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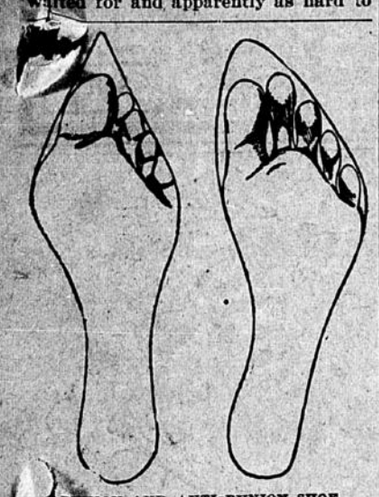
THEY DON'T HURT THE FEET.

A Clever New York Woman Invents an Anti-Bunion Shoe.

A woman, the wife of a New York artist—has invented an article as long waited for and apparently as hard to



BUNION AND ANTI-BUNION SHOE.

[illegible] as the bottle that cannot be [illegible]. In a word, it is a shoe for women that is not only beautiful to look at, but is a shoe that is warranted to give the wearer not the least discomfort. The idea is not patented. She desires neither the fame nor fortune that should be hers if her design is all that it is cracked up to be, and she is actuated solely by the desire to see her fellow women shod sensibly and artistically at the same time. There is no doubt about its comfort, and the inventor claims that it will not make you look pigeon-toed, as might appear at first sight, but that it will make a foot look as pretty as it will make it feel comfortable.

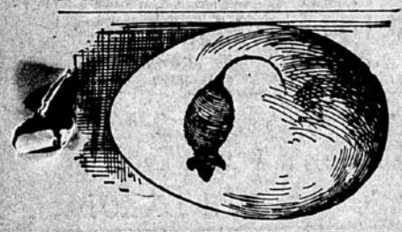
The heel is low, but neither too broad not flat, while the outlines, although following those of the foot closely, are graceful, and actually make the pedal extremity appear smaller and more shapely than did the misconceived shoe made a la Piccadilly last. Speaking of her invention the lady said:

"Of course, it is not to be expected that women's feet that have been deformed by years of wearing misshapen shoes will become like those accorded to Venus in a few months—or ever, as far as that is concerned, but if the mothers of to-day will follow out this idea, I am sure that the chiropodist will find less onerous and painful work to do, while the shoemaker who works scientifically will be benefited." The new shoe for the New Woman is not a fad. It is a reality.

LAID A QUEER EGG.

A Brooklyn Hen that Tired of Laying Old Style Eggs.

In Brooklyn the other day one of Dr. O. Peterson's hens laid an egg that is quite a curiosity. The chicken had a nest in the cellar, and while the hen



RAT MARK ON AN EGG SHELL.

was on the nest a servant happened in, and saw a rat run across the floor and approach the hen's location, where it stopped for a moment. According to the servant the hen was greatly interested in and watched the rodent with great earnestness, craning her neck to peer after the unwelcome visitor until it had disappeared in a hole in the wall. Then the hen settled down to business, and the servant returned upstairs.

When the egg which was deposited in the nest by the hen that day was garnered it startled the folks. It was of the usual size and color, but on the shell was embossed the form of a rat. The body, ears and tail were all there, raised distinctly, and as plain as the rat which disturbed the serenity of the hen. The portion of the shell that represented the egg was slightly darker than the rest of the egg's covering, but in other respects it was the same.

TWIN NYLGHAUS.

They Were Born in the Central Park Menagerie.

At the Central Park menagerie in New York not long since was born twin nylghaus. The mother of the infants is known as "Little Fannie" and is only two years old. "Sport," their father, is a fine-looking animal, four years old. Both animals were raised in the park by their keeper, Phil Holmes. The buck received the name of "Sport" because of the great pride he takes in himself.

The young ones are very fine specimens and they are valued at $500 each. Together they weigh 50 pounds. They are marked alike, a reddish brown, with white spots on their heads and

TWIN NYLGHAUS.

feet. They are two feet high and about two and a half feet long. Their legs are extremely long and thin.

The Hindoo and the Letter.

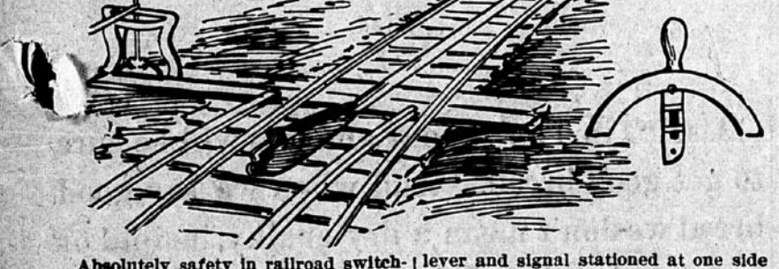
An Indian servant was once sent by his master to a friend's house some distance away. He had to carry with him four loaves of bread and a letter. Being hungry, the Indian ate one of the loaves. When he reached his destination and handed in the letter, with only three loaves, his theft was, of course, instantly discovered, and, the circumstances being reported to his master, he was flogged.

Some time after he was sent again with loaves and a note. Rightly guessing that the mysterious paper had told of his misconduct the last time, the Indian on this journey carefully hid the letter under a large stone, so that it could not see him. Then he once more ate a loaf, chuckling to think how he was cheating the tell-tale paper. Judge of his amazement when he was found out again, all through the wonderful letter. He confessed his theft, and told how he had tried to cheat the paper, but it was too clever for him.

Simpson—Jones has more self-restraint than any other man I know. Thompson—Has he? Simpson—Yes; he advised me not to buy that stock, and when he learned, afterward, that I had dropped five thousand on it, he never made the slightest allusion to the matter.—Puck.

"I was much interested," remarked the young lady cannibal, "in what our missionary told us to-day about the burning of the early Christians." "Ah, yes," rejoined her steady company, "they must have had pretty bum cooks in those days."—Detroit Tribune.

ADAMSON'S AUTOMATIC RAILROAD SWITCH.



Absolutely safety in railroad switches has been a much-desired quality, but no system has as yet been contrived which has not at some time or other proved disappointing in some respects. One of the best of its kind is the safety switch invented by Adamson, which is worked automatically by a locomotive and reset after the train has passed. The system is simple and consists of two small inclined planes, supplied with sliding blocks, located in the center between the tracks and connected by galvanized chains and pulleys, with the switching lever and signal stationed at one side of the track. The switch works as follows: A bolt under the cowcatcher can be pulled up by the engineer to clear the switchboard if he wishes to leave the switch as he finds it. If he leaves his bolt down it catches the sliding block and pushes it down the inclined plane, thereby turning the switch to the other track. The entire mechanism is simple, and being very solidly constructed, it will stand a greater amount of wear than any other system, at the same time requiring much less attention and giving much greater safety.

THE OLD-TIME RALLY.

POLITICAL RALLIES.

POPULAR METHOD OF BOOMING CANDIDATES.

Recollections of the Days When Political Feeling Ran High—Barbecues as a Means of Acquiring Votes—"Ship of State" in the Parade.

Campaigns of Old Times.

The evolution of the "Presidential election" as we know it and the changes in what one may call its peculiar surface aspects from one quadrennial period to another afford some oddly interesting themes for reflection, more especially if one can look back in his own memory over several of these periods and distinguish some of the characteristic features of each.

Probably comparatively few among the masses of our people know that it was never intended by the framers of the Constitution of the republic that they, the people, should ever knowingly vote for any individual for President of the United States. It was the undoubted purpose of the framers of the Constitution that the Electoral College should use all its supposed superiority of learning, capacity and high character in the choice of a President, and should be absolutely free to vote for whomsoever their several, individual judgments held to be the best fitted for the executive office.

The earlier elections were conducted on this theory, but, as should have been foreseen, the practice could not continue. The party convention system was devised, the convention declared for whom their Electors, if chosen by the people, should vote, and the Electoral College was driven at a blow to being only a recording board of the will of a convention.

As a matter of fact, the Electors are still independent. They have the legal right and power to vote for any eligible man they please, whether his name was ever heard in the conventions of the parties or not. Nothing but their implied pledges in accepting party candidacy for their positions—their "word of honor," in effect—binds the Electors chosen to vote for the nominees. They may, if they choose, wholly ignore the candidates and proceed to elect any other eligible man they choose, and the nation would be legally bound to accept their choice. But if they should try any such legal antic as this it would be well for them to make their wills in advance.

It was not until Jackson's time that the partisan convention secured a firm foothold, and by 1840 the election had taken on the openly popular characteristics which have been popular ever since. The campaign of that year was unique and exciting, and General William H. Harrison, with the glamour of military glory, his vivacious motto of "two dollars a day and roast beef," and his log cabin representations, kept the country ablaze from one end to the other. "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!" was the rallying cry of the Whigs; barbecues and oratory were the stronghold of the Van Buren party; and probably never before nor since was so much genuine enthusiasm infused into a campaign. It was a great whirl of excitement—processions, feastings, grove picnics, in which nearly every voter took part. It, however, reached the high-water mark of purely physical excitement, for by 1844 the aspect was changed. Bands and the organizing power of machine politics took the place of realism, and the campaign four years later had nothing of the old fire, and all efforts to revive old methods failed in 1856. In 1860 the emotional came in again but it was not undirected and erratic as it had been twenty years earlier. More and more since then, political campaigning has fallen out of the daytime and become a matter of evening meetings. During the late 60's and 70's the "marching clubs" came in, with torchlight displays, an evolution from the "wideawakes" of 1860. The marching clubs remain, but the torchlights have largely been extinguished, and all rest more and more on the quiet work of the organization—the "central committees," with their literary, speaking, music, financial and other subdivisions.

The country rally, however, has remained a feature of the canvass, and every county seat has from two to ten every campaign. Not even a circus can make a town so lively. Back in the 60's rallies were the thing. Every rally had a ship of state, made by the village carpenter, carrying thirty-six plump, buxom country girls, representing the different States—there were only thirty-six then—and a gay load they made, in white dresses, all alike, pasteboard crowns, and blue ribbon sashes across their breasts. On the coronet appeared the letters that spelled the name of the State. Flags and banners completed the rigging of the ship, and it created a furore wherever it went.

The township which could bring the best delegation to the edge of town could have the place of honor at the head of the procession and could carry a banner that was offered as a prize by some man who wanted to go to the Legislature in the fall. And about 8 o'clock in the morning of rally day the county seat would be a pretty busy place. In every direction from the courthouse there were aids-de-camp riding swiftly between the marshals of their respective delegations and the grand marshal of the whole thing, who waited on a black horse near the courthouse, and who tried to smoke a cigar and take care of the bridle reins at one and the same time—and couldn't do either very well.

Country rallies nowadays are not so demonstrative as of yore, but ratifications, the joint debates, the meeting to welcome candidates or noted orators still give a vivid spur to campaigning. Episodes are not infrequent, however, like that occurring in 1876, when the Democrats had a rally in a middle Indiana county.

The ship of state was so heavy with its burden of representative young women that it broke the bridge and fell through into the Wabash River. In spite of the fact that the vessel was supposed to be seaworthy, it went to the bottom at one dive, and it took nearly all the rest of the parade to rescue the young women.

A girl about to get married is as full of business, and as bossy, as a woman who is managing a church festival.

NEW USE FOR TROLLEY CARS.

Plan to Improve the Character of Horseracing in America.

It is proposed by a man who has followed the races for years and who is fully aware of the disrepute into which the turf has fallen to construct a track for trolley cars around the inner rail of a race track. It should be built with a single rail, after the manner of Boynton's bicycle road, and the cost would be small, as the material to be used would be light and inexpensive. On this single track light carriages could be run, in which the racing stewards could ride and keep pace with the horses. From such an advantageous position they could see every move that was made and trickery and crooked work could not be attempted without certain detection.

Following the car in which the stewards ride could be another car or cars for the accommodation of newspaper reporters. The speed of the cars could be controlled by the stewards, and the problem of keeping abreast of the bunch of flyers would be easily solved.

"The scheme is entirely practicable," said the man who made the suggestion, and something of this sort must soon be done if racing is to receive the patronage of the public. No matter how fine the field glasses through which stewards watch a race, it is impossible for them to see everything that happens when the horses are bunched and are at a distance of a quarter of half a mile away and frequently hidden by a cloud of dust. Then everyone knows how much easier it is to watch moving objects when the spectator is also moving. With a trolley car spinning alongside and above racing horses at the same speed they could be seen as perfectly as if they were standing still. Trickery would be impossible and, knowing this, jockeys would not resort to it.

"The presence of racing reporters would also have a salutary effect. Two sharp-eyed stewards and a half-dozen reporters could not be fooled, and the knowledge of this would make horse owners and jockeys careful. In the event of a foul the decision could be made with reasonable certainty that it would be correct. Under the present conditions this is by no means a certainty. With the very best intentions in the world, judges and stewards make mistakes that inflict grievous wrongs on horse owners, jockeys and the public."

TO IMPROVE THE CHARACTER OF RACING IN AMERICA.

"What did the crowd gather at the corner for a few minutes ago?" "A woman's wheel collapsed." "I suppose they wanted to see how badly she was hurt." "No; they were trying to find out the name of the wheel."—Judge.

TALL SYCAMORE OF WABASH.

Senator Daniel W. Voorhees May Retire from Public Life.

It is expected in Indiana that Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, who for nearly twenty years has represented the Hoosiers in the upper house of the National Legislature, will soon retire from public life. He is afflicted with heart trouble and his physicians advise rest.

Mr. Voorhees is one of the picturesque figures of the capital. Tall, broad-shouldered, with a handsome face, luxuriant auburn hair and a voice possessing a peculiar charm, he would attract attention anywhere. His appellation, the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, is familiar in all parts of the country. He is nearing his 70th year. From early life he has been a power in Indiana politics. He was not yet 30 when he first ran for Congress as a Democrat and was defeated. Four years later, in 1860, he was successful and served two terms. Then he was defeated twice for re-election and applied himself diligently to the practice of law. Had he kept out of politics and devoted himself to his profession he would have been the foremost lawyer of the West. But in 1868 he returned to the political field and was sent back to Congress. In 1877 he succeeded Oliver P. Morton as United States Senator and still holds that seat.

Senator Voorhees' ability as an orator, no less than his political sagacity, has made him a power in State and national affairs of the Democratic party. He has a strong voice. "Let a mob come rushing down the street," says a local historian, "Voorhees could put them at bay with a single plea, for all would stop to listen." Voorhees is one of the giants of Indiana politics who have made that State famous—such men as Morton, Hendricks, Harrison and Gresham.

DANIEL W. VOORHEES.

A Cheerful Prospect.

A nervous young minister was filling the pulpit for a country charge that was without a regular pastor. A part of his experience is touchingly related by the local paper. The very pious old lady at whose house he stayed, in showing him his room, said:

"It ain't everybody I'd put in this room. This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on. "My first husband died in that bed with his head on three pillows, and poor Mr. Jenks died sitting in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him sitting there still. My own father died lyin' right on that lounge right under the window there. Poor pa he was a spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room after he died, and sometimes I am foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night you'd better not tell me. It'd be a sign to me that there was something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet there belonging to him, and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer. If you are up early and want something to amuse yourself before breakfast just open that cupboard there and you will find a lot of dead men's bones. My poor boy thought a lot of them. Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

The coachman of the King of Hanover lost his wife. The King's chaplain performed the funeral ceremony. Soon afterward the chaplain received a visit from the coachman, whose deep mourning testified to appreciation of his great bereavement.

Evidently in much embarrassment he stood turning his banded hat round and round, but at last managed the following:

"I've called, sir—I've called, sir—as I wish to ask—and don't like to put it off—what I've got to pay you for that 'ere job?"

"Oh," said the chaplain, "nothing, of course. I have no fees; but I remember now I am in your debt, and I must ask you what I am to pay you for the two pots of ointment you made for my horse's cracked feet?"

"Bless you, sir, don't mention it!" said the coachman. "Nothing, sir, nothing; one good turn deserves another all the world over!"

A good many paint the town who should put it on their houses.