

# MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT

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## A GROWL FROM GRANDPA.

There's lots of foppish fashions now  
You bet I'd like to banish:  
For one, I notice that you gals  
Are gettin' mighty mannish:  
First thing we know, a gal as is  
A gal from earth will vanish.

The chick that rules the roost to-day  
In Folly's footsteps follows:  
She takes a fool for pattern, an'  
Let it be hair or collar,  
She wears 'em both accordin' to  
The out o' d' dapper.

Insid' o' stagin' snug at home,  
(An' that's where woman's niche is),  
A-brewin' an' a-bakin' an'  
A puttin' in the stitches,  
She's prancin' round an' puttin' on  
Most ev'rythin' but breeches.

Folks tell me gals now swig champagne  
An' bet upon the races:  
Talk slang, play poker, smoke cigars,  
O fast they say the pace is!  
I swear, from all I hear, you'd stake  
Your souls upon four aces!

They tell me that you speculate  
On 'change—lose lots o' money—  
Do ev'rythin' you shouldn't do—  
I s'pose you think it's funny,  
But that you make a big mistake  
I'm tellin' you, my honey.

You foolish chits! Why can't you see  
That your own guns you spiko? You  
Are flyin' flat in Nature's face.  
O did I never stridle you  
The nearer you approximate  
To men the less they like you!

## WHICH WAS RIGHT?

### Two Ways of Putting Old Things to Use.

When Mrs. Arden, after an absence of ten years, found herself again in the town in which her girlhood had been passed, she experienced a delight so keen as to be almost pain. Family cares had kept her in her own home, many miles distant, and year after year had rolled by, and she had not been able to pay that visit to her sister Esther for which Esther was always entreating in her letters.

But she was in the old home at last, and, though the place had changed greatly since she had left it as a bride, Tom and Esther, her brother and sister, were unchanged—in manner, at least, though both had married, Tom's wedding having taken place only two years previous.

"You are to stay with me for your whole visit, Lizzie—understand that," Esther said, as Tom handing gone, she showed her sister to the well-ordered guest-chamber of her trim, cozy house. "You won't want to stay with Grace, for you don't know her, and would find it dull enough with Tom away nearly all the time. You know he can afford to keep only one clerk, and so he almost lives at the store."

"I hope I will like Grace," said Mrs. Arden. "You have never said much about her in your letters."

"N—no," answered Mrs. Fane, hesitatingly. "I don't say that I approve of her altogether. Still, we get on well enough."

"But in what way do you disapprove of her?"

"Well, I think she ought to help Tom more than she does. But we can't talk it over now. Wait till to-morrow, and I'll tell you all about it, and I know you'll feel just as I do."

So the subject was dropped for the present, and not referred to until the following morning, when, having made a tour of inspection over the house, the sisters were comfortably seated in the cosy sitting-room, each with a piece of work. Mrs. Arden, having been furnished by Esther with yarn, was crocheting an edge for a flannel skirt, and Mrs. Fane was ripping up an old coat.

"What a pretty girl Tom's wife is!" said Mrs. Arden, breaking a long silence. "And Tom seems so proud of her! Did you notice last night how attentively he listened whenever she spoke?"

"Yes; he is very fond of her," answered Mrs. Fane, in a reluctant tone. "I wish, for his sake, she were not so extravagant."

"You said yesterday you would tell me in what you disapproved of her, Esther. Does she run Tom into debt?"

"No; no. I don't mean that she is extravagant in the ways she spends his money; but she doesn't know how to save. She gives away so much that might be put to good use in her own home, and she calls it charity."

"And charity should begin at home, certainly," said Mrs. Arden.

"Yes; but she refuses to be convinced that she is wrong. Now, in telling you about her, I can't explain myself better than by taking up my own case, egotistical as it may appear. You know when I married Mr. Fane he was in very narrow circumstances, and I made up my mind to make the most of every thing. I learned how to turn all sorts of old things to account, and I have not left off doing it now that our circumstances have improved. Every rug in this house, except the large one in the parlor, is made of old clothes past respectable wearing. I have cut, braided and sewed them myself, and it was often very hard work. That worsted stool your feet are resting on was a hood I wore three winters ago. It was perfectly good, not a moth-hole in it, but old-fashioned, so, as Grace gave me a new one for a Christmas present, I used this to cover a little salt-box? It is pretty, isn't it? Do you see the cushions on that rocker in the corner? They were made of an old alpaca dress which was in fair condition, but hardly worth making over. There was enough to make cushions for both the back and seat of the rocker, and I lined them

with a piece of cardinal canton flannel that did duty for several years as a curtain. That comfortable slumber robe on the sofa is made of a wine-colored cashmere dress which had faded and was so cut up with ruffles that it couldn't be remodeled. I made it thick and warm by using my old fur circular to line it. The fur was so worn in several places that I had to give up wearing it, and Henry gave me a plush jacket, which is ever so much more convenient than the cloak ever was. But the old thing was just what I needed for my slumber rug. There are dozens of other things I could tell you about, but it isn't worth while. There isn't a room in my house that hasn't something of my contriving. I never waste any thing. Even my old straw hat was turned into a wall pocket to hold grasses, and hangs in the hall. And I save all my old flannel skirts for mop cloths. Flannel wrings out so nicely; there's nothing like it. I even sew my old pieces of silesia and cambric together for dusters. When washed they are very soft. Henry thinks my economy and thrift really wonderful and gives me credit for much of our prosperity."

"And you deserve it," said Mrs. Arden, warmly.

"Well, now to speak of Grace. If she wants a cushion she buys felt or plush, a lot of embroidery silk or crevels, and some gold cord, and makes one to suit her fancy. Her rugs are all of Brussels or velvet. I have an idea she despises my home-made affairs; but she does not realize how much I save. Her fancy-work materials must cost her a great deal."

"Have you ever spoken to her about it?"

"Yes; I have more than once offered to show her how to use all her old clothes, but she has invariably said that she thinks they serve a better purpose if given away. Perhaps they may do some good; but ten chances to one they're pawned for liquor. I'd rather see the use of mine. Of course I have never said very much on the subject, for I feared to make a breach between us, and for Tom's sake I must avoid that. But perhaps you can manage a few words of advice, Lizzie."

"I will, if an opportunity offers," said Lizzie.

The opportunity offered very soon. Only a week later Mrs. Arden was spending the day with Tom's wife, and had brought her crocheting to keep her fingers busy while she talked.

"I think Esther the most economical woman I ever saw," she began, when dinner was over, and the sisters-in-law had a chance to get acquainted with each other. "Now, this great ball of red saxon was a shoulder cape she used all last winter; but Henry does not like red, so he presented her with a blue one, and the red was raveled out at once to use for edging. There is enough to trim a good many skirts."

Grace glanced up, but made no remark, and went quietly on with her work of "outlining" a pattern on a splasher with red silk.

Mrs. Arden, feeling not exactly at ease, but mindful of her promise to deliver those few words of advice, continued:

"That's a splasher you're doing, I see. Now, all the splashes in Esther's house are made of pieces of old lace curtains, lined with some color."

"Yes, I have seen them," said Grace. "She puts every thing to use. The question to consider is whether it is the best use. I have never argued the matter with Esther, for I know she is almost fanatical on the subject of her economy; but I think it almost wicked to turn her old dresses into cushion covers that she don't need, her cloaks into splashes that conflict with every carpet in her house. She considers a garment given away simply wasted; but think of the poor people suffering for clothes, Lizzie! I know all about them, for I visit their homes very frequently. Only last week a poor woman with five children, who takes in washing, told me how much she would like to go to church; but she has no decent dress, and only a rag of a shawl. Think how glad she would have been to have that old fur-lined circular of Esther's, and the alpaca dress used to cover a cushion! And I saw a little girl yesterday on the street selling matches, no shoes on her feet, no wrap of any sort about her. She was shivering and blue with cold. How great would have been her joy had that red worsted cape been given her! O, I can find good use for all my old clothes; a better use than turning them into cushion covers and rugs. It is so easy to find the deserving poor. Why, Lizzie, I can't look at those portieres at Esther's parlor door without a sinking at my heart. To make them she cut up for months and months all the old garments of worsted and silk she could beg. Dresses, ribbons, silk stockings, even a shawl, went into that mill. She is proud of those portieres, but I am glad they are not mine. Esther thinks me extravagant because I buy wools and embroidery silks, but I buy no more than I can afford; and they are bought of a poor girl who keeps a little shop at the other end of town, and is struggling to support herself. Every penny spent at her counter is a help to her. I only wish I could spend more."

"Have you ever spoken to Esther of these things?" asked Mrs. Arden.

"Not as I have to you; I could not. She does not see her economy as I see it. To me it is all wrong."

When Mrs. Arden went back to Esther's house that night, her admiration for the large, braided mats in the hall and the "crazy" portieres at the parlor door was not as keen as it had been. She even sighed as she took the

thick, soft folds of the portiere in her hand.

"Did you get a chance to give Grace that little lecture I suggested?" asked Esther, at the supper-table.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Arden, and then spoke freely of Grace's views on the subject of the economy of old clothes.

But she failed to convince her hearer that these views were sound; and Mrs. Fane, one of a vast army of women who share her opinion that charity begins at home, still makes her old clothes into rugs, and is in a fair way to provide every chair in the house with a cushion.—*Florence B. Halliwell, in Christian Union.*

## A NEGLECTED STUDY.

Various Ways in Which Mothers Can Amuse Their Little Ones.

Many mothers find it difficult to amuse their babies. They say that they have no talent for story-telling or for inventing plays. Perhaps they have never tried to entertain their little ones as they try to care for their physical needs. The little ones revel in the grotesque, the odd, the unexpected. The personification of the common creatures about them affords endless interest. A fretful child of eighteen months or two years will stop crying at once if you talk to him about kitty's fur cloak, and ask him how she keeps her white stockings so clean. A baby too young to talk was so restless and "cross" that he could not go to sleep as usual. His mother rocked him and walked about with him in her arms till she was tired out. A lady who happened in took him, and, going to the canary's cage, said: "See birdie, fast asleep in his little yellow nightgown." The child laughed aloud. He had experienced a reaction from his fretful mood, and soon dropped asleep.

Little children suffer in a chilly, prosaic, grown-up atmosphere. Help them to make believe and they will amuse themselves. Two mothers of my acquaintance pursued two different methods with their babies. Each had her own household to do. One set the little mischievous tot on the carpet with some familiar toys, and expected her to stay there while the dishes were being washed, the bread kneaded, and the silver polished. The consequence was, the child soon left the monotonous playthings, the well-known rubber rattle, the picture-book and the painted blocks, and tugged at her mother's skirts, fretting and teasing; or she left her station on the carpet for the fascinating occupation of picking off the wallpaper. The other mother put Miss Baby in her high-chair, tied and braced to avoid accident, and on a table before her set a sawdust pan with half-a-pint of water in it. She gave a bit of rag and the child's tin dishes, and let her "help mamma." Protected by an oil cloth bib, the water did her no harm; and for a full hour the little thing washed and dried her dishes, and washed them over again, the mother chattering with her happily. This woman was even then in mourning for the baby's father, but was too wise to chill the sensitive child-spirit with the cloud of her own sorrow.

The baby must be made to understand that thus far it can go and no further; but within its own limits it should be humored, pleased and interested. It is necessary to natural, healthy development that the baby's mind should be serene, its feelings respected, that its spirit should be bathed in sunshine. Many a mother sets her geraniums in the sun and frowns at the baby.

As to stories, very little invention is required for a two-year-old. If he be told in the form of a story just what he did the day before, he will be interested. The true story of the baby-birds whose mother was taken away from them will be listened to over and over. The account of the little gray mouse that went hunting for cheese and got caught in a trap while Baby was asleep will suffice for many entertainments. The mother who tries amplifying and embellishing these little histories will find her power increasing. The child can be taught many a lesson of sympathy with animals in this simple way.

It is necessary to study for good results in every department of life. How many mothers set themselves to study the best ways to entertain their children? These little ones want occupation for body and mind; they want encouragement and sympathy, a great deal of both; they want firm restrictions, and, within those, sunny, joyous freedom. Thus treated, they will soon be a real help to the wise, loving mother.—*Babyhood.*

## A Sensitive Gentleman.

"Ah, good morning," said a well-known Kentucky gentleman, addressing a man whom he met in the street.

"How are you, Colonel?"

"Look here," the first speaker, after a short pause, continued, "every day I discover additional evidences of the fact that you do not like me. Why is it?"

"Do you mean why you discover the evidences or why I do not like you?"

"Why you do not like me, of course."

"Well, in the first place, you are such an outrageous liar."

"Yes."

"And, in the second place, it has been proved that you are a thief."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I merely wanted to know, and it strikes me that your reasons are very good. I am a sensitive man, and it nettles me to think that any one dislikes me without a cause. I am glad that you have explained yourself so clearly."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Talents are best matured in solitude, character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.—*Anonymous.*

## ON A DAKOTA TRAIN.

How a Big Man Secured a Comfortable Seat in a Crowded Car.

A big railroad grader who loomed up like the late Goliath came in and sat down in a "turned seat" opposite a very little man. The large gentleman was comfortably drunk—the little man rather looked as if he might be a prohibitionist. The big man snorted a few times, wiped his feet on the small man's cushion, and then remarked:

"Say! I jes' despise a little, dried-up, insignificant man!"

"Er—ah—is that so?" said the little man, with a weak, nervous smile.

"Commonly I eat 'em!" continued the large party in a loud voice. The little man's smile grew more feeble and ghastly.

"I chaw 'em up and leave 'em!" continued the grader fiercely, as he glared around without appearing to notice the small man with the dying smile. "I wouldn't hit a little, sneakin' wad of a man that weighed less than a hundred and fifty, 'cause there wouldn't be enough of him left for a funeral; but I've bit more'n a million of 'em!"

The little man weighed less than a hundred and thirty, and appeared to be growing rapidly smaller.

"W'y, blank their little hides!" went on the big, big man, "there orter be a law ag'in 'em! They got to pass it mighty quick, though, or I'll have 'em all killed off!"

The little man was looking at the window out of the corners of his eyes and contemplating a leap.

"Somebody tie my hands 'n' feet an' show me one o' these small men!" yelled the grader as he warmed up. "Lemme lean over an' fall on him an' squish him! Somebody hold me an' lead up a small man an' lemme look at him an' paralyze him! Ya—ah—ah! Lemme breathe on one o' 'em an' scorch him!"

The little man had his feet braced and gripped his umbrella with the energy of a last hope, as he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible.

"War-r-r-thar! Git outer my way! Gimme one o' these yere dwarfs or I'll bust yer car!" yelled the big man, as he rose up and began striking out wildly at the air. "Show me a little man, 'cause I'm hungry! Bring me one for my supper! Hi-thar! Dash me here's one now—see me chaw him!" And he made a lunge at the little man, who in some unaccountable way shot up over the back of his seat and rushed along the aisle and out the door onto the rear platform, where he rode to the next station, while the big man subsided and spread his feet all over the opposite seat, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and only grunted and kicked aimlessly at the arm of the seat when the conductor came along and demanded a ticket.—*F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

## CATARRAL DEAFNESS.

An Affliction Most Commonly Connected With the Middle Ear.

Catarrh is an increased secretion of mucus from the mucous membrane, due to its inflammation. This membrane lines the cavities of the eyes, ears, nose, mouth; indeed, every cavity which opens directly or indirectly to the air. The mucous membrane of each of these organs is liable to inflammation and consequent morbid increase of mucus, and hence we may speak of catarrh of the stomach, bowels, bladder. The inflammation may be acute or chronic.

As popularly used, the word catarrh generally refers to the mucous membrane of the nostrils, pharynx (back mouth) and air tubes. An ordinary "cold" in the "head" is a temporary catarrh. Catarrhal deafness is most commonly connected with the middle ear, the tympanic cavity—the portion next beyond the drum. This cavity opens into the mouth through the Eustachian tube, and is thus supplied with the necessary air. Now the mucous membrane that lines this tube may swell and close it up, in consequence of inflammation extending from the nostrils and pharynx. Deafness, more or less, may be due to this closure.

Again, the mucous membrane which lines the cavity of the middle ear may itself be inflamed. If this is long continued, the membrane becomes thickened; the ossicles—the little bones that conduct the vibrations of sound from the drum to the nerves of the internal ear—may be greatly interfered with; the mucus may accumulate and become solid, its fluid portion being absorbed, or it may become purulent, as in abscess, and may eat its way through the drum. Thus deafness, in various degrees, may result.

As to the treatment of catarrhal deafness, we can give no other advice than to urge an early resort to the best expert within call. In this way alone in many cases, can permanent, and perhaps complete, deafness be avoided. The medical and surgical resources are now vastly beyond what they were fifty years ago. But we must add, let all who seem specially liable to catarrhal difficulties avoid exposure to cold winds, wear flannel next to the skin, and, in every practicable way, maintain a high degree of general health.

"Beating" in the ear is due to an increased sensitiveness of the nerve, causing it to feel the throbbing of some minute artery. In many cases of ear troubles there is a ringing (*tinnitus*) in the ears, which may be of almost every conceivable degree and variety.—*Youth's Companion.*

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## THE MEXICAN DUDE.

Jealous in All His Glory Was Not Arrayed Like One of Them.

From this balcony of mine one may see the grande dames and dons of Yantepec out on dress-parade, the former mostly in their carriages and the latter on horseback. The well-to-do citizen is seldom seen on foot, and among the upper classes in Mexico walking has become almost a lost art. It is a positive fact that because these people walk so seldom their feet have become dwarfed and shrunken to incredible smallness. Fancy a New Yorker or a Chicagoan in ladies' shoes, No. 4 or 5, with toes tapering to an infinitesimal point, and enormously high French heels set exactly under the instep. What can you expect in the way of great deeds and worthy achievements from a race of men whose feet are shod like that? Yonder goes the lude of Yantepec, a wealthy young sugar-planter, whose ancestral acres stretch away beyond the limits of vision. He bestrides a prancing steed, the pace of which is here known as "single step," and the gorgeous saddle and trappings that cover the animal almost out of sight must have cost a moderate fortune. Observe how gingerly he holds his gold-headed whip, and how the big diamond sparkles in the end of it! See his pearl inlaid revolvers protruding from the sash of crimson silk, which his short, black tacket imperfectly conceals. His pantaloons, tight as two candle-moulds, are decorated with double rows of genuine half-dollars up the outside seams, set so closely as to overlap, and braided together with gold cord. The pointed toes of his tiny shoes thrust into silver stirrups of enormous size, and from his heels dangle silver spurs that, ten to one, outweigh his feet. His great sombrero of white felt has a gold cable as large as your thumb wound round, and round it, and its broad, thick brim bears a heavy arabesque of gold. His horse is so perfectly trained that the rider never uses the rein, but bends so the right or left to indicate his wish.

The mozo, or groom, who rides behind at respectful distance, forms an admirable foil to the gorgeousness of his master, whom he constantly eyes with an air of excessive pride and dignity, as one who says: "There he goes, just look at him! Ain't he a laisy? His hacienda covers one thousand square miles, and that white sombrero cost one hundred dollars if it cost a cent." The mozo is a good deal more soberly dressed than the dude he follows, though his sombrero is equally broad, and the coins on his breeches are madros (six cent pieces), instead of half-dollars. Besides the dagger and brace of pistols which he sports in his cotton sash, a broad, savage-looking sword, called a mecate, is stuck in the saddle-sheath. This warlike rig, though scarcely needed now, is a survival of the time when personal defence was a matter of daily necessity.

The elaborate dressing of the upper classes makes the simple dressing of the lower strata of society more apparent by contrast. The street below our balcony is full of peons, who are as ignorant, squalid and superstitious as they are guileless and warm-hearted. Most of them wear a shawl of some sort, the masculine shawl being called a zarape, and the feminine a reboso. Many of the women have a piece of black paper pasted on either temple, which looks like the label of a spool of cotton. Should you ask one of them what that is for she would reply: "For the headache, senior. Were it not for that preventive I would perish of *dolor de cabeza*."—*Philadelphia Record.*

## THE BLIND WATCHMAKER.

A Clever Workman Who Did Not Let Affliction Discourage Him.

Many years ago there lived in the town of Holbeach, England, a blind watchmaker named William Rippin, whose delicacy of touch and marvelous skill in repairing watches were famous throughout all the neighboring country. He was not born blind, either, so that his singular faculty can not be explained as congenital. After learning his trade in regular fashion he commenced business at Holbeach, but three or four years afterwards caught a severe cold in his eyes, which resulted in amaurosis, and although under the treatment of the leading oculists of the day, he became totally and hopelessly blind at twenty-eight years of age. Instead of being crushed by his misfortune, he, by great and untiring energy and perseverance, became one of the most clever of blind men. His ability to clean and repair clocks, watches, musical instruments and every article connected with the business was truly marvelous.

He was able to work as well as before his affliction. He could do any repairs required, even turning in verges, etc. The only aid he required in taking to pieces and putting together a watch was in unpinning and pinning the hair spring, which was impossible for a blind man to do, which was done by his wife, whom he taught to work at the business after his loss of sight. He generally had one hundred watches in the shop for repairs, some of them being brought from a distance of one hundred to two hundred miles. Every watch he knew by the touch, and every customer by his voice. Having been a first-class cricketer previously, even after his loss of sight he played two single-wicket matches, both of which he won. He could play cards, dominoes, bagatelle, was a good musician and leader of the Holbeach brass band. He was an intelligent man, nearly six feet high, and many who saw and conversed with him were unaware that he was blind. He died early in consequence of the severe treatment of his eyes, but the prosperous business he left at Holbeach was carried on successfully by his wife and daughter until about five years ago.—*Jewelers' Review.*

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## ARTIFICIAL EYES.

An Optician Tells Where They Are Made and What They Are Worth.

One-eyed people who can afford it have two glass eyes, one for day, the other for evening use. The reason for this is that the pupil of the eye is smaller in the day time than at night, and hence the two glass eyes are of different sizes, so as to correspond with the natural eye. The price of glass eyes is becoming cheaper on account of competition, and at the same time the quality is better. A common glass eye may be had for ten dollars, but they are not good deceptions and do not last long. A first-class eye costs fifty dollars, or even more. The best will not last over two years, because the secretions in the hollow of the eye roughen the glass by chemical action, and this roughness irritates the flesh. A glass eye, like false teeth, is taken out at night, for it would not be safe to go to sleep with it in the cavity. It might drop out, and the slightest fall would break it. If a person could buy glass eyes at wholesale, by the gross, he could get them for about two dollars apiece. But he would have to look over a great many before finding one to fit and to match his other eye in size, color and expression. Glass eyes are all made abroad, principally in Germany and France, no factory having been started here, although there is a great demand for them in this country. A glass eye is not made after the shape of a natural eye, because when the latter is taken from the cavity the tissues just back of it push forward and leaves but little space. The false eye is therefore elliptical in shape. The outer side preserves the natural form, but the inner side is near flat, with rounded edges. It is slightly larger than the natural eye, so that when inserted in the cavity it may not slip out. At first it irritates the eyelids and the tissues back of the cavity, but the wearer grows accustomed to it, and finds it a rest and a protection. A skillful oculist can put a glass into the cavity so that very close observation is necessary to detect it. Not only are the size and color of the natural eye counterfeited, but even the general expression. The oculist has yet to discover means of giving that sympathetic movement which distinguishes a pair of eyes. There is quite a large number of people with glass eyes, say one in four hundred. You would not know it by casual observation, for the wearer of a glass eye is so sensitive on the subject that he is careful of its actions in public, and he becomes so accustomed to the glass orb that he can prevent all but intimate friends from discovering his defect. Science has done better by him than by the man with the wooden limb.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

## AN INDIAN SYBARITE.

Life of the King of Oudh Amid the Surroundings of Eden.

The death of the last King of Oudh deprives Calcutta of a picturesque and almost legendary personage. To the visitor the red and blue roof of his palace, the gardens, stocked with wild beasts and brilliant birds, his innumerable guards and attendants and the tens of thousands of pigeons that were always wheeling above the grounds seemed to embody the fantastic life of native India. The men guarding the doors were all his own sepoy from Cawnpore, and once you had an order to penetrate the charmed circle you passed through a beautiful succession of groves and parterres and miniature grassplots and pleasant terraces. His menagerie fell away of late, but some years back it almost rivaled the famous collection in the London Zoo. In one large space there were buffaloes, goats and deer and ostriches and other great birds. A tank something like one hundred and fifty yards square was covered with storks and pelicans and swans, and had ample well-wooded rambling grounds around it. The smaller birds were sheltered in lofty aviaries. The lions and tigers and wolves and other ferocious animals were, of course, caged, but caged very comfortably.

In another garden a building that looked like a magnificent ant hill was fixed in the center of a large square well, and was carefully surrounded with water. Here the snakes were segregated, and five hundred of them lived in the narrow holes with which the strange building was artificially honeycombed. It used to be one of the great sights of the day to see them fed with frogs. But his pigeons formed the great feature of the King's collection.

"One who knew him" writes that he led a kingly life to the end, though he had not more than seven thousand subjects to govern: "He held court and received regal honors, created titled nobles according to his caprice and traveled over his grounds in a campan, occupying at different times different country seats, like other Kings." At one time he would watch his animals and his fishes being fed, at another his rams and cocks, and quails, would be brought up to fight before him. He had, we are told, a prevailing passion for order and cleanliness. He prayed five times a day, though he ate only one meal, but from morning till night he chewed *pan sarnai* and smoked the hookah.—*Times of India.*

The latest discovery is a seven-inch vein of leather polish or shoe-blackening on the farm of M. H. Gladman, just west of Hopkins, Mo. It is found four feet from the surface, and when wet and rubbed on a pair of shoes or leathers makes a splendid polish. The find is a curiosity. Nodaway county has most all the good things of this world, and now can boast of a shoe-blackening mine—the only one in the world.