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Advertisements are inserted at the rates of 12½ cents per line, for the first, and 5½ cents for each subsequent insertion.
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1895. The Sun! 1895

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE. FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

HONEST IN MOTIVE. FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION. SOUND IN PRINCIPLE. UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO RIGHT THEORIES AND RIGHT PRACTICES.

THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sensational matter.

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THE WEEKLY SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the world. As an AGRICULTURAL paper THE WEEKLY SUN is unsurpassed. It is edited by writers of practical experience, who know what farming means and what farmers want in an agricultural journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the AGRICULTURAL experiment stations throughout the country, of the proceedings of farmers' clubs and institutes, and the discussion of new methods and ideas in agriculture. Its MARKET REPORTS, POULTRY DEPARTMENT and Veterinary column are particularly valuable to country readers. Every issue contains STORIES, POEMS, HOUSEHOLD AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which make it a welcome visitor in city and country homes alike.

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dec 26.

CONSTIPATION

Is called the "Father of Diseases." It is caused by a Torpid Liver, and is generally accompanied with

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, BAD BREATH, Etc.

To treat constipation successfully

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

It is a mild laxative and a tonic to the digestive organs. By taking Simmons Liver Regulator you promote digestion, bring on a regular habit of body and prevent Biliousness and Indigestion.

"My wife was sorely distressed with Constipation and coughing, followed with Bleeding Piles. After four months use of Simmons Liver Regulator she is almost entirely relieved, gaining strength and flesh."—W. B. LEEPER, Delaware, Ohio.

Take only the Genuine, Which has on the Wrapper the red ZT Trade-mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

nov 28-1yr

Hours for Arrival and Closing of Mails at Staunton Postoffice.

ARRIVE.

BY C. AND O. RAILROAD.

5 a. m. from north, south, east and west.
9.57 a. m. from west.
2.40 p. m. from Richmond and intermediate points.
7.05 p. m. from north, east and south.

BY B. AND O.

7.22 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate points.
1.50 p. m. from the north.
9.09 p. m. from the north, Harper's Ferry and intermediate points.

STAR ROUTES.

7 a. m. from Plunkettsville, daily except Sunday.
10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sunday.
5 p. m. from Middlebrook, daily except Sunday.
5.30 p. m. from Monterey, daily except Sunday.
10.30 a. m. from Sangersville.

CLOSE.

FOR B. AND O.

5.30 a. m. for Lexington. 6.30 a. m. Harper's Ferry and points north.
2.15 a. m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and points north.
1.10 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.
6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.

FOR C. AND O.

9.15 a. m. and 2.15 p. m. for north, east, south.
9.00 p. m. for east, north, south and west.
2.15 p. m. for Clifton Forge and intermediate points.
6.15 p. m. for the west.

STAR ROUTES—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

5.30 a. m. for Monterey.
6.00 a. m. for Middlebrook.
1.00 p. m. for Mt. Meridian.
6.15 p. m. for Plunkettsville.
12.30 p. m. for Mt. Solon daily.

STAUNTON OFFICE

Opens 7 a. m., closes 7 p. m. Money order and registry business opens at 8 a. m., closes 6 p. m. W. T. McCUE, P. M.

TO INVENTORS.

If you have made an invention you want a patent. And you want a good one. There are various kinds of patents. Some of them are not worth keeping around the house. They don't protect. It is as unsafe to trust to them as to a lightning rod without a ground connection. That is the kind an inventor is likely to get when he draws up his own specifications or trusts the work to an irresponsible attorney. It is not the kind dealt in by the Press Claims Company.

Do you want to know what the Press Claims Company is? It is a syndicate of hundreds of the leading papers of the United States, organized to protect those of the subscribers who have dealings with Government against the impositions of unscrupulous claim agents. The SPECTATOR is a member.

This able Company employs the best legal talent in every branch of its work. It makes a specialty of all matters relating to patents, conducting interferences, prosecuting rejected cases, registering trade-marks and copyrights, rendering opinions as to scope and validity of patents, securing patents abroad, prosecuting and defending infringement suits, etc. It charges nothing for information, and very moderate fees for services.

Address, PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, No. 618 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
JOHN WEDDERBURN, General Manager.
oct 17-tf

NOTICE.

I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Box 382, and one will be sent you free.

TO MY FRIENDS
And the Public Generally.

I have rented the stable on Water street known as the Club stable, and am prepared, at my Sale and Feed Stable, to board horses by the month, week or day, at reasonable prices; also to furnish saddle and driving horses, double and single.

I can furnish you a nice turn-out—Surry, Buggies, Buck Boards, etc., all in style, accommodated at moderate prices.

Parties wanting first-class turnouts can be Fine horses always kept for sale.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage and guaranteeing satisfaction, I am

Respectfully, R. A. CLEMMER.
mar 13-tf

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

BABY'S LOGIC.

Today I asked my mamma if I could whittle,
Yes, I did.
"Oh, no, my girlie," said she, "you're too little,"
So she did.
But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe,
I cried, I did.
She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so,"
That's what she did.
Why can't I cry if I am little?
Or, if I'm big, why can't I whittle?
—St. Louis Republic.

HIS LAST BLAST.

Slug canyon, Sierra county, has always been famous for the number and size of its golden nuggets. The canyon heads among the huge skyward towering mountains that rise on the south side of the North Yuba, into which river it empties its waters just before the lower end of the famous old mining town of Downieville. In 1852 a son of Erin named Mike Maroney had a placer claim on this canyon of nests of golden eggs, which in his opinion was nothing less than the secret storehouse of the "Goblins of the Golden Mountains."

Mike's claim was not in the present or modern channel of the canyon, but upon a bench above it, where was a channel that had been formed by the stream in ancient times. In this old upper channel stood a bowlder of enormous size, a granite rock as big as a cathedral. Mike was undoubtedly attracted to the particular piece of bench ground on which he staked out his claim by the immense size of the bowlder lodged upon it, a rock so large it seemed to be a pinnacle broken from the top of one of the overhanging mountains. He in some way got it into his head that in the old channel, at the point where he had staked out his claim, was gold proportionate to the size of the rock and in keeping with the difficulties to be overcome.

The bowlder stood in the lower end of the old channel, which it blocked completely from wall to wall. To blast it out and get into and work the channel seemed a herculean task. Many a miner had looked the ground over and departed with a sigh, after a careful survey of the rock, before Mike Maroney set his stakes on the ancient channel. All thought well of the ground, but feared to attack the "giant" that stood in the way.

Mike built a small cabin on a bench of the canyon above high water mark and settled down in full sight of the enemy he had determined to conquer. Alone and single handed he mounted the great granite rock and began drilling and blasting it. The rock was hard, and the work went on slowly, but he was always to be seen hammering and banging away at the task he had undertaken. All the miners passing up and down the canyon halted for a word with Mike. They admired his pluck and cheered him on by telling him that under the bowlder and behind it he would find enough gold to load a train of half a dozen mules.

Mike was a small man as to height, standing less than 5 feet in his boots, but he was immensely broad across the shoulders, and in strength was a little Samson. Altogether he was a curiously constructed creature. He had a head big enough for a six footer. His mouth seemed the result of a slash of a cleaver, and he wore it with one corner drawn up toward his left ear in a very knowing way. On his broad flat face was stuck a short stump of a nose with vast cavernous nostrils. Add to these features a pair of enormous ears, little black eyes that twinkle beneath an overhanging crag of brow, then top out the whole with a thatch of coal black hair the size of a haycock, and you see Mike Maroney as he appeared mounted upon his big rock with drill and hammer in hand. Seen thus he might well have passed for the king of the gnomes, just popped up from the chambers of his golden caverns for a mouthful of sunshine and a peep at the upper world.

Mike was nearly two years in blasting out his great bowlder. When he first began, such was his enthusiasm that he thought he would make short work of it, but after he had been engaged upon it about three months he began to understand more clearly the nature of the task he had undertaken. His stock of provisions was exhausted, and he lacked money with which to procure a new supply; also he could no longer obtain powder, fuse and other supplies on credit. It became evident that he must have money, or he would be obliged to stop work on the bowlder.

In this strait he went up into the town of Downieville and explained the situation to a number of friends. All knew Mike's claim, and all had faith in it, for the old channel with the big rock in its mouth had been the talk of all the Slug canyon miners long before Mike set his stakes there. Therefore he found it a less difficult business than he had anticipated to raise money with which to proceed. Half a dozen friends became his backers, telling him to go ahead and call upon them as often as he needed money. They would take the chances of his finding enough gold to make them all right once the big bowlder had been conquered.

Again Mike set to work in high spirits. He told his backers that in two or three months more he would have utterly demolished the big rock, but when that time had passed the work seemed only fairly begun. After Mike had been at work for about a year and a half the men who were "putting up" for him began to grow tired of the whole business and did not come out with their coin so cheerfully as at first, and they asked rather anxiously in regard to the progress being made.

In order to cheer them up Mike would say: "Byes, I do be knockin the ould rock to smithereens! I've got her so wakened now that she shakes wid ivery blasht!"

Finally the men tired of hearing this story when Mike came round to collect money, and he then began to say, "One more blasht, byes, and I've got her!" This went on so long that it became a byword in Downieville. Everywhere it was, "One more blasht, byes, and I've got her!" Mike's backers laughed with the others and put up the money he asked for.

All things have an end, however, and when Mike's "lasht blasht" shattered the huge slab, constituting the sole remnant of the once enormous bowlder, he went to the base of the mass and began working under it with his pick. On a sudden the big block began to topple over. Mike dropped his pick and retreated with the rock following him on a steep down grade. The situation was such that in order to escape being crushed to death Mike was obliged to leap into the canyon.

Owing to a spring freshet, the canyon was at the time a roaring torrent. Therefore his leap was almost as that proverbial one from the frying pan. He was swept down the canyon about 200 yards till almost at the verge of a vertical fall of some 30 feet, when he had the good fortune to grasp the top of an overhanging bush and drag himself ashore.

Mike escaped with a few slight cuts and bruises and the loss of his hat. These, however, were matters that did not trouble him. All his thoughts were of the spot whence had just tumbled down the steep the last fragment of the big bowlder. Thither his mind ran faster than his legs were able to travel, though the latter soon landed him at the spot where he had so long and faithfully labored.

Looking down into the bed of that last huge slab of granite which had seemed to leap forth and chase him into the canyon, Mike beheld a large disk of pure and glittering gold. It was a piece of the precious metal about the size and shape of a dinner plate. He waited to see no more. Leaping down into the hole, he grasped the golden prize, which looked to him as big as the face of the full moon, and then at once made a break for Downieville to find his backers, show them the gold and tell them the great news of the final annihilation of the big rock.

Mike was wild as a hawk. In his hands he held a mass of gold that weighed nearly 20 pounds, and as he dashed down Slug canyon with his prize he shouted at every jump: "That lasht blasht fetched her! That lasht blasht fetched her!" Thus shouting as he tore down the canyon, he passed several claims where miners were at work, but he halted at none of these for a single moment.

"Mike Maroney has gone crazy about his big bowlder!" cried the miners on seeing him running bareheaded down the canyon trail. At some of the claims he passed men threw down their tools, and scrambling up the bank of the stream to the trail called out after him, but the only answer they received was, "That lasht blasht fetched her!"

When Mike reached Downieville and started up the middle of the town, hatless, dripping wet, shouting and carrying before him his golden prize, he soon had a crowd at his heels. He paid no attention to the crowd, but when he saw on either side of the street miners of his acquaintance he shouted to them in passing: "Byes, that lasht blasht fetched her! There's a whole bushel of goold undther the bottom of her!"

Strangers in the town thought they saw before them a crazy man, but every resident of the place knew Mike, and soon along the street was raised the cry: "Mike Maroney has struck it at last! He's knocked the devil out of his bowlder and got a chunk of gold bigger'n a fryin pan!"

Hearing this news, others shouted, "Hurrah for Maroney and his 'lasht blasht!'"

"Yis, hurrah, byes!" cried Mike, who felt himself in the seventh heaven of glory. "Hurrah, for this minit I'm the pride of the wurruld!"

By the time Mike had found some of the friends who had for so long backed him with their coin and had displayed his big nugget there was a grand excitement in the camp. Some said he had found an old channel paved with nuggets as big as cobblestones, and others that great slabs of gold covered the bedrock.

Mike told his friends that, though he had only stopped long enough to catch up the first big nugget he saw, he was sure there was a whole bushel of gold in the nest of the big bowlder. With the sample brought in by Mike lying before them all were ready to believe that he had made the "strike" of the age. Every man who heard of Mike's find said he always felt sure that there were "mule loads" of gold under the big bowlder of Slug canyon.

As soon as Mike's backers had collected their wits, scattered by the sight of the big nugget and his wild story of bushels of gold in sight, they dropped everything and prepared to go at once to the scene of the strike. With the elated Maroney in the lead they set out, taking with them a pack mule that happened to be at hand. They were joined by a number of idlers as they passed through the town, and in going up Slug canyon the crowd was increased by the miners at the several claims who desired to feast their eyes upon what by this had grown to be "Mike Maroney's mound of gold."

Seeing the miners thus flocking after him, Mike cried: "Cheer for me, byes. The lasht blasht fetched her!"

During the absence of the party the excitement in the town was at fever heat. Some new wonder was constantly being added to the story of the big find. Then occasionally there were false alarms. One of these that sent a crowd rushing down toward the river was to the effect that Mike and his friends were on their way back to town and were "just crossing the bridge at Jersey Flat with a mule load of gold."

At last, when the sun was just sinking behind the western mountains, the party came straggling back to town. They were a dejected looking crowd and gave short and surly answers to the questions fired at them on all sides. The backers were particularly gloomy and snappish. As for Mike himself, he was nowhere to be seen.

Finally the tongues of some of the disinterested idlers who had gone out with the party were loosened though the administration of copious doses of stimulants. They then said squarely and frankly that they had found nothing at all. The nest of Mike's big bowlder was empty. In the smooth and soft bed of the rock they found the spot where Mike's "golden moon" had lain and saw his tracks beside it, but not a single nugget was in sight. Then they had dug into the edge of the old channel and found it barren and smooth as the bottom of an iron kettle.

"What has become of Mike?" asked some one.

"Ah, poor Mike! Well, we are afraid he is in a bad way. As soon as he found that there were no nuggets in sight and was told that he had merely imagined them he took on the color of a corpse. He reeled about, pawed the air, and then, with a howl such as I never want to hear again, ran off to his cabin and locked himself up in it. As he couldn't be induced to come out, two men were left to watch him, for he is evidently upset in the upper story. No one can get anything out of him but mutterings about his last blast."

The next day Mike was brought into the town for medical examination. The doctors said his mental derangement was of a nature so mild and harmless that he might safely be allowed to remain in his cabin. Indeed, at times he seemed for a moment or two to get back his senses. One of his friends happening to speak of his mother and his people in Ireland, he at once broke out with: "Byes, I don't care so much meself for the trouble and whorlin in me haid, but I do be thinkin of the poor ould mother back across the wather. What will become of her and of them all, widout the money I promised to sind?"

It was in vain they spoke of the big nugget he had found, telling him he should have it and do with it what he pleased. He would hear of nothing of the kind. That belonged to the men who had put up their money for him. His gold was still under the big bowlder, where he had fired his last blast. He had seen it once, and he would see it again and get it.

The men who had backed Mike—half a dozen in number—ascertained the address of his widowed mother from men who had known him at home, and selling the big nugget, which proved to be worth $3,600, sent her a check for the amount.

Mike shut himself up in his cabin and was seldom seen outside of it during the daylight hours. Men mining on the canyon, however, reported that he was in the habit of prowling about of nights. They said they had frequently seen a light up at his claim very late at night just at the spot where he had demolished the big bowlder. Upon investigation by a friend, it was found that Mike had got into his head that the pile of gold he had seen had been sunk deep into the ground by an evil spirit. However, he would yet get it, as one night each month at midnight—he did not know what night—all the big nuggets came up to their old nest under the bowlder. All he had to do to beat the goblin that had lived under the big rock was to be on the watch and shout when the gold appeared, "Mine, in the name of the Blessed Virgin."

Though he wanted nothing to do with any one, yet he was always peering out at the chinks of his cabin, watching those who passed by. When any one came along the trail, he would pop his head out at his door and utter his new warcry of "Mine, in the name of the Blessed Virgin." Seeing that the life he was leading was making him worse, his friends on the canyon tried to get him out of his cabin, offering him big wages to work in their claims. All was useless, however, until one day a man happened to say he had a big bowlder in his diggings he wanted blasted out. Instantly Mike pricked up his ears and was all attention. He was ready to set to work upon the bowlder at once.

Being given a trial, it was found that he was able to work as well and intelligently as ever at drilling and blasting. While engaged in that work he seemed quite sane, but he could not be induced to do anything in the mines except blast bowlders. For that business he seemed to have a perfect mania and could accomplish nearly as much in a day as two ordinary men. Battling with the bowlders was seen to brighten him up wonderfully, and he was given all the work he could do in his favorite line by the friendly miners up and down Slug canyon.

* * * * * * *

One day after Mike had been for some months waging a war of extermination against the bowlders of Slug canyon his friends up in Downieville had a big surprise. All unheralded and unexpected, the "Widdy Maroney," with a raft of tall and buxom daughters, landed in their midst, fresh from the "ould sod." They had come to make their home in America "and look afther poor Moik." Marriageable girls being at that time in great demand, the family were heartily welcomed and well provided for at once. It was then so contrived that Mike was suddenly brought into the midst of the whole crowd without a hint being given him beforehand that his mother and sisters were in the country. The surprise so shook him up mentally that the balance wheel in his head at once started up and moved along as smoothly and regularly as ever.

Soon the family were comfortably settled at Downieville, and Mike with them. His last blast had not been so very disastrous after all. It had not only fetched the big bowlder, but had also fetched all his people out to America to a good home, and the raft of bouncing girls to where they all soon captured good husbands, three among whom had been Mike's backers, and helped pay for the powder exploded in firing his "lasht blasht."—Dan de Quille in San Francisco Examiner.

Wood Engraving.

No doubt there are few outside Germany who can engrave a head as finely as Klinkicht can in his own style, but as a general rule German engraving is far more precise, more mechanical, more according to formula, than that of either France or America. There is often great skill and sometimes considerable artistic feeling in German wood engraving, but, as a rule, it does not compare with the highest French work. Yet its condition is not unsatisfactory. Thanks chiefly to the great engraving "studios" or factories, which flourish upon the low prices at which copyright for wood engraving may be obtained from dealers and artists, the illustrated magazines and newspapers, not only of Germany, but of other countries, too, are kept supplied with excellently cut blocks, "at moderate prices, and with regularity and dispatch."

But the cratfsman is rarely an artist, and when he is he is rather an artist in intelligence than an artist in feeling. He reveals the scientific and philosophic far more than the artistic side of the national temperament, and for that very reason no doubt his work is accepted without much question, and his existence is assured.—National Review.

The Unselfish Cricketer.

The cricket ground is a wholesome training field for young Englishmen. "It has cost me, one way or another, a fiver to play in this match. I have traveled 200 miles, and now I can say that I have played on a side which made 536 runs, and if I had staid away they would only have made 535."

So said a very good cricketer at the end of a two days' match, in the course of which he had received three balls only, but he said it without a semblance of grumbling in his voice. Being a cricketer, he had learned to lose sight of his personal failure in thinking of the success of his side, and we hope and believe that he felt that he would rather win a match wherein he made one run than score a century for a losing side.

Only on rare occasions do we meet a downright selfish cricketer, and then we instinctively feel that a man of his stamp would have done better had he confined his attention to the golf course, and that he is for some reason naturally incapable of taking advantage of the countless opportunities that cricket has afforded him of conquering a selfish and ill regulated disposition.—Blackwood's Magazine.

"Blind Tom," the idiot pianist, remembered nearly 4,000 compositions.

THE SKIN OF ANIMALS.

In Some It is a Defensive Armor Made of Horn and Bone.

Osteologist Lucas of the National museum is preparing a new exhibit, which is designed to show the various modifications of the skin of animals.

To begin with, there will be a queer sort of alligator from South America, called the "jacari." It is quite different from any alligator from North America, belonging to a peculiar genus that has bony plates on the under side as well as on the upper side of the body. This is a distinguishing mark of the tribe, such alligators as are known elsewhere in the world being thus armored only on their backs. The armor plates of the alligators are of true bone—the same sort of bone as that of the animal's skeleton.

If you will examine the skin on the back of your hand, you will find that it is corrugated and broken up with fine lines in such a way that you can easily imagine its texture transformed by exaggeration into scales. Now, you have only to gaze upon an armadillo in order to see such a modification of the skin. In Africa is found a yet more curious animal, called the "Manis macrura," which is the most scaly of all scaly beasts. From the tip of its nose to the end of a very long tail it is clad in big horny scales that overlap one another. When alarmed, it curls itself up into a tight ball, and the scales being quite sharp it is pretty safe against attack. In this case also the scales are only modified skin. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that the Manis macrura possesses a greater number of vertebræ than any other mammal.

Mr. Lucas will show, in the same case with the jacari and the armadillo, a "scheltopusic." This is a lizard from Sicily. The casual observer would take it for a snake, its legs being rudimentary and concealed beneath its skin. The entire body of the reptile is covered with little plates of bone. As in the case of the alligator, above described, the bony plates of the lizard are merely modified skin. The same is true of the very remarkable "boxfish" of the West Indies, which is clad in a complete armor of six sided plates of bone, which are fastened to the skull and to the bases of the dorsal and anal fins. An odd point about this fish is that it cannot bend its body at all, the vertebræ, save only three or four near the tail, being fused together. Thus the backbone is a solid rod.

The scales of the armadillo are of bone, covered with horn, the bone and the horn corresponding respectively to the true skin and the epidermis of a human being or other animal. Bony plates and spines are modifications of the true skin, while horn is modified epidermis. Human beings sometimes develop horns, but they are abnormal growths. Another queer fish that will be shown in connection with this exhibit is the "globefish," which is found in waters off the coast of South Carolina. It is clad in an armor of interlocked spines, which are made to stand erect at the will of the animal, thus rendering the latter an unattractive morsel to swallow. In a world like this, where every living creature is the prey and food of others, animals are often obliged to put on coats of mail if they would survive.

Mr. Lucas will make fur and feathers a part of the exhibit. Feathers and hair are the same thing, differently modified, of course. A stuffed and fretful porcupine will illustrate the fact that mammals as well as birds have quills. This is true of several species of mammals, notably the European hedgehog, which is a disagreeable creature to handle without gloves. Awhile ago there were a couple of porcupines in the zoological collection in the rear of the Smithsonian institution. One of them assailed an attendant and stuck about 30 of its quills into his legs. He (the attendant, not the porcupine) told a writer for The Star that the quills came out of the porcupine much more easily than they came out of his leg.—Washington Star.

One Chicago Millionaire.

To see him at the race track, for instance, leaning against the fence watching the animals come out for the preliminary canter, no one would suspect that he owned the favorite and a whole stable full of other cracker jacks, and that he had several thousand dollars at stake.

If some nervous man who had just played $5 on the favorite should ask him what he thought of the chance of winning, he would merely chuckle and say, "Y' can't tell a thing about it."

His clothes are so plain, and he has such a farmerish way of whittling or else chewing at straws, that he is overlooked in the ordinary assemblage or mistaken for some humble personage.

In his business office he does not occupy a separate apartment, the door of which is guarded by a private secretary.

His desk is the same as that of an employee. One day a woman book agent came in and importuned the old gentleman to purchase some books.

"My girl," he said, "I'm a poor Irishman, and I've had to work all my life. I can't read a word."

Thereafter when the agent came in she always avoided the poor old man who couldn't read, to the intense amusement of the employees. She supposed him to be the janitor.—Chicago Record.

Do We Ever Really Forget Anything?

The brain of mankind has been defined as a kind of phonographic cylinder, which retains impressions made upon it through the medium of the senses, particularly through the eyes and ears. If this be true, memory must depend for its intensity or retentive qualities upon the degree of observation with which the record is made. Nor is this all. If memory's record is kept in the shape of indentations upon the folds of brain matter, are they ever entirely effaced? In other words, do we ever really forget anything? May it not be that in the inner depths of the brain memory has stored up recollections of things which are never again purposely turned to, perhaps, but which instantly spring into being and flash through the mind whenever we hear or see something which recalls them?

There are several well known mental phenomena which strengthen this theory. We know that memory often brightens during the last moments of life, and there are cases on record where Germans, French, Spaniards and others who, upon falling sick in this country scores of years after having entirely forgotten their native languages, recovered and used them upon their deathbeds. There is a theory that in all such cases the brain folds have relaxed, just as do the muscles and cords of the limbs and body, and that by so doing they expose to the mind's monitor indentations (recollections) which were long since folded up and put away as material that could not be of any particular use. Think of these things.—St. Louis Republic.

ALL FOOLS' DAY FUN.

SOME OF THE CUSTOMS OF THE MERRY ANNIVERSARY.

Stories Alleging the Origin of the Day. Napoleon Married on the 1st of April. The Scotch Have Great Times With the Gawk—The Grocer Evens Up.

"The compliments of the season to my worthy masters and a merry 1st of April to us all," wrote the genial and gentle Charles Lamb.

He further goes on to say: "I will confess a truth—I love a fool as naturally as if he were kith and kin to me, and, take my word for it and say a fool told you, that he who has not a dram of folly in his mixture hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition."

Very few men are willing to embark in a new enterprise on April 1, and marriages are rarely solemnized on that day. One that has a historical record is that of Napoleon I with Maria Louise, which cannot be said to have furnished an example calculated to bring the day into favor. The French people attached much significance to the choice of that day by Napoleon. Like all Frenchmen, the emperor was susceptible to ridicule, and it is hard to understand how he gave the Parisians an opportunity to deride his marriage day, which they did most effectually, a theme which was important at that time to both Napoleon and his dynasty and called attention to his daring revokal of the laws in his second marriage.

Shakespeare, who, like Lamb, loved a fool, does not once allude to the custom of keeping April 1 as All Fools' day. Indeed he only mentions April 1 once in his plays, and that is in connection with a tragic incident when King John is informed:

"The 1st of April died your noble mother."

That the custom was in vogue at that time in France is established, but there is no absolute certainty of the time when it was introduced into England.

Some pretend to date the custom back to the Feast of Fools, a kind of saturnalia popular in the middle ages. Its chief object was to honor the ass, on which the Saviour made his entry into Jerusalem. Processions of fools accompanied the central figure, and whenever the animal brayed they imitated it. As similar tricks are played at the Hull festival, there must be another solution of its origin. It is claimed by other historians that the observance of the day dates from 1564, when New Year's day was changed to Jan. 1, leaving the 1st of April, which had been the date of the new year, without service, and it became a burlesque anniversary.

An old legend tells a pretty story of the disappearance of an eastern prince on this day. His subjects mourned him sincerely, and every year on the day of his mysterious disappearance sent out the children of the kingdom to search for him, and they turned the day into one of merrymaking.

The story got abroad and reached Japan.
From thence by story tellers it was hurled
Into the islands of the western world,
And so the legend of two thousand years
The cause of April All Fools' day appears.

In Scotland the April fool is called a gowk, and in France an April fish. In England the day is always observed as an opportunity for getting off practical jokes on the public. On the 1st of April, 1860, a complimentary card was sent out generally inviting people to an entertainment at the Tower of London. These cards read:

Admit the bearer to view the washing of The White Lions
On the 1st of April at 12 precisely.
Admitted only at the White Gate.

All London was in an uproar. Cabs rattled about all the forenoon. April 1 came that year on Sunday, and the trick was the most successful and the least harmful of any hoax ever perpetrated on so large a scale. Many went away satisfied that the show was genuine, but that they had missed it by not finding the white gate.

The Scotch gowk is a rather interesting feature of the day in that country. The gowk is a boy or rustic who is sent on an impossible errand and bade to run all the way. If he is bright, he will discover the joke and pass it on to another, until half a dozen have been enlisted in "hunting the gowk." A rhyme of the occasion is this:

Rin for your mither, boy, rin, rin, rin.
The eggs are ready, but she hasn't a bin.
And if you wait till the eggs grow cool
Then all your life you'll be April fool.

The best joke of all is when a man refuses to believe the truth on that day. A Londoner was told that his house was on fire, but he recalled the fact that it was All Fools' day.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I can see it burn!" and the house had really burned to the ground before he could be made to believe it was not a joke.

A boy who was playing truant on the 1st of April was warned by his chums that his father was coming.

"Aw, come off," he said; "you can't fool me on no 1st of April!"

But when he felt his father's hand on his coat collar and received the weight of a hickory stick on his shoulders he wondered who was the April fool.

Fool confectionery is one of the modern attempts at a joke. Cake stuffed with cotton batting is baked with an inviting exterior and sent to friends. Candies dosed with red pepper, sugar mixed with salt, caramels made with liberal quantities of snuff and similar jokes are worked off on the unsuspicious.

Every kind of trick is resorted to by the grocer on that day to get even with the unprofitable customer who tastes from every box and barrel in the store. Salt is mixed with molasses to make it resemble brown sugar, raisins are sprinkled with kerosene, figs filled with red pepper and imitation crackers substituted for the genuine. Loaded cigars are left conspicuously handy, and chewing tobacco is generously doctored with quinine. These and a hundred other schemes of folly carry out the design of the day.—Detroit Free Press.

A Smart Youth.

A bright youth undergoing examination for admission to one of the government departments found himself confronted with the question:

"What is the distance from the earth to the sun?"

Not knowing the exact number of miles, he wrote in reply:

"I am unable to state accurately, but I don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with the proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship."

He passed his examination.—London Tit-Bits.

Rather Too Long.

A peasant went with his wife to the theater. At the conclusion of the first act he said to his better half: "Come along, old woman, let's go home. The second act doesn't begin till five years later."—Lokal Anzieger.

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