

ON A BOSTON MAID.

Her name was Ethel Perkins. Not "Minerva Beauchamp."

IN A FIERY PRISON

THE destruction by fire of the distillery of Mr. B— in Dublin some time since will be in the recollection of many readers.

I am a medical man residing in Dublin, and on the night in question was returning about 11:30 o'clock from the neighborhood of Harold's Cross, where I had been to superintend the administering of a hot bath to a patient, when the reflection of the fire on the sky to the northwest attracted my attention and drew me to the spot.

Excited by the animation of the scene, I took an active part in the exertions of those around me, and soon became thoroughly heated as well as wetted in the service.

Among other duties undertaken by the volunteers with whom I had associated myself was the removal of a number of cases, to get at which it was necessary to cross a platform of masonry built around a large copper boiler in the unfinished end of the building.

I had crossed twice in safety and was about to venture a third time, when one of the bystanders who had witnessed my exertions directed my attention to the dangerous condition of the timbers, which hung smoldering and half suspended from the new brick-work and threatened to pull down a great part of the walls on each side in their descent, which could not be far distant.

I thanked my friendly warner for his advice, and had taken it so far as to retire a few steps from the inconvenient neighborhood of the flames, when one of the firemen of the N— Insurance company got up on the opposite side of the platform and signed for some one to come to his assistance.

I gave a look at the nodding timbers above; they seemed still too deeply bedded in the masonry of the building to give me any apprehension of immediate danger. I ran up the ladder that led to the platform on that side, but just as I gained the top a heavy fall of masonry took place from the angle of the pile nearly overhead.

I became confused and rushed forward, hardly knowing where I ran, but I had scarcely taken three steps in advance when I heard the prolonged tearing crash of the timbers overhead, and next moment saw the beams topple, when the mouth of the open vessel, which, as I have mentioned, was bedded in masonry at my feet, caught my eye.

It was not more than four feet across; the chances were that the long timbers would fall athwart, not into it. Without bestowing a thought on how I was to get out, I dropped at once into the bottom of the hollow chamber.

The metal reverberated and the echoing sphere rang round me for a moment with a brazen clang—then crash, crash, with the din of thunder, down came the blazing timbers—driving, rolling, rebounding—smashing all before them.

Instinctively I strove to cling to the side of the vessel—there was nothing to hold on by, and I reeled back to the little spot of level footing in the bottom, conscious for the first time that I was in a trap out of which there was no escape.

The vessel was a hollow sphere of about fourteen feet in diameter, perfectly smooth, except at the joinings of the metal plates of which it was composed. The only aperture, except the orifice at the top, was that by which the contents were intended to be drawn off, but this was not much wider than the mouth of a large tumbler.

I was resigned for some time when the thought flashed across my mind that perhaps if I called through this aperture my voice might be heard. The opening was in the very bottom of the vessel and I had to kneel down on the rubbish to apply my mouth to it. My knees did not come in contact with the metal, and my hands were defended by thick gloves, thoroughly wetted, so that I brought my face close to the aperture. I had no suspicion of the dreadful truth that I was now to learn—the copper was so hot that I could not bear it against my skin.

I pulled the thermometer I had been using in tempering my patient's bath out of my pocket. It stood at one hundred and fifty degrees. I placed the bulb of it on the metal, when the mercury rose with a rapidity that threatened to burst the tube, and I took it away ter-

rified at what I saw and afraid to witness the whole truth.

The thermometer had risen to one hundred and twelve degrees, but I knew from the experiments of Fordyce and Banks that the living fiber could for a short time bear a heat more than twice as great without permanent injury. I next endeavored to form some estimate of the heat the metal must acquire before the contained air would rise to a temperature of two hundred and fifty degrees, which I supposed it possible I might be able to bear. I was calm enough to make several memoranda on my tablets with the purpose of attaching them to a weight to be tied to the end of my handkerchief and flung out in the hope of letting it be known where I was. I began thus:

"I am Dr. —, of — street. If any one finds this come to the copper in the new building, where I am burning to death for want of a ladder.

"I am wrapped in a cloud of steam from my wet clothes. The thermometer stands one hundred and thirty degrees. It is now twenty-six minutes to one o'clock. The air is suffocatingly hot; I am drenched in perspiration.

"Fifteen minutes to one o'clock. Thermometer one hundred and thirty-seven degrees. Thirteen minutes, one hundred and thirty-nine degrees. Ten minutes, one hundred and fifty-three degrees. This is horrible. I can see the mercury mounting in the tube. The moisture from my clothes has all exhaled. They are now as dry as tinder and hot and hard to touch.

"Five minutes past one o'clock. Thermometer one hundred and seventy degrees. Have taken off both my coats and laid them over the hole—the rush of air from it agitated the hot atmosphere and made it intolerable.

"Eight minutes past one o'clock. Thermometer one hundred and seventy-seven degrees. My watch burning hot. Have taken it out of my fob. The pencil-case begins to feel hot to my fingers. Strange to say, my body is still cool.

"Thirteen minutes past one o'clock. Thermometer one hundred and ninety-five degrees. Sixteen minutes past one. Thermometer two hundred degrees. Have laid off everything but my boots. Could not bear the touch of anything. Breath cooler on exhalation than on inhalation.

"Thermometer two hundred and ten degrees. Watch stopped, owing to expansion of metal. Flame overhead decreasing. Light falling. Can see part of the copper changing to a dull red. Water would boil now where I hold the pencil in my fingers. But for the rubbish my clothes, on which I stand, would take fire. I have taken off my boots. The metal heels have left their mark on the cloth.

"Two hundred and twenty degrees. I am to be roasted alive. A dead ox would be baked if hung where I now stand.

"Two hundred and twenty-eight degrees. The soles of my feet are blistering. One spot of the copper is quite red hot. My vitals are turning to sweat.



THREW THE MESSAGE OUT.

Gracious God, how long is this last! I must shrivel soon now. God grant that I may die before the hot metal touches me!

"Two hundred and thirty-two degrees. The thermometer burns my hand—I have dropped it and it is broken. The heat increases. The smell of the metal is suffocating. I must soon stop."

With almost the last effort I was capable of making I put the tablets with a heavy piece of mortar (but for the mortar I would have been burned to the knees where I stood) into the end of my handkerchief and flung it with all my force out of the mouth of my fiery prison. The agony I endured in moving my naked arm so rapidly through the hot air was almost insupportable. It was like stirring boiling water with it.

There were voices above me. I heard them distinctly. I heard footsteps on the platform. They were gone—no, they were returning—they were coming to my rescue. At length a ladder, which was to me the most welcome sight that ever the sun shone on, was lowered down by hurried and tremulous hands amid the shudders of those who never expected to see more of the poor sufferer below than a heap of steaming, blood-stained cinders. I was just able to climb out of that torrid atmosphere into which no fireman would venture to descend.

They carried me in blankets to the hospital. Here I received all the aid that medical service could bestow until sufficiently recovered to be transported to my own lodgings, where I remained, suffering from the effects of a degree of heat such as perhaps no other human being ever endured and lived, for six weeks and upward.—Chicago Post.

Ammonite for Mine Work. Further experiments made in English collieries with ammonite show that this explosive possesses qualities rendering it valuable for mine work. The substance consists of pure ammonium nitrate and nitro-naphthalene, both of which substances are of themselves inflammable, but intimately combined form a powerful compound. It does not explode by concussion, is unaffected by variations of temperature, and can be detonated while chilled.

PROTECTION TESTIMONY.

American Industries Stimulated Through the McKinley Bill.

The efforts of the democracy to persuade the people that protection is a "fraud," and that the McKinley tariff act affects injuriously the industrial interests of the country, seems to be attended with increasing difficulty. All the facts in the case directly contravene their insinuation, but that perhaps would not be regarded by them as an insuperable obstacle if the evidences against them did not continue to multiply with such amazing rapidity. Among other testimony that of the commercial and industrial bodies of Great Britain, showing the effect of the tariff upon British interests, is especially conclusive. At the recent annual meeting of the chamber of commerce it was confessed that "the coal, iron and steel trades show increasing dullness, while the textile industries are harassed by the tariff." This is particularly true of Sheffield, Bradford and other centers, where it is stated that certain old branches of business have been practically destroyed by the McKinley act. The chairman of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, in making these statements, added that "there was little of betterment in the present conditions." Along with these declarations we have others as to the decline of the tin-plate industry.

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THE CORRIDOR OF TIME.

Nullification. Secession. Democracy.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean

and this, too, in face of the vehement democratic contention that this industry in the United States amounts to nothing whatever as a competing economic force. Then, too, we read that in some of the British industries wages are declining and the condition of the workmen is becoming desperate, while the inspector-general of bankruptcy, in his recently published report, declares that the increase in bankruptcy "is due to the effects of the McKinley tariff law."

Conclusive as this testimony would seem to be, there are other facts, relating to the industrial situation at home, which are equally striking as corroborating the statistics from abroad. One of the latest evidences of the beneficent effects of the McKinley law is furnished in the report of the Massachusetts bureau of statistics of labor. This bureau has always been regarded as one of the most trustworthy in the country, and its reports have come to be accepted as indisputable by all fair-minded men. The report for 1891, which has just been published, shows that, comparing that year with 1890, there was an increase of 2.65 per cent. in the amount of wages paid during the year, the aggregate paid being \$3,335,945 greater in 1891 than in 1890. The largest increase was in woolen goods, amounting to 7.15 per cent. It is noteworthy that the report of the United States finance committee, which embraced the whole country, made the increase in woolen goods manufactures 7.00 per cent. The Massachusetts statistics strikingly confirm the figures given by Commissioner Peck as to the improvement of New York industries. A recent report of the Indiana labor bureau bears similar testimony touching the influence of the McKinley tariff upon wages and production. The fact is that all testimony, from whatever quarter, is concurrent as to this point, and it is most surprising that anyone should undertake to deny facts so obvious and conclusive. No amount of special pleading or manipulation of statistics can change the facts in the case. Protection is everywhere stimulating our industries, increasing the earnings of workmen, and augmenting our ability as a people to compete in many forms of production in the markets of the world. It will be strange, indeed, if the American people, exceptionally prosperous as they are, and facing unequal opportunities for national development, do not approve, by an overwhelming vote, the protective principle which, in every test, has contributed so immensely to the general comfort and welfare.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Neither Grover Cleveland nor Adlai E. Stevenson was invited to attend the grand army encampment at Washington. The union veterans have no use for men who sent substitutes to the army and staid at home to encourage disloyalty and prate about the war being a failure.—Cleveland Leader.

TAMMANY AND CLEVELAND.

The Magwayman Moses Howing to the Tiger.

The war between Tammany and the Cleveland democrats has broken out anew. There was a temporary truce between the two factions, based on an arrangement by which Tammany was to be given full sway in local politics and control of patronage, and was not to be interfered with by the Cleveland or "anti-snapper" democrats. This agreement, it is now claimed, was violated. When Boss Croker returned to New York he immediately called off his minions, and he is now waiting for the Cleveland men to get down deeper in the dust of humiliation. If they do not submit to this Tammany will remain idle. So far-reaching is this trouble that Bourke Cockran, the orator of Tammany hall, has had his engagements in Indiana cancelled. It is said that Cockran will not resume his work on the stump until peace has been patched up and Boss Croker is satisfied. The withdrawal of Cockran from the campaign has thrown the Hoosier democracy into spasms of despondency. The democratic campaign in that state has been dragging along in a lifeless manner and the state is now abandoned to the republicans. The Cleveland men will have trouble and humiliation enough in trying to patch up a truce with Tammany. Respectable demo-



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crats are now regretting that the Cleveland men ever attempted to conciliate the hungry tiger.—Iowa State Register.

CURRENT COMMENT.

No free trade democrat is under the least moral or party obligation to vote for Cleveland since he has repudiated the free trade platform of his party and has come out for protection.—Chicago Tribune.

Grover says that he is really grateful for being called for a third time to represent the party of his choice for the supremacy of democratic principles. Called three times and chosen once will be the record.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Republican protection maintains the wages of American workmen at a higher figure than the wages of pauper Europe, and Grover Cleveland in his letter of acceptance calls this "greed and selfishness." To be selfish is the human instinct. We know of no politician who has been more selfish than Grover Cleveland, and few who have been more greedy.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Not for many years, if ever, has a more equivocal and halting statement been put forth by any aspirant for the high office of president of the United States. The American people like sincerity and courage. They find neither in the letter in which the democratic candidate for president discusses the great issues of the national election. The hesitating equivocation of Grover Cleveland is in sharp contrast with the straightforward manliness of Benjamin Harrison.—Boston Journal.

Hon. Thomas C. Platt said in his speech at the first republican meeting in New York city in this year's campaign: "Benjamin Harrison stands today as the representative of the grand old republican party; the bearer of the flag of protection, reciprocity and honest money, and as such we pledge him a united party with unwavering loyalty and faith." That is the spirit of invincible republicanism that brings a response from every member of the party who is worthy of the cause.—Iowa State Register.

Some sensational idiot in Chicago claims to have in his possession a letter from President Harrison indorsing what he calls a political conspiracy. He wants twenty-five thousand dollars for it, and alleges that its publication would greatly injure the republican party. We are opposed to betting, but would be willing to do violence to our conscience to the extent of wagering a small sum that no man on earth holds a private letter with the president's autograph attached to it, the publication of which would injure Mr. Harrison or the republican party. Mr. Harrison has some faults, but that of sleeping over is not one of them. His foot is a total stranger to his mouth, and it has not even a nodding acquaintance with his pen.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CELEBRATION.

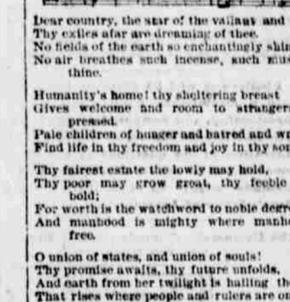
Programme for Columbus Day, as Arranged by the Executive Committee.

At nine o'clock on Friday, October 31, the schools will assemble. At half-past nine a detail of veterans will reach the school building in Maine as in California, in Dakota as in Louisiana. A color guard of pupils will meet the old soldiers at the entrance and escort them into the building. At a given signal the pupils will gather in the large hall or in the yard where the exercises are to take place, and the master of ceremonies will begin the reading of the president's proclamation declaring the day a national holiday.

As the reader finishes he announces: "In accordance with this recommendation by the president of the United States, and as a sign of our devotion to our country, let the flag of our nation be unfurled above this school."

As the flag reaches the top of the staff the veterans will lead the assembly in "Three cheers for Old Glory." Then, at a signal from the principal, the pupils face the flag and give it the military salute, saying: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Then in unison will sing "America."

A prayer and an acknowledgment of God follows, and the song of Columbus day will have its first rendition in public. The first stanza is given in the accompanying cut. The other stanzas follow:



Dear country, the star of the valiant and free! Thy exiles afar are dreaming of thee. No fields of the earth so enchantingly shine, No air breathes such incense, such music as thine. Humanity's home! thy sheltering breast Gives welcome and aid to strangers oppressed. Pale children of hunger and hatred and wrong Find life in thy freedom and joy in thy song. Thy fairest estate the lowly may hold, Thy poor may grow great, thy feeble grow bold. For worth is the watchword to noble decree, And manhood is mighty where manhood is free. O union of states, and union of souls! Thy promise awaits, thy future unfolds, And earth from her twilight is halting the sun, That rises where people and rulers are one.

An address follows in which the story of the four centuries is told. We give it in condensed form as follows:

We, who are here met together, are now really in company with 13,000,000 pupils of the American public schools. That is the thought, this day, which stirs our hearts. Though our eyes do not see all these, we call see them with our minds—as army of 13,000,000 boys and girls gathered in schoolhouses great and schoolhouses little, throughout the land, and all with the flag of our country floating over them. All are assembled at the request of the president of the United States for one purpose. That purpose is to celebrate the discovery of America by Columbus, whose ship first sighted it 400 years ago this morning, to signal that they first saw the new world.

Yes—the New World. For that discovery added more than a new continent to the other continents. It changed the prospects of mankind; it opened broad lands to their labor; it gave them great new hopes, and so made the world new.

Have those hopes been disappointed? No. That there are 13,000,000 American children in free schoolhouses little, throughout the land, and all with the flag of our country floating over them. All are assembled at the request of the president of the United States for one purpose. That purpose is to celebrate the discovery of America by Columbus, whose ship first sighted it 400 years ago this morning, to signal that they first saw the new world.

Behind him, in old Europe, Columbus left our own ancestors—men, women, girls and boys—without any better prospect than that of toiling and fighting for kings and nobles. He left behind him a world where the most of the people were common people, and where common people were treated as having few human rights.

So before him a new world, where those common people, set free to do their own will, were by and by to establish the same rights for everybody, free education for all the children and a government by the people for the people.

He saw before him this America, where 13,000,000 of us pupils of the common schools are this day met in thankfulness to God who sent Columbus forth, and who moved our forefathers to make this a land of freedom, law and schools.

All that our forefathers did we receive. It was done for us: it is given to us freely. So upon us is laid a mighty trust. Upon us is laid the duty to be patriots, like those who made our land the great place it is. The people today have made the school children all over the land the leaders in this Columbus day celebration, so as to give to us a lesson in patriotism which we never shall forget. We can begin to be patriots now. We are patriots as soon as we love our country and its flag. When we try to make our school a better school, when we try to make our games fair games, when we begin to be patriotic citizens. And then, we, the boys and girls of America today, are going to be the men and women of America before long. Very soon we will have to govern the towns and cities, build the schools and make the laws. Whatever we shall do that makes all the people happier will make our country's flag brighter. But if we should vote when we grow up for things that are wrong that would stain the flag. So, let us promise that the flag of our dear land, which so proud and bright, flies over our heads to-day, shall never be stained by our fault. Let us pledge ourselves that the great name America shall forever mean an equal chance to every citizen and love to all the world. Then follows a magnificent ode written by Edna Dean Proctor. This is as follows and concludes the uniform exercises:

COLUMBIA'S BANNER. "God helping me," cried Columbus, "though fair or foul the breeze, I will sail and sail till I find the land beyond the western seas." So an eagle might leave its eyrie, bent, though the blue should bar, To fold its wings on the loftiest peak of an undiscovered star! And into the vast and void abyss he followed the setting sun; Nor gulfs nor gales could fright his sails till the wondrous quest was done. But oh, the weary vigils, the murmuring, torturing days! Till the first sun and the shout of "Land!" set the black night ablaze! Till the shore lay fair as paradise in morning's balm and gold. And a world was won from the conquered deep And the tale of the ages told. Uplift the starry banner! The best age is begun! We are the heirs of the mariners whose voyage that morn'g was done. Measureless lands Columbus gave and rivers through zones that roll. But his rarest, noblest bounty was a new world for the soul!

Spain called from the past with its walls to the future's open sky. And the ghosts of pain and fear were laid, the breath of heaven went by. And the people's pride and the landing's roar, saw life, in that vital air. As ages are lost when sun and wind sweep ocean blue and bare, And freedom and larger knowledge spread clear, the sky to space. The brightest, not of priest or king, but of every child of man! Uplift the new world's banner to greet the exultant sun. Lo! the rosy beams still follow its beams as swift to west they run. Till the wide air rings with shout and hymn to welcome it shining high. And our eagle from some Katsadin in Shasta's snow-cave fly. In the light of its stars as found in flung to the autumn sky! Uplift it, youths and maidens, with songs and loving cheers. Through tumults' raptures it has waved, through agonies and tears. Columbia looks from sea to sea and thrills with joy to meet. Her myriad sons, as one, would leap to shield it from a foe. And you who soon will be the state, and shape each grand decree, Oh, vow to live and die for it, if serious death must be. The tower of all the centuries (see this starry flag have wrought): In dunces' dim, of glory fields, light and peace were bought; And you who from the future—whose days our dreams fulfill—On Liberty's immortal height, oh, plant its trier still! For it floats for broadest bearing; see the soul's supreme release: For law displacing license; for righteousness and peace; For valor born of justice, and its ample scope and plan. Makes a queen of every woman, a king of every man. While forever, like Columbus, o'er Truth's unfathomed main Pilots to the hidden poles, a grander realm to gain. Ah! what a mighty trust is ours, the noblest ever laid on man's shoulders! To keep this banner spotless its kindred stars among! Our feet may tread the oceans—our forts the handiwork of crown—Our million-fold treasures lavish for mine and mark and tow. Rich fields and books and busy looms bring plenty, far and wide—And statelier temples deck the land than Rome or Athens pride—And science bars the mysteries of earth and wave and sky—Till none with us in splendor and strength and skill can vie. Yet, should we seek for Liberty and Manhood less than these, our nation's pride—And sligh the part of the humblest between our circling seas—Should we be false to our sacred past, our fathers' God forgetting, This banner would lose its luster, our sun be high his setting! But the dawn will sooner forget the east, the tides their ebb and flow, Than you forget our radiant flag and its matchless glory forego! Nay! you will keep it high advanced with ever brightening away—The banner whose light betokens the Lord's divine day—Leading the nations gloriously in freedom's holy way! No cloud on the field of azure—no stain on the rosy bars—God bless you, youths and maidens, as you guard the Stripes and Stars!

WHAT THE SCHOOLS ARE TO DO. Francis Bellamy, chairman of the executive committee, offers the following among other suggestions: The first duty of each school is to attend to its own teaching celebration. Teachers, superintendents and school boards should confer that action may be harmonious, and the best results attained. The proposed celebration should be explained to each school at the earliest moment. It should be so presented as to awaken enthusiasm. Interesting topics relating to Columbus and the discovery should be suggested for special investigation. Such topics might be: "The Map of the World Before the Discovery," "Important Inventions and Events of Europe Just Before the Discovery," "The Story of Columbus," "The Ships of Columbus," "What Columbus Expected to Find," "Geographical Growth of the United States," "States of South America," etc. The teacher should assign the address and the ode to those who can render them most intelligently. The flag salute and the songs should be persistently rehearsed.

Important committees of pupils should be appointed: 1. A committee of invitation, whose duty is to see that the family of each pupil receives a special invitation to the morning exercises of October 31, and also, when they arrive, to show them seats; 2. A color guard, whose duty is (1) to see that the school has a flag and a staff in proper condition; (2) to meet the veterans as they arrive, and escort them with dignity to the principal in the schoolhouse; (3) to act as aids of the principal.

An efficient adult committee of arrangements should also be constituted. This committee must see (1) that seats are prepared out of doors in hope of fair weather, and that a room is also engaged for the exercises, should it be a stormy day; (2) that fitting decorations and printed programmes are provided; (3) that the local press is interested and invited; (4) that arrangements are made with the veterans and other special guests for the party they are to take.

The school principal must make himself personally responsible for the work of each committee.

A Libel on the Cow. "The cow is a born thief," said Thomas Grimshaw to a party of commercial pilgrims who were discussing zoology in the Lindell rotunda. "She will leave a square meal, gotten up expressly for her by an imported chief, to wear her tongue as thin as a political platform trying to coax a wisp of rotten straw through a crack in a neighbor's barn. She relishes nothing so much as what she steals. She has a long head, and could give many of our military heroes points on strategy. Any cow that has paid attention to her education can open a garden gate that fastens with a bank vault lock, get inside and do fifty dollars' worth of damage before the infuriated owner can remember that the shotgun is not loaded. The cow is a calf, if our city butchers are to be believed, until there is no more room on her horns for rings. When she is too old to give two quarts of milk per diem and then kick it all over the dewy-lipped milkmaid, the careful farmer drives her on a railroad track, wrecks a freight train with her, and then uses the company for the price of a Jersey. Of course the company kicks worse than the cow ever did, but the honest agriculturist gets a jury of fellow farmers and the soulless monopoly has to come to law."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dancing Master—"I want to look as some nice shoes for dancing." Shoe Man—"Yes, sir, here you are. A nice pair of kangaroo-skin shoes; and you know, sir, for hops, the kangaroo can't be beaten."

Dora Know Him.—Cora—"I'm much pleased with my new acquaintance, Mr. Jimpson. I hope to know him better." Dora—"Well, it would be impossible to know him worse."

Yankee Blade.