THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

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A Merry Christmas and.....
...A Happy New Year!

To All of Our Patrons.

We are sorry that we can't be with you during the year 1896. Our time is drawing to a close in Vinita; we have got but a few more days to do business in and then we quit for good. The recent heavy rains and snow unabled a great many from attending

OUR GREAT QUITTING SALE.

As the weather permits everybody now to come to town, come and make your trip as paying as possible on what we can suit you and fit you. We will more than save you money. We must sell what we have got left, it matters not how **little the price may be, it is bound to be sold,** so don't delay but come at once. Bear in mind that you will be paying for goods in the future same as you have heretofore, so better buy while you can get it at your own price.

We must sell out to quit and others sell to make ...money...

Model Clothing Boot and Shoe House.

Quitting Business in Vinita.

Two 7-foot Show Cases, Two Tables and One Mirror will be sold very cheap.

GOLD BY THE HANDFUL.

But Clouds of Giant Mosquitoes Keep Treasure Seekers at Bay.

Gold in plenty may be found in the sands of the Volador river, a stream of moderate volume that comes tumbling from the snow line of the Sierra de St. Martha, in South America, but, though the lowland region and the river bed where the precious metal abounds in fabulous quantities are easily accessible, the mosquitoes are so thick and terrible there that all attempts to rifle the sands of the gold have so far failed.

Elisee Reclus, the celebrated French geographer, was the discoverer of this wonderful stream, whose waters sweep over sands that are literally golden. He told the news to the French vice consul at Rio Hacha, and this official obtained the concession of this Eldorado.

He took with him when he set out an ingeniously-constructed gauze tent of large dimensions. For two days he tried to live under its shelter and watch the operations of his workmen, who toiled in the stifling heat, clothed in thick garments and protected by heavy boots, gloves and veils. At the end of the second day, however, both employer and employes with one accord gave up the struggle and retreated.

The next to try to wring fortune from these auriferous sands was an Italian who obtained permission from the vice-consul referred to above. The Italian started out with a party of six who shared with him his belief, and so they took along no special protection against the insects. They endured for less than half an hour the awful torture and then fled.

Yet there are human beings who can venture with impunity into this hell whose guardian demons are mosquitoes, and these are some of the savage natives of the mountains from whose rocky steeps the river comes tumbling down. These savages, who are mosquito-proof, are rendered so by their bodies being covered with the scales of that awful disease, leprosy. The mosquitoes will not touch them.

But neither gold nor the gauds of civilization will tempt them to labor, and there is no human power, apparently, which will drag them on from their rude caves on the mountain side and make them labor for the white men.—N. Y. World.

Proof Against Lightning.

Each day adds some new virtues to the long list of those already credited to the pneumatic. The latest of these is that the wheels of a bicycle being encircled by a band of India rubber and dry air—which is a perfect insulator—the rider is completely insulated from the earth, and, consequently, impervious to the attacks of the electric fluid. Thus, day by day, it becomes more and more a fact that life without a pneumatic tire is neither safe nor worth having. Any one who suffers from nervousness during a thunder shower has now only to go into a barn or the cellar and seat himself upon the saddle of a pneumatic-tired bicycle to be perfectly safe from lightning stroke. As the chances of a man on a bicycle being struck by lightning have been carefully calculated to be about one in a billion, the Wheel adds, there will, of course, be some pessimists who will deny that this newly discovered virtue of the pneumatic as a lightning insulator amounts to very much.—Scientific American.

—Making Allowances.—The Little Minister—"How well you're looking, MacCallum!" The Big Farmer—"Weel, I'm weel in pairts. But I'm ower muckle to be weel all ower at ain time!"—Punch.

ASTRONOMY OF THE CHINESE.

Its Professors Practice Hocus-Pocus Upon a Grand Scale.

Astronomy in China is in a very primitive condition. The observatory at Pekin is the only one belonging to China which is of any importance. It is situated upon a terrace which runs along the fortifications of the city, and could, if necessary, be used as a fortress.

The instruments which it contains are remarkable for their historical interest and artistic beauty rather than for their scientific value. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the huge bronze quadrant sent by Louis XIV. to the Chinese emperor, Kang Hi, in the seventeenth century. It is probably the most modern, and consequently the most accurate, instrument in the whole collection.

The chief piece of the observatory is an extremely ornate bronze instrument which was constructed by the chief astronomer of the Emperor Kublai Khan in the thirteenth century. The form of the instrument somewhat resembles a modern equatorial, but its use is problematical. This astronomer, whose name was Kou Shou King, may be called the Napoleon of Chinese astronomy, for he was the first to construct instruments of any practical value, and the observatory owes to him nearly all its astronomical appliances. The gigantic celestial sphere is another object of interest. Though six feet in diameter, and weighing more than a ton, yet it can be easily rotated by a child, so carefully is it balanced.

The instruments are all of very ornamental construction. Utility was a secondary consideration to appearance, and the native workmen who constructed them were far more concerned about the dragons with flames issuing from their mouths and the hideous figures adorning the instruments than they were about the accuracy of the division.

The number of men employed by the Celestial government to manage the observatory is very large. Including all the officials and salaried students, there are two hundred. There is a chancellor at the head, and after him are directors, subdirectors and assistant subdirectors without number. A post in the Pekin observatory, though honorary, is considered to be a very important position, and the present chancellor is an uncle of the emperor.

His subordinates are also men of rank, the two directors having a right to the button of precious stones and a jeweled image of the sea raven, which is worn on the heart. Their offices are hereditary (about the only ones in China which are), because they alone have the calculation tables which the Jesuits introduced in the seventeenth century, and they keep them carefully hidden away.

One of the principal features in a modern observatory is a telescope. In the Pekin observatory there is not a single telescope, and there never has been one, or at least there is no record of it. This is not astonishing in view of the use which the Chinese make of astronomy. The only value it has for them is to determine the numerous fast days and the dates of idolatrous feasts which the emperor periodically holds at the various temples when he executes the sacrifices and performs the rites laid down in the sacred books.

The astronomy of the Chinese was, in fact, and is yet, merely astrology. The duty of fixing these dates falls upon the officials of the observatory, and the council of the board also meets on the last day of the year, and at midnight the chancellor solemnly ascertains the direction of the wind and informs the board. They then draw their conclusions and the result is circulated far and wide.

The most favorite direction of the wind is from the northwest, and should this wind prevail every sort of happiness may be expected during the ensuing year. The Chinese year begins February 14. On that date, 1894, the wind was from the southeast.

The clocks used in the observatory are all water clocks, like the ancient clesydra of the Romans, and an important part of the duties of the observatory officials is to ring the changes of the night watches on the great bell of Pekin, which hangs in the bell tower, and weighs one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, is fourteen feet high, thirty-four feet in circumference and is made of bronze nine inches thick. It is struck by a wooden beam, so that the noise made by it is not proportionate to its size.

In the drum tower are kept the incense sticks which are continually kept burning and which mark the passage of time in conjunction with the water clocks. Such are the primitive means which the Chinese possess for becoming acquainted with astronomical subjects, and, though the history of Chinese astronomy begins with that of the empire, yet the vast majority still believe that the earth is the immovable center of the world.—Chicago Times.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

The Recipe Given to a Cooking School in Baltimore.

One of the lecturers before the Baltimore cooking school recently gave this recipe for cooking a husband, which is not commonly found in the books on cookery:

"A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about it as if their husbands were balloons and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, others let them freeze by indifference and carelessness. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in a pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good if managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none, unless you will patiently learn how to govern him. See that the linen in which you wrap him is properly washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings tightly sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called 'comfort,' as the one called 'duty' is apt to be weak. They are apt to fall out of the kettle, and to be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. If he sputters and fusses do not be anxious—some husbands do this until they are called done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watching the while lest he adhere to the kettle, and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If this treatment is closely followed you will find him all the more desirable; but do not be careless with him and keep him in too cool a place."—Philadelphia Times.

CHANGES IN MAN'S MAKE-UP.

Primeval Inhabitants Had Four More Teeth Than We Have.

It is a fact we are assured of by paleontologists and anthropologists that primeval man not only had four more teeth than men now have, but had fewer bones in the skull, and less foldings or convolutions of the brain. The skull, too, has changed according to environments and use from an oval to a globular shape, or to a compromise of the two. The jaw has retreated as the front brain has protruded. The tearing tusk teeth have shortened up, and are neatly and gently inclosed in the mouth. Ears, from being pointed and movable like horses' ears, have become rounded and firmly fastened to the head. They are no longer the most important organ, as they were to the river driftmen to enable them to hear the approach of danger from all sides.

The nostrils, from being open and alert, have closed up to outside affairs to a great extent, and serve mainly as conduits and as indicators of mental emotion. The eyes are shortening in their range of vision, and adapting themselves to a studious race. All the senses were once intensely more acute, and the tendency now is steadily to lose more and more of their capability to gather in the world of sounds and sights, except as these are correlated into logic—that is, we can no longer tell poisons by taste and track enemies by scent, or distinguish dangers by the rustles in the air.

Occasionally a child is born with peculiar gifts of an organic sort, and can move his ears freely or shake his scalp. He does not use this faculty as it was originally designed, to shake off flies or dust; indeed, it seems to be a useless reversion to a generally disused type.

Such changes in our general physical frame are startling and suggestive, but no more important than the mental and moral changes that are demonstrable. Our ancestors, like the ancestors of civilized races, were indubitably carnivorous, to the degree of cannibalism. The instinct for savage feasts and revelry, involving bloodthirsty disregard of human suffering, may lurk in us yet.—Boston Traveler.

The Sophisticating of Sweet Oil.

After the olive oil has been roughly but honestly made it is carried across the yard to another room, the walls of which are lined with huge red terra-cotta vessels kept carefully closed. In one of these the oil is poured and left to settle sansa being heaped well up around the vessel to maintain a high temperature within. When the oil is finally poured off it is of a lovely golden color, as clear and transparent as water. But it is not destined to reach the public in this arcadian state. Scarcely has it left the hands of the peasants before it is manipulated and adulterated to such an extent that even in Florence pure olive oil is almost unobtainable. Cotton oil, colza oil, etc., are mixed with it, rendering it absolutely hurtful to the consumer. The Italian government has offered prizes for the discovery of a method of exposing the adulteration. At present no more certain way has been found than that of Prof. Bechi, a well-known Italian chemist. He treats the oil in question with nitrate of silver and judges of the adulteration by the resulting coloration.—Good Words.

—During the years between 1860 and 1870 the wealth of the northern states advanced fifty-six per cent., while that of the southern diminished thirty-four per cent.

ANCIENT CHINESE SOCIALISM.

Failure of an Experiment Centuries Ago in the Common Ownership of Land.

M. Leon Caubert recently delivered a lecture at the French Academy upon an ancient experiment in socialism made in China. About the time when Clovis, king of France, was baptized and Christianity had only just begun to take root in western Europe, a great Chinese scholar named Ouang Ngam Che was writing and preaching the principles which underlie modern socialism. The first necessity to perfect social life, said this ancient father of Chinese socialism, is that the land and all which it produces shall belong to everybody. The second necessity is that the government authorities shall regard it as their chief business to bring about this happy result as quickly as possible.

China had at that time been devastated by terrible inundations which had cut off thousands of the people, and the starving survivors were clamoring for reform. It was then that Ouang Ngam Che went straight to the emperor, Chenn Tsong, and told the monarch that it was his duty to save the people. The social prophet was welcomed at the court as the great thinker of the age. The emperor listened with the zeal of a disciple to the socialistic prophet, and, availing himself of his unlimited powers as a benevolent autocrat, abolished by an imperial decree all private ownership of land. The great nobles of the country were compelled to renounce their huge estates. The vacated lands were distributed among the heads of families, every family receiving so much land, but the proprietorship of the land remained absolutely in the power of the emperor.

The cultivation of lands was regulated by a strict plan devised by Ouang Ngam Che and made obligatory by the emperor. All excessive produce over and above that which each family needed for sustenance and for seed was declared to be the property of the commonwealth. Those families which were occupied with the breeding of cattle were required to present all their young cattle to the inspector of the commonwealth, who had the right of appropriating a certain proportion as the property of the whole community and distributing the younger cattle among the families that needed them. Even the forests were treated as communal property, and each family had a legal claim to a sufficient quantity of lumber and firewood.

Everything went well for one generation. The people were happy and contented. The social revolution, preached by Ouang Ngam Che and enforced by the emperor, was a great success. So long as the social reform was a novelty there was zeal enough for its maintenance, and it seemed to promise a glorious future.

"But the next generation," says M. Caubert, "showed signs of backsliding. The old Adam asserted himself. The farmers, instead of sowing the seed which the state had distributed among them, found it more convenient to grind it and live upon it, and so the fields were unplanted, and there came years in this or that district without any harvest at all. The cattle breeders lost their personal interest in the production and nurture of horses, oxen, and sheep, which they had to hand over, at the end of all their pains, to the inspector of the commonwealth. The men who were employed in the forests to cut down trees for the community rested from their labor as soon as they had cut down enough to serve themselves. The women, whom Ouang Ngam Che required to be set free from all physical labor, soon found themselves obliged to put their hands to work to save themselves and their children from the starvation with which they were threatened by the idleness of the head of the family. One farmer would complain that his land was so bad that any attempt at cultivation was a waste of time and labor; another grumbled because his neighbor had twice as much land as himself. Hunger, misery, and competition for sheer bread returned. The Chinamen were not good enough for Ouang Ngam Che's socialistic system: and the social reformer himself died in his old age as a neglected and disappointed man, confessing with regret that his scheme of reform was impracticable."—N. Y. Sun.

Duties of the Samoan Mascot.

In time of war it is the tapo's duty to lead on to combat the warriors of her village, and she is often in the thick of the skirmishing; but should she be wounded or killed it is a pure accident, as the Samoans have the greatest horror of hurting a woman in any way, and would not even injure their enemy's tapo. There is a story told of how, during the war which was carried on in Upolu for a considerable time, five or six years ago, two armies had met and were drawn up, blazing into each other's lines, when a native woman appeared with a cow she wished to place in safety. The entire firing was immediately suspended on both sides till she and her charge had crossed the lines and were completely out of harm's way. The women could rely so thoroughly on the gallantry of their countrymen that they had no fear during the fighting, and would take food to their husbands and brothers at any time, and pass through the ranks of the warriors of the belligerent army with perfect impunity; as long as the daylight lasted and they could be easily seen they were quite safe.—In Stevenson's Samoa.

A Plea for the Working Girls.

The vast increase of woman-labor demands that its peculiar and constantly varying conditions be carefully watched and tended. The prospective rights of women are, to my thinking, not so imperative in their claims, as are the present wrongs of women; of our working girls in office, factory and store. Life is of more importance than raiment, food, or even the franchise. On the principle that action in this urgent matter is to be advocated before any idea of enlarged powers for our sex, I claim for our girls a prior consideration. Let the leaders of the woman's world see to it that the match girls of London and the worn, tired shop girls of America have other friends besides Mrs. Annie Besant. For the poorer sister life, as we now enjoy it, not mentioning the claims we make for the future, has not yet begun to be.—Marie Isabel Wooding, in Chautauquan.

Too Terrible to Contemplate.

Ethel (who has just married a young thing of sixty)—How happy we should be if we never heard any of the disagreeable things people say about us.

Bosom Friend (who ought to know)—But how should we feel if we heard all?—Truth.

RIGHT NAMES OF KINGS.

Family Names of European Royalties Which Are Incorrectly Used.

Not one person out of a thousand, if he had a fair day's start and the privilege of rummaging among encyclopedias, could trace out the real family names of the rulers of Europe. As a matter of fact, these are very complicated, and to know them is quite an effort of the memory. In the case of royalty the family name has been in most cases taken from the name of the castle in which the founder of the race lived.

Mistakes are very frequently made through ignorance, and these mistakes are so frequently quoted they become accepted as facts. The English royal family are known, for example, as Guelphs, the Russian royal family as Romanoffs and the Portuguese kingly house as Braganzas. All of these, it now seems, are wrong.

Le Figaro, of Paris, has gone into this subject quite extensively, and the facts that it has brought together are well worth setting down. Queen Victoria, according to this authority, was originally Miss Azon, or Miss Azon von Este. She was descended, as were the other members of the houses of Brunswick-Luneburg and Hanover, from Azon, margrave of Este. The prince of Wales, the son of Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg, has naturally his father's family name. He is spoken of more correctly than any of the other royal personages of Europe. Descended from the Wettins, which line was founded in the twelfth century, his actual name is Mr. Albert Edward Wettin.

Likewise the king of Portugal, strictly speaking, has the same family name. He was a grandson of another prince of Coburg, who married the then queen of Portugal, and thereby became ruler of that country. Ferdinand of Bulgaria comes from exactly the same stock and is Ferdinand Wettin. A cousin of his, and of the same family name, is the present monarch of Belgium, Leopold II., a prince of Saxe-Coburg having ascended the Belgium throne in 1831.

Hohenzollern is not the family name of the German line that is now upon the throne. Their true name is Zollern, Thassillon, the first count of Zollern, having founded the race about 800. In the year 1300 the Zollern family had two male descendants, the count of Zollern and the Burgrave of Nuremburg. From the latter comes the present royal house of the German empire. So William II. is William Zollern. The king of Roumania is another representative of this line and has precisely the same name.

The Capets are: The duke of Orleans, the son of old count of Paris, Don Carlos and Alfonso III., the infant king of Spain. Their progenitor was Hugues Capet, the original count of Paris, who ascended the throne of France in 987.

Of Oldenburgs, founded by the count of Oldenburg, who died in 1440, there are many. The chief of those to-day who are entitled to use this family name are Christian IX., of Denmark; George I., king of Greece; the grand duke of Oldenburg, Ernest, duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and Nicholas II., emperor of all the Russias. Emperor Nicholas is a Romanoff only through the female line. Rightly he is an Oldenburg, having descended from Peter III., a member of one of the Holstein branches of that house.

Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria-Hungary, the queen regent of Spain and Frederick, grand duke of Baden, are Ethichons. The original Ethichon was a duke of Alsace, who lived about the year 614. Humbert, king of Italy, is Mr. Savoia, and Oscar II., of Sweden, Bernadotte. The original of this name was a French general, who was made king of Sweden in 1818, and was called Charles XIV. Pope Leo XIII.'s real name is Joachim Pecci. Alexander I., of Servia, has the name of Obrenowitch, and Nicholas I., prince of Montenegro, is Mr. Niegoch.—N. Y. World.

THE OFFICE BOYS.

Dialogue Which Is Frequently Heard in Commercial Circles.

The new office boy gave it out the second night he worked that in his opinion the old office boy, who was transferred to another department, was "a slob." Of course, the old office boy heard of it and the result was a dialogue like this:

"Say, Bill, dey tells me down stairs dat youse sed I wuz a slob. See?"

"Well, what ye goin' to do about it? See?"

"Well, all I wants to know is, did yez said it? See?"

"Well, spesin' I did sed it, wot d'ye t'ink ye're goin' to do wid me? See?"

"Well, dot's all right. If I'm a slob, you are worse an' I can thrun de boots into anything like your size dat is 'round here or anywhere else. See?"

"Aw, come off. Go take a run. Jump in de lake. Fall off de car. Youse gives me a pain. See?"

"Well wot ye goin' to do about it? See?"

"Well, youse will find out pretty soon wot I'm goin' to do about it. See?"

"Well, don't t'ink I'm no slob, or I'll give you a jolt in de slats. See?"

"An' w'ile I'm gettin' de jolt you'll be gettin' your skypiece busted. See?"

"Come off! See?"

"Come off yourself. See?"

"I'll come off. Nit. See?"

"See?"

"See?"—Chicago Tribune.

Polar Bears in a Bad Fix.

As one of the steamers of the White Star line was making a recent trip, her passengers were treated to the sight of a great iceberg, on which were two big polar bears. How they got there is easy to determine. An iceberg is originally attached to the land, from which in time it breaks loose and floats away. The two bears went on the berg in search of food, and probably did not discover they were adrift until long after being out of sight of land. The passengers could not but pity the great, shaggy creatures. The iceberg was rapidly melting, and before many days the bears would find themselves swimming in the broad Atlantic, and in the end they must sink. But no one wanted them on board, and so the steamer left them to their fate.—Golden Days.

Possibly May Use Them Hereafter.

"So far as we have been able to learn," said the secret agent of the police, "the facts pertaining to the murder are that——"

"I am not ready for any facts yet," interrupted the eminent detective, wrinkling his brow in deep thought. "I am constructing a theory."—Chicago Tribune.

JAPANESE STREET EMBLEMS.

Their Meaning Is Seldom Guessed by a European Visitor.

The sign of the average Japanese shopkeeper at once deceives the foreigners, as, for instance, a pair of huge square spectacles, filled with gold leaf, is not the sign of an oculist or spectacle-maker, but that of a gold-beater or working jeweler.

Druggists do not display a mortar and pestle, but simply an enormous bag, an imitation of the small ones they use for infusing their medicines.

Tobacconists hang out a sort of snuff-colored banner, bearing Chinese characters, setting forth their name and perhaps their trade mark. They never indulge in wooden images of Indian chiefs or ponderous Dutchmen.

The Japanese saloonkeepers, or rather the dealers in rice whisky or sake, advertise their business by exhibiting a painting of Fujiyana, the sacred mountain. What possible relation there is between a mountain and rice whisky the unsophisticated western mind cannot easily discover, unless it is intended to convey the information that, as Fujiyana is unsurpassed among mountains, so is sweet sake among liquors.

Hatmakers hang before their shops a long string of hats which look like a row of gigantic mushrooms dangling in the wind. Hat dealers also sell straw sandals, or wooden clogs with plaited grass soles, and all similar articles, for the shoemaker and the hatter are usually one and the same individual.

The grocer hangs out two tin fishes, painted red, and fastened together at the gills with straws, while the kite-makers utilize the cuttlefish as an advertisement of their business.

Florists plant a slender willow tree at a corner of their houses as a sign that they sell cut flowers. Lacquer shops may be known by the sign of a chipbox like those in which the lacquer comes packed.

The hair-workers have a very singular sign; it consists of an octagonal box with a fringe of hair suspended from it, which makes it look as if some one had tried to put a wig in the box, but neglected to tuck it all in.

The dealers in cosmetics, who sell that metallic red the Japanese women spread so thickly on their upper lip that the green luster frequently shows, are recognized by the small red flag hanging over the entrance. Houses where "soba," or buckwheat macaroni, is for sale have a paper lantern in front, bearing the name of the house.

Merchants who sell sushi—the little roll of rice and fish of which the Japanese are so fond—put out a little banner with the name of the restaurant and some of the other articles of food they are prepared to place before customers.

In Tokio a few of the shopkeepers are beginning to translate their signs into English, with disastrous effect. One shop near Ginza, the Broadway of Tokio, bears the following legend: "The honorable meet to sail her."

A substantial-looking building on the Ginza itself recently attracted attention, for in front of it hung a great white sign, with black letters, and on it were the mysterious words: "The Before Station." This was in reality an express office or forwarding station.—Printer's Ink.

FIDDLE SPRUCE IS SCARCE.

That Is, It Was Until a Man Found a Lot of It Near Lobster Lake.

An old lumberman from the headwaters of the Allegash, above Moosehead lake, says there are fifty thousand hundred-dollar violins growing on two townships of land near Lobster lake. Until lately, says an authority on the fiddle spruce, about all the spruce fit to make into violins was procured near Lake Saranac, N. Y., and here it was getting to be so scarce that men who were sent to hunt it up made poor wages. In fact, the chief supply of "fiddle wood has of late come from the spruce and fir floor boards of colonial mansions. It is found that clear boards, seasoned for years under cover, give forth a very resonant tone, even if they are not fine grained and "kinky" like the true violin spruce. Boards from the under floors of aged houses are preferred, and those which were laid nearest the big old chimneys are the best of all. Kiln drying spoils the tone of the choicest woods; but a slow, dry heat, away from the light, under such conditions as floor boards are dried, seems to bring out the melody in stock that is worthless when treated by the usual methods.

The true "fiddle spruce" is the "abies rubra" of Gray's botany, and it seems to be a fine-grained variety of the "abies nigra," or black "beer spruce," which is common throughout the eastern states. It is found on cold hillsides at the far north, and it is a slow-growing, close-fibred wood of a reddish tint, and remarkably free from rosin. When a man discovers a tree of this class, large and straight and free from big limbs and knots, he can venture to fell it, knowing that he stands about one chance in twenty of finding a fiddle spruce. If the grain of the wood proves straight, with a cleavage which makes toothpicks, he has spoiled a timber tree for nothing. If the wood is "kinky," however, and full of dots, like a bird's-eye maple, the tree is worth fifty cents a cubic foot where it lies, and three times that sum when it is sawed and seasoned.

This wood not only gives an even, resonant sound when made into a violin, but it takes a beautiful polish, which brings out the wavy and spotted fibre in a way to make it admired by all. About fifty years ago a man in Newport, N. H., planted the cones of a fiddle spruce in a nursery, hoping, as he said, "to raise his own fiddles." They grew well, but out of over two hundred seedlings there was not a single tree fit to make into violins.—Springfield Republican.

Great Invention.

The hopeful inventor is at it again. "You may have made fun of my work before," said he, "but this time I have got a sure winner."

"What is it?" asked the doubting friend.

"An attachment to the bicycle girl's jaw, whereby she can utilize the surplus energy expended above that necessary in chewing her gum, and apply it to the wheel."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Remember, my son," said the prudent father, "that politeness doesn't cost anything." "Yes," was the reply, "I've heard that." "You don't doubt it, do you?" "Well, it certainly costs me about seven dollars a week to get any politeness out of the waiter at our hotel."

A WIFE'S OBEDIENCE,

About the Word Obey in the Marriage Service.

Much is said, both wise and other wise, in reference to the obedience which a wife vows to yield to her husband. Brides boast that they have evaded the word "obey" and substituted "go gay," "say nay," or some other of similar sound. After her wedding a lady of this kind remarked to Rev. F. D. Maurice, who had performed the ceremony, "Now, Mr. Maurice, I call you to witness that I entertain no intention of obeying." Maurice answered with his sad, sweet smile: "Ah, madam, you little know the blessedness of obedience."

Of course, no one worthy of attention believes that it is a wife's duty to obey when her husband wishes her to act contrary to the dictates of conscience. As little is she expected to conform to a standard of obedience and service such as was laid down in a conversation overheard between two children who were playing on the sands together: Small boy to little girl—Do you wish to become my wife? Little girl (after reflection)—Yes. Small boy—Then pull off my boots.

On a great many points, however, concerning the pecuniary or other interests of the family, the husband will usually be the wiser, and may most properly be treated as the senior partner in the firm. A woman may like to have her own way, but she has little respect for the husband who gives in to her in everything. The ideal wife claims the liberty of being herself and managing the house, but she never refuses loyalty to an affection which supports and protects her. Despotism and obedience are indeed terms that have no meaning in a matrimonial alliance of the right sort.

The word "obey" had not as great terrors for the queen when she was going to be married as it has for the "new woman" among her subjects. When arranging about the service the archbishop of Canterbury asked her majesty whether it would be desirable to omit the word "obey," and she answered: "I wish to be married as a woman, not as a queen." Some of her majesty's subjects are not as subject as she was in this respect. They do desire to exercise sovereignty over their husbands, and not prefer to reign through service. At a negro wedding, when the clergyman read the words, "love, honor and obey," the bridegroom interrupted him and said: "Read that again, sah, read it once mo', so's de lady kin katch de full solemnity of de meaning. I'se been married befo'." Another man who had been married before three or four times (it does not matter which, except to himself), said: "My first wife cured me of romance, my second taught me humility, and my third made me a philosopher." None of these wives could have caught the full solemnity of the vows they took when they were being married.

The vexed question of conjugal obedience was settled by Spurgeon in a characteristic way. In an address at the marriage of the daughter of a friend, he spoke thus to the bride about her future lord: "Let him be the head, and do you be the neck, and turn him which way you please."—London Queen.

TRIVIAL TROUBLE FINDERS.

One of Them Squelched in His Quest By a John Barleycorn Admirer.

Some people would be unhappy if there was nothing for them to grumble about. Their whole stock in trade is fault-finding. They go around with the determination that the whole world is awry, and see new cause for complaint in everything.

One of these individuals put in an appearance in the smoking car of a train on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad the other evening. It was a hot night, and the train for some reason stood at the far end of the long car shed at the grand central station.

"Phew!" half whistled the passenger, fanning his face with his hat as he walked down the car aisle. With a bang he hoisted a window; then, turning to his fellow travelers, he said: "Gentlemen, I protest that this is unfair treatment on the part of the railroad authorities. I, for one, don't propose to pay my fare to Mount Vernon and then be compelled to walk half way there. I—"

"Oh, shut up!" ejaculated a half inebriated man in the rear of the car; "it's hot enough without talking so much."

The grumbler looked around for a moment, but finding no one in the mood to sympathize with him in his complaint, resumed his seat, still fanning himself vigorously, amid long drawn "Phews!"—N. Y. Herald.

—Kansas has twenty women holding office as county superintendents of public instruction.

WILD WITH ECZEMA

Hands and Limbs Covered with Blisters, and Great Red Blotches.

COULD NOT SLEEP

Lay Awake Night after Night Scratching Until almost Wild.

BURNED LIKE FIRE

Speedily Cured by

CUTICURA REMEDIES

I was a sufferer for eight years from that most distressing of all diseases, Eczema, but can now say truthfully that I am entirely cured. I tried some of the best physicians in the country, but they did me little good. The palms of my hands were covered, and would become inflamed; little white blisters at first would appear, then they would peel off, leaving a red, smooth surface which would burn like fire and itch; well, there is no name for it. On the inside of the upper part of both my limbs, great red blotches not unlike hives would appear, and as soon as I became warm, the burning and itching would begin. Night after night I would lie awake all night and scratch, and almost go wild. I heard of CUTICURA remedies, got a box of CUTICURA (ointment), a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT (blood purifier), and gave them a thorough trial, and after a few applications I noticed the redness and inflammation disappear; *before I had used one box there was not a sign of Eczema left.* I can truthfully assert that $2.00 worth of CUTICURA REMEDIES cured me. Any one I meet who has Eczema, I do not hesitate a moment in recommending your remedies.

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