SOME FACTS FOR FAT GIRLS.

This Prescription Will Make Them Slender.

Some Hints that Will Help Corpulent People to Comfort.

Notwithstanding her rotundity, the fat girl has a number of admirable points. She is more amiable and more optimistic than her slim sister, and she wears better and keeps her good looks longer.

Fat girls are not only wrinkle proof, but they are time defying; they never grow old; they are womanly at an early age and girlish and sunny-hearted when the attenuated damsel is nervous, sallow, superannuated, dyspeptic and fretful. Fat girls are rarely ever allowed to become spinsters, and never to become wall-flowers, for the reason that the world has need of just such sweetness and sunshine as they keep distilled in their merry hearts.

But the type has one imperfection—superabundance. There is a little too much of her. It is gratifying, however, to know that, mathematically speaking, she can reduce herself to lower terms.

The first requisite is a food reform, in which two elements, sugar and starch, must be elimited from the diet. Every brand and variety of bread must be given up except crusts and dry toast. Breadstuffs must be avoided; this means no more oaten meal, cracked wheat, pancakes, hominy and rice croquettes for breakfast; no more tapioca pudding, potatoes or roots that grow underground for dinner, and no cream, sugar, butter, beer, porter or champagne at any time of day. Old Mr. Hippocrates is said by historians to have kept himself in dancing order by cutting off the head of the butler who permitted fat, starch or sugar to be brought on the table. He ate sour grapes from choice; his soups were all white; his joints, roasts, steaks and chops were as dry as chicken's breast, and his dentist was kept busy rebuilding his toast-broken teeth.

The famous Mr. Banting had more material for self-love than he could do justice to, and after a close study of the markets he arranged the following dietary, which reduced his waist measure twelve inches and his weight forty pounds in eleven months and made him a millionaire in less than fifteen years: Any meat but pork and veal, any vegetable but potatoes, carrots, beets, parsnips, turnips; any fish but eels, salmon and herrings; no sugar, pastry, preserves, butter, and no soft bread of any sort.

He allowed, after the European custom, four meals a day, the articles to be selected by the guest with the following limitations:

Breakfast, 9 A. M.—Six ounces of solid food, nine ounces of liquids.

Dinner, noon—Twelve ounces of solids, ten ounces of liquids.

Tea, 6 P. M.—Stewed fruit, toast and clear tea; four ounces of solids, nine ounces of liquids.

Supper, 9 P. M.—Fish or meat, crust of brown bread, glass of claret or sherry and water; four ounces of solids, seven ounces of liquids.

Kings, queens, fat princes and princesses and flesh encumbered patricians and plebeians all over creation have paid dearly and profited more or less from the above regimen.

The great Dr. Schweninger, of the Berlin University, who reduced Bismarck and a number of other immense celebrities, insists on temperance in eating and drinking. With gluttony he is absolutely merciless. The patient is advised not to eat, or indulge in, fat-producing foods or habits. Starches, sugar, greasy dishes, lounging, afternoon naps, long hours of sleep, sweet wines, beer, ales and porter are luxuries of life which the patient must learn to do without.

Only six hours of sleep are allowed. During the remaining eighteen hours sitting and reclining attitudes are discouraged. The treatment does not prescribe regular exercise, but it does prohibit more than four hours' occupancy of a chair.

Men laugh and grow fat and women rock and grow the same way.

The Schweninger method of reducing flesh has been adopted by President Cleveland, who hopes to throw off one-third of his 300 pounds.

Food for the fat girl is to be cut down gradually and its character so arranged that the bulk will be large while the nutritive property will be small. Meats are concentrated foods containing much nourishment in a small space, while lettuce, spinach, celery, cresses, cabbage and nearly all vegetables excepting roots and bulbs contain a large amount of fibre, useless to the body. By the adoption of a selected vegetable diet, the actual amount of food assimilated is reduced, while by bulk the stomach is kept so busy separating the nutritious from the non-nutritious supply, that hunger is not felt at regular intervals, and another mealtime comes round before the previous meal has been gotten away with. If the mental faculties are properly engaged the plump maiden will skip a meal a day or 365 annually without loss of comfort and with a perceptible gain of good looks.

The following bill of fare for the gradual reform diet is recommended by trustworthy authority:

For breakfast, one or two cups of coffee or tea, without milk or sugar, but sweetened to taste with saccharine; three ounces of toasted white bread or six ounces of dry graham bread, with enough butter to make it palatable, the allowance not to exceed one ounce; fresh or salt fish or tomatoes, to be served with vinegar or cooked without fat or sweets. Celery, lettuce, watercresses, fresh, juicy fruits or tart sauces made of rhubarb, cranberries or grapes may be served for variety or dispensed with altogether.

For dinner a plate of consomme, bouillon, beef essence or any clear, light soup; one slice of meat the size of the hand, but cut thin and served without neither fat nor gravy, or a small bird or small portion of game or poultry; in addition, choice of cabage, asparagus, kale, leeks, young onions, spinach, string beans or celery, raw or cooked, followed by a salad with French dressing—that is, olive oil, vinegar, pepper and salt—small cup of black coffee and a little acid fruit, as grapes, grape fruit, lemons, limes, oranges, tamarinds, berries, plums, and a cigarette. That's what the doctor said, and added, "disease, like genius, has neither sex nor nationality. But each individual is a law unto himself."

Supper is restricted, if needed, to one or two soft eggs, poached or boiled, but not fried; a few ounces, about three and a half, of dry bread, salad and fruit, with one or two glasses of light, dry wine.

If a late supper is required, take a graham cracker or rusk in water seasoned with pepper and salt.

The best results will be accomplished slowly, and should be accompanied by measures devoted to the destruction of the fat on and in the body.

For instance, the fat girl must not expect to be perfectly comfortable; she must learn to suffer until strong enough to bear habitual inconveniences. Heat is bad for her, and heavy clothing is among the forbidden articles for both day and night. Daily exercise must become more prolonged and severe every month, and should be followed by as little absolute rest as possible. Drink plenty of water, provided the perspiration is sufficiently copious to prevent the accumulation of liquid in the digestive organs and tissues.

A cold bath will often by the dissipation of heat destroy fat, which will be burnt up in the manufacture of the units of heat to maintain the bodily temperature, and if the plump girl is not anaemic and if she stands cold well these cool dips should be taken night and morning and their subduing and wholesome benefits augmented by occasional Turkish baths.

Now, this valuable and carefully prescribed treatment would cost you from $5 to $10. You can have the rest of the remedy by subscribing half of the regulation fee to "The Evening World's" Sick Babies' Fund.

Address it to the cashier, and if it signed "Fat Girl" the article will be finished. NELL NELSON.

WHIPPED THE PANTHER.

Rescue of a Lumber Cruiser After a Strange Adventure.

A Danish "lumber cruiser" named Thorwald Danske was to-day found floating down the Skagit in a Siwash dugout. The river is one of the swiftest navigable streams of the northwest, says a Hamilton (Wash.) despatch to the Chicago Times.

It seems that the canoe was dashed against the ferry as it was conveying a gang of men to the iron mines on the shores opposite Hamilton. It was at first thought that Danske was dead, but stimulants and rubbing revived him so that he was able to have the wounds dressed and tell his story. He had started to make a survey of choice unclaimed timber lands between here and the Monte Cristo district, and had camped on a small stream tributary to the Skagit. While casting for trout for his evening meal he made a lucky throw and whipped out a "speckled beauty" of unusual size, and landed it safely upon the high bank some distance behind him.

The fish was concealed from view and he was astonished to find his reel whizzing as though he had a gamy bass upon his line. Scrambling up the ledge he was astonished to see a small cub panther alternately dashing wildly about, pausing to paw at the line which ran out of its mouth. Danske had never hooked this kind of game before and foolishly yielded to an impulse to secure his accidental catch. Quickly fastening his end of the line he began to advance on the cub, which immediately set up a brisk squealing.

After a husky chase and squabble among the rocks and bushes he succeeded in throwing his thick canvas blouse over it and carried it to his camp, where he put it in a strong sack. He then proceeded with his meal. Suddenly he heard a rustling in the nearest bushes and before he could reach his rifle the mother of the cub leaped out upon him, fastening her teeth into the calf of his right leg. He grabbed a loose stone and struck her a blow upon the end of her nose. She released her grip only to take a fresh hold upon his thigh, meanwhile tearing him terribly with her claws.

In attempting to roll upon his back and regain his footing he caught sight of the large tin pepper box which he had been about to use. It was within his reach; he grasped it and dashed its contents into the face of the brute. With a frightful howl she released her teeth from his limb and rolled and writhed about, while he succeeded in dragging himself to his canoe. He had just strength enough to push out into the current, and then fainted, remaining unconscious until rescued.

A PERENNIAL PIE.

It Was a Gorgeous Mystery Which Even the Waiter Could Not Unravel.

A fat man with a brown soft hat walked briskly into a Main street restaurant and took a seat at the lunch counter, says the Buffalo Express. The man who was presiding over the section of the counter at which he sat ambled over to him and said: "Well?"

"Well?" repeated the fat man.

"Watcher want?" asked the waiter?

"Gimme a piece of apple pie and a glass of milk."

"Hain't got any apple pie, sir."

"What kind of pie have you got?"

"Cocoanut pie and lemon pie, sir."

"G'mme a piece of lemon pie."

The waiter went away and returned with a slab of dark-brown pastry and a glass of light-blue milk. The fat man sawed off a piece of the pie and transferred it to his mouth. A pained look came over his face, but he gulped the pie down and beckoned to the waiter.

"What kind of pie is that?" he asked.

"What kind of pie did you order, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Lemon pie."

"Well, sir, that must be lemon pie, then."

"But it ain't lemon pie."

"Ain't lemon pie, sir?"

"Not by a darn sight."

"Sure it ain't lemon pie, sir?"

"Of course I'm sure."

"That's funny, sir."

"Nothing funny about it. What kind of pie is it?"

The waiter leaned over the counter and said in a hoarse whisper: "Confidentially, sir, I have tried to work that pie off for apple, pineapple, pleplant, peach and prune, and it didn't go, and it ain't lemon I'm darned if I know what it is."

WONDERFUL HEAD OF HAIR.

A Negress with Six Feet of Ebon-Hued Tresses.

Hearing the statement made in Holly Springs that a remarkable negro woman freak lived only a few miles from the town, a correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat determined to obtain the facts in the case.

A middle-aged negress greeted the visitor. The woman was quite dark, of a pronounced African type of physiognomy, five feet three inches tall, and in fair health, but has never had any children.

She wore a white cotton turban, tied about her head and tucked in at the back to support the immense weight of her hair. This she removed and laid upon the table, and unwound the braids of her wonderful hair, which went many times around her head, and dropped upon the floor.

It was, indeed, an amazing sight. Three braids, almost as thick as a man's arm close to the head, but tapering to the thickness of a finger at the ends, closely plaited and measuring six feet six inches, braided as it is, in length.

It looks a good deal like Spanish moss, but is darker, crinkled and grizzled, coarse and almost repulsive to the touch, suggesting ghastly stories of the abnormal growth of hair after death.

You can be Happy.

You know you ought to be bright, cheerful and happy.

You determine each day that you will be happy yourself, and make others so.

The day is not very old before your brightness is gone, your nerves go "all to pieces," and you are helpless on the couch.

You have falling or displacement of the womb,—causing "bearing down feeling" and backache,—perhaps ovarian troubles, with inflammation of the uterus and leucorrhœa.

Then remember *Lydia E. Pinkham* made a great discovery. Her *Vegetable Compound* has cured thousands just like you, and will you.

It is given you by a woman who gave her life to the study of your troubles

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Liver Pills, 25 cents.

ONCE LEASED CENTRAL PARK.

Warden Hiserodt Paid Only $1 an Acre for It.

His Body Taken to His Country Home To-Day for Burial.

Warden Hiserodt, a cattle broker at Washington Market, who died at his home, 126 West Sixty-third street, last Wednesday, and who will be buried at Pine Plains, Dutchess County, to-day, although scarcely remembered by the present generation, was one of the best known men in New York City half a century ago, and at one time leased the land that is now Central Park for $1 an acre.

He was seventy-six years old when he died, and his body was this morning taken back for burial to the country place he left when a farmer boy seventeen years old to win a fortune in this city.

At that time there was no such thing as shipping dressed beef from the West, and all cattle were brought into New York on hoof and kept alive until wanted. Young Hiserodt's knowledge of farming suggested to him the business of keeping the cattle for shippers until they were sold to butchers, and he established the Washington drove yard, at West Forty-second street.

A few years later he rented the land that is now Central Park as a pasture ground, paying for it one dollar an acre, which was then considered a big price. His lease was for ten years, and expired shortly before the land was selected as a site for the park.

Mr. Hiserodt was then one of the wealthy men in this city, and moved from his home on Lexington avenue, near Fifty-third street, to a country home at Bedford station. His place contained 100 acres, but on account of business failures he was forced to sell it and eleven years ago moved to this city.

During the last years of his life he lived in a flat-house built on the land that was once rented by him as a pasture field.

He was for a long time employed by the Eastman Dressed Beef establishment and afterwards recovered some of his lost money by cattle brokerage at Washington Market.

His funeral service were conducted last night by the Rev. Mr. Smith, of the Central Presbyterian Church.

REVENGE OF FATE.

A Proof that Men Who Write Bad Verses Always Come to Grief.

"Here is a letter from a friend of mine in Kansas," said a guest at a Detroit hotel the other evening, as he held the epistle in his hand, "and it relates to a very serious circumstance. Without the letter here to back me up I should not have dared to tell you the story."

He was asked to drive ahead, says the Detroit Free Press, and after another glance at the letter he continued:

"From my earliest recollection I love the patter of rain-drops on the roof at night. Many and many a night I've rubbed snuff in my eyes that I might keep awake the longer to hear the patter. Five years ago I built me a house in a certain part of Kansas. It cost me $500 extra to get things so arranged that I could hear the rain-drops patter as I lay in my bed. For two weeks before I moved in it rained every night. I lived in that house three years, and what do you suppose happened, or, rather, didn't happen?

"It burned down and there was no insurance," answered one of the crowd.

"No, sir. It never rained one single night in all those three years, unless I happened to be away from home. If there were showers they'd pass away before bedtime. If I happened to be away it would pour all night. I got so mad about it that I went to bed in the daytime several times, and I pledge you my word if it didn't stop raining before I got fairly between the sheets!"

"And what about the letter?"

"It's from the man who bought my house. He bought it because he wanted to hear the rain-drops patter, and he says: 'What I want to know is, what with your old shanty, anyhow? It hasn't rained here but one night since I bought you out, and then not a blamed drop fell on the roof of this house! Isn't it curious?'

"Have you any theory about it?"

"Well, yes, I have. I think it's retribution."

"How retribution?"

"Why, I am the author of that old song entitled 'Rain Drops On the Roof.' Wrote it when I was only fourteen years of age. I was innocent of any wrong, but fate"

Then everybody got up in the most solemn manner and walked away and left him to pursue the downward path which leads to destruction.

SAVED FROM TEMPTATION.

The Bottle Was Inviting Him to Have a Drink.

The drummer was smiling softly to himself in the corner of the car seat, says the Detroit Free Press.

"What is it now?" asked a friend of his who had got on at the last station.

"Odd, very odd," said the drummer. "Did you notice the man who got off as you came on? The tall one with the red-leather satchel?"

"I noticed the satchel."

"Well, he's a brick. He came on beside about 100 miles down the road looking very much broke up and sat down across the car from me. He hadn't been there more than half an hour when he took a black bottle out of his valise, looked at it a moment eagerly and put it back again. In a few minutes he did the same again, only holding it longer in his hands. The third time he took it out he pulled the cork, replaced it and shut it up in his valise. By this time I was especially curious and began to watch him closely. The fourth time he took it out of the valise he opened it and set it in the corner where he could gaze at it. Then every two or three minutes he would take it up start it towards his lips and put it back again. Of course by this time I knew that the man was fighting the devil in him and was not to drink the stuff in the bottle though he was thirsty for it and every effort at resistance was a torture to him. Finally when he had made a desperate effort to overcome the temptation I went over to him.

"'Excuse me,' I said; 'I am glad to see you trying to conquer your old enemy, and you are deserving of all encouragement. I hope you will let me assist you.' and I reached for the bottle by throwing the vile stuff out of the window.'

"I wish to thunder you would, stranger,' he exclaimed, gratefully. 'It's water, and if I get much dryer in this blamed hot car I'll be tempted to take a dose of it before I can get to a place where I can get something fit to drink.'"

WOULD SPOIL THE WATER.

As the boat from the Flats reached the public dock on Lake St. Clair, the two gentlemen who had been standing near the smokestack, engaged in earnest conversation became even more impassioned in their remarks and suddenly the short man with the red mustache shouted: "You're another!" in tones easily heard above the roar of the machinery, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I've a good notion to throw you into the water," responded the other in equally emphatic fashion, but more calmly.

"You have, have you?" howled the little man, bristling with wrath. "You have? Well, why don't you do it?"

"I would," replied the large man, with an evident effort to restrain himself. "I would but I cannot forget that 250,000 people get their drinking water from this lake."

And the throbbing of the engines and the gentle murmur of the Summer girl were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the Summer evening.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Its Immense Library—The Reading-Room the Finest in the World.

The British Museum has often been called the finest study in the world—and it well deserves the name, says the Million. There is no place where the student can so easily and comfortably avail himself of the world's best literature. He sits down at a well-furnished writing desk and, without saying a word, summons tomes and treasures from the vast stores of books which that institution is filled.

The temple of the intellect is a large circular room lined from floor to roof with books. The central space is filled with desks for the accommodation of [illegible] and shelves on which the catalogues of the museum are placed. On entering this room the student is entitled to take possession of any vacant seat he may find, except the two rows of seats allotted to ladies. The seats radiate from the centre of the room in double rows. A comfortable stuffed-bottomed chair, a hat rack, and foot bars are provided for each reader, together with two pens, an ink bottle, and wiper. On the thick, patent leather covered desk is a blotting book and close at hand a paper knife for the reader's use.

On his right hand a shelf falls down for the purpose of holding his surplus volumes, and on his left an ingenious bookholder opens out at any angle most convenient to his posture in the chair. The floor of the room is carpeted with noiseless material, and as conversation is not allowed it would be difficult to study under more favorable conditions. When the student requires a new book he consults the catalogue, writes the name of the book required on a slip, deposits the slip in a basket, and resumes his seat. Ten or fifteen minutes afterwards an attendant places the book on his desk.

And what a vast store of books are at his disposal! People often ask how many books there are in the British Museum, but nobody seems to know. In fact, there are so many that it is impossible to count them. Some years ago it was estimated by measurement that there were 2,000,000 books there. Since that estimate was made the number has considerably increased.

Under the copyright act publishers are bound to send to the museum every book, pamphlet, periodical, or newspaper that is offered for sale in the British Isles. Every week an enormous shoal of literature is ignored into the vaults of the museum, and, strange to say, it never comes out again. Books good and bad, newspapers worthy and worthless, pamphlets poor and paltry, all hurry along in a ceaseless stream to the museum, to be most religiously preserved in its cavernous depths.

In addition a large number of books are added each year. Parliament grants a sum of money each year for the purchase of desirable books that are not already in society. Then extensive gifts of books are often made by enterprising collectors. The Grenville library, containing upward of 20,000 volumes, is a notable example. It was built up by the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville, and consists chiefly of the rarest editions and the finest examples of binding which money could buy.

The magnificent library of George III. is another instance of the way in which the museum library has been stocked by generous donors. The library contains upward of 65,000 volumes and 8,000 pamphlets, and is placed in a fine gallery known as the King's library. If all the books in the museum were closely placed side by side on one long shelf, the shelf would require to be no less than thirty miles in length.

The catalogue of this stupendous library is an equally colossal affair. It is a library in itself. Until its contents are suppressed by printing the catalogue consists of 2,000 folio volumes, each volume 17x12 inches in size and about two inches thick. Altogether the catalogue weighed five tons! The gigantic task of re-editing and printing this manuscript catalogue is now in progress, and it is computed that the work will not be completed for another five or eight years.

No less than nine volumes are filled with the list of books which have been written by the "Smiths" of the world. The word "Bible" is another important heading, occupying no less than twenty-one volumes. This will give a faint idea of the large collection of bibles and portions of the Scriptures which the British museum possesses.

The museum is rich in specimens of beauty and rarity. The first book printed by William Caxton is to be seen there, also the celebrated Mazarin bible, which was printed by Gutenberg and Faust in 1455. There is also the famous magna charta of King John, dated 1215, and the bull of Pope Leo X., conferring King Henry the title Defender of the Faith.

In one of the collections is the manual of prayer which was used by Lady Jane Grey on the scaffold. It is bound in vellum, illuminated with miniatures, and inscribed on the margin with her own notes and comments. The museum also possesses a copy of the psalter, printed on vellum in 1459, a copy of which was sold not long ago for $4,850.

SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

The Refrigerator Man Melts an Angelic Customer.

All day long the refrigerator man had talked refrigerators. One woman after another had stopped, pecked, peered, questioned, and passed on with the remark that she'd see about it, says the Detroit Free Press.

Not a sale had been made. His heart ached and his voice had almost left him. In his heart he was hoping that not another woman would pass that way before closing time, when one suddenly turned the corner and came to a halt. He uttered a moan of despair and stepped forward. There were fourteen refrigerators standing under the awning before her eyes, but, of course, her first query would be if he had any refrigerators for sale. He was preparing to answer in the affirmative when she observed:

"You sell refrigerators. These are refrigerators. The prices are $8, $10 and $12. You may guarantee that butter won't taste of onions if placed side by side. Hardwood, zinc-lined, and packed with charcoal. No machinery to get out of order—mounted on casters—takes 10 per cent. less ice than any other refrigerator. Send me up this $10 box."

She handed him her address and a $10 bill, hailed a passing car and swung herself aboard before it had stopped, and the salesman stood staring after her for a full minute before he could realize the situation. Then he dashed a tear from his eye and whispered:

"Heaven bless that woman! She has probably saved me from a suicide's grave!"

WHEN THEY ARE NOT GOOD.

Months When Ice-Cream and Strawberries Cannot Be Eaten.

The young man was strolling along quietly with the girl in the sweet June night because neither of them had anything else to do, when they passed a sign with an oyster legend on it, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Oysters," she said dreamily, as if thinking of the Winter time.

"Yes," he replied, "and what a pity oysters are not good in any month that hasn't got an 'r' in it."

The girl sighed as she saw another sign.

"Ice-cream and strawberries," she murmured.

The young man started nervously.

"And did you know, Charley," she went on, "that ice-cream and strawberries are not good in those months which have a k or a q or a z in them?"

Then it was Charley's time to think of the months when ice-cream and strawberries were not good, and he smiled at the cute creature with him and gracefully capitulated.

Caught in the Machinery.

William Luckenbach, fourteen years old, of 889 Broadway, Williamsburg, is in a critical condition in the Eastern District Hospital to-day. The boy, who was employed in Faber's pencil factory, West and Kent streets, was caught in a belt of the machinery last night, taken up to the ceiling and dashed head first against the floor, sustaining a severe fracture of the skull and internal injuries.

MAY GO TO THE ISLAND NOW.

Capt. Smith, of the English Army, Again Arrested.

Found Drunk Soon After Being Fined for the Same Offense.

Capt. Seymour Smith, of the British army, was arraigned in the Yorkville Court this morning charged with being drunk and disorderly.

The Captain arrived in this country some weeks ago on his way to the World's Fair, but has put in his time trying to deplete the various saloons of the city of their stock of liquor.

He has been arrested several times for intoxication, and yesterday was compelled to deposit his seal ring with the Clerk of the Jefferson Market Court as security for a fine of $3 imposed upon him. Sergt. Sheehan, of the West Thirtieth street station, found the Captain a good subject for mesmeric experiments.

James Boyle, who refused to give his address, was arraigned with Smith to-day on the same charge.

When the Judge asked Smith what he had to say to the charge, he said:

"That's right, Your Honor, but I've got brough and mean to go back to England at once."

"You'll leave $10 behind you," said Justice McMahon, "and you come up again before me I'll send you to the island sure."

Smith paid the fines for himself and Boyle.

Policeman Keating saw a crowd at Twenty-fourth street and Fourth avenue last night, and found Boyle fighting with an Italian fruit dealer. Smith was lying on the sidewalk near by, helplessly drunk.

Boyle said he was taking Smith home, and both fell over the fruit stand. That caused the row.

Half an hour after his release Smith was found drunk at Fifty-first street and third avenue, and arrested again. He will be arraigned in court this afternoon, and if Justie McMahon keeps his word, the English military man will be sent to the island.

NOTHING HIDDEN IN CHINA.

Everybody Here Knows All About What Is Done by His Neighbors.

"In China a 'private house' is unknown. Any one can go anywhere, and if here is the last provocation he will do so." So said he Rev. A. H. Smith, after many years of missionary service in that country, to a writer for the Youth's Companion. To shut the door is a bad sign. "What is going on within that he dare not admit his fellow townsmen? people are likely to say. There are no newspapers, no objects of general and human interest to attract attention, and as men and women must be interested in something, it is natural that they should be fond of neighborly gossip. From Mr. Smith's account of the matter it is plain how very little Chinese and Yankees have in common.

"Every Chinese has relatives beyond all count or remembrance. His wife has a many more. Its married children add to the eye-widening circle. By the time he is sixty years of age a man is related to hundreds upon hundreds of individuals, of whom he is acutely conscious of he relationship, and does not forget or ignore it.

"Nobody do all the members of this army of relatives feel themselves entitled to know all the details of one's affairs. The relatives are a swarm branching into infinity—till perhaps do the same. If a man is rich, or a magistrate, they certainly will do it.

"One cannot make a business trip to sell waymelons, to buy mules, to collect a debt, of which every one will not speedily know all that is to be known. Chinese memories are treasure houses of everything relative to cash and to dates.

"How much land each man owns, when it was acquired, when pawned and when redeemed, how much was expended at the funeral of his mother and the wedding of his son, how the daughter-in-law is liked at the village into which she was married, the amount of her dowry, what bargain was made with the firm that let the bridal chair, all these items and a thousand more everybody knows and never forgets.

"Though two men at a fair may do their bargaining with their fingers concealed in their capacious sleeves, it will go hard if the neighbors do not discover the terms at last.

"There are no secrets in China. Everybody crowds it everywhere—if not in sight, then "beind the arras." Every one reads every despatch he can get at. He reads "livate" letters in the same way.

"What!" he exclaims, "not let me see?"

No wonder the Chinese have an adage, "If you would not have it known that you do it, do not do it."

JAVANESE TIGER FIGHT.

Rather More Exciting Than the Famous Bullfights.

An English traveller in Java who saw one of the tiger fights peculiar to the island thus describes it. A strange sport, says Youth's Companion.

The tiger is set down in a trap in the centre of the allen-tion, or great square, and is surrounded by a triple or quadruple line of spearmen, about a hundred yards distant from him.

When all is ready a Javanese advances at a very slow pace to the sound of soft music and sets fire to the trap, at the same time opening the door at the back part of the cage, which, by the way, is too narrow for the tiger to turn in.

As the fire begins to sing his whiskers he gradually backs out the door, as soon as he has opened the door, begins walking towards the crowd at a slow pace and the slower he is the more applause does he gain.

The tiger, meanwhile having backed out of the burning prison, is rather astonished at finding himself strounded by hundreds of people, each pinting a spear at him.

If he is a bold tiger he canters around the circle, almost touching the spears; finding no opening, he returns to the centre, fixes his eye on one spear and with a loud roar dashes straight at it.

He is received on the spears and, though he crushes many as though they were mere reeds, in half a minute he falls dead, pierced by a hundred weapons.

In some instances, however, the cat and charge are too much for the Javanese and they give way. The sport then becomes rather dangerous to spectators.

MICHIGAN IRON MINES CLOSING.

The Big Norrie, at Ironwood, Cease to Take Out Ore.

ISHPEMING, Mich., June 23.—The Norrie mine at Ironwood closed last night. Other big mines about Ironwood are reducing forces. The Norrie is the largest iron mine in the world, and produced over 1,000,000 tons of ore last year.

The management of the Dexter mine, eight miles west of Ishpeming, has received orders to close. Similar orders are expected daily at the local offices of several other companies. Over half the mines in the district are idle.

In Aid of the Castle Garden Mission.

A summer-night festival will be held this evening at the Empire City Colosseum for the benefit of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, the immigrant Girls' Home at Castle Garden established by Father Riordan. The festival will be held under the auspices of the Young Men's Star of the Sea Society.

A Failure in Vesey Street.

The firm of A. W. Schmitt & Co., dealers in rubber stamps supplies at 22 Vesey street, assigned to-day to Frederick W. Lohr without preferences.

LOADSTONE CLUB'S FISHING TRIP.

Good Natured Dispute As to Who Made the First Catch.

The annual fishing excursion of the Loadstone Club, of which Thomas F. Harty is President, took place yesterday and proved a decided success. The party boarded the ocean tug C. E. Evarts, Capt. Phil Dick, at the White Star pier, at the foot of Christopher street, at an early hour, and proceeded to the fishing grounds, off Seabright, N. J. There was a band of music aboard and lots of good things to eat and drink.

Albert Kramer, manager of the Atlantic Garden, caught the first fish. Dr. Sylvester Lehman, champion sharpshooter of the Bowery, disputed the honor. He had landed a fluke about the same time. A few minutes later he caught a skate. Mr. Arctander, of the west side, carried away the honors of the day when he landed a nice, fat three-pound bass.

Tom Plunkit had provided himself with a lot of "fancy" bait, such as crabs, fiddlers and sand worms. The tug suddenly gave a lurch, and Mr. Plunkit lost his bait. He used clams after that.

When the Loadstoners left the tug last night after a good day's fishing they gave three hearty cheers for the President of the Club, Mr. Harty, and Capt. Dick.

Among those aboard were: Sergt. Doran, Albert Kramer, Uncle Charlie Moriath, Dr. Sylvester Lehman, Tom Plunkit, J. Sullivan, J. Ennis, Auctioneer Gilloon, Frank Searl, R. Gammon, Arthur Soudant, Robert Sutherland, Tod Davis, Frank Lane, Abe Vandervoer, Steve Roxbury, Steve Ransome, John Franz, John Mulqueen, M. Cappel, ex-Alderman Jeremiah Cline, ex-Alderman "Andy" Cullen, ex-City Treasurer John McMahon, James Sullivan, Big Peter Brennan, the Irish giant; Henry Stoul, Lon Barnitt, William Lawson, Thomas Kenny, Thomas Duffy, "Fat" Fred Schaefer, of the Loadstone Quartet; Deputy Sheriff Sweeney and John Mortimer, the ready wit of the Nineteenth Ward.

A DEMON TIGER.

He Was Ghastly White and Stone Blind, but Terrible.

The great Jhoot demon, described by Col. Bowlong in his narrative of adventures in India, was a tiger whose ways were as mysterious as his ravages were terrible, says the Sheffield Telegraph. He could never be bagged. He killed every shikari, native or European, who tried it. This truculent beast had never even been seen, and as he never mangled a body but only sucked the blood through an orifice made over the jugular vein, the terror of the great Jhoot demon inspired is not surprising. He never forced a door, yet he got into houses after dark. Two unarmed men went out for him and next day were found dead like the rest.

One with his last strength had managed to scratch the words: "Look out for a T." But no amount of conjecture could solve the riddle of these words. A famous shot, who once for a wager shot 100 tigers in twelve months, met the same fate. He, too, left a "creepy" and mysterious message—the letters "A m." Then the Colonel went to meet him. He built himself an ambush and watched.

"Just as the full light of the moon fell upon the stream and illuminated the surroundings, there was an almost inaudible rustle of leaves close behind me, and, turning on the instant, I saw a little pale brown paw very cautiously putting aside the twigs of my shelter, and behind the paw I could discern two small green eyes attentively regarding me.

"'Ah, ha!' said to myself, as it vanished from view, a monkey! That's what the lads and Dick Culverton meant to tell us, and, by George! there's mischief here. Moved by a sudden inspiration, for which I cannot to this day account, I hastened from the shelter and ascended the adjoining tree. I had scarcely time to seat myself comfortably upon the lowest branches when I saw the largest returning, followed by the most repulsive looking monster my eyes had ever beheld.

"You talk, Snapper, of your tiger being mange; this one was absolutely mixed, mange as a nut, bald as a bottle, not a hair anywhere—a huge, ghastly, glabrous mousiaty—a very Gulliver of tigers, as big as a lion and a good deal more terrible. A more ghastly creature crept after the monkey he followed the slightest curve of his guide with the delicate alacrity of a needle under the influence of a loadstone. The impulse imparted by the tiger was suddenly converted into a subject of horrified wonder, for as the brute approached the ambush he turned his hideous face up to the moon and I could see that his eyes were of a dull, dead white, without light, intelligence or movement. The creature was stone-blind. For all that he evidently knew or thought he knew that I was before him, for a saliva of anticipation was clinging in his wrinkled jaws like a mass of gleaming icicles.

"The monkey, when it had come within jumping distance, giving a low signal cry, made enormous spring into my late shelter, alighted upon my camp-stool and sprung out again on the other side. He was instantly followed by the tiger, which fell like an avalanche upon the spot occupied by the matchwood, and at once began to feel about on all sides for his expected victim.

"Now was my chance; beneath me in the lewd light of the full moon lay the demon of the Jhoot. I aimed steadily at a deep furrow between the huge shoulder blades and held my breath for the shot. At that moment the keen eyes of the monkey caught sight of me and the little animal uttered a shrill note of warning, but it was too late; my finger was upon the trigger, and I fired both barrels in quick succession."

CONSOLED THE WRONG MAN.

A Minister Wastes Sympathy Upon an Unappreciative Fellow.

A rather rakish-looking fellow occupied the second seat, with a horseshoe scarfpin and a long mustache, which he chewed spitefully as he looked over a veterinary surgeon's bill and frowned. Just ahead of him a good old Presbyterian preacher sat with a mourning man, who had just buried his wife. And as the B. and O. S. W. express moved down its west-bound time card the minister spoke soothing words of comfort to the husband, and sought to console him in his grief by hopes of future life and lessons to be learned by bitter trials here below, says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

"She was a good woman—a very good woman, Henry, but the Lord had need of her and we must bear it bravely."

The husband choked, but said nothing.

The minister arose, passed down the car and took a cool drink of ice water; then, with bended head and heartful mind still deep in sympathy, returned and sank into the seat.

"There may be yet some now unknown lesson in this loss," said he softly to his companion, not staring at him in his grief.

"Yes," was the reply, tinged with illtemper; "I'll know a dern sight better than to hire such a highwayman for a doctor again."

Somewhat surprised the minister exclaimed, "But then, my friend, what is all that compared to her worth to you?"

"But, you see, I had her heavily insured and wasn't a red cent in the hole, but this chump flung the stinger into my pocketbook for all he's worth, because he knew I had the stuff. And she ain't been worth so much to me after all—she's lost me more than she was worth from first to last. I'll never take up any of her blood again—there's a bad streak in it."

Shocked beyond expression at the heartless words, but knowing that deep grief often unseats reason, the minister sought to soothe the unsettled mind:

"I never knew her family, but she was good in her ways and always did her best."

"Oh, yes, she's good enough in her line, but, confound her skin, she never did her level best. Why, blame it, man, she'd lay right down and give it up when she had everything her own way, hands down. By Joe, you ought to a-seen her slap the mud in Nancy M.'s face at Sabina last Fall."

"What?" gasped the paralyzed minister.

"Why, she knocked her eye out in a jog trot till she reached the finish, and let down there—give up, doggone her. But I've entered her on the kite track at Chillicothe for the Summer meet, and if she don't pull down third money in the four-year-old 2.25 I'll knock a knot hole in her neck with a fork handle!"

With an inarticulate gurgle of horror the minister turned and locked at his companion.

He had dropped by mistake into the seat with the Kentucky horseman, who had just received the doctor's bill for attendance upon his trotting mare during a siege of pneumonia.

ONLY GUARDS CAN STEAL.

To the Pretty Girl Who Appropriated an Orange Is Humiliated.

"You will have to put that orange back," said a Columbian guard, addressing a pretty girl, plump and rosy-cheeked, who was passing through horticultural hall with a party of women, says the Chicago Times.

The girl laughed, but the laugh was not a bit humorous.

"What orange?" she asked.

"The one you have in your umbrella," said the guard.

"You can take it back for me," and the girl laughed again, but the laugh was still more hollow and less amused than the first one.

"No, you will have to go back yourself," said the guard with not a trace of a smile on his face, "and put it back where you got it."

The girl hesitated and again laughed, but her companions did not look as if they enjoyed the parley, for a large crowd was gathering about them, and they walked on out of the building and left the purloiner of fruit alone with the stern-faced soldier.

The girl didn't say a word, but went down into the folds of her umbrella and fished out an orange. Then the guard accompanied her back to the California exhibit, and she placed it tenderly on the place from which she had taken it. She kept up the laugh with an effort all through the proceeding until she had hurried out of the door and rejoined her companions. Then she burst into tears, and got a good scolding from them in the bargain.

Too much humiliated to note how uprightly that honest guard administered impartial justice in spite of the girl's charms! Yes, indeed, beautiful to all except two witnesses of the scene who had passed through Horticultural Hall just one hour before and had seen this same guard appropriate to his own use a large juicy orange from the same California exhibit. But guards are not other people: they are sui generis and common laws do not apply to them.

HIS START IN LIFE.

A Tall Snake Story of a Fortune Made Through an Anaconda.

"I got my start in a queer way," remarked a man of evident wealth, as the drummer finished a story, says the Detroit Free Press.

"How was that?" inquired the drummer.

"Twenty-five years ago," continued the successful citizen, "I was travelling with a sideshow and the business went to pieces, leaving me its creditor for wages to the amount of $100. My share of the stock in trade was an anaconda about eighteen feet long and as big round as my body. It wasn't f