BESOUGHT JOBBERS

INDIANA WHOLESALE GROCERS REFUSED TO HELP THE TRUST.

Then the Equality Plan Was Demolished—Sinister Tyranny Demonstrated by the Sugar Dynasty.

"We never have any words with the Sugar Trust," said a wholesale grocer to a Journal reporter who called for information. "When we want to buy sugar we ask the trust what the price is, and we pay it. There is nothing else to do."

"Could not the jobbers of the country combine and force the trust to fair treatment?"

"Where would we go to get sugar? The trust controls every dollar of output. The matter of price is entirely in its own hands. It is charging us now a price that leaves us absolutely no profit, but, as we have to handle sugar, we are without recourse. That was why we were in favor of the equality plan, which was broken up by the Chicago jobbers a week or two ago. Then we made three-sixteenths of a cent a pound, and our customers, who began to kick at first, regretted the collapse as much as we, because they had realized that what was to our profit was a help to them, and that nobody could buy sugar any cheaper than any of them. The trust sent its Mr. Osborn out here last summer to help organize the plan, and succeeded in bringing in enough of the jobbers to make it successful. But about the same time another agent of the trust, unknown to Osborn, at least so Osborn asserted, arrived in town. His visit was for the evident purpose of securing the help of the Indiana jobbers in behalf of the trust in the then pending Senate bill. But he was informed when he formally requested their aid that the Indiana jobbers would not lend their consent to any such thing. Presto! What happened? Osborn had got as far as Chicago on a trip that had St. Louis and Kansas City as objective points. He suddenly turned about and went home, and the efforts of the trust to promote the equality plan ceased. The trust began to sell to anybody that had the money. The Chicago jobbers, upon whom the success of the plan hinged, were given inducements to withdraw from the association, and things went to pieces in a hurry. The trust could have made the plan a perfect success and have carried out its assurance to one of our number that it desired the plan to succeed. We were punished because we refused to help the trust's schemes in the Senate, and if my name were known to Osborn I would have great difficulty in getting any more sugar. The Sugar Trust proceeds in its business relations just as if it were a dynasty and stood upon the ethics of diplomacy. Osborn is one of its smoothest members, and he can say more in a letter with less of anything committal than any man I ever saw."

"What does the present reduction in the price of sugar mean, following so closely upon the rise after the passage of the Sugar Trust tariff bill and so close upon the eve of election?"

"We don't know. The trust never consults us and nobody knows its business except, perhaps, the leaders in the national Democratic committee. There is no reason why the trust should sell sugar cheaper now unless it wanted to reward somebody for favors. The rise in the price of sugar after the new bill became a law began to cut so deep a hole in the Democratic prospects in the election that if Gorman, Brice and other leaders did not prevail upon the trust to manipulate things the other way they would have lost their political acumen, and nobody suspects that. The purpose is as open to the public as to the jobbers. The price of raw sugar is exactly the same now as it has been for about a year past, and there has been a falling off in the last month of a cent and a half a pound. The path of motive here is so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may read the direction. The trust, with its unlimited capital earning fabulous profits, was able to buy up enough raw sugar to make a clear profit, according to Chairman Wilson, of $40,000,000 in a year, so that in bearing the sugar price for a month or six weeks until the election is over it need suffer no loss if it sell at a price below the market rate of cost. The trust is not in business for its health, and its present manipulation of the market is undoubtedly both to repay past favors to Democracy and to create the obligation for future favors. But the present indications are that its efforts will be in vain. The trust is a most pernicious organization, which could not exist if the Attorney-general of the United States did his duty."

The information above given is so well known and so deeply impressed upon the sugar jobbers of the city that they think everybody else realizes the enormity of the trust's power and are loath to talk where they will be quoted. There is so much fear among them of the trust's vindictiveness that they startle at their shadows. When pressed for the inside influences they shake their heads with conscious commercial slavery and sadly remark, "I know, but I cannot say." They plead to be let alone, and say that anything said in detriment of the trust will have a collective retribution upon the whole number of jobbers, like Herod cutting off the heads of all the first born to catch the one innocent offender. There is no slavery in the United States to-day except the servitude of the sugar jobbers to the Sugar Trust. Such is the impression the prying interviewer gains when his questions strike the stolid stock of their knowledge. What is gained is rather by the erosive process of repeated queries.

MODERN WHALING.

Recent Inventions Give the Leviathan No Chance and Jack No Fun.

San Francisco Examiner.

The first two vessels from the whaling fleet in the Arctic ocean arrived in port during the past week, and with them came the oft-told stories of the danger and death of those who sail into the frozen north in search of gain and find only graves. The crew of one of the vessels, the Nicoline, spent nearly three years among the ice and snow "north of fifty-three," as Kipling calls it.

"Whaling is not what it used to be," said a grizzly old salt as he sat on the edge of his greasy bunk in the forecastle. "The ships that go after 'bowheads' nowadays are much better arranged for the comfort of the men than they were a dozen years ago, but it ain't no picnic yet; you can bet on that, my son; you can bet on that."

About all that remains of the old customs of the whalers is the lookout at the masthead, who brings every man out of his warm bunk with the call, "Ya-a-ar; she blows," and with a wave of his hand points out the direction for the wheelman to steer. The crews jump into their boats and away they go. The old harpoon is obsolete. Instead a whale gun is used, and as the boat approaches the spouting monster a bomb, filled with an explosive equal to about ten pounds of giant powder, is fired into his huge body near the head. The deadly missile explodes as it buries itself into the flesh and a great hole is blown almost into the vitals of the monster. Death is in most cases instantaneous. A small steam or naphtha launch takes the carcass in tow and it is hauled alongside the vessel, where the bone and blubber are taken from it.

Sometimes, if the bomb from the gun fails to cause instant death or give a mortal wound, a harpoon with a dynamite attachment is thrown the same as the old whale-catching weapons were; and as the needle point of the spear sinks into the flesh it explodes the bomb. The second wound will in almost every case cause death, but if not the harpoon clings to the whale, and with the line attached the whalers wait calmly in their boat for the cetacean to rise for another shot at it from the gun, which is by that time reloaded and waiting for it. There is none of that wild excitement of being towed at race-horse speed through the water behind a wounded and infuriated whale while your comrades come gallantly to the rescue to pick you up in case the boat be smashed to atoms by the beast's tail or crushed in the monstrous jaws of the maddened leviathan. All that is gone. The ship's boats surround the whale as he spouts. Little chance is left for it to escape, and a bomb from a gun or the auxiliary harpoon is sufficient to end the battle.

Then comes the process of taking the bone and blubber from the body. The dead whale is brought alongside the vessel. A stage is rigged over the side and just over the floating carcass. Work is commenced at the head. A cut is made through the deep layer of fat, beginning at the nose and running clear back to the tail, if all the blubber is to be taken. Cross incisions are made every four or five feet, and strips of fat encircling the whale are marked out. Tackle is fastened to one end of these strips, and men on the stage with long chisel-like tools cut the strip of blubber clear of the body as it is being hoisted on board. Every strip taken off rolls the whale around in the water. The head is cut off as soon as the blubber is taken off it to get at the valuable bone. That is the most difficult task. Axes are used, and it takes quite a lot of chopping to get through the mountain of flesh. As soon as it severed it is hoisted on deck. Then the work goes on of taking off the rest of the fat from the body.

Some of the vessels save only the bone, and when the head is chopped off the rest of the body is cast adrift. The whalers that take only the heads are usually small ones, and are not fitted with the necessary apparatus for trying out the oil.

After the blubber is all stripped from the carcass it is cut up into small pieces, and for several days afterward the crew is busy trying out the oil and stowing it away in the hold in casks. Smoke and smell are the principal characteristics of the operation, and only an old whaler will go to leeward of the great pots when the process is going on.

During the hunt for whales there is very little to break the monotony of the whaler's life. It is the same thing day after day, with an occasional gale and a trip in the ice, but the vessels are now built to stand such weather.

A winter in the Arctic has not the terrors it had a few years ago. Quarters for the crew are built on land in some sheltered spot, and before the winter sets in all the vessels rendezvous there. The 'tween decks of the vessels are cleared and stoves are set up. Bunks are arranged along the middle of the ships, away from the sides, so that the intense cold will not so quickly reach the men through the vessel's timbers, and as soon as the ice forms around the vessels high banks of snow are piled up around them to break the force of the piercing winds. A roof is built over the ships, and on that snow is piled several feet thick, and it is all wet and frozen so solid that it will not drift with the fiercest of gales that sweep across the frozen bosom of the ocean when the long night of winter sets in.

MISERY OF EYEGLASSES.

Their Costliness as Compared with Old Reliable Spectacles.

New Orleans Picayune.

Most people have a prejudice against spectacles, writes one who has suffered with lame eyes. They make one look so old. They spoil the expression of the eyes, and leave a mark across the nose, and are uncomfortable over the ears. So it generally happens that when one's eyesight gives out, and everything grows woefully indistinct, eyeglasses are resorted to. "So much more convenient than spectacles!" said a friend to us the other day. Eyeglasses are a sort of compromise between youth and age, and as long as a person wears eyeglasses he may be regarded as not so very old. For when old age unmistakably sets in then we cease to think so much of appearances, and cry out for comfort, and there is more real comfort in one pair of spectacles, that will stay on your face right where you put them, than there is in a dozen pairs of eyeglasses, which are always flying off on business of their own just when you want them.

Eyeglasses are made on purpose to break. They are always catching into something. The springs are frail as a spider's web. The bows are as brittle as molasses candy in Jaunary. The glasses are always falling out, and if you happen to be near-sighted you might hunt till the next Fourth of July without finding them again. When nothing else happens to them the spring breaks and they get under foot, and somebody steps on them and you are a couple of dollars out, and as good as blind, with no dog to lead you in the paths of safety. In hot weather you can't keep the slippery things on your nose to save you.

If you perspire, your nose has no attraction for India rubber or celluloid. Just as you are looking at something and flattering yourself that you have got exactly the right focus, down go the glasses, and you have to rub your nose up, and stick them on again, and look quick, for the same thing is going to be repeated again and again. Another characteristic of eyeglasses is the fact that when they are wanted most they turn up missing. You may look and hunt, and hunt and look; and when you don't need them you will find them hanging serenely to your buttonhole or resting composedly at the table at your side. As an item of expense they are formidable. Your boots do not cost you any more per year. The cigars you smoke are not more expensive by the month. They are always in a crippled condition. They need the doctor continually, and you no sooner get the spring mended than the bow breaks, and when that trouble is remedied, you lose one glass, and by the time that is fixed the "catch" gives out, and so on. A man is never safe with less than three pairs of eyeglasses at a time—unless he wishes to be left without sight. They are the most perplexing, unreliable of all friends, and the person who is dependent upon them is to be pitied. Those who wear them for style—and we are sorry to say that there are some such consummate fools in the world—must have a relish for self-torment, and owe themselves an awful grudge for something. And people who have good eyes, who can laugh at glasses and the wearers of them, ought to be devoutly thankful, and pray that the time may yet be afar off when they shall fall under the curse of eyeglasses.

STRENGTH OF THE SWAN.

A Blow from Its Wing Will Send a Man Headlong.

Macmillan's Magazine.

We all know the tradition about the power of a swan's wing—that its blow will break a man's leg. I questioned a man who has much to do with swans about the credibility of the tale and he told me that he, for one, was ready to believe it, and thought that any other man who had received such a blow from a swan's wing as he had suffered would be likely to believe it also.

He was summoned from his cottage by the news that one of the cygnets was in trouble. A boy had been amusing himself with the elegant sport of giving the cygnets meat attached to a long string. When the cygnet had swallowed the meat well down, the boy would pull it up again by means of the string. It was great fun for the boy, and the cygnet was unable to express his feeling intelligibly. On the occasion in question, however, the lump of meat stuck. It would not come and the boy fearing the consequences, had let slip the string and bolted. The cygnet did its best with the string by swallowing several yards of it, but began to choke before it got to the end. At this juncture my friend was summoned to its aid, and simultaneously, as it appeared, the stately parent of the cygnet, who was swimming in the pond close by, perceived that something was amiss with its offspring. It swam to the bank and commenced making its way to the young one's assistance.

But the swan's method of progression on land is as awkward and slow as on the water it is graceful and swift. The swan herd was the first to reach the cygnet, and, soon seeing the trouble, had calculated to remove it before the parent came up with him. But his calculations had underrated the length of the string or the pedestrian speed of the swan. Just as he had succeeded in extricating the lump of meat from the gullet of the distressed youngster, the old bird caught him a blow with its wing on that part of the person which is most exposed to attack when a man is stooping over and the onset is made from behind. He was knocked over on his face, and, continuing the impetus received from the swan by scuttling over the grass on his hands and knees, was able to escape from the bird's fury, which was soon transferred to solicitude for its little one. But the blow had been sufficiently powerful to make the sitting posture uninviting for several days, and to incline him to give credence to any legends about the strength of a swan's wing.

MISSOURI CURIOSITY.

A Tree Trunk Supporting Four Different Varieties of Growth.

Meehan's Monthly.

"Four miles from Pineville, Mo., on the grounds of J. L. Parish, is a freak of nature so curious that if I had not seen it with my own eyes I could scarcely have believed it possible. On the bank of Elk river rises a large tree that totters high above the neighboring trees. At the ground a solid, buttressed trunk appears from eight to ten feet in diameter. A little higher than a man's head this high trunk divides into four lesser trunks, the two smaller of which are in themselves fair-sized trees, while the other two are far above the average size. Here comes in the queer part of the story. Of these divergent trunks, the two larger ones are respectively an elm and a sycamore, while the two smaller ones are an oak and a sycamore. Above the union of common trunk, each tree in leaf, branch and bark is normal to its type. The trunk itself seems one homogeneous whole.

"I would not presume to say that close examination would not show in the bark from different sections of the trunk those peculiarities that distinguish the bark of one tree from that of another, but certainly these characteristics do not show on cursory examination, nor are there lines of jointure visible where the four trunks coalesce. I doubt if any one can point to a stranger growth than this—two sycamores, an oak and an elm, all growing from one common trunk."

"This meeting together of four youthful tree trunks as they thickened with age is occasionally seen, but this is an unusually fine illustration. Each tree must, however, form its own bark—that is to say, no one of them has been wholly enveloped by another. Hence a careful investigation ought to disclose a slight line where the incurving bark of each original tree meets.

The Czar

Will not go to Corfu. His physicians think he will not hear "Curfew ring" many more nights. If he were here and imbibed some of the palatable, invigorating "Columbia" or "Home Brew" beer he would soon be cured. In bottles. Telephone 1059.

SMITH ON CHURCHES

ALONZO G. SQUELCHES LADIES BY FROWNS AND A LECTURE.

Short Stories of the Hour—Dream of the Auctioneer—The "Dummy" Saleswoman—Curran's Rat Adventure.

While the Church of the Assumption (Catholic) on North Williams street, West Indianapolis, was being erected, the ladies of the congregation voluntarily made canvasses in that suburb and this city to lift the debt that hung over the church. Their efforts met with general success, the members of the churches of the other denominations responding liberally. Among the workers was Mrs. C. P. Preston, residing at No. 29 South Williams street. She thought that a canvass of the Statehouse would be proper, and she and another lady, also a member of the church, residing on Nordyke avenue, decided to go there. They had visited all but the office of the Attorney-general, Alonzo Greene Smith, and had been refused only by one. They were walking towards the Atorney-general's office when an acquaintance employed in the Statehouse, who knew what they were doing, asked them where they were going. "We have been to all except the Attorney-general," replied Mrs. Preston, "and we are going to his office now."

"Well," said their acquaintance, in a peculiar tone and with a slight cough, "it's none of my business, but I'll wager that you don't come out with any more than you have now." "Why?" queruously asked Mrs. Preston's companion. "Oh, I'll leave you to find that out," said the acquaintance, and Mrs. Preston and her friend, undaunted, walked into the office and found his Burlness the only one present. He was sitting on a chair by the north window, and when he heard some one in his office, he turned around with a frown that betokened his displeasure at the intrusion. Mrs. Preston and her friend stood waiting for him to say something, but as the Attorney-general's lips seemed to have been stricken suddenly with paralysis, Mrs. Preston broke the ominous silence by timidly asking: "Is this Mr. Smith?" They were somewhat shocked at his abrupt and freezing answer, "Yes, what is it?"

Mrs. Preston explained. The ponderous form of the Attorney-general began to shake as he indulged in silent laughter. Then for a few minutes he made no answer but sat on the chair and eyed the ladies contemptuously.

"Why should I want to give money to your church? I don't belong to it. It would only be a waste," he said.

Mrs. Preston then volunteered the remark that they did not mean to offend him, and said that they were sorry that they had disturbed him. Mr. Smith left his chair as she spoke, and walked directly in front of them. "Now, see here, you ladies," said he as his right fist, ably fit to contest with John L. Sullivan's corresponding member, began to stir the atmosphere at a violent rate. "I don't want you to think I would give money to such an enterprise. Why, I don't even live in this city, and what reason would I have for doing such a thing, and—"

"Well, Mr. Smith," interposed Mrs. Preston's friend, "It seems as if you are willing to remain with us and earn your living here."

The words "earn a living" caused the now exasperated school-tax fee collector to prick up his ears and stamp his foot on the floor. Taking a step nearer to the two ladies, he said:

"You people over there in West Indianapolis are better off than I am. I spend $5 a month for rent and several thousand dollars a year to keep my family agoing. You are rich, correspondingly, as I am. You own your own homes and live in an humble way. It is good enough for you, because you are used to it. You don't need a fancy church, and what's the use of you trying to get one? No, ladies, I haven't a cent for you."

Mrs. Preston and her friend were glad to escape the crusty Attorney-general, and quickly left the office.

Col. D. L. Perry, of Columbus, O., who was the auctioneer at the Jersey stock sale of the Indiana Jersey Cattle Breeders' Association last Thursday, enjoys a widespread reputation as a humorist and a story teller. As in the case of all auctioneers, he has the habit of jollying the crowd on opening a sale. On introducing himself at the sale Thursday, he said: "I entered your beautiful city last evening after a week's selling of Holsteins, Herefords, Angus and Shorthorns. I was very tired, and when I struck the bed I dropped off to sleep at once. I had a dream, a dream that I died and, unfortunately, went not to the place above, but to the hotbed below. My trip there was accomplished in a hurry, and my knock at the door was answered by a peculiar individual who greeted me warmly and welcomed me with open arms. He very courteously invited me to take a trip through my new quarters, which I accepted. First he led me through a long, low hall. We came to what seemed to me a solid wall of stone, but some word of magic spoken in deep guttural tones by my guide caused a heavy unseen door to open quickly. He led the way and I followed mechanically into an abyss of darkness. It was so dark that I could not see my hand three inches in front of my face. While we were standing there, and I wondering what would next be the order of things, a great brilliancy flashed over the room, which almost blinded me. I slowly gained the power of sight and saw that the light came from a thousand electric lamps that hung in the center of the roof. I was startled to see a lot of men dangling at ropes' end from the roof in a circle around the lights. At first I was almost paralyzed with fear, but I managed to ask my repulsive guide, who stood grinning at my discomfiture, who they were. 'Those,' said he, 'are the Shorthorn, the Holstein, the Angus and the Hereford men. Poor fellows. Go up and touch them if you want to.'

"I shuddered and declined with thanks. I was then led into another chamber, dark, clammy and very disagreeable. A light was furnished, and before me I saw a huge safe—I say huge, for it was as big as your Statehouse. My Mephisto opened it, and there, tied hand and foot, lay some men. They were alive and struggled to get free. I rushed to their aid, but my guide seized me and dragged me roughly back. I remonstrated with him and demanded, 'Why do you keep them tied that way and confined in that safe?'

"'Why,' said he, in utter astonishment. 'Why? It's because they are Jersey men, and if I didn't keep them tied and locked up in that safe they would monopolize all hades.'"

The story caught, and Colonel Perry, during the remainder of the sale, veritably controlled the purses of the buyers.

The rat-killer has been the theme of many fables, some of which have probably been read by John Curran, engineer at the courthouse, but he is not an eminent success in this line. There was a ratting main on a small scale in the lower hall of the county building one day last week. A fairly good-sized rat ventured out into the hallway and the clerks and deputies from several of the offices were having no little amusement chasing it. Curran joined the crowd and attempted to kill the rodent. "Kill it, kill it," he cried, as he sprang toward the rat, which was running along the base of the wall. He made a vicious downward kick. His foot struck the floor close beside the rat, his trousers coming down over it. The rat evidently saw a means of escape in this and instantly it darted up the trousers leg. It ran up as far as the knee, but could get no further. The change that came over Curran was more rapid than that of a "lightning change artist" on the variety stage. He made several vigorous kicks at nothing with his foot in his efforts to throw the rat out. All the while he was calling to the others present, "Take it out, take it out." His vigorous kicking dislodged the rat in short order, however, and he scampered away unmolested, Curran being fully satisfied and the others too much amused at his frantic kicking to attempt to stop it again.

One of the solid business men of the town walked into one of the big dry goods stores the other day and stepped on to the elevator. Leaving the car at the door of the notion department he looked about confusedly for a moment. There were scores of clerks, but all appeared to be busy, and the solid business man was in some haste. Over to the left, behind a counter heaped high with frills and laces he saw the head and shoulders of a rosy-cheeked young woman. He failed to notice the wax-like complexion and the rather ethereal blue of the girl's eyes, but stepped up to the figure and politely lifted his hat.

"Will you please inform me where I can purchase a baby cap?" he said, directing his query to the figure in front of him. The "dummy" spoke not a word, and the solid business man wondered. Then a snicker and an ill-suppressed feminine giggle told him that he had made a wretched blunder. He was mad and gnawed his mustache viciously. A few minutes later he was tossing the baby caps all over the counter in an effort to find something that would change the air of the situation.

"I hope," he growled to the girl who waited on him, "that the child who is to wear this cap won't be as big a fool as its father. Say, is there anyway to get out of here without facing all of them wimmin?"

"You might jump out of the window or take the freight elevator," replied the cruel girl.

The Pittsburg Press, of a recent issue, said that Thomas R. Boss of that city, a past commander of a leading Grand Army post, was one of the happiest men in that part of the country because the costly badge which his comrades had given him and which he had lost during the encampment had been restored to him. That is only a part of the story. Henry Earp, a member and ex-chaplain of George H. Thomas Post, of this city, is the man who restored the valuable souvenir. On Wednesday of the encampment week he left the sidewalk to avoid the crowd and, seeing a Grand Army badge, as he supposed, in the dirt, he picked it up and put it into a pocket not much used and thought no more of it until his arrival home the next Saturday, when, looking through his pockets, he drew out this badge. He at once saw that it was of great value to the owner, whose name and post was inscribed upon it. He immediately wrote to the owner and in time received a response which enabled him to be sure that the writer was the owner. A prominent jeweler in this city who examined it said that the badge is worth about $400, as it was set with seven fine diamonds. To a comrade who spoke to him about the matter and who jokingly intimated that such a "find" was worth keeping, Mr. Earp said: "I never thought of that; but if I had been tempted to have done so, I should have felt that I was a thief every time I recalled it and the recollection of it would have come to me many times a day."

ADVICE TO A FAT WOMAN.

But the Man Gave It in a Way That Was Unpleasant.

Detroit Sun.

She was large and flashy and coarse, and more than all these, she was fat. When she entered a Woodward-avenue car, yesterday, all the passengers looked at her and fell to reckoning up the profits of a traveling show with her as a leading attraction. In less than five minutes every inmate but one had made himself a retired millionaire, and was sitting on the piazza of his country residence smoking fifty-cent cigars by the mile. This one exception sat opposite the leading attraction and chewed tobacco, with a look of heavenly resignation on his face, such as schoolboys who are having their milk teeth extracted are supposed to wear as an exclusive. Among that carload of awe-struck mortals he sat and chewed the cud of narcotic content and spat upon the rug, a living embodiment of the great and only undazzled.

The leading attraction gathered her skirts around her and cast a look at him that would have gone through a cowhide boot and two pairs of stockings and withered a cork leg.

Everybody expected to see him shrivel to a mummy, but he didn't even wilt—he only chewed and smiled.

"Fellow," said she, "you chew tobacco?"

He nodded.

"Why do you spit in my presence."

"Because my mouth is full."

"I'll not endure it; I'll call the conductor."

"Pray don't disturb yourself; if madam wishes to get off I shall be pleased to stop the car."

She looked Gatling guns and dynamite at him, but said nothing. He spoke again and she did not signal the conductor, and sat still and heard him.

"If madam will listen I shall be pleased to tell her why I am obliged to indulge in this habit that is so hateful to her. I do it to escape a worse—indeed, a much worse fate; madam, as you are now, so once was I."

She started and said:

"What do you mean?"

"I was obese."

She looked scornful.

"I was polysarceus."

She looked interested.

"I was, I say, sinquescent."

She was fascinated.

"In other words, I was fat."

And mad was no name for how she looked. She tried to catch the conductor's eye, but he was busy staring at some girls in a window on Elizabeth street and did not see her; she made a frantic effort to get up, but the car was in motion and she was firmly wedged, so she was obliged to listen.

"Yes, madam, I was almost as bad off as you are now. Like you, I ate chalk and drank vinegar; I took arsenic and belladonna in large doses, but they did me no good, and in a few years I should have been as fleshy as you are if I had not got relief from tobacco. Every time I entered a street car they called for another horse; my picture was stuck up in all the local fairs and labeled 'The Prize Porker;' the soap boy used to yell 'grease' an extra half hour under my window every morning, and one time, when I was sick, the boss of an oleomargarine factory called upon my wife and tried to get a mortgage on my remains. He said he had a promise of yours, and if he could only get a claim on mine all the associated creameries might go to—hello! must you leave so soon? Well, good-bye. Take my advice and go to chewing. It will help you when everything else fails."

The great undazzled put in another quid and looked dreamily out on the common, and four old maids with paper parcels and bandboxes came in and occupied the seat left vacant by the leading attraction.

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EPOCH-MAKING GUN.

A Mississippi Soldier Invents a Terribly Effective Weapon.

Philadelphia Record.

A new era in the science of artillery seems destined to be inaugurated at the Indian Head proving grounds during this month in the trial of the new Hurst gun. The primary purpose of this novel weapon, which is the invention of an old soldier, Harris P. Hurst, of Mississippi, is to discharge steel projectiles at a greater velocity and with more penetrating power than can be accomplished with the present guns. If the inventor's claims shall prove true the experimental gun, built at a cost to Congress of $50,000, will hurl a 350 to 400 pound projectile at a range of ten miles or over at an initial velocity of 2,500 to 2,700 feet per second, and with force sufficient to pierce nineteen to twenty-one inches of steel.

This achievement would represent a wonderful improvement upon the present record; but a more important hope is entertained that the Hurst gun may be able as well to fire shells filled with dynamite, gun cotton and nitro-glycerine. The pneumatic gun, which has recently been tested with such success at Sandy Hook, has fully demonstrated its ability to fire these high explosives without danger of an explosion of the shell from the shock of the discharge. The range of the pneumatic gun is too limited, however, to make it an unconditional success.

An ordinary battle ship of a foreign nation might, in a naval battle, keep out of range of one of our war ships equipped with these pneumatic guns, and yet be able to rain steel shells upon our vessel without danger to itself. The principle of the Hurst gun which overcomes the danger of the long range required is the compound engine idea applied to artillery. The new weapon is thirty-six feet long, with a powder chamber six feet long, and eleven inches in diameter. Two charges of powder are put in the gun, the first discharge being only 10 to 15 per cent. that of the second in force. The sliding shell makes an expanding powder room for the final explosion of powder. The victorious outcome of the approaching trial means the gain by the United States navy of the most effective and deadly floating piece of artillery in the world.

WRITTEN 5,000 YEARS AGO.

A Papyrus Book Found by Explorers in the Valley of the Nile.

Sioux City Tribune.

According to the best present authority, the oldest book now extant which has come down to us through all these ages intact is the Prisse papyrus, one of the antique book gems of the National Library in Paris. Its title is the "Precepts of Ptahhotep, Viceroy of Assa, King of the South and North."

It was written about 5,245 years ago, or nearly two hundred years before the death of Adam—that is, the death of Adam according to the chronology which for many years it was believed the Bible gave. It is a book of sixteen pages and forty-four chapters, and its subject matter relates to in what manner a ruler should govern. Even in those days of alleged pagan darkness, the writer distinctly recognizes that there is only one God. In his small volume not less than sixteen times does Ptahhotep use the word "God," and in no instance in the plural. In the concluding lines of the last chapter the writer tells of himself and says: "I am now 110 years old, and have written this book myself from beginning to end." The interesting little volume, which throws such a flood of light on the habits of mind and standards of life of the mysterious people of the Nile, has been translated and is as complete as on the day its viceregal author penned the last sentence.

There now exist in the same library a few leaves of a yet older work, written by Kakimna, viceroy of Senefru, who reigned some 200 years before the time of Ptahhotep—more than 1,000 years before the great deluge which is said to have covered the entire face of the earth. It is to be by no means supposed that these were the first books that appeared during the dawn of civilization, nor are they the most ancient that may yet be yielded up to the untiring hands of the restless explorers of the Nile valley.

Rev. John Jasper, who said "De sun do move," is still pastor of the Sixth Zion Church, of Richmond, Va. Although over eighty, he attracts immense congregations. He has been married five times.

Musical, the Coming Season.

It is very probable that the music lovers of the city and State will have the pleasure of hearing Miss Angela Maxwell, the well-known pianist, in a number of concerts during the coming season. Miss Maxwell is one of our very finest concert pianists, and never fails to charm her audience. In order to obtain the best results, Miss Maxwell has just purchased a fine Gildemeester & Kroeger piano, and in doing so disposed of her Knabe piano, which she had used only a little more than two years. The Gildemeester & Kroeger being a great favorite with the artists of the country, possessing, as it does, the fine tonal qualities and endurance which enables the player to produce the highest musical effects. Among other musical events will also be concerts by Miss Maud Powell, the violiniste; Mr. Max Heinrich, the singer; Mr. Leopold Godowsky, pianist, and others.

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