HELENA Historical Association X

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Calls in town or country will receive prompt attention. 643

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Eye, Ear and Throat Surgeon.
Recently attendant upon the large eye, ear and throat hospitals of Europe, (Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London and Edinburgh.)
The eye, ear and throat a special and exclusive practice.
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Thoroughly Overhauled, Repaired and Renovated.
All Drinks and Cigars, 12 1-2c Each.
Ph. Best's Milwaukee Beer ON TAP.
ALWAYS PLEASED TO SEE OUR FRIENDS. 839

The Modern Lord Lovell.

Lord Lovell he stood at his own front door,
Seeking the hole for the key;
His hat was wrecked and his trousers bore
A rent across either knee,
When down came the beauteous Lady Jane
In fair white draperee.

"Oh, where have you been, Lord Lovell?" she said;
"Oh, where have you been?" said she;
"I have not closed an eye in bed,
And the clock has just struck three.
Who has been standing you on your head
In the ashbarrel, Perdee?"

"I am not drunk, Lady Shane," he said;
"And so late it cannot be;
The clock struck one as I enter-ed—
I heard it two times or three;
It must be the salmon on which I fed
Has been too many for me."

"Go, tell your tale, Lord Lovell," she said,
"To the maritime cavalree,
To your grandam of the hoary head—
To anyone but me.
The door is not used to be open-ed
With a cigarette for a key."
—Washington Star.

Stories from Detroit.

"A LADY FROM 'WAY BACK."

A Montana woman had a neighbor woman arrested on charge of slander. The trial took place before a justice of the peace. The slandered woman, being duly sworn, took the witness stand and began:

"I'll tell ye in derned few words how it was, Jedge. That lyin' old thing thar give it out cold that I wa'n't no lady, be gosh! An' if she or any other old slouch thinks I'm agoin' to lay low an swaller talk of that kind they're badly left. I'm a lady from 'way back, Jedge, and I've got the papers fer it! And I kin jist everlastingly lick the ——"

"Verdict for the defendant!" roared the judge.

SOLOMON IN TENNESSEE.

A certain justice of the peace, who lived in Tennessee, was once trying a negro for stealing. Among the defendant's witnesses was a girl. It was very evident that she was not telling the truth.

The magistrate stopped her in the midst of her testimony and said, "Do you know whar you'll go if you swar a lie?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Whar?"

"I'll goter torment!"

"Torment? You'll goter jail, en from thar you'll goter the plenipotentiary, that's whar you'll go!"

During the rest of the trial she spoke the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. For the jail had more terrors for her than "torment."

WASN'T HER SPREAD.

He stood on the postoffice steps with an open letter in his hand. He began at the mouth and slowly turned pale until the rims of his ears lost color, and during this process he was tearing the letter into fine bits.

"Hello, Charlie!" called an acquaintance who came up—"what's new?"

"N-nothing."

"How does married life hold out?"

"Humph!"

"Say, old boy, let me congratulate you on having such a mother-in-law. We were talking about it in the office yesterday. That spread she got up on the occasion never cost less than $175."

"It cost $200—an even $200," said Charles.

"Did she give you the figures in confidence?"

"No, but the caterer just sent me the bill."
—Detroit Free Press.

He's Been There.

"I was a tramp for several years," said a buggy washer at one of the livery stables the other day, "and I might have been on the road yet but for the circumstance which deprived me of this left leg at the knee. A tramp with a wooden leg would be nowhere, while I get around the stables at a fair gait."

"What was the circumstance?"

"Well, seven or eight of us were tramping together through the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and one day one of the gang stole a can out of a shed in the woods. It contained nitroglycerine, but none of us knew the article then. He carried it for about an hour, when we all bunked down in the shade for a noonday nap. Some of us were half asleep, and we were all packed together under one tree, when the man picked up a stone and began hammering at the can. I was looking at him out of one eye, and I was wondering whether the can held oil or lard, when all at once the vaults of heaven fell to earth with a crash. Half an hour later, when I came to, I was lying in the bushes 200 feet from the tree, and my foot, ankle and leg were a mass of pulp."

"There had been an explosion?"

"You bet! There was a hole in the ground into which you could have dumped a cottage, and the big tree was a heap of kindling wood. Out of the eight of us five could not be found, and I suffered the least injury of any of the wounded. All that was gathered together to represent five men were some bits of clothing and leather—not over two quarts. That was a corker on me. Whenever I see a stray can lying around I lift my hat, take a circle to the right or left, and pensively observe: 'Not any to-day, thank you—I've been there!'"—Detroit Free Press.

Farm Life for the Boys.

My friend and I were talking about a country life for the boys and he said he was going to send his boys away from Atlanta and put them on the same old farm his grandfather owned, near Decatur, where he spent so many happy days—where he worked and where he played, where he plowed and hoed corn and cut wood and drove the wagon and went to mill, and where he hunted and fished and seined and dammed up the branch and made flutter mills and climbed trees and played bull pen and rolly hole and pull over the mark—where he went to school with his dinner bucket all fixed up so nice by his mother with fried chicken and the gizzard never omitted and old-fashioned home-made sausage and two hard-boiled eggs and a little paper of salt and pepper already mixed and some beat biscuit with no soda in them and two turn over pies on top to cap the climax of good things. "I don't believe," said he, "that I am doing my duty by my children to raise them in town, for they will never have the good time I had if I keep them here."—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

"Art of Making Butter" Discovered.

Under this title the patent office has lately granted a patent to a Chicago man for the following:

Take, say, one gallon of cream, keep it in temperature of 60 degrees to 64 degrees for thirty-six hours, or so that it will clabber; take another gallon of cream, keep in same temperature for 24 hours; put both into a churn, and churn one minute. Then turn out one third of the mixture and put one pound of butter into this one-third and stir well and let it stand, while you continue churning the two-thirds remaining until seeds of butter appear; then add or put in eight pounds of butter and churn four minutes; then return the one-third which you had previously taken out, and churn the whole until butter is made. If you desire to color the butter, this should be done just before you cease churning.—Scientific American.

What Superstitious Spaniards Say.

The fatality of thirteen at table has been illustrated by King Alfonso's death; so say superstitious Spaniards. When the king visited Aranjuez last summer to see the cholera patients, he lunched at the palace, and thirteen persons sat down to the meal. Noticing the number, the king gayly referred to the tradition, and made the equerry give him a list of the guests, that he might see whether any one died within the year. Don Alfonso himself was the first of the thirteen to pass away.—Chicago Tribune.

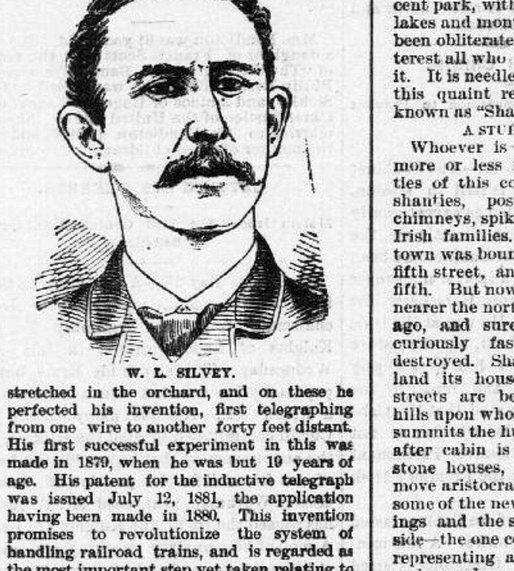
A Dictionary for the Gypsies.

The learned gypsy, Franz Sztojka, who lives in Uszod, has just completed a dictionary of the language of the Hungarian gypsies. The Archduke Joseph has undertaken to print the work, and also a volume of Sztojka's dialect poems, at his own cost.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A YOUNG INVENTOR.

W. L. Silvey, Who Anticipated Edison in the Induction Telegraph.

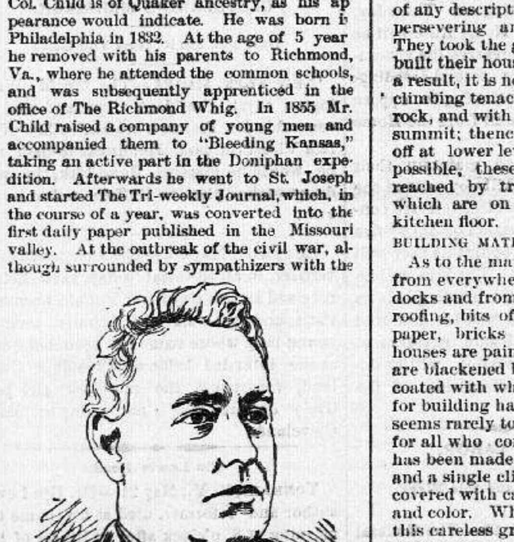
The inventor of the induction telegraph—the system of telegraphing from moving railway trains—and the man who is believed to be the most promising young inventor before the public, is William L. Silvey, of Cincinnati. He is but 25 years of age, and already has secured several patents of great value to electrical progress. He was born at Castleton, Ind., in 1860. His father, Zachary Silvey, has been dead thirteen years. His mother, Mrs. Catharine Silvey, resides on the homestead farm, near Castleton. Young Silvey only had the advantages of a common school education. Electrical science, for which he neglected everything else, has been his constant study since he was 16 years old. He has pursued this study under great disadvantages, his workshops being such odd corners as he could appropriate to his use in the outbuildings on his mother's farm. His experiments in inductive telegraphy were made on wires


W. L. SILVEY.

stretched in the orchard, and on these he perfected his invention, first telegraphing from one wire to another forty feet distant. His first successful experiment in this was made in 1879, when he was but 19 years of age. His patent for the inductive telegraph was issued July 12, 1881, the application having been made in 1880. This invention promises to revolutionize the system of handling railroad trains, and is regarded as the most important step yet taken relating to the application of electricity. He also has valuable improvements on his inductive telegraph apparatus, issued a year later than the original patent. Few inventors of any country have accomplished so much at so early an age, and Mr. Silvey's wonderful achievements have naturally attracted a great deal of attention to himself. He is a practical, industrious, young mechanic, modest even to diffidence, and apparently unconscious of the high rank he has taken in the world of progress.

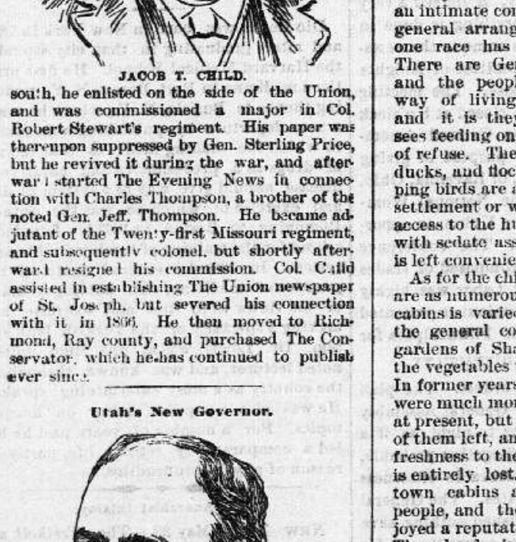
United States Minister to Siam.

The president of the Missouri Press association is Col. Jacob T. Child, who has recently been appointed our minister to Siam. Col. Child is of Quaker ancestry, as his appearance would indicate. He was born in Philadelphia in 1832. At the age of 5 years he removed with his parents to Richmond, Va., where he attended the common schools, and was subsequently apprenticed in the office of The Richmond Whig. In 1855 Mr. Child raised a company of young men and accompanied them to "Bleeding Kansas," taking an active part in the Doniphan expedition. Afterwards he went to St. Joseph and started The Tri-weekly Journal, which, in the course of a year, was converted into the first daily paper published in the Missouri valley. At the outbreak of the civil war, although surrounded by sympathizers with the


JACOB T. CHILD.

south, he enlisted on the side of the Union, and was commissioned a major in Col. Robert Stewart's regiment. His paper was thereupon suppressed by Gen. Sterling Price, but he revived it during the war, and afterward started The Evening News in connection with Charles Thompson, a brother of the noted Gen. Jeff. Thompson. He became adjutant of the Twenty-first Missouri regiment, and subsequently colonel, but shortly afterward resigned his commission. Col. Child assisted in establishing The Union newspaper of St. Joseph, but severed his connection with it in 1866. He then moved to Richmond, Ray county, and purchased The Conservator, which he has continued to publish ever since.

Utah's New Governor.


CALEB W. WEST.

Caleb W. West, of Kentucky, who was recently nominated by the president to be governor of Utah territory, lives in that provincial little town, Cynthiana, where James G. Blaine once taught school. At the breaking out of the war Mr. West joined the company of fighting Joe Desha, who in after years became one of the Confederate leaders. After a year's fighting with Desha, West joined the army of Gen. John Morgan, and was one of his staff when that chieftain surrendered at Greenville. At the close of the war he prepared himself for the law, and has risen to the dignity of a judge, which position he occupied at the time of his appointment. At the last congressional nomination in his district he had ambitions to come to congress, but declined the honor in favor of his friend, Col. Breckenridge. Judge West is a handsome fellow, a typical Kentuckian, and no better judge of horses ever graced the sacred soil of the "Dark and Bloody Grounds." West is a gentleman of considerable ability and polish. It is claimed for him by his friends that he has the proper metal to deal with the Mormons, and will make a good governor as his predecessor, Eli Murray.

Why He Took Himself Away.

Cholly (trying to be funny; time 11 p. m.)—I say, Aurelia, tell me what is the difference between that clock and me.

Aurelia (artlessly)—You tell me.

Cholly—Because it is not fast and I—ha! ha! See the point?

Aurelia (as before)—Oh! yes; but there's another difference. The clock is not going and you—he! he! See the point?—Philadelphia Call.

Enjoying Both Sides of Life.

Senator and Mrs. Palmer have no children. They have a great liking for the little son of their gardener at their Michigan home, and the boy spends six months of every year with them, surrounded by every luxury, and then returns contentedly to the simple ways of a workman's home.—Exchange.

A CURIOUS VILLAGE.

DILAPIDATED SHANTIES OF ONE OF GOTHAM'S QUEER SUBURBS.

"Shantytown" and Its Queer Inhabitants—Adaptation of Means to an End, as Shown in Cabin Architecture—Building Material—National Features.

When Vanderbilt erected his famous houses on the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-first street, it was thought that New York would not extend much beyond that quarter of the city for years to come. To-day, however, the Vanderbilt mansions are barely removed from the shops of tailors and picture dealers that have crept into the avenue, and every year the streets facing and extending from Central park are becoming more popular with the inhabitants of the costliest residences. But there is still one district, facing this pleasure ground of New Yorkers—this magnificent park, with its drives, its museum, its lakes and monuments—which has not yet been obliterated, but which remains to interest all who are curious enough to visit it. It is needless, perhaps, to declare that this quaint region of classic New York is known as "Shantytown."

A STUDY OF SHANTYTOWN.

Whoever is acquainted with the city is more or less familiar with the peculiarities of this congregation of dilapidated shanties, poster-eating goats, crooked chimneys, spiked fences and German and Irish families. A few years ago Shantytown was bounded on the south by Sixty-fifth street, and on the north by Eighty-fifth. But now the southern limit is much nearer the northern end than a short time ago, and surely, as well as rapidly, the curiously fashioned huts are being destroyed. Shantytown is doomed. The land its houses occupy is wanted. New streets are being cut through the rocky hills upon whose quick slopes and pointed summits the huts used to stand, and cabin after cabin is being replaced by brownstone houses, into which there will soon move aristocratic tenants and owners. In some of the new streets the modern buildings and the squalid huts stand side by side—the one costly and stately, the other representing an outlay of a few dollars, and as rude, crude and quaint as the habitations of all squatter colonies are apt to be.

Some one who once made a careful study of Shantytown declared that a representative cabin is the most "wonderful instance of perfect adaptation of means to an end in the whole range of modern architecture. Nothing is prepared for it—neither ground nor material. Its builders have but an empirical knowledge of the craft they practice. They scorn a model, and they work with whatever comes to hand." As nature created it, the ground upon which Shantytown stands was vastly uneven. Hilly, rocky, and crossed by narrow, deep ravines, it offered anything but a desirable location for houses of any description, but the squatters were persevering and were little troubled. They took the ground as they found it and built their houses as best they could. As a result, it is not unusual to find a shanty climbing tenaciously up the steep side of a rock, and with its front door at the very summit; thence its other rooms slipping off at lower levels. Stairways being impossible, these lower apartments are reached by trap-doors in their roofs, which are on an exact level with the kitchen floor.

BUILDING MATERIAL FROM EVERYWHERE.

As to the material used, it is collected from everywhere. There is wood from the docks and from the country, strips of tin roofing, bits of canvas, pieces of tarred paper, bricks and stone. Some of the houses are painted in various colors, others are blackened by age, and still others are coated with whitewash. Where the room for building has been limited—and there seems rarely to have been ground enough for all who come—the roof of one house has been made the foundation of another, and a single cliff or hill or rock has been covered with cabins of every shape, size and color. When viewed from a distance, this careless grouping is not without some picturesqueness, but that feature vanishes utterly when one draws nearer and gains an intimate conception of the style and general arrangement of the colony. No one race has settled at Shantytown. There are Germans, Irish and Italians, and the people have each their own way of living. The Irish predominate, and it is they who own the goats one sees feeding on tomato-can labels and bits of refuse. The Germans raise geese and ducks, and flocks of the noisy, wind-flapping birds are always waddling about the settlement or with the goats enjoying free access to the huts, into which they wander with sedate assurance whenever the door is left conveniently open.

As for the children of Shantytown, they are as numerous as the architecture of the cabins is varied, and do much to increase the general confusion that exists. The gardens of Shantytown supply many of the vegetables that are used in New York. In former years these cultivated patches were much more numerous than they are at present, but even now there are many of them left, and in summer they give a freshness to the settlement that in winter is entirely lost. The owners of Shantytown cabins are a quiet, well behaved people, and the settlement has long enjoyed a reputation for order and sobriety. The land is leased at a merely nominal figure, and ejection is made at the pleasure of the owner.—Edwards Roberts in San Francisco Chronicle.

The Importance of Manual Exercise.

A gentlewoman, who has suffered much from what she supposed to be an affection of the heart, was somewhat astonished and absolutely indignant, when her medical adviser told her she was suffering from indigestion. He further told her that if she would dismiss one of the servants, and perform the labor herself, she would soon be benefited. This was a mode of treatment not at all in consonance with the patient's feelings. She protested that she could not discharge a trusty domestic, and some other course must be pursued. "Then," said the physician, "I can only advise you to procure a sharp hatchet and split all the wood required for kindling." This seemed cruel, indeed, as the patient had never performed manual labor of any sort. "With stout gloves and small pieces of wood the labor will not be severe," persisted the disciple of Æsculapius.

The remedy was tried. A table of proper height was used as a chopping block, and in a short time the distressing symptoms abated, and soon the patient was happy in returning health. "Labor sweetens life" is an old saw not generally appreciated, but it is absolutely true. There are many persons who would rise superior to the bodily and mental ills under which they suffer could they realize the importance of manual exercise. Those disinclined to work are usually the ones who ought to engage in it. If, however, such labor proves exhausting or renders a person nervous, it is not beneficial; any intelligent human being may easily discover what is the proper amount of physical fatigue to be undergone; if not, the physician will give the necessary advice.—Courier-Journal.

Chawley Was Fearfully Defawmed.

First dude—Yes, Chawley is a good enough fellow; but he's so fearfully defawned, you know.

Second dude—Defawmed? No, I didn't know it. In what way is Chawley defawmed?

First dude—Why, Gawge, you see he has a hawid great cowlick wight on his forehead, so he can't part his hair in the middle. It's too deuced bad, you knaw, for aside from his defawmity Chawley is a deuced good fellah, you knaw.—Danville Breeze.

AMERICA'S POPULAR PREACHER.

The Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage—His Father's Struggles.

The reception and wide circulation which the press of the country has given the recent series of sermons of Dr. Talmage on the Marriage Ring, show that the words of the reverend doctor have even grown in interest to the public. He has reached the zenith of his fame and influence, as it does seem scarcely possible that a single minister could attain a wider popularity than that which he now holds.

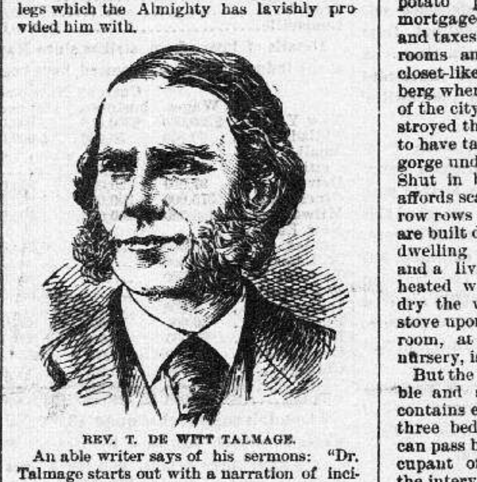
Dr. Talmage owes his success to hard, unflagging work. The faculty for this he inherits from his parents. He was born in Bound Brook, N. J., fifty-four years ago, the youngest of twelve children.

In referring to his father Dr. Talmage says: "My father started in life belonging to the aristocracy of hard knuckles, but had this high honor that no one could despise—he was the son of a father who loved God and kept His commandments. Two eyes, two hands and two feet were the capital my father started with. For fifteen years an invalid, he had a fearful struggle to support his large family. More than once he came to his last dollar, but behind that last dollar he found Him who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and out of the palm of whose hand all the fowls of heaven peck their food."

Speaking of his mother, he says: "I was the child of her old age, and I remember how her voice used to tremble in evening prayer, with what kindness she started me out in life, and how she watched me and cared for me all the way through; and then giving each one of us a blessing she went away to the palace window, where she is waiting for good news from us."

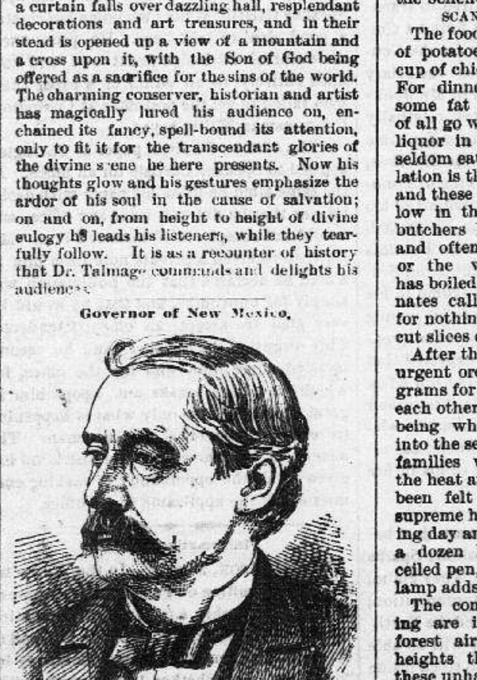
After graduating from the University of the City of New York, T. DeWitt Talmage studied law for one year. But he was impelled toward the pulpit, and he entered the Theological seminary at New Brunswick, N. J. His first charges were at Bellevue, N. J. and Syracuse, N. Y. From there he went to the Second Reformed Church of Philadelphia. Here his fame began. After seven years of labor here he went, in 1869, to the Brooklyn Tabernacle, which he has since rendered famous. The congregation was small, but his preaching soon attracted crowds far beyond the capacity of the building. A larger structure was erected, capable of seating 3,000 people. This was burned Dec. 22, 1872. In 1874 the present edifice was dedicated. It will seat 5,000 persons, though an enlargement of it has long been contemplated, owing to its present overcrowding, the doctor himself often gaining admittance only through the aid of the police.

Dr. Talmage preaches without notes, and sometimes to emphasize his remarks he gesticulates with the long and supple arms and legs which the Almighty has lavishly provided him with.


REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

An able writer says of his sermons: "Dr. Talmage starts out with a narration of incidents told in Scripture in connection with the text. His voice is conversational in tone. He talks just as he would if at a fireside, describing scenery visited in foreign travel. With his hands folded behind his back, he leisurely promenades his long platform, about which there is neither railing nor the usual pulpit. Walking up and down, facing now one, now another section of the house, his unaffected narrative proceeds. He passes from pleasing narrative to entertaining history, and, while pointing to the entertaining features of it, also discloses with marvelous clearness the characters of the personages involved therein. But before his analysis has been recorded a curtain falls over dazzling hall, resplendent decorations and art treasures, and in their stead is opened up a view of a mountain and a cross upon it, with the Son of God being offered as a sacrifice for the sins of the world. The charming conserver, historian and artist has magically lured his audience on, enchained its fancy, spell-bound its attention, only to fit it for the transcendant glories of the divine scene he here presents. Now his thoughts glow and his gestures emphasize the ardor of his soul in the cause of salvation; on and on, from height to height of divine eulogy he leads his listeners, while they tearfully follow. It is as a recounter of history that Dr. Talmage commands and delights his audiences.

Governor of New Mexico.


E. G. ROSS.

Among the nominations by the president, which were recently confirmed by the senate, was that of E. G. Ross, as governor of New Mexico. The position is not an enviable one, as the territory contains within its borders some of the most lawless elements to be found in this country, not to mention the Mexican "greasers" that are a constant source of annoyance to the territory's executive. Governor Ross possesses that quiet firmness that augers well for his success in this office. The salary accompanying this position is but $2,600 per year, and the term of office lasts for four years.

Quieting the Old Lady.

Once a conductor on the Atlantic coast road was much annoyed at the importunate curiosity of an old Boston lady, with indescribable bangs upon her forehead and gigantic spectacles upon her nose. Every time the train stopped for fuel this formidable female wanted to know what caused the detention. Tired of this interrogation, the persecuted man determined to put a vindictive stop to it. When she assailed him again with the question, he replied:

"My dear madam, the brakeman is very sick at the stomach."

"Good heavens, sir!" ejaculated the woman, "is he extremely ill?"

The man nodded in solemn affirmation.

"How do you know?" shrieked Boston.

"Because," wickedly retorted her victim, "he is throwing up wood."—Savannah News.

Where Have the Necklaces Gone?

If you have ever walked through some of the great picture galleries of Florence you will notice that all the women are painted with most magnificent necklaces of pearl. What has become of them? Where have they gone to? People do not wantonly destroy such things. If you gave me an order to-day for a pearl necklace to cost £40,000 it would take a year's careful inquiries to fulfill your demand. It might take even longer, for I do not know where such a one exists. Of course I should have to collect the pearls singly from all quarters.—Foreign Letter.

TOILING TOYMAKERS.

LIFE AMONG INGENIOUS ARTISANS OF THE THURINGIAN FOREST.

How They Work and Live—A Branch of German Industry of Special Interest to Americans—Effects of Uncleanliness, Bad Food and Foul Air.

A half day's journey from Heidelburg brings the traveler into a region as full of quaint interest and strange sights as any in Germany, the land of toys, the Sonneberg district of the Thuringian forest. This world apart in the universe of industry is known very well, indeed, to a certain class of Americans, the toy importers, better than to the importers of any other nation.

As long ago as 1876 we Americans bought in this small forest nest toys to the value of nearly $500,000, and in 1880 our purchases had increased to nearly $1,000,000, and yet how few of us, when we buy a crying doll for a Christmas present, a wooly dog, a nodding donkey, a "farmyard," or any of the thousand toys made of wood, papier mache, or wax think of the strange little world among the Thuringian hills whence our familiar objects come.

The merchants are said to have no love for their business whatever, the manufacturers are conservative beyond belief and the workingmen have no money with which to experiment. There is no industrial museum in the district and the manufacturers oppose the foundation of one because each is afraid that the others may appropriate his models. The solitary manufacturer who has patented a toy or two and proposed some wholesale improvements of technique is so cordially hated that he employs a private watchman for his establishment and does not venture out alone at night. Yet within the narrow limits of its method of production Sonneberg has the most marvelous array of varied toys. Thus there are sample rooms with 12,000 to 18,000 sample toys, and many a Sonneberg drummer carries in his sample books 3,000 to 4,000 pictures and photographs of the productions of his firm or firms.

THE FACTORY HANDS AND "MASTERS."

The workers are of two sorts, the factory hands and the "masters," who work at home with the help of an employe or two and of their own families. The position of the master varies little from that of the other workmen. The master occupies a cottage and has a potato patch on the steep, stony hillside. But the cottage and potato patch are usually heavily mortgaged and in order to pay interest and taxes the family usually rent the best rooms and live in the most wretched closet-like dens. The quarter of Sonneberg where the workers live is the oldest of the city. After the Russites had destroyed the city the inhabitants are said to have taken refuge in Grunthal, a long gorge under the protection of the castle. Shut in by steep hillsides the Grunthal affords scarcely room enough for two narrow rows of houses, so that many of them are built directly into the hillside. The dwelling usually consists of a sleeping and a living room, both low-ceiled, and heated winter and summer, in order to dry the wares which stand about the stove upon shelves and boards. The living room, at once kitchen, workshop and nursery, is usually light.

But the sleeping room is rarely ventilable and still more rarely ventilated. It contains exactly room enough for two or three beds so close together that no one can pass between them. At night the occupant of the furthest must climb over the intervening ones. Here two, three or four persons occupy each bed. The poverty and crowding are horrible, the want of dwellings increasing as the factory system draws more and more hands to the town. And these pens are expensive, too; the most wretched of them, with but one habitable room, costs from 60 to 80 marks, and for the usual sleeping and living room together, the workman pays 80 to 150 marks. The cleanliness of such dwellings may readily be imagined. The week's sweeping and scrubbing is confined to Saturday afternoon, when the wares are packed ready to be taken to the merchants. The sleeping room rarely shares the benefit of the scrubbing.

SCANTY FOOD AND IMPURE AIR.

The food of these unfortunates consists of potatoes eaten in the morning with a cup of chicory, and as lunch with bread. For dinner, potatoes with a herring or some fat from the butcher. The poorest of all go without herring and take the salt liquor in which it was packed! Meat is seldom eaten. In Grunthal, where population is thickest, there are few butchers, and these few find no custom. Down below in the town of Sonneberg itself the butchers live near together and kill much and often. At 4 o'clock coffee is taken or the water in which the butcher has boiled sausage, which these unfortunates call sausage soup. This they get for nothing, or almost nothing, and they cut slices of potato into it.

After the Leipsic autumn fair when the urgent orders come and Americaan telegrams for Christmas goods literally chase each other along the cables, every human being who can be set at work is pressed into the service of the toy industry. Whole families work all through the night, and the heat and dust and foul air must have been felt to be appreciated, which reign supreme here when the fire is kept burning day and night to dry the wares, where a dozen human beings crouch in a low-ceiled pen, and at night a cheap petroleum lamp adds its fumes to the whole.

The consequences of such a way of living are inevitable. In spite of the pure forest air that pours down from the heights through every lane and byway, these unhappy people are pale and feeble; they stoop and cough, have flat narrow chests and are small of stature. Such is the race of toymakers in the Thuringian forest. — Heidelberg Cor. Philadelphia Times.

The Artful Buffalo Hackman.

"Some of the hackmen of this city are a scaly set," grumbled a traveler at the Central depot. "My wife and I got in from Chicago late last night, and I asked one of the Jehus outside the depot where we could find a good hotel. 'Try the Continental. It isn't far off. Take you there for a dollar,' said he. I jewed him down to seventy-five cents, and we got in. He drove about ten minutes, turned seventeen corners, and finally left us at our inn. Perhaps my dander wasn't up when I found out this morning that the hotel is next to the depot."—Buffalo Courier.

Like a Kennel at Feeding Time.

At all the large balls, nowadays, small tables for supper have taken the place of the long table d'hote, which gives everyone an even chance for a bit of supper and a sip of champagne, instead of confining this privilege to the strong and denying it to the weak. Hitherto, the man who reached the supper-table, whether for his own benefit or for that of some lady, was a beautiful illustration of the survival of the fittest. A kennel of hounds at feeding time is the only thing that resembles a supper-table and those about it at a ball in a private house.—New York Telegram.

A Pioneer Fiddler of the West.

Professor Tosso, of Newport, Ky., who is said to be dying, is one of the pioneer fiddlers of the west. He claims to have been the hero of the adventure in Arkansas out of which grew the musical absurdity known as "The Arkansaw Traveler." In his palmy days Tosso gave concerts all through the west and south, and was rated as an extraordinary violinist. He is 85 years of age.—Chicago Tribune.

Hunting for the Golden Candlestick.

Efforts are still being made to discover the golden candlestick of Solomon's temple which Titus carried to Rome in triumph, and which is supposed to be in the bed of the Tiber.—Exchange.

A TRAVELING "AGGREGATION."

Professor Brom. Whyte Finds an Appreciative Audience.

LIBERTYVILLE, WHICH IS STILL IN THE STATE OF ARKANSAW.

Editor Free Press: Suckcess is mine! I opened here last nite with my grand aggregashun to one of the most appreshiative aujences of the sezun. The cream of society was present; likewise more or less milk.

The hall had skeercely bin throne open be4 the populace crowded in, and the Dodo was at once the center of attrackshun. A good many of 'em had never seen a Dodo, and only a few of 'em had cum prepared for the surprise. There was a fat man in bottle-green cloze who seemed to have some doubts at first. He histed up his spectacles and took a long look and asked:

"Is he a carniverus animal?"

"He air," I replide. "If there is a carniveruser objick in the state of Arkansaw I want to buy him for $200."

"To which period does the Dodo belong?"

"To the old Whig period."

"I thort," says he, as a wave of sorrer passed over his brow, "that the Dodo bekame extinsk cotemporary with the Mastydon."

"That's where your thorts dropped threw a hole in the bridge," says I. "The Dodo didn't go sloshin' around with his hat on his ear after the Mastydon left, a-puttin' on frills and tryin' to make out that he owned the kentry, but he was here all the saim."

"I don't want to doubt you," says he, with a look of humility on his face, "but it seems to me——"

At this epoch my hired man removed him one side and gently remarked:

"That's a Dodo. I caught him myself. I've made affidavy to him. Anybody as says he is anything else has got to lick me!"

"That's a Dodo. I caught him myself."

That settled the man in the bottle-green cloze. Later in the evenin' he cum around and begged my parding, and I freely forgave him. Even the best of us are sometimes liable to mistakes. Sic Semper! (I think that belongs around there somewhere, but leave it to your judgment.)

The movin' panoramy of the Garden of Eden hit'em plum senter. Everybody recognized Adam the minit he appeared, and one purson, whom I suppose was laborin' under the inflooence of cross-eyed whisky, walked up and patted him on the back and called him a bully feller. Eve didn't take quite so well, bein' more behind the bushes outer sight. The snaix was received with a grate deal of eclaw, which was just subsidin' when a woman got up and said:

"Whar's Gineral Washington?"

"Madam," says I, layin' my hand on my harte, "the gineral didn't happen to be in the garden the day our artist went there to sketch this pictur', and as a consekence he wasn't took with the rest."

She heaved a sigh and sot down ag'n, but jist then a leadin' citizen with a prominent nose hopped up and says:

"I'll be durned if I believe there was a river with a flatboat on it in the Garden of Eden!"

I was goin' to indulge in a few remarks, when a feller on the other side of the hall got up and said as how this was probably the spring overflow, and the boat had got adrift. This seemed so nateral like that the grossest tranquility was at once restored. Vox populi! (I guess that's it, though I kinder depend on you to see me threw.)

When I got along to frenology I fairly sot 'em wild, and I had my revenge on the chap who couldn't pass by sich a trifle as an Arkansaw flatboat driftin' around in the Garden of Eden. I thumped his bumps for awhile, and then says:

"Very domestic; kind to his family; tender-hearted; strictly honest; he could luv ten wimmin to onco."

"He could, eh?" says his wife, as she rose up from her cheer.

"Undoubtedly, madam; his buzum is chuck full of it."

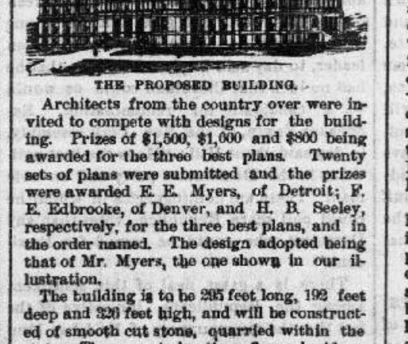
He jumped from a winder to escape her, and is still hidin' in the swamps.

I shall move on agin to-morrer. My motto is: "Perish or die." I give two performances daily, and ingrowin' toe nails are cured after each show at twenty-five cents a cure.

PROFESSOR BROM. WHYTE,
Leckturer and Professor.

Colorado's New Capitol.

The "Centennial state" is about to have a capitol building in the city of Denver worthy of her dazzling wealth. Like the town that could not purchase a fire engine because the wealthy citizens wanted a "steamer" and the workingmen wanted a hand "jumper," Colorado has had a conflict between the bonanza members of its legislature and the hayseed representatives as to the cost of the structure. The silver nabobs would, of course, like to have much of the precious metals of which they are possessed used in the construction of the building, while a common stone structure was deemed adequate by the common graziers. Well, they compromised on a $1,000,000 building of the design shown herewith.


THE PROPOSED BUILDING.

Architects from the country over were invited to compete with designs for the building. Prizes of $1,500, $1,000 and $800 being awarded for the three best plans. Twenty sets of plans were submitted and the prizes were awarded E. E. Myers, of Detroit; F. E. Edbrooke, of Denver, and H. B. Seeley, respectively, for the three best plans, and in the order named. The design adopted being that of Mr. Myers, the one shown in our illustration.

The building is to be 295 feet long, 192 feet deep and 326 feet high, and will be constructed of smooth cut stone, quarried within the state. There are to be three floors beside a basement above ground and a sub-basement. The first floor, reached by broad steps from the four sides, will contain the offices of the governor and other state officials. The upper two stories will be taken up with the legislative chambers and the room of the supreme court, the law library and committee rooms. The rotunda in the centre of the building will be forty-five feet in diameter, and will contain three balconies, one of which will be 105 feet above the first floor, over all will be a handsome dome, which will be seen for miles in all directions. The building is to be completed in 1890.

Frightened Away by the Wires.

In Norway it is believed that wolves are frightened away by telegraph lines. It is said that however hungry a wolf may be he will never go into a spot that is inclosed by ropes stretched on posts. Since the first telegraphic line was established, twenty years ago, wolves have never appeared in its neighborhood.—Chicago Herald.

TERMS-INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One Year........ $4 00
Six Months........ 2 00
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When not paid in advance the rate will be Five Dollars per year.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any one who takes a paper regularly from the Postoffice—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher will continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take the newspapers or periodicals from the Postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.
Papers ordered to any address can be changed to another address at the option of the subscriber.
Remittances by draft, check, money order, or registered letter, may be sent at our risk. All Postmasters are required to register letters on application.

EVOLUTION OF A CAT.

PROCLIVITIES WHICH MADE HIS ROOM BETTER THAN HIS COMPANY.

Amaryllis and the Paroquet—Predatory Fondness for Fish and Steak—A Method of Moral Improvement—Dwelling Together in Unity—Gone for Good.

Kittens have claws. Amaryllis had a habit of sleeping on a chair or sofa, and visitors who sat down on him made the discovery I have cited. Also, kittens labor under the impression that anything that moves or is movable is intended for a toy or is good to eat. This rule Amaryllis applied to the canary, two goldfish and a paroquet. The canary both amused him and fed him, and the goldfish interested him for awhile after he had clawed them out of the bowl, but he made a mistake in the paroquet. This noble bird could make more noise than four kittens, and not only repulsed the enemy with a bite that would have done credit to a steam rail-cutter, but summoned the cook to the rescue with a screech that would have made a fog whistle proud. This was the day Amaryllis got his first thrashing, and was really the only day of his life that he didn't deserve one. After that he left the domestic live stock alone, and confined his levity to playing ball with such articles of bric-a-brac as could be broken by being hurled from shelves, mantels or the table, or to toying with shadows on the wall and thereby making a line of paw-marks on the dado.

About this time he voluntarily refused the amount of his milk, and conceived a riotous and predatory fondness for fish and steak. This naturally led him into frequent altercations with the cook, who hitherto had looked upon him with great favor, and visions of flying cat pursued by hot water, flat-irons, or other projectiles that came handy were of daily occurrence in the kitchen. These incidents seemed to intensify his reluctance to lead an honest life, and certainly did not improve his temper. This result was that no steak, chop nor mackerel, was safe except when actually sizzling on the stove, and that bedlam reigned perpetually from the time Amaryllis awoke in the morning until the cook went to bed.

A METHOD OF MORAL IMPROVEMENT.

There is a dog fancier on upper Broadway who has a secret method for the moral improvement of cats, and one fine June morning Amaryllis paid him an unwilling visit. For several days after his return he was groutier than ever and retired into the obscurity of the coal bin, whence he finally emerged covered with soot and recklessness. From this time forward he lost his appetite for midnight rambles in adjoining lots, but if the Broadway process was supposed to cure a cat of felony as regards eatables it must have been wrongly applied in this case. Amaryllis' one ambition in life now seemed centred in his desire to live unlawfully, and he extended his depredations into every household in the neighborhood whose back fence he could scale. Once he came back so fast that he whizzed, under the impetus given him by a ladle of hot water, but he grimly clung to the chop that had got him into the trouble. He rarely dined at home now, but seemed to consider if he could steal his dinner elsewhere it would be a saving for the household.

So the days passed and Amaryllis ripened into a full grown cat. His Broadway visit seemed to have softened some of the asperities of his disposition, and court-plaster and poultices were less frequent necessities in the household. He grew more meditative, and got into the habit of spending a quiet hour or two in the basement, near the furnace, where he would doze in peace and plan new and more daring efforts in burglary. One day the butcher entered, and with him a tender young bull-pup of which he was proud. The butcher had passed through the room before Amaryllis awoke and took in both the pup and the situation. The next minute there was a row, and a cloud of blue fur and dog's meat. When the butcher returned, which he did suddenly, Amaryllis had vanished to the attic, nine stairs at a time, and there was nothing by which the butcher could tell whether his pet had struck a cyclone or run foul of a sausage machine.

DWELLING TOGETHER IN UNITY.

Meanwhile mice had forced their way into the dwelling, and the problem of keeping the provisions became daily more complex. If they were locked up the mice got in their fine work, and if they were not Amaryllis got in his. The idea that nature designed him as a mousetrap never seemed to occur to either the cat or the mice, but both harmonized and dwelt together in the same cupboard in unity.

Amaryllis has disappeared. How or when I know not. Perhaps some neighboring cook, wrought to frenzy by long-continued exasperation, has compensated the loss of a family steak by the concoction of an elaborate rabbit pie in which our only treasure has played an important part. Perhaps the butcher's dog, after waiting till he grew up, came back and renewed hostilities. Perhaps Amaryllis has found the limits of home too contracted for the notions of wholesale piracy, and he has sought a wider field in which to spread himself. All I know is that his favorite corner by the furnace knows him no more, and that cooks in the neighborhood sing the whole day long.

We tried our best to give Amaryllis away, and, by employing a man to spread among the criminal classes a report that he was valuable, tried to induce some one to steal him. The only other measure seemed to be to pack up and leave the house empty until the starving mice would fall to and devour him. But now that he was gone for good, and—

Please suppress the foregoing article. Amaryllis has returned.—"H. G. C." in New York Times.

The Noble Art of Self-Defense.

Brigands were not the only ones who preyed upon travelers in Italy thirty-five years ago; the fachini, or native porters, were about as rapacious, and their demands were generally sustained by the local magistrates. But on one occasion their usual tactics did not meet with the expected success. A boat containing two young Englishmen approached the quay of a little seaside town. Not only was their nationality unmistakable, but they appeared—what they afterward turned out to be—university men in the prime of "biceps." On the boat touching the quay, it was boarded by half a dozen fachini, each one attempting to grab something, were it only an umbrella, for which to claim payment. In vain did the travelers struggle to select two, which was more than enough for all their requirements. Each porter obstinately clung to what he had seized, and refused to part with it.

One of them at last sprang on shore, followed by a young Englishman, who, finding he could not regain possession of his property, incontinently knocked his man down. This was the signal for a general assault upon the travelers, who, from the beautifully scientific way in which they handled their fists, must have been pupils of some great master in the noble art of self-defense. In less time than it takes to write it, six porters were lying in a heap on the quay; they were so taken by surprise they had not even time to draw their knives, and so demoralized that those who were not too stunned to do so crawled off, leaving the two travelers to carry their own luggage triumphantly into the hotel.—Foreign Letter in The Argonaut.

Citric Acid from the Cranberry.

Large quantities of citric acid have been extracted from the fruit of cranberry, but it is not probable that it will be able to compete commercially with the lemon, which now furnishes the bulk of the supply.—Frank Leslie's.

First Advocate of Woman Suffrage.

Hon. William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, thinks he was the first public man in America to make a speech for woman suffrage. It was forty-five years ago, and he has firmly believed in the cause ever since.