Wichita Eagle

LOSS.

Something is gone:
I know it by this pain.
But yesterday I had it;
To-morrow, though I bade it,
It would not come again.

Something is gone:
What shall we that thing call?
A touch, a tone, that thrilled me,
A hidden joy that filled me!
Say, that is all.

And now 'tis gone.
Lightly at first it came;
The sky a little colder,
The heart a little older,
All else the same.

All else the same?
O death, all covering sea!
Come with thy floods and drown me;
That thing I sought to crown me
Was all the world to me.
—London Spectator.

JOE LANKFORT'S JINTSEY.

It was somewhere in the Forties that I took charge of the youngsters who came to school in the old log school house that stood near Sycamore creek, in western Indiana. In those days school was "kept" rather than taught, and the teacher was the master by might as well as by title. Like many other schoolmasters of that day, I "boarded 'round with the scholars."

The school house was one of the backwoods kind—a log cabin, with open fireplace and two windows, each a dozen or more panes in horizontal length, and but a single pane in height. The seats were primitive, and the two long plank desks rivaled the windows in length. Pegs in the wall served for hats, caps and bonnets, and shelves in the corners held dinner baskets and the like.

Across the creek from the school house, at the top of a hill overlooking the little valley through which Sycamore creek ran, stood the Lankfort cabin, a hewed log structure, two rooms and a loft in size. A foot log, chained at one end to a tree, spanned the stream just below the ford, and served as a bridge for foot passengers.

The Lankforts were looked upon as a set of ne'er-do-wells. The children were almost always tardy at school, though they lived so near the school house. There were five of them in attendance. Jim, the oldest, was in his fifteenth year; but he was considered somewhat feeble minded, the result, it was said, of an injury received in early childhood. Next came Bob, a boy of 11, and then Sally—and really, I have forgotten the names of the other two.

"An' ther's two more of us to home," said Bob to me one day. "Jintsey an' the baby."

"How old is Jintsey?" I inquired.

"Older than me. She's next to Jim," was the reply.

"I should think she would like to come to school with the rest of you," I remarked.

"Course she would, but she's got to help mammy. Mammy, she's mighty poorly sometimes."

"And is 'Jintsey' your sister's real name?"

"Well, we calf her that—all but mammy. Mammy, she allus calls her Janie."

It was a queer looking little figure which stood at the threshold of the school house one forenoon not long after this conversation—a 13-year-old girl, under sized, almost dwarfish, but lithe in body and well proportioned, except that one shoulder was slightly higher than the other. Her face had a prematurely old and somewhat sickly look, but it was lighted up by eyes of peculiarly penetrating gaze.

It was Joe Lankfort's Jintsey. She had brought lunch for her brothers and sisters, as she explained to me in a low and timid voice. She placed the dinner basket on one of the shelves in the corner, on the girl's side of the house.

"Mother's ailin' this mornin', and everything's late," she added, as she turned to the door to leave. Then, after a quick courtesy, she passed out and went home.

In the course of time I began boarding with the Lankforts. I found Joe Lankfort to be one of the people who seem to enjoy life best when more or less miserable. His main source of sorrow was an "everlastin' mortgage," as he called it, with which his farm was burdened. This incumbrance stood in the way of all sorts of praiseworthy schemes, for Joe Lankfort was a man of good intentions.

He would build a new house when he had paid off "that everlastin' mortgage." Jintsey should go to school "right straight along" when the mortgage was lifted. The ailing wife should have the "best doctors in the state" but for the mortgage.

The ailing wife and mother went about the house slowly, as if in constant pain from some hidden malady, but doing domestic service as though her ailment were a mere trifle.

But Jintsey was, it seemed to me, the ruling spirit of the household. On her face the mother's eye rested in reliance and confidence; the father's countenance grew less anxious when Jintsey spoke to him; the children seemed to regard Jintsey as member-in-chief of all childish woes and mishaps, and they came to her continually with their petty trials.

And Jim, the simple minded fellow, watched his sister much as an over obedient dog watches his master. Like a dog, too, he growled, snapped and snarled at the rest sometimes, but at the feet of Jintsey he worshiped. To him her word was law.

"Jintsey can do more with Jim, when he gits into one of his mad spells, than me or the ole woman," Joe said.

Joe Lankfort had taken his wife "to see the doctor"—it was more economical than asking the doctor to come and see the patient—and the physician's decision, after a careful examination, was brief. In a few words, with perfect kindness, he told them the truth. Mrs. Lankfort was doomed, and when they went home they carried a burden beside which the mortgage seemed as light as air.

"Unless a change for the better takes place soon, Mrs. Lankfort, the case will become incurable. In fact, nothing can cure you now; but travel might benefit you considerably."

That evening, just before bedtime, Mrs. Lankfort called Jintsey into the kitchen. The daughter leaned, as if tired, against the jamb of the fireplace, as her mother sat down in the only chair in the room.

"Janie," said the mother, after a brief silence, "Janie, I've got somethin' to say to you. I'm sickly, you know, an' the doctor says I've got to take a journey—a long journey."

The girl looked quickly into her mother's face in a wondering way.

"An' you'll have to look after things while I'm gone, Janie," the mother went on to say, "in my place, Janie. I'r the house work'll have to go on jest the same."

Janie shifted her position until her forehead rested on her forearm, and she looked straight in the hall empty fireplace. For some indefinable cause she dreaded to look longer in her mother's face.

"You know how the housework is done, Janie. You won't have much trouble to git through with that. What I'm bothered about is your pap an' the mortgage. Mebbe, though, he'll git through somehow. An' Jim! Poor Jim, he's got sech a temper when he's roused up! I'm so afeard that it'll git him into trouble. You know he haint—faint"—and the mother's loving heart halted a moment in its beating—"haint been quite right sence the horse kicked him that time. You'll have to look after him a-right smart, Janie."

"Are you goin' to be gone f'r a long time, mother?" Janie asked, as it began to dawn on her mind that this was to be no ordinary absence.

"F'r a long time, Janie, 'cordin' to what the doctor says."

"Where d' you have to go to, mother?

The girl dropped at her mother's knee as she asked the question. The mother reached down, and with both arms drew her daughter to her bosom.

"Janie! Janie! Janie! Don't you understand? Them that takes the journey never comes back agin."

The daughter flung her arms around her mother's neck and sobbed in utter abandonment of grief. The mother's heart was too sad for tears.

At length Janie grew calmer. For many minutes mother and daughter sat in silence, while the tacksitle in the fireplace sang a mournful plaint, and the clock, the mantel's only ornament, beat time to the sad tones.

A step was heard at the door leading from the living room, and the next moment the father entered. Janie rose and glided upstairs to her cot in the loft.

Joe Lankfort looked inquiringly at his wife.

"I've told her," she said.

He bent over his wife and kissed her on the forehead without a word. Then he hastily went out at the door through which he had entered.

Left alone, a far away look came into the woman's eyes, and an expression of resignation took the place of the sadness. Her house was in order now. She had only to wait in patience.

And she had not long to wait. Within a fortnight there was a fresh mound in the neighborhood graveyard. A rough slab of sandstone stood at the head of the mound, to be replaced by a gravestone "when the mortgage is paid off," the bereaved husband said.

The burdens of the Lankfort household henceforth bore heavily on Jintsey's shoulders, but she went bravely to and fro, and if she ever faltered no one knew it but herself.

Sycamore creek was "up big, an' still a-raisin'," when old Hudnut, the gray haired, ill tempered and close fisted holder of the everlastin' mortgage" crossed it on his way to Joe Lankfort's for his annual "intrust."

As the old man did his own collecting, he took his own time for it, and that is how it came about that in the evening he sat down to the supper table where Joe Lankfort's Jintsey, now budding into womanhood, presided as hostess. This duty she performed with so much dignity that the old man's attention was attracted, as, after the fashion of early days, he helped himself to the eatables set before him.

In the course of the meal the guest had occasion to comment on the delicate flavor of some apple butter.

"It is just like my mother used to make," said he. "Is it some of your manufacture?" he asked, turning to Janie.

"It is some that mother made; some that we've kept ever since she died," said Janie, with a little embarrassment.

It was a trifling incident, but, curiously enough, the old fashioned flavor of the apple butter reminded the old man of his boyhood's days, the days of a sweeter and more generous life. For the moment his heart was tender, and he fully appreciated the sacrifice made by his young hostess in setting before an unwelcome guest the treasured work of loved hands.

He ate on in silence, and, lost in the depths of his reminiscent mood, forgot for a while the avarice and selfishness of his later life.

But Jim, simple minded fellow, grew more and more angry as he saw his dead mother's dainty disappear before the old man's appetite.

"Don't let ole Hudnut have a bit o' that," he had said to Janie while she was setting the table. "It's too good f'r him."

But Janie considered her duty to her guest, even though he held the "everlastin' mortgage."

"Go and fetch Mr. Hudnut's horse, Jim," said the father to his son, as soon as supper was ended.

There was a dangerous gleam of mischief in Jim's eyes as he went out. Janie saw something was wrong, and followed her brother to the stable.

"What's the matter, Jim?" she asked.

He did not answer, and she repeated the question sharply.

"Nothin' much," he said.

"What are you goin' to do? Out with it, Jim!"

She spoke in a tone of authority.

"Goin' to put a couple o' cuckle burrs under old Hudnut's saddle, that's all," said the boy, as he opened the stable door.

"None o' your nonsense, Jim. You know what mother'd say if she was livin'. Now jest saddle that horse right, an' don't you go to playin' any o' your tricks on Mr. Hudnut."

Then she dropped her voice to a kindly tone, and added:

"Do jest what's right, Jim. The man that eats at our table must be treated jest like he was our friend, Jim—recollect that."

She returned to the house, and Jim obeyed the order, as Janie will know he would, though why he did not carry out his original plan he could not have explained. Perhaps he began to look upon the guest as a friend of the family, as Janie's last remark seemed to make him.

It was growing dark when Hudnut mounted his horse to start home. Lankfort cautioned him about the ford:

"It'll be purty nigh missiles to your horse, an' you'll have to draw your feet up or you'll git 'em wet. Don't steer straight across f'r t'other side—jest turn a right smart upstream. If you don't you'll git into ten foot water at the fur end o' the foot log. Be mighty keerful, now."

"Oh, I'll have no trouble in crossing," said the old man, as he started off.

Hudnut gave his horse the rein, and, yielding to his mood, began talking to himself. It was a habit he had.

"That Lankfort girl is a real little lady, ain't she, Hudnut?" he was saying as his horse stepped into the swollen stream. "What a pity they're so poor—Whoa! Hold on, here! How was it, Hudnut? Steer a little up stream, or straight across?"

He hesitated a moment, and then started straight for the landing opposite.

In a quarter of a minute rider and horse were floundering in the "ten foot" hole of water at the end of the foot log. Somehow the old man lost his seat and was carried by the current against the foot log, which he caught with both hands, and was out of immediate danger of drowning. He was on the up stream side of the log, and the current held him against it with such force that he strove in vain to climb out of the water.

In his boyhood—ah, his happy boyhood!—he could swim; but with chilled and rheumatic limbs he dared not make a trial now. He was fast growing benumbed with cold. What else could he do but call for help?

He shouted once, twice, thrice—each time with all his might. The last two times he fairly shrieked, for he began to realize the gravity of the situation.

It was these last cries which Janie's ears caught as she opened the door to admit Jim with a big armful of wood.

"What's that, Jim?" she asked anxiously.

"It's somebody at the ford," she added as the cry was repeated. "The lantern, quick, Jim! Bob, run to the stable and call father!"

Without waiting an instant, the girl dashed out at the front gate and ran full speed down the hill toward the ford. As she reached the border of the stream, another call for help was heard.

"Don't give up—help a-comin'!" shouted Janie in return. It was too dark to see distinctly the situation, and she dared not try to cross on the foot log.

"Where are you?" asked Lankfort, as soon as he and Jim had reached the scene with the lantern.

"Here against the foot log!" was the reply. "Where on Mr. Hudnut?" Lankfort asked.

Hearing the voice, in spite of its shaky tones, "Hang on, an' we'll soon git you out."

Taking the lantern in his hand, Lankfort started to cross. His weight caused the foot log to sag a little; it dipped into the current, and the waves, in some places, dashed over it. There was no danger that the log would be swept completely away, for it was chained at the Lankfort side of the stream; but there was the risk of being thrown into the stream in case the current should prevail against the unchained end of the log.

Lankfort went slowly forward until he reached the chilled and almost exhausted old man. By this time the rest of the Lankfort family were at the water's edge.

Just as Lankfort stooped to lift Hudnut to a safer position, a large stick of floating timber was carried full tilt against the foot log.

"Hang on f'r dear life!" shouted Lankfort. "Hang on, an' the foot log'll swing 'round to shore. It's chained at t'other end."

Old Hudnut needed no second bidding.

Dropping on his knees Lankfort managed to fend off the "rail cut" which had caused the mischief. In the meantime the foot log, held by the chain, swung around, carrying its freight of human life to shallow water.

When Hudnut reached the shore he could scarcely walk. Jim and his father helped the old man up the hill to the house, where he was made comfortable.

But the shock was too severe, and Hudnut's age too great, to make his recovery an easy thing. For days he lay ill, and all the while Janie trotted around caring for his wants, busy among her brothers and sisters, and keeping up the housework just the same.

There was no thought of heroism on Janie's part. She was just trying to fill mother's place, and that was all she thought about it.

The day after the old man was brought to the house, when the chill was on him, and when he refused food, Janie came in with a small dish in her hand.

"You seemed to sort o' like this apple butter," she said. "Don't you think you could eat a little o' that?"

There were no "airs" about Janie in this little proceeding. Hudnut was "company," and that was enough. The old man took some of the butter, and now and then some more of it, with other food.

"I'm getting quite braced up," said he.

Hardened as the world took the old money lender to be, all this unconscious self sacrifice was not lost on him.

By and by he was ready to go home. Jim brought his horse, and with some difficulty the old man mounted to the saddle.

"Look here, Lankfort," he said, as he sat still before starting, "I've been some trouble to you and your daughter, and I'll settle it with you one of these days."

"We don't make no charge, Mr. Hudnut," said Lankfort, with sudden dignity.

"And I'm a thousand times obliged to you besides," said the old man. Then, lifting his hat to Janie, who stood in the door, the old man bowed with old fashioned grace. Repeating his bow to the rest of the family he touched spurs to his horse and rode away.

Naturally Lankfort was disappointed, for the old man's promise of settlement "one of these days" was not very assuring. Of course "no charge" was made, but Lankfort could not help thinking, "Tain't easy f'r a poor man, this sort o' thing, besides"—and then he went about his work, mumbling over something about the mortgage.

But poor Jim, who had groomed the old man's horse so faithfully, was downright angry, and gave vent to his feelings freely, the children indorsing his sentiments as he gave them utterance. Even Janie caught the contagion of dislike, and sighed as she took up her daily duties.

"Now, Hudnut," said the old man to himself, as he crossed the stream, now placid enough, "now, Hudnut, you've got to do the handsome thing by the Lankforts. I'll tell you what you'd better do, Hudnut—in fact, you've got to do it. Figure out the amount of interest which Lankfort has paid on that mortgage and deduct it from the principal. Eh? Better give up the mortgage and take his note for the balance, Hudnut—and be easy on him, too."

After riding on awhile in silence the old man resumed his conversation with himself:

"You can do better than that, Hudnut. Old man, d'you hear? Be good all over, Hudnut, while you are about it." He chuckled as he spoke. "Instead of keeping that note for the balance, suppose you just deposit it in the bank to the daughter's credit, with the understanding that she is to have the interest as long as the principal of the note is unpaid. That's it, Hudnut! Fix it up just that way."

And so, be it said to the old money lender's lasting credit, Joe Lankfort's "everlastin' mortgage" was transformed into a blessing to poor hard worked Jintsey. And thus a new era dawned upon the ne'er-do-wells of the hewed log cabin on the hill.—Lucius Goss in Youth's Companion.

Wonderful Finger Rings.

Medicated rings, having the supposed power of alleviating or curing disease, can be traced into the misty past back as far as the time of Marcus Aurelius. Trolian, a physician of the Fourth century, possessed a signet ring upon which was engraved a representation of Hercules strangling the Nameian lion, and which was reputed to be a certain cure for colic. The English king, Edward the Confessor, was presented with a ring of remarkable powers. It was a never failing cure for the epilepsy in any of its stages. After the death of Edward it was kept in Westminster Abbey for several centuries.—St. Louis Republic.

Cost of European Parliaments.

The most expensive parliament is the French, since, according to the returns for the year 1888, the two French chambers cost no less than 12,145,088 francs. Next in order follow the Spanish parliament, with 9,229,205 francs; the Italian, 2,150,000; the Austrian, 1,810,657; the British, 1,298,000; the Belgian, 900,121, and the Portuguese, 705,000 francs. The German parliament (reichstag) costs the least of all—viz., 479,087 francs.—Frankfurter Zeitung.

Better Go on Foot.

In Woods county, O., lives a boy 14 years old named Johnson, whose father, mother and two brothers have been killed at various times within the last five years by being thrown out of a wagon. He thinks walking good enough for him, and will not even ride on the cars.—Detroit Free Press.

Saccharine is a substance 300 times as sweet as sugar. It comes in packages of about 100 pounds, and is stunningly gotten up, regardless of expense, and is focused in hoopskirts, bustles, velvet bodices and silk gowns.—Richmond Recorder.

Wring His Neck.

Waiter (coolly)—Did you ring, sir?

Guest (angrily)—Did I ring! Well, I like that. Why, man, if I'd been ringing for the fire department and they came no quicker than you the city would be in ashes by this time.

Waiter (dily)—Probably, sir! I'm not interested in real estate hereabouts.—Lawrence American.

One Advantage.

Mrs. Blinder—I'm so nervous about fire, especially now that that hotel has been built on the lower corner.

Mr. Blinder—Oh, don't worry; we are safe. Spink's coal yard is between our house and the hotel. That's protection enough. His coal never burns.—Harper's Bazar.

Rapid Transit in Chicago.

Passenger Bound for the Suburbs (waking suddenly from a protracted sleep)—Conductor, what station is this?

Conductor—Chicago. We haven't got out of the depot yet.—Chicago Tribune.

Drew the Audience, Anyway.

A western clergyman drew a large congregation to hear him preach on "Looking Backward" by announcing his subject in advance, and then delivered a discourse on Lot's wife.—Waterbury American.

PUNISHMENTS OF SEAMEN.

They Are Often Illegal and Sometimes Marked by Great Cruelty.

The trouble on the United States warship Enterprise, recently ventilated in the course of the inquiry at the Brooklyn navy yard, wherein McCalla,

HANGING BY THE THUMBS.

the captain of the vessel, appeared as defendant, has called general attention to the severe and often unlawful punishments inflicted on seamen. Confinement, deprivation of shore liberty, or a reduction of rating are the only sentences lawful under the laws of the United States, yet ever and anon stories reach the land of the terrible treatment received by Forecastle Jack at the hands of his captain or some other magnate of the quarter deck. The illustrations given show some of the "milder" sorts of pen-

THE SPREAD EAGLE.

alties incurred for such offenses as insolence, drunkenness, or overstaying shore leave. The devices of a martinet or a severe officer may include tortures never dreamed of by Dante when writing his "Inferno."

Gen. Schenck's Long Public Service.

Less than a generation ago Robert Cumming Schenck was noted as a soldier, a diplomat and a leader in public affairs. His recent death at Washington at the ripe age of 81 brings him for the last time, outside the pages of permanent history, into public prominence. He was born at Franklin, O., in 1809, received a college education, served in the state legislature and was in congress as a Whig from 1843 to 1851. He spent two years as minister to Brazil, and at the breaking out of the civil war entered the conflict on the side of the north as a brigadier general. He was in the field two years, and then resigned because of his election to congress from an Ohio district. He served three terms. He was minister to England in 1870, and in 1871 was one of the Alabama claims commissioners. After his retirement from that board he participated little in public affairs.

GEN. R. C. SCHENCK.

European War Rumors.

Spring brings with it the annual crop of war rumors from Europe. Bulgaria's throne is as shaky as ever, and the situation in that principality is said to be very menacing for the peace of the states in the Balkan peninsula. Trouble in the Balkans will, of course, involve the great powers to some degree at least, and may lead to an ultimate appeal to arms.

The white laundrymen of the east, particularly New York city, have combined for the purpose of securing the business that now goes to their Chinese rivals. The attempt has proved so far successful as to elicit a letter of protest from Shen Woon, the Chinese consul at New York.

Lawyer, Soldier and Public Man.

Governor E. W. McComas, who died recently at Fort Scott, Kan., after a long and well spent life, was noted for one peculiarity—he disliked to have anything published regarding himself and declined to tell his age. It is known, however, that he was born in Cabell county, Va., was educated in Ohio, and began the practice of law in the state of his birth. He served as captain of infantry during the war with Mexico, afterwards entered the Virginia legislature, and in 1853 was elected lieutenant governor on the ticket with Governor Henry A. Wise. This place he resigned on removing to Chicago, where he resumed work at his profession and gained an enviable standing at the bar. In 1879 he became chief editor of The Chicago Times, and held that position until the paper was purchased by the late Wilbur F. Storey. He went to Nebraska in 1878, and finally located at Fort Scott, Kan., where he died. The later years of his life were devoted to literary work.

E. W. M'COMAS.

Cordial.

Two little girls were playing together. One pretended that she was Mrs. Lincoln, and the other that she was Mrs. Garfield.

Mrs. Garfield was calling on Mrs. Lincoln, and when she was about to leave Mrs. Lincoln said:

"I should be pleased to have you remain all night, Mrs. Garfield," to which Mrs. Garfield replied politely that she would be pleased to do so, but that she had no night dress with her.

"Oh, well," exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln, cordially, "I can lend you one of Abraham's nightshirts!"—Christian Observer.

FOR FORTY YEARS A FIGHTER.

The Long and Arduous Military Career of the Late Gen. Crook.

The great cavalry leaders of the war on the side of the northern states of the Union have nearly all "joined the majority." Sheridan, Custer and Kilpatrick live now only in history, and the recent demise of Gen. George Crook adds a fourth to the distinguished group. Gen. Crook was in many respects a typical American soldier. Born at Dayton, O., in 1829, he entered West Point in 1848, and his life from that on till its close was nearly always filled in with active and arduous work. His first experience in the field was during the Indian wars which mark the early history of California.

In 1857 he broke the power of the coast Indians, and during the nine years preceding the civil strife he came in contact with nearly every savage tribe west of the Rocky mountains. In 1861 he entered the service of the north as commander of an Ohio regiment, and gradually rose through various grades to that of major general of volunteers and brevet brigadier general in the regular service. However, his actual rank was the same at the close of the war as at the beginning—he was still a captain. In 1866 he was made lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-third infantry, and in November of that year the general, who had lately controlled the movements of 60,000 men, was engaged in leading sixty soldiers against the savages of Idaho.

GEN. GEORGE CROOK.

His campaigns against the Apaches and the Sioux cover the years from 1875 to 1886, and as an Indian fighter his name will ever remain inseparably connected with the history of the west. At the time of his death he held the rank of major general, and was in command of the department of the Missouri with headquarters at Chicago.

Six Cents for a Blighted Love.

An ungallant jury awarded damages recently in the small sum of six cents to a middle aged maiden lady who claimed to be the victim of misplaced confidence. Despite her threescore years she had succumbed to the tender passion and vowed to wed a musical gentleman of half her age. The marriage day approached and the trousseau was ready, also the lady, but at the last moment the wooer grew cold and cried off from his bargain. Then the law was appealed to, but it has granted little satisfaction; for how can a paltry sixpence compensate for the loss of a husband? At any rate, though, the verdict has placed the lady in a proper light before the world and once again shown that "men are gay deceivers ever."

J. Y. Scammon's Eventful Career.

The career of the late Jonathan Young Scammon, who died recently at Chicago, was of that varied nature which characterizes the life history of may prominent men, particularly those who are Americans. He began as a lawyer, drifted into railway construction, identified himself with the cause of education, went into politics, managed a bank, founded an insurance company, established three newspapers, saw his great wealth swept away by the disastrous fire of 1871, and spent the closing years of his life in an endeavor to pay his debts and achieve a competence. Mr. Scammon was born in July, 1812, at Whitefield, Me., and went to Chicago in 1835, where he passed the remainder of his life. Besides the business enterprises with which he was connected, several public institutions owe their existence to his care and munificence. He endowed the Chicago Hahnemann hospital, paid for the erection of a Swedenborgian church, donated an observatory to the Chicago university and defrayed all its current expenses for several years, and was an ardent supporter of and contributor to the Chicago Historical society. Yet a little before his death he told a friend that he "didn't know where to place his hand on a $5 bill he could call his own."

J. Y. SCAMMON.

Has Killed Many Million Hogs.

The champion hog sticker of the country is probably John Wesley Heslett, of Kansas City. He has spent fourteen years as a packing house employe, and regards the killing of 2,000 hogs a fair day's work. Figuring on that basis, and allowing 300 working days to a year, it would appear that during his career Haslett has presided at the obsequies of nearly 8,500,000 porkers. The largest number ever slain by him in ten consecutive hours was 4,618. Despite the fact that his hands are daily dyed in blood, Haslett is a mild mannered man of domestic habits, whose peaceful dreams are never disturbed by the ghosts of his innumerable victims.

A Knife Blade in His Brain.

A pin prick may kill a man, and again he may survive the most serious injuries. This is so well established as a surprisal axiom that the doctors are not often surprised. But the results of a post mortem at the London hospital recently gave ample cause for astonishment. The "subject" had died of phthisis. On opening the head the brain was found to be normal, but protruding through the left side of the temporal bone and lying between the convolutions of the brain the operating surgeon discovered part of the blade of a knife. The bone had healed on the surface and there were no marks on the skull.

A curious accident partially blockaded traffic on Broadway, New York city, the other day, for several hours. An ice wagon and a truck collided. The horse hitched to the former vehicle slipped against the guard to a man hole, pushed it aside and fell in, so that only the head and fore legs remained above ground. After the horse had died the body was hauled out with a derrick. The scene attracted thousands of spectators.

How He Saved a Customer.

"Look here, young man," said the lady to the shoe clerk, "I don't wear any such shoe as this—it is a seven."

"A seven! Let me see. Oh, yes; it was a mistake in stamping the number. They somehow got a figure 3 upside down."

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The Power of Love.

He—And you won't marry me?

She—I don't think I can.

He—What objection have you to me?

She—Well, er, I don't like the color of your mustache.

He—Stella, I would dye for you.

She (mistaking his meaning)—You would really die for me?

He—Yes, my mustache.—Boston Courier.

Anxious to Get Rid of Him.

"Do you think George Francis Train will beat the record on his trip around the world?"

"I hope not."

"You hope not! Why so?"

"Well, I think it would be nice if he were to give up when he got about half way around and stay there."—Lowell Citizen.

Where It Went To.

He (at breakfast)—I shall never ask you again what you do with your pin money, my dear.

She—Why not, Henry?

He—I have found out. I stepped on about six hundred of the darned things when I got home last night.—Lawrence American.

William L. Hilton, of Franklin, Ky., when on his death bed last June, threw a package containing $800,000 into the fire rather than leave anything for his wife to inherit. It was supposed to have been consumed, but recent developments go to show that it was rescued, and detectives and lawyers have stepped in and are now searching for the fortune so strangely missing.

A Milanese inventor is said to have produced a simplified phonograph which reproduces all sorts of sounds with marvelous accuracy, and which is neither costly in construction nor liable to get out of order.

The big coal strike in Yorkshire, England, involves the idleness of 250,000 miners. An equal number of workers in other trades are also unemployed as a consequence of the difficulty.

Odd Superstition of the Red House.

According to Grimm it is the devil's bride out of whose mouths the soul runs in the shape of a red mouse. Thus we are told that in Thuringia a servant girl fell asleep while her companions were shelling nuts, when they observed a little red mouse creep out of her parted lips and run out of the window. One of those present shook the sleeper, but, not succeeding in awakening her, moved her to another room. Presently the mouse returned to where the girl had been sitting, but, not finding her, vanished. The girl died instantly.

A miller cutting firewood in the Black Forest fell asleep over his work. His companion saw a mouse creep out of his mouth and run away. Others were called and a thorough search made for the mouse, but it could not be found. The miller never awoke. In Bohemia it was formerly considered dangerous to sleep while thirsty, as the soul was sure to leave the body in search of water.—St. Louis Republic.

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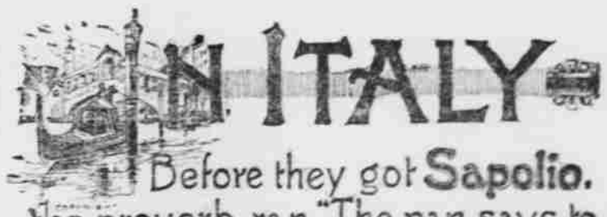

Before they got Sapolio.
The proverb ran-"The pan says to the pot, Keep off or you'll smutch me."
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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.