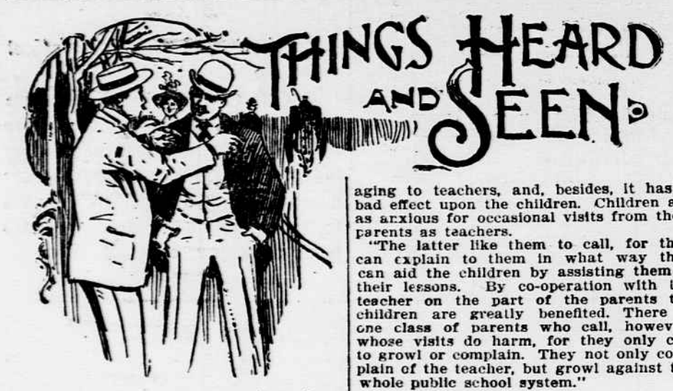

"The doll play house has long been without an occupant," remarked one of the attaches of the Executive Mansion, in speaking of the doll house which has been stored under the eastern portico of the White House for a number of years. "This play house was given to Nellie Arthur, and was much used by her and her girl friends. It was nicely furnished. One of the two rooms was furnished as a kitchen and dining room, and the other as a combination sitting room and parlor. Nellie Arthur, when she first came to the White House, was of the doll age, but before she was here long she grew out of it, and the doll house was deserted. It has had no occupant since, and is not likely to have any for some time.

"Only two children can get in the house at the same time. There have been a number of applicants for the house, but every one has hesitated to do anything about it. Of course, Nellie Arthur or any one authorized by her could get the house by simply sending for it, for it is her private property, and though it has been stored under the east portico, the government has no control over it. Nellie Arthur has children of her own now, and she may send for it some day for them. For the children, and especially the girls of doll age, it is the most interesting thing about the White House."

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"Chimneys should be looked after now," observed a specialist in brick work, "for fires will be started in a couple of weeks, and trouble may ensue from bad flues. It is rather surprising how many fires there are every fall caused by defective flues. These defective flues can be discovered by any practical mechanic if the opportunity is given him. The trouble is, however, that housekeepers do not give the proper amount of attention to the matter. They content themselves until some extra cool evening arrives, when they start a rousing fire. The result very frequently is an expensive fire in other parts of the house as well as in the latrobes or furnaces. The fact that a chimney does not draw the very moment a fire is started in it is nothing against it, for the best kind of flues refuse to work well until they are properly warmed up.

"Housekeepers need not be surprised, either, if their houses are filled with smoke for an hour or so on starting a fire, for this nearly always follows. It cures itself, however, in a very short time, for as soon as a current is established the difficulty is ended. It pays in the long run to have chimney, furnace and stove work done now. In a couple of weeks there will be such a demand on this class of mechanics that it frequently happens that they slight some of the work that is given them."

* * * * *

"In the matter of sleep," remarked a well-known physician, "there are as many peculiar things as there are about eating—what is one man's food is another's poison. The same applies to sleep. This much is generally known and accepted by standard authorities on the subject, that tall or bulky people require more sleep than others, and that women can get along on much less sleep than can men. As with animals, human beings sleep much longer and heartier in the winter than at any other times. People of extreme old age require as much sleep as infants, and it is beneficial to both classes if they can sleep one-half the time, or even a greater proportion. There is one thing I would like to impress upon every one, and that is, it is positively injurious for any one to sleep longer than is actually necessary.

"When you near people talk of forcing themselves to sleep long hours, it means as much as if they overdrank or overfed themselves. I am strongly of the belief that while six or seven hours is long enough sleep for the average healthy person there are those who need an hour or so more, as there are others who thrive mentally and physically on four hours' sleep. 'Early to bed and early to rise' is a splendid doctrine, but in cases where one cannot get to bed early they should not force themselves to rise early. Sleep all you can naturally, but never sleep for sleep's sake, or longer than is necessary."

* * * * *

"Lady instructors on the bicycle is the latest in the wheeling world," said a leading wheelman, "and they are already in demand. The ladies heretofore have had to depend on male instructors, and although they did not like it much there was no help for them and they had to get assistance and instruction from men or boys or do without. This prevented many ladies from learning to ride, who now can employ lady instructors. So far, there are not over a half dozen lady instructors, but they are only the pioneers, and in a little while there will be enough to supply any demand. Ladies are better instructors for ladies than are men, for they know more of and can arrange the skirts of those learning to ride better than male instructors can or dare do.

"There is no doubt but that it is harder for a lady to learn to ride than it is for a man, for the reason that the bicycle is necessarily shaped so that it is more difficult to mount and dismount. Of course, when the learners wear bloomers they learn to mount and dismount easier than when they are compelled to wear skirts, it matters not how short they are. Several of the lady instructors can be seen on the streets of the west end section during the early mornings. The experience of the best lady riders of the wheel is that more progress can be made with a half hour's instruction during daylight hours than during the night. It is also much safer for riders as well as the wheel."

* * * * *

"The fall rains are now nearly due," observed a weather guesser, "and some things in connection with the same will be seasonable. Rains diminish as we advance from the equator to the poles, and western coasts of a country are generally more rained on than are eastern. At the equator the annual rainfall is often as much as 95 inches, while up in Russia it rarely rains over 17 inches. The heaviest rains are between the tropics, and at Cape Horn there has been a fall of 154 inches. In some parts of the world there are no rains. This is specially the case in the deserts of the Sahara and in Egypt, as well as in Asia, Arabia, Syria and Persia. There is a wonderful scarcity of rains of late years in Peru, Bolivia and along the coasts of Mexico, Guatemala and a small district on the coast of Venezuela.

"Washington and the surrounding country suffers but little from rain, though by a combination of circumstances which is rather peculiar the rains hereabouts are very often, too often, in fact, for comfort, at 9 o'clock, as the departments are being filled with clerks, and at 4 o'clock, as they are closing for the day. Watch the next ten rainy days and you will find that rains will fall in eight cases out of ten at the hours mentioned. Maybe there will be a change in this matter during the next administration, when so many good things are premised, but I have some doubts about it."

* * * * *

"Parents will find that an occasionel visit to the public schools is highly appreciated by teachers, as well as pupils," observed an experienced teacher, who has presided over a public school for a number of years. "My own experience has been, as also that of other teachers, that parents visit the schools too seldom. I know of teachers who complained last session that they had but few visits from parents. One or two of them told me that during the entire school year they did not have a single visit from parents. This is very discouraging to teachers, and, besides, it has a bad effect upon the children. Children are as anxious for occasional visits from their parents as teachers.

"The latter like them to call, for they can explain to them in what way they can aid the children by assisting them in their lessons. By co-operation with the teacher on the part of the parents the children are greatly benefited. There is one class of parents who call, however, whose visits do harm, for they only call to growl or complain. They not only complain of the teacher, but growl against the whole public school system."

* * * * *

"Those people who set their watches and clocks by the ball on Tuesday," volunteered a State Department clerk, "had better reset them, for they are exactly one minute and a half ahead of time. It was by an unavoidable accident, however. The ball is raised three or four minutes in advance of the noon hour, and by an electric arrangement it falls just as the sun crosses the meridian. That is, it generally does. On Tuesday last, however, a storm came up just as the ball was raised, and one and a half minutes before it should have dropped the wire was struck by lightning and it fell. Those who were watching the ball took it for granted that the fall was regular, and turned up their watches and clocks accordingly. This was specially the case with the saw mills and other concerns which blow a whistle indicating midday.

"Had they noticed, however, they would have seen that the ball was immediately raised, and that it fell at 12 o'clock precisely. The first fall, therefore, did not count. While the accident had never occurred before, it is liable to occur at any time, though the chances for lightning striking the wire during the few minutes the ball is raised every day are so very small that it is hardly worth considering. There is a class who frequently bet on the accuracy of their timepieces and prove it by looking at the ball drop. The bets made on Tuesday, therefore, should be declared off. It only shows, however, how 'the best-laid schemes of mice and men aft gang aglee.'"

A MONSTER FISH.

A Washington Boy at Trinidad Helps to Haul One Ashore.

In a letter received recently from F. J. Buxton, formerly of this city and now cashier of the Trinidad Asphalt Company at Brighton, British West Indies, he relates some of his fishing experiences.

"I have done some pretty good fishing since I came down here. One day I was out for small fish with a thin wire line, and was hauling them in in great shape, when along came a large fish, which nearly took me out of the boat. Well, I tugged and pulled at the line, cut my fingers till they bled, but did not care so the line did not give way. At last I landed him, and he pulled the scales down to the fourteen-pound mark—pretty good for a small fish.

"Now, I will tell you of the big fish I caught, we caught, everybody on the jetty caught, and all the steamer's crew, besides a hundred coolies, were there to see. He measured eighteen feet from tip to tip.

"For the past week we had been seeing these devil fish about the place, and one day the queen's custom house officer (this is an English port) went out with two of us in a row boat, and we succeeded in harpooning one of the creatures; when suddenly away went fish, boat, men and all. We would have been capsized had the harpoon held, but fortunately it gave way just in time to save us. Since that time we have been eager to capture one of these monsters, but no one has had the nerve to venture out for that purpose. Last Sunday, as I was quietly sitting in my office writing a letter to my sweetheart, I heard a great commotion outside, and going out on the porch, I found one of these sea devils had swallowed the anchor of our row boat.

"The other end of the boat was lashed by a strong rope to the jetty. So, you see, the brute was held fast. Every man grabbed hold of the rope, and we hauled the fish up to the jetty and then shot him. We fired forty rounds, besides putting all the harpoons we had into him, before he finally stopped fighting. Our coolies then drew him on shore, where we had a good look at the monster. He was a villainous-looking creature, and we think well named. His mouth was large enough to swallow two Jonahs at once. You can well imagine, we had a deal of excitement for the Sabbath day; but it does not often happen that one of these sea devils comes along and catches himself so handsomely."

ONE KIND OF EDITOR.

Something Like Unto the Fabled Chinese Style of Editor.

The reporter for The Star had been around to let Li Hung Chang ask him four or five thousand questions before breakfast, and he was then telling the hotel clerk about it in the hearing of a man who looked as much like a Chicago art salesman as anything else. Incidentally, the reporter mentioned that in China there were people who gathered information around the towns and sold it to the curious, and he intimated that Li Hung Chang was on the make and would probably dispose of his large and valuable collection of facts to good advantage when he got home.

This was taken as a joke, but the Chicago man looked serious.

"Well," said he, "I don't know about this Chinese business, but about two years ago I was in a town down south where the press isn't supported with that degree of liberality we expect it to be in this day and generation, and as I stood in the door of the store where I had sold a bill of goods a man came by and began to talk to me—Li Hung Changing me, so to speak, for he asked me more questions in a minute than I had had asked me all the time I had been in town. He wasn't a very reputable-looking party, either, for his nose was red and his hat had the droops at four corners, but he was a bright sort of a fellow and his eyes sparkled, even if they were leary and liquor-soaked.

"As I was answering his questions and trying to get away from him the proprietor of the store came out and introduced me to the queer genius as the local editor. Then I began to ask a few questions myself, but before I had time to get in very many the town marshal appeared down the street with a prisoner, and the editor dropped me and went after the latest excitement.

"'I didn't know you had a newspaper here,' said I to the merchant.

"'We haven't,' said he, 'but we've got an editor.'

"'How can he edit a paper when there isn't any?' said I.

"'He's a genius,' said he.

"'He doesn't look it,' said I.

"'Well, I'll tell you what that chap does,' said he, 'and what he has been doing for a year or more. You know we have a population of seven or eight hundred here, and we don't get a daily paper until it is eighteen hours old, and then we don't get that regularly, and nobody in town takes it, except on Sunday. Well, what does this chap do but beg a corner in the room where the post office is, and there he put an old arm chair somebody gave him and called it the editorial rooms of the Perpetual Gazette. People laughed at him, and thought he was drunk, as usual, but he went around everywhere in town gathering the news exactly as if he were going to print it, and he knew how, for he had been a bright newspaper man once.

"'Then he would collect a group of people and offer to tell all he knew for five cents from each listener, or, as he did sometimes, he would get up on a barrel outside the office, and, after telling what he had to tell, he would pass the hat and collect sometimes as much as fifty or seventy-five cents. He always got a lot of news out of the daily paper and supplied it fresh every morning of the day after. I have often had him come in here at night, and for a quarter got an hour or more entertainment out of him, besides getting the news.

"'He reads the stories in the papers, too; and if anybody wants to hear stories he can give all the current ones at so much per listener.'"

Testimony to Their Merits.

From Up-to-Date.

"Dear Sir: Six months ago I bought a pair of your patent never-rip bloomers, and since then I have felt like a new woman."

IN HOTEL CORRIDORS

"I have often read accounts of snails as an article of food," said W. R. Hamilton at the Metropolitan, "and a few weeks ago I concluded to try some of them, as I have a sort of penchant for trying articles of food with which I am not familiar. I succeeded in getting about a quart of fine fat snails one evening, and, not caring to use them until the next morning, I concluded to keep them. I put them in a pan, sprinkled a considerable quantity of salt over them, covered the pan, and left them. The next morning I went to the kitchen to cook the snails, the cook refusing to have anything to do with them. Upon removing the cover from the pan, I found that there was nothing there but some salt. I accused the cook of throwing them away, which she denied doing, and got some more. These I salted, and they vanished like melting snow. I did not get to taste snails, but I discovered that salt dissolves them almost instantly, without leaving a trace of them."

"I would like to see the man who first wrote about greasing little chickens to prevent the gapes," said R. P. Lucas of Peoria, Ill., at the National. "I live a short distance from town and raise a good many chickens. I saw a statement in a number of papers to the effect that if a little chicken's head and neck were thoroughly greased it would prevent its having gapes. I had about two hundred small chickens and caught them all and greased them thoroughly. Then I turned them loose. In about two hours I returned and found that they would certainly never have the gapes. Every chicken was dead. The action of the sun on the grease killed them. I have known several others who have had a similar experience, and I think it is time for the papers to tell how the grease stops the gapes."

"I don't know what a besol stone is," said D. T. King of Jacksonville, Fla., at the St. James, "but it is universally believed among the 'crackers,' as they are called, that there are such things, and they possess wonderful value, curing snake bites by a single application in the same way that 'mad stones' are used. The besol stones are found in the stomach of deer, and no hunter neglects to search for a besol stone when he kills an antelope. In many parts of the flowery state deer still abound, and there are very few sections where snakes are not numerous, and I do not think there is a hunter who does not believe implicitly in the virtues of the besol stone, although they are scarcer than fine pearls. The nearest I ever came to seeing one, I heard from several sources that a certain man had one that had cured many snake bites. I went to see him to try to get possession of the besol stone. His widow told me that they had sold the besol stone a month before, and a week later her husband died from the effects of a moccasin bite."

"It seems to be universally admitted that prices are too cheap and must be raised," said E. P. Barton of Pittsburg at the Raleigh. "I have been inclined to the same opinion, and am still, but I happened to look through an old ledger of mine, kept in the year 1845, when I was in the mercantile business in an Ohio town. I had a bookkeeeper and a clerk. To the former I paid $30 a month, to the latter $10. There are a number of entries that show I paid 25 cents a day for common labor, and 50 cents during harvest time on a farm I owned. I find that I paid 50 cents for a physician's visit, and 25 cents for a prescription. I bought peaches at from 10 cents to 25 cents a bushel; potatoes, 15 cents to 25 cents a bushel; eggs, 5 cents a dozen; butter, 8 cents a pound. I see by the ledger that during the absence of my family I boarded at the leading hotel of the town, where I paid $2 a week for board, with missed meals deducted. I also learn that I sold fresh meat at 3 cents to 5 cents a pound, and I presume I made a profit, as I do not remember selling anything upon which I did not. These are prices of a half century ago, and they are certainly much lower, including those of wages, than obtain now."

"I have seen various stories about mean men and some of them are very good, but none of them equal one I know to be true," said G. P. Willis of Tiffin, Ohio, at the Regent. "I have know a neighbor of mine for several years and if during that time he has ever had a charitable impulse it was concealed from his acquaintances. He has three children and his wife, who is wholly unlike him, insists that presents shall be given them each Christmas. Four years ago he was practically coerced into allowing the purchase of a few toys. A few days after Christmas the children had lost all of these toys, and the father whipped them for losing them. The next Christmas be brought home some toys, duplicates of those given the previous year. In a few days they were lost, the children again whipped, and nothing more was seen of them until the following Christmas, when they once more did duty for Santa Claus. Since then the mother acts as custodian to prevent the father from stealing his children's toys."

"I don't know why it is, but the American mania for gambling is dying out," said Tom Brewer, one of the best known of the Denver sports, at the Arlington. "Take horse racing, and over two-thirds of the tracks are closed. The breeding of fast horses is not nearly so profitable as it used to be and there is not one race where there were ten, twenty years ago. Then faro. It is a fact that there are not as many open faro rooms in the United States as there were in Chicago or Denver alone a few years ago. I have not seen a keno card for ten years. There are a few rooms, but they are comparatively small. Poker is played privately and in clubs. There are a few poker rooms where strangers can get into a game, in all large cities, but there are not one-fourth as many as ten years ago, and the games are very much smaller, only occasionally a game being played for heavy stakes. The places of these are taken to some extent by crap rooms, of a much lower order, but that is being rapidly forced out of existence. There is probably less gambling among Americans now than among men of any other leading nationality."

"The American song birds are rapidly being killed," said L. P. Dysart of Mobile at Willard's. "Throughout the south the mocking birds are growing fewer every year. On a plantation of mine near Mobile, where the air used to be full of the melody of the mocking birds, I have not heard or seen one for three years. It is the same way throughout the south. I have not seen an oriole in Maryland, although I was there a month, nor one in Washington. The parks used to have plenty of them in the trees. In Ohio the legislature passed a law making it a criminal offense to kill a red bird or to keep one in captivity. All of them had to be released, and the result is that they are now beginning to increase. I think every state should pass a similar statute as to the song birds found within its borders. It will take but a few years, unless there is such legislation, to destroy all of the song birds in the United States."

"There is a great deal of inventive genius among criminals," said P. D. Wallingford of Cincinnati. "This fact is universally recognized and frequently commented upon. I was talking to a detective some time ago, who has an original idea. He says that the government and the people at large now get no benefit whatever out of criminals. When at liberty they prey upon others, and when confined they are not self-supporting, while what working they do is in competition with free labor. If, therefore, a system of rewards was inaugurated by which the criminal could reduce his sentence by inventing useful appliances to be passed upon by state prison officials, such inventions to be for the benefit of the public, the criminals would exert their wits to produce such meritorious ideas that they could gain freedom, and the people would benefit from those ideas. The idea seemed to me sufficiently plausible to warrant investigation."

"The hardwoods are becoming very scarce and lumbermen say that there is practically no walnut and cherry left," said L. C. Burns of Huntington, W. Va., at the Howard. "Yet, in the aggregate, there is an immense amount of both walnut and cherry left. The day has passed when a forest can be found with enough walnut to keep a sawmill running for months, but the supply is by no means exhausted. Through the Blue Ridge and Allegheny ranges there are thousands of walnut and cherry trees. They are somewhat isolated, but at the present prices would pay handsomely for hauling to the mills. The timbermen have not yet ceased looking for virgin forests of walnut and cherry, and these are very scarce. When they make up their minds that these cannot be secured, and make a close canvass for single trees, I think they will be surprised at the number still standing."

"I was in a group telling stories at a country hotel in West Virginia, when one of the crowd told a mother-in-law joke," said B. F. Havens of New York at the Shoreham. "The landlord was quite old, nearly eighty years of age, I think, and he did not relish this story, although he laughed heartily at the others.

"'I don't believe in jokes about a man's mother-in-law,' he said. 'The mother of a man's wife ought to be thought as much of as his own mother. My first wife did not have a living mother, and it took her a long time to get used to keeping house. All of my others have had their mothers with them, and the old ladies have always watched out for anything wrong, while my wives were all ambitious to do as well as their mothers. All five of my mothers-in-law have lived with me, and if I get married again, I will have a wife whose mother is living.'"

MARY ANN—MY GIRL

We growed up together—Mary Ann and I. Ever since we was so high. Fact is, our places touch, and our fences run together, and her pa and my pa started our groves at the same time. Its south Floridy where we live. I said our fences jine. You see, we built our shacks when there wasn't anybody else aroun' for miles. Now there's quite a big little settlement near us, and we have a mighty fancy name—Umadilla, or some such the northern folks calls it, for they named it, and we've got a post office now. We used to call it Horse Shoe Bend, 'cause there's a bend of hammock land aroun' our place; but them northern folks knowed better, of course.

Over at Mary Ann's place there's a Big Chiny berry tree. Its a real nice place to lie under, on the Bermudy grass, and watch Mary Ann plait palmetto hats. She's real peart at it, and can do lots of fancy things. She made a lot of palmetto hats, and trimmed 'em with flowers an' sich that she made out of the palmetto. Looked most as pretty as fish-scale work. She carried 'em to Orlando, an' some of the northern ladies bought 'em. They took pow'ful spells over 'em. Yes, Mary Ann's right peart. Her pa 'lows she's his right-hand man, an' he don't know what he'll do when she marries.

She's as strong as a little mule. You wouldn't b'lieve it, no, sir, if I tol' you what work that girl's done. 'Deed, she has, though. She plows real clever. Yes, sir, she put in the crop when her pa was 'lectioneering for Cap'n Shine.

I had the chill-fever las' spring, and I ain't been so peart since. Then I was out wadin' in the flat-woods one night in the rainy season, huntin' our mare that'd run away, and I went "geslorg" into a gopher hole, and everlastin'ly bruised my ankle. I ain't been no hand at walkin' since. I can jest sorter poge over to Mary Ann's; but it's a right hard pull; yes, sir!

Mary Ann, she can turn her hand to anything. Jest to show you.

Las' week her pa set out to burn a "fire line" 'roun' our places. Well, the fire got away from him, an' was combin' for the cross fence, when Mary Ann, she saw it from where we sat under the Chiny tree. She just kited fur the stable, and before I could count twenty she was back again with their ol' mule an' a plow.

Them she turned over to her pa, and pitched into tearin' down the cross fence; for if the fire got ahold to the cross fence our groves was gone up; 'cause, you see, there was orange bresh piled all about the roots of the trees, and if it got caught afire, why, they'd everlastin'ly roast. Yes, sir! The fence did catch one place, but Mary Ann, she pulled the burnin' rails off, and throwed 'em into the plowed groun'.

Then her pa tuckered out, and she finished the "fire line," just a geein' and a hawin', big as the governor. Then she poured water over that pore old mule, never thinkin' of herself. Mary Ann she never tuckers out. The heat was awful that day. When an ol' Floridy sun gits to humpin' it can't be beat. No, sir! But Mary Ann, she never stopped till the line was plowed. That's Mary Ann, all over. Pa says if it hadn't been for Mary Ann our groves 'd been ruint, and her pa says he can't git along without Mary Ann; but I reckon he'll have to, 'cause she's my girl. Ma says Mary Ann's worth the whole kit an' bilin' of we men folks.

I reckon me and Mary Ann might "step off" this fall—maybe. I ain't very peart; but Mary Ann's real likely, and strong as a little mule. I reckon we could get along right well. Mary Ann's raisin' some hawgs, an' her ma says she can have the heifer that she nursed up when everybody else said it had the "salt sick," and would die. Then there's the harridick (stray cow) that takened up with they-all's cows, an' I should think that orter to belong to Mary Ann. She fed it from her own potato patch. With the shoates an' the heifer an' the harrydick, it 'pears to me we might kinder manage. I might kind of perk up, an' feel like goin' 'lectioneering myself fur sheriff, and Mary Ann could put in the crop while I was gone. Looks like we might sorter git along.

HER OBJECTION.

Why a Mother Wanted to Disown Her Daughter, Who Eloped.

"I spent the night in a cabin near Monticello, Ky., a few weeks ago," said C. L. McIlwaine of the blue grass state to a Star reporter.

In the morning a young girl who had cooked the supper the night before was missing, while her mother was in a terrible rage.

"I don't want ter never see thet gal agin," she cried vehemently.

"What is the trouble?" I asked.

"Trubble? Trubble enough. That gal o' mine has 'loped 'th Tom Wilkins."

"Do you object to him very greatly?"

"Him? I didn't say nothin' 'gin him, did I? It's th'e gal. She kain't cum back hyar no mo'."

I had taken rather a fancy to the girl, so I thought I would try to placate the mother.

"You shouldn't be hard on her. Young people will marry."

"I hain't no 'jections ter her a marryin'."

"They don't always marry the man their parents want them to."

"I hain't nothin' agin Tom."

"Some nice girls like to elope. It adds romance," I persisted.

"I hain't nothin' ter say 'bout thet. I allus tol' her ter run away ter git married. It makes a husban' better when he thinks he stole his gal, an' then thar ain't no trubble fixin' fer a weddin' an' dance. She done jess as I tol' her 'bout runnin' off ter town."

"Then what is the trouble?" I asked.

"Trubble enough. I tol' her when she run off ter take thet thar piece o' five-cent caliker and git two ya'ds fer a bonnet, an' thar it lays right whar I put it, never teched. I don' know when I'll git another chance ter git some."

At that moment the girl and her lover, riding on a horse, came to the back door. The old lady glanced at them.

"Did you git my caliker?" she shouted.

"Yaas, maw. Jelef' th' piece, so I made Tom buy four yards. 'Nuff fer a hull bonnet."

"Get right off an' cum in. Tom, put up th' critter. I'll jen' fer Abe Woolson ter bring 'is fiddle an' we'll all hev a dance jess like yo' was married ter hum." And within an hour it looked like the whole population of the mountain side had arrived, while the bride and her mother were busy cooking chickens for a feast, and Abe tuning his fiddle for use as soon as dinner should be over.

At the Club.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Farnsworth—"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?"

Eddy—"Yes. I am convinced that my wife was formerly a wildcat."

A Social Disaster.

From the Chicago Record.

"Madge, you were late at the tennis club this afternoon."

"Yes; I lost the combination of the block-and-tackle which holds my shirt waist and skirt together."

FROM THE ARIZONA KICKER

Selections Made for The Star by M. Quad.

The Panther Hill Advocate, which was established by J. M. Simms two months ago, suspended publication last week, and the outfit will be moved to New Mexico. The Advocate was a fairly good weekly and Mr. Simms is a good fellow, but the mistake he made was in not knowing the people around him. We'll bet a dollar to a cent that we can ride over to Panther Hill and pull every nose in the town and get away all right. They are a lot of blowhards and duffers over there, but Editor Simms permitted them to walk all over him from the start. When they found they could pull his nose twenty times a day and not get hurt, they had regular pulling matches every day in the week. We sent him over a gun, but he looked at it with tears in his eyes and let things go right on. Had he boxed three or four men he would have doubled the value of his plant in a month and been elected mayor of the town, and perhaps gone to the Senate, but he had no sand.

Not His Fault.

Mr. Jim Hellso, postmaster of this town (who is ourself), regrets the little affair which happened at the post office Wednesday afternoon, but is consoled by the knowledge that no fault of his brought it about. A stranger named Barnes entered the office and began shooting through the general delivery window to hurry up the clerk, who was busy elsewhere for the moment. There was a printed sign before Mr. Barnes' nose that shooting was played out, but he paid no attention to it. Mr. Hellso (who is ourself) stepped out into the corridor and requested the shooter to desist, but he pulled a second gun and opened fire on the postmaster. He had fired three shots when he fell. It was at first thought he was fatally wounded, but the doctors row say that he will pull through and be out again in a few weeks. It is unpleasant for the postmaster to have these things occur, but when they do he is expected to get the best of them, and has always done so thus far. Mr. Barnes freely admits that it was all his own fault, and that after this he will be content to pound on the floor with a club or to jump on his hat and utter a wharwhoop.

Out for Business.

While we were returning from Jackson's Bend last Sunday afternoon we fell in with a stranger at No Man's Creek who seemed to be out hunting jack rabbits. We had given him a few valuable hints on how best to hunt the long-eared jack, when he suddenly turned on us and held us up for $28 in cash, a silver watch and both our guns. He had a big revolver looking us straight in the left eye before we had any idea that the circus had come to town, and under the circumstances we thought it best to shell out. He was a peremptory sort of critter, but courteous withal, and he gave us his word that nothing but dire necessity would have induced him to rob a newspaper man. We tried to get him to open a game of poker with us, knowing that we could win everything back on a couple of hands, but he was in a hurry and soon went his way. The sheriff went out with a posse next day and beat up the country, but the traveler was not to be found. We have nothing particular against him, as he used us well and said he was a regular reader and an admirer of the Kicker, but if we meet him again will plan to have the hold-up on the other foot.

The Pine Hill Way.

Last week we announced that an individual known as "Cheerful Jim" had been lynched by the vigilance committee at Pine Hill, and great was our surprise when he walked into the Kicker office the other day and said he was feeling as well as usual, but for a sore throat. It seems that they did hang him, but as some of the crowd were half drunk and the remainder anxious to attend a dog fight, the job was so poorly done that the victim wriggled out of the noose and walked off. "Cheerful Jim" shouldn't have been lynched in the first place, as he simply shot a man in the foot by accident, but as long as they set out to hang him, their bungling work was a disgrace to the whole territory. Jim says so himself, and adds that he wouldn't live in Pine Hill thirty days if they would give him the town. He can swear, chew tobacco and swallow soup, but it will be a week or so yet before he can work his throat on corn beef and potatoes. He will make his home at Giveadam Gulch hereafter, and if our people ever have occasion to hang him he will feel proud of the way it's done.

Always in the Lead.

Monday morning of last week we received direct from Chicago, and in good order, the first and only paper cutter ever seen in this locality, and all day long the office was crowded with interested sight-seers, each of whom had a word in praise of our enterprise. We don't want to appear vain or boastful, but we feel that we may be excused for observing that every step we have thus far taken has exhibited a spirit of enterprise totally unknown in this region before our advent. We have several more in view, and hope to continue to merit praise so liberally lavished upon our efforts. There seems to be a general impression around town that a paper cutter will also cut hair and trim finger nails, but such use of it would be attended with danger.

KILLED THE BEAR.

Thrilling Adventure, in Which Bruin Played in Hard Luck.

"While traveling through the great Smoky mountains I met Uncle Dan Martin, who has probably killed more black bears than any other man in the south," said a well-known Washingtonian who is fond of hunting, to a Star reporter.

"I spent the night at Uncle Dan's cabin listening to stories of the 'varmints,' as the old bear-killer calls them."

"Did you ever get in a very close place with a bear?" I asked.

"I reckon I hev. The clostest place I ever got inter war 'bout five y'ar ago, I reckon. I went acrost th' mounting to a speakin' an' cum back 'bout two hours by sun. I war thinkin' whether it'd pay me most ter vote fer tariff ter git mo' fer my 'baccer or agin tariff ter giv less fer my clo'es, when all of a sudden I seed a varmint. I didn' hev no gun, nothin' but a pocket knife, an' it hed both blades broke, so they wa'n't no use. The b'ar seed me an' seemed ter sense thet I didn't hev nothin' with me but my fists, an' started fer me. I seed he wa'n't too ole ter climb trees, so I headed for a leetle tree standin' on a ledge like. We got thar 'bout th' same time, an' I clim fas', but he cum right along. It war a straight poplar, an' not big 'nuff ter hol' a b'ar an' a man. It begun ter ben', an' I went on higher, feelin' th' b'ar's breath on my feet. Th' tree bended over an' I dropped ter th' groun', 'bout ten foot below, spectin' ter hev a han' ter han' fight with th' b'ar.

"Mebbe I wa'n't s'prised ter see that thar tree straighten up 'th a snap when I let go. Th' b'ar war in jess th' right place, an' when th' tree sprung back it throwed 'im through th' air an' he lit squar on his head agin a big rock. He never moved, so I went an' got 'im. We ate 'im, and I sol' his skin, but I don't never count 'im when tellin' how many I've killed, fer I didn' zackly kill 'im. Yo' mout say he happened ter an accerdent."

IN A MINING TOWN.

A Shoemaker Who Feared Competition From a Minister of the Gospel.

Clergymen are frequently good story tellers, but as a rule, a proper dignity prevents them from wanting to appear in that light publicly. The following was narrated to a Star reporter by a popular divine:

"In the days of my early ministry," he said, "I thought it necessary to impress thoughts of salvation by everything I uttered, and I am afraid I was sometimes not altogether discreet.

"My first work was in a western mining camp, and I had to remain over night at a rough hotel to wait for a stage to convey me to my destination. At the table a savage-looking man said, gruffly:

"'What might be yer line, young feller?'

"'Saving souls,' I said, solemnly.

"'Ugh,' was the only response.

"After supper, a coarsely-dressed man approached me and said:

"'Pardner, le' 's make some kind o' dicker. We're in ther same line, an' thar ain't room fer both. Thar's a camp furder up the crick whar yo' could do well.'

"'I think you are mistaken, my friend,' I said, 'I am a minister of the Gospel.'

"'Scuse me, parson; I thought yo' was a cobbler.'"

TWO ON A STRING.

A Story Told by a New York Drummer From Mexico.

"Last April I was down in Mexico," said a New York traveling salesman to a Star reporter, "on a business trip, and one night my partner and I had to remain over in a small place about fifty miles out of Mexico City. It wasn't such a bad place, either, but the landlord of the hotel told us that thieves were plenty, and if they were cornered they might stick their knives into people. Our room in the little tavern was a kind of a summer house affair, out in the yard, with a door on each of two sides, and was only a few feet up from the ground on a kind of a platform veranda. We had several hundred dollars which we had collected, and the safest place we could put it was in our satchels in our room.

"For a wonder the doors had locks on them, but the upper part of the door was made in Venetian shutter style, and a man with a long arm could by stretching probably reach the lock. We weren't very much afraid, and merely locked the doors without noticing the shutter part at all. Besides it was dark when we went to bed, as we didn't want a light to attract the insects. We slept without disturbance until the first gray streaks of dawn, and then we were awakened by a queer noise at the doors.

"We suspected thieves at once, and as quiet as mice we slipped out of bed and began to reconnoiter. When I got to my door, it kind of gave me the creeps to see a dirty yellow hand thrust through the shutter and stretching itself downward toward the lock, and I was tempted to yell and scare the marauder away. However, I kept my nerve, and in a second or two it was strangely fascinating to watch the efforts of that hand to reach the lock. My partner was having the same kind of an experience, and the thieves were evidently intending to take us 'a-comin' an' a-gwine.'

"We stood irresolute for a minute, and then my partner made a sign to me to hand him an old lariat hanging on the wall. This in a second he had looped at each end and I saw the trick. The next minute we had a hand apiece looped at each end of the rope, and had pulled it tight inside. Everything had been perfectly still up to this time, and now it was stiller than ever. I do not know what the thieves thought had happened to them, but they were caught, and as soon as we got the rope knotted, we let go and they discovered that they were tied together and there wasn't any way for them to get away unless one of them pulled the other through the knot hole, so to speak.

"Then it became funny, and we sat there nearly splitting, but never making a sound. In a minute or two more we could see another hand coming through with a long, ugly knife in it, trying to cut the rope holding the first hand, but we had drawn them far through, and the other hand could not reach. Of course, we expected now to hear a yell, and have some kicking and other disturbances, but the stoicism of the Indian was in them, and they never made a sound until the landlord himself spoke to them when he came to wake us up.

"That was two hours or more later, and we had in the meantime gone back to bed to finish our morning nap, trusting to luck that they wouldn't get away. The landlord when he discovered them made more noise in a minute than all four of us had made since the act began, and when we got up it was to find our garden house surrounded by half the population of the town, and the two thieves sticking to our doors as if they had been nailed there and nobody able to get them loose."

A CAPITOL EFFECT.

A Man With a Notion in His Head Undergoes a Change.

As a Star reporter waited at the Baltimore and Potomac station for a train from New York an accommodation from the south came in, and one of the passengers from it ambled along up to the gates and came head on to the man waiting for somebody else. He was a sharp-eyed, hairy-faced, thin-necked, store-clothed, anxious-looking sort of a chap, and the reporter was undecided at first whether his "find" was a knave or a fool, and he wasn't long finding out.

"Say," said the new arrival with that friendly familiarity any stranger uses on a reporter, some way by intuition, for there is no outward evidence that a reporter is what he is—"say, I'm lookin' for the Capitol of the United States. You've got it in this town, haven't you?"

"I presume you mean the Capitol building," replied the reporter with becoming dignity.

"The same," said the new arrival, with the accent on the first word. "Will you tell me how to get there from here?"

"Right out through this building and on out the street till you come to the wide street beyond, and turn to your right. The rest of the way you may walk or ride, as you prefer."

The man was apparently in no hurry, for he showed a disposition to linger and converse.

"It's a right big buildin', ain't it?" he asked.

"One of the largest in the world?"

"I understand it cost something like forty or fifty millions of dollars, and the taxpayers had to pay for it," and there was a disagreeable tone in his voice.

"What's the difference what it cost?" said the reporter. "It is the Capitol of this great country, and we can afford to have it pretty good."

The man grew visibly excited.

"That's what I'm here fer," he said, fiercely. "I'm getting ready some campaign speeches for the populist party, and I thought if I'd come here to the capital of the nation and see what extravagance there has been here I could talk sense to the down-trodden and oppressed people of my party and all others that has been bearin' the burdens of the rich all these years. Right here in this one buildin' there has been enough of the people's money spent to buy farms fer hundreds and set them up in comfortable homes. It's a shame and a outrage, sir, and the hand of the sufferin' people should shut on the throat of their despoilers, sir. This nation ain't a nation for rich people, and there never was any use of that kind of a buildin' for the government to be carried on in. I've never saw it, and I'm here to take a look and go back and tell my people the plain facts in the case, sir. Where did you say I'd go to find it?"

The train from New York had come in and the friend the reporter was looking for did not arrive.

"Come with me," he said to the gentleman from Popville, "and I'll show you."

The man grew more vindictive as he walked along and he was hot as cotton when they reached the avenue.

"There's the Capitol," said the reporter, pointing to the east.

Possibly it was that the sun fell peculiarly upon the building at the moment or it may merely have seemed so, but the great white dome, set between its pillared wings, appeared to float above the green of the earth into the blue of the sky and to stand out beyond and above the city as if it were not made with finite hands, but had taken on the spirit of the infinite and set itself as a seal forever in the heavens.

The reporter, as often as he had seen the building, was impressed with the beauty of it, and he turned to the stranger with him. For fully two minutes the man stood gazing upward as if looking into the sky, but his eyes were on the dome. Then he gulped as if swallowing something.

"God forgive me," he said with quivering lips. "I didn't know that anything out of heaven could look like that, and I'm goin' back to my people down there where we ought to know better, and I'm goin' to tell them we've got the greatest gover'ment on earth, and we've got to stand more taxes, if it's necessary, to keep a single hinge from fallin' off or a palin' from comin' loose. Much obliged to you; good-bye," he concluded, "I'm goin' right back home on that next train," and he broke for the station.

HE WAS GAME.

An Indian's First Experience With White Man's Condiments.

My sister and I taught school one winter in adjoining distric