INNESOTA SOLONS.

oceedings of Both Branches of the Minnesota Legislature.

Tuesday Jan. 6.

SENATE.

he twenty-second session of the state slature met at St. Paul, and opened what mises to be one of the most exciting sesis of that body yet held. The fact that ead of two great political parties there now three in the legislature makes the rse of legislation uncertain.

he first business was announced as the sentation of certificates of election, en they were all in and the roll had been ed, the senators advanced to the front took the oath which binds them to the port of the constitutions of the United tes and the state and to a faithful formance of their duties. A recess was n take, the democrats and alliance men ing together.

hen the senators began to gather in the rnoon there was great curiosity expressis to the effect of the Alliance-Democratic bination. The Republicans hoped that ould not hold together, but they were taken. A coalition had been formed as d as a stone wall. The first business was nomination of a secretary. Mr. La Due sented the name of Fred N. Van Duzee of verne. Mr. Barr named L. P. Hunt of nkato, the two gentlemen being respecly the caucus nominees of the combina- and the Republicans. The roll call eloped the stone wall against which the publicans vainly butted their heads all afternoon. Mr. Van Duzee, who is very pular among all the parties, was successful a vote of 27 to 25.

After a very lively discussion, the follow- resolution offered by Mr. Donnelly was opted:

Resolved, That the standing comttees of the senate and the senate's presentation on all joint standing comttees be elected by the senate."

he vote stands 30 for taking the appointnt of the committees out of the hands of President of the Senate, and 23 against

HOUSE.

For the preliminary organization of the use Lane K. Stone of Ramsey county was pointed clerk pro. tem., and as the assist at secretary of the state, Hermann Stockstrom, called the roll of members, he reved from the members their certificates of ction. Each member, after delivering his tificate, passed to the right of the speaks chair and was sworn in by Judge Collins, the supreme court. After this formality, ne K. Stone called the roll, and 113 memrs answered to it, the one absentee being presentative McC. Reeve of Hennepin.

In pursuance of the agreement between e Democratic and Alliance members John Furlong of Freeborn moved "that when e house adjourns, it adjourn to 10 o'clock morrow morning." This was carried, d R. A. Walsh of Ramsey county moved that the house do now proceed to take informal ballot for speaker."

This introduced the speakership question d Representative O. B. Turrell inquired if e motion made by the member from Ramy would not anticipate nominations for e speaker. Mr. Walsh then withdrew s motion, and G. J. Lomen of Ramsey oved that a formal ballot be taken for peaker. This motion met with no opposion, and the house proceeded to ballot. he candidates were as previously anounced, namely: F. E. Searle of St. Cloud r the Republicans, H. C. Stivers of Brain- for the Democrats, and E. T. Champlin Garden City for the Alliance. The ballot sulted as follows:

Searle 41, Stivers 40, Champlin 32. The sult simply displayed the strength of ch party in the house, the Democrats ing the tie with the Republicans when Mceeve is present. Without further ado the ouse then adjourned until 10 o'clock this orning, when the struggle to elect a peaker will be resumed in earnest.

Wednesday Jan. 7.

SENATE.

The following bills were introduced:

By Mr. Davis—An act relating to interest nd usury. By Mr. Peterson—An act makig villages separate election districts and djusting their liabilities. By Mr. Kellar—n act relating to interest and usury, and n act in relation to the manuacture of binding and sale of binding wine to prevent fraud.

The following committee was appointed to vestigate the need of the senate as to furher officers for the senate: Sanborn, Donelly, Day, Erickson, Geissel and Brown. hey reported after a brief absence the folowing vacancies to be filled:

Assistant enrolling clerk, assistant enrossing clerk, chaplain, second assistant secretary, sergeant of the gallery (new) postaster of the senate, assistant sergeant-atrms and cloak room keeper. All of these t salaries of $5 per diem.

A. P. Swanstrom of St. Paul wins first lace on this slate; H. V. Poor of Renville, econd; D. W. Ahern of Hennepin, for third; ev. Edward Savage of Cottonwood, for ourth; R. H. McGhee of Chicago, for sixth; . J. Conroy of Hennepin, seventh, and A. tyve of Freeborn for eight. John Scheffer of t. Cloud will probably be appointed as serant of the gallery.

HOUSE.

Another day passed and the deadlock in he house still continues, the voting strength of the three parties remaining practically he same as on the first ballot taken for the peakership. The forty-one Republican epresentatives stand firmly by Frank E. Searle, the forty Democrats voting solidly or E. C. Stivers, and the thirty-three Alliance men remaining true to E. T. Champin. It is evident that there will be no hange until the Democratic and Alliance nembers come to some agreement.

Thursday Jan. 8.

SENATE.

Mr. Day offered a resolution authorizing he secretary to purchase all supplies needed or the senate, not already contracted for by he secretary of state which was adopted nanimously.

Mr. Lienau's resolution placing Messrs. Donnelly, McHale and Stevens upon a special committee to draft rules for the government of the senate met with the instant disfavor of Mr. Stevens, who did not desire to serve upon the committee specified. Mr. Day of Fairmont was substituted upon motion of Mr. Tawney, and the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Donnelly moved to fix the salaries of door-keepers at $3 per diem instead of $5, as reported by the committee. This was put and unanimously adopted.

HOUSE.

On the ninth ballot E. T. Champlin was elected speaker. Just before this result was reached Representative H. C. Stivers, the Democratic candidate for speaker, arose and said: "Recognizing the necessity for breaking the deadlock, I withdraw my candidacy in favor of Mr. Champlin of Blue Earth." This announcement was received with loud applause, and the taking of the ninth, and, as it proved, the final ballot resulted as follows: Champlin, Alliance candidate, 72 votes, F. E. Searle, Republican 41 votes.

Friday Jan. 9.

At 10:10 of the senate chamber clock yesterday President Ives' gavel called the members to their chairs, and Rev. William Wilkinson of Minneapolis led in prayer. Immediately after roll call Mr. Dean of St. Paul was recognized by the chair and spoke at length in defense of the Republican guardianship of state funds. This was in reply to Mr. Donnelly's accusation of Thursday, among which he asserted that the Republicans had nearly bankrupted the state. Mr. Dean declared that the state's money had been well taken care of by his party and wisely expended, and that by the first day of next February there would be $700,000 to the credit of the State of Minnesota.

Mr. Donnelly replied that he was not so sure of this state of things, and trusted a committee would be appointed later to look into the matter.

Mr. Wood (Alliance) moved to reconsider the resolution appointing superintendents of the committee rooms. He had voted against such appointments under a misconception. Mr. Donnelly showed the members the danger of losing important documents if the committee rooms were left unattended in the absence of committees. By this time the hands of the clock indicated 10:30, the hour at which the special order of business was to be taken up, on Mr. Leavitt's amendment, changing the hour from 3 p. m. Thursday to 10:30 a. m. on Friday.

John Day Smith of Hennepin sent to the secretary's desk a full list of the standing committees as agreed upon by the Republican caucus, and moved that every committee should elect its own chairman. Upon moving that the list of committees as reported be appointed

The house was called to order at 10 o'clock, before the Republicans had quite completed the business of their caucus. The newly elected speaker mounted the rostrum exactly on time and proceeded as calmly to business as though to the manor born. The proceedings of the morning session proved to be exceedingly dull, consisting of a series of roll calls, which inevitably resulted in the Alliance-Democratic nominees receiving about two-thirds of the votes of the members. The Democrat and Alliance candidates were the same as those agreed upon at the caucus the previous evening, and they were carried through without a break.

A second motion was passed to the effect that the clerk of the house officially inform the senate that the house had been organized with the following officers:

Chief Clerk—P. J. Smalley, Caledonia.

First Assistant Clerk—Ed O'Brien, Hennepin.

Second Assistant Clerk—C. A. Moody, Benson.

Enrolling Clerk—C. J. Haynes, Wabasha.

Assistant Enrolling Clerk—L. A. Normandera, Ramsey.

Engrossing Clerk—Albert Warren, Lincoln.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Henry Plowman, Otter Tail.

Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms—E. E. Egan, Hennepin.

Chaplain—Rev. William Wilkinson, Hennepin.

Before the committee appointed to notify the governor departed on its errand, Mr. Searle asked that the time for the house meeting again after adjournment be fixed so that the governor might be notified when the house would be in readiness to hear the message. He therefore moved

"That when the house adjourns, it adjourn until Tuesday next at 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

He thought the adoption of this would give the speaker ample time to prepare his committees and aid in expediting business. The motion on the suggestion of Mr. Feig was changed to read "4 o'clock" instead of 3 o'clock.

The American Girl

Kate Field's Washington: The maid as of other lands have two distinct educations. They are first given the training of the *jeunne fille*, which is essentially a knowledge of the world as it is not. This is supposed to last them until they are married, or are definitely beyond any probability of matrimony, when they take their postgraduate course in life as it really is. If life lasted for a thousand years, this arrangement would be a little less wicked and wasteful; but to take out of the brief span of three-score years and ten the time for two distinct educations, encourages very little hope for thoroughness in either.

With the American girl, however, all this is changed. She does not suffer the humiliation of seeing literature, the drama, and even society itself in expurgated editions, carefully adapted to the purity—and poverty—of her mental constitution. She is not surrounded on every side by pleasures which she is forbidden to enjoy, or forced to live, move and have her being wholly under the wing of a chaperone. Her delicacy and good sense are taken for granted; and, before she is scarcely in her teens, she begins to regulate her own life in all minor matters, taking up her responsibilities one at a time as she is able to bear them, instead of leaving them to be assumed in a bunch at the altar.

The result of this national method, in anything so negative can be called a method, has been to produce a singularly individual and self-reliant sort of young woman, who is a refreshing satire upon all previous ideas of womanly excellence. She has proved that she can be feminine without being ignorant, that she may be at the same time charming and sensible, and that to be virtuous she need not be a fool. In a vague way she is perfectly conscious that she is an important factor in a knotty sociological problem, and takes daily delight in proving that a woman's field of knowledge and action is defined by her own abilities and not by a set of arbitrary rules.

Now it happens sometimes that the very quality which is the greatest charm of the American girl becomes her chief reproach. Her familiarity with the world and her habit of managing her own affairs have given rise to a sort of manner which her admirers call "poise" and "assurance," and her detractors are very likely to speak of as opinionated and swaggering. There is a little unreasonableness here on both sides. It is ridiculous for the world to expect from a young woman brought up almost exactly in the same way as her brother the sort of behavior which the last generation called "maidenly." If the modern young woman succeeds in preserving the deference always becoming in the attitude of youth toward age, of experience toward inexperience, she may congratulate herself upon having done her duty very fairly.

Fish Roosts

Forest and Streams: Your correspondent "Isaac, Jr.," describes how fishing grounds were made in a lake in Missouri which he calls a cropple roost. In Pennsylvania there is a lake containing black bass and other fish. All the land surrounding the lake is cultivated, and there no streams flowing into or from it, being entirely spring water. There is no refuge or shelter for the fish, and for some time lately the fishing has been unsatisfactory; the fish could not be found; they were apparently scattered.

On one side of the lake there was a clump of small willows, which during the winter were cut off and thrown on the ice as the easiest way of getting rid of them. When the ice broke up in the spring, the wind carried the ice and branches to the lower end of the lake, where the latter were dropped on the bottom together in one mass, about fifty feet in diameter, in about fifteen feet of water. The branches were soon covered with animalculæ and spawn, and they have made the best fishing grounds in the lake. A dozen black bass were caught out of the brush, while others near by not knowing the reason were unable to get a fish.

I send you this with the hope that it may cause those who would be interested in a "fish roost," during the proper season for fishing, to exert themselves a little with the hand axe at this the proper season for its use; thinking of the pleasure they will give themselves and others in this season of good will, in addition to making a feeding place for the fish.

Four hours' active exercise in the open air as one way to break up a fresh cold is a sensible prescription. Such aeration relieves the air passages of the obstructions which clog them, and the exercise sets the blood in vigorous motion through the veins.

THE HUT IN THE PRAIRIE

AN INEXPLICABLE ADVENTURE ON TEXAN WILDS.

A True Story of What Happened to a Elder Searching for a Night's Shelter—The Occupants of the Lonely House to Which the Guide Led Him.

I checked my horse, and after one long, straining look around owned to myself that I was lost. I had suspected the fact some time since, though my horse evidently realized. With patient endurance he plodded along, resignation plainly expressed in the droop of his tail and ears.

Now that the sun was gone, I found my knowledge of the point of the compass gone with it. As I sat perplexed and worried the gloom of twilight gathered fast and the chill of coming rain smote me through and through, while in the distance there was the roll of thunder. My horse strode on of his own accord, and hoping that his instinct would lead us to some house, I let him have his will. Presently it began to rain. Of course I did not mind a little rain, but the prospect of spending the entire night exposed to it was anything but agreeable, and I grew really violent in denunciation of the folly which had led me, an utter stranger in the country, to attempt to find anything less than a volcano in active eruption on a Texas prairie. It was now quite dark, and very dark at that, though at short intervals close to the horizon a faint gleam of lightning showed, too distant to cast brightness on my path and only sufficient to intensify the blackness about me.

All at once I saw a man walking about fifteen feet in front of me. Yes, I know I said it was intensely dark, but all the same, I repeat it, I saw a man walking in front of me, and furthermore I could see that he was a large man, dressed in rough, but well fitting clothes; that he wore a heavy, red beard, and that he looked back at me from time to time with an expression of keen anxiety on his otherwise rather fixed features.

"Hallo!" I cried, but as he did not halt I concluded he did not hear me. As a second hail produced no result I spurred my weary horse up to overtake the stranger. But though the gray responded with an alacrity most commendable under the circumstances, I soon found that this strange pedestrian did not intend to let me catch up with him. Not that he hurried himself. He seemed without any exertion to keep a good fifteen feet between us.

Then I began to wonder how, with the intense darkness shutting me in as four black walls, I was yet able to see my strange companion so clearly, to take in the details of his dress, and even the expression of his face, and that at a distance more than twice my horse's length when I could hardly see his head before me. I am not given to superstitious fancies, and my only feeling was of curiosity. When after attempt after attempt to overtake the stranger had failed, I took mercy on my jaded horse, and resolved to follow my unsociable guide as he must have some definite destination.

We went on in silence for nearly half an hour, when as suddenly as he had appeared he was gone. I looked around for him, half afraid from his instant and complete disappearance that I had been dreaming, when I perceived that I was close to a small, low building of some sort. I reined in and shouted several times, but not the slightest response could I hear, and at last I rode boldly up and tapped on the wall with the butt of my riding whip. Then, as this elicited no sign of life, I concluded that I had stumbled on some deserted house, or that it was the abode of my eccentric friend, so dismounting and tying the gray I resolved to spend the rest of the night under a roof or to find some good reason for continuing my journey. I felt my way along the wall till I reached a door, and trying this and finding that it yielded to me I stepped inside, striking a match as I did so. Fortunately I carried my matches in an airtight case, and as it was dry the one I struck gave me a light at once. I found myself in a large room close to a fireplace, over which a rude shelf was placed, and on this mantel I saw an oil lamp, to which I applied my match as I looked about me.

On the hearth was heaped a quantity of ashes and over these crouched a child, a little girl of 5 or 6. At the other end of the room, which was plainly and scantily furnished, lay a man across the bed, and as I raised the lamp I saw that he was the same I had been following, but there was something in his attitude and face that struck me as peculiar, and I was about to go forward and look at him, when the child who had at first seemed dazed at the light fairly threw herself upon me.

"Have you anything for Nelly to eat?" she said, and then began to cry. "Oh, Nelly so hungry!"

I ran my hand into my pocket and drew forth what had been a paper bag of chocolate candy, but was now a pulpy unappetizing mass. I must confess to a childish fondness for sweets, which I usually carry in some form about me. I handed the remains of my day's supply to the child and then walked over to the bed. Yes, it was the same man, red beard, rough clothes, but setting off the magnificent frame to perfection; the same man, but dead, long dead.

I took his hand only to find it stiff and cold, while his face had the dull gray aspect never seen in the newly dead. As I stood gazing down on him, a little hand touched mine.

"Nelly so hungry!" said the child.

"Have you eaten all the candy?" I asked her.

"Yes, yes! But me hungry, for me had no dinner, no brekkus, no supper, and papa won't get up."

The house, which consisted of the large room, a smaller kitchen and a shed, where I found a quantity of hay and fodder, seemed quite bare of food, but by dint of searching in the hay I discovered a nest, which Nellie informed me was there, and in it two fresh eggs. These I boiled for her. When she had finished I soothed her to sleep on a bed I made for her before the fire. Then after I had put my horse in the shed room and fed and watered him I performed as well as I could a service for the dead.

When day dawned I was able to discern at some distance from the house a line of telegraph poles, and taking the child with me I followed these to the nearest town, where I notified the authorities of the death.

The dead man's name was Frederick Barnstaple. He was an Englishman, so I found, a recent arrival in those parts. His daughter was restored to her family across the water, and is now a pretty girl of 17. I have never told this story before, but I am ready to take an affidavit to its truth. It all happened about thirty miles from Dallas.

A Strange Duel.

"Do you see that tall man standing there?" asked the colonel. "Notice how he brushes his hair forward on the sides, as some Englishmen do. One of these locks hides a scar which bears eloquent testimony to a narrow escape from death."

"Thirty years ago he was a deputy marshal in Nevada. He started out one day to arrest a gambler who had killed a man over a game of cards. The gambler knew that the marshal was seeking him, but, with cool effrontery, walked about the streets all day. John—that is the deputy marshal—heard that the man he wanted was in a well-known bar-room. He set out for the place, and carelessly walked boldly into the room. He had not crossed the threshold when he found himself looking into the barrels of a six-shooter.

"'Come, Hardy,' he said, 'this won't do. I've come to get you, and I want you.'

"'See here, John,' said the gambler, 'I don't want to kill you, but I won't let any man arrest me. Go away and let me alone.'

"'No, I want you,' said the marshal, quietly. Put down the six-shooter and come with me.'

"'I'll see you shot first,' said Hardy.

"'I can't help that,' said the other. 'I must have you. Now, you have the drop on me, but you must come with me or kill me in cold blood.

"'I don't want to kill you, said Hardy.

"'Then put down your gun.

"'John, I won't be arrested. Don't touch me. I don't want to shoot a man without cause.

"'I've got to do it, Hardy.

"'See here, said the gambler, turning white, 'if you move a foot I'll kill you, but I hate to be a coward. That was fair and square last night. We both pulled together.

The marshal shook his head.

"'I'll do one thing, John," Hardy went on. 'I'll back up to that wall. You'll back up to the other. I'll draw my revolver to my hip and you can draw yours. Then it's the best man.'

"The Marshal moved backward to the wall and hardy did the same. Then the Marshal drew his revolver and held it at his side muzzle down. All this time Hardy had kept his weapon leveled at the Marshal. Slowly his arm sank until his weapon touched the seam of his trousers.

"Both men were perfectly calm and immovable, the Marshal determined-looking, the gambler still pale.

"'Now, John,' said Hardy. Instantly both weapons went up. It was all over so quickly that both men went on the floor together. But Hardy had fired too soon. His ball went at an upward angle and grazed the Marshal's temple, but the Marshal had sent his bullet straight into Hardy's heart and there was no need to arrest the gambler."—Anaconda Standard.

Not a New Thing.

The thief is not a thing of recent date. As early as the year 1137 bolts and bars and padlocks had to be invented to offset his predatory cunning, and even when the stealing of a shilling's worth of bread was a hanging offense in England that country had more thieves than she has got to-day.

Not in Spanish.

The New York Telegram, in commenting on the fact that few or no Spaniards ever naturalize or take the least interest in politics, says it is because every one of them expects to return to Spain and die there. They are akin to the Chinese in that hope.

The Crank.

A crank is a man who has an idea that other people do not comprehend. —Western Rural.

SOME SUPERSTITIONS.

Everybody Has Weak Points in the Line of the Weakness.

"I have no patience with superstitious people," said a Chicago man recently. "There is nothing in superstition. I used to believe, when I was a boy, that it was good luck to see the new moon over my right shoulder, and that the evil one would pursue me for a month if I saw it first over my left. And after I was grown and circumstances had knocked nonsense and superstition out of me I still felt more comfortable not to start on a journey on Friday, but several railroad smash-ups used up the one remaining——

"What are you doing! Don't open that umbrella in the house!"

There were six or seven sitting around the grate, and out in the hall was a gentleman preparing to leave. He opened his umbrella to show the hostess the beauties of the light and slender wire stem. As this command floated out to him his astonished look was equaled by the shout that went up from the fireside. As he came in for an explanation, the speaker said:

"Well, that is really the only superstition I have left, but I do think it is flying in the face of providence to open an umbrella in the house."

Then it developed that every one of those sensible, sedate men of experience had some one thing that meant to him an omen of good or ill. Yet each scorned the idea of superstition. It was "habit" with most of them.

One gentleman present said that he always in disrobing placed his shoes on the same spot and about in the same position as if he was standing in them—heels together and toes out. If by any chance this was neglected he could not get to sleep until he arose and arranged his representatives.

Another one for over twenty years had carried a thin, flat pocketbook in his hip pocket that had belonged to his father. He never used it, but the pocketbook was always changed with his trousers. At times, in forgetting it, he had neglected important business to return for it. He never carries anything else in the pocket with it. A lady said one indication of something out of the usual happening to her was, in dressing, to get something on with the wrong side out. It did not always mean bad luck. Sometimes, though annoying, it would turn out to be an extraordinary bit of good luck. The omen never failed, notwithstanding that she never allowed herself the comforting discomfort of wishing and wearing the garment through the day, loyal to the mistake and the old idea of protection against the hoodoo.

Then another of the party took a silver coin out of his pocket and said he had carried it nearly twenty years, and would be much annoyed if he lost it, but of course it is only association.

A gentleman who up to this time had listened, without adding to the symposium, said:

"Well, I know that I am not at all superstitious, but there are some peculiar coincidents in a man's life. Three or four years ago an acquaintance of mine gave me a poker chip, and said. 'Put it in your pocket and carry it for luck.' I put it in my pocket with my silver, not for luck, but carelessly. I carried it up to six months ago, when it disappeared. Of course there is nothing in it, but from the time that piece of ivory went into my pocket everything went against me. I lost thousands of dollars. About six months ago things took a turn. The poker chip had nothing to do with it, but I don't want any more of them mixed up with my silver.

Country People Fade Early.

It is an observation of mine that people "grow old" in the country at a much earlier age than in the city, says "Amber," of the Chicago Herald. They have no way of forgetting themselves and keeping the heart young. Their life is a daily routine and it grinds on in the same rut. The only variety that is thrown in is the kind and vivid interest taken in their private affairs by their neighbors. An interest that has no tendency to lessen the lines of care in the face nor freshen up the heart. It is no use trying to forget that years are slipping by, in innocent amusement, because some kind friend stands by to remind them that they are getting too old for such frivolity, and respect for the opinions of those who lack the courage to do the same thing, crowds them down into the worn-out groove again.

A woman of forty-five in a country town, is old, and settled into the place carved out by others. In the city a woman of that age, passes for ten years younger, and thoroughly enjoys every minute of her life. She understands that perfect health means exercise of the mind as well as the body, and she interests herself in the many things that have been neglected in the years, when the children were small and needed her attention. She has made a study also of preserving her good looks and making the most of them.

Something In It.

The theory that a vicious man can be told by the shape of his head has been laughed at, but out of 400 diagrams of bad men's heads taken by the warden of Joliet only a very few closely fit the diagrams of visitor's heads. Nearly all murderers have the same shaped craniums, no matter how much their faces differ.

He Got His Trunk.

He entered the "lost" baggage room with a truculent air, says the New York Tribune, and remarked angrily:

"Now, I'm not going to wait any longer for that trunk or come here again to find it. My wife cannot get along another day without her sealskin sacque, so I shall go and buy her another at once and you must pay for it. Her diamond earrings, too—I shall be unable to match them, I am sure, at any cost, and what can your dirty money do toward restoring my father's gold medals awarded him for personal acts of bravery on the fields of battle? It's a shame, sir, that the carelessness of the employes of the road has cost me so serious a loss, not to mention the time I have spent in running after you to demand my trunk or its equivalent. Now when will you settle up? Five hundred dollars is the figure, and I will not take one cent less!" and his voice rose almost to a scream as he stamped on the floor in his indignation.

"What did you say the number of your check was?" asked the imperturbable official.

"You've asked me that, sir, at least twice every time I have called here to demand my trunk!" shouted the aggrieved traveler. "I should think that you would get to remember it after awhile. It is 640,616, and dont you forget it!"

"We have no trunk with a corresponding check on," returned the baggage-master, but there are a number of boxes that were hauled out of the wreck up the road last night, in a slightly damaged condition, that are coming in now. Wait a minute, yours may be among them."

"No such good luck," growled the injured man, but he turned and scanned with some anxiety the load of trunks being wheeled in.

"No. 940,616!" shouted the baggage-master, as he hauled down the battered box. "Here you are, sir! Sorry to say the lock has been smashed off and the cover knocked corner-ways. But I dare say the sealskin, and diamonds and medals are all safe," and he lifted the lid.

"Stop that!" yelled the owner, as he got red in the face. "How dare you open my trunk, sir?"

But the baggage-master was too quick for him, and whisked off the top of the contents a soiled linen duster, displaying underneath a pair of long leather boots, some celluloid cuffs, a patent clothes-wringer, and a bundle of circulars expatiating on the virtues of the latter. Only this and nothing more.

"Why, you lying——" began the baggagemaster, as he turned on the claimant, but the man was gone.

Next day a boy came with a check for the trunk and carried it away on his shoulder.

An Extraordinary Monomania.

Boston Journal.

An extraordinary case of monomania has been developed at Vienna. A baker's assistant there has stolen no less than 646 pocket handkerchiefs, not for their value but because an irresistible longing to possess them has prompted him to do so. He never sold them, but used to carry some about with him constantly. He was first punished in 1883, when he was condemned to a fortnight's imprisonment for stealing twenty-seven pocket handkerchiefs. He was sentenced to the same penalty, three years later for a similar offense but the police, instead of handing him over to the jailer, sent him to the hospital to have his mental condition examined. The doctors declared him to be suffering from acute monomania. He says that when he sees a lady's handkerchief hanging out of her pocket he can not help taking it.

Senator Berry's Elopement.

Boston Traveler.

Senator Berry of Arkansas, who is serving his second term, was a poor boy and as ignorant as he was poor. In young manhood he made an earnest effort to rub off the rough corners by hard study, and through pluck and enterprise laid the foundation of future prosperity. He was forced to steal the woman he loved through a second-story window in the night, but the father-in-law would never let him enter his home through all the years that he was a teacher, lawyer, legislator and judge, but when he became governor of Arkansas he wrote him as follows: "My daughter was a better judge of men than I. Forgive me, and during your administration, whenever you want to slip away from the capital to enjoy a brief respite from the cares of state, I do not invite, but beg you to make my country house your home."

Billy, William, and Will.

Haven't you always noticed, asks a New York Truth writer, that men who are called "Billy" are generally pretty good sort of fellows, open-handed, generous, and light-hearted? If a man is called William, he is generally one who gets little enjoyment out of life. "Will" is usally heard when we are speaking to or of a fellow who is as steady as one of the pillars that upheld the Parthenon.