



Hon. Charles B. Farwell declines to gloat. That is, he will not gloat for publication.

It will be no "button-hole bouquet campaign" this winter at Topeka but a stand-up-and-deliver command of the armistice.

"If a Democrat is chosen senator from Kansas, he may come from Atchinson" quoth the Champion. As he will have a heavy load and an indifferent team he will need to be a good Waggoner.

Illinois' new governor will have the privilege of appointing twenty colonels. This ought to enable him to place Chicago journalism on the fighting basis with the Missouri and Kentucky combatants.

Where the factory chimneys were the tallest and most numerous, and their smoke the thickest and most continuous there the vote for Cleveland and free trade was the strongest. Wont somebody explain?

It is said that Cleveland has intimated to his cronies that this being his last inning the Democratic party need have no fears as to his promptly delivering all the spoils of office and patronage in sight into their hands.

The cabalistic initials, G. O. P., are still the proper thing, though susceptible of a slightly changed interpretation. Just now they stand for Going Out Party. But it still carries with it the original appellation, J. T. S.

As a means to an end the howl for tariff reform was the poll that had the longitudinal reach and the crop of permissiveness is large and white unto the harvest, but the fool who fondly feels forward for free trade from the factory fees that fetched Cleveland to the front will the same feel in vain.

Jerry Buss says: "The president was my only friend and supporter, from the beginning to the end, of my endeavors to get our American hog into European countries. Certain officials in the diplomatic service undertook to claim credit when success was achieved, but I am not a traitor. I gave credit to President Harrison all the time."

As a means of making up, a portion at least, the apprehended deficit in the government's revenues it is proposed to increase the revenue tax on liquor from 90 cents to \$1.25 per gallon. The person who made the suggestion seems to have lost sight of the fact that Democratic spirits will control the matter, and everybody knows what that means.

Scientists are disputing as to whether the comet that is just now disporting itself before the gazing public of this sphere is the much talked of Biela comet. Some people doubt that Biela ever had any member to the solar system, but think he set up the claim to come over the other star-gazers in the estimation of the credulous. And thereby hangs a tail.

The secret of the Republican defeat in Kansas came of the failure of the barnacles and pap suckers in not demanding the nomination of "farmers." What the people want are farmers and they will have them even if they have to elect all the Farmer Peppers and Farmer Lewellings and Farmer Leases in the state. Farmers never fail of standing to each other at the hustings, therefore the new deal.

China has decided not to send any of her ships to our Columbian naval review, for the assigned reason that her officers are unacquainted with the navigation of our waters. So much the more reason, it would seem, why they should have availed themselves of an opportunity to blend a campaign of education with an act of international civility. Perhaps China feels loth to mingle her felicitations at sea with a country to which her people are non grata on land.

The leading Democratic politicians of the country, and more especially of the south, had little to say for Cleveland during his first administration. His late slap has caused almost a frenzy of renewed hatred. In his former four years the stuffed prophet knew only a small coterie of politicians, most of whom were old New York cronies, and now that he will be serving his last possible term none but personal favorites can hope for much influence with him or recognition.

Mr. Henry M. Parkhurst, a well-known New York astronomer, in a paper on the comet now visible by night nearly overhead, states that it is more than two times the diameter of the sun, and fifteen times its volume. Mr. Parkhurst declares that there are no sufficient elements on which to base a computation of the comet's course, and it is unlikely that the apprehension of a collision with the earth will seriously disturb any large number of Thanksgiving appetites. He guessed it to a dot as far as this garden spot was affected.

The Australian ballot cost the Republicans of Massachusetts the governor of that state. It was thought at first—when the system was being introduced in this country—that it would have the effect of, in large measure, barring illiterates from the exercise of the elective franchise, but it seems to act more the other way. Massachusetts, greatest boast of its "ulterior," yet about 20,000 of her citizens, principally Republicans, lost their vote by not having their ballots properly prepared. And it will be remembered that at a recent election in New York, Chauncy Depece and one of his railway employes—a section hand—went into the booth together to prepare their ballots; that Depece spoiled his and had to ask the polling officer for another, while his voting companion prepared his ballot promptly and properly, deposited it and went on his way.

Kansas Exhaustless in Surprises. From the Topeka Capital. The suggestion of Mrs. Lease for the senate is agitating the entire country. It was thought that Kansas had no more surprises in store, but we are equal to the emergency.

EMASCULATED. Kansas is in bad odor everywhere, and for a number of reasons, but all growing out of her late political fits. From east to west none are so humble that they may not sneer. The Missouri papers are making the most of the situation, Kansas is not only to appear in petticoats in the United States senate, but they declare that the coming legislature will provide ways and means for putting women into politics and public life. The Populist party has been largely run by the women, chief amongst them is one who it is said is a foreigner who has never taken out naturalization papers. Not only did the wives and daughters of the Populists make themselves conspicuous as able members in the late campaign, but the Republican central committee permitted ambitious women to mount the stump in behalf of the party. Many of the people are already figuring on chances to flee to the mountains of Hepsidam or to some other sea port.

THE COMET RACKET. How little scientists know and how are we all regularly lumbugged by them. Especially is this so in the line of astronomy. For twenty years astronomers have been predicting the return of Biela's comet, and also of the star of Bethlehem. Biela's comet has no tail, according to some of these wise-acres, and according to others has developed one during his long absence. But even when they see a thing they cannot tell much about it. What, after all, do these fellows know about the sun, moon or stars? A comet seems to have put in an appearance the other day in the northern heavens. The authorities are all at sea as to which it is or what it is going to do. One set of astronomers assure us that in a very short time it will be the most conspicuous thing in the heavens, while another is equally sure that it is going off in another direction. Another equally reliable contingent of astronomical observers declare that the visitor is Biela's and that it is making directly for the earth, and that the comet and earth will pass exactly the same spot on the night of the 27th—next Sunday. If it should happen to be at the same minute some affirm that this planet would go out of business with a flash, while others are just as positive that not a single hair on this terrestrial globe would be so much as scorched.

Most, if not all, of this talk is nonsense and guess work. The Almighty who made all made no mistakes, nor are any of his handiwork going to collide or prematurely smash.

THE OPTION GAMBLERS ARGUMENTS. From the Iowa Herald. Opposition to anti-option legislation is chiefly resolvable for two reasons, namely: activity and violence with which it is carried on, and the fallacious and sophistical arguments adduced to support it.

The activity and violence with which the present iniquitous system is defended is easily explained. "There's millions in it." Wherever the carcass is, the buzzards come. No vice has ever been so vicious that it has lacked defenders, provided the vice pays. Nor is it difficult to see why the arguments by which the option is supported are necessarily fallacious and sophistical in their character. No system that is wholly bad in morals, as well as in political economy can be supported by any other kind of argument, and hence sound reasoning cannot be expected from its advocates.

It may be classed as two kinds—the transparently bad and the seemingly plausible—the difference being that the latter aim to confuse the general public, who are not familiar with the details, and the first do not.

We are told, for example that the crops could not be handled if the bill prohibiting option and future gambling were to become a law. Just how or why this is so we have never seen explained, although we have patiently waded through quite a number of elaborate treatises on the explanation. Before gambling methods came in vogue there was no trouble in marketing the cereal and textile crops in any quantity by a satisfactory method. Why not, now? It should be noticed that it is only a few times that are gambled in an almost uniformly there is more dissatisfaction than those on which the gambler can get his hands. There is no gambling in hogs, and yet we sell \$250,000,000 worth of them. Why should there be in cotton, worth but little more in the aggregate, and there is no selling in wheat, and no one grumbles at the market. Why should there be in wheat? Our butter is worth about twice as much as our bread. We are told that wheat must be gambled on or it cannot be sold, yet the flour goes into the bake oven without the gambler's assistance. On the other hand, the hogs go to market without his assistance, but he must have his hands on the products. Who believes such an absurd pretense? During a certain ten days in 1890, tabulated in a special report delivered in congress at the last session, the New York market sold 337,800 bushels of actual wheat and 3,206 bales of actual cotton; during the same ten days there were "sold" in the same market 133,730,000 bushels of wheat and 851,000 bales of phantom cotton. Does any sane man suppose that these so-called "sales" of 372 bushels of flat wheat to each bushel of the actual product sold, in any degree added in the sale of the bale that was sold? Every one who has given the subject the slightest thought and is capable of stringing two ideas together in a logical sequence knows that the reverse is true; that, instead of adding in such sale, obstructed it and reduced the price obtained. It is perfectly clear also that had there been a strong combination of capital ready to hold up the price of the wheat and cotton, in the New York market against the efforts of these market wreckers, it would have been obliged during that period of ten days to have purchased not only all the wheat and cotton actually sold, but nearly 400 times as much wheat and cotton, and as much more as the market wreckers had the nerve to offer. And putting actual products in this situation they call "helping" to sell it. It is not, it is helping to give it away, when they don't own a bushel or a bale of it.

Instead of this gambling system being necessary to the sale of products, it is a fact that not only by far the larger portion in quantity and value of the products of the country are sold without it, but that even of those subject to this system of wrecking, only a small percentage is handled by the gambling boards.

It is a misfortune in this country that a product can be graded in order that

men may gamble on it. The gamblers handle one-fourth of the wheat crop and about one-sixteenth of the corn, and by knocking down the price on this small per cent are able to bleed the farmers on the entire graded product.

All the arguments against the prohibition of grain gambling, which, if true, would possess any validity, derive whatever plausibility they may have from this pretense of necessity. They all hinge upon it and have no weight without it; but the pretense being false, as is proved by the fact that other equally large lines of products find a market without it, that formerly those products now made the subject of the most desperate gambling were satisfactorily sold without the gamblers' aid, and that even now the markets were the system prevails disposed of but a small part of the products which they gamble in, all these facts proving, we say, that the pretense is false, it follows that any arguments predicated upon it are fallacious and sophistical, however ingeniously they may be constructed.

On the other hand, good morals require the abolition of a system which demoralizes all who may come in contact with it; common honesty and justice to the producers require that the law shall be so framed as not to permit the systematic interference with his undoubted right to have his prices fixed by the law of supply and demand, and the point has been reached when gambling must go or production must be permanently crippled by being made wholly unremunerative. This being so, no citizen can hesitate in his duty. Honest toil has rights and real values and is entitled to the protection of the law or government utterly fails of the purpose for which it was established; gambling has no rights, and the market wreckers' flat creations are entitled to no protection and no tolerance. Choose ye!

EXCHANGE SHOES. A Parody. The G. O. P., 'tis plain to see, Has lost some of its members; Let 'em alone and they'll come home Before three more November.

Where We Are At. The Wichita Eagle asks: "Have we let it?" Yes indeed, in the broth.—Pittsburg World.

Wichita's Inning. From the Atchison Champion. Mrs. Lease has a big send off in the race for United States senator. She hauls from Wichita.

Will be the Next Speaker. It now looks as if George L. Douglas of Wichita might be the next speaker of the house. He has had sufficient legislative experience to make a good presiding officer.

He Certainly Will. The proposition to bounce Chairman Holman from the appropriation committee is not likely to be carried out. The gentleman can be counted upon to rise and object.

Governed still Missing. From the New York Press. Nothing has been heard from Bidwell, the prohibition candidate for president, since the flood set in on the night of election day. His son says Bidwell acts as though he should send in word telling what he thinks of the show.

Official Returns of Pennsylvania. From the Philadelphia Record. To the student of political statistics the election returns of Pennsylvania for President present some interesting features. Four years ago the total vote of the state for president was 924,671, and Harrison's plurality over Cleveland was 79,458. This year the total vote of the state was 1,008,016, an increase of 83,345 votes in four years. Harrison's plurality over Cleveland is 63,747, or a loss of 15,711, while Harrison's vote is 10,080 less than his vote in 1888. Cleveland gains 5,631 on his former vote.

A Railroad Joke. Some railroad men in Cleveland, Ohio, who wanted to have a little extra amusement at the expense of his republican friends, got up a printed circular in the exact style of a railroad tariff sheet, the body of which reads as follows: Grover Cleveland, special favorite; William F. Harris, contracting agent; A. E. Stevenson, vice president.

Drive Out the Birds of Prey. From the Salina Republican. The Wichita Eagle brings out George L. Douglas for the Republican candidate for speaker. Mr. Douglas is a good man but a weak Republican platform. But like a great majority of the young crowd of Kansas Republicans Mr. Douglas is honest and despises the gang of bribe taking barnacles and hangars on that infest the legislature. The Republicans are to be congratulated on the theory that this gang should be completely cleaned out. Drive the Jim Legates and all other birds of prey of that character out of the party over to the Alliance. Let the cormorants flock together but cut them loose from the main mass, as they will triumph in Kansas in the coming years.

—The first time the queen was taken by Mr. Downey, the photographer at Newcastle, his friends were very curious to hear how the operation had gone off. But the imperturbable Scotchman was very little excited about it, outwardly at all events. "What did you say?" said a curious friend afterwards. "What did she say?" asked another. "Well," Mr. Downey said, "she her majesty just as I was taking away her portrait, and when I'd settled her I said: 'Was it please your majesty to put on a more favorable countenance?' and she said: 'Sairtainly, Mr. Downey.'"

Pigeons and Bicycles in War. Experiments with cyclists and carrier pigeons for transmitting messages are being made by the Gymnastic society of Rome in the interest of the Italian army. The rider carries a small cage attached to his machine in which there are several well-trained pigeons. When important observations have been taken and jotted down they are placed in envelopes and affixed to the birds, which are liberated. In every instance thus far the birds have flown promptly and in a straight line back to headquarters.

It was announced in several of the territorial papers a day or two ago that Editor Dixon of the El Reno Eagle, had been arrested on a charge of perjury. Here is what he says about the matter: Contrary to the announcement of some of our esteemed city contemporaries, the prospect of the El Reno Eagle is not intended to answer to the charge of "forgery" which was said to have been preferred by the county clerk. The EL RENO pointed this section baldly contrary to the opinion of the county clerk, who was personally interested in not having us print it, and it remains to be seen whether he can sub-

stantiate what charge he has made before any jury tribunal, political or otherwise, can be made out of it by the defeated county clerk or the EL RENO's aspiring contemporaries. The so-called case will come up for trial in the probate court next Wednesday evening from the fact that the editor of this paper does not care to dispose of it in any other manner. This is the official paper of the county and it is entitled to do the official printing whether there is anything in it for the clerk or not.

The following are the appointments for Oklahoma made by the conference of the Southern Methodist church, which closed its labors at Ardmore Tuesday: OKLAHOMA DISTRICT. J. M. Gross, presiding elder. Oklahoma City, D. E. Cameron. Guthrie, W. Wintemley. Stillwater, W. Fall. Norman, T. M. Patterson. Muskogee, C. J. Thurston. Little River, J. H. Miller. Chaddick, C. W. Hughes. Guthrie circuit, C. P. Brewer. Edmond, C. F. Strang. Moore, D. C. Strang. Chandler, Alphonso Clark. Keokuk Falls, W. W. Brink. Tecumseh circuit, J. A. Jones. EL RENO DISTRICT. A. J. Worley, presiding elder. El Reno, J. R. Divilbis. Watonga, Frank Moore. Edmond, C. F. Strang. Mabery. Udon, M. D. Long. Yukon circuit, P. T. McWharter. Mathewson, J. C. Briggs. Edmond and Kingfisher, H. J. Brown. It was the largest assembly ever brought together under the auspices of this church in Oklahoma.

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TRICKS OF THE MEMORY. Speakers and Writers Sometimes Get Badly Mixed. Some of the Difficulties in Grammar and Spelling Which Often Beget Even the Most Thorough Scholars. One of the queeresses with which writers have to contend is an occasional puzzleheadedness over a perfectly well-known point of orthography or grammar. A word that one has probably spelled correctly all one's life suddenly swerves over into the doubtful orthography column. Is it "inful," "eggrill," or "engull"? One queries, with pen nib in hand, "is it 'Panip' 'Panip' 'Panip' or 'phanip' and so on indefinitely. To be sure, there is the dictionary, but asks the Boston Commonwealth, who wants to learn his A-B-C over again or to look up the spelling of everyday words? It is a curious fact that, left to themselves, the fingers will generally spell a word correctly. It is in the hesitation that certainty is lost. There can be no doubt that the fingers of a writer acquire a sort of automatic education. Even when a doubt as to the right spelling of a word has crossed the mind the hand will usually bring the letters into form if given its course. It is as if it consciously reasoned: "I have always driven the pen so and so, having begun so!" But once hampered by the spirit of investigation, the irresolute hand inclines toward the Unabridged.

The matter is worse where parts of speech entangle themselves. Rules and regulations flatten themselves out and only a helpless floundering among pronouns, antecedents and correlatives seems for a time possible. In one of Wilkie Collins' published letters he writes: "For the last week, while I was finishing the story, I galloped along without feeling it, like the old post horses. Do you remember how the fore legs of those poor horses quivered and how their heads drooped when they came to the journey's end? That's me, my dear, that's me. Good God! Is 'me' grammar? Ought it to be 'I'? My poor father paid ninety pounds a year for my education, and I give you my sacred word of honor am not sure whether it is 'me' or 'I'." Probably Wilkie Collins could not make a pretty straight guess on this point, but those little aberrations come upon us sometimes when we should be slow to stake anything upon our correctness, though another person, blundering in the same way, would be instantly arraigned before the bar of our correct and scandalized judgment, just as we serve merited condemnation upon fellow mortals who display the identical faults of which we are ourselves guilty.

Valuable speakers and voluminous writers probably experience a little of this trouble. The spouting geyser of words never fails them, and for this they are to be congratulated; yet it is a consolation to those of less oratorical ability to know that great writers and speakers learn to curb their flowing speech rather than give vent to it. Prof. Shedd states that in the last half of Webster's public life he learned to reject the vague words that come thick and thronging when the mind is aroused. He grew more select and precise, and gradually, as one said, "every word weighed a pound." This style of speaking or writing cannot be driven through with the velocity enjoyed when one is more careless of results. The word fully chosen is the word to be striven for, and, such is the perversity of inanimate things, it is precisely the word that sometimes fails to come at all.

CHINESE RIVER TRAVEL. How the Celestials Navigate One of Their Big Streams. O. L. Kilborn, one of the seven Canadian missionaries who have gone to settle in Chen-tu, the capital of Szechuan, has sent home an account of Chinese river travel, says the Montreal Witness. Kilborn and his companions embarked, with their belongings, on two houseboats and began a journey of one thousand miles up the Yang-tze river.

The Chinese houseboat is a flat-bottomed punt, of which the stern half is covered in. Rather more than the anterior third consists of open deck, where the fourteen rowers stand when they wield their oars, and where the whole crew spread their mats and sleep at night. Turning on a pivot at the bow is a long, heavy oar, which, when skilfully handled, does more of steering than the rudder. The boat is furnished with a tall and strong mast, and with the least fair wind up goes the Chinese sail, ribbed with the light bamboo. When the wind drops eighteen men jump ashore; fifteen of them tow the houseboat along with from two hundred to one thousand feet of bamboo rope, chanting as they pull, while two men keep the rope clear of projecting rocks along the river bank and the remaining one runs beside the rest, spurring them to their work by shouting, waving his arms and clapping his hands.

Often the banks become too precipitous for this "tracking," and the fourteen rowers take to their oars. The mode of progression is changed ten or fifteen times a day. Often the boat crosses the river to gain quieter water or a smoother bank, and is carried down a quarter of a mile in the course of this maneuver, though all hands stamp the deck fiercely, row with desperation, and fill the air with yells. On reaching the rapid of nature's two bamboo weirs were put ashore and seventy-five men and boys hauled on the bank, the accompaniment of a small barrel drum furiously beaten by a man on deck. The Chinese authorities have established life-saving associations, which keep several well-manned boats constantly plying at all the dangerous rapids. Such a thing as an anchor was never seen. Sometimes a pole was driven down through a hole in the bow; but usually a rope was tied round a boulder or stake on the shore—or, in default of these, round a heap of small stones gathered for the purpose.

The Water Spider. The water spider, which spends most of its time under water, carries a bubble of air for breathing on the under side of its body, and with this air it sustains its body to the surface for more. It is enabled to carry the air bubble beneath the under side of its body, which is covered with tiny hairs set so close together that the surface film of water does not pass them, although the air does, and thus the air is imprisoned among the hairs.

ALL IN A LETTER. A General Visitor at a Business Office Is Greatly Amused at the Dictator. The door leading from the reception room to the young lawyer's private office was not quite closed, yet he no doubt thought it open on business. A gentleman calling on business heard voices in the next room, and scaled himself in a chair near the door and waited his turn. As he innocently sat there, says the Minneapolis Tribune, he heard something like this, amid the clicking of a type-writing machine: "Mr. Tulip Gushing, Piquette, Kan.: You know I love you—dear sir—what makes your cheeks so red? They're pretty as roses—I desire to inform you that—the other girls aren't in it with you—I hold for collection your promise note—you've got such lovely hands! They ought to be playing a piano or a golden harp instead of an old typewriting machine—gives the date of January—I think June, with its moonlight and hammock parties, is lots nicer, don't you?—I'd give every cent of it to you—payable six months after date—loan me your gun awhile—with interest at ten per cent.—had your hair curled to-day, didn't you?—If I paid a maturity. Will you kindly inform me—what size gloves do you wear?—If you desire to forward the amount—I like the way you dress your neck—or shall I read you there for collection? But really I must put my lips close to your ear or you can't hear what I say. A prompt reply will greatly oblige—you are a awfully warm—yours truly, etc."

LEGEND OF LOCH MAREE. A Dooble Tragedy Which Led to Its Renunciation as a Sacred Ground. The most interesting of the islands in Loch Maree is by no means the biggest, but it differs entirely from the others in its varied vegetation, says the London Queen. There is a romantic legend in connection with this island. In olden times a Norwegian prince and princess lived there happily. In time of trouble the prince went forth to war, leaving his island to be guarded by his wife. It was agreed that when he was in sight of home on his return a white flag should be hoisted if all was well; if not, a black one. Time passed, and the princess became jealous of his long absence. When his boat at length appeared in the loch a black flag was hoisted, and when he landed he found his wife lying, as if dead, on a bier, she having feigned death to prove his love. Heartbroken at the sight the prince unheeded his danger and plunged it into his heart. A thud, and he lay dead at her feet, in heavy smoke. Frightful as this tale is, it is not true. Horrified at the sight she grasped the dagger from his breast and took her own life. They were buried in this romantic spot, foot to foot, with the hilt of a dagger engraved on their tombstone. Since then the landowners of the neighborhood have had the right to bury on the island, and some of the graves are of curious, unwholesome stones. This island burial is quite common in Scotland. It is a delightful idea that the dead should rest in peace surrounded by beautiful scenery and far enough from human habitation to do no harm to the living.

PEOPLE WHO EAT CLAY. Widely Separated Places Where Earth Is an Article of Diet. Clay eating, perhaps, was unknown prior to the discovery of the Americas, the first known allusion to that curious article of diet being found in the journal of Sir Samuel Argole, in that part devoted to his travels in the "Land of Virginia," in the year 1612. "In this journey," he says, "I like-wise found a mine of a strange kind of earth, the virtues of which I know not, but the natives use it for physic, and allege that it cures pain in the stomach and a variety of sicknesses." Even at the present time the poorer classes of whites in North and South Carolina are said to eat clay to such an extent as to give their complexions a peculiar greenish hue. Humboldt, during his explorations of the Rio Negro, South America, discovered a tribe of Indians whose principal food during the rainy season was a fat, unctuous clay called "boia." There are several Central American tribes that greedily devour the earth of ant hills, and the same may be said of the negroes of Sierra Leone. In Germany, during the time of the last famine, an infernal earth called "mountain meal" was largely used, either with or without a mixture of wheat flour.

SEE OUR WINDOWS. Dolls, Games, Watch this space for Opening about Dec. 3d. WICHITA BOOK CO (INCORPORATED) Wholesale and Retail. 118 East Douglas Avenue, 100 Cards and Plate \$1.50. Keep YOUR FEET Warm. Go to John Braitsch's where you can get anything in the line of warm lined goods. Alford Dolges Felt Shoes and Slip pers in Men's, Ladies and children's; year well and hand-sewed shoes and Men's fine Gode-year welt and hand-sewed Heavy Boots for winter wear. The best stock and makes of goods at the lowest living prices. P. S.—Special—For comfort try our self-adjusting shoes for Ladies and Misses. They are claimed to be excellent.

MURDER NOT A CRIME. The Afghans Consider Smoking the Only Unpardonable Sin. The average Kaffir does not regard murder as a crime. It is kill or be killed in his own country, and he therefore regards the matter of taking off a friend most philosophically. "There is nothing to worry about; he is dead, and I killed him," he will tell you if you should inquire about a companion with whom he was on the best of terms the preceding winter, says the San Francisco Chronicle. I have heard an Afghan, while purchasing a weapon, speak with evident gusto of the occasion when he would use the gun to murder a friend. It ceased him as little concern. This contemplated crime, as if he had said: "Shall I kill a chicken, if God so will it, to-morrow for my pillow." And yet there is something childish and affectionate about these men. They never seem to forget a favor and repay it to the best of their ability. Unlike other Mohammedans, they do not observe the Koran with blind obstinacy, but occasionally stretch its precepts to accord with their ideas of religion. They do not drink, for that is directly against the law, nor do they smoke. Piggy, in his interesting book describing his journey to the sacred city of Mecca, gives an amusing account of his conversation with a Mollah. On asking the reverend gentleman which he considered the most deadly of sins, the holy man replied: "Smoking the shameful!" "And next, oh, son of the prophet?" "Drinking!" "Are these the two greatest sins, father?" "Verily, my son." "And murder?" "Ah, that's nothing—nothing. It's forgivable." "And stealing?" "Ah! that's forgivable too." "But smoking?" "It is the unforgivable crime," replied the Mollah sternly, and looking keenly at the feticulous Mohammedan. And this, I think, is the Afghan's creed. Murder and theft are forgivable crimes, but for smoking and drinking there is no redemption.

THE BOTTLE IMP HOAX. It Was the Result of a Wager and Very Nearly Cost a Riot in 1760. The bottle imp hoax was one of the most brazen impostures ever practiced on the credulous English public of the last century. It was the result of a wager between the duke of Montague and another nobleman in the year 1760. In discussing the amazing gullibility of the English, Montague declared that if the imposture were to advertise that he would jump into a quart bottle all London would go to see him do it. A wager was made and an advertisement inserted in all the papers promising that this feat would be performed on a certain date at the Haymarket theater. On the appointed day the theater was packed from pit to gallery, and thousands of persons were turned from the doors. The supposed magician appeared on the stage, made the startling announcement that if the audience would pay double price he would enter a pint bottle instead of a quart flask on the stage table, and then hurriedly escaped by the stage door.

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