HEARD AND SEEN

"The Christmas greens to be sold in the markets next week," said a colored auntie who presides over a market stand, "have been gathered during the past week and are now being made up in the various shapes that find so many purchasers during Christmas times. There will be crosses and crowns, wreaths and shields and any number of other forms. As fast as we get them made up they are carefully buried in the ground, care being taken to properly protect them, so that the air shall not reach them. In this way they are kept fresh. As a rule they are brought to the market two or three days before Christmas. The Christmas trees, however, will not be cut until the last thing, for the reason that there is no way to keep them fresh. Much of the work of pulling off the crowsfoot, the cedar twigs and gathering the red berries and moss is done by our children, though the old folks have to make up the crosses, crowns and wreaths, in which laurel and holly are extensively used. The holly is getting scarcer and scarcer every year, and some of us had to travel fifteen and twenty miles—way back into the country—to get it at all."

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"The practice of writing letters on Sundays is enormously on the increase in this city," remarked a letter gatherer. "We have the evidence of it in collecting from the street boxes on our rounds on Sunday nights—ordinarily the down town boxes, those in the business centers, have three times as many letters in them as do the boxes in the other sections of the city. On Sunday nights all this is changed, as there is then but little mail matter in the down town boxes, while the boxes in the other parts are well filled. The approaching holiday season has, of course, a great deal to do with the thousands of letters that are now being written, but I have noticed for the past five or six years that the Sunday letter writing business is constantly on the increase. You would be surprised to know the number of Saturday Stars which after being read on Sundays are mailed. The substations throughout the city now sell nearly double as many stamps on Sunday as they did even three years ago."

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"Spectacles and eye glasses are as much benefited by a bath now and then as people are," remarked a well-known optician. "It is strange how many people there are who think that their glasses only need an occasional wiping. Now, the fact is glasses require actual baths as frequently as does the ordinary person. The process is as simple as you may want to make it. My plan, however, is to take the glasses to a wash bowl and give them a good soaking in warm water. Then apply soap freely and rub it off by the use of a soft tooth or nail brush. After that give them a polish with any of the usual tooth powders, and then clean them with tissue paper, which is much better for that purpose than chamois skin, or anything else that I know of.

"The ordinary cleansing is all right as far as it goes, but it is not sufficient. Many a person has done great injury to their eyes by neglecting to properly clean their glasses. I have had a number of patients come to me with complaints about what they called a gradual dimunition of their sight. An examination revealed the fact that it was wonderful that they could see at all, for their glasses were gummed over and had been fearfully neglected. A little soap and water, to which a few drops of ammonia was added, did the business. Some time ago a friend of mine, a surgeon, who makes a specialty of the ear, told me that there were more ear troubles in consequence of dirt in the ear than from all other causes combined."

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"It may sound like nonsense, but it is true all the same," said a coal dealer, "that coal, over which has been sprinkled a strong solution of salt, will last much longer than it otherwise will—what will be saved in coal will more than doubly pay for the salt and the trouble. Some of my customers tell me they use a pound of salt in each two quarts of water. Hot water dissolves the salt more readily than cold, though either will do. The salt in some way adds a lasting ingredient to the coal. Salt was the main constituent of the various coalines so extensively advertised a few years ago, and by which so much money was made. Any one can try the experiment in a small way. First see exactly how long one scuttle full of coal will last. Next try the same amount of coal, over which the solution of salt has been sprinkled."

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"The freezing of the various articles of food used does not do them the harm that is generally supposed," said a scientist who has conducted a series of extensive experiments under the direction of the War Department. "Last winter, out in Minnesota, we allowed to freeze and stay frozen for over two weeks a large assortment of canned goods. After they thawed out we found they were but slightly, if at all damaged, certainly not enough to be considered as serious. We found that corned beef and mess pork were benefited by the freezing in that it made them more tender."

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"More harm than benefit is done the grass," said an experienced gardener, "by the so-called soil which some fake gardeners are daily spreading on the lawns and terraces throughout the city. Much of the compost which is being used is made up of street sweepings, some soil and the charcoal from the tons of leaves gathered on the streets, which were burned on the river flats during the early fall. This leaf charcoal is put in the compost to darken its color and give it an appearance of richness. I have witnessed that there is considerable coal ashes mixed in it. A compost of this character is a decided injury, and the grass will do much better next spring if it is left alone. Of course there is a great deal of thoroughly rotted compost used by reliable gardeners. To get this in proper shape it takes two years."

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"I had a very amusing experience up at my summer house in New York state," said Mr. F. C. Stevens, president of the West End National Bank and owner of the famous Maplewood hackney stud, in conversation with some friends recently. "We have a large number of chickens at Maplewood, and they are so wild that when they are needed for the table it has been my custom to shoot them with a rifle. One morning I was going away for the day, and told my man of all work to shoot four chickens and to be sure to shoot 'em through the head. When I returned about dinner time I was told that Carl had not been seen since morning and no chickens had been brought in. Upon investigating I discovered Carl down back of the barn yard carefully leveling my rifle and then taking it down again. After watching him awhile I asked him what he was doing.

" 'Ach!' he exclaimed, 'I dry to zhoot de chickie in de het, bud he dond keep de het sdill.'

"Looking ahead of him I saw four chickens tied by as many strings to a post, fluttering and jumping about. The poor fellow had caught them after a hard effort, and in order to carry out my directions to the letter was patiently attempting to shoot 'em through the heads."

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"One of the richest, if not the richest, veins of gold in the world is near my town," said P. D. Warren of Spearfish, S.D., at the Raleigh. "It runs $18,000 to the ton. The vein is only eight inches wide, and is probably not a true fissure, but a pocket vein, although this is not as yet definitely known. But while it is a small vein, it will make its owner a rich man, and he bought it for $300. An Irishman formerly owned the property, and used it as a stone quarry. The present owner contracted with the Irishman for enough rock to build a foundation. It was gotten out so slowly that the man became tired of waiting, and finally asked the Irishman what he would take for the quarry. Three hundred dollars was the price, and this was paid. A few days later the purchaser found the vein of gold, and now it would take a quarter of a million to buy it."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

A Sensible Wife Who Gives Tips to Her Husband.

Several days ago a Capitol Hill man concluded that he would do some work as an agent in the disposal to merchants of an article useful to them. This was done at the suggestion of his wife, his work as a government hireling allowing him two hours or more each day between 4 o'clock and time for supper, and the lady feeling the necessity of a few dollars extra to make Christmas a more glittering success.

Last Monday he began the work, and after an hour's meandering among the mercantile meadows he came home much depressed, and without a single ray of hope in the shape of an order. The next day it was the same.

"Of course," said his hopeful spouse, "you don't expect to jump right in up to your neck in orders and make a million of dollars a minute. Perseverance and elbow grease will bring you around all right."

"Well," he responded, "so far, while I have not met with any success, I have been at least treated with courtesy in the places where I have called. If it wasn't for that I wouldn't stand it a minute, and I want to say to you, my love, that the first man who insults me in this darn Christmas job you have saddled onto me I'll quit it if this family never sees hide nor hair of Santa Claus in a thousand years. Mind that, will you?"

She smiled serenely and the next day he went out again at 4:30, and by 5 o'clock he was back.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked, as he came in and chucked the sample down so hard that it cracked.

"Didn't I tell you yesterday that if I got insulted I'd quit? Well, a man insulted me awhile ago, and I'm done. If you want a Christmas fund extra you'll have to go out and work it up yourself. I'm off for good."

"How did the man insult you?" she asked, sympathetically.

"Answered me in a manner no gentleman should, and I was as polite as a gentleman could be. He was standing in his gol-darned old store and I stepped in, and, bowing politely, I says to him: 'Do you run this store, sir?' and what do you think he said?"

"What?" inquired his wife.

"Why," and he grew wrathy at the thought of it, "why, Mary, by thunder, he said, 'That's my business.' Now, was that any way to answer a civil question? He needn't to have gone into any elaborate explanation, and a simple 'yes' or 'no' would have done, but to have turned me down by saying that it was none of my business is just a little too much."

His wife began to smile.

"But he didn't say that, dear," she said, soothingly.

"He did, or the same thing. He said that was his business."

"Well, wasn't it, dear? Wasn't he the proprietor?"

She was so easy, so gentle, so superior that he couldn't say a word. He picked up his sample, went out again, and when he came back from the place where he though he had been insulted he had an order that would net a turkey and trimmings on the commissions.

LACK OF SQUIRRELS

And the Effect on the Good Roads Question in One Locality.

"I was driving along a fairly good mountain road in east Tennessee when I came to a place where for two miles it was the worst stretch of road I ever saw," said a traveling salesman to a Star reporter. "I had to get out and lead my horse and lift the buggy wheels around the rocks, taking nearly two hours to go the two miles.

"At the first stopping place I inquired: 'Why don't they fix this road?'

" 'They do. Law makes 'em wu'k it,' was the reply.

" 'The last two miles are the worst I ever saw,' I replied.

" 'Y-a-a-s. Yo' see, they don't never wu'k them two miles.'

" 'Why not?'

" 'I dunno. Yo' see, when we go ter wu'k ther roads we allus takes our rifles erlong ter git squirrels. Thar's a heap o' squirrels all erlong that road, 'ceptin' jess them two miles, so in cose we don' wu'k them.' "

HOW TO DO UP GIFTS.

Can Be Made to Look More Attractive With Pretty Wrappings.

It makes more difference than people generally suppose whether or not a Christmas present is done up in attractive shape. A pretty box or a piece of fancy paper tied with a narrow ribbon adds a charm to the most unpretentious gift. It pays to lay in a stock of fine tissue paper for use on Christmas eve, and if one cannot afford ribbon, pink or blue string, or smaller rubber bands serve the purpose. Jewelers always put their silver novelties in nests of jewelers' cotton in boxes to fit, if the purchaser requests it. A twenty-five-cent steel nail file looks better in a box than out, and, by the way, is much better than a fifty-cent silver one. When a box is not used wrap the present first in tissue paper, and afterward in white druggist's paper, or fine, light brown will serve, if the white cannot be had.

Japanese, crinkled tissue is very attractive and helps to decorate the Christmas tree, if there is one. It comes in all colors and has an "air" about it that is prettier than the ordinary, soft tissue. A pretty and tasteful wrapping shows care and forethought which is far more important to the recipient than the intrinsic value of the gift.

Settling.

From the Chicago Dispatch.

Teacher (severely)—"Tommy Smith, come here. Why haven't you learned your geography lesson?"

Tommy—" 'Cause the papers say there's going to be a change in the map of Europe."

A Ha-Ha Book.

From Life.

There was a young girl down in Fla.,
Who read as the sun grew ta.
In a book; and she smiled;
"With deep joy I am wild;
Why, this grows Ha, and Ha!"

A PRETTY WIDOW'S STORY

The widow was not wearing weeds, neither was she plunged in a gulf of dark despair, nor did she show any signs of those other dreadfully woe-begone conditions which are sometimes attributed to the state of widowhood, not only in America and its environs, but pretty generally over the entire earth's surface.

On the contrary, she was as bright and vivacious as a summer girl, and she was talking to the major in seventeen languages all at once. At least, it so seemed to him, for he hadn't the slightest opportunity of introducing a word into the conversation sidewise, even much less introducing it, according to the ordinary rules of colloquy.

"Do you know, major," she was saying as fast as she could, and with little gasps for breath between, as women do when their conversational locomotive begins to "run wild," "that I had a perfectly dreadful experience once in my life?"

The major wanted to say that he could not understand how such a charming woman could have any kind of an experience that was not as lovely as she was, but he wasn't quick enough.

"Well, I did," she rattled away, "and, you know, it was during dear George's lifetime, and it was perfectly awful. My, my," this with a half sigh, "you wouldn't think I had been a widow ten years, would you?"

The major was on the point of saying that she seemed to him more like a radiant sunbeam, or something like that, for the major has a flattering tongue; but before he could carry his wish into execution the widow was five lengths ahead.

"Very few people do," she twittered. "Do you think I look very old?" and she canted her head to one side, and looked at the major as a bird looks at a bug it wants for dinner.

The major was about to say that he thought she was a summer girl before some one told him she was a widow, but, as before, he was left at the post.

"But, as I was saying," she continued, "I had this perfectly awful experience. You know that dear George, during the last two years of his life, was suffering with some peculiar brain trouble that quite changed him. His hallucination was that he was some other person, and that while I was his wife, I was not the same wife he had known in his sanity. This seemed to be the only peculiarity of his madness, for on all other points he was quite sane enough to deceive even experts. Of course, I had to watch him all the time, for the physician said his disorder might develop at any moment, and he might do something desperate, though it was not probable that it would take such a turn.

"One morning he slipped away from his attendant and escaped to a train that was just leaving the station. The man had grown careless, because George was so rational all the time, but when he lost him he realized that he had been neglectful, and at once came after me to know what to do. I was not at home, and did not come in for two hours, and the man was so silly, or something, that he didn't go to the physician, but just waited for me. When he told me of George's escape I sent for the physician and a private detective, and as soon as possible the detective followed my husband. The physician encouraged me greatly by saying that George was perfectly able to take care of himself, that he had no suicidal tendency, and that he would very probably find him at some of the near-by resorts, as it was summer, and the hotels were all open, if he did not return of his own free will in a few days.

"He had quite a snug sum of money with him, and I felt easy on that score, for he could meet all his expenses, and knew very well how to handle money. Still, I was dreadfully nervous, and excited, and, as I could not sit at home, I used to go out on short trips looking for him. The detective was also out constantly, but he had met with no success in his search and at the end of two weeks I determined to sound a general alarm, so to speak, and give the story to the newspapers, when, on one of my expeditions, I unexpectedly found him in a remote little town, where there were very few summer visitors. He had been there since his departure from home, and I soon discovered that he was on excellent terms with everybody. He was very glad to see me at first, and took me around to meet his new friends. Of course, it wasn't customary for a lady to call first, but I was thinking about George, and not social usage, and would have done anything he asked me.

"The townspeople were extremely fond of him, and he had been so generous in his charities that he was looked upon as a public benefactor. To have told them that George was a lunatic, however mild, would have resulted in my being thought one, and during the afternoon of my arrival I kept my own counsel and telegraphed at once for the physician and the attendant. No train was due until next morning, and all I could do was to wait and keep quiet. There was no trouble with George until just after we had taken our supper at the little hotel where he stopped, and had gone to his room. There something I said must have indicated to him in some way that I had some designs against his liberty, or something, I don't know what, and he began to act queerly and show that he was suspicious of me.

"I had been under such a dreadful strain for so long that I was completely unnerved, and now that I had found him I felt myself relaxing and verging upon hysterics. I tried to control myself and get him to thinking about something else, but suddenly and without any warning, he caught me and began to choke me. Of course, I screamed, and screamed with all my might, and in a minute or two people came rushing to the room, inquiring what was the matter. As they came in George held me struggling in his arms, but he was cooler than any one in the party, and was talking to me like a mother to a fretful or frightened child, and doing all he could to soothe me. But by this time I was so wrought up that I could not keep still, and when George very quietly told them that I was demented, and became extremely violent at times, lasting for months, they believed him and asked what could be done.

"He asked that a physician and a policeman be sent for, and a messenger went flying, and soon came back with them. They held a council over me, and upon George's suggestion that I be put in a safe place for the night, I was taken to the woman's cell in the town prison and locked up in charge of a woman nurse, who had volunteered her services, as she had had experience with lunatics. Wasn't that perfectly awful? I, a sane woman, to be locked up on a charge of lunacy, brought by a lunatic?"

The major was anxious to say that he had never heard of such an outrage perpetrated in a civilized land, but the widow ran over him and went on.

"Well, it was awful, and the more I tried to convince the woman that it was my husband who was crazy, the more she shook her head kindly and told me she knew it, and that I was put in there only to protect me from him. That made me worse, and I would go off into hysterics again, and I never slept a wink all night. When morning came I was more nearly a raving maniac than the real lunatic was, and when George came in to see me his emotions were painful to see, and he cried like a baby over me, the nurse all the time trying to cheer him up by telling him that I had been quiet most of the night, and would soon recover from the fit.

"He shook his head sadly and went away to return in an hour with the physician. They talked over me as if I could not understand anything they were saying, and on George's earnest recommendation the physician agreed that the best thing to be done was to commit me to an asylum until it was thought safe to release me. There was a private asylum not far away, and it was decided to take me there at once. It was now 9 o'clock, and George's physician and attendant would not reach the town until 10, by which time I would be on my way to the asylum, if not on my way to permanent lunacy, for the strain was then all I could bear. I told the physician to wait, and tried to explain to him the situation, and all he did was to say he understood perfectly, and that we were only going for a drive into the country to visit some of George's friends who were anxious to entertain us for a few days. All this time, the nurse was getting me ready for my trip and I was doing all I could to gain a delay of an hour until the train should come, and I prayed that it would not be late.

"Despite all my efforts to the contrary, the nurse reported me ready for the carriage which was in waiting at the prison door, and they picked me up and carried me out to it. There was quite a crowd around the place, all curious, of course, and it had a good effect upon me, for instead of creating any disturbance, I submitted quietly in order not to make a scene. The physician, George and the nurse got into the carriage after me, and we started away for the horrid asylum. I composed myself for whatever might come now, and sat silent, gazing out of the carriage window, when, as we turned into the open space at the railroad station, which we had to pass, I saw my own physician and George's attendant. In a second I had smashed the carriage window, and thrusting out my head screamed for help, calling the doctor by name. They were only the width of a street away, and as the driver of the carriage did not know anything about what was going on, he stopped to see what was wrong, and the next minute I was out of the carriage and had fainted in the physician's arms."

The major was about to remark that the one regret of his life was that he was not that physician, but the widow had her mind and her tongue on her story, and once more flew away from the major.

"Of course, explanations were in order, and it was not long before the true state of the case was made known, greatly to the astonishment of everybody except George. He took it as a matter of course, and laughed over it as a great joke, without apparently understanding what he had done, and he went back to town with us as submissively as could be, never losing his temper in the slightest degree. Within a couple of months after that he grew rapidly worse, and death soon brought him a blessed relief." Here the widow hesitated and sighed. "And, I may say, a blessed relief to me as well, for I would have lost my mind, I am sure."

At this point the widow stopped long enough to give the major an opportunity to make a few remarks, which he did advisedly, seeing that the major, on general principles, regards widows pretty much as did the father of the late Sam Weller.

W. J. LAMPTON.

COMPLETELY FOOLED.

How Mike Walsh Played a Joke on the Botanist.

Mike Walsh of New York was an ante-bellum representative of a district in that city, and from portrayals of his character by the daily press of that time appears to have been a man of jest. A bit of comedy in which Daniel Webster became involved goes to show the quality of Mr. Walsh's humor.

The Botanical Garden, north of the Capitol, was then in existence, though not what it is at present, and Representative Walsh while walking past it one day with several companions chanced to speak of it. His friends were admirers of the garden and of the skill and learning of an old Frenchman in charge of it. Mike, from a natural spirit of contradiction, combated every point brought out in its favor by his friends and said that a Bowery boy could make the botanist believe that wheat was cats.

They had reached Mike's lodgings during the course of the conversation and to clinch his argument he said that he would himself hoodwink the professor and would gather the materials for the hoax on the spot. So from a pile of rubbish near a fence he selected a sound flower pot and then searched for something to put in it. This proved to be a dead rat. Mike placed it in the pot and carefully covered it over with earth, leaving the tail above ground. Then taking a splinter from an old green shutter he stuck it in the pot and tied the rodent's tail to it perpendicularly with a piece of cord. The outfit was complete and Mike journeyed back to the garden with his queer plant, which he informed the professor was a specimen of the "rat-tailed cactus."

Hoodwinking the Gardener.

A friend of his, a lieutenant in the navy, had, he said, returned from the then little known land of Japan, and brought with him this specimen of a rare vegetable. The professor was most eager to become possessed of the specimen, but Mike was reluctant to part with it. To be sure, he said, he might keep it for years and never have a visitor who knew anything about it. To this the professor replied that the public garden was the place for it, then every one could see it. Mike disliked to part with a gift from a friend, but finally yielded to the professor's entreaties.

The botanist examined the growth critically and then attached a slip of paper on which was written a name composed of two words, which Mike said averaged sixteen letters each. Then it was placed in a warm corner where the temperature was supposed most to resemble that of an oriental country, and was each day sprinkled with water heated to 73 degrees. Much attention was attracted to the growth, and the papers printed an article describing it.

Smelled a Rat.

Daniel Webster, who occasionally visited the garden, had a long conference with the professor about the plant, and the botanist promised the statesman one of the first slips to set out at Marshfield, Mr. Webster's home. The cactus was closely watched day by day, and when its tip, as a result of time and high temperature, became slightly excoriated, the professor's delight knew no bounds; "it was about to bear blossoms."

The joke, however, Mike said, was too good to keep, "especially in a hot house, and so before long they began to smell a rat." The botanist was overcome with chagrin and shame, but this was as nothing compared with the wrath of Webster, who chiefly blamed the professor for having taken him in and whom he styled, with an oath, "a frog-eating Frenchman."

It's One or the Other.

From the Baltimore News.

Blynkins—"A girl who can sing just as soon as she gets up in the morning must have a sweet disposition."

Wynkins—"Not necessarily. She may have a grudge against somebody in the neighborhood."

It Looked Better.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Maud—"Who is that deformed young fellow talking to May Smiley?"

Ethel—"Why, that's Mr. Dawkins, the famous full back. He had his shoulder twisted in the last big match."

Maud—"What a lovely deformity! Introduce me, dear."

The New Guest and His Patented Furniture.

From Fliegende Blatter.

A CAMPAIGN EXPERIENCE

Varied and unique are some of the experiences of campaign orators in the west. Representative Pickler of South Dakota was relating one the other day. By direction of the state central republican committee he was sent a long distance out among the hills to talk to the Indians at Fort Sisseton, who hold their lands in severalty and are voters, though what they do not know about the English language would fill a large book. It was the day before election, and Mr. Pickler left the railroad station at noon in a driving snow storm, with the snow lying fifteen inches deep on the level, with many bad drifts already formed. His first stopping place was to be at the home of one of the chiefs of the tribe. A mile and a half out from the railway, a single horseman was seen coming on a swift gallop out of the storm toward the conveyance. "The Indians have sent a scout to meet you," observed the driver cheerfully; "they were afraid you would get lost in the storm." And the driver's surmise was correct.

"The fellow couldn't talk English a little bit," said Mr. Pickler, "but he could make signs like an artist, and managed to impart the information that if we would follow his trail about a mile and a half he would locate my audience. We drove up to a good-sized house for that region of country, and on entering I found a novel scene. Along the walls on benches sat a number of the older men of the tribe; then came a lot of their women, sitting on the floor and standing, babies strapped on the backs of many; then a row of men sitting on the floor. In one corner a small Indian baby was strapped in its board cradle, which was propped up against the wall. In another corner stood a number of the younger Indian voters, and in a third corner was a young Indian propped up in bed, in the last stages of consumption. The election was to be held in that room on the following day, and he hoped to be able to vote.

"I shook hands with each person present, as is the unvarying custom of the Indians in greeting visitors, and then looked around for a place to stand while speaking. 'Stand in the middle of the room,' said the interpreter, 'that is there custom,' and I obeyed instructions. For three-quarters of an hour I talked to them on sound money, tariff, and of their local interests, with which I was thoroughly acquainted. I spoke in English, and my words were immediately translated into Sisseton by the interpreter. I was often interrupted by applause—given the interpreter, understand—and it's the funniest kind of applause on earth. They all say "Ugh! Ugh!" at once when they are pleased, and the effect is laughable. When I finished, the handshaking was again gone through with, and I went twelve miles to address another band of Indians the same afternoon."

Incidentally, Mr. Pickler stated that the republicans carried that county by a large majority.

A MONOPOLIST.

It Seemed to the Girl to Be Entirely Natural.

Men may come and men may go, but the Washington girl continues to be the finest specimen of her race on earth.

That is to say she is when she is a specimen. Some of them are not specimens. They are simply girls and don't amount to anything more than thousands of girls all over the country.

It isn't of that kind this article deals, but of the kind who is a joy and a delight and knows better how to take care of herself than anybody can take care of her.

This particular one lives on Massachusetts avenue between Greene's statue and Rock creek, and she has a great deal of attention from all the eligible men, and some from men who are not so eligible, seeing that she is rather eligible herself, and some of our Washington men are not unwilling to consider a young woman when she has enough of this world's goods to commence housekeeping on in a good neighborhood.

Among the men who have been worshiping at her shrine less than the others, not because he is less devoted, but because he hasn't been in town more than a month, is an elderly fellow from the west.

But the course of true love never did run smooth, and the girl's mother, observing how things were going, became nervous and fidgety and more than once intimated that she didn't quite approve of the association of her daughter with that kind of a man. She thought he was an adventurer, perhaps, or a western stock man in search of eastern capital to invest in ranches, or a miner looking for a grubstake, or something she didn't exactly know what, just as mothers always do, even if they live to be a thousand and have unmarried daughters of nine hundred and seventy-five.

So one day last week the mother thought she would sound her daughter on the situation.

"Don't you think, my dear," she said rather indifferently than otherwise, "that Mr. Blank is rather monopolizing you?"

The girl laughed.

"Of course, he is," she said, "but he can't help it."

The mother looked her perplexity without speaking.

"Oh, that's perfectly proper, mamma," she explained; "you see, that's what he is—a monopolist of the deepest dye. He owns the town where he lives and runs it pretty much as he pleases, and he says if he has any luck he will own the state legislature in another year and then he won't have any opposition at all. Monopolize me, mamma? Why, dear, if he didn't he wouldn't seem natural."

The mother was so shocked that she was speechless then, but later she had a talk with her husband and somehow the man didn't think about the situation at all as the woman did.

Men and women differ sometimes in matters of opinion.

A COURTEOUS REQUEST

Made by a Dinner Host, Which Struck His Guests as New.

There was a slight discussion in progress as to manners and customs all over the country from Washington to Wahoo, the drummers in the party, of course, having more to say than anybody else, because drummers know more than anybody else about the varying manners and customs of this broad land of freedom. The fact is, drummers are the commercial diplomats of the government, for among them there 's not a custom in the entire country that they don't know all about, and can meet at any time on terms of perfect equality.

"Speaking of manners at meals," said a beautifully attired object of the tailor's art, traveling for a New York firm, and supposed to be a star boarder at a fashionable hotel in that city, "I had an odd experience not a great while ago down in Tennessee. Not that I strike many towns in that state," he explained, when he observed that one of his listeners seemed shocked to think that so great a man got out of metropolitan circles, "but now and then I go out from Nashville or Memphis on small excursions to the country.

"It was on one of these, in company with half a dozen other travelers, that we took dinner one Sunday at the house of a well-to-do farmer up the Cumberland river, who is noted for his good dinners and his frank style of manners. We had sent him word we would be there, and when we arrived, about 12, the dinner was filling the air with the music of its fragrance, and we began to grow impatient. But that made no difference to our host. It was a case of man being made for dinner, and we were compelled to wait until it was ready, which it was at 1 o'clock precisely.

"I remember how we almost tumbled over ourselves filing out into the dining room, for we had ridden twenty miles that morning over a hard piece of road, and we had not begun the day with a very liberal breakfast. The table, as is the custom of the country, was loaded with its luxuries, and there was a big turkey at one end, where the old man was, and a luscious boiled ham at the other, where the lady of the house presided. I think it was about the most appetizing dinner to the eye I ever witnessed, and it was quite impossible for us to possess our souls in patience while the host carved the turkey in his slow and deliberate way, and we began reaching out for little delicacies in the way of two or three kinds of fine cake, which was cut and set temptingly near. At first no notice was taken of our small reachings out for these good things, but they grew rapidly, and at last the host stopped his carving and looked at us.

" 'Coarse-feed yourselves first, gentlemen,' he said, 'coarse-feed yourselves first,' and he began to send around our plates, loaded with ham and turkey and all manner of what he designated as 'coarse feed.' "

WASHINGTON LOTTERIES.

Scheme of One Devised for Erecting Local Public Building.

"In the year 1818 Washington had about 13,000 inhabitants scattered over its great area," said a student of local history to a Star reporter. "Its population was less than the present population of either Alexandria or Georgetown, but its courts, councils, schools and other local institutions were as important and interesting to each one of its scant population as similar institutions are now to each one of its 250,000 inhabitants, for it was a growing and busy place, with many great men among its people. The community had, before that year, looked at public morals in a light different from that which brightens the present day. The advance on this line has been gradual.

"The first charter of the city, in 1802, gave the municipal government power only to 'restrain and prohibit gambling;' the second, in 1804, authorized the municipal government 'to prohibit lotteries and all kinds of gambling.' By the third, enacted in 1820, the corporation of Washington was authorized 'to compel all such as keep gaming houses and gaming tables to give security for their good behavior for a reasonable time, but the municipality is allowed, with the approval of the President of the United States, to authorize the drawing of lotteries for the erection of bridges and effecting any important improvement in the city which the ordinary revenue thereof will not accomplish, for the term of ten years.'

"This was the public view of these questions at that time. One of the lottery schemes of that kind was designed to accomplish several public objects, and presented the following plan in advertisements and hand bills:

" 'National Lottery for Building Two Lancasterian School Houses, a Penitentiary and a City Hall in the City of Washington. One prize of $30,000; one prize of $20,000; two prizes of $10,000 each; three prizes of $5,000 each. Commence drawing in June next, and will be completed in twelve days' drawing only. Present price of tickets, 25 dollars.

" 'Scheme—One prize of 30,000 dollars; one prize of 20,000 dollars; two prizes of 10,000 dollars; three prizes of 5,000 dollars; five prizes of 4,000 dollars; six prizes of 500 dollars; ten prizes of 100 dollars; 100 prizes of 50 dollars; 2,000 prizes of 25 dollars; 3,662 blanks; only 6,000 tickets, and not two blanks to a prize. Whole tickets, $25 each. Half tickets, $12.50 each. Quarter-tickets, $6.25 each. Eighths, $3.12.'

"The first object of the lottery, the erection of two Lancasterian school houses, was one of the fads of the day. Twenty years before, Joseph Bell had originated in Madras, India, a scheme of education by which, it was then believed, the teaching power of a school could be augmented twenty-fold by employing a class of pupil-teachers, who were first instructed by the principal teacher and then each one sent to repeat the instruction to classes of ten or twenty of the other pupils, so that one teacher could carry on a school of 300 pupils. Lancaster systematized this method and the plan received his name. There were in 1818 four public schools in Washington, but it was hoped to increase very greatly the free school facilities of the city by the introduction of the new system.

"The penitentiary house was then deemed an institution necessary, if not desirable, in Washington. Congress had, six years before, in 1812, authorized the Levy Court of Washington to build one, but the cost was deemed too great for the taxpayers, and, despite the lottery, no penitentiary was begun until 1826, when it was erected by Congress on Greenleaf's Point.

"This penitentiary house was finished so as to be put into use under an act approved March 3, 1829. It served its purpose for about forty years, and, after it had become noted for the burial of Booth and the trial and punishment of the other conspirators, the central portion, containing the cells, was torn away, and the east and west wings converted into dwelling houses. They are now a portion of the Washington barracks at the arsenal grounds. A portion of the proceeds of this and of other lotteries seems to have been contributed to the erection of the present city hall."

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

The Tell-Tale Tracks on the Tapestry Betrayed Him.

Four or five Washington pastors were having a pleasant little meeting the other afternoon at the study of one of them, and they were having comparatively as much fun out of it as that many rounders would have had at a saloon knee deep in forty-seven varieties of tipple. They were telling Sunday school stories, as a rule, but they swung around after while to temperance.

"In my youth in Virginia," said the host, "we had, what is rare nowadays, to wit, a lot of more or less seedy and shabby genteel old fellows who went about the country delivering lectures on temperance and getting out of it only about so much as would clothe and feed them. Some of them were no doubt good and conscientious men, but among them were many, who, notwithstanding their professions, dearly loved to take a glass of something warming to the inner man.

"Most of these tipplers were very particular not to have the rumor get abroad that they ever tasted the vile stuff, and when they took their drinks they observed great secrecy. I remember there was one whom we thought to be a most abstemious old fellow, and no one thought he ever tasted a drop. Particularly a maiden aunt of mine who lived with my mother and was as rigid a temperance woman as ever came out of New England. My mother was much more liberal and wanted always to entertain these workers in the good cause, but my aunt had become so suspicious of all of them except this particular one, that he was the only one who could find a night's lodging at our place.

"One night, this old chap came to stay all night and he had such a severe cold that my mother prescribed a rubbing of goose grease on his feet and toasting it in by the fire, before he went to bed. Now as it happened, in the room where he slept, there was a new carpet which my aunt had presented to my mother as a birthday gift, and there was an old-fashioned sideboard in the same room with a two-gallon jug of good whisky on it, which somebody had forgotten to put inside and lock up. At 8 o'clock the black boy carried in the goose grease to our guest and left him sitting before the fire.

"Just what happened after that nobody knows, but after the guest had departed next morning and the servants went to straighten up the room they found tracks innumerable between the fireplace and the sideboard, and in some way it was discovered that the old fellow, afraid of taking cold, had greased his socks and toasted the grease into his feet through them, and while the toasting was going on he made regular and frequent trips to the jug. Of course, if the tracks on the carpet had not betrayed him no one would have ever noticed by the jug that he had been drinking out of it. He never came back again, and I don't know whether my aunt was more pained over the ruined carpet or over the ruined idol for she had the greatest confidence in the old man."

Illegal.

From the Green Bag.

The Court—"What is your age, madam?"

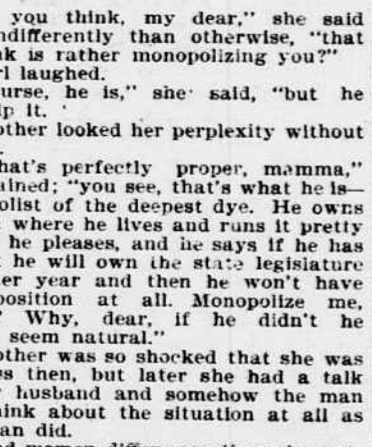
The Plaintiff—"Must I answer?"

The Court—"You must."

The Plaintiff—"Why, judge, I thought people didn't have to testify against themselves."

In Doubt.

From Fliegende Blatter.



Father (peering in at the door)—"Now, I don't know—either I stepped upon a match or the rascal kissed my daughter."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

CARTE BLANCHE FOR DINNER.

A Statesman Who Knows Politics Better Than He Knows French.

"I'm not saying a word," remarked the mysterious hotel clerk to a Star reporter, "but I've got a story that you might be able to work off on a hungering public."

"Well, tell it to me," said the reporter. "What the dickens good is it so long as it is untold?"

"But I'm not saying a word, didn't I just say?" and the conscientious hotel clerk winked his weather eye.

"Which means that if I want your story I may continue to want it until that want is gratified?"

The clerk nodded.

"And you won't say a word?" persisted the reporter.

"Nary a word."

The reporter took a lead pencil out of his pocket, sharpened it artistically and handed it to the clerk.

"Thanks," responded the clerk and began writing on a sheet of the hotel paper.

From which writing the reporter some time later had evolved the following story of a statesman stopping temporarily at the hotel which is fortunate in possessing so conscientious a clerk.

He is a statesman who has not yet won national recognition, but he will be found at the south end of the Capitol this time next year doing all he can to make a start that way. He is a man of large means and believes that wealth producing brains are the only kind worth mentioning. Inasmuch as he began business with nothing and had a million dollars by the time he was forty, it is fair to suppose he had a barrel of brains.

Two nights ago he wanted to dine a few friends of his in regal splendor, and suspecting that a Washington hotel dinner, unless it is prepared for the occasion, is not of the regal splendor variety, he called on the clerk to confer with him. He told him what kind of a dinner he wanted, and then he proceeded to enumerate all the details, just as people of that kind always do, mostly on the supposition that they know more than anybody else does. The clerk listened for some time to all the little details and then he broke in.

"My dear sir," he said in the insinuating manner of the hotel clerk, "may I have carte blanche?"

The statesman staggered a moment.

"Of course, of course," he assented vigorously, "you can have anything you please if it's fit to eat, but I'm kind of 'fraid of some of these Frenchified fixin's. What I want is a good dinner."

And he got it.

PRIZE FOR CONTENTMENT.

Something No Man or Woman Had or Could Absolutely Have.

"Among the visitors in Washington this week," remarked a Tennesseean to a Star reporter, "is Rush Strong——"

"Is he a foot ball player?" interupted the reporter, who had been a rush himself on more than one occasion.

"No," laughed the Tennesseean, "but that would make a great name for the business, wouldn't it? No, as I was saying, this Rush Strong is only a plain business man of Knoxville, with a whole lot of real estate in Washington and other things that make him worth being polite to. In addition he bluffed the entire state of Tennessee and won on the bluff."

"Poker player?" queried the reporter.

"Never played a game of poker in his life, and is otherwise as reputable. What he did was to offer a prize of half the stock of goods in his great establishment as one of the prizes for any contented person who could prove his contentment."

"I think I saw something about that in some of the Tennessee papers; but go on with the story."

"Well, Rush made the offer as one of the features of the Knoxville fair, and, of course, it created a great deal of comment. The fair people thought he was making a fool of himself, and tried to show him the error of his way, but Rush Strong was his name and he lived right up to it, and the offer of this magnificent prize, worth at least $50,000, went into the fair catalogue along with prizes for silk quilts and blackberry preserves, and apple jelly, and fat hogs and big pumpkins and cattle and jackasses and mules and horses and everything, and everybody thought that Rush was out of his class and ought to be in with the jackasses for being so silly. But Rush kept right on. Then the fair came and the prize was competed for and the judges met, and one man, noted all up and down the valley of the Tennessee, the Holston, and clean to headwaters, was the last man in the game and the judges were taking testimony as to his merits. It was slowly but surely coming his way, and one or two friends of Strong's slipped out of the judges' room and told him he could still get out of it if he wanted to, and he better had, for they were sure going to give it to the man if something miraculous didn't happen to stop them.

"But Rush held right on.

"Then it got down to the last throw of the dice and Rush was called on to show cause why the applicant shouldn't claim the prize as his, or forever after hold his peace.

" 'Gentlemen,' said Rush, rising to his feet, 'do I understand that you have found our friend here eligible to the prize I have offered for an absolutely contented person?'

" 'Exactly,' replied the chairman.

" 'Then, gentlemen,' said Rush, with a smile, 'before delivering the goods I'd like to know if he is so absolutely contented what the dickens he wants with half of my goods?'

"The argument was unanswerable and the entire combination gathered the stupendous joke right to its throbbing bosom and broke out into vociferous applause."

ABOUT SUPERSTITIONS.

Mr. A. T. Britton Gives Instances Where the Rule Did Not Work.

"This matter of superstition always makes me laugh," said Mr. A. T. Britton, when some one spoke of never liking to do anything on Friday. "I made a trip of 15,000 miles last summer with a party of twelve others, making thirteen in all, and we started on a Friday and never missed a train or a boat, or a meal, or had an ache or a pain among us the whole time.

Then he told a laughable story.

"It has been the custom of the survivors of the old National Rifles to meet each year on the anniversary of our mustering into service in the war of the rebellion and enjoy a dinner and swap reminiscences near and remote. Several years ago I had the boys to my house, and had prepared the very best dinner I knew how to give. There are usually sixteen or seventeen survivors at such a gathering, but this time, when we were about to enter the dining room, somebody counted noses and discovered we were thirteen all told. Now, those other twelve men were brave and courageous gentlemen, who had faced cannon unflinchingly and were afraid of nothing tangible, but not a single man of them was willing to enter that room. At last, after a half hour's wait, during which my dinner was rapidly approaching the spoiled stage, another man came and in we went. Now, that man, who made the fourteenth in the party and broke the unlucky spell, according to the twelve other guests, was Charlie Alexander, and before the dinner was concluded he had to be carried home, and in two months he was dead. All the others are living yet!"