The Democrat.

BRONSON & CARR, Publishers.

MANCHESTER, - - IOWA.

There was a dress before there was a loom or a fashion-plate.

When it comes to modifying election results at times the back counties are anything but back numbers.

Do not jump at conclusions. When a man flatteringly says that you look like ready money he may mean 30 cents.

The editor of an Eastern paper has discovered that Dewey turned around is "Ye Wed." We fancy we see the editor turning Dewey around.

The trouble with that Chicago man who accumulated forty-two wives was his failure to interlard his marriages liberally with Chicago divorces.

Evil wins now and then, not because it is stronger than good, but because good does not realize its own strength, and does not use it to the best advantage.

One New York railroad wants to abolish sleeping and dining car tips, but so far as the result is in the hands of the waiters and porters they may be expected to hold out to the end.

A California minister has denounced kissing games at church socials. This, however, is not given as the reason for the removal of the author of "The Man with the Hoe" from California to Brooklyn.

Isn't it about time that something were done to make it difficult to obtain carbolic acid? It can be had for the simple asking in almost any drug store, and thus an easy way of "shuffling off this mortal coil" is practically placed within reach of those who are weary of life. There would be fewer suicides if carbolic acid were difficult to obtain.

There are few more successful methods of duping people, in their desire for wealth, than for some impecunious trickster to tell them he has a "sure thing" by means of which they can speedily get rich. They never stop to ask why he does not make himself rich, although the precept, "Physician, heal thyself!" is so old and hackneyed.

"We do not suppose," remarks a critic of fighting, "the majority of us have any overmastering desire for the fierce delights of personal combat." The black eyes and bloody noses of our youth remain as a vivid memory. Man, when he is grown, prefers the fighting at long range, which is one of the results of invention and the higher civilization. He can get all the fun out of it that is in it that way.

A recent expose of the brutal treatment of privates in the army of France by their officers gives new emphasis to the danger of arbitrary power. It is also reported that in Austria the custom of boxing the ears of soldiers and recruits has been so common and so violent that thousands of them have suffered such impairment of their hearing as partly to unfit them for service. The minister of war has recently issued a prohibitory order.

"One of the remarkable sights of the present day is that you don't see any bicycles," remarked a gentleman. "And still more remarkable," he continued, "is the way American people take up a fad and run it into the ground. Four years ago the bicycle was the craze; before that it was tennis; now it is golf, and the Lord only knows what it'll be next. But from a clothes standpoint golf is the captain of 'em all. A man's golfing suit and his fixings make his bicycle rig-out look like thirty cents, as the saying is. And the women ain't far behind."

A census "family" means the number of people who are fed from the same pantry. A hotel, a boarding-school or a prison is a family in the eye of the census. Domestic servants are always counted as a part of the household with which they are living. This use of the term makes the average size of the family in a town which happens to have a great institution unusually large, but in the long run it works out about even, since actual families must be reduced in number by so much to supply the members of these inordinately large families.

Dame Fashion, who is not only whimsical and eccentric but frequently very unwise, has made a departure in the matter of women's skirts that must be commended. By a recent irade, ukase or decree the good dame has ordered that the skirts shall lack a couple of inches of reaching the ground. This is most sensible. There never was any reason why a woman's skirt should be so long as to touch the ground any more than there is for man's coat tails touching the ground. A few skittish old maids may take a duck-fit when they imagine someone can see the toes of their shoes peeping out from under their draperies, but unless the foot is tantalizingly small and poignantly well formed little attention is ordinarily given to it.

Mr. Porter, the United States Ambassador to France, has reported to the State department that the grave of John Paul Jones has been discovered in Paris. If there is no mistake in the identification of the grave Congress should not hesitate to take prompt action for reburial in this country and the erection of a fitting monument to the memory of the great sea fighter, who was the first to make the Stars and Stripes respected on the seas. No naval hero has more worthily earned the gratitude of the American people than the lion-hearted sailor who fought the powerful Serapis and its consorts with that rotten old hulk, the Bonhomme Richard, which apparently was no better fitted for a fight than Kipling's old hulk of Bolivar Bay.

Truth should be double edged, and cut both ways. Now there's the bird question. Possibly the time may come when women will not allow them to be killed for their adornment nor will men kill them for the pleasure of killing something, says Beacon. I have never been able to understand why it is not as well to preach against the enormity of shooting birds for fun as for shooting them to make women look prettier, but I notice that the emphasis is all placed on the latter. Probably the pigeon that is shot at in a shooting match does not enjoy it any more than the hummingbird which is killed outright for a woman's hat, yet for one word that is said against the former instance there are hundreds said against the latter. I suppose it is easier for a man to preach for his sister's benefit than to practice for his own. But constant agitation may in time cure both evils and so educate man that he shall see no pleasure in killing helpless birds and animals without any purpose other than sport.

A Newark (N. J.) court has administered a new and most effective corrective for juvenile crime. Five boys were caught stealing fruit from freight cars and arraigned before a police justice. When proved guilty the justice sentenced them to twelve lashes with a policeman's belt. It is said the young culprits were perfectly satisfied with this method of punishment and agreed they would behave themselves in future, while other boys who have been in the habit of misbehaving have suddenly manifested a violent and uncontrollable desire to reform their habits. A thorough spanking by a vigorous policeman is a much more salutary form of punishment for a young boy than sending him to an institution where he will learn more deviltry and practice it when he is released. For extremely youthful persons bent upon going in the wrong direction there is nothing so certain to turn them into the right road as spanking. It is much more effective than incarceration or milk-sop remedies.

A Chicago dentist and inventor claims to have discovered a method by which the soft coal of the west can be successfully coked so that soft coal coke will be equal to hard coal coke for blasting and smelting purposes. In commenting upon this discovery the Ottumwa, Iowa, Courier remarks that if the discovery is practicable, the iron industry will witness a great change, and the production of pig-iron in the Western States where soft coal is plentiful will be vastly increased. Up to this time the great Eastern iron making centers have had an advantage over those of the West. Both have depended almost entirely upon the Lake Superior mines for their ores, but the Eastern iron furnaces are located so much nearer the great sources of the coke supply of the world that they have had a great advantage over the Western furnaces. If the Chicago man can do what he promises, however, the conditions will be just reversed and the West will have the advantage over the East. The bituminous coke can be made for from $2 to $2.50 per ton, while the anthracite coke costs $5 to $5.50. Pennsylvania is a great iron manufacturing State almost solely because of the fact that it is the great anthracite coal center, and when this new coking process is brought into use there is no reason why the West should not become a great iron manufacturing section. Last year the Western furnaces smelted but one-fifth of the iron ore taken from the great iron mines in the Lake Superior region, but now that they can produce their coke at home, instead of shipping it all the way from Pennsylvania, they may be expected to take a large share in all the industries to which iron ore gives rise.

MAN OF BLOOD AND IRON.

Such Is Gen. Buller, Who Commands the British in South Africa.

The commanding figure in South Africa is Gen. Sir Redvers Henry Buller, who holds the supreme command of the British soldiers there. Gen. Buller has under him over 75,000 men—a force nearly four times greater than the purely English troops which Wellington commanded at Waterloo.

Gen. Buller is apparently fitted for the task entrusted to him. He is a man of blood and iron. His sword is crimson to the hilt. Blood, battles, brigades, bombs, blockading, barracks, bivouacs, belligerency—all are synonymous with Buller. He is entering upon his tenth campaign. In many more charges he has faced and dealt death. Over and over again he has been "mentioned in dispatches" for gallantry in action.

Gen. Buller entered as ensign the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He took part

GEN. SIR REDVERS HENRY BULLER.

in the Chinese war of 1860, went to Manitoba in 1870 with Lord Wolseley against Riel, and three years later to the gold coast. In the Ashanti campaign of 1873 Gen. Buller took part in four engagements, including the decisive battle of Coomassie. After five years he was back again in Africa, where, leading the Frontier light horse against the Kaffirs, he exhibited great personal bravery. He participated, distinguishing himself more than ever in the battlefield, in the Zulu war of 1879, and in the Boer war that followed. He was present at Kassasin and Tel-el-Kebir, at El Teb, and Tamai, and won the battle of Abu-Klea.

Gen. Buller is also known as the author the Infantry Drill Book. He is a man of enormous energy, and of a peculiar cold daring, which springs from the head rather than the emotions. A rigid disciplinarian, stern and exacting, he is feared and respected. There is more cruelty than mercy in his composition. He personally dislikes the Boers and his campaign will be one of sterneuss to the end. To plant the British flag over Pretoria within the least possible time as a preparatory of painting another slice of South Africa an English red—such is his task and to that task he will apply himself with all determination in his nature.

The Second Son.

The man who scorned the deadly mines
and led his fleet ahead,
Who managed to arrive before the foe
was out of bed,
Is great, but would you rather be the
admiral to-day
Than the boy who can afford to give six
million plunks away?

O, the Kaiser on his gilded throne is
quite a personage,
And so is he who stands supreme upon
the mimic stage,
But would you rather be the knight or
emperor, to-day,
Than the boy who can afford to give six
million plunks away?

There's Chamberlain and Edison and
Kipling with his pen,
And fiery little Funston and the other
famous men—
Would you be one of these instead (if you
could choose, to-day,)
Or the boy who can afford to give six
million plunks away,
And has some ninety millions left to keep
him feeling gay?
—Chicago Times-Herald.

ABOLISHING THE GRADE CROSSING

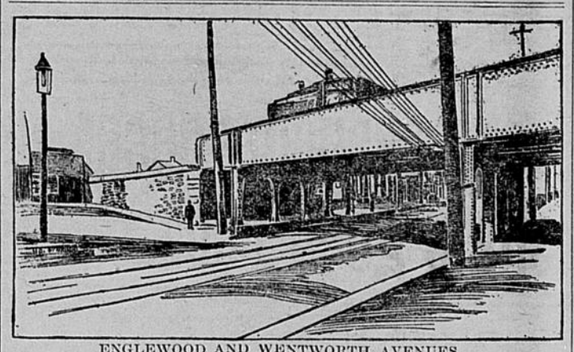
THIS is the story of how Chicago dealt with grade crossings, mainly condensed from the Chronicle:

Fifteen years ago Chicago was intersected in every direction and at all possible angles with railroad tracks. Every track was laid at the grade of the streets or alleys it crossed. Accidents—generally fatalities, for grade crossing accidents rarely stop short of the death of the victim—were of daily, almost hourly, occurrence. Chicago began to murmur and rebel against the grade crossing—it was determined to abolish them once for all.

The railroad companies were willing to elvate or depress the numerous tracks, but were not willing to undergo the hardship and expense of the improvement. Guards and watchmen were maintained at the crossings, time tables were public property, and the roads saw no reason why they should be called upon to bear millions of dollars extra expense to remedy the difficulty.

The grade status in Chicago to-day is an excellent exemplar of what Chicagoans can do when they will it. Hundreds of miles of tracks have been elevated or depressed, hundreds of crossings abolished, either subways or viaducts containing the offending tracks, and the roads have paid out nearly $17,000,000. The city has not been at any expense at all in accomplishing this feat. Ninety per cent. of the tracks no longer menace the public on foot or horseback or in carriages. Every spadeful of earth, every block of masonry, every bolt in every piece of iron provided for by ordinance has been put in place.

Chicago won the fight as she generally wins whatever she seeks. But it was a long, hotely contested and interesting contest just the same, for the big lines are no mean antagonists, and had many fairly sound arguments to advance to show they should not bear all the expense, interruption to traffic and worry incidental to such a colossal undertaking. But in the end they had this to do just the same. First it was held by the lines that they could not be compelled to elevate their tracks or in any other manner alter the grades. This point was argued laboriously after months and even years of skillful research in the law books; it took the highest court in the State but a few minutes to destroy the illusion.



ENGLEWOOD AND WENTWORTH AVENUES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL AT 55TH STREET.

Ten years ago the question of elevating the tracks was a political issue in this city. Parties battled over the question, one side being inclined to the belief that the city lacked the power to force the roads to act and the other certain the power existed. But by the beginning of 1890 it was no longer a dividing question. No candidate for Mayor could hope to win unless outspoken in favor of sending up all the tracks and making the roads pay the bills. To-day no administration looks upon the question as anything more than a mere matter of detail. Ordinances must be drawn and accepted by the roads and work done under them as regularly as streets are paved or cleaned—in fact, more regularly than can be said of the cleaning process.

Under the administration of the elder Harrison a determined effort was made to get at the matter in a business-like manner. The roads at first merely laughed at the idea as a visionary plan utterly impossible of accomplishment. They held that neither they nor the city could afford the expense even if they could stand the interruption to their ordinary business while their tracks were being elevated.

The first objection raised was that the roads would practically be forced to suspend business while this work was going on. The Mayor thought differently, but in conclusion said let them suspend then, for the lives and limbs of the people were valuable beyond any mere financial computation. But it was also shown by engineering experts that the elevation could be accomplished without substantial interruption to traffic, a contention which has been demonstrated daily ever since the first carload of material was dumped in a right of way.

The roads did not deny that if the thing could be done it would be a valuable thing for both sides, but the roads also declined to consider the proposition in any guise. They had laid their tracks under charters and ordinances, had complied with the laws, and no body or corporation could disturb their possession. They sometimes carried this contention to such an extent as to battle among themselves to prevent some rival line from crossing their rights of way. Work was done on Sunday and holidays to evade, if possible, the interference of police or sheriff. But these attempts were always met by a like determination, resulting finally in defeat or compromise.

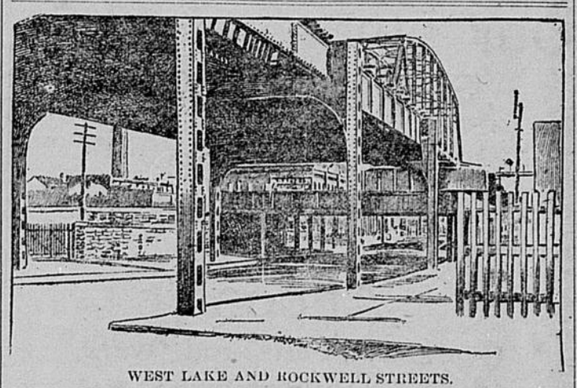
When the roads learned that the courts had held that the power lay in the city, under general regulations of police as well as under charter provisions, to force changes of grade to meet modern necessities, they asked who would pay for it. When told that they would be expected to do this, a new fight was commenced, for they at first absolutely refused to do any such thing.

It was discovered to the deep disgust of the companies that they could be forced to alter any grade named and also be forced to foot the bill. Then the element of suggested compromise entered into the controversy early in 1890. The companies began to spar for wind and suggest that each side pay half.

But the city had won every round in court and was not inclined to help one little bit. The roads were successively notified to begin the work. No exact plan was adopted, but promises were furnished by the city engineer as a basis for the work. The roads might do it any way which seemed best to them, provided they did it. But with masterly inactivity they did nothing. The city sent warning after warning and even threatened to begin the work itself. Then the last legal act of the fight was commenced; injunctions were applied for. These failed.

Meanwhile the general managers had formed an association for mutual protection. This was held out to be an association to protect business, prevent rate-slashing, and by concert of action get all roads into line on a general policy. It was really designed to fight the elevation scheme. But even injunction-made laws failed them, for the courts held that the city had the power to act. It looked along in the years just before the World's Fair as if a direct conflict would take place between the city officers on one hand and road employes on the other.

Expert engineers declared that it would cost as much or more to elevate or depress the tracks as it had cost in the original construction of the roads. Road attorneys, using this as a basis, argued that the hardship on the roads was so great that even conceding the power of the city to force action no court would force such an extremity of hardship. The lawyers also argued that this expense, heavy as it would be, would be but a trifle when compared with the loss entailed by the interruption of traffic. The contention of the experts regarding the cost has been proved to be under rather than over the actual expenditure. It has cost the roads about $59,000 a mile to do the work. But the alleged loss due to interrupted traffic has been proved to be but a dream. The roads suffered inconvenience, to be sure, but no line lost a pound of freight or a single passenger on this account. The tribunals also disappointed the legal lights by calmly saying the city would force the roads to do what was needed.



WEST LAKE AND ROCKWELL STREETS.

Not an inch of track has been established according to the new grade without a persistent fight in which all the skill, foresight and acumen of the companies has been expended. The expense, as has been shown, has been enormous, even if no other cost had been involved than the filling in and retaining of the roadbed within the limits prescribed. But every step in the progression has been fought over bitterly, entailing additional expense on the roads. So far as the city is concerned, the battle has been substantially without expense beyond that provided for in the ordinary administration of public affairs.

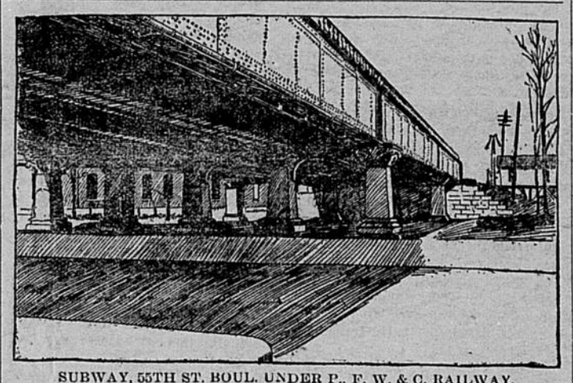
Jan. 1, 1892, not a mile of the hundreds of tracks in the city had been elevated. Probably somewhere near 2,000 crossings were in existence. In one year—last year—nearly 200 crossings were eliminated. This is a mere straw to show how rapidly the tide set in the other way when once the city got down to business. With every crossing on grade in the beginning of the initial year of actual elevation, the year closed with some fifty miles in the air and a large number of dangerous crossings, especially on the south side, no longer menaced the people.

Seven years ago every train, freight or passenger, which entered the city poked along slowly from the limits to the depots with very few exceptions. Ordinances provided that only a certain speed should be maintained inside the city limits, that the peril to pedestrians or other citizens in the city might be reduced to a minimum. Some few express trains rushed along at a high rate of speed, but they were guarded at block intervals for six or seven miles. Gates were dropped when the trains were half a mile distant, and the gongs rattled without ceasing until after the rushing express had passed. There is no diminution of this speed to-day. It is rather increased, for the trains can run at sixty miles an hour without running the slightest risk of killing a citizen at any grade crossing.

With the World's Fair coming on, one road saw the advantage of elevated tracks to hurry visitors down to the grounds. By the time the ceremonies of dedication in October, 1892, were all arranged for the Illinois Central had elevated its tracks as far south as 63d street. Like all others, this road fought the whole thing bitterly, but, seeing no escape, the road accepted the ordinances passed to provide for the work on its lines. These ordinances are really plans carefully prepared to obviate engineering difficulties and enable the line to elevate or depress the tracks at the smallest estimated cost. The city pays nothing, but has enforced its demands until few roads wish to make the fight any longer.

This beginning inspired the people and authorities with reason to feel that the grade crossing would have to go. It also taught the railroad companies that all they could do would be to fight for time; they must all get in the bandwagon in the end. So when the World's Fair Mayor was elected it was believed that considerable progress would be made. One thing had militated against progress, and that was that the city was trying to do too much at once. The city had been trying to battle the combined roads as a combination. Ordinances were being prepared which were blankets covering the entire system in the city. These necessarily failed from too great complication.

In 1893 a change in plan was inaugurated. It was decided to go at the roads in detail, taking one or two at a time, drawing up ordinances on engineering schemes agreed upon between the city engineer and the experts of the roads. All other roads would be left alone for the time being, the city determining to fight the enemy in detail instead of in bulk. The result was at once apparent, for the roads were tangled up, and each had its own particular fight on its hands. The Northwestern was the second to get to work, for in 1893 plans were submitted for the elevation of the Galena division, which, with some unimportant modifications, were decided upon as good working plans.



SUBWAY, 55TH ST. BOUL. UNDER P., F. W. & C. RAILWAY.

FOLIAGE RECALLS BISMARCK.

Branches of Trees Spell Name of German Statesman.

Germany's man of blood and iron is still remembered in the fatherland in many unique ways. Bismarck, it appears, has left his imprint upon Germany to the extent of controlling the shape of its apple trees. This isn't the pleasantest thing in the world for young Kaiser Wilhelm to realize, particularly when the knowledge is forced upon him in so abrupt a manner as it was the other day at Geisenheim.

The Kaiser was journeying to Alsace. On the way he stopped at Monrepos. Geisenheim, the greatest fruit nursery in Germany. The Emperor has rather a fancy for horticulture, and, indeed, includes it among his numberless special hobbies. His host was Baron Von Lade, propsietor of the orchards. When the circuit of the orchards and gardens had been made Baron Von Lade said:

"Now, I beg leave to show your majesty the finest grown fruit tree in the world." The Kaiser amiably consented to look at the tree and found it an enormous growth trained to grow in the outlines of the eight letters of Bismarck's name. This very Teutonic feat had been accomplished by planting four little trees close together and clipping and training them constantly.

Next to this prize tree was one which Baron Lade called the "Bismarck cup." It was ingeniously trained to the form of a communion cup.

These wonders did not interest the Emperor as the Baron had anticipated. Indeed, the great man was obviously vexed.

Then the Baron bethought himself. He turned to a tiny tree in the adjoining garden.

"But here, your majesty," he said, with unction, "is a tree that will eclipse these and all others. I have called it 'Wilhelm der Grosse.' Your majesty can see that the letters are already partly formed."

After which the Kaiser went on his way propitiated.

SMALLEST REPUBLIC,

Two and a Half Square Miles, with a Population of Sixty.

The smallest republic in the world is that of Tavolara, an island about five miles long, with an average width of a little more than half a mile, situated about a dozen miles to the northeast of Sardinia. The total population of the whole republic does not exceed 60, but they elect a President every six years, and a Council of six members, all of whom serve the state without pay. The women of this island go to the polls and vote with the men, and ever since it became a republic, in 1886, all public business has been transacted without turmoil; the elections taking place without any high party feeling or undue excitement.

In 1836 King Charles Albert of Sardinia granted the Island of Tavolara to a family of the name of Bartoleoni, but in less than half a century the inhabitants threw off the yoke of monarchy and took to themselves the right to be governed by themselves. This little war did not alarm the world, and was quite a peaceful one. King Paul I. reigned until 1882, and on his deathbed requested that none of his kin should succeed to the throne, and as no one claimed the honor four years later the people decided to draw up a constitution, and Tavolara has been a very successful little republic since.

Twelve years ago its independence was recognized by Italy, and, it is to be presumed, other powers would have recognized it also if they had known of its existence. The inhabitants live principally by fishing and raising fruits and vegetables. They fear no sudden invasion, for they dispense with any army or navy, and, presumably, in case of need, would rely upon the entire population to uphold the freedom of the country.

DIDN'T LIKE THE SMELL,

He Said, After Blowing Out the Gas and Sleeping Thirty Hours.

A very "bra mon" is "Scotty" Patterson, and he has been away from the "Heelands" but fourteen months. This in part accounts for his thoughtless act of Saturday night. Scotty works in the Scotten stables, and takes his meals in Kurth's Hotel.

On Saturday night the Kurth's man-of-all-work, who also comes from the land of golf and the "Bonny Briar Bush," gathered in Scotty, and the two sat quite late over reminiscences and Scotch whisky. When it came time for Scotty to return to his room over the stables they found that the Scotch whisky had quite paralyzed his power of locomotion, as well as his sense of direction. Scotty suggested that a vacant room in Kurth's Hotel might simplify matters, and as the hotel was just across the street, "Jaimie," the chore man, fell in with the suggestion. He pulled Scotty up the back stairs and locked him in. Then Scotty blew out the gas at the third lunge and jumped at the bed.

This morning Mrs. Kurth found Scotty's door locked, in fact she didn't know that Scotty was there at all. They looked over the transom and saw a pair of feet protruding from the foot of the bed, for Scotty had crawled under it. The smell of escaping gas was suffocating, but they kicked in the door and pulled Scotty out. His chaperon had quite forgotten his good Samaritan work. The dazed man was set down in the yard, where he soon recovered.

He had been in the room for over thirty hours, inhaling the poisonous fumes, and his "bra" constitution and the two inches of opened transom are all that saved his life.

Scotty said few things when they pulled him out at 10 o'clock this morning. One of his remarks was:

"Hoot, mon, but I dinna like the smeel over weel."—Detroit Journal.

How the Walls Ran Down.

The Irishman who went up in the hotel lift without knowing what it was did not recover easily from the surprise. He relates the story in this way.

"I wint to the hotel, and, says I, 'Is Misther Smith in?'

"'Yes,' says the man with the sojer cap. 'Will yez step in?'

"So I steps into the closet, and all of a suddint he pulls the rope, and—it's the truth I'se telling yez—the walls of the building begun running down to the cellar.

"'Och, murther!' says I, 'what'll become of Bridget and the children which was left below there?'

"Says the sojer-cap man. 'Be aisy, sorr; they'll be all right when yez comes down.'

"'Come down, is it?' says I. 'And it is no closet at all, but a haythinish balloon that yez got me in!'

"And wid that the walls stood stock still, and he opened the door, and there I was wid the roof just over my head! And, begorra, that's what saved me from goin' up to the hevins intirely!"—Irish Independent.

Adulterate It Themselves.

A process has been invented and patented in Brazil for preparing coffee in tabloids by a system of compression. It is argued that not only will there be less expense in exporting coffee in this form, but that the customer will be more certain of thus receiving for his use the pure, unadulterated article.

"Your dog seems to follow you without orders." "Yes, he wouldn't take any orders from me. He's been in the family long enough to know the real boss."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An epigram is a lot of words fitted together in such a peculiar manner that their lack of meaning is concealed by the brilliant effect produced.

She—What's the difference between a dimple and a wrinkle? He—Oh, about thirty or forty years.—Town Topics.

ESTERHAZY OWES HIM $10.

A Telegraph Operator in New Orleans Says French Officer "Did" Him.

"Count Esterhazy, who figured so prominently in the Dreyfus trial, has been in New Orleans several times," said a guest at the Grunewald Hotel. "I myself saw him on one of his visits, and was present when he did some cabling to France, the cost of which, or rather a portion of the fee, he deliberately defrauded the operator out of. It happened thus:

"Esterhazy had come in town by one of the roads from the north and went to the Southern Pacific depot to board a train for the West. While waiting for his train he remembered that he had some cabling to do and walked over to the telegraph operator in the building and asked for a blank.

"The operator gave it to him, and the Frenchman wrote out quite a lengthy coded cablegram and addressed it to a private party in Paris. By this time there were only a few moments left for him to get aboard the train, and the operator had to hurry in looking up the rate. To arrive at the exact figures necessitated some little caluculation, and the operator, to expedite matters for the noble count, told him the rate and asked him to make the calculation, too.

"This the Frenchman, who was evidently quick at figures, did, and had finished a moment before the operator called out his result, and asked if that was what he made it. Esterhazy looked straight at the operator a second, as though reading his very thoughts, and unhesitatingly replied: 'It is correct.'

"He paid the amount and hurried away. A few minutes later the operator discovered that he had been paid just $10 less than the correct amount; he had made an error in his calculations, and the count had taken advantage of his error to save the money. The young man immediately wired ahead of the train asking the conductor to see Esterhazy, explain the calculation, and request the $10. The conductor complied, but when he had explained to the noble traveler, the latter only shrugged his shoulders and replied that it was no concern of his. And the operator made good the shortage from his own salary. It was as clear a case of steal as I ever heard of."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Smart, but Not Smart Enough.

While the President was in Milwaukee, a few weeks ago, some youngsters thought it would be a good idea to get excused from school that they might more thoroughly enter into the spirit of the day. But how to get the excuse signed? A parent's signature was, of course, the proper thing, but both youngsters knew that in this particular case their parents were not to be relied on. Suddenly one of them had a bright idea. They would get President McKinley himself to sign the excuse. It would be easy enough to simply stay away from school on the day itself, and with an excuse for the previous absence signed by the President himself they need have no fear of being "kept in" nor punished in any way on the day following. One of the youngsters accordingly pushed his way through the crowd to the Presidential stand, and, clambering without ceremony to the top, thrust a bit of scribbled paper before anybody could stop him into the President's hand and asked for a signature. It took Mr. McKinley a second or two to comprehend the situation, but when he did he put his name to the slip without a word. The youngster slid down happy. Next day at school the two truants presented their excuse. The teacher glanced at the autograph. "McKinley doesn't run this school," she observed, and hard-heartedly kept them in just the same.—New York Evening Sun.

Alligator Riding.

Jim Frazier, of Florida, is called "Wild Jim" because he is the king of alligator hunters. "Wild Jim" hunts alligators in the Florida Everglades. His specialty is in furnishing baby alligators to the Northern trade, though he also catches adult alligators and sells their teeth and skins. It is said that he employs several hundred alligator catchers, and has made a fortune out of his hotel business.

His favorite pastime is to watch alligators eat dogs and cats that he has thrown into the water to feed them. During the winter he secures hundreds of worthless curs and screaming cats, and in the spring he drives the canines and felines down to his alligator ranch in the everglades, where he amuses himself with alligator-back riding. He is an alligator charmer and tamer, and is the only man in Florida that would dare mount the back of an old alligator in the water. When he wants to ride he throws his alligator muzzle over the head of an alligator and jumps on the monster's back. The alligator cannot reach the intrepid rider with his tail, and his mouth is muzzled. "Wild Jim's" wiry legs are entwined around the forelegs of the alligator, while the alligator dives and swims and lashes his tail, trying to be free. When Jim gets tired he makes the alligators swim to the shore, where he jumps off and dispatches it.

One on Senator Depew.

Nothing is more incomprehensible to European writers than the American custom of breaking eggs in a glass. Chauncey M. Depew likes to follow the American custom, and one day the waiter at the Hotel de Russe, in Paris, told him he mustn't do it. There was a dispute, and the head waiter was called. "The glasses cannot be properly washed," it was explained. "They are ruined."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Depew, "my servants at home do it every day in the year. Use a little more elbow grease."

Then Mr. Depew broke his egg into the glass, as usual, and the waiter watched him. When the glass was set aside he came with a dustpan, cracked the glass on his boot heel and disappeared with the fragments. The charge for the glass was on Mr. Depew's bill, and he refused to pay it. He was too good a customer to make angry, so the hotel people smiled. They knew that Mrs. Depew was going to remain a week longer. A broken egg glass was ingeniously worked into her bill, and she paid for it, but Mr. Depew didn't know it for many months afterward, when he was telling the story as an instance of his success in counteracting the extortions of European hotel keepers.—New England Home Magazine.

Wiggs—Why does Bjones have that phonograph going all the time? It's awful. Waggs—Well, you see his wife's away, and when he has the phonograph going he says he doesn't miss her so much.—Philadelphia Record.

A man with but one idea is sometimes worse off than a man with no idea at all.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who admired her husband, and called him Pa?

More men die of idleness than of hard work.

SHEAR NONSENSE

Lawyer—Do you swear the colli raised the entire car? Witness—Y it raised everything but the window Judge.

Miss Dimple—Reggie, did you smell powder? Reginald—Oh, of Miss Dimple—Manila or Cuba? R nald—Sachet.—Ohio State Jounal.

Cleverton—When you told her father you loved her, did he show much feeling? Dashaway—Oh, yes; I don't know when I have been so moved!—Life.

Parke—Don't you find it a great thing to have a telephone in your house? Lane—Yes, sir! My neighbors tell me they couldn't get along without it.—Life.

She—Is he rich? He—No. She—Some one told me he had more money than brains. He—He has, but he hasn't got much money at that.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Newlywed—What is this I am eating, dearest? Mrs. Newlywed—That is angel cake, darling. Mr. Newlywed—Ha! See me make it fly!—Philadelphia Record.

Twitter—I hear you had a sneak thief at your house last night. Did a pretty fair job, didn't he? Trotter—Well, yes. In fact, he left nothing to be desired.—Town Topics.

She—I trust, Jack, our marriage will not be against your father's will. Jack—I'm sure, I hope not; it would be mighty hard for us if he should change it.—Brooklyn Life.

"Prize fights are brutal," said Curticks; "as brutal as bull fights." "How about cock fights?" asked Crookey. "Oh, they are foul."—Philadelphia North-American.

Mrs. Clancy—Me husband do be sufferin' wid prosthration. Mrs. Casey—Nervous prosthration? Mrs. Clancy—Not exactly. Oi prosthrated him wid a flatiron.—New York Journal.

The Scoffer—What right have you to sign your name with an "A. M." after it? The Signer—As much right as any one. It means, in my case, "average man."—Indianapolis Journal.

Snarley—They're a bad family. The father plays the stock market and the son the races. Yow—You'd think those were virtues if you heard the daughter play the piano.—Syracuse Herald.

Attorney—When did your husband first show signs of insanity, madam? Wife—The day he married me. I then discovered he was making only $10 a week.—Philadelphia North American.

Lecturer—And what man is most apt to reach that elevation whence the earth may be viewed "as one vast plain?" Voice (in the audience)—The one that works in a powder-mill.—Life.

"Marriage," said the proverb quoter, "is a lottery." "Yes," answered the Sultan of Sulu as he sadly waved his hand toward the harem, "and there's a bunch of blanks."—Washington Star.

"Have you any n light bread?" asked a prospective cu omer in a bakeshop. "Yes'm," replied the new boy, "we have some nice pound loaves that weigh only ten ounces."—Chicago News.

A Gentle Hint.—Frank—Blanch ned a tiny flatiron on my coat night. Dick—Do you know wh means? Frank—No. Dick—It wants you to press your suit.—Tit News.

Hicks—I understand that cold storage company is ma of money. You are in it on the floor, aren't you? Wicks (mour —No; they froze me out.—Somer Journal.

Mrs. Youngling you suppose you from where you and cries? John newspaper)—I dun Stray Stories.

"I shall never sp she said. "Why ne alone in the draw when the gas sudd "And what did he Stray Stories.

"What do you rega story ever written? mental young woma story," answered never written. It Washington Star.

"Papa fell over this morning," said funny—I laughed yer?" said Tommy Willie; "papa caug Philadelphia Record.

"I want to see the visitor. "You vant; "she has th must be mistaken. "I am her dentist. here in this packa

Mrs. Stubb—I spring curtains a of pins. Just wait that clerk that sold Stubb—Going to give him a ture, Maria?—Chicago News.

Fuddy—But what makes you t that Scales is not much of a music Duddy—Didn't you note that he sp about rendering selections upon violin? A really good player is s fied with playing pieces.—Boston T script.

Getting Matters Adjusted.—"You half an hour late at our appointm Mr. Thompkins." "Yes; I stopp get my luncheon." "Well, be enough to sit down and wait w go out and get mine."—Chicago ord.

Eiderdown.

The eider duck lines its fully with its own down. robbed of the down by the and the duck quickly proce line her nest, supplying the from her own body. The third drake gives his down, and this is allowed to remain.

Ten thousand pounds of eiderdown are gathered annually in Iceland and the natives receive for it about $3 a pound, although the trade is carried on through a barter, the natives receiving little or no money.

The Octopus as Food.

The octopus now finds a place on the fish stalls in Jersey, where it is eaten either dried or fresh. The local estimate of it is very good eating, but to other tastes with all Howe parties Channe because for tion with be. soft hea combinati