THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

W. H. STOKES, Editor & Proprietor.

GREAT BEND, - - - - KANSAS.

MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG.

My neighbor's ugly dog and I
Have reached the point where one must die—
But which of us has got to go
Another week of war will show.
With mutual hatred most intense
We've fought, divided by a fence,
For months with all the awful skill
Of savages who fight to kill.
When I unconscious, pass his gate
The brute, who for me lies in wait
As quiet as a hen on eggs,
Springs at my unprotected legs
With such a roar of rage that I
Across the road in terror fly,
And don't recover from the shock
In time to hit him with a rock.
At night he whines and barks and growls
And makes me hear his hideous howls
Till, well-nigh crazy, I bombard
The demon till my neighbor's yard
Is heaped with tumblers, books and shoes
And things I can't afford to lose.
Then, when my ammunition's thrown
And I my helplessness have shown,
The cur, to make me more forlorn,
Yelps twice as loud until the morn.
I've brought home friends with me to dine
Upon a turkey extra fine,
And—when all hungry for the feast—
Have had it stolen by the beast
Who, sneaking in my kitchen, got
It from the open oven hot.
I smash my windows, break the bones
Of my best chickens throwing stones
At my tormenter, who, unharmed
Trots slowly off no whit alarmed,
Right through my choicest flower bed
He ruins with his bearish tread.
I have, with smiles and coaxing sweet,
Tossed him a nicely-poisoned treat
Which he, with most unfriendly growls
Has left to kill my fancy fowls.
I've quarreled with my neighbor, too,
Till bloodshed, may be, will ensue,
Because he keeps the snarling pest
That robs the neighborhood of rest
And gives the tots and women bites
With hydrophobia's awful frights.
My neighbor's useless dog and I
Have reached the point where one must die,
Another week of war will show
That he—not I—I hope will go.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun

LOU'S MIRACLE.

It is One That Might Easily Be Imitated.

"He's the most mischievous boy I ever saw," cried Aunt Euphemia.

"And the most troublesome," said Aunt Marcia.

"And the noisiest," sighed grandmother.

"And the most destructive," groaned Lou, clearing away the *debris* of the accident. The handsome majolica vase which had been her uncle's Christmas gift lay in fragments upon the floor, its trailing vines, fragrant heliotrope and waxen begonias hopelessly ruined. Lou loved her flowers extravagantly, putting into their culture all that artistic power which most girls expend on drawing, painting or embroidery; and the tears filled her eyes as she gathered up the dissevered fragments.

"I didn't mean to," Lynn growled, trying to insinuate the toe of his boot into a thin place in the carpet.

"No, you never mean to," said Aunt Euphemia, severely, "and yet you keep this house in commotion from morning till night. I suppose you don't mean to make a hole in that carpet, either, but I may as well get my darning-needle and yarn ready. Why can't you behave like other boys, Lynn?"

"What's a fellow going to do, I'd like to know? It's 'don't touch this' and 'don't meddle with that' from week's end to week's end. There's no place to fish or row; I can't have a gun for fear I'll hurt some one; there aint no boys to play with, and I'm just sick and tired of books. I 'most wish I was dead!" and a suspicious tremble of the voice closed the sentence.

Lou, looking up suddenly, saw the merry black eyes growing dim and misty, and relented.

"But since you're still alive," she laughed, "you may as well help clear away this rubbish. Put these stems in that pan of sand. I can use them when they have rooted. After we are through with this I'll play a game of croquet with you."

"It is too bad," she added to herself, as Lynn set to work with ardor and dispatch; "cousin ought to have something to do. Uncle is too busy at the shop to look after him, and neither of our aunties or grandmother have any patience with children. I must set my wits to work to find something to keep him busy;" and she remembered with keen self-reproach how little she had done in the long months since Uncle Fred and Lynn had become members of the family to make life more tolerable for either of the sad hearts burdened with sorrow for the loss of wife and mother.

Five minutes later they were out on the croquet ground. The game progressed rapidly, and soon, with a skillful stroke, Lou sent her adversary's ball spinning away beyond the boundaries and her own to the stake. Lynn ran after his elusive property, which he disinterred from a heap of rubbish, and came back muttering crossly to himself, as he brushed the dust from his clothes: "What a mess of stuff!"

The croquet ground was on the west side of the house, which faced the north. The corner to the southwest formed by the fences encircling the garden and adjacent field was the receptacle for all the household *debris*, and was now full to overflowing. As Lou's eyes followed the boy in his search, a play she had learned at school returned to her.

"Turn your back," she said, authoritatively as her cousin reached her side, and as he instinctively obeyed she imitated his example.

"Now, when I say 'ready,' turn quickly as possible and back to place, and let us see in that brief glance which one can see and name the most articles in that heap of rubbish."

Lynn was back in his place in a moment. "You begin," he said, breathlessly.

"A pile of brush, two barrels, a stump of a tree, a broken kettle —" Lou paused and Lynn screamed with delight.

"You're a bright one," he cried. "Now just hear me. A broken pitcher, some poles, peach cans, tomato cans, oyster cans, plaster, an old rake, two rusty pans, some bricks and stones, boards, an old straw hat —"

"Oh, it isn't fair!" interrupted Lou. "You've been all over it after your ball. But you *are* observant, Lynn. Who would ever think so many things could be collected in so small a space? and what a pity it is to spoil the nicest corner of the yard in that way! O Lynn," she interrupted herself, "I've got an idea!"

The boy looked up roguishly, a saucy answer on the tip of his tongue.

"No, it isn't lonesome! There are plenty more of them, you will find. But, seriously, do you remember that article on Japanese homes which I read to you a few weeks ago and which pleased you so much? Do you suppose such a plot of ground as this would go to waste among that thrifty people? Lynn, let *us* have a garden. I'll ask Aunt Euphemia's consent," and she was off like a flash.

Permission was readily given, though Aunt Marcia did suggest that Lou would look better working away at the crochet she detested than making a tomboy of herself out-of-doors. "A girl sixteen years old," she began, but Lou saw consent in Aunt Euphemia's eyes and rushed off before further remonstrance was prepared.

How they worked for the next hour! The brush was carried to a bare place in the garden, where it could be burned. Some twisted poles selected from the rest were cut by Lou's orders into four-feet lengths and laid away. The barrels were rolled to one side, the cans and cracked kettle put by themselves with the rusty pans and a leaky tin pail which they found stowed under the rubbish. The great stump was immovable. "But it's just as well," said Lou, consolingly, "for I think we can make it ornamental." Then the two went to work with their garden rakes till every stick, stone and straw was removed, and a clean, grassy plot of ground rewarded their exertions.

Lou looked over the field of operations with exultant eyes. "Do you think you can saw these barrels in two?" she asked, a little anxiously. There was a tired look on Lynn's face; the May day was soft and warm, and the unusual exercise told on his relaxed muscles. Lou was quick to read the signs of rebellion. "I mustn't discourage him at first," she thought, "and really I care more about amusing him than I do about the work. I think we've done enough for one day," she said, hanging up her rake, "but I must have some paint. Will you go to the shop for me, Lynn, and get ten cents' worth of red lead? We have oil, varnish and brushes here;" and when the boy asked, curiously: "What are you going to do with it?" she smiled, provokingly, and answered: "You will see to-morrow."

The next morning she took him to the wood-shed, where lay the cans whose tops she had neatly removed at the kitchen fire during his absence. On the work-bench stood the pail of red paint which she had prepared, and she patiently taught him to paint the cans neatly and smoothly. It was like a new play; and Lynn became so interested that it was with difficulty she restrained him from ornamenting the wood-shed ceiling and the barn and fences when his task was done. She gave him permission to bring in the cracked kettle, the pail and pans and exhaust his ingenuity upon them; and as, when this was done, he still longed like Alexander for more worlds to conquer, she sent him to transplant some bitter-sweet vines on the orchard borders, and set them along the fences which bounded two sides of their garden, intermixing them with a wild grape-vine and Virginia creeper from the woods.

Two busy weeks followed. Lynn became so enthusiastic over his work that he fairly grudged the hours which his father insisted upon his devoting to his other duties; while the boy in turn stoutly insisted that his father should not go near the scene of his labors till permission was given him—a command easily obeyed, as Mr. Butler's business kept him busily engaged from early morning till twilight. Lynn was growing quiet, industrious and less aggressive. His aunts and grandmother looked on approvingly as he bent over old magazines, volumes of landscape gardening and other miscellanies, searching for plans and ideas. There were deep consultations and mysterious whisperings, days of fruitless toil, nights of discouragement, and, at last, triumph!

One afternoon, in the early June, Mr. Butler, who had given himself a half holiday, was invited to accompany his mother and sisters to a tea-drinking to be held in the—

"Addition!" prompted Lynn, as Lou hesitated for a name. "That's the way it is in the papers always, 'Simmon's addition!' 'Jone's addition!' and if this isn't an addition to the Butler plantation, then I'd like to know what it is."

The guests stopped on the borders of the enchanted land in surprise. Where once had lain a pile of refuse, giving birth and sustenance through previous summers to a colony of giant weeds, was a wide stretching space of velvety grass, freed from every intrusive plantain, burdock or nettle. The vines along the fences were putting forth tender leaves; at their intersection a thrifty lilac intermingled its purple plumes with the fragrant gold of a late flowering currant. The despised barrels had become by judicious management four rustic tubs; the two standing upon the ground filled with geraniums, verbenas and chrysanthemums, which promised later bloom, while those perched aloft on the twisted sticks which Lynn had driven solidly into the ground held masses of trailing vines selected from Lou's abundant stores, which billowed up in feathery green and draped their rough supports with verdure. The old kettle, shining bravely in its coat of red, was suspended from three twisted sticks and adorned with viney beauty as grateful to the eye as to the most appetizing compound concocted at any real gypsy camp-fire to the hungry stomach. A rustic flower-stand supported the cans Lynn had so lavishly decorated, each filled with some blooming plant, while at the summit a small oleander tree with rosy blossoms gave dignity and character to the rejected tin pail. The bricks and stones piled artistically around a mound of earth supported several thrifty varieties of sedum, interspersed with the snowy sprays of sweet alyssum; and the old rake, driven upright in the earth, was trellised with cords intended as a support for the sweet peas and morning glories lifting their heads bravely from the mold below.

But the crowning glory of all was the old stump, which had become the thing of beauty Lou had prophesied. Its decayed heart had been hollowed out, filled with earth and set with crimson coleus, golden feverfew, snowy daisies and great clusters of crimson geraniums. The graceful Kenilworth ivy draped its sides, and wood violets, blue and white, filled the interstices between its branching roots. After a lingering survey of these beauties, and the rustic seat Lynn had constructed with much care and weariness of mind and body, Mr. Butler had but a fleeting glance to bestow on the round table in the center of the plat with its dainty tea service and accompaniments of cakes and jellies.

"You've worked a miracle, Lou!" he cried enthusiastically; and Aunt Euphemia, looking down into the bright, happy face of the boy at her side and comparing it with the gloomy, disconsolate countenance which had greeted her through the winter months, added earnestly:

"Two of 'em, I should say!"—Sarah D. Hobart, in the Housewife.

KNIVES AND FORKS.

An Experienced Housekeeper Tells How They Should Be Cared For.

Never allow knives or forks to lie around long after using. They should be the first things removed from the table when the meal is finished, and put to soak. Have a pitcher of hot ammonia soap-suds, and in this place them, blades down, and let them remain until ready to wash. Have just enough water in the pitcher to reach the handles, but never on any account allow the handles when of bone, ivory or wood to remain in water, as it will surely loosen them, and in a short time they will fall from the blades. Wash both blades and handles in warm soap-suds, using a soft cloth, and wipe immediately after removing from the water, as dry as possible, with a clean, soft crash-towel.

To clean steel knives, use finely-powered bath brick and apply with the cut end of a raw potato. Rub the blades briskly until all stains are removed, then wash immediately in hot soap suds and wipe dry. Do not let them stand after cleaning so that the powder dries on them, or they will be streaky, but wash as soon after cleaning as possible. A piece of cork is often used in preference to the potato, but as it has to be dampened it is not as convenient to use, as the potato juice is all that is desired for that purpose. Fine coal ashes may be used when bath brick is not convenient, and do the work very well. After drying, rub the blades briskly with soft tissue or newspaper to give the final polish.

Keep in a case or box lined with flannel. They will never rust or discolor, when in general use, if kept in a receptacle such as this, as the flannel will absorb all superfluous moisture. Nice flannel-lined wicker and Japanese wood boxes, for holding knifes and forks, can be purchased at many places dealing in housekeeping goods, but, if too expensive, very neat, serviceable ones, that will answer the purpose as well, can be made at home. Get an oblong, shallow wooden box, stain the outside any color liked, varnish, and line the inside with green or red Canton flannel. Make a partition that will divide the box in the center lengthwise, cover with flannel, and set into the box, fastening it in place with liquid glue. This makes a box of two compartments, one for the knives and one for the forks, and is every bit as good as a store one. Always keep the box or case in a perfectly-dry place. —Boston Budget.

CHEAP STONE FENCE.

An Excelent Way of Ridding Fields of Large and Small Stones.

To build a stone-wall of the regulation pattern is indeed a doubtful process, but many fields are so stony that something must be done with them, and this is often a good way. Throw them into a loose heap on the line of the fence, making it as nearly triangular in sections as possible. It may be necessary to gather up stones scattered at the base, and put them on the top; aside from this it is built as fast as the stones can be thrown from the wagon, and piled in this manner they are much more bulky than if laid into solid wall, thus making more fence. The width on the ground may be four feet, the height three feet. Now lay a line of rails on blocks upon the summit, lapping the ends, set a pair of stakes at each joint, and finish off with riders. Two hands will make ten rods or so in a day if the picking is good, and clearing the land of the stones pays for the hauling, so you get the fence for nothing, aside from the rails. This method is at least ahead of heaping up stone in the fields, and then fencing with boards or wire, as is so often done, and better than trying to wear the stones out with the plow and drag. There will always be rails enough to give two or three to the length, especially as rails used in this way last much longer than the rails in the old-fashioned rail fence used to; they rotted off at the ends where they crossed each other, leaving the middle sound. If poles are used it will pay to cut them at a time when they will peel, and take the bark off. A deep back-furrow of the right width as a base will economize stone. The point you are just about to raise that such a fence covers too much ground is not well taken. Carefully estimate the width of the strip whose produce is expended in keeping up a stock of posts, boards, wire, nails, etc., and you will find, perhaps, that your progressed fences without thickness are the widest of any except stonewall.—E. S. Gilbert, in N. Y. Tribune.

—For a pain in the chest that threatens to be pneumonia, make a plaster of soft soap and hot Indian-meal mush

STATE DAIRY SCHOOLS.

A Bill Which, if Adopted, Will Lead to Some Wonderful Results.

ALBANY—An appropriation of fifty thousand dollars is asked to provide dairy schools throughout the State, where there will be efficient teachers to instruct young men and young women to milk cows in an artistic and economical manner.—N. Y. Sun.

Just at present every farmer in the State of New York should be so thoroughly happy that he should be able to straighten his figure that has been bent like a crescent through stooping to drop corn and hoe potatoes. He should caper lightly over the barnyard like a tricksy fay, and not allow his ecstasies of bliss to cause him to forget to feed coarse corn to the Shanghai and pop-corn to the bantam. His overalls should seem broadcloth, his rye coffee raised in the back yard should appear nectar—although rye is a failure as coffee, because it was never intended for any thing but whisky. He should dance to the airs of the birds, and warble tender lyrics at the pig-stye in the beautiful hog Latin of the Cincinnati preparatory school.

And all this unbounded joy on the part of the horny-handed whacker of the soil should be attributed to the fact that an appropriation of $50,000 has been asked to establish dairy schools throughout the State, that young men and women may be properly instructed into the mysteries of milking, and getting the greatest quantity of butter out of the smallest quantity of milk.

Thus it will be seen that during the monotony of winter the farmer can go to dairy school and become familiar with the art of milking to such an extent that he will know how to keep the cow from sidling out of reach just as he is properly braced on the stool, and has secured the magic purchase.

Perhaps the dairy school will suggest milking stools on wheels, so that if the cow does caper about, the farmer will be all right so long as he doesn't lose his grip; and it may suggest, also, that the milk-pail have straps on it, that the milker may wear it like a drum while in action.

It is also fair to assume that, as there is a proper way to milk, there will be less trouble experienced with the cow when, she realizes the pleasant fact that she is being milked in a truly orthodox fashion. She may stand with the heroic calmness of a messenger boy, while contributing to the farmer's prosperity in the holy hush of even, when the vesper chimes float like a benison o'er the nodding flowers, and the sun drops behind the western hill like a cake of golden butter.

It would be a great boon to humanity if the farmer only knew how to farm; and it is therefore pleasant to reflect that there is a possibility of a dairy school being started. It is also a blessing when we consider that the appropriation is asked that farmers may not only be taught to milk economically, but artistically. What a holy wedding that, of economy and art! Heretofore the art of milking has been all of a "get there" order, and the economy has been simply the assistance of the pump.

It is safe to assume that the professor of milking is a dignitary that shall soon dawn upon the world, to receive the same respect and consideration that is showed the O'Callaghan Lecturer and Emeritus professor of something or other.

A ultra-æsthetic young women of Boston, we will say, will tire of Browning and Tolstoi, and take up milking and butter-making, and make it a beautiful fad on Beacon street and the Back Bay.

We believe in improving the farmer; and where there is so much room for improvemen, no ordinary effort in this direction can fail. But the improvement of the ground-thumper should not stop at milking. He should be taught to keep the chips from last winter's chopping out of his neck-whiskers. He should be taught that to wear a shirt without a collar is as far from right as wearing a collar without a shirt. He should be informed that collar-buttons were never intended to be worn in cuffs, and that the gas should always be turned off and never blown out on retiring. After he knows these things by heart as well as he understands the mysteries of milking, and the art of charging hotel rates in summer, he will not be so universally regarded as only a fit subject for the pencil of the acrobatic artist.—Puck.

FENCING FOR WOMEN.

A Healthful Exercise That Develops All the Muscles of the Body.

Fencing is now as much a young lady's pastime as tennis or horseback-riding, and every body who knows how beneficial this exercise is to the female system is glad it is so. Its votaries, in fact, say it is a ladies' sport par excelence, as it needs quickness and skill more than strength and daring, and develops those qualities which are so essential to a lady, viz., a graceful carriage and easy motion. On the days given up to the ladies the large hall of the fencers' club resounds with stamping of feet and clinking of blades. The instructor gives each pupil a lesson which generally lasts about fifteen minutes. Then two friends may challenge each other and put in practice the thrusts and guards they have just learned. The weaker sex makes up in cunning what it lacks in strength. Women are much more artful than men. In no case is this evidenced more clearly than in fencing. A man will make a bold open attack, which his opponent will parry if he keeps cool. A woman waits apparently with no fixed purpose until she sees her opportunity; then with a quickness of eye and hand which defies parrying she makes her thrust and succeeds if she can keep her point straight. A parry would come too late; retreat is the only safeguard.

In practicing the ladies wear an ordinary tennis skirt and flat sole shoes, no corset, an easy fitting blouse or jersey. A wire mask protects the face, a padded buckskin plastron is worn over the chest and a buckskin gauntlet saves the hand from any chance scratches or thrusts. The ladies are taught to fence with either hand, and it is wonderful how quickly this exercise gives strength and dexterity (even in its literal sense) to the left arm, generally so awkward and helpless.

The success of the ladies' fencing class has proved beyond a doubt the propriety of fencing as a pastime. It is not too violent, for each one can regulate her activity to suit herself, and remain on the defensive or assume the offensive as she feels like it. Twenty minutes of active fencing will give more exercise to all the muscles of the body than two hours of pretty fast walking. One of the members of the ladies class said to the writer that in her opinion one month's fencing will teach a girl better how to walk and carry herself in a drawing-room than a year's lessons in dancing or calisthenics. Those who have seen the lithe, straight figures and graceful motion of the ladies who indulge in fencing will be inclined to agree with her fully, and to wish success to those who have added to the list of female athletics an exercise so eminently fitted for the use of the fair sex and for their physical development.—Harper's Bazar.

FIRST POSTMISTRESS.

Something About the First Lady Who Handled United States Mail.

She was the widow of Colonel Andrew Balfour, of those revolutionary times in the days of our great and good President Washington. She was a Miss Elizabeth Dayton, of Newport, R. I. Balfour came to America from Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1772, landing at Boston. He was a few years in the North—married Miss Dayton in New York City. His brother had preceded him to Charleston, S. C. In 1777 he sailed for Charleston, but the distracted state of the country induced him to leave his wife and her children with relations in New England until he could prepare a Southern home for them; but soon after this the tide of war turned South and rolled its wave over the Carolinas, and her husband cast in his lot with the defenders of the home of his adoption (North Carolina); but he soon fell a victim to the barbarity of a party of royalists led by Colonel Fannin, a British officer, who murdered Balfour in his house in the presence of a sister and his eldest child, recently come from Edinburgh. They were with him to nurse and comfort him in his illness, caused by exposure and fatigue in military service.

Soon as Mrs. Balfour heard of her husband's tragic death she hastened South, coming in care of General Greene, who landed at Washington; from thence it was a tedious trip through the country to the home in Randolph County, where her noble husband was murdered on the holy Sabbath, the 10th of March, 1782. She visited the spot where he was so hastily interred, for it was unsafe for his sister and child to remain long there, as Fannin threatened to return and burn the dwelling and take away the negroes. As the country was still unsafe, Mrs. Balfour deemed it improper to live upon the plantation. With sorrow she turned away from his lonely resting-place, and went to Salisbury until she could return to the spot so dear to her.

While residing in Salisbury President Washington appointed her postmistress, which position was filled with entire satisfaction, and when her accounts were audited she was only one-half a cent behind. When the country was peaceful she returned to the home provided for her by her noble but lost husband. She lived under the protective love of her only son.

After a long life of good deeds she rests beside him who was murdered because of his devotion to Carolina's freedom and to the American cause in the days that "tried men's souls," and principles, too.—Sunny South.

Fashionable Colored Woods.

The beautiful colored woods, especially those representing walnut and mahogany, now so largely used for cabinet work and architectural decoration on the continent of Europe, are obtained, it is stated, by the following simple processes: For the light walnut variety, the method pursued is to dissolve two ounces permanganate of potash in six pints of water, and paint the wood twice with the solution; after the solution has been left on the wood some five to ten minutes, the wood is rinsed, dried, oiled, and finally polished, the light variety being thus produced. A beautiful light mahogany is obtained by means of a solution consisting of one ounce finely cut alkanet root, two ounces powdered aloe, with two ounces of powdered dragon's blood, digested with twenty-six ounces of strong spirits of wine in a corked bottle, and left in a moderately warm place four days, the solution being then filtered off, and the clear filtrate is ready for use; the wood to be treated is first passed through nitric acid, then dried, painted over with the alcoholic extract, dried, oiled, and polished. A dark or deeper colored walnut is obtained by dissolving three ounces permanganate of potash in six pints of water, and planting the wood twice with this solution; after five minutes the wood is washed and grained with acetate of iron, then dried, oiled and polished.—N. Y. Sun.

A Faithful Illustration.

When a child falls and bumps his head, and mother, running to help him, he immediately concentrates his mental faculties upon his injury, puts his hand up to judge of its size, thinks and feels it into a large and painful protuberance, begins to pity himself, lifts up his voice and weeps. If mother keeps her sympathy to herself, ignores the bump and draws the child's attention to some thing bright and pretty, his mind fastens itself upon the pleasing object to the exclusion of the bump, which, being thus put without the pale of his consciousness, ceases to be a source of pain and is forgotten—the child is spared the exertion of shedding tears and the trouble of drying them. The child but gives a faithful illustration of the effect produced upon human nature by what is commonly termed sympathy.

FREAKS IN AFRICA.

Horned Men, Men with Tails, Persons with Spotted Skins, and Dwarfs.

Mr. Carl Steckelmann, who lived several years in West Africa, made a large collection of curiositics illustrating the arts, habits and superstitions of the natives. His collection, which is now in Indiana, where he lives, has attracted attention, and there were many visitors to the museum which he opened in Indianapolis last winter. There are curiosities of other sorts, however, in all parts of Africa, and it would not take a smart showman long to pick up freaks enough on the west coast to stock a dozen museums.

Entirely outside of the dwarf tribes, who are among the strangest people in the world, explorers find here and there little folks of advanced years who are made much of, and are usually seen at the residence of some chief. Only one of these little fellows has been honored with much attention in records of travel, and his picture appears in Speke's story of his discovery of the Nile sources. On the west coast Doko dwarfs may some times be seen in the crowds along the shore when a vessel arrives. Mr. A. B. Ellis was of the opinion that with one of these dwarfs, a boy he saw with two stomachs, a few Albinos, who are by no means uncommon, and two or three horned men he could set up a dime museum of no mean pretensions.

The horned men, sad to relate, wear their horns not on their foreheads but on their cheek bones. They belong to a small tribe that is found north of Ashanti, and a few of them sometimes get down to the coast, where they have ceased to be curiosities. Some surgeons who examined two of these men a few years ago, decided that the excrescences on their cheeks were of an osseous nature. They form lumps, rounded at the extremity and projecting about an inch from the face. They are not particularly ornamental, but they would probably be worth a fair salary to the possessor if exhibited in a Bowery palace of amusement.

Two or three travelers have written of a Roman Catholic priest in Fernando Po, who is willing to make affidavit that he has seen three men in Gaboon with short tails. These curiosities seem to have made good their escape. Many travelers in the early days recorded marvelous stories of Africans who wore tails, but none of the chroniclers had salt enough to catch them. Years ago a female slave, who was said to have come from Central Africa, was examined in Constantinople by a physician in the hospital there, and he declared she had an unmistakable tail, about two inches long, smooth and hairless. She said she belonged to the great Niam-Niam tribe. The fame of this tribe as wearers of tails was spread far and wide in Africa long before a white man ever visited them, and Mr. Ellis says the story still circulates on the coast. But Schweinfurth spoiled the sensation, though he pronounced the Niam-Niam the finest specimens of physical beauty he ever saw.

Other curious people in Africa are persons who seem to be naturally spotted, not like the leopard boy known to our museums, but with patches of yellow or brown which diversify their otherwise black skins. Another interesting peculiarity has also been recently observed. That is that different members of the same family are sometimes of different colors. Black children and brown children are found to be brothers and sisters, just as we have brunettes and blondes in the same family. This peculiarity has also been recently observed by Dr. Finsch among the natives of New Guinea.—N. Y. Sun.

CHILDREN IN ALGIERS.

Great Changes Wrought in Their Habits Under the Influence of Education.

The city of Algiers, the capital of the great French province of Algeria, in Northern Africa, has so mild a climate that snow is almost unknown. The average temperature in January is fifty-four degrees; palm-trees grow freely in the gardens and suburbs, and the country has a tropical aspect. No little excitement was produced, therefore, when one day last winter there fell snow enough to cover the ground. The last such snow-fall had taken place in 1861, so that none of the younger people of the country had ever seen any thing of the kind.

The sensation was so great, indeed, that all the schools were closed, and the pupils, rushing out, were heard to make such remarks as these:

"Look! It is raining cotton!"

"Let's get some, and take it home and save it!"

The boys gathered masses of the fleecy snow to keep for a curiosity, and were astonished to see it turn into water in their hands.

The boys of Algeria are a strange race. Most of them are Arabs, whose speech was brought hundreds of years ago from Arabia. They are Mussulmans in religion; if they go to their own Arab schools, called zawyas, they are taught little except to recite verses from the Koran. They are for the most part bright and merry, much like other boys among themselves, but inclined to be grave and suspicious in the presence of foreigners.

Girls are seldom admitted to the Arab schools, and they do not go, except rarely, to the French schools. They are usually married at an age when American girls are still playing with dolls. A good proportion of the Arab boys attend the French schools, and in some of the towns all the Arab children speak and write French.

There is, however, a race of people in Algeria who are much more eager to learn than the Arabs. They are the Kabyles, who, although Mussulmans in religion, some scientists believe to belong to the same race as the inhabitants of Southern Europe. They are mostly farmers and mountaineers, and are very industrious; they are eager to learn, and send all their girls and boys to school wherever schools are founded. Among them are some strange colonies descended from the ancient Romans, and still calling themselves Romans, or "Rumi."

The Algerian Jews, too, who descended from the Jews whom Spaniards banished from their coun pay much attention to the instruct of their children.

Under the influence of educa great changes are taking place in character of the population of Alge which, at the beginning of the pres century, was almost entirely Muss man, and practically uncivilized. Now although there are not quite half a million Europeans in the country, more than a million people speak the French language.

Algeria, moreover, is but a part of the French domain in Africa. There are French colonies here and there around the whole northern half of the continent, and nearly all Northwestern Africa, including Tunis, Algeria, Senegal and a great part of the Western Soudan, promises to become French eventually.

The French flag has been carried as far into the interior of Africa as Timbuctoo, which, not many years ago, was a synonym for all that was strange, far away and inaccessible.—Youth's Companion.

AN EXPLORER'S RUSE.

He Says It Pays to Keep on the Right Side of the Old Ladies.

When Dr. Finsch landed in Astrolabe Bay, New Guinea, a while ago, he went with an escort of sailors a short distance inland, where he found buried in the forest a large village. The party was accompanied by some of the village men whose acquaintance they had cultivated at the shore. The women, however, were none the less frightened at the strange appearance of the visitors, and most of them ran off into the woods. A few old women, however, who had been brave enough to face the strangers, were rewarded with presents, and through their efforts the other women were soon induced to return.

Dr. Finsch says that throughout his explorations he took particular pains to ingratiate himself with the old women. He often found that they wielded important influence, and their good will was very helpful. He admits that he did not always find it a particularly agreeable task to win the favor of the older women, for they are not fair to look upon. But it was to his interest to have all the old ladies on his side, and so he put his best foot forward to make them think he was a very nice sort of a fellow.

Dr. Finsch advances one rather novel idea about the women of uncivilized tribes in tropical countries. He reports the well-known fact that these women lose their youth and freshness while still young, but he adds that they would not seem to fade so early in life if they wore clothing and understood the arts of the toilet, with which women in other lands long contrive to conceal advancing years and artificially supply the charms they have lost.—N. Y. Sun.

FACTS BRIEFLY STATED.

Curious Condensations from the Journals of Both Hemispheres.

A Venetian manufacturer is making and selling thousands of glass bonnets.

It is said that there is just $5,000,000 invested in special cars in the United States.

The purest kaolin in America has just been found in great quantity in Elbert County, Ga.

By breathing hot air about 212 deg. for two hours daily it is said that consumption can be radically cured.

The root of the garden poppy is now largely used in France to bind the earth of railway embankments.

A mountain of nearly pure iron has just been discovered near Lewisburg, in Greenbrier County, W. Va.

England has 500,000 velocipedists, among whom must be reckoned the Prince of Wales and his daughters.

The finest olive-oil in the world now comes from California, and is so highly appreciated that the crop is bought two years ahead.

Owners of the pine straw patent intend to establish five mills, each guaranteed to turn out 2,000,000 yards of bagging in time to wrap the bales of this year's cotton crop.

Big beds of asphaltum sandstone, from which can be made the best asphalt pavement in the world, have just been discovered along the new railway lines of Western Kentucky.—Chicago News.

SHE GOT THE EARTH.

A May Incident Which Is as Funny as It Is Realistic.

A woman who had been looking at a "To Rent" on Second street brought the key back yesterday noon and said:

"I like the house pretty well, but—"

"That is all right, madam," interrupted the owner. "You were going to speak about the need of repairing. I have just contracted to pay a firm $350 to paint every thing."

"That will be nice. I was going to say—"

"Excuse me, but I shall have the wooden fence replaced with an iron one."

"Will you? And I—"

"And every room will be repapered in the most expensive manner, madam. I shall put stained glass into all the front windows, get new front doors, build a new barn in the rear, buy more land on each side and add five clothes closets."

"How nice! And you——?"

"I told you the rent was $40 per month, but I am satisfied that the figure is too high. I shall reduce it to $25, send my own teams to move you in, pay your water tax, cut the grass for you. You needn't mind paying your rent in advance, but give it to me whenever you have no other use for it."

"You are very kind," she answered after a moment's thought, "but—you see—you know I promised to look at another house, and I'm a little particular, you know, and so I am much obliged."—Detroit Free Press.

—One of the candidates at a recent teachers' examination in Chippewa County, Mich., said, in answer to the question, "Give the principal occupation of the inhabitants of your township?" "Fishing, farming, and on election day selling their votes."