A GRAVEYARD DANCE.

A Ghostly Ceremony in a Japanese Cemetery.

A FEAST FOR LEGENDARY SPIRITS

Burying Grounds Richly and Luxuriously Decorated.

Dr. G. H. Colton Salter, who for many years was United States consul in Japan and afterward entered the Chinese government service, gazed thoughtfully into the glowing embers in the grate and after a short pause told the following tale:

The many stories published about Indian ghost dances and the Messiah craze remind me of one of the most remarkable incidents I have ever witnessed during my long career in the Orient, and I am sure there are but few Americans or Europeans who have had the opportunity to see the sights of which I am going to tell.

The native religion of the Japanese is, as you know, Buddhism, and there is no creed which is as full of superstition. Some of the ancient beliefs of the Buddhists are calculated to frighten the faithful and vividly portray the horrible punishment that awaits the sinful man after he closes his earthly career, while others, with charming simplicity, show that the greatest aim of the Hindoo religion is the release from existence.

The doctrine of the transmigration of souls and a hope for a better fate in a future life are the principal foundations upon which Buddhism rests. Nagasaki, where I resided for many years, was famed for the splendid festivals in honor of Buddah, or Gautama, the founder of the religion. Owing to the work of missionaries and the consequent spread of Christianity in Japan, many of the religious fetes are no longer publicly observed, and the one of which I am about to speak had its last grand celebration in 1886, just before I left Nagasaki.

It is called the Matsidri and was held during the last week in August or the first week in September, continuing four days. These days were set aside for the reception of the spirits of the dead, who, according to a legendary belief, return once a year to their old homes. For many weeks previous to the festival preparations had been in progress. The houses of the believers had all been carefully swept, cleaned and polished, and the home altars, which are to be found in every native house, had been redecorated and refurnished. The interior of all the buildings had been profusely adorned with flowers, the streets had been repaired and the whole city was clothed in holiday attire.

On the morning of the first day the dead were received with much ceremony in the graveyard, which is in a beautiful grove. Each mound was profusely decorated with lighted lanterns and garlands of many colored paper globes hung from tree to tree. On the top of every grave food of the daintiest kind was spread in a tempting manner and in quantities sufficient to appease the appetites of an army of the hungriest kind of ghosts. On mats spread about the graves sat all the living descendants of the person who had been buried in that particular spot. Not a single tomb was neglected. If in the course of years the family of any one of the silent sleepers had completely died out his grave had been embellished and supplied by strangers.

The spirits were supposed to arrive and depart by water from the sea, and for four days and nights the living commune with their dead and were with them in spirit. The souls of the departed were supposed to hover around the tombs like substantial visible beings, and they were treated with every attention due to sacred and distinguished visitors from the other world.

The night of the second day was devoted to a grand terpsichorean entertainment or spirit dance, and the graveyard was transformed for once into a ball room, where ghostly dancers were supposed to hold revelry.

The scenes made a strong and everlasting impression on me. The night was perfect, the moon was at its full and the air was fragrant with the perfumes of thousands of flowers. Myriads of lights were flickering on the hillsides which surround the city, and the colored lanterns swayed gently to and fro, keeping time to the chimes of the silvery bells in the temple tower, which furnished the music for the mystic entertainment. Around an artificial lake in the center of the graveyard the people knelt in silent devotion, worshiping on the shrine of Buddha, whose emblem, the lotus flower, rose from the middle of the lake.

Every one of the four days and nights brought new surprises and ceremonies, many of the latter being held in the temple, the doors of which were closed and guarded against the entrance of infidels. On the last night—or the night of nights, as it was called—a grand procession finished the festival. The people marched in parade to escort their spirit visitors to the water front, where they were to depart.

Boatmen carried on their shoulders a gigantic craft built of wood and straw, in which the dead were supposed to be seated, and which was to convey them back to spirit land and to Ohata, the great father beyond the sea. This boat, which is called Fukuy, was a masterpiece of Japanese carpentry. It was ninety feet long and had a stately mast with a huge sail which bore in native characters the inscription, "Naidinamawidi," a word which is symbolic of Gautama's greatness.

This boat, artistically and richly decorated, was launched with much ceremony after the last spirit had been embraced and, figuratively speaking, had taken his seat on board. It was then pushed out into the sea, and drifting away was finally carried out of sight by the tide. And so ended the last festival of Matsidri ever held publicly in Nagasaki, and the most splendid religious celebration I ever witnessed.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Sleeping With the Mouth Open.

If you form the habit of breathing through your nose during the day—deep breathing—it will help to cure the open mouthed trouble at night. Syringe the nostrils with warm water, slightly salt, just before going to bed every night, wipe them dry and apply a little pure vaseline on the tip of the finger. The bad taste in your mouth possibly results from lack of ventilation in your sleeping room. When wrapped comfortably in bed a vent in the window will assist the respiratory organs to perform their duty healthfully and largely increase the sum total of your happiness.—Herald of Health.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A 5-year-old Who Wanted to Retain Her Health.

A Dexter 5-year-old was put to bed the other night a little earlier than she herself thought desirable. Soon after she called for some bread and milk, and got it. After eating a few spoonfuls she looked up to her father with a most unconcerned air and remarked: "Papa, I believe I've heard you say it wasn't a good plan to retire immediately after eating. I guess I'll get up."—Dexter (Me.) Gazette.

"The Shoemaker to His Last."

A specimen of Katie's faith in the efficacy of prayer shows that she believes in faith with works. She and a little companion had got locked into the bathroom, and after long and fruitless efforts to unlock the door, Katie proposed a prayer for deliverance, which she immediately began, but after first directing her little fellow captive to make, while the prayer was under way, a vigorous and industrious use of a screw driver, which they had got hold of. "The door come wite open," said Katie. "But why didn't you use the screw driver and let Mary do the praying?" "Cos she can't pray 's well 's I can—and she can use screw drivers."—Hartford Times.

Wanted It Changed.

Ethel and Maud were taken in by the nurse for their first glimpse of a little baby brother, whose age was numbered by hours. Ethel did not seem at all pleased, and in answer to a question she replied, with no little disdain: "No, I don't like it. I would'nt have such a red faced baby. If I was mother I would send it back and change it." She knew that her mother, when dissatisfied with some purchase, frequently returned it to the store and exchanged it for something more to her taste. —New York World.

A Comforting Reflection.

One day Gracie and auntie were speaking of an uncle who had died before Gracie was born. "Uncle John loved little children dearly," said auntie. "If he were alive he would be very kind to you. He would give you ever so many playthings." "Well, never mind, auntie, if he is dead I shall see him when I get to heaven. We've got him saved up down in the cemetery, haven't we?"—Boston Globe.

The Artless Child.

Mamie (6 years old, to lady caller)—Mamma said to ask you to sit down a few moments, and she would be right in. It isn't raining, is it?

Lady Caller—Why, no, Mamie. Why did you think it was?

Mamie—Because, when mamma saw you coming, she said, "it never rains but it pours."—Texas Siftings.

Just Before Christmas.

Little Gertrude, a fat, grave personage of two years and a half, had given her mother a hug of unusual fervor. Said the latter: "What makes you love mamma so today, Gertrude?" "Well, mamma, I must make myself ag'eeable."—Beatrice (Neb.) Woman's Journal.

He Got Away With Too Many.

A short old man in rather rusty attire, with a long gray beard yellow in streaks and an armful of Christmas bundles, wandered through Fulton market on Thursday afternoon and stopped at a wagon where baskets of grapes were displayed for sale.

"Here you are!" yelled the proprietor, pointing to open baskets of fruit; "the best Concords, Catawbas and Delawares in the market, for half the price you pay inside."

The small man stepped up, and shifting his bundles so as to free his turkey arm he meditatively pulled off a large grape from a bunch in a basket of Concords. Having devoured that, he tried a Delaware and then a Catawba, and began on the Concords again

The fruit vender, who had been engaged with a customer, now began to regard the short man's actions with suspicion.

"How much for grapes?" said the latter, laconically, eating a Delaware.

"Forty cents a basket."

"Too much," said the short man, stowing away two more Concords.

"Are you a wholesaler?" inquired the vender.

"No."

"Own a vineyard, perhaps, and make wine?"

"No."

"Where did you learn to eat grapes?"

"Over'n Jersey."

"Well, see here, old man, I reckon you've eat about a pound and you fork over nine cents, or I'll tie that beard of yourn into a bow knot, and then you caper back to Jersey; we don't want no grape insect ravagin' around here."—New York Tribune.

To Set the Ball A-Rolling.

Hostess—My dear Miss Howler, won't you sing something for us? I'm afraid people are finding things fearfully dull.

Miss Howler—Really, Mrs. Brown, I'm afraid you must excuse me. I'm awfully hoarse to-night.

Hostess—Oh, my dear, that won't make the slightest difference. Nobody will listen; for they'll all begin to talk directly you begin to sing, and I just want something to start the conversation.—Boston Beacon.

The Return of Piety.

"You were once a member of our church, I believe."

"Yes."

"Why do you never attend?"

"Oh, I have a number of reasons."

"By the way, I don't lead the choir any more. I've lost my voice completely."

"Is that so? Well, I think I'll renew my attendance at the church at once."—Lincoln Journal.

Brown—See here, teamster, I don't want you to bring gravel and clay and bowlders to fill up this lawn with.

Teamster—What th' dickens does yer want, then?

Brown—Oh, nothing, only the earth.—Yankee Blade.

The New Shade.

Aunt (who is entertaining Miss Breezy of Chicago)—That is a beautiful dress you have on, Geraldine, and the shade seems to be quite new.

Miss Breezy (complacently)—Yes; it is a new Chicago shade, called the "pig's snore."—Life.

Highest Suspension Bridge.

At Fribourg, in Switzerland, a suspension bridge is thrown is thrown over the gorge of Gotteron, which is 317 feet above the valley. The structure is very light and graceful, and is by far the loftiest true suspension bridge ever built.

A New Prodigy.

An infant pianist, who has just reached his fifth year, has appeared on the musical horizon of St. Petersburg. His interpretation of Chopin is said to be something remarkable.

MAKING MATCHES.

How Parisian Matrimonial Agencies do it.

THEY ARE RAPIDLY GROWING IN FAVOR.

Their Ramifications Found in all Spheres of Society.

There are at the present moment in Paris between fifty and sixty serious matrimonial agencies, having ramifications in all spheres of society. Furthermore, 25 per cent. of the marriages in the middle and upper classes of Paris are arranged by these agencies. This is a fact which has been established by careful inquiry. Now, let us see how the agency is organized and how the machinery works.

Anatole desires to marry. He does not know a girl that will suit him; his friends cannot help him; the usages of Parisian life prevent him from making acquaintances among marriageable maidens. He therefore goes to an agency and says, we will suppose, to the manager:

"Monsieur, I am 34 years of age; I am an employe in the Bilateral Filter company; I earn $50 a month, but hope to get an increase next year. Can you find me a nice young wife, pretty, bright and an orphan? I do not care to have a mother-in-law, and I don't mind if the young lady is not a musician."

The matrimonial agent looks over his books, reflects, and replies:

"Monsieur, I think I can just fix you. Lady, 29 years of age, agreeable exterior, small house near Dijon, expectations $8,800, daughter of a retired military man, excellent pianist."

Anatole accepts at once, and two months later he is married and happy, and his excellent wife, who knows nothing about the intervention of the discreet agency, exclaims in a moment of expansion: "My Anatole, what a lucky idea that you stopped at Dijon on your way to Geneva! Had it not been for that we might never have met!"

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

Now comes the question. How did the matrimonial agent know that this modest and honorable spinster was waiting for a husband on the outskirts of Dijon? The answer is, because he has correspondents all over France, who send him information and exercise a sort of secret police on his account. In the provinces, everybody knows everything about everybody else, and it is easy for the correspondents of the matrimonial agents to note that Mlle. A. has inherited $20,000, that Mlle. B. has a weakness for lawyers, and that Mlle. C. has refused to take the veil. "Very good," you will say. "Now tell me how the matrimonial agent manages to bring the young people together?" This is precisely the point where the genius comes into play, aided often by an obliging priest. The matrimonial agent has under his command a whole army of secondary agents, who may be classified under seven headings, viz., scouts, entertainers having homes, permanent or temporary inquiry agents, travelers, followers, introducers, and conscious or unconscious intermediaries.

The chief scout of a first class Parisian matrimonial agency was formerly a body servant of Cavour; he married the chambermaid of a fashionable beauty of the court of Napoleon III; and now he and his wife earn in their new profession $2,000 a year. Their business is to discover marriageble girls and to report them at headquarters; the ex-valet of Cavour gossips at cafes with men servants in rich families; he learns the modus vivandi of each family; he gets the names of all the friends of a family, and, if necessary, the names of the friends of the friends; thanks to this information the chief matrimonial agent is able to discover among these names either that of a person affiliated with the agency, or else an unconscious agent who will introduce his client to the family of the young lady whose hand and dowry are to be won.

AGENTS ON THE LOOKOUT.

Travelers are agents sent to the provinces, and especially to the seaside or to watering places, on some special mission. Followers are volunteer agents who go to marriages and midday masses in the Paris churches, remark young girls accompanied by their mothers, follow them to their homes, and by dint of patience discover who they are, what they are worth, and so constitute a sort of dossier or brief, which they sell to an agency. Conscious intermediaries are financial agents, solicitors or notaries whose business enables them to collect information of a private kind. As for the unconscious agents, they are created by the conscious intermediary, who calls upon a friend of the family about which information is required, or upon a doctor or a priest who is in relations with that family. This conscious intermediary has an honorable social position; he apologizes for intruding and says that he has been sent to ask for information in view of a marriage much desired by a person whom he is not yet at liberty to name. The family is puzzled, wonders who the mysterious person may be and answers vaguely, perhaps, but sufficiently to enable the agency to know what are the desires of the family. Then, if the agency has not on its books a client capable of realizing those desires, it is but a poor agency.

The bride rarely knows that she has been won through the intermediary of an agency. It is only the very richly dowered who are aware of the existence of this complicated and mysterious machinery, and who are therefore tempted to see in every young man with whom they waltz a client of a matrimonial agency which is seeking to earn its usual commission on the dowry. Thanks to the extension of the operations of matrimonial agencies, French marriages in the middle and upper classes tend more and more to become merely operations of loveless and arithmetical multiplication.—Paris Cor. New York Sun.

"Stored Up" Force in Water.

An error concerning water has arisen from a remark imputed to Faraday that "in every drop of water is stored up the energy of a stroke of lightning," which has been largely used by Keeley motor and other speculators to further their schemes. There is no force of any kind "stored up" in water; and the statement made by Faraday, if he ever did make it, simply referred to the small quantity of electricity developed in a lightning flash, which would hardly be enough to decompose into its constituent gases a single drop of water. The powerful effects of lightning are due to the great tension of electricity, like a very small boiler in which the steam is at an enormous pressure.—Popular Science News.

Odd Effect of the Interstate Law.

An odd effect of the interstate commerce law is the resurrection of the various dead towns along the Mississippi river. The old steamboat wharves are being propped up ready for business, and yawning inhabitants are rubbing their eyes and wondering if the days of railroad traffic since the war have only been a horrible nightmare.—Chicago News.

Yellow Fever Investigation.

Dr. Vulpian has reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences that during the epidemic of yellow fever lately prevailing in Rio Janeiro, of 6,524 persons inoculated against the fever only six died, or less than one per 1,000, while the proportion of deaths among those not treated was 1 per cent.—Boston Budget.

HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY.

What Modern Invention Has Done for Our Matrons and Maids.

In former years it was no easy task for a young married couple to "go housekeeping," and it required no small expenditure of cash. A range or cooking stove, a coffee and spice mill, a mortar, a cake board and rolling pin, a tray and chopping knife, not to mention a large number of pots, kettles, frying pans and bowls, and a large stock of raw materials in the line of provisions, were required. Then considerable skill was necessary to use all these instruments for preparing food for the table, and that skill, unfortunately, was not possessed by the young wife. The consequence was that most persons who embarked on the sea of matrimony sailed directly to a boarding house and set up their household divinities in a back chamber, where they remained till the landlady levied on them for an over due bill for meals and lodgings.

But modern invention has rendered housekeeping very easy. A couple may now set up for themselves with very few utensils, scarcely any provisions, and next to no knowledge of cookery. A gas or oil stove takes the place of a costly and cumbrous cooking range. Coffee is bought not only parched, but ground. Spices and pepper come all prepared for use. Every kind of bread, cake and pastry can be purchased at a slight advance on the cost of the materials they contain. If one wishes the sport of making them, self raising flour may be had in any grocery. Fruit of all kinds all ready for the table can be purchased about as cheaply as that which must be prepared. Not only lobsters and other shell fish, but salmon may be bought cooked and ready to be served at a price but little above what the crude articles cost; and cooked corned beef, tongue, pigs' feet and ham have long been on the market.

There are also canned soups, that only need to be diluted, mince meat, all ready to put between pie crusts, and roast meats and fowls of all descriptions. Some grocers keep mush prepared for frying. Boston baked beans, put up in cans, have had a great run during the past few years. English plum puddings are also on the market. Cans of cooked green corn, beans, peas, tomatoes, cauliflower and asparagus, with Saratoga fried potatoes, are to be found on the shelves of every grocery, while laundries do the washing and ironing.

It is no longer necessary to be a cook, or have a cook, to keep house. It requires scarcely any cooking utensils to provide a warm meal. A can opener, a frying pan and a coffee pot are the principal requisites. Even the last is not absolutely necessary, since a mixture of prepared coffee, sugar and cream may readily be obtained. It is even practical now for the novice to dispense with a cook book, as the label on every can tells how to treat the contents. Surely, ladies need no longer complain that the labors of housekeeping keep them from cultivating their minds.—Boston Budget.

Supper After the Play.

The Sun is asked "whether it is considered good form to take a young lady to supper after a performance at the theatre."

Authorities differ. If you think the young lady is hungry, however, you might be justified in doing so, even though you should limit your own luncheons for a week afterward to make good the expense incurred.

Secondarily, it depends upon the girl. Plump girls are not apt to order and eat as voraciously as thin girls. This is according to Max Muller and Professor Huxley. A judicious outlay for bonbons early in the evening, however, will often check the feminine tendency toward terrapin after the play.

Moreover, you should be guided in some degree by details of time and place. If you have been at the German opera, the difference of an hour or two in getting home will not weigh with the home authorities.

But, seriously, if you have been at the theatre until say 11 p. m., if there is a married lady in the party, it is well enough to ask the crowd to eat, as they say in Leadville. But if you are escorting a young lady without a chaperon it is in better taste to say nothing about supper, since there is a distinct prejudice against young ladies going into restaurants at that hour except in a party where at least one married lady is apt to be found. This idea is sensible and good and most people see its fitness.

Where young people are very old friends they may feel like taking a little latitude in such matters. There can be no possible harm in the act, but as it is liable to provoke unkindly comment, the young gentleman should consider that any special comment by strangers upon a lady is in itself most undesirable in every way, and he should reflect that other people have no means of knowing that he and his companion are more to each other than mere acquaintances in society.—New York Sun.

An Englishman Couldn't See It.

Little Marshall P. Wilder, the famous merrymaker, is perennial, and has a humorous skit for every hour of the day. This is one of his latest, illustrative of an Englishman's appreciation of humor:

I have been in England, and I have studied English humor. Its fundamental principles are not related to the American article that raises a cyclone of laughter. An Englishman was dining at a swell hotel out west, and after he finished his regular dinner he asked for sweets. A waiter from the Bowery had gone west for employment, and was waiting on the particular table at which the Englishman sat.

"And phwat is sweets, sur?" asked the waiter.

The Englishman finally explained that he meant dessert, pudding, etc.

"We 'ave apple and mince pie," said the Bowery man.

"Give me mince pie."

"What's der matter wid der apple pie?" asked the waiter in a hard, I-don't-care-a-continental tone of voice. Many heard the remark and laughed. An hour later I happened to meet the Englishman, and he asked me if I heard the waiter ask him what was the matter with the apple pie. I said 'Yes.' Then the Englishman naively asked me:

"Well, what was the matter with the apple pie?"—New York World.

Rigid in Death.

General Sherman narrated a very striking battle incident. He had rallied his troops and led them to a charge which was everywhere successful. As he rode into the enemy's camp he saw a soldier lying on a barrow and an officer standing over him with an uplifted knife. He shouted to the officer not to strike, and spurred up to the group to discover that the men were both dead, the only solution being that the officer, who was a surgeon, was in the act of performing an operation for the extraction of a bullet upon the soldier when the concussion of a cannon ball passing near them had killed them both, and they had stiffened in the attitude they occupied at the moment when their lives went out.—San Francisco Argonaut.

EGGS BY MACHINERY.

Made Better and Cheaper Than by Hens.

HOW THE INGREDIENTS ARE SECURED

What the Manufactured Article Contains.

Patents have been granted to James Storrey, of Kansas City, for the manufacture of eggs.

All the necessary machinery, which is not worth more than $500 at the outset, is in readiness to begin this overwhelming competition with the American men. If as much success attends the new venture as is anticipated by Mr. Storrey, the contest between the machine and the hen for supremacy in the egg producing business will be short, with the victory to the credit of the former.

Mr. Storrey's process is very simple, and yet he is prepared to manufacture an artificial egg that a connoisseur will find it difficult to distinguish either in appearance or taste from the prime product of a Plymouth Rock or Leghorn.

Lime, water, blood, milk, tallow, peas and one or two other vegetables are the ingredients of his compound. The shell and the yolk will not be difficult of manufacture. To make a good imitation of the "white" of the egg is the part that has required the most ingenuity to conquer, but Mr. Storrey has succeeded in solving the problem successfully.

MAKING THE YOLK.

The yolk of an egg is composed of 30 per cent. of yellow fat, 14 per cent. of caseine, about 3 per cent. albumen and water. The fat is common animal fat, and beef fat, which is very cheap, will be the chief ingredient. To this a liberal amount of caseine, which is that portion of the milk which produces butter and cheese, will be added, and albumen mainly from beef blood, together with water, will be mixed in small quantities. The color, already a yellow, will be treated with a chemical which will serve a double purpose of deepening the color and preserving the mixture in a semi-liquid state until it is cooked.

The "white" of the egg is about one-eighth pure albumen, and is a difficult substance to produce chemically. A substance that appears to the eye exactly similar, and which hardens and whitens when cooked, has been produced by a mixture of legumin, or vegetable albumen, extracted from common peas, and which forms one-fourth of the peas, a little albumen from beef blood, a trifle of sulphur, considerable gelatine and a chemical solution to prevent rapid decomposition, and which also whitens the whole bulk when subjected to heat, just as the egg becomes white when boiled.

As beef blood will be utilized in very large quantities in the big egg mill, a few special cars will be fitted up with tanks to bring the blood from the Chicago slaughter houses.

MAKING THE SHELL.

The shell will be perfectly imitated by a simple solution of lime, water and glue. The machinery that is required is needed mainly in putting the egg together. Every yolk will be first run into a mold to be properly shaped, and then dumped into a second mold, where the right quantity of the white is placed previously. This latter substance, being a gelatine like matter, will incase the yolk very readily. By a unique machine the meat is there enveloped in the shell.

The shell is only partially hardened when the egg is put into it, and as there is a liberal amount of glue added to the lime, the edges of the shell soon adhere to each other very tightly, leaving no traceable mark where they were joined. In order to make the imitation more completely successful, molds of several sizes will be introduced, making the eggs vary in bulk as do the products of any respectable flock of hens. The color of the shell will also be of two or three shades, rendering the likeness to the original still more striking.

Tests have been made which show that the artificial egg can be preserved for a month under proper conditions, and still taste as fresh as one laid by an ordinary hen. As all the ingredients of this reform egg are exceedingly cheap, it can be manufactured at the rate of about three cents a dozen. There will be no limit to the capacity of the novel mill, and families and boarding house keepers can be supplied in any quantities at prices so dazzlingly small as to warrant immediate popularity.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Gimlet Man.

"I should like to sell you a gimlet," said a careworn looking man, as he walked into the office the other day.

"We have no use for one," replied the cashier.

"But you should always look into the misty future," went on the fiend, demurely. "Next winter you will want to make holes in your boot heels so you can get your skates on."

"I use club skates—no straps required."

"You may want to screw some boards together some time. The old fashioned method of driving screws in with a hammer is pernicious, as it deteriorates the tenacity of the fangs of the screws, as it were."

"Nothing today, sir."

"The gimlet also acts as a corkscrew"——

"I don't want it."

"It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a table for computing compound interest and a lunch box attachment."

"I can't help it; I don't want it.'

"I know you don't. You're one of those mean men that won't buy a gimlet unless it has a restaurant, a trip to Europe and an Italian opera company attached. You're the kind of a man who would live near an electric light to save a gas bill."

And the pedler walked out with his mental plunge on the perpendicular.—Texas Siftings.

Barbers have a trick for the countrymen who visit the city and go into the shop to get shaved. They want to get off as cheap as possible, but generally they have the entire bill to pay before leaving. For instance, the barber will take a piece of black pomatum and smearing it on his hand, run it through the countryman's hair and remark, "You need a shampoo. Look how dirty your hair is; you must have been about a smoke stack." That catches him, and he has to pay for a shampoo. He gets what is called in the profession a "razzle axle" shave. That is, the razor is run over his face, and what is left belongs to him. That is the way the countryman is served.—Globe-Democrat.

Hope Deferred.

"Go to bed, sir, in the closet there," said an enraged father to a son who had given him just cause of offense; "were it not that these gentlemen are present I would give you a sound whipping, but you shall have it before breakfast tomorrow, certain." The little rebel went to his crib with a heavy heart, and the enjoyments of the party continued until a late hour. Just when the party was about to break up, the closet door was quietly pulled back and the young offender put out his head, requesting that the sentence might be put in execution. "Father, would ye just gie me my like this night, for I canna sleep without them?"—London Telegraph.

His Face Betrayed Him Not.

"Ah," said wise Erudite to Miss Shrewd at a party the other night, "what a sad, sad face that gentleman has over there is the corner. I have been watching him all the evening and I have not seen him smile once. His heart is heavy with some mighty grief. I am sure of it, and have been wondering what it could be and letting my heart go out to him in sympathy. Do tell me if you know his history."

"Yes," replied Miss Shrewd briefly, "he is editor of a humorous paper."—Drake's Magazine.

Ages of Birds.

The wren lives about 3 years; the sparrow hawk, 40 years; the nightingale, 18 years; the goose and pelican, 50; the heron and parrot, 60; thrush and common domestic fowl, 10 years, at which age the latter are often sent to market; the robin, lark and blackbird, 12 years; the crow, the raven, the eagle, the swan, 100 years; the canary, the crane and the peacock, 24 years, and the pigeon and linnet, from 20 to 23 years.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Penalty of Unconventionality.

A young man who dared to break through stern custom and go to see an Oakland young lady during the eclipse last New Year's day was, upon retiring, rewarded with a remark which must be regarded as rather mean if the young lady understood the full significance of her words. She said as she was closing the door: "I hope you will call again the very next time we have another total eclipse." Now he is waiting for an answer from Professor Holden to know if it be a fact that we shall not have another such for 110 years.—San Francisco Report.

Transfusion of Blood.

A workman who had inhaled the vapor of burning coals was taken to the Charite lately. All efforts to restore consciousness having failed, Professor Leyden ordered the injection of 250 cubic centimeters of blood taken from another patient, into one of the veins of the right arm. The patient showed signs of life five hours after the transfusion, then slept for about ten hours and awoke in excellent spirits. His further recovery was rapid, and he is now quite well. —Berlin Cor. Lancet.

A Share in a Jewel.

There is a story told of a French savant who was shown a priceless jewel by a great duke.

"Thank you, my lord duke," said the man of science, "for allowing me to share with you the possession of so great a treasure."

"In what way?" said the duke.

"Why, your grace can do no more than look at it, and you have allowed me to do the same."—All the Year Round.

Spoke Too Quick.

Mr. Repplier (playing cribbage)—What a very fine crib board, Miss Passee!

Miss Passee (playfully)—A gift from my very first sweetheart, Mr. Repplier, when I was only 15.

Mr. Repplier (with polite interest)—Indeed! That is quite the oldest crib board I ever saw—that it—er—I mean——.—West Shore.

A Healthy Town.

"Where have you passed your vacation?" asked one clerk of another.

"At the beautiful little village of Z."

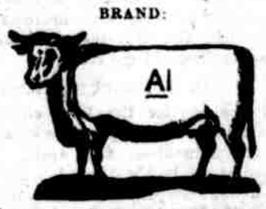
"Is it a healthy locality?"

"Healthy! It's so healthy that in order to start their new cemetery they were obliged to assassinate an inhabitant."—America.

THE ARIZONA CATTLE COMP'Y.

RANGE, SAN FRANCISCO MTS

BRAND:



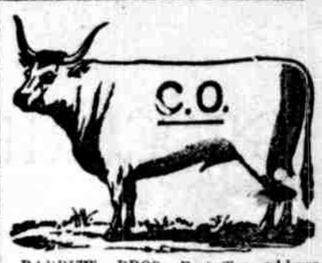
Ear marks, slit in each ear; horses and mules AI right hip; increase, AI on left shoulder. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz.
JOHN V. RHOADES,
General Manager.

Horses with the above brand are the property of the undersigned. Range—San Francisco Mts. P. O. address, Challendar, Ariz.
PHILIP HULL.

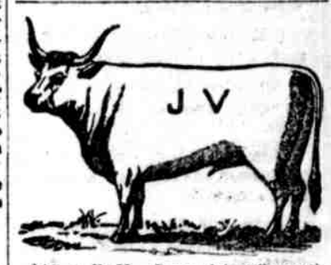
McMILLAN & GOODWIN.

T brand on right side of nose. Ewes, crop in right and split in each ear; wethers, crop in left and off split in each ear. Range, three miles north of Flagstaff. P. O. address Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horses or mules branded as above on the left thigh belong to the undersigned. Range on Stoneman's Lake & Mogollon Mts.
JAMES ALLEN,
Camp Verde, Ariz.



BABBITT BROS.—Postoffice address Flagstaff, Arizona. Range, Clark's Valley Mogollon mountains. Brand as above cut. All young stock branded on both sides, with swallow fork and underbit in each ear; also own the following: Boot, T, ⊞ H, anywhere on the side of animal. Boot cattle, road brand W on right side; T cattle, oss on right side; horse brand C. O.



JAS. A. VAIL.—Range eight miles southeast of Flagstaff, Yavapai County. Cattle branded J V on left ribs, ear marks square cut on right ear, over slope on left ear. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz.

HARRY FULTON.—Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep: ewes, hole in left ear and split in the right; wethers, reverse that of ewes; rams branded F on horn. Range near Mormon Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Postoffice address, Flagstaff, A. T. Range San Francisco Mountains. All cattle branded as in cut are the property of the undersigned, and also all cattle branded with bar B.
GEORGE W. BLACK.

All sheep branded with three straight bars across the nose are the property of the undersigned.
Range:—The Old Elden Valley and Mountain.
EMMA GONZALES.
Range and sheep care of Lockett Bros. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

W. M. P. Munds Cattle branded as in cut on right hip; ear marks, crop off left and under half crop in right.
Range:—Upper Verde and Mogollon Mts. P. O. address, Flagstaff.

Cattle bearing the above brand and swallow fork in each ear belong to the undersigned. Range—San Francisco Mts. P O., Flagstaff, Aris
GEO. PRIME.

All cattle branded as above are the property of the undersigned; ear marks, square crop off the left, underbit in the right; range Mogollon Mts., postoffice address Flagstaff, Arizona.
AL. DOYLE.

ARIZONA LUMBER CO.

Postoffice address: Flagstaff, Arizona. Range:—San Francisco Mountains, Yavapai Co., A.T. Horses, mules and attle branded as in cut. Cattle numbered onsecutively on left cheek.

BRANNEN, FINNIN & BRANNEN. Cattle branded as in cut on left side, underslope in both ears, dewlap cut upwards. Range—Mogollon Mountains, Flagstaff.

WM. POWELL—Ear marks, swallow in left and swallow fork in right. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Yavapai County, Ariz.

Other Cattle Brands. 3 ⊖ IT All increase branded into B B

Horses branded on the left shoulder. Range from Ash creek to the summit of the Mogollon Mts.

JAS. L. BLACK, postoffice, Flagstaff, Arizona. Range, eight and one-half miles southwest of Flagstaff. Cattle are branded as in cut; ear marks, underbit in each ear; horses with same from on left thigh.