

THEIR FIRST TURKEY.

Howard Fielding's Reminiscences of the Thanksgiving That Followed His Honeymoon.

HE WAS THE CHERF DE CUISINE.

Painful Confession of His Better Half That Inspired Him With a Great Deal of Moral Courage.

SHAVING THE FOWL'S WHISKERS.

They Laid Him With a Rolling Pin and Marrow Kept a Big Explosion.

At the coming of this season, memory always carries me back to the first Thanksgiving Day in that household of which I am the nominal head.

Not a line of the picture fades beyond recall, partly because I date the best blessing for which any man can offer thanks back to that period, and partly because the dinner at our flat that day left an everlasting impression upon my digestive apparatus.

We had been married but a few weeks, and I had much to be thankful for. Maude, too, seemed to be enjoying her dinner, if I had known I was to survive it, might have had a silver lining. It is natural to suppose that we could have wished to dine by the light of the honeymoon with only each other for company. Maude was so proud of her home, and so proud of me, and we were both so proud of us, as a man

and with her, then we approached the turkey. "Maude," said I, "this bird is all right except his complexion. He has a dark, dispirited look which I don't like."

"It's because he hasn't been shaved," Maude said. "The little feathers have to be cut out of his hair by the razor."

"THEY SHAVED THE TURKEY." "Don't they burn 'em off?" I've heard about singeing fowl. Of course they do. Just lift off that stove lid and we'll improve his personal appearance in a hurry."

"Maude lifted the lid, and a column of flame rose half way up the ceiling. "You'll burn him all up if you put him in there," cried Maude, and she hastily replaced the cover.

"Maude can serve him up with those whiskers on him," said I, looking ruefully at the turkey. "I guess we'll have to come back to your original suggestion and shave him."

While Maude prepared some bread crumbs for "stuffing," I got out my razor and tried to scrape the turkey into shape. But he didn't take kindly to a dry shave. He looked like a murderer, for I felt like a barber while I was engaged in this process and the poor turkey looked so human and wretched that I got to talking to him. I called him "Julius" and then I gave him a wash with various toilet soaps—the tariff, the weather, and the condition of trade. Afterwards I inquired whether he would have any rum or "mint" and then I gave him a wash with a large pan, and called "next!"

These trifling pleasures put Maude in good humor, and she said that cooking was a good deal more fun than she had supposed.

"BANNED THE LOAD DOWN." We encountered some difficulties in stuffing the turkey, owing to our inexperience, but with the aid of the rolling-pin as a ramrod I at length succeeded in concealing the bread crumbs which Maude had prepared. Then we were left with a daring dilemma. After these formalities I put Julius on his back in a pan; poured some water over him, peppered and salted him, and offered him such delicate attentions as were suggested by recollections of my grandmother in the old Thanksgiving and Christmas times down East.

We had cooked these operations in the dining room because it was large enough for two people to move about in without knocking each other down. I now raised the tier of Julius and bore him to the kitchen. But the stove had been busy during my absence. It was absolutely red-hot in every part, and the paint on the opposite wall was beginning to blister. When I put my head into the room my hair burst up. I stopped suddenly that Maude ran violently against me and bumped her nose on my shoulder blade. She screamed, and I dropped Julius on the floor.

"A VERY WARM PLACE." I consoled Maude for her mishap, and by that time the oven door had cooled the kitchen so much that I could get inside and pick up Julius, but neither Maude nor I dared approach the stove near enough to open the door and nearly all my attention was absorbed by the dying embers, with only one plate and one chair, and the spirit of desolation hung over the scene. When I was in a married man, I was an economist, and I live on eight-pound turkey.

"Give me a large one, fat, 14-pound turkey," said I to the butcher, and don't try to palm off an inferior one upon me, for my wife can tell his age without looking at his teeth."

"THE SERVANT DISAPPEARED." On the evening before Thanksgiving our servant went to call upon some friends, and I am sorry to say that her absence was prolonged for days beyond her intention. In judicial interference. But the turkey arrived on time, and he was a fine bird, as I remarked to Maude, after receiving him in the hands of the butler. He looked nervous, and asked if I didn't think Bridget would come back in time. I said I didn't, and then added that I was awfully sorry my own little Maude would have to do the cooking of the turkey, but that the pressure to be derived from eating a turkey which she had cooked would suit a man properly appreciating the joys of matrimony. She was a nice girl, and had a small, convulsive smile, which I attributed to matrimonial vanity.

"The minutes flew by and Bridget did not come. I sat at breakfast on sections from the cupboard, with coffee of my own preparation. My coffee was not as clear

as I would have liked it, but I was obliged to do the best I could. I selected a long fork and approached the oven.

"Twining the Turkey." "If anything gets within ten feet of the stove it's bound to be cooked. 'But won't he burn?' said Maude. "I should think one of us ought to stir him or turn him over now and then."

"The suggestion appealed strongly to my judgment, I reached the turkey at the end of the broom handle, and thus made a weapon of great culinary usefulness. When it was done, we inspected Julius. A great and alarming change had come over him. He did not appear to be burnt, but he had swelled to the size of an ostrich. His skin was as tight as the head of a drum, and it had stretched till it was transparent. He was such a fearful looking object that Maude ran away to weep, but the sense of a deep responsibility would not permit me to desert my post. I selected a long fork and approached the oven.

"JULIUS WAS RELIEVED." "Julius," said I, stabbing him with the fork, "what makes you act this way?" Julius replied with a long, plaintive whistle, after which he resumed his natural form, or thereabouts. I decided that his swollen condition was due to the fact that he had been roasted in the oven for too long a time. I had discovered the mysteries of "basting," and Maude had condescended to give me a lesson in the use of the basting brush. But Tom didn't come, and I was greatly disappointed. I wanted to point to that turkey with pride and say that my wife cooked it, but Tom noticed anything funny about the turkey he wouldn't blame me.

"MAUDE MAKES A CONFESSION." By 9 o'clock it became evident that the preparation of that turkey would devolve upon Maude. She was pale, but outwardly calm. We invaded the kitchen together. The turkey lay upon the table, and his dimensions were imposing and awful. Maude sat on one of the chairs, and she looked as if she were gasping breath, turned suddenly and said: "I found her with her face buried in a pillow."

"What's the matter, Maude?" I asked. "The turkey won't bite you, he's dead." "Go away, Howdy," said she, in a voice wrung by sob. "You will never leave me alone, but I have done with you; O, you deceived you, I cannot, cannot cook for you any more."

"My dearest love," said I, endeavoring to laugh, "you never told me you could cook. It was the mistake from my inability to imagine anything I could not do if you tried."

"A LITTLE BIT DUBIOUS." Maude dug her head into the pillow, and I said in saying that she was a wicked, spiteful woman, I perceived that a change of ideas was necessary.

"My dear," said I, "arise and see me. It will do you good to be visible, and so I will go with you. You are an inconceivable look in it. 'Can you bake a turkey?' she asked. 'People don't bake turkeys,' said I; 'I roast 'em. I don't pretend to be a cook on the subject, but I can cook in a general sort of a way, and it's my opinion between us we can get up a dinner as Tom never saw before.'

"It was getting late and time was long, so I sprinkled the fuel liberally

and when I took my place at the table, behold, there were the bones of Julius in a soup. Maude took one look at him and left the table. "Jennie," said I to my sister-in-law, "is all that turkey in the soup?" "Why, yes, Howard, I believe so," she said surprised. I lifted the tureen from the table and poured the contents out of the back window. It struck on the Janitor's head, but I paid him for a hat and a vest and an injured dignity, while a murmur, for the ghost of Julius was laid at rest.

HOWARD FIELDING.

IN THE GOVERNOR'S GIFT.

The Various Offices Mr. Pattison Will Have to Distribute Among His Democratic and Republican Supporters—How the Various Places Pay.

The best paying offices Governor-elect Pattison will have to give out, says the Philadelphia Press, are the Attorney Generalship and the Secretary of the Commonwealth. The former receives a salary of \$5,500, but the fees of the office make it worth, in the estimation of leading lawyers, anywhere between \$10,000 and \$18,000 a year.

The salary of the Secretary of the Commonwealth is only \$4,000 a year, but he also receives fees which bring his salary up to about \$12,000 or \$15,000 per annum. Either of these offices are better paid than the Governor, who receives a salary of \$10,000 and no fees.

The other offices which the Governor has the power to fill, together with the salaries attached, are as follows:

Adjutant General, \$2,500; Superintendent of Public Instruction, \$2,500; Insurance Commissioner, \$3,000; Board of Prison Commissioners, \$2,500; Private Secretary to Governor, \$2,500; Executive Clerk, \$1,500; Assistant Executive Clerk, \$1,200; Messenger, \$1,200; Page, \$800; Night Watchman, \$600; Factory Inspector, \$1,500; Eight Commissioners of the State, \$2,000; Seven Anthracite Mine Inspectors, each, \$3,000.

The Governor has almost twice as many more appointments, but they are nearly all to positions of honor with no salaries attached. There are also some offices in Philadelphia that he has to fill, and they pay. He will have the appointment of four members of the State Pharmaceutical Examining Board. This is one of the boards that pay. Its duty is to examine all persons who may desire to enter the retail drug business in the State, and to investigate all violations of the laws, and prosecute all offenders. He also appoints the members of the State Board of Health. The members of this board are paid their traveling and other necessary expenses. The State Fisheries Commission and the Geological Survey Commissioners are also appointed by the Governor, and are paid their expenses. The members of the State Board of Charities receive \$1,000 a year.

In addition to these he appoints all of the managers of the Danville, Warren and Harburg hospitals for the insane, three managers of the State Hospital for the insane, and the five members of the Board of Prison Commissioners. The nine trustees of the Miners' Hospital at Ashland are also appointed by him, as are the five managers of the State Prison. The five inspectors of the Eastern Penitentiary and the five inspectors of the Western Penitentiary. In case of vacancies in any of the State or county offices he is authorized to fill vacancies until the next general election.

STAR OF THE SOUTH.

Appearance of the Fourth Largest Diamond in the World.

The largest cut diamond in the world is the Orloff; the second in size is the Pitt, or Regent diamond; the third is the Florentine, or Grand Diamond; the fourth is the Star of the South.

This great stone is a gem of singular beauty, found by a negress at work in the mines of Brazil in 1853. It was first sold for \$15,000, but subsequently realized \$400,000.

The cutter was Voorsanger, of Coster's great establishment, at Amsterdam, and in his hands the diamond lost rather more than half of its original weight. The reflected light is perfectly white, but strange to say, it assumes by refraction a certain rose color, very agreeable to the eye. This probably is the phenomenon in due, no doubt, to the peculiar prismatic form imparted to the crystal, perhaps unconsciously, by the cutter.

THE SCOTCHMAN'S THISTLE.

An Old Story Explaining Why It is the National Emblem.

The story goes that many years ago an army of Danes landed on the Scottish shores, and, finding that their approach had been unperceived, determined to attack the Scotch army by night. Approaching the sleeping camp with the greatest caution, success seemed almost certain, when suddenly there arose from one of the Danes an awful scream, which aroused the men they were about to attack. The screaming intruder could not be seen, but he had stepped on a thistle; but the sturdy Scotchmen soon armed themselves, fought well, and vanquished their enemies.

To show their gratitude for the plant that had saved their salvation, it was determined that the thistle should be the emblem of Scotland, and the motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit" (No man provokes me with impunity), is one of the most applicable extant. However, the brave ascetics it is for good luck, and not because she wishes to be aggressive.

SOUR FOOD AND CONSUMPTION.

Dr. Salisbury's Experiments on Guinea Pigs in Regard to Tuberculosis.

New York Tribune.

Dr. Salisbury has spent many years in experimenting upon different animals, and has given most of his life to the study of phthisis. He experimented upon 200 guinea pigs at one time, half of which he fed upon certain kinds of sour food and the rest upon sweet diet.

The pigs which were fed upon the sour food died from consumption within a short time, while the rest lived. This goes to prove his theory that tuberculosis of the lungs is caused by certain kinds of food.

Not Reaching the Goal.

Boston Courier.

Now out on the campus. All moving like crampers. The "half-backs" and "runners." Disporting like wild Bacchanalian gods.

Now loudly a wrangle. Now tied in a tangle. A very grotesque anatomical mess—Now both disputing.

Now puffing and sweating. Like farmers with barnful of buckwheat to thresh.

And when, at conclusion, In gory confusion, The bones and the features from campus are picked.

"Would seem that, as show forth The gashes and so forth, The goal is one thing that hasn't been kicked."

WITHOUT DOUBT the most wonderful remedy for pain is Salvation Oil. It sells for 25 cents.

THANKSGIVING MENU.

Ellice Serena Gets Up an Ideal Dinner for Next Thursday.

SHE STEAMS HER FAT TURKEY.

How to Prepare the Delicacies That Go Along With It.

HINTS FOR QUEENS OF THE RANGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Thanksgiving Day, as we are accustomed to it, is distinctively and peculiarly an American holiday; and, although it is now a national holiday, it is difficult to determine how it came to be so. The authorities which purport to be authentic as to its origin and the circumstances which have brought it about do not by any means harmonize. It is, however, agreed that a very common and prevalent notion that it is traceable to the Puritans and Plymouth Rock is an erroneous one.

The fact is well proved that many days of fasts and likewise of thanksgivings were appointed to be observed in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth. During the Revolution last days and thanksgivings were of frequent occurrence. After peace was established, efforts were made in some of the States to keep a stated day annually for that purpose, but in many cases these were utterly opposed, but always on political grounds. Those who doubted the expediency and even the right of a Governor or the President to declare such a day apart for that purpose were of all parties. Among them was Thomas Jefferson, the author of the declaration.

CUSTOM GROWN INTO LAW.

But now it seems to be an accepted institution, and as such it is a singular example of custom making law. For the President when he issues his proclamation fixing the day and requesting the people to observe it, has, so it is said, no warrant of law for it; but singularly also no one every State has by law declared the day which the President shall appoint for Thanksgiving a legal holiday.

But it is one of the great social festivals of the majority of people now regard this day. More and more it is looked forward to with anticipations of pleasure, as a period of joy and gratefulness when there should be family and friends and all invited to be invited and expected to partake of our hospitality, when the table will be supplied with good cheer and everybody is expected to be responsive to those generous feelings which are round and as touch us on every side.

On these occasions that cheerfulness and those offers of welcome must not be forgotten. There are also some friends and neighbors. None knew this better than Lady Macbeth, whose breeding and courtesy will not be questioned. She notes that her husband's banquet should not touch his food, and she says it is usually fashion: "My royal lord, You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold, That is to say, you sell the invitation. 'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at these times, the sauce to meat is ceremony; Meeting were bare without it."

And now to dinner: THANKSGIVING MENU.

This Slices of Buttered Brown Bread, Cream Soup, Sautéed Chicken, Olives, Boiled Fish, Cream Sauce, Roasted Potatoes, Stewed Turkey, Hotlet Dressing, Giblet Sauce, Baked Ham, Baked Macaroni, Creamed Cauliflower, Simmered Onions, Whipped Potatoes, Cheese Straws.

Squash Pudding, Fruits, Mince Pie, Nuts, Raisins, Coffee.

For each guest serve three large oysters, garnished with lemon juice and parsley.

CREAM SOUP. One quart of good veal stock; one onion and three potatoes cut in small pieces; a bit of butter.

Boil these in the stock for one hour, very slowly. Add a pint of rich milk or cream, a little minced parsley, a tablespoonful of flour, and season with salt and pepper.

Put in a double boiler one pint of cream or milk, and season with salt and pepper. When it begins to boil stir in four rounded tablespoonsful of butter, rubbed with four level teaspoonsful of flour, and season with salt and pepper.

SEASONED TURKEY. Select a young plump hen turkey, have it carefully trussed and well spiced with water. Dip in a little baking soda and rinse out with cold water. Rub with salt and pepper. Wipe dry, and rub all over (inside too) with salt and pepper.

Fill with the dressing, sew up, truss, and lard with a thin strip of soft lard. Suspend in a steamer over a pot to catch the drippings. If the turkey is large steam for nearly three hours, then place in the baker on a meat rack, rub with some of the fat, and turn until every part is richly browned.

OTHER DRESSING. Take a pound of stale bread, grate, and mix with two heads of celery, the best parsnip, a half pound of melted butter, a dash of cayenne, and salt to taste, and such sweet herbs minced as are desired. Take two quarts of oysters, put them singly into a colander, and wash with cold water, and add to the bread crumbs, the dressing with the oysters, and mix well.

Season with salt and add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

TRUSSING TURKEY. Select a young plump hen turkey, have it carefully trussed and well spiced with water. Dip in a little baking soda and rinse out with cold water. Rub with salt and pepper. Wipe dry, and rub all over (inside too) with salt and pepper.

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FOR NEXT THURSDAY.

Thanksgiving Recipes From the Good Wives of Washington.

MRS. LOGAN'S FAMOUS MINCE MEAT.

Soups, Pies, Cakes and Puddings to Go With the Savory Turkey.

STOMACH TICKLERS FOR NOTED MEN.

CHERRY STRAWS.

Three tablespoonsful of Parmesan, or any other good, rich cheese, three tablespoonsful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg, and the yolk of an egg, beaten with a tablespoonful of hot water.

Put these ingredients together until smooth and add the beaten white.

Divide into two parts, and roll thin on a floured rolling board.

Shape into small rings, and cut strips about four inches long and one-half inch wide.

Place both on greased paper in a baking pan, and bake five minutes in a very moderate oven.

They should be of light brown color. Put the strips in bundles and place in the refrigerator. Cheese straws may also be tied in bundles with a bright ribbon, or piled, log cabin style, on a fancy dish.

SQUASH PUDDING. Take half a winter squash, cut in pieces, remove the seeds and steam until tender.

Scrape the pulp from the rind, press through a sieve and add one quart add five level tablespoonsful of butter and a quart of cream milk.

When cold add a level teaspoonful of ginger, a pinch of salt, a pinch of allspice, two tablespoonsful of cinnamon, a pound of brown sugar, and the yolk of eight well beaten eggs.

Beat well and stir in the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth.

Bake in a moderate oven in pans lined with rice or flour, for one hour.

As the mixture should be thick as boiled custard it may be necessary to add more milk.

The quantity of spice may be increased if the taste requires it.

CHOICE MINCE-MEAT. Take 45 pounds of choice rump steak, which, by boiling will be reduced to two pounds.

Chop fine and mix with 45 pounds of chopped apple, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, a quarter of a pound of citron, minced fine, and a quarter of a pound of nutmeg, one large orange, 3/4 tablespoonful of powdered cloves, 3/4 pounds of sugar, part of it brown, three grated nutmegs, three pounds of butter, and a cup of raisin liquor, some good sweet cider and a cupful of sweet pickle syrup or vinegar.

Add more sugar and spice if necessary.

Have it rich paste with or without upper crust.

If baked without an upper crust, cover with great paper, and boil in water until the meringue of the whites of egg beaten to a stiff froth, and sweetened.

SALTED ALMONDS. Shell a pound of almonds, cover with boiling water and let stand for a few minutes.

Throw them into cold water and rub the skin off with a coarse towel.

Moisten with fresh butter or olive oil, sprinkle with salt and set in the oven—which should be moderate—for ten minutes to brown.

COFFEE. Lay the coffee in paper Mocha, picked over-land.

Have it coarsely ground, clarified with genuine Russian butter.

Serve it hot and strong. ELLICE SERENA.

CHIMPANZEES WITH TORCHES. Wonderful Story of Their Performances.

Vouched for by Emin.

The Mpongou forest is infested by a tribe of chimpanzees of great stature, who make almost nightly raids on the villages and little plantations of the Marea natives, carrying away the bananas and other fruits, says Stanley in his book. There is nothing very remarkable about this fact, since many kinds of animals make pillaging forays upon the habitations of men; but the surprising part of Emin's narrative is the statement that, in these thieving raids, the chimpanzees make use of lighted torches to hunt out the fruit.

But I had not myself been a witness of this spectacle," Mr. Stanley reports Emin as saying, "nothing would ever have made me believe that any race of monkeys possessed the art of making a fire."

On one occasion, Emin says, a chimpanzee of this intelligent tribe stole a drum from the huts of his Egyptian troops and made off with it, leaving it in a sign.

The monkey took the drum to the headquarters of his own "people," who were evidently much charmed with it, for the Egyptian soldiers often heard of monkeys beating the drum, but regularly. Some of the middle of the night some sleepless chimpanzee would get up and go to beating the drum.

BAD PATENT LAW.

The Bell Telephone Litigation Shows a Weakness in the System.

The number of claimants of priority of invention in the Bell telephone suits, and in several other cases where important electrical interests were involved, has shown the necessity that the law on this subject should be revised.

It is not surprising that the law on this subject should be revised. It has been decided by the Commissioner of Patents that the mere statements of an applicant for a patent that he discovered the invention is of no avail, either to constitute evidence of disclosure or to impart sufficiency to a statement of facts in themselves inadequate, unless he states by what agency the disclosure was made and the details of which it consisted. Sketches and models should be produced, if possible, or else reproduced from memory. If verbal disclosures are relied upon, the language is to be stated as nearly as possible.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

An Old Piece of Poetry That Embodies the Regulations of English Custom.

In the event of the adoption of the suggestion that the rising generation should be taught the rule of the road, a correspondent in the Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle says the lesson could not be more pleasantly conveyed than in the following old lines, the second quatrain of which is not so generally familiar as the first:

The rule of the road is a paradox quite, Both in riding and driving alike. If you go to the left you are sure to be right, If you go to the right you are wrong. But in walking the rule is a different case, To the left should be right quite enough of free.

For the persons you chance to meet