For the RECORD-UNION.]

"MY HOMAGE I WOULD TELL."

[Dedicated to the author of the State Irrigation Bill.]

I hold him great who giveth food,
To bird and beast and man,
Who findeth out for human good
The thoughts of nature's plan.

Who sees the desert bare and lone,
And with prophetic thought,
Beholds the cities now unknown—
The wonders man has wrought.

He bids the mountain streams come down,
To bless the desert sands;
And all the wealth of labor's crown
Is poured into his hands.

His footsteps go where none had trod,
He rears his lonely home,
And calls the blessing of his God
Upon the seeded loam.

He calls the ships upon the main,
To come at his command,
To bear his hundred-fold of grain,
Where want and famine stand.

Where once the wierd coyote's cries
Were heard beneath the moon,
He spreads beneath the loving skies
The orange groves in bloom.

Who maketh songs does passing well,
All striving worketh good;
To him my homage I would tell,
Who feeds the multitude.

This is the man of noble birth,
Who on the desert stretching wide
Or on the brushy mountain side,
Finds food for starving earth.

—LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

CARTWRIGHT'S MISTAKE.

I was sitting on the hotel plaza, following with my glass the movements of a steamer in the offing. As she disappeared around a distant bend of the shore, I turned my head toward the left, from which I heard footsteps approaching. My gaze rested upon the portly figure of a gentleman who stood a short distance from me, his hand resting on the top of the balustrade. My eye instinctively settled upon the broad abdominal expanse which the skill of a fashionable tailor had not been able to prevent from being the most striking feature of the gentleman's appearance, for he was very fat.

The gentleman evidently perceived the objective point of my glance, for he gave a faint, apologetic sort of a smile, as though he were somewhat ashamed of himself, and advanced toward me.

"Well, Walton," he said, extending his hand, "don't you know me?"

I had not recognized his figure, but the voice was the familiar one of an old college friend.

"Why, it's Cartwright! How are you, old boy? I'm ever so glad to see you," I exclaimed, grasping his outstretched hand and shaking it with genuine pleasure. I had been at this particular hotel of this particular seaside resort (which we will call Cliffdale) for two whole days without meeting a single acquaintance. Cartwright's advent was a decided relief to what threatened to be a term of solitary exile instead of a pleasant vacation. There were many people at the hotel, but I am not much of a hand to make new acquaintances.

"No wonder you didn't recognize me," said Cartwright, glancing downward at himself as far his waistband, which formed his horizon in that direction. "I am getting so abominably fleshy that life is almost a burden to me. I thought a course of sea-bathing might reduce my weight somewhat, and so I concluded to run down here for a few weeks. I'm ever so glad to meet you, Walton. What have you been doing with yourself since we left old Yale."

We conversed awhile on topics of mutual interest, and then went to walk along the beach. Though Cartwright's weight as he informed me, was 250 pounds, yet he was no mere vulgar bundle of adipose tissue. He possessed a strong and vigorous mind, and carried his flesh in such a way that after the novelty of his appearance wore off it did not provoke mirth or even remark. He was very well proportioned, and while his chin was not disproportionate to the rest of his body, it had not put on the extra folds which disfigure so many fat people. His walk was dignified, at least, if not graceful. His frank good nature was irresistible.

We parted at bedtime, to meet at breakfast next morning. After a cigar on the piazza we took a stroll along the beach together. A short distance from the hotel an open carriage dashed by, in which were seated two ladies, one middle-aged and of rather distinguished appearance, the other young and beautiful. I had scarely time to lift my hat before the carriage had passed us.

"What a beautiful girl!" exclaimed Cartwright, looking after the phaeton. The hood was down, and over it he could see the nodding plume of the young lady's hat. "Who is she?"

"That," I replied calmly, "is Miss Florence Gaylord, of Clearport. She is rich and accomplished; her charms of person speak for themselves; she is an excellent catch, and, so far as I can learn, is still unappropriated."

"She is certainly very beautiful," he rejoined, with a thoughtful air.

The Gaylords, mother and daughter, had arrived at Cliffdale the night before, and this was my first sight of them. They were old acquaintances of mine. We saw them every day during the next few weeks. Cartwright became very attentive to Miss Gaylord, and it soon become obvious that he was very much in love. I do not know what tricks my own heart might have played me, for Florence was very charming; but there was another young woman, then spending the summer in Europe, who had a first mortgage on my affections, and the arrangements had been made for a foreclosure shortly after her return in October. I was, therefore, out of the race, and Cartwright had nothing to fear from my rivalry. Of course he would have had no chance whatever had I been in a position to enter the contest.

I could see with half an eye that Miss Gaylord was partial to Cartwright. She walked with him, talked with him, rode with him, danced with him—he could dance well in spite of his obesity; she sang to him and discussed books and authors with him, for they were both cultivated people and fond of literature. I could not see how any self-respecting, modest young woman could offer a man more encouragement that she gave Cartwright.

But he was singula ly obtuse. He labored under the impression that no woman could love him with a genuine affection.

"No, Walton," he would say, "no young and pretty woman could love such a mountain of flesh as I am. A widow with a large family, or an old maid who had exhausted all her hopes, might put up with me. A young woman might pity me and in her generosity seem to encourage me, but she wouldn't mean anything by it. They smile on me for the same reason that they pat the back of a prize ox at a county fair."

"Nonsense," I said, "the woman who catches you wins a prize in the matrimonial lottery and Florence Gaylord knows it. You are worth a half a dozen of these feather-weight dudes who are fluttering around her."

"Yes, he rejoined with a rueful smile, "I suppose I would be, by the pound."

One afternoon I strolled down the beach with a paper novel in my hand, and finding a comfortable seat in a rustic pagoda a little way from the hotel, I settled myself for a quiet half hour. I had not read more than one chapter when two ladies approached the pavilion and seated themselves on the other side of the lattice-work, vine-covered screen that divided the pavilion into two parts. I was lying stretched upon the seat, the back of which concealed the most of my body, while a mass of vines hid my head from observation. I glanced up from my novel, but did not stir, nor did I recognize the ladies until one of them spoke, with the voice of Florence Gaylord:

"I love Mr. Cartwright very much, and I think he loves me in return, although he is awfully shy. I mean to catch him if I can, though it sounds dreadfully vulgar for me to say so." She glanced around her quickly as she made this remark, but fortunately did not perceive me.

Of course the proper thing for me to do would have been to make my presence known. But she had already spoken, and I had already heard, and I spared her blushed by remaining quiet, hoping they would go away without burdening my conscience with any further weight of ill-gotten information. I could not now escape without being seen by them; the most I could do was to feign sleep, to provide agains possible discovery.

"He is so ridiculously fat," said Mrs. Gaylord, who was evidently on very familiar terms with her daughter, "that everybody will laugh at you for marrying him. Charles Puddinghead is just as rich, and much better looking, and is dying for you."

"Why, mamma! how shameful for you to speak of Mr. Cartwright in that way! What you find fault with only makes him more attractive to me. I have always intended to marry a fat man. Charles Puddinghead is no larger than a well-grown sparrow. Fat men are always good-natured; and one can feel during the storms of life that one is anchored to something substantial that the first rough wind of sorrow or misfortune will not blow away. I despise lean men."

I could scarcely restrain my laughter at this unique confession. I ought, perhaps, to have been angry, for I myself am lean almost to emaciation; but Miss Gaylord's views were too deliciously droll to wound my sensibilities.

The ladies finally went away, and after waiting until they were some distance away, I went back to the hotel.

I meant to tell Cartwright a part at least of what I had heard. But he had latterly grown somewhat sensitive on the subject of his obesity, and I went up to my room after supper to meditate upon the best way in which to give him the benefit of what I had heard, without disclosing too much or the exact manner in which I had acquired my information. An hour or two later I went to his room, but he was not there, and I did not see him until morning.

"Walton," he exclaimed, grasping my hand with painful warmth, "congratulate me. Florence has promised to be mine."

"I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart," I said; "I am sure you will be happy."

In my surprise at the suddenness of the announcement I forgot all about the conversation I had overheard on the beach, which, of course, was now of no consequence. The lovers were quite as much absorbed in each other as lovers usually are, and was left to a certain extent to my own devices. I utilized my opportunity by making some sketches which I had planned, but had up to this time been too lazy to execute.

A few days after the announcement of his engagement Cartwright was called away from Cliffdale, on urgent business. He went immediately, promising to return in two weeks.

My vacation lasted somewhat longer than I had originally intended. I was still at the hotel when the two weeks of Cartwright's expected absence had elapsed. The Gaylords had been away a week visiting some friends, but had returned to the hotel, where they expected to remain until September. When Cartwright had been away two weeks I received from him the following letter:

My Dear Walton: I shall be detained here a week or two longer than I expected. I could perhaps finish up my business and get back sooner, but I am preparing a surprise for Florence and my other friends. You will hardly guess the nature of it, but you will open your eyes when you see what it is. Don't say anything about it, for I mean it to be a complete surprise to the others. Yours, etc.,
D. CARTWRIGHT.

There was nothing in this mysterious communication that would afford a clue to the nature of the projected surprise. I said nothing to Miss Gaylord about the letter. Cartwright himself kept her informed of his movements.

The last two weeks of my vacation passed pleasantly enough. A day or two before I left Cliffdale I received the following note from Cartwright:

Dear Walton: Will be down on the 8 o'clock express. Arrange it so that I can meet you alone with Florence and her mother. Leave word with the clerk what room you are in. Don't let them know you expect me. Yours,
CARTWRIGHT.

More mysterious, and no clew to unravel it. As fortune would have it, I had received by express that morning a portfolio of etchings and engravings which I had purchased for a certain house I had built for a certain young woman (already mentioned) who was expected to return from Europe in a few weeks. By some mistake they had been sent to me at the seaside. I invited the ladies down to my sitting-room at 8 o'clock to look at the engravings, and left word at the clerk's desk that Mr. Cartwright would find us there.

The ladies came promptly. They examined the pictures and criticised them with a rare good taste, for they had both traveled widely, and were familiar with art and the relative merit of artists.

At a quarter past 8 I heard a quick step, which sounded somewhat familiar, pass along the hall and stop at my door, at which there was a knock.

"Come in!" I exclaimed.

The door was opened, and a gentleman stood in the doorway—a tall, symmetrical young man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him, attired in a faultlessly fitted suit of gray tweed. The ladies and I looked at him for a moment in puzzled curiosity; there was something familiar about him, though he was evidently a stranger. There was no sign of recognition on the part of any one, nor could I imagine who he was until he spoke.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I thought I would surprise you."

The wish was father to the thought, for up to that time we had not shown any signs of surprise.

It was Cartwright. He beamed upon us in an ecstacy of pleasure, and laughed gleefully at our evident amazement as we realized who it was.

Meanwhile I watched the effect of his changed appearance upon Florence. She had started at the sound of his voice. When the fact dawned fully upon her that the slender boy before her was but a few weeks before the man whom she loved she turned as pale as though she had seen a ghost.

"Mamma," she said, in a voice scarcely audible, "take me to my room. The gentlemen will excuse us."

"Why, Florence!" answered her mother, "you will be better in a moment. Mr. Cartwright's return was so sudden. You should have prepared us," she said, with a note of reproach, addressing Cartwright.

"Take me to my room, please," urged Florence.

Mrs. Gaylord led her away with murmuring excuses. Cartwright offered his arm to assist her.

"No, thanks," she said, with a perceptible shudder, "mamma will help me."

When they had gone Cartwright turned to me, his face white and miserable, his elation all departed.

"What does it all mean?" he groaned. "I thought she would like it." He cast a comprehensive look over his altered person.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" I inquired.

"I have been under treatment for obesity," he replied. "I found a famous physician, who has reduced my weight about one-half in four weeks. But what's the matter with Florence?"

"The surprise was too great for her," I said. "She will be all right in the morning."

But I remembered the conversation I had overheard on the beach, and I feared for the result of Cartwright's experiment.

At 9 o'clock next morning Cartwright came into my room.

"They have gone," he said; "read this." He tossed me a little note, which I opened and read:

Dear Mr. Cartwright: Pardon my seeming rudeness of last evening. But permit me to explain it by saying that my feelings were beyond my control. We leave this morning on an early train, and I beg of you to release me from my engagement. It is difficult for me to express my meaning, but you are so different from what you were when we met and we became engaged, that it is hard to realize that you are the same person. I fear I never could be happy with you now. Feeling as I do, I think it best for us not to meet. I only wish you greater happiness than I could ever have brought you.
FLORENCE GAYLORD.

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

CARL DUNDER.

The Old Man Falls Into Trouble Again and Tells About It.

"I thought it about time for you to show up again," said Sergeant Bendell yesterday as Carl Dunder hesitatingly entered the Woodbridge-street Station.

"Maype I like to talk mit you a leedle."

"Well, go ahead. I suppose you are in trouble again?"

"Sergeant, vhas Sheorge Washington dead?"

"Of course he is."

"He vhas dead a long time?"

"A great many years."

"Vhell, dot pleases me. I vhas afraid I make a mistake und haf to go to shail. A black man come in my place der ouder day and likes me to gif him two shillings for a colored shurch. He says his name vhas Sheorge Washington. I belief Sheorge Washington vhas dead, und I gif dot man sooch a kick dot he flies twenty feet.

"You did! Why, he was probably named George Washington. I know of several colored men by that name."

"But Sheorge Washington vhas dead! If he vhas dead he can't be alive."

"Can't there be two men by the same name? Don't you know two or more men by the name of Schmidt?"

"By Sheorge! but I doan't think of dot!"

"You'll probably be arrested on a warrant some time to-day, and I shan't feel a bit sorry for you. Has anything else happened?"

"Vhas Shakespeare dead?"

"I should remark!"

"He vhas dead a good while?"

"Yes; a long time."

"Dot pleases me. Vhen you oxplain about Washington, I vhas afraid Shakespeare vhas alive. A young man comes in my place und says vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. Vhell, Mr. Dunder, I like to sell you a book by Shakespeare. Here he vhas, und I sell him cheap. Sergeant, nopody must take me for a fool."

"No?"

"If Shakespeare vhas dead how can he write some books? It vhas a shwindle on me, und I take dot young man und almost preak him in two."

"Then you'll probably have a second warrant to look out for. The young man was a book agent and all right."

"But you said Shakespeare vhas dead."

"So he is. The men who wrote the Bible are dead, but the Bible keeps right on, doesn't it? These are books Shakespeare wrote when he was living."

"Vhas dot so? Why doan' he oxplain it to me?"

"The Judge will explain it. Anything else?"

"A man comes in my place und says he likes to sell me some strips of weather. Vhas I a fool? Doan' I haf all der weather I vhant mitout pay? Doan' I get some cold undhot und rain und shnow like ouder peoples? Sergeant, I doan' like to haf some one make fun of me, und I knock dot chap oafer two tables."

"Well, you'll pay a fine in the Police Court for it."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do! The man wanted to furnish you weather strips, didn't he?"

"By golly! I believe he vhas weather strips."

"They are put on doors and windows to keep out the cold. You'll hear from him!"

"But why doan' he oxplain to me? How do I know dere vhas some deeference between weather strips and strips of weather?"

"The Judge will explain."

"Sergeant, look at me! I nefer see sooch a country! One day I gif somepody five dollar, und vhas all wrong. Der next day I knock shust such a man oafer two tables und vhas arrested. Nopody vhas two times alike. If I doan' knock somepody I vhas an old greenhorn. If I do knock him I must go mit der Police Court."

"Well?"

"Vhell, dot vhas all, except dot I go home und go to bed, und tell Shake und der oldt womans to run der peesness. It vhas all too mixed oop for me. I vhas no good. Good-pye, und if I doan' see you some more I like you to visit my gravestone und weep a leedle."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Statistics of the States.

Arkansas was settled in 1865 at Arkansas Post, and admitted into the Union June 15, 1836. Its area is 53,045 miles.

Mai e contains 29,895 square miles; was settle 1635 at Bristol, and was admitted into the Union March 15, 1820.

Alabama was settled in 1711 at Mobile; admitted into the Union December 14, 1819, and contains 50,540 square miles.

Oregon contains 94,560 square miles; was settled in 1811 at Astoria, and was admitted into the Union February 12, 1859.

Louisiana contains 45,420 square miles; was settled in 1699 at Iberville, and was admitted into the Union April 30, 1812.

Colorado contains 103,645 square miles; was settled in 1858 at Denver, and was admitted into the Union August 1, 1876.

Nebraska contains 76,185 square miles; was settled in 1854 at Omaha, and was admitted into the Union March 1, 1867.

Missouri contains 68,735 square miles; was settled in 1764 at St. Louis, and was admitted into the Union August 10, 1821.

Ohio contains 40,760 square miles; was settled in 1788 at Marietta, and was admitted into the Union November 20, 1802.

Nevada contains 109,740 square miles; was settled in 1860 at Washoe, and was admitted into the Union October 31, 1864.

Iowa contains 55,275 square miles; was settled in 1788 at Burlington, and was admitted into the Union December 28, 1846.

Michigan contains 57,430 square miles; was settled in 1670 at Detroit, and was admitted into the Union January 26, 1837.

Sealskin Sacques.

The best sealskins and the majority of them come from Alaska. The seals are caught near shore, and driven to seal pens on the land. Here they are kept and fed for a time like other cattle until killing time. They are not allowed to be killed until they are two years old nor after they are four. The skins of the baby seals are too tender, and the old seals are kept for breeding. When they are killed the skins are all packed in brine and sent to London. It seems odd that sealskins which are obtained within the United States have to be taken out of it and carried over the long journey from Alaska to England to be cured and dyed, and then brought back to the United States again for sale. Such is the fact, however. The best, and about the only place for preparing sealskins is in London itself, on the banks of the Thames, and the dirty water of the Thames is used in the process. Several attempts have been made to establish places in the United States, but they have all failed, even where the skilled workmen were brought over from the English establishment. It may be the climate or it may be the dirty Thames water which affects the skins peculiarly. Whatever it is, the same skins cannot be prepared here anything near as successfully as they can in London.—*Boston Herald.*

BEAUTY AND DIET.

LAWS WHICH ALL DAUGHTERS OF EVE SHOULD OBEY.

Pickles, Strong Tea and Overdone Beef the American Girl's Diet —Padding and Cosmetics.

Flesh texture and tint perform a most important function in female beauty. To preserve and improve them demands the strictest observance of sanitary laws.

A bad skin, lacking tint, plumpness and elasticity, indicates want of goodness in the vital or nutritive system. Diet, digestion, temperature, open-air exercise, sleep and tranquillity of mind are absolute necessities to every woman who wishes to keep her youth.

As to diet, it is only necessary to ask, What does the average American girl eat? She sits down to a potato and a pickle, three or four cups of strong tea, pies, cakes, sweets and fiery condiments. If she includes beef in her menu, it is only after roasting, frying and grilling has reduced it to a state of complete indigestibility. What is the result of such a regime? By the time she is 20, just at the age nature intended her to be as flexible as a sapling willow, her eyes are dull, her teeth yellow, her gums pale, her lips wan and pallid, her flesh placid, her skin horny and sallow; in fact, all the swell and sap of her womanhood is either undeveloped or else quenched, destroyed, dried out. What then? To repair these unsightly damages she resorts to padding, whitewashes, stains and belladonna and kolb for her eyes.

These are a ghastly substitute for the burnished glow of health. Once to indulge in artificial cosmetics is to be their slave through all eternity.

The once famous beauty, Lola Montez, was heard to say that the only real secret of preserving beauty lay in three simple things—temperance, exercise and cleanliness.

Peppered soups and stews, game patties, ragouts and spices, even moderately indulged in, will exercise deteriorating effects upon a delicate complexion. Women who do not restrain their gastronomic propensities will acquire before 30 years the heated, blotched face we are wont to associate with "high living," while the firm texture of the flesh and the supple shape will soon be replaced by flabby softness and scraggy leanness.

During my few years of rather broad and variegated experience, studying beauty and the habits of its fair possessors, I have known only one who for a series of years accustomed herself to late hours, constant excitement, brain work and censurable feasting, without erasing every trace of beauty. I saw her looking as dainty as an ivory Isis after eight years of such perilous self-treatment as I shudder to describe. Physicians consider the case unique.

Women of nervous and sanguine temperament should restrict themselves to a diet of eggs, milk, bread, salads, fruit, light broths and the crustacea. They should accustom themselves to drinking aerated and natural mineral spring waters, avoiding spices and condiments, delicious and tempting as these fiery delights may be. In the matter of diet the blonde is, by force of physiological tendencies, constrained to stern self-denial at table. It is an old saw among doctors that blue eyes, flaxen hair and the pink-and-white face mean struma. Struma is a prettier word than scrofula, but the condition is the same, and quite as troublesome. These inflammable temperaments are congestive, catarrhal, gouty, and tea, coffee, underdone beef, oily food, spices, alcoholic beverages and opiates concur to produce a general unhealthy action of the skin in dryness, pimples, blotches and discolorations.

Condiments, malt and spirituous drinks and tincture of iron thicken the blood, giving it color and constituency. The philosophy contained in the advice of the expert in skin-troubles to a lady who consulted him in reference to a red nose, upon hearing her habit to be a nightly tippler of whisky and water, "leave out the water and your nose will soon be purple," is as old as it is reliable.

A case which came under my immediate observation was that of an ashen blonde whose skin was as fair and opaque as white lead, and whose hair was unrelieved by one amber gleam. After an attack of typhoid fever, which, by the way, is an effective purifier of the system without being more dangerous than many of the complexion remedies, she was restored by iron tonics and liquor, and the element these introduced into the blood dyed her cheeks crimson and her new suit of hair a ruddy gold. There are temperaments which are irritated by fish, buckwheat and hot breads. Hives, sore eyes and annoying skin disturbances are the outgrowth of their use.

For the slender, bilious brunette, whose blood is thin and whose temperament is watery, a free diet of underdone beef and port wine should replace the severe regimen of the blonde. Tints, rather than colors, are beautiful, and a blonde of the ruddy type should exercise care in selecting tonics. Those containing red wine and iron color the skin to an ugly brick-dust, and I can confidently assert a natural aperient is more efficient in correcting all disorders of congestion and circulation, and the evil consequences of indiscretion in diet, than its printed labels claim. When it is necessary to renew the vital energies a two-grain pellet of quinine taken every evening for a month will furnish the blonde with strength without increase of pigment.

Not only diet, but climate and temperature, exert a powerful influence upon beauty. The white skins, unmingled with chrome or bronze tints, are liable to disorder from sudden changes of temperature and imperfect ventilation. Strong blazes of sunlight and rude winds are both damaging to this type of complexion. Winter is the season of discontent for beauties ranging in this schedule; the first touch of frost stagnates her already imperfectly circulating blood. She is happiest during the days of profuse perspiration, which is the very queen of cosmetics. Sudden change of atmosphere in a room where the mercury has fallen ten degrees over night has been known to produce a thick red rash on a delicate face. A miid diet and a mild climate are mrin factors of beauty.—*Em'ly in Philadelphia Times.*

ROPING A GRIZZLY.

Some of the Pleasantries of Catching Bear With a Lasso.

"It was my fortune," said Bill Davis, as we sat in his parlor, "on our way to the Big Horns hunting, to see in Lower California an exhibition of throwing the lasso that is rarely indulged in. We were coming up in a long wagon train, going to Los Angeles, and in our company were two Mexicans named Pedro and Juan, though what their last names were I could never find out. One evening the whole encampment was thrown into a state of excitement by the wagon boss, who had been out on a hunt, riding up and announcing that a big grizzly bear had run into a large thicket about a mile from the camp; and he asked the men to come and help him get the bear out. All of us caught up our guns and followed him to where the bear was hidden. I didn't see Juan and Pedro until nearly there, but along they came riding, with not a sign of a gun, and responded pleasantly to the chaffing of the rest of us.

"When we reached the thicket of course none of us were anxious to go in, as the chances of the bear getting us were greater than of our getting him. The boys fooled away a little while in making dashes into the bushes until I got tired, and thought that if the bear should come out he'd be most likely to make a break for some small timber about 200 yards away. So over to the edge of this grove I went, and sat down at the foot of a tree on the edge. Well, the bear must have gotten tired of the yelling and noise, for presently I saw him poke his head out of the bushes on the side toward me and opposite to the rest of the men. Then his body followed, and he set out in a slow lope directly in my direction. I got all ready for him, but he had hardly gotten half-way when I saw those two Greasers coming after him, swinging those blamed ropes of theirs. Pedro came up first, and when he was within twenty feet he let drive, and the noose settled right over the bear's head, around his neck. The little horse planted his legs firmly, and when the tug came, over went Mr. Bear. Up he got, red hot; and as he lifted his paws to get the loop off, Juan threw his lariat; around both of his paws it went, and being tightened, there was the bear between two ropes, one choking him, and the other holding his forelegs.

"As soon as the Mexicans found they had him as they wanted they both jumped from their saddles, and running up began kicking the bear and hitting him with sticks, and up I got and walked over to see the fun. When I got there I wanted to shoot the bear, but no, they must torture him a little, until at last I told them to kill him; and do you believe, instead of doing it in a Christian manner those imps of Satan got out their pocket knives and cut his throat. It wasn't my business or I'd have interfered, but presently down the bear sank and soon was dead. I have often heard tell of men roping a bear, but this was the first time I ever saw it done, and the utter helplessness of that bear was funny to see. He just couldn't do a blamed thing, stretched at the end of those ropes." *Forest and Stream.*

CHEWED BY A RACCOON.

Some of the Dangers of Domestic Coon Hunting Demonstrated.

Such a bloody battle as that of last night between a raccoon and a bull-terrier, said a sport to a New Your *Star* reporter, is seldom seem in this vicinity. The raccoon is owned by a Long Island fancier, and is called Spider, while his opponent is the property of a Philadelphia sport and is named Patsy. A stake of $400 was what they contested for, and the expenses were paid by a purse which the twenty spectators made up.

The battle took place in a barn near Jamaica, Long Island. The brutes fought for one and thirty minutes. At the end of this time the dog had been almost chewed up alive and could not respond, so the raccoon was declared the victor.

Spider has a record of killing the last two dogs he fought. He is of a mud-brown color, and weighs but nineteen pounds. His handler was a well-known fancier. Patsy weighs twenty-two pounds, is a yellowish-white bull-terrier, and was sponged by a Philadelphian.

The animals were brought from Brooklyn to the barn in which the pit was built. The referee was a well-known pugilist. Considerable money changed hands, and as the dog was a big favorite, those who bet against him won snug sums.

Spider was first to enter the pit, with a long chain attached to his throat, and held by his trainer. While they were waiting for Patsy to appear, the coon busied himself by ransacking the pockets of his handler. The dog came in snapping and snarling, also attached to a long chain.

The handlers then proceeded to sponge the brutes, and while this was in progress the raccoon made a break and caught hold of his trainer's left arm, but did not succeed in fastening his teeth in his flesh.

Then came a mad scene. Patsy had become very ferocious, and the coon was also hungry for a bite of his opponent. The handlers let go as time was called, and the two enraged beasts went to work to eat each other.

Patsy got a hold on the raccoon's wool, and, as it was about three inches long, it was impossible for him to get his teeth on the flesh. Spider was under, and he saw an opportunity to catch hold of a limb, which he did with such strength that his teeth went clean through to the bone. Then there was a series of terrible yells from poor Patsy, who writhed in agony.

Spider soon got tired of this and let go. He was at once seized by the stomach, and while in this position he seized a firm grip on Patsy's nose, never letting go until he carried away the whole upper portion of the dog's mouth.

The pit was now covered with blood, and the two brutes were rolling around as though bathing in it.

After a scratch had been taken, Patsy caught the coon by the back and shook him in the air as though he weighed only a pound. Betting began at this juncture, and $50 to $40 was freely offered and taken against Spider.

The coon shook himself loose, and fought like a tiger. He didn't make a bit of noise, but set to work and literally chewed the head from the body of his opponent.

The dog was about dead when another scratch was allowed. Spider's mouth was dripping with blood and his hair on the back was saturated, his color now being nearly crimson.

The brutes were put up for the continuation of the fight, but Patsy found it necessary to turn tail and run, which he did to perfection. The referee then awarded the stakes and battle to Spider and his owner.

Poor Patsy had to be killed after the battle, to end his sufferings.

A Double Wedding.

"Do I marry many people who have been divorced?" repeated a well-known clergyman to a reporter. "It depends entirely," he continued, "on the cause for which the divorce was granted. I follow the scriptural injunction.

"By the way," he went on, "I heard of a rather strange marriage which took place a few nights since. At a house in the northwest there was a double wedding. One of the couples were elderly and staid, and the bride had been divorced for other than scriptural causes. Her son was the bridegroom in the younger pair. A Methodist minister, whom I won't name, but of whose church the old couple were members, was invited to perform the ceremonies.

"He promptly declined to officiate for the divorced woman, but he would have no objection to joining the young folks together. The old people made no complaint; they engaged the services of a Methodist local preacher, whose views on the subject of divorce were more liberal than those of their pastor. A few evenings since the two couples and the two preachers stood up together in the same room. The two services were read, and the six souls were made happy; four of them because they were wed, and two of them because they had been presented with respectable fees." *Washington Star.*

A Dig in the Ribs,

If on the right side and lower part of the diaphragm, though playfully meant and delivered, is calculated to evoke profanity from a chappy whose liver is out of order. When that region is sore and congested, pokes seem fiendish. Look at a man's countenance ere you prod him under the ribs. If his skin and eyeballs have a sallow tinge, you may infer also that his tongue is furred, his breath apt to be sour, that he has pains not only beneath his ribs, but also under the right shoulder-blade. Also, that his bowels are irregular and his digestion impaired. Instead of making a jocose demonstration on his ribs, recommend him to take, and steadily persist in taking, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest antibilious and alterative medicine extant. Incomparable is it, also, for dyspepsia, rheumatism, nervousness, kidney trouble, and fever and ague.

THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art,
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their life by the moans of their heart.
The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth of years;
Few or many may come, few or many may go;
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes we pass on our way—
And not by the furrows the finger of care
On forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth—but the shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are ofttimes old,
Though their brow be bright and fair,
While their blood beats warm their hearts lie cold—
O'er them the spring-time—but winter is there—
And the old are oft-times young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years,
From a cross to a crown they lead—'tis well!
And they are blessed with a blessing of tears.
Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave bark home—
It reaches the heaven through tears.

—*Father Ryan.*

POPPING TO A SCHOOL MA'AM.

The Experience of a Young Man in Winning the Hand of a Boston Girl.

"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty teacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round, like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in the elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when a boy."

"Of course I did, but——"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know it, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Minerva, if you knew the aching void—"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum; but, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I mean to say that my life will be lonely without you, that you are my daily thoughts and my nightly dreams. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the North Pole I would fly to you. I—

"Fly! It will be another century before men can flp. Even when laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance."—

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a fair balance in the bank and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—"

Let the curtain fall.—*Boston Courier.*

FASHION NOTES.

All Paris has returned to the wearing of head-dresses which resemble small and very airy bonnets.

For day gowns wool is emphatically the wear—and the directoire redingote the favorite design for them.

A tuft of silver-tipped white ostrich feathers is a favorite hair ornament with ladies anywhere between 30 and 50.

Corselets, with shoulder-straps, or else narrow baby sleeves, are worn in great numbers over half-high guimpes of crepe lisse or silk muslin.

The slender effect now so much sought in walking costumes is best attained by wearing with them a shoulder cape and deep cuffs of heavy long fleeced fur.

A Parisian fancy for empire evening gowns is four or five unhemmed skirts of tulle, the uppermost one bordered with 15 rows of soutache braid, either gold, silver or copper.

Striking toilets for young women are made of red cloth or red India camel's hair combined with white cloth and white bengaline along with much gold or copper cord and braid.

The hair may be high or low, at pleasure. Care must be taken, however, to have it pronouncedly high or low, as the "middle extreme" is just now severely sat upon by Dame Fashion.

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FOR PAINS AND ACHES.
Hon. M. A. FORAN, M. C., from Ohio, writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is invaluable. Use it in my own family. Affords great relief."
AT DRUGGISTS.
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In a vast number of cases, with defective action of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, which defect fills the blood with pus-poison and seeds of decay. These take root in the lungs, producing tubercles (little tubers) which
EAT AWAY THE LUNGS.
Dr. J. H. Schenck's *great discovery* in 1835 was that by use of his
MANDRAKE PILLS AND SEAWEED TONIC
he corrected the faults of secretion and nutrition, ripened and removed the tubercles, healed the lungs and cleansed the blood, and for over fifty years acting on this theory of cause and treatment he has in thousands of cases proved that
CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.
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It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
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It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.
Sold by all Druggists.
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VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER
INVALUABLE FOR ALL PAINS AND INFLAMMATIONS.
Sore Throat, Diphtheria. Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous. Relief assured.
Sores, Sprains, Bruises. It is cooling, cleansing, and Healing.
Catarrh. Pond's Extract is unsurpassed for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, &c. (See page 11, in Book of Directions wrapped around each bottle.)
Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than Pond's Extract. Try it!
Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause, is speedily controlled and stopped.
Piles. Pond's Extract is undoubtedly the best remedy known for Piles. The use of Pond's Extract Ointment in connection with the Extract is highly recommended. (See p. 15, Book of Directions wrapped around each bottle.)
Female Complaints. In the majority of *female* diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.
Pond's Extract is Known Everywhere.
It is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen; by members of the army and the navy, the Bar and the Bench, the pulpit and the press—all ranks and classes of people.
CAUTION.
Pond's Extract Has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation.
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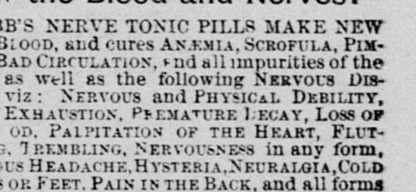

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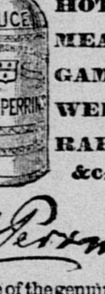

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
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