise acknowledged his favoring glance.

The astrologers of the Middle Ages recognized him as benign, and believed those born under his influence would be fair, tall, handsome, of a jovial disposition, generous, wise and witty, sound in mind and morals. If Mars or Saturn were near enough to affect the influence of Jupiter they modified the character of the otherwise upright person, for the influence of Mars was feverish and fiery, and that of Saturn was most malign.—Chicago Herald.

A Girl's Reason for Weeping a Train.
It is reported from Nancy that a girl in charge of some poultry at Chambley lately placed two large stones on a local railway line. The engine driver of a train which was proceeding in the direction of Nancy felt a severe shock on entering the cutting near St. Julien, and was afraid that the carriages would go made an investigation, found the stones and the girl who had placed them on the rails.

When asked why she thus jeopardized the lives of hundreds of people, she replied coolly that she wanted to bring about a railway accident so that she might obtain some of the fine hats and dresses worn by ladies who might be killed or injured by her wicked action. She has been sent to a reformatory.—London Tit-Bits.

A Todd Story.
While a citizen was breaking ice for his table he noticed a speck in the middle of the cake. Cutting down nearer to it he saw it was a small toad. He cut the animal out and laid it on the table to thaw out. When the ice melted he put the toad in a box, carrying it down cellar. Late that afternoon he opened the box and was somewhat startled to see the toad jump out.—Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.

Many years ago, when printed music was dearer than it is now, a plain, quiet old man, evidently from the country, went into a music store and asked to see a certain book of tunes. The clerk laid before him an oblong volume, with two tunes on a page, a book familiar to old time choir singers.

The old man drew out of his coat old pocket an ancient yellow fife, and opening the book at the first page began to play softly, turning the leaf with careful fingers as each page was finished.

The clerk, very much amused at first, grew weary of the droning noise after a time, and one of them, waiting till a tune was ended, ventured to say, politely: "Do you think you will take the book, sir? Does it seem to suit you?"

The file was lowered, and the player, looking over it at the youth in mild surprise, said gently:

"I cannot tell. I have played only half the tunes," and he placidly turned another leaf.—Youth's Companion.

At Such a Moment Too.

Schoolboy to master, who has lost his foot!—I suppose there won't be no school tomorrow, Mister Walker?—Life.

A Small Man.
Six-year-old Harry, who lives on Fourth avenue, has a grandfather who has attained the unusual age of ninety-six years, and who weighs scarcely more than sixteen ounces for each year of his life. He called at the house the other day after a lengthy absence from the city and took a great interest in Harry, complimented him on becoming a "big boy for his age," and gave him a nickel.

After the old gentleman had taken his departure Harry sat very still for a long time, and finally his mother, noticing the unusual quiet, inquired what he was thinking about. In reply he asked:

"How old did you say grandpa was?"

"He is ninety-six, Harry."

"Say, mamma," said the little chap with a puzzled air, "isn't he awfully small for his age?"—Detroit Tribune.

Probably a Bunko Steerer.
A red faced man rushed up to a quiet old gentleman in City Hall park and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?"

"Excuse me, but you have the advantage of me."

"Are you not Mr. Jones?"

"No, sir; you are mistaken; my name is Smith."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. You are mistaken."

"Are you quite certain, Mr. Smith, that it is not you who are mistaken?"

May you not be Mr. Jones after all, Mr. Smith?—Texas Siftings.

Ably Seconded.

There was only one piece of pie left on the plate, and Willie's mother pressed the visitor to take it. He declined, but she insisted. Willie had had no pie, and the was more than he could stand. In a voice of bitter sarcasm he howled out:

"Keep on worryin' him, maw! Keep on worryin' him! He'll take it after awhile!"—Chicago Tribune.

She Was Too Brief.

"Do you understand how to fix up my hair?" asked a lady to her newly hired colored servant.

"Yes, m'am; I kin fix it up in ten minutes."

"You will never do for me. What would I do with myself all the rest of the day?"—Texas Siftings.

"Is Dinner Ready?"

A bright little tot, who was impatient for her dinner, kept running to the dining room to see if the table was spread. At last she rushed back jubilant, saying, "The water is in the pitcher now, mamma, and let's go in and begin on that!"—Harper's Young People.

CHINESE CLOTHIERS.

They Are Teaching an Unpleasant Lesson to Tailors in San Francisco.

The clothing manufacturers of this city are learning the lesson which the Chinese taught the fruit canners long ago.

A gentleman whose name is well known in society circles, and whose hatred of the Chinese is also well known, called upon a Market street tailor one Saturday night for a suit which he had ordered early in the week.

"It is not done yet," said the tailor. "But you said it would be finished this morning."

"Yes, I did, and the tailor who is sewing the suit promised to have it here, but he has not kept his word. I'll send a boy for it now."

"No, I'll go for it myself. Give me the man's address."

"My dear sir, I would not trouble you for all the world. I'll send the boy."

"I tell you I will go for it myself; you have had time enough to send your boy. Give me the address."

He was given the address of a Chinese tailor on Clay street.

"Do you mean to say"—and the face of the society man flush red with wrath—"that my clothes are handled by filthy Chinese?"

"My dear sir, Chinese make half the clothes that are made in the city."

"But I see women at work in the shops. Can't you find enough of them to do your work?"

"Oh, most of the women are employed for show. They attract customers, but they do little work. Go around to one of these places late at night, and if you don't find a Chinaman loading a wagon with cloth ready cut for the sewers I am not in the business."

"Then," said the gentleman, "you are simply a commission man. I pay you so much to have my clothes made by Chinese. I think I will save the commission hereafter."

There was more truth than poetry in the statement which the clothier made to his customer. The Chinese clothier is flourishing apace. Chinese tailors who make garments for American customers exclusively have opened three shops on Clay street, two on Commercial, one on Pacific, three on Dupont and five on Stockton, and a contract was given recently for the erection of a large factory in which a Chinaman is to employ Chinese to manufacture clothing. A few years ago he was making clothes for a white tailor for less than they could be made by a white man or woman. In a few months he will be selling clothes for less than a white man can sell them.—San Francisco Call.

A Man Who Abhors Womankind.
On a cross street running south from the Base Line road, a short distance beyond W. S. Ladd's farm, is a house which is not a Trappist monastery, but of which, nevertheless, it is said no woman has ever been allowed to set foot. The proprietor is a stout, solid looking man, probably about forty years of age, who lives alone. The house is a neat structure, quite fancifully painted, and everything around it in good order, but it has a lonely, deserted look withal.

It is not known what this occupant's grudge against womankind is, but it is evidently a deep seated one, as it is reported that the property has been willed to a man on the condition that he never allows a woman to come on the place, and in case he does it is to eject her to the state. The neighbors look askance at the place as they go by and whisper with bated breath, "That is the house in which a woman has never set foot." It is safe to bet that notwithstanding the will it will not be long after the present owner has vacated the premises till women folks are ruling the roost there.—Portland Oregonian.

People Who Make Wills.

An English lawyer says: "The moment a man has twenty pounds clear to leave he will begin spending money on testamentary disposition. I have even known a small farmer whose savings, after the realization of his property and the payment of his just debts, could not have exceeded a ten pound note, spend three or four pounds a year over a course of thirty years in having fresh will drawn up. As a matter of fact, when he died at last a will was in force identical the same as the first one I had drawn up for him thirty years before. If he had saved the money he spent with me, and had put it out at compound interest, he would have had a very snug sum—well on toward four figures—to add to his estate."

A Shortland Blunder.

One day a lawyer dictated a special writ of fieri facias to his shorthand clerk, and, being in a hurry, rushed off to the court with the transcript as soon as it was made, without reading it. When it was presented the dignified judge glanced through it, looked at a certain part of it steadily, and became convulsed with laughter. He then handed the paper back to the lawyer, stating that he was sorry he couldn't grant his petition.

"I think, please the court, that this is according to rule," persisted the attorney.

"Well, this court is unable to do anything for you," replied the judge.

"Your request is unreasonable; just take your petition and read it."

The lawyer did so and found that it requested the court to grant "special fieri facias" to its petitioners.—Exchange.

Pearl Fisheries in the California Gulf.
It is only in the Gulf of California that regular diving gear is employed in connection with the pearl fishery. The beds were pretty nearly destroyed 150 years ago, when from 300 to 500 pounds of pearls were taken from them yearly. The latter were packed on mules and literally sold by the bushel.—Washington Star.

Misconstrued.

Grace (who loves art)—There isn't a good collection in town these days, is there, Tom?

Dunwille (absently)—No, my dear, I never knew collections to be so infernally poor since I have been in business.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Affected Milk.

"That cow is awfully cross. Don't go near her."

"I had some of her milk this morning."

"How do you know it was hers?"

"It was sour."—New York Epoch.

What Possibilities There are for the Small Boy.

What possibilities there are for the small boy, especially the boy who is growing up at the present day? A well known city official owns a boy whose eye for business is something out of the ordinary run, as demonstrated by the following. The youngster had evinced a burning desire to go into business for himself, and at length his father agreed to start the boy in the business of selling newspapers on terms of equal partnership, all the profits to be equally divided between the two partners.

On the evening of the first day of the new partnership the city official called for an account of the day's sales, as this was part of the contract. "I made eighteen cents today," said the little fellow, "and here's your money," at the same time giving his father eight cents. When the latter expressed his surprise at receiving less than his share the boy explained by saying that he had divided the day's profits into two parts, one being placed in one pocket of his coat and the other share finding a resting place in a trousers pocket. "Well," said the boy, "I lost a cent, but it was your cent."

On the following day business was had, and the little business man disposed of only one paper. When called upon for a division of the profits our embryo man of business explained that he had sold but one paper, but "it was my paper, and of course I get the profit and you don't." What a future for this boy!—Waterbury American.

When Paganini Was Generous.
It was generally supposed during his lifetime that Paganini had more regard for bank notes than for musical notes—that, in fact, he was a heartless, selfish miser. It is true that, as a rule, he was very chary with his money (he died worth \$200,000), but that he was also occasionally generous is amply proved by several incidents in his career. One of his last concerts was given at Turin for the benefit of the poor. He gave Berlioz, the great French composer, the large sum of 20,000 francs, simply as a mark of admiration for the latter's "Symphonie Fantastique." But better than this was the manner of his befriending a little Italian whom he found playing on the streets of Vienna.

The boy confided to him that he supported his sick mother by his playing, and that he had come from the other side of the Alps. Paganini was touched at once. He literally emptied his pockets into the lad's hand, and taking his poor instrument from him began "the most grotesque and extraordinary performance possible." Presently there was quite a crowd around the curious pair, and Paganini, concluding his solo, went around with the hat. A splendid collection was the result, and after handing this to the boy Paganini walked off with his companion, remarking, "I hope I have done a good turn to the little animal."—Cornhill Magazine.

A Strange Will.
Perhaps the strangest will I ever had to draw up was that of a wheelwright who had amassed quite a comfortable sum in the exercise of his calling. He was a member of the Church of England, but he had a great objection to the clergyman of the parish because he was in the habit of preaching in a surplice instead of the black gown to which the wheelwright had been accustomed in his youth. The old fellow left the clergyman the very handsome sum of £200 on condition that he preached a funeral sermon over him of not less than two hours' duration, and wore a black gown for the occasion.

When the old man died the parson, who was a rich man, very good naturedly fulfilled the conditions of the will, and gave the money in charity to the poor of the parish. But he must have had hard work to spin out his sermon on the deceased wheelwright to the required length.—Interview in London Tit-Bits.

Something Useful to Know.
Nowadays so many people go to Florida and bring home pretty and odd treasures. So it comes to pass that boys and girls, as well as grown folks, keep alligators. They pet them and feed them and talk learnedly about their habits. But sometimes the people who keep alligators don't know as much as they might about their pets.

A man who knows told me: "Plenty of people starve little alligators to death because they don't understand them. They let their pets run about on the carpet and try to feed them there. Now, an alligator will only eat with his head under water. If you give him food on dry land he takes it under the water and swallows it there. He won't eat unless he can do this."

If you want your gators to live, boys and girls, remember to feed them only while they are in the water, or have a chance of getting there.—New York World.

School Boys Who Don't Wear Caps.
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Laws for Collies.
A judge of assize has made the statement in open court that collies are not as other dogs; that in striking contrast to the rest of dogkind they are liable to punishment for a first offense, an act of parliament having been passed specially for their benefit. The ground of this arbitrary action is the danger to sheep.—London Tit-Bits.

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AN OLD TIME LIAR.

His Snake Stories Frightened Swedes Away from Delaware.

No wonder the innocent Swedes showed a marked reluctance about coming to America two centuries and a half ago, as we are told they did! It was only natural that they should when what little they did learn of this terra incognita was furnished them by the Rev. John Campanius Holme (the last word being an affix to the name proper, denoting the place of his nativity, Stockholm), who was one of the most ingenious and picturesque liars that ever traveled, a man of more than Munchausen ability in ornamental and highly imaginative lying. Campanius came over in 1633.

He was the second preacher who arrived on the shores of the Delaware (at the site of Wilmington), and the first who lived here any considerable length of time. He sent home some hideous stories of the country. For instance, what would the gentle and timid Swede, in his well ordered, settled, matter of fact country, think of this in the snake line!

"There is here also a large and horrible serpent," says he, getting in the fine work of detailed realism, "which has a head like the head of a dog, and can bite off a man's leg as clear as if it were lew down with an ax. There are horns like children's rattles, and when they see a man they wind themselves in a circle and shake their heads, which can be heard at the distance of 100 yards. These snakes are three yards long and thick as the thickest part of a man's thigh."

Pretty good work that, to make a nine foot long dogheaded serpent, capable of biting off a man's leg, out of a plain rattlesnake. But how's this for a crab? "At Spider's Point" (Bomabay Hook, Delaware shore), says the prevaricator, "when the south wind blows a great many sea spiders are driven on shore which are not able to return into the water. They are as large as tortoises, and like them, have houses over them of a kind of yellow horn. They have many feet, and their tails are half an eel long, and made like a three edged saw, with which the hardest tree may be sawed down." Whether the stranded "sea spiders" were accustomed to exercise their tails on the forest trees or not is left to the imagination. Perhaps Campanius simply meant to infer that they would save the settlers the use of axes. Philadelphia Press.

How Mackerel Feed.

Captain Thomas Condon, a Belfast mackerel fisherman of sixty years' experience, gives a lot of information about that fish. The greater part of the spawning beds, he says, are on the coast of New Jersey. The first year the mackerel stay about their spawning bed. The second year they strike out for themselves. It is all a mistake about their coming into bays because of being chased by dogfish or horse mackerel. Fish, like birds, are ruled by the sensations of coldness or warmth following the latter. It is seldom that large mackerel enter bays; they stay out to sea feeding on the outer coast. Only small "tinkers" enter the bays, and as they grow larger they seek deeper water. The mackerel that enter the bays follow a little seed called mackerel seed, upon which they feed. Captain Condon has fished for mackerel from Cape Cod to the Bay of Chaleur, and ought to know the habits of that fish very well.—Belfast (Me.) Age.

SALEM STRAM LAUNDRY

where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner.

COLONEL J. OLMSTED.

Liberty Street.



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