"Missouri this year will produce an enormous fruit crop, estimated to be worth $20,000,000," said a prominent wholesale fruit dealer of Colombia, Mo., to a Star reporter a day or two ago. "More orchards have been planted in Missouri during the past six years than in any other state of the Union, and, as the weather and soil have proved favorable to the growth of all kinds of fruits, the growers will realize big profits.

"Among the fruits that have this summer yielded abundantly are pears, which have sold as high as $4 a barrel. The peach crop is unsurpassed, and I know of one farmer who has sold 10,000 bushels at $1 a bushel. Grapes and apples are also unusually plentiful, and by reason of their fine color, superior flavor and excellent shipping qualities, these products will command large prices."

* * * * *

All of the supply departments of the army in the War Department are overwhelmed with all kinds of things which pertain especially to them. All manner of articles which can be used for fighting are brought into the ordnance bureau, and there are now in the offices of that department hundreds upon hundreds of samples of different kinds of war materials, guns, bayonets, sabers, knives, pistols, shot, shell, powder and explosives, cartridges, belts, samples of artillery harness, and, in fact, everything that the ordnance bureau supplies. There is not one of these articles, but dozens of them. Every inventor of any kind of firearm, powder or any other article than can, by any means, possibly be considered as an ordnance supply, sends a sample in, or exhibits it to the officers, and oftentimes those articles which can be left remain in the office. Besides these, drawings, plans and specifications for big guns, gun carriages and rapid-fire guns are also presented for the consideration of the officers. In the quartermaster's bureau there are samples of tents, coats, stoves and other cooking apparatus, uniforms, and, in fact, everything that can possibly ever be wanted in the way of shelter and clothing, as used in quarters for soldiers. Yet these equipments are the least part of the work of the quartermaster's department. Transportation is the greatest feature of that department now, especially since thousands of our soldiers are now sent to distant lands. In the commissary department every form of ration and every possible scheme could be utilized in the way of a patent emergency ration or a patent food is carried in for the consideration of the officers. Of course, a great many samples of supplies which the commissary furnishes could not be kept very long in the bureau, as many of them are perishable. Yet oftentimes there are to be seen hundreds of samples of coffee, tea, sugar and little boxes of different things which might be considered as a part of the food of the army. The medical department has less to contend with in this direction, because the patent medicine men have come to understand that little can be expected from the army, as the staple kinds of medicines used were determined long ago, and no experiments are made in the army, save with appliances for the care of the sick and wounded. Yet there are in the medical department many samples and suggestions relating to the medical corps, but not in such quantities as are found in the other supply departments.

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A series of mixtures are presented to the commissary general from time to time, designated either as emergency, marching or some other kind of ration, which the senders declare to be the very best thing that was ever invented for troops. Now, the commissary department, in taking into consideration the subject of rations, has studied the question pretty well. The officers know about what the men want and about what they ought to have to keep them in good fighting trim and ready for active service. These various brands of rations are submitted to the department, and then the owners go about and get indorsements from prominent officers wherever they can. Recently there came into the department a ration which was indorsed by an officer of considerable rank, indicating that it was a very good ration and should be tried by the commissary. Just what articles composed it cannot now be recalled, but among the ingredients was a certain proportion of brandy. Acting Commissary General Weston referred the whole matter to the officer, with an indorsement something like this: "Respectfully referred to Major ——, with the suggestion that the ration includes a little too much flour, a little too much salt, a little too much egg, a little too much sugar," and, in fact, enumerating every article but the brandy. Whether the officer will see the point has not yet been ascertained, but if he knows General Weston he will evidently see that his indorsement did not carry very much weight as to an army ration.

* * * * *

"Young men who are in doubt as to which profession will prove the most lucrative for them to adopt would do well to go into the kitchen of any well-established hotel or restaurant and there thoroughly learn the art of cooking," remarked a famous New York hotel chef to the writer a day or two ago. "A skillful cook can now command in any big city of the United States a higher salary than the average clergyman or college professor. The services of professional cooks are governed much the same as any other skilled workman by labor organizations, according to their nationality and experience. At present French cooking is most in demand in all parts of the world and French cooks can command by far the highest salaries. The professional cooks are divided into two classes called chefs and seconds. The firsts, or chefs, receive salaries varying from $3,000 to $12,000 a year. These prices are practically the same in all American and European cities. The seconds receive salaries ranging from $1,000 to $1,500. The best French cooks are always in demand in the various fashionable hotels and restaurants of this city and in the kitchens of wealthy people. There are besides hundreds of French cooks in New York receiving salaries ranging from $500 down to $100 per month.

"It is estimated that there are more than 80,000 professional cooks in New York. The great majority of these are Irish and find employment in the homes of the upper middle classes. The salaries paid vary from $18 to $35 per month."

* * * * *

"This year people who are fond of eating lobsters will have to pay dearly for the privilege of indulging their appetites in such sea food, for the reason that the crustaceans are scarcer now than ever before," said a wholesale dealer in fish in New York to the writer a day or two ago. "Live lobsters are at present selling at 20 cents per pound, and as only comparatively small catches are daily reported by the fishermen of Stonington, Block Island and other well-known lobstering grounds as far east as Portland, Maine, the indications are that a further advance of from 5 to 10 cents a pound may soon be looked for.

"Ten years ago almost any quantity of fine lobsters could have been purchased in New York at the rate of 5 cents a pound. The average size of live lobsters that then came to market was twenty inches long, not counting claws. The largest average now is not more than half that length. There used to be plenty of fourteen-pound lobsters, and I have seen them weighing eighteen pounds. A lobster as large as that would have to be thirty years old at least. This shellfish grows very slowly, and at three years old is not much bigger than a crawfish. A lobster under five years old isn't fit for market, but thousands of such youngsters have to pass muster on our fish stalls nowadays.

"The present dearth of lobsters in New England waters is largely due to the enormous number of undersized ones that have in the past been caught and sold for canning purposes in Maine. Millions of small shellfish that should have been allowed to develop and breed were thus annually exterminated, and the result has been that the supply of eatable lobsters has dwindled from 30,000,000 in 1889 to probably less than 5,000,000 in 1899.

"The regulations concerning the capture of lobsters in New England waters are now as stringent as any game law.

"No lobsters are being canned in Maine for the reason that the short lobster law has killed the business in that state. The canners do not find it profitable to buy lobsters at the present high rate, and they cannot purchase short ones, or shellfish weighing less than ten pounds.

"For the past four years energetic efforts have been made by the United States fish commission to restore lobsters to their former abundance, by planting millions of lobster fry from Fisher's Island Sound east along the coast as far as Maine. Meantime the chief supply of live lobsters comes from the British provinces. The shellfish are shipped here in steamers especially fitted with wells that have a capacity for holding from 15,000 to 20,000 live lobsters. These steamers touch at Boston and New York, and from these two cities the lobsters are shipped by wholesale dealers all over the United States."

LIKE DIAMOND-STUDDED WALLS.

The Beautiful Appearance of the Interior of a Nevada Cavern.

From the Winnemucca Silver State.

On the north side of the Osgood range of mountains, about four miles east of Eden creek, there is a natural cave of quite large dimensions. It is in the limestone formation and has the appearance of an old worked-out mine with its stopes, raises and winzes. It is almost impossible to find the entrance, as it is covered with a growth of underbrush.

The first thing that a person notices is a small crevice in the rocks, but as he crawls into the crevice on hands and knees he finds that it widens as he goes down. About fifteen feet from the entrance a man can stand up and walk down the gradual incline, which is at about sixty degrees. At a place thirty feet from the mouth there is a raise some thirty feet high and a drift forty feet long. The sight which meets the cave-seeker's gaze at this point is most beautiful. On the ceiling large stalactites hang in clusters, and the walls are decorated with glistening crystals of lime intermingled with drops of water, giving it the appearance of being set with millions of diamonds.

Farther down the cave widens until a chamber is reached which is over sixty feet across and over fifty feet high. There are numerous other passages or caverns, and on the left there is a passage big enough to admit the body, that opens into a second chamber which is about twenty feet across and ten or fifteen feet high. In the main chamber, some twenty feet high, can be seen the opening of another chamber, but as there is no timber near to make ladders the upper cavern has not yet been explored. There are, no doubt, other large chambers which could be found were closer explorations to be made. Stalactites and stalagmites can be seen in all directions. Water is dropping continually, and the light of a candle shining upon these crystals and drops of water gives the cave a very entrancing appearance. This cave is the home of the wood rat, and there are indications that there might be thousands of the little animals which make this natural wonder their home.

A Queer Catch.

From the New York Sun.

"Telling yarns," said a fishing-smack skipper in a South street building a few days ago, "reminds me of a queer catch we made once upon a time. A heavy fog had just lifted as we were sailing to the southward along the Jersey beach when we sighted a steamer ashore. We ran alongside and volunteered aid, which was not needed, for there was no sea on. A boat had been sent ashore in charge of an officer who was to telegraph to the agents in New York for a couple of tugs to haul the big fellow off the shore. As we stood off and on, we observed that part of the steamer's cargo had been jettisoned, and the cargo disposed of in this way consisted largely of flour. The barrels did not sink immediately, but floated off, and the salt water was slow to make its way through the barrel and into the flour. Once the salt water got a good start in the flour, which turned to a heavy paste, why, of course, they went to the bottom like sinkers

"As we had nothing better to do we lassoed the floating flour and pretty soon we had a deck load of a No. 1 flour and didn't know what to do with it. The doctor (our cook, you know) wore a grin a yard wide, and before long he had all hands working on our capture.

"We took some of the barrels, knocked the heads off and emptied their contents into the sea. Then we opened all the other barrels, and taking out all the flour that had not been injured by the salt water we placed it in the barrels made ready for that purpose. When we sailed up through the Narrows we had twenty-eight barrels of as nice flour as you could buy anywhere."

Scene—In a 'Bus. Time—During the Hot Spell.

First City Man—"D—d hot, isn't—I beg your pardon, madam. I—I quite forgot there was a lady pres——"

Stout Lady—"Don't apologise. It's much worse than that!"—Punch.

HIS COLD RECEPTION

An official connected with the interstate commerce commission went to New York on government business about ten days ago. During his absence his wife discharged her colored servant and engaged another one—an old-fashioned black mammy. The day before her husband returned to Washington the mistress of the house was summoned to Baltimore to attend at the bedside of a sick relative. Her husband got in after 11 o'clock on Wednesday night. He didn't know of his wife's sudden departure from the city. She had written to him about it, but the letter reached his New York hotel after his departure. He took a car and rode out to his house, which is on Columbia Heights, not far from 14th street. The house was dark and gloomy-looking. He didn't have his latch key along and so he touched the button. He touched it repeatedly for five minutes, mumbling things the while, before he heard shuffling footsteps in the hall. Then he heard the inner door open. After a moment the knob of the outer door was turned cautiously, the door was opened far enough for the black mammy to stick about half of her head out, and the owner of the plant was surprised to hear this inquiry:

"Whad yo' all want dis ouah o' de night?"

"I want to get into my house," he said. "Who are you, anyhow, and where's my wife?"

The door didn't open another quarter of an inch.

"G'way f'um heah, w'ite man," was the stunning reply. "G'way wheah yo' all b'longs. Dis ain't de place. Yo' got de wrong house. Try nex' do'."

And the door was closed all but about a couple of inches.

"Look here, what the dickens ails you, woman," said the returned traveler, angrily. "Where's my wife, I ask you again?"

"De lady o' dis 'stablishmen's dun gone t' Bal'mo 't' 'ten' t' sick kinsfolk," said the suspicious voice within the door. "De gemman o' de house's dun gone 'way, an' he won't be back heah till nex' week. But Ah'm heah, an' Ah don't tek no trifin f'um w'ite men whut go rarin' 'n tearin' 'roun' in de middle o' de night, uh tryin' t' git intuh 'spect'bul folkses' houses. Yo' g'wan uhway f'um heah right quick, yo' man, or Ah'll call de police."

The door was closed all but an inch this time.

"Why, darn the luck," broke out the excluded man, "this is my house, and I'm your mistress' husband."

"Ah've dun heearn dat kin' o' talk be-

fo'," was the short reply. "Husban', nuthin'! Huh! Yo' look lak huh husban', doan' yo'? Yo' ol' 'nuff t' be huh dad; but yo' ain' ol' 'nuff or wise 'nuff or big 'nuff t' break intuh dis house. Ah tells yo' dat, an' yo' heah me uh talkin'. Ah ain' uh gwine t' tell yo' all t' g'way uhgin."

This time the door was closed decidedly and securely, and the key turned in the lock. The baffled man, who was tired and sleepy, heard the old mammy's retreating footsteps. He muttered deep, dark mutters for a minute as he stood there on the steps, and then the humor of the thing struck him. It was too late for him to dig up any of his neighbors for identification purposes, and he felt pretty certain, anyhow, that the old mammy wouldn't come to the door again unless fire engines started to playing the hose on the windows. So he had to pick up his two grips, take a down-town car and put up for the night at a hotel. The next morning his next-door neighbors satisfactorily identified him to the old mammy, and he was permitted to cross his own threshold again.

Did he say to the old black mammy, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," and give her a $2 bill for her zeal? Not exactly. Her remark about his looking old enough to be his wife's father had "stuck." He fired her within twenty minutes after he took command of his own house, and now he's taking his meals downtown until his wife returns.

Thirsty London.

From Good Words.

In 1894 the astounding total of 192,000,000 gallons a day was reached by the combined water companies of London. This was supplied to the five and a half million inhabitants at the rate of, say, thirty-two gallons a head for all purposes. These figures represent an enormous volume of water, though small when compared with the mighty river that flowed into old Rome. We can only deal with the figures roughly; the supply fluctuates to a considerable degree at different times in the year; it is therefore not possible to be mathematically accurate. Allowing for a slight increase since the last return, and taking in other sources, to which I shall refer a little later, we may pretty safely put the present London water supply at about 200,000,000 gallons a day. Let us try for a moment to realize what these figures mean.

With 200,000,000 gallons of water we could fill a lake a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide and five feet deep. The water in it would weigh nearly a million tons. This lake would stretch from the Bank of Church, yet it would be emptied in a single day to assuage the thirst of London. Or suppose we could freeze all this water, we could build up a great block of ice a thousand feet long, a thousand feet wide and thirty-two feet high. If we allow for the expansion of freezing the block would of course be still bigger. Sixty-five of the largest ironclads in the British navy could float in the water we use every day in London. When we come to compare our supply with the mighty torrent of Niagara we belittle it. The water goes thundering over the falls at the rate of two million tons a minute, or four hundred and twenty million gallons. Our whole daily supply would be whirled over long before the second hand of a watch would have traveled once round the dial. And could we divert the magnificent torrent for only three hours, we could supply London with water for a whole year at the present rate. Niagara is a big thing.

"Comes From Keokuk."

From the New York Sun.

"We do not start all the expressions, many of which become slang," said a returned New Yorker from a western trip.

"We say of a man when he is down at the heel that he looks like 30 cents. I have heard the expression in Buffalo, Detroit, Cincinnati and Louisville. On my last trip out I heard in several Mississippi river towns the expression, 'He came from Keokuk.' The town of Keokuk is one of the has-been river metropolises of the west. At one time it contained more pretty women than any town in the west. It was the home of one of the supreme judges of the United States. It was the home of one of President Grant's cabinet. It is the home of Congressman Sam Clark, who is one of the most magnetic conversationalists in the country. But he is about all there is left to save the town. The people there seem to have settled accounts with everybody and are awaiting the final call. They live in an atmosphere of reminiscence. It is where the salesman in the store jumps on the counter and spins over it when a customer comes in. It is where the people from the country drive in and open up their dinner baskets on the dry goods boxes on the sidewalk, while their horses feed along the streets. There are a few factories here and there, but the people who are employed in them seem to shun the town in going to work or returning from it. The town has just fallen into an afternoon stupor. I never heard any reason for it, except that its people have enough and don't care to hustle. So when a man is seen in a western town wandering aimlessly, with a don't-give-a-continental air about him, they say: 'He has come from Keokuk.'"

Anxious to Know.

From Puck.

Wife (in tears)—"What do you think! I caught the new nurse spanking one of the children this morning."

Husband (eagerly)—"Did it do any good?"

MR. JOBSON AT THE CIRCUS

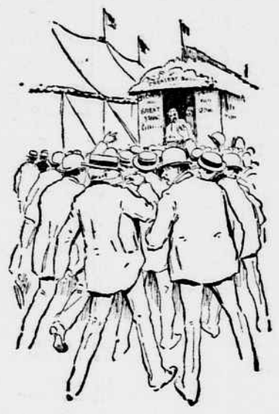
"Mrs. Jobson," remarked Mr. Jobson on Sunday evening last, after having cast sidelong glances at her for some ten minutes, which he thought she didn't see ("I wonder what he's got on his mind now?" Mrs. Jobson was thinking) "have I told you yet that we're going to the circus tomorrow night?"

"I don't believe I've heard you—"

"Well, we are, anyhow," interrupted Mr. Jobson. "We're not only going to the circus, but we're going to all the sideshows, and we're going to stay for the concert after the main performance in the big tent. We are likewise going to have pink lemonade and peanuts until we can't see straight. Are you aware of the fact that it's been nine years since we went to a circus?"

"Ye-es," replied Mrs. Jobson doubtfully. "And do you remember that the last time we went you took a solemn vow that that was your last circus?"

"Mrs. Jobson," he answered, sternly, "you want to take something for that habit of yours of throwing up to people things



that they said back in the misty past. Gladstone, John L. Sullivan, and a lot of other great men that I could mention, all said things that they felt called upon to repudiate later along in life. I repudiate what I said about that last circus we went to, if ever I said it, and I don't admit that I ever said anything of the sort, Mrs. Jobson. The circus is all right. I'm not too old yet to enjoy a circus. If time has laid such a heavy hand on you, Mrs. Jobson, that you feel yourself incapable of enjoying a circus performance, then I pity you, that's all. Of course, if you flatly decline to go, why, I guess I can—"

"Oh, I always enjoyed circuses," said Mrs. Jobson. "Only, I thought you found the discomfort of getting in, and—"

"Did I ever take you to any kind of a blowout, picnic, barbecue, or anything else, that I wasn't able to get you in, Mrs. Jobson?" he inquired.

"N-no," she replied, "but the crush at the circus ticket wagon where you have to get seats bruised you up so the last time we went that—"

"That's all right," said he. "I'm going to buy reserved seats down town on my way to the office in the morning. So if you feel like withdrawing your determined opposition to letting me have a little pleasure once in a while, why, we'll go to the show tomorrow night together, otherwise I'll see if I can't gef—"

"I'll enjoy it immensely," said Mrs. Jobson.

"Did you get the circus tickets?" she inquired of him when he got home from the office on Monday evening.

"By jing, no, I clean forgot all about it!" he exclaimed. "Thing just slipped my memory. Doesn't make any difference, though. I guess I can hold my own with the rest of the bush, Mrs. Jobson, and get seats at the wagon."

When Mrs. Jobson showed up downstairs, ready to start, he jawed her some because she had put on a black skirt and a white shirtwaist.

"Are those the best togs you can get together when you go out for an evening with your husband?" he asked her.

She tried to explain to him that foulard dresses weren't exactly adapted for circus-attending purposes, but he sized up her raiment somewhat distantly during the street car trip to the circus grounds.

The crowd around the ticket wagon was so huge when they got to the grounds that Mr. Jobson decided they'd better forego the sideshows in order that he might get seats in time for the main performance. He deposited Mrs. Jobson by a certain stake, which he took mental note of, and then he mixed in the crush around the ticket wagon. Mrs. Jobson, from her point of vantage, saw him tossed hither and thither like a piece of dismantled watermelon in the surf of a Long Island seaside resort, and she didn't figure much on a joyous evening. Mr. Jobson's first attempt to break through was such a fizzle, and his ribs were jabbed, his arms clutched and twisted, his stomach prodded, and his hat crushed over his eyes so many times, that he fell back, panting and growling under his breath.

"Hey, sport, wot ye want t' mix it up wit' dat bunch fer w'en I kin giv' ye all de seats ye wants fer de same coin?" said a voice in his ear, and when Mr. Jobson wheeled around he saw an elongated proposition with a bunch of tickets in one hand and two or three fully extended $1 bills wrapped through the fingers of the other.

"Is that so?" inquired Mr. Jobson, clutching at the straw. "Well, gimme two of the best you've got," and he handed the tall, beady-eyed Samaritan a $10 bill, getting two tickets in exchange.

"I'll be back in a minit wit' de change," said the cheerful worker with the beady eyes. Mr. Jobson waited for him for ten minutes, and then he went a-hunting for him. His hunt was a frost. The man with his ten-spot had faded.

There was a hard look in his eye when he gathered up Mrs. Jobson and started for the main entrance. He was muttering things about "d——d thieves," "daylight robbers," and so on, but he didn't say anything to Mrs. Jobson about his missing change.

"Nix," said the ticket taker when Mr. Jobson, with Mrs. Jobson in front of him, handed over his tickets. "Not dis evenin'."

"Hey?" inquired Mr. Jobson, his eyes sticking out.

"Dey're N. G.," said the ticket taker. "Some bloke's worked off phony papers on ye. Move back, an' let de folks wit' tickets git by."

Mr. Jobson got his wife out of the crush, and then he went back and started to tell the ticket taker what he thought of him and all his tribe, down to the first generation. He was hustled forty feet by a cop, turned loose with a shove and told to go and bury himself. Then he picked up Mrs. Jobson again.

"Madame," he said, in a cold, hollow voice, "since you insisted on dragging me out of my comfortable home for the purpose of gratifying your onnery, perverted tastes for amusements of this character, I'll get you in if it takes every dollar I've got in the world and maims me for life into the bargain. But it's the last time, Mrs. Jobson—the last time, remember that!"

Then he drilled into the crowd around the ticket wagon again, and in ten minutes he emerged with two admission tickets. After an hour on the hard top board Mr. Jobson gave the signal to Mrs. Jobson by a nod. Mr. Jobson skinned his shin severely in helping Mrs. Jobson to the ground, and he was also fiercely censured by all hands around for moving. There was a steely glitter in his eye when he finally got her on the street car, but he didn't say anything for several squares.

"Mrs. Jobson," said he then, "there's nothing mean about me, and, besides humoring all of your whims, caprices and idiosyncracies, at any and all times, regardless of expense, I also make an earnest effort to adapt myself to your tastes—to sort o' dovetail in with your little game. But I want to tell you one thing, Mrs. Jobson, and I want it to stick: The next time you rope me into taking you to the circus, under any pretext whatever, next year or a hundred years from next year, storm or calm, rain or sunshine, reserved seats or bare lignum vitae boards—the next time you lasso me or wheedle me out of my comfortable shack and project me up against a game like that to which I have subjected myself this night, simply because I wanted to indulge you—you can just send me a 2,000-word collect telegram, notifying me of the event, and I'll pay the tolls without a murmur!"

Outward and Visible Sign.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"There goes one of these women's rights reformers."

"How do you know?"

"Don't you see his wife is carrying the baby?"

HYPNOTIZED THE BARBER

"Among other things which I acquired in Paris, besides a longing for home and a deep-seated intolerance for the French," said one of the young men who accompanied the peace commission to the Gallic capital in a translating capacity, "was a belief in hypnotism. I had never taken much stock in hypnotism. I was willing to admit that there might be weak-minded individuals who could be thrown into the trance state by men of superior personal magnetism, but I was never convinced that a man of ordinary strength of mind could be hypnotized. I met in Paris a young American from Richmond, who had been pursuing the study of medicine in the European capitals—Berlin, Vienna and Paris—for several years. The young man's all-around cleverness had, about a year before I met him, attracted the attention of the renowned Dr. Charcot, and Charcot had made a sort of protege of him and taught him hypnotism. At least, so the young Richmond man told me, and a number of the other American students told me, too, that he was an exceptionally successful man at hypnotism. One day I visited him at his rooms.

"'This hypnotism that you mentioned the other day,' said I, 'is more or less charlatanism, isn't it?'

"'Well, there are hypnotic charlatans,' he admitted.

"'Can you yourself hypnotize anybody?' I asked him.

"'I hardly claim as much as that,' he answered. 'But I can hypnotize mostly anybody who hasn't set his will dead set against being hypnotized.'

"'I'll bet you fifty francs that you can't hypnotize my barber, even though he doesn't set his will against being hypnotized—even though he doesn't know that you'll attempt to hypnotize him,' I said.

"'I'll take you, even though I'm not on terms of personal intimacy with your barber, and don't know how strong-minded an individual he may be. I will undertake to hypnotize him so thoroughly that he will carefully cut the hair of a wig I shall wear, and he shall fancy that he is cutting my own hair,' said my confident student.

"So we started for the barber shop, which was an obscure but very clean little place in a side street not far from my lodgings. On the way we dropped into a theatrical costumer's, where my friend purchased, for a couple of francs, an entirely barbarous red wig, such as the supers forming a 'Ro-

man populace' customarily wear. I thought when he stuffed it into his pocket that a barber would have to be either exceedingly drunk—or decidedly hypnotized—to mistake that fiery, awry bit of theatrical property for the hair on a bona fide human poll.

"My barber was not the proprietor of the shop, but the proprietor's single assistant. He was a middle-aged man, with a strong, smooth-shaven face, grizzled hair, sharp brown-black eyes, and a certain soldierly way about him—he had served for many years with an Algerian corps. Neither he nor the proprietor was busy when we walked in.

"'Emile,' I addressed him when we entered, 'I have been recommending to my friend your skill with the scissors. I am unselfish, and so I shall not claim your attention. M. le proprietaire shall attend to me, while you may verify my indorsement by giving my friend a hair-cut in your best manner.'

"'Oui, m'sieu,' said Emile, smiling cordially at my student friend. The latter was sizing up Emile. Suddenly he dropped something that tinkled musically as it ran along the tiled floor. He went after it and picked it up. It was a small and ancient Spanish coin of gold, worn thin, with the head of the first Ferdinand on its obverse side.

"'By Jove, I wouldn't have lost that for anything!' exclaimed my friend the student, picking the little gold coin up and holding it up before Emile, the barber, between his right thumb and forefinger. Emile gazed at the shining coin in a fascinated sort of way. He bent his head closer to trace Ferdinand's somewhat worn and vaguely outlined head. My student slowly drew the coin back. Emile took a step forward, his eyes glued to the coin. My student had Emile. It was easy to see that. I wouldn't venture to say how it was done, but he surely had Emile. I nudged the proprietor of the shop, who was mystified.

"'A little experiment,' I told him, 'to decide a wager between myself and my student friend—one of Charcot's lads.'

He understood and nodded his head.

"Emile was still gazing with queer intensity at the coin.

"'Look at me,' said my student to Emile, replacing the coin in his pocket. Emile transferred his gaze to my student's piercing eyes, and there was a mournful expression as of a whipped dog on his countenance—an extraordinary change of expression.

"'Now, you may face the wall for a moment,' said my student, pointing to the wall. Emile wheeled about and faced the wall. My young Richmond friend thrust his hand into his coat pocket, drew out the atrocious wig, and fitted it over his head. It made him look supremely ridiculous—loutish, like a yokel in one of Millet's pictures. His black hair bulged below the red wig at the back. He smiled at his reflection in the glass, and then he walked over to Emile, who was standing facing the wall with the rigidity of a soldier at attention, and turned him around.

"'Emile,' he said, 'tonight I wish to look my best, for I am to attend a function of state. I desire that no one hair shall be longer than the other, except in conformation to the shape of my head, and I trust to your art. Begin.'

"Emile grinned with idiotic conceit.

"'My best efforts, m'sieu, shall be yours,' he replied, in a sort of choked voice, and he picked out his scissors and proceeded. He worked with great care. He stood off and examined my student friend's head from numerous points of view. After he had taken a rear view a mystified expression stole over his somewhat drawn features. He had noticed the black hair protruding below the red wig.

"'The two quite different colors, m'sieu,' he said, in a far-away sort of tone, 'are they not——'

"'A little hereditary peculiarity, Emile,' said my friend in the chair. 'Proceed.'

"'Ah!' exclaimed Emile, with an indrawn breath, and he proceeded. He was surely rendering that barbarous wig presentable. When he had almost finished, my friend, taking advantage of Emile's stepping back to obtain a side view, turned his head to me, and asked:

"'Are you satisfied?'

"'Quite,' I replied. 'So thoroughly satisfied that I begin to doubt if you're quite a safe man to know.'

"He smiled contentedly, and then he rose from the chair, Emile regarding him with surprise.

"'Will not m'sieu wait?' he inquired, looking hurt.

"'Come, Emile,' exclaimed my friend, snapping the tranced barber sharply behind the ear. Emile shook his head from side to side two or three times, his features relaxed, the natural gleam came into his eyes, and he looked around puzzledly. I explained it all to Emile. He was at first a trifle disposed to anger. A bit of absinthe money soothed him and brought him around. I paid my wager, and I have returned from France a believer in hypnotism."

Retribution.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The man who was taking a down-town drive in his buggy turned into the street car track and came to a stop with a suddenness that threw him against the dashboard.

His buggy wheel had dropped down into the cable slot, hard and fast.

The bicyclists immediately surrounded him.

"This is the man," they said, "who ruins the macadamized roads for us!"

And they gave him the ha-ha!

September.

Good-bye, Mistuh Summer.
You made it wahm foh me,
But dar's sweetness in de bushes
An' dar's goodness in de sea.
I takes my dog an' hurries
Down beside de marsh's edge,
Or else I ships on board a boat
An' stahts in foh ter dredge.
Lady, lady, dry yoh eye!
Don't you weep no mo'.
Reed bird, he's a-flyin' high;
De oyster's layin' low.

Bob-o-link kep' eatin',
He's lazy an' he's stout.
I'll be mos' as fat as him
Ef dis gun holds out.
Don't be frettin', honey,
Skaht about yoh life.
I puts away de razor
An' I draws de oyster-knife.
Lady, lady, don't be shy!
Swing dat oven do'.
Reed bird, he's a-flyin' high
An' de oyster's layin' low.

* * *

A Thoroughbred.

He was delighted to meet the bunco man.

He set his grip-sack down in the middle of the street to talk over old friends in the town where both had spent their happy boyhood days. He took off his silver-rimmed spectacles and wiped them with his red cotton handkerchief, so as to get a better look at the nephew of his dear old friend.

"Did I understand you to be inquirin' whether I had any sportin' blood in my veins?" he asked, after the other had said something in a low tone. "Well, I should surmise that I've got a few drops. But I don't play only one game. Faro? No, 'tain't faro. You git an even chance fur yer money at some stages of the game in faro, so I've hearn tell. 'Tain't risky enough fur me. No; 'tain't roulette, nor yit poker, where ye jes' put a few dollars down on the table an' where it's all over in a minute or two. 'Tain't hoss races, neither. You kin holler fur quick action but gimme su'thin' lingerin', su'thin' where the suspense hangs right over yer an' you hold yer breath tell y've gotter swing yer arms to resuscitate yerself. Every year I take all my cash capital an' go over to the lay-out. I put some of it on oats an' some of it on corn an' some of it on wheat with a few side bets on sweet corn an' various fancy vegetables. Then I git out every mornin' an' bet a day's work an' watch out fur the weather, week after week, an' spend my nights wonderin' about grasshoppers an' locusses an' sech. It takes a long time to find out whether I win or not, but it's mighty interestin', an' I like an excitin' life. You might walt fur some o' the hired hands to come to town an' git 'em to take a hand in the small amusements you've mentioned. But you might as well bear in mind that when you tackle a fust-class farmer, you're goin' up agin' one o' the sportiest people on earth."

* * *

The Hero and the Poets.

Awake, oh, muse, and thrill us
With inspiration's spell;
With cadences pray fill us,
Our honest thoughts to tell;
In pealing salutation
Our lyres we fain would strum.
Hail! Hero of a nation—
Ty-tum, ty-tum, ty-tum!

Shall wisdom be in season
At such a glorious time?
Who cares about the reason
So long as there is rhyme?
We rise, an honored nation,
While radiant thousands come,
To chant in jubilation—
Ty-tum, ty-tum, ty-tum!

We haven't any Byron,
With song's mysterious gift;
No Burns to woo the siren
And give the theme a lift.
Accept our best inventions
To swell the general sum—
We'll tell our good intentions
With "tum, ty-tum, ty-tum!"

* * *

Amiable, but Fatigued.

The Roman conqueror was home again.

He had viewed the triumphal arches and heard the plaudits of plebs and patricians. The calcium lights had played on him for miles along the line of march. The chairman of the committee on arrangements approached him and said, deferentially:

"General, have we left anything undone which might convey our appreciation of the fact that you are the hero of the hour?"

"Nothing," was the answer.

"Has the procession been as long as you think it ought to in passing a given point?"

"It has surpassed my expectations."

"Have you heard all the speeches you want?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Have you had all the music you care for from the glee club?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Have you had all the breakfasts and dinners and suppers you want?"

"Yes, thank you."

"And all the fireworks?"

"Yes, thank you."

"And all the speeches?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Now is there anything else you would enjoy? If there is, please mention it, for you must remember, general, we think the world of you and there isn't anything we wouldn't do for you."

"Are you sure that if I spoke candidly there would be no offense?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, to tell you the honest truth, I'd like about twenty minutes' sleep."

* * *

A Tribute to an Ancestor.

"I s'pose," said Uncle Eben as he paused in front of the young man with variegated attire who was standing in front of the barber shop on Saturday night, "I s'pose you's been gettin' you all's ha'r cut?"

"Dat's whut I has," was the answer.

"De fact dat yoh ha'r wa'n't long 'nuff to need no cuttin' didn' make no diffunce to you. You hatter go th'oo de motions, didn' yer?"

"Go 'long, uncle. You's behin' de times."

"Don't you sneer at me, son, 'cause I ain' got monograms on my suspender buckles. You think you is mighty spry, but lemme tell you dar is sech a thing as too much up-to-date-ness. You's got so used tu cable kyahs an bicycles dat you'd stay home rather dan walk down town if you didn' happen ter hab kyah fare."

"Times is gettin' too swif' foh you, uncle. Dat's whut de matter is."

"Son, did you all ebber hyah 'bout Noah'n de ahk?"

"Long ago."

"Did you evvuh hyah 'bout Ham?"

"I specks so."

"Ham wah de 'riginal cullud man. But he did'n' hang 'roun' lookin' foh opperchunities to get into coht in a civil rights case whah de chances was all ag'in 'im. He didn' was'e 'is time. When Noah say, 'Boys, git tergether an' chop wood an' help build dis ahk,' Ham, he took off 'is coat an' trotted up an' down de gang plank ten hours a day. He wan't no rag-time cake walker. He he'ped his fathur de bes' he could ter buil' dat boat an' git out'n de wet. An' dem boys didn't wait foh no plans an' speffisications. Dey said nuffin' an' druv nails an' smacked dat ship together. An' den when de trouble come, de hull fam'ly clum in an' got saved. S'pos'n you'd 'a been Ham. Whut 'ud you

'a done, wid all yoh up-to-dateness? Lemme tell you whut you'd 'a done. You'd 'a stood off wid yoh straw hat tipped ovah yoh right eye, an' you'd 'a said you wan't gwinter budge onless de ol' gemlan could perwide a twin screw perpeller, wid upholstered saloon pahlors an' a time table showin' when you wah gwinter land at Mount Ararat. You'd 'a let 'em blow de whistle an' haul in de gang plank while you was hangin' 'roun' lookin' at yoh white canvas shoes, an' finally you'd 'a jes' nachelly got drownded wid de res' er de trash."

Mexican Cigarette Rolling.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"This talk about starting a cigarette trust in old Mexico strikes me as being rather a good joke," said an experienced tobacco man. "I would as soon think of starting an ice trust at the north pole and trying to corner the inside supply. It is true everybody smokes cigarettes in Mexico, but, with very few exceptions, they make them themselves. The aristocrats affect fancy brands, mostly Turkish and Egyptian, but the masses use coarse granulated tobacco, and either brown paper or corn husk.

"It requires a great deal of skill to roll a cigarette a la Mexicana, and I've watched the natives do it many a time without being able to imitate the performance. The average Mexican, from peon to upper middle class, carries a handful of granulated tobacco wrapped up in a piece of rag or the corner of a handkerchief. When he wants to smoke, which is about once every five minutes, he produces, let us say, a bit of husk, spreads a pinch of tobacco on it lengthwise, and twists it into a cylinder by giving it a sort of sidelong slap against his thigh. How he imparts the necessary rolling motion I was never able to understand, and granulated tobacco is much more difficult to manipulate than the ordinary long cut.

"White paper for cigarette making is almost totally unknown once you cross the Rio Grande, and American tobacco houses doing a large business in the republic have found it necessary to substitute brown for their Mexican trade. The kind best liked is the common brown straw paper, chiefly used in this country by butchers and grocers for wrapping up parcels. It has a slight flavor that soon becomes rather pleasant than otherwise."

His Serpent Friend.

From the Philadelphia Record.

A veracious resident of Germantown tells this snake story: "Three or four months ago I spent my summer vacation on a farm in Lancaster county. Behind a hedge, near the woodpile, there lived a little snake, and, as I had heard that milk and music had a great attraction for snakes, I made up my mind to try this combination on this fellow. So one afternoon I sat down on a fagot of wood, with a tin plate of milk on the ground beside me, and began to play on a mouth organ. In a little while the snake stuck his head out from the hedge, listened, and then wriggled slowly and timidly toward me. Watching me out of the corner of his eye, he came on until he reached the milk. He drank it, curled up and listened to the music, and after I stopped playing he crawled back to his hole under the hedge again. Every clear afternoon that summer I entertained my little snake