Iron County Register

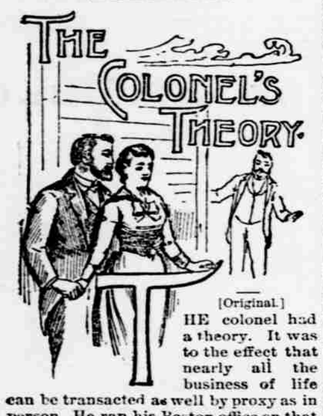
BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

HER LETTERS.

I'm settin' all alone to-day,
Jes' dozin' like, the time away,
An' thinkin' of a face—but here
I'll stop right short, fer I don't keer
To open up a lonesome heart
Wot's ben long closed, an' kind o' start
These weak old eyes to leak again—
Because at three score years an' ten,
A feller'd better look ahead
An' let the buried past stay dead.
But—then again—it seems, you know,
To a pore lonely chap ez though
He couldn't keep his thoughts away
F'om wand'rin' back to some lost day,
An' strayin' through the sun-lit aisles
O' long ago, 'at, miles on miles,
Stretch their beckonin' gleams o' light
To sort o' cheer the gloom o' night
Wot settles round a feller when
His almanick sez: "Three score ten!"
An' so, I take this bun'le up
An' kind o' fill my ole heart's cup
Tel it slops o'er an' 'pears to float
A lump o' sumthin' to my throat,
'At sticks right there, untel soft tears
Washes it down the len'th'nin' years.
An' so, I read her letters o'er—
The ones she writ to me afore
Those falt'rin' han's hed got so weak,
An' 'fore the roses in her cheek
Bowed to the jellus lily's reign,
En' ez I read them lines again,
I 'pear to see a sad, sweet face
Cum f'om the gloom, an' fill the place
Where I sit all alone, to-day,
Jes' dozin' like, the time away!

—N. Y. World.



[Original.]

THE colonel had a theory. It was to the effect that nearly all the business of life can be transacted as well by proxy as in person. He ran his Boston office on that principle. During office hours he remained in his office, but the hours were few. Telephone wires connected the store with his home; a pneumatic tube connected every room of both store and house with every other room, and two messenger boys were on duty twenty hours a day—ten hours each.

When the colonel became interested in western investments it was natural that he should carry his theory into the matter. He organized the Trask Cattle Co. (limited), with himself, Col. Trask, president and manager, and then coolly informed the directors that he did not propose to visit the scene of operations, western Kansas, at all. "It can be managed just as well by correspondence," he insisted, "and I'll advertise for a superintendent at once."

Col. Trask was only forty, he was wealthy and prosperous and his associates concluded to let him have his own way.

Hence there appeared in two or three poorly printed and worse arranged prairie papers this notice:

WANTED — AN ENERGETIC SUPERINTENDENT for a cattle ranch. A deposit of $200 required as evidence of fidelity. Address O. M. Trask, Boston, Mass.

One answer so impressed him by its vigorous language and its bold, manly chirography, that the colonel considered no other, and J. C. Selton was engaged forthwith.

The colonel's theory was carried so far that the superintendent was intrusted with the purchasing of the cattle and land, it being required that letters be written weekly detailing progress.

Never was better work accomplished than that told of in the reports. The colonel's eyes kindled as he read them and he dictated gorgeous paraphrases of them to be sent in circular form to the syndicate's stockholders.

"One would think you had a sweetheart out west by the way you pore over those letters," said his mother one day.

"I have," replied Trask. "I'm in love with this fellow Selton. He does write magnificent letters, and is making us money, too. I'm going out to see him next week."

He kept his promise, and ten days later the express train let off at the little western Kansas station an elegantly dressed gentleman who looked a little regretfully at the Pullman car he had just left.

Grainville was not exactly what he had anticipated. His ideas had been formed from the boom newspapers occasionally sent him by Selton. It looked ill-kempt, straggling, ragged.

Nor did the ranch of the Trask Cattle Company exactly agree with the voluptuous accounts he had sent out to the stockholders. There was an expanse of green prairie, long reaches of barb-wire, and over there a rambling corral, with headquarters cabin of three or four rooms, unpainted and rather rough in appearance.

The colonel read over one door, "J. C. Selton, superintendent." "Guess I'll go in," he said aloud, and lifted the latch. The room was empty, except for a cheap table littered with the company's letter paper.

At that moment there was a cry for help outside, and he turned to see two young cowboys vainly trying to drive a bunch of a hundred cattle toward the bluffs of a little stream.

"That will suit me," thought the colonel, pulling off his coat. "I used to drive home the cows from the pasture on father's old farm down in Pennsylvania, and I'd like no better fun than to help."

He mounted a pony hitched to the corral and rode beside one of the herders.

"Where's the superintendent?" he began.

"Dunno."

"Want some help?"

"Yes, go over there an' head 'em off."

Trask touched his horse with the spurs and found himself in front of two hundred very threatening looking horns.

What was that, the crack of a pistol? His horse started at the sound and he saw the smoke floating away from the weapon in the cowboy's hand.

Whether the man did it out of meanness or really thought that by the shot he could control the actions of the cattle Trask did not have time to consider.

His pony reared and turned until no more control of the animal was possible. He had carried his rider far to the right of the herd when a sudden arching of the back ("bucking" in western parlance) threw the colonel violently into the air and in a moment he was lying on the prairie with a keen pain darting through his ankle. The pony was racing away westward.

Col. Trask did not faint. He sat up and looked about him and saw something that made him far more anxious than had the broken ankle.

A man and a horse when combined are invincible among western cattle. A man or a horse alone has little chance of life. The brutes seem to consider either a legitimate target for the slender branching horns that are capable of so much damage.

The cattle saw the man sitting helpless on the prairie and were starting with bellows of rage in his direction.

This the colonel realized. What he did not see was the form of a well-poised woman on a handsome white horse that approached the cowboys. She wore a graceful riding-hat and had a strong womanly face that told of a capability for management.

"Who is that man out there?" she asked, as she saw Trask struggling with his frightened pony.

"I dunno," was the herder's reply. "Some dude 't thinks he kin herd Texas steers, I reckon."

"Look!" she cried, "he has fallen off and is hurt—and the cattle see him!"

The herder looked on with unconcern.

"Why don't you go to save him?" she asked with blanched lips.

The man gave a shrug with his broad shoulders and grunted the favorite motto of the ranchman: "A man's life is his own."

The woman looked intently at Trask, and seeing that he was in some way injured, threw riding hat and gloves to the wind and, plunging the spur into her horse until the silky white coat was flecked with red, rode furiously to the rescue.

The herder watched the race with staring eyes. The woman gained rapidly upon the trotting steers, but would she reach the stranger in time?

In a moment she was up to him and had leaped to the ground by his side. With almost superhuman strength she lifted his relaxed form and threw it over the saddle. Trask had fainted.

The angry cattle were not five rods away as with a bound she sprang to the horse's back, and, holding the limp stranger with one hand, lashed the horse with the other until they were out of danger.

Trask woke up in the unpainted room of the superintendent. He lay on a rude couch, and the tall, well-formed lady he had seen riding toward him was standing near.

"I would like to see Mr. Selton," he whispered as soon as he could speak.

"See whom?" Her voice was soft and low.

"The superintendent."

"I am the superintendent."

"But I want J. C. Selton."

"That is my name."

Weak as he was, Trask raised himself up in bed. "And have I been doing business through you all this time?" he gasped.

"If your name is Mr. Trask, as I am told it is, you certainly have."

The colonel mused much over his theory's working during those days in the cabin as he watched the workings of the ranch and waited for his broken limb to heal. As he considered how

"SHE LIFTED HIS RELAXED FORM."

well things were managed and how his life had been almost miraculously saved he was not entirely satisfied that the theory was a failure.

His friend, Richards, vice president of the company, accompanied him when a few months later the colonel made another western trip.

"Blest if I don't think Trask has a mighty big interest in that woman superintendent, Jessie Selton," he remarked to himself, as he walked disconsolately back and forth smoking, on the night of their arrival at the ranch. "He has not spoken two words to me since we got here."

Just then he rounded the corner of the building. There was the colonel and beside him the superintendent. His arm was around her waist.

"Your proxy theory doesn't always work, Trask," stammered Richards, for want of something better to say.

"No," replied the colonel, in an embarrassed manner, "not in this case. We are to be married to-morrow."

C. M. HARGER.

A Queer Tribute.

In many instances, particularly in olden times, large and powerful nations have demanded tribute from smaller and weaker states. This demand was generally complied with by the petty ruler, who fancied that such a step would render his throne secure. When a tribute-paying king thought he could whip the other he generally stopped making any payment, and then there was a fight about it. As a rule the tribute consisted of so much gold or some rich product of the country. A queer tribute, however, was exacted by King Edgar the Peaceable, who ruled over a part of Britain about nine hundred years ago. Then there were several petty kings scattered here and there, and a much larger number of fierce wolves ran wild. So in 961 King Edgar commanded that all who paid him tribute should pay it in wolves' heads, and from Wales he demanded three hundred annually. As there were plenty of wolves this tribute was easily paid at first, and people in those days did not regard the selection of wolves' heads as at all queer, for the payment of tribute was merely an acknowledgment of the other nation's strength. So the wolves' heads tribute was regularly paid until wolves began to get pretty well thinned out, and parts of England were entirely divested of the animals, which perhaps, was just what the king wanted. — Harper's Young People.

THE OUTLOOK IN NEW YORK.

A Safe Democratic Majority Already in Sight.

The letters of democratic and republican editors from various sections of the state to the Argus present the first general survey of the political situation in interior New York, published during the canvass. This indicates very plainly that the drift of sentiment is strongly with the democratic party, and that diligent work from now until election will give the democratic electoral ticket a handsome majority in the state.

Our reports cover two-thirds of the counties in the state, outside of New York and Kings, but rather less than half the vote, and they point by what is said and by what is left unsaid, to considerable reductions in the republican pluralities of 1888 all through the state. The republican party recognizes that four years ago its vote reached high water mark, and has since been steadily receding. The feigned apprehension of the New York Tribune that the new ballot law will keep timid republicans, afraid of its supposed complexities, away from the polls, is a transparent evasion of the fact that the new laws have checked the corrupt practices by which the republican vote in the interior was formerly swelled. Reasons for the republican losses which are noted by our respected and obliging correspondents were not asked, because they are on the surface.

Briefly summarized, the letters from democratic sources point to a net republican loss or democratic gain of 16,000 in forty counties. The same ratio in the remainder of the state would produce a republican loss of about 30,000 outside of New York and Kings, in which a democratic gain of at least 10,000 is conceded. A loss of over 2,000 conceded by republicans in eleven counties would imply, on a rough calculation of the vote of the state, a total republican loss of about 15,000, which, with the allowed democratic gains south of the Harlem, would give the state to the democratic ticket by a safe majority of about 15,000.—Albany Argus.

AN ARCH HYPOCRITE.

The Humbuggery of Wildcat Silver Sherman.

John Sherman, the author and defender of the present crazy silver law—a law that is hurrying this country toward a sixty-five-cent dollar currency as fast as anything short of unlimited silver coinage can do it—standing before a Chicago audience and pretending to be greatly frightened about wildcat banks was a sight for gods and men.

This Sherman is the craftiest of all the republican monopoly advocates. It was he who undertook to sweeten the McKinley tariff dose by getting up a bogus anti-trust law when he well knew that the best and the only anti-trust law that this country can have is free trade. It was John Sherman, hypocrite, who stood up in 1880 and thanked the republican party for the good crops of that and the preceding year and urged the people to keep the tariff and star route and electoral vote thieves in power because a change in the white house might stop the sunshine, the rain and the harvest. His present appeals are addressed to about the same grade of intelligence.

The truth is that if there is an old humbug in the republican party it is John Sherman. Posing as the high priest of honest money, he is the hope of the cheap silver cranks of the far west. His silver law, now in force, is a menace to every wageworker in the land. One step more and every day's labor in America will be paid for with John Sherman's sixty-five-cent silver dollars.

Talk about wildcats! The irredeemable sixty-five-cent silver dollar that John Sherman has given us is the only debased currency that threatens this country to-day, and we have it because John Sherman found it necessary to make this concession to the bullion millionaires of the far west in order to secure their support of the thieving McKinley bill. If there is a wildcat anywhere in this vicinity it is John Sherman himself.—Chicago Herald.

GEN. SICKLES ON PENSIONS.

An Old Soldier's Opinion of Republican Pension Methods.

On the 5th of October, 1888, in the opera house at Utica, with President Cleveland's record fresh in his and in the public mind, Gen. Daniel E. Sickles spoke these brave and just words of the candidate of his party for president:

"Now as to President Cleveland's record in behalf of the soldiers. They charge that he has vetoed a good many pension bills. So he has. I have read his views. I am a soldier. I love my soldiers. Had I been president and a congress had passed such bills for my soldiers, I should have vetoed every one of them, too. They were mostly all frauds and shams, and I had no frauds under me. Any right-minded man, sworn to discharge his duty, would have signed those vetoes as President Cleveland did."

Gen. Sickles, continuing, gave President Cleveland's record regarding pension bills and said: "I think the republicans should hang their heads in shame in the presence of such a record."

Under Cleveland's administration there were 192,070 pension claims allowed, an excess of 64,658 over the allowances under the preceding republican administration.

During Gen. Black's administration of the pension bureau under Cleveland there was disbursed for pensions $284,738,000, an excess of $63,112,000 over the payments during the Garfield-Arthur administration.

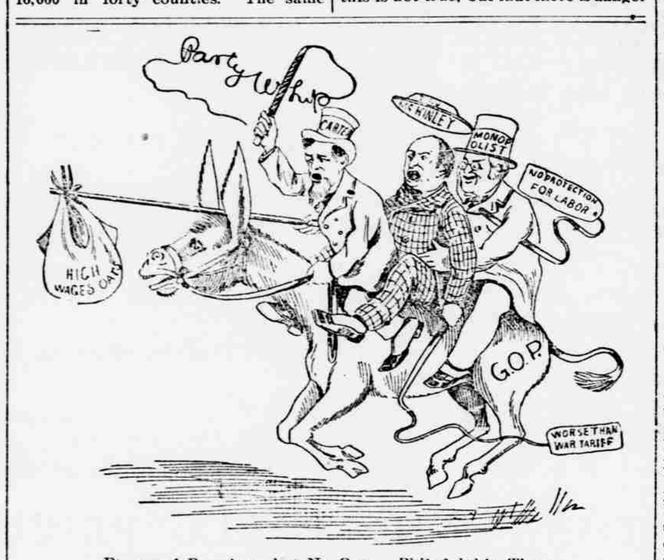
President Cleveland signed more private pension bills than were approved during sixteen preceding years of republican administration.

Mr. Cleveland has neither said nor done anything, since Gen. Sickles' just eulogy of him four years ago, to earn the disfavor of any soldier.—N. Y. World.

FALSE SECURITY.

Republicans Relying Upon Electing a Senate.

The republicans now see that they have overdone in the past the "saving-the-country-from-ruin" business as well as the "scare" business. All through Cleveland's administration they were pointing to the senate as the secure barrier against that ruin which the democrats were as determined as ever to bring on the land, but could not so long as the republicans controlled the senate. But they now perceive that this has bred a false sense of security among the republican masses. Plain republican voters are believing what they were told for four years, and are saying that things cannot be so very bad, even if Cleveland is elected, as the senate will still be republican. This will never do, and so the alarm has gone forth that the senate is in danger as well as the presidency. But this is too indefinite. No names, places or dates are mentioned. It is one thing to say that, if Cleveland carries New York on November 8 the country is lost, and quite another to say that this is not true, but that there is danger that the senate, at some time or other, in some way not named, may be lost to the republicans. The senate is certain to remain republican till March 4, and it is almost certain that no democratic senate can meet in Washington at the same time with a house of representatives before December, 1893. Really, it is too much to ask people to go into their cyclone cellars thirteen months before the cyclone.—N. Y. Post.



Plenty of Promises, but No Oats.—Philadelphia Times.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

——McKinley still insists that the question of tariff is one of wages. Workmen are beginning to think so, too, but they view it with alarm.—Kansas City Times.

——Shelby M. Cullom's engagements cover nearly all of Illinois because every other senatorial district is to be contested and nearly all of them, except those which are democratic, are doubtful.—St. Louis Republic.

——Republican managers are not satisfied with the effect of Mr. Blaine's Ophir farm speech, which has done Harrison more harm than good, and they are now begging him to make another speech to undo the mischief.—Albany Argus.

——"There is no more danger of 'wildcat notes' in civilized communities than there is of the wild cats themselves. Those who have made the outcry know better and laugh in their sleeves whenever a dupe is made to tremble at the picture they have drawn of the possible peril from these issues."—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

——The one essential condition to the maintenance of the right of property is that the accumulation of property shall be free under equal substantial terms for all so far as the law can fix these terms. Inequality of opportunity there will, of course, always be, but if all men are to be asked to respect the right of property then the law must itself respect the right of all men honestly to get and hold it. So long as this condition is observed there is no serious danger to property in the American union.—N. Y. Times.

——"Now as to Mr. Cleveland's record in behalf of the soldiers. They charge that he has vetoed a good many pension bills. So he has. I have read his views. I am a soldier. I love my soldiers. Had I been president and a congress had passed such bills for my soldiers, I should have vetoed every one of them, too. They were mostly all frauds and shams, and I had no frauds under me. Any right-minded man, sworn to discharge his duty, would have signed these vetoes as President Cleveland did."—Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, at Utica, October 5, 1888.

——Mr. Blaine reminds the people of the northeast how prosperous they are. "I doubt," says he, "if since the government of the United States was instituted anybody at any time has seen what we call 'good times' so general in so many interests, and spreading prosperity throughout the whole domain of trade." What do the farmers of Kansas, who are getting only fifty cents for their wheat, and the farmers of the south, who are getting only six cents for their cotton, think of this? Where does *their* share of the "good times" come in at?—St. Louis Republic.

——The attempt of the republican campaign managers to prejudice independent and democratic soldiers against Grover Cleveland is not bearing the expected fruit. From what we are able to see, instead of gaining democratic soldiers for Harrison, our opponents are losing some of their own veterans. The most distinguished of the soldier converts to democracy is Judge Walter Q. Gresham, who has a brilliant war record and was severely wounded on the field of battle. Next in importance is Maj. Gen. Jacob D. Cox, ex-governor of Ohio, a lifelong republican who has announced his intended support of Cleveland.—Rochester Herald.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The lace bark tree grows in the West Indies. It is a lofty tree, with ovate, entire smooth leaves and white flowers. It is remarkable for the tenacity of its inner bark and the readiness with which the inner bark may be separated after maceration in water into layers resembling lace.

—In the kitchen of Richard I. of England 300 persons were employed, and the queen had a like number to attend upon her service. During a famine the king entertained 6,000 persons daily. He valued himself on surpassing in magnificence all the sovereigns of Europe, and lived as if he possessed inexhaustible treasures.

—In the year 1661 a gathering of nobility and gentry took place at Newcastle, England, to celebrate a great anniversary, when, on account of the number of guests, each was required to bring his own dish of meat. Of course there was a sort of competition in which strove for pre-eminence; but the specimen of Sir George Goring was considered the masterpiece. It consisted of four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sausage, all tied to a monstrous bag pudding.

—At an entertainment in London for the benefit of a certain fund there was given a representation of "the old woman who lived in her shoe." The mammoth shoe, which was at least nine feet high, with the width and length in proportion, was filled with many children from three to ten years old. The old woman herself was a clever young girl of sixteen, who taught her children to dance, sent them out to walk, gave them singing lessons, endeavored to put them to bed in the shoe and did many other funny things that delighted the audience.

—An instructive and pathetic custom still prevails in Munich. Every destitute child found begging in the streets is arrested and carried to a charitable institution. On his arrival he is photographed—dirt, rags and all. After being maintained and educated, when he quits the institution to begin life the before-mentioned photo is given him, and he is required to make a solemn declaration that he will keep it as a reminder of the wretched state from which he was saved and the kindness shown. The charity has received many gifts from its reclaimed waifs.

—The new British house of commons is much older than the one that preceded it; that is, the average age of its members is much greater. The ages range from twenty-two to ninety. It has two members only twenty-two years of age, and Mr. Villiers is again the father of the house, being ninety years of age. Four other veterans are Isaac Holden, eighty-five; Mr. Gladstone, eighty-two, and C. Wright, eighty-two. It has forty members whose ages range from twenty-two to thirty, 143 from thirty-one to forty, 197 from forty-one to fifty, 173 from fifty-one to sixty, seventy-eight from sixty-one to seventy, and four from eighty-one to ninety.

—In the early days of England wedding rings were made of rushes, but in this age even more curious materials are sometimes pressed into service when emergency demands it. Many cases are on record where rings of brass or iron and curtain rings and door keys have taken the place of the bands of gold which nervous grooms have mislaid. One bride is said to have been married with a leather ring, cut from a finger of one of her gloves, and another embarrassed young couple were relieved by a suggestion from the minister that the wedding ring be cut from a visiting card. Quakers and Swiss Protestants do not use rings at their marriage ceremonies. The Irish have a strong objection to any but gold weddings rings. In St. Kilda wedding rings are made of worsted.

WHEN THE EARTH DIES.

Some Day the Solar System Must Inevitably Expire.

Consider a flywheel or clockwork as driven by a weight and the heat-generated by friction against the motion of wheels and pendulum and by impacts of teeth against the pallets at an escapement. Our knowledge of properties of matter and of modes of propagation of heat by radiation or conduction, and of the efficiency of heat as a motor, discovered by several thousand years of observation and several hundred years of experiment and dynamical theory, suffices to show that when the weight is run down and the potential energy (or capacity to do work) which it had in the beginning has been all spent in heat, this heat is not available for raising the weight and giving the clockwork a renewed lease of motivity.

The solar system, according to the best of modern scientific belief, is dynamically analogous to the clockwork in all the essentials of our consideration. Not going back in thought to a beginning, of which science knows nothing, let us compare the solar system as it was three thousand years ago with the solar system as it is now. Let our analogue be a clockwork which three hours ago was known to be going with its weight partially run down, and which is still going with its weight not yet wholly run down.

During these three thousand years the sun has been giving out radiant heat (light being included in the designation "radiant heat") in all directions, propagated at the rate of about nine and a half million million kilometers per year, and therefore twenty-eight and a half thousand million million kilometers in three thousand years. We do not know whether the light which left the sun three thousand years ago is still traveling outward with almost undiminished energy, or whether nearly all is already dissipated in heat, warming the luminiferous ether or ponderable bodies which have obstructed its course; we may, I think, feel sure that it is partly still traveling outward as radiant heat, and partly spent (or dissipated) in warming ponderable matter (or ponderable matter and the luminiferous ether).

The running down of the weight in the clock-work has its perfect analogue, as Helmholtz was, I believe, in reality the very first to point out, in the shrinkage of the sun from century to century under the influence of the mutual gravitational attractions between its parts. The heat-producing efficiency of the fire which there would be if the sun were a globe of gunpowder or gun cotton burning from its outward surface inward—that is to say, the work done by the potential energy of the chemical affinity between uncombined oxygen and carbon and hydrocarbons, attractive forces as truly forces and subject to dynamic law as is the force of gravity itself, is absolutely infinitesimal in comparison with the work done by the gravitational attraction on the shrinking mass adduced by Helmholtz as the real source of the sun's heat.

The whole story of energy now in the sun, whether of actual heat corresponding to the sun's high temperature, or of potential energy (as of the not-run-down weight of the clock-work)—potential energy of gravitation depending on the extent of future shrinkage which the sun is destined to experience, is essentially finite; and there is much less of it now than there was three hundred thousand years ago. Similar considerations of action on a vastly smaller scale are, of course, applicable to terrestrial plutonic energy, and thoroughly dispose of the terrestrial "perpetual motion" by which Lyell and other followers of Hutton, on as sound principles as those of the humblest mechanical perpetual motionist, tried to find that the earth can go on forever as it is illuminated by the sun from infinity of time past to infinity of time future, always a habitation for race after race of plants and animals, built on the ruins of the habitations of preceding races of plants and animals.

The doctrine of the "Dissipation of Energy" forces upon us the conclusion that within a finite period of time past the earth must have been, and within a finite period of time to come must again be, unfit for the habitation of man as at present constituted, unless operations have been, and are to be, performed which are impossible under the laws governing the known operations going on at present in the material world.—Fortnightly Review.

"PLUGGING HIS WHEEL."

How a Montana Gambler Played "Low Down" for Big Stakes.

It was only a year or so ago that a well-known and slippery gambler "plugged" the "wheel" of a colaborer in the vineyard of the dishonest dollar. It was at Wallace, Mont. He slipped into the shack one night, bored a gimlet hole in the wheel right below a heart. Into this he poured lead, inserted a wooden plug, and varnished the spot.

On the following morning he dropped casually into the establishment and put a $20 gold piece on the heart red. It won and $20 was placed with it. He left the entire amount standing, winning again. This left him with $80 in front.

"Let 'er go," he said; the wheel whirred $80 into his pocket. The dealer smiled, thinking such a run of luck wouldn't last, and sent the wheel around. Then there was $320 in front of the speculator on chance.

"Ain't you going rather high?" asked the proprietor.

"Oh, be sporty now; be sporty," replied the gambler, and the wheel turned heart again; $640 was in the stack now. The gambler made a feint as if to draw it down, but the proprietor sang out: "Be sporty yourself, now."

"All right, let 'er go;" she went and $1,280 lay in front of the man who had a $20 gold piece as capital.

"Now run her again," said the latter.

"Haven't got that much in the drawer."

"What 'ev you got?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Let her go for that," and pocketing $1,780 the gambler made off, while the owner of the wheel shut up shop. Then he began to examine his wheel. The plug was discovered, and hitching two revolvers and a belt of cartridges around his waist, he started after his $1,780 and gore. He received neither, as the gambler was seeking the salubrious climate indigenous to Seattle.

Six months later the two came together. The wheel owner was on velvet again, but he quietly told the gambler of the narrow thread by which his life hung if the latter had been caught.

"Ah, don't squeal; you were done up, weren't you?"

"Yes, and it cost me $50 to fix the wheel again."

"Well, here's your fifty for the wheel."—Chicago Mail.

BRUIN HIS ANCESTOR.

The Latest Theory Advanced on the Mooted Question of Man's Origin.

Frederick G. Gherke, a German professor of zoology and comparative anatomy, the author of that remarkable book, "The True Descent of Man," is the high priest of the extraordinary doctrine of man, "the noblest work of God," being a descendant of the bear! Speaking of his theory as opposed to that of the descent from apes, which he says has been falsely called the "Darwinian theory," he says:

"An ape has none of the characteristics of a man. An ape imitates—a man reasons. An ape has four hands, all of which are unlike either the hands or feet of man. Apes are idiots, something that can not be said of the very lowest order of mankind. I say that man has descended from bears and I can prove it. In a museum at Paris I saw the skeleton of a cave bear, which I examined very closely. I was convinced at the time that the animal had a partially developed knee-pan, and since that time I have given the matter much study. I went over in my mind to a time beyond the history of man. * * * I remembered that skeletons of primeval man had been found in caves with bears. * * * Another thing, nearly all skeletons of primeval man are of gigantic size. The bear is nearer the size of a man than the average ape, and could have gotten rid of his little fragment of a tail much more easily than an ape could of his. My idea is that the earlier bears came down from the north, probably through Behring straits, and drifted toward the tropic shores of Asia on icebergs. As these melted the bears easily found shelter on islands and along the coast of the mainland. In the course of ages great floods came and the bears sought shelter in caves. In the meantime great changes had been going on; the bear had been gradually shedding his heavy coat as a result of exposure to tropical heat; he had also learned to walk on his hind feet. In the caves, in the dry, warm atmosphere, other changes took place. The connecting link was a kind of a hairy, indescribable man, who lived and died in these caves beside his elder brother, the bear."—St. Louis Republic.

He Took the Hint and Departed.

She—And you say you would die for me?

Mr. Boresome—A thousand times.

She—Would you mind doing it just once—right away? You know papa has just been elected coroner and he hasn't had any practice yet.—Jury.

PITH AND POINT.

—The fool never has an idea that is too large to slip out of his mouth.—Galveston News.

—"Does she share her husband's burdens?" "Yes. Jack's loads are her chief trial."—Life.

—One certain way to hear a pin drop is to heat it red-hot and drop it into a keg of gunpowder.

—The bunco-man is not fastidious. He lives on the simplest things he can find.—Elmira Gazette.

—"Well, I'll be durned, Tidly, I've tasted beefsteaks and pigsteaks, but I'll aw'ar I never see sweep steaks afore."—Truth.

—A Mere Question of Sex.—"Well, Willie, did you master your lesson today?" "No'm; I missed it."—Philadelphia Record.

—She speaks, he understands her not,
Although he is no fool;
You see, the only French she's got
She learned at boarding school.

—Had Tried It.—Writer—"Have you ever read any of my stories in manuscript?" Friend—"No, but I've often tried to read them in print."—Yankee Blade.

—"Was your son graduated at the head of his class?" "No, indeed. He was in a much more responsible position—at the very foundation of it."—Black and White.

—Daisy—"I wonder how it is that Mrs. Totterby is such a good traveler, when she looks so frail." Dashaway—"There is nothing strange in it; her husband gets passes."

— Jingle — "Hello, Slumpkins. Are you trying to make the train?". Slumpkins (running)—"No; I'm only trying to catch the one that is already made."—Inter Ocean.

—Johnny—"Mamma, can't you tell me a new fairy story?" Mrs. Braggs—"I don't know any Johnny. Maybe your father will tell me some when he comes in to-night."—Boston Gazette.

—Ungrammatical, but True.—

"'Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour,"
I never in a car did see
A pretty girl, but her escort
Was twice as big as me.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

—A Subtle Scheme.—"Miss Wickerstaffe seems to be particularly popular among the young fellows of twenty or thereabouts." "Yes; she has a way of talking to them about 'you men.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

—Ryan—"Do you believe that Miss Eatwell is really superstitious?" Harper—"Yes, I know she believes in signs." Ryan—"In signs?" Harper—"Yes; she is never willing to pass an ice-cream or oyster-stew sign without first going in."—Inter-Ocean.

—"Come up to my house to-morrow night," said Henpecque. "I'm going to celebrate my golden wedding." "Golden wedding! Why, man, you've only been married three years." "I know it, but it seems like fifty, so everything is all right."—Buffalo Express.

—"What I am most worried about, said the doctor to the sick editor, "is your blood. I want to find out about the circulation." "Circulation," gasped the patient. "Look here, doctor, it isn't a square deal to work me for a death-bed confession."—Washington Star.

—Fogg—"Charley, you were born to be a writer." Charley (blushing with conscious pride)—"Ah! you have seen some of the things I have turned off." Fogg—"No; I wasn't referring to what you had written. I was thinking what a splendid ear you had for carrying a pen. Immense, Charley; simply immense."—Boston Transcript.

CALLING HIM DOWN.

The Man With the Little Boxes Made a Mistake This Time.

He was a professional gambler. He had twe dice boxes and two clay marbles. He called the boys around him and proceeded to manipulate his marbles and boxes on the bar.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I'm no worker of miracles; I can't heal the sick nor raise the dead, but I'll put this marble under this cup and bet you a twenty it ain't there; or I'll bet you a twenty it's under the other cup. Come, who'll open the ball? Speak lively."

Silence followed. Then a flashily-dressed confederate of the gambler elbowed his way to the front.

"I'll bet she's there," he said, and laid down his money.

"And there she is," exclaimed the gambler. "Here you are—forty in the long green. Once in awhile I'm caught just in that way. Come, hurrah, boys—who's next? Here's the marble—you can see it go under the cup. Now, I'll bet you either way."

Three rough hands were raised with three twenties, when a husky voice shouted at the edge of the crowd:

"Hold in yer bronchos, boys. I'm the first man to bet." A burly individual in a blue shirt and broad-brimmed hat pushed his way to the bar. "Now, perfesser, I'm ready fur ye. Lift up yer box. There's the ball, dead to rights—see it, fellers?"

The "boys" answered affirmatively.

"Here's a twenty, perfesser," went on the husky-voiced man, "an' I bet the ball's under that cup. 'Cause why? 'Cause I'm a rational man, an' we're all rational men—we believe what we see. We seen the ball under that cup an' it's got to be there an' I'm bettin' it is there. If it ain't there, they's been a hocus-pocus, and that kind o' work don't go down with this hyer community." The husky-voiced man produced a six-shooter about as long as a Winchester. "In my opinion I'm bettin' on a dead-sure thing. Lift the cup, perfesser."

The six-shooter was cocked with an ominous "click," and the husky-voiced man looked the "perfesser" squarely in the eye.

The gambler smiled, in a sickly way, coughed, hesitated and would have said something had not a pair of determined, steely-gray eyes given him fair warning.

He raised the box—the ball was there.

"I thought so," said the husky-voiced man, as he pocketed the money. "If you want to take any more bets, perfesser, reckon the boys'll accommodate ye."

But he didn't. He faded out of the saloon, and Anaconda knew him no more.—Detroit Free Press.

The Time She Didn't Laugh.

Mrs. Harlem Heights—You must not laugh and make fun of everybody, Mamie.

Mamie—I don't, mamma; I am not the girl who laughs. The other day a little girl fell off a board fence, and all the other children laughed, but I didn't.

Mrs. Harlem Heights—That was right.

Mamie—Yes; I was the little girl that fell off the fence. I was the girl who cried.—Rare Bits.