

Poor Little Scoop --- His Nose for News Leads Him Into a "Touch"



BOSTON REVOLTED.

When Commodore Knowles Worked His Press Gang in 1747.

In the year 1747 a great tumult was raised in the town of Boston. Commodore Knowles, while lying at Nantucket with a number of men of war, losing some of his men by desertion, thought it reasonable that Boston should supply him with as many men as he had lost. He therefore sent his boats uptown early in the morning and surprised not only as many seamen as could be found on board of any of the boats outward bound as well as others, but swept the wharfs, taking some ship carpenters' apprentices and landsmen.

This conduct was resented. As soon as it was dusk several people assembled in King street, below the town house, where the general court was sitting. Stones and bricks were thrown into the council chamber through the windows. A judicious speech of the governor from the balcony, disapproving of the impress and promising his utmost endeavors to obtain the discharge of the persons impressed, had no effect. The seizure and restraint of the commanders and other officers who were in town were insisted upon as the only effectual method to procure the release of the inhabitants on board the ships. The militia was summoned in aid of the government, but refused to appear.

Letters in the meantime passed between the governor and the commodore. The council and house of representatives now passed some vigorous resolutions, and the tumultuous spirit began to subside. Finally the commodore dismissed most if not all of the inhabitants who had been impressed, and the squadron sailed.

NOISY FISHES.

The Skates Grunts, the Puffer Chuckles, and the Drumfish Booms.

Perhaps the most conspicuous example of the fishes that are capable of utterance is the drumfish, so called by reason of the deep, booming noise it produces at will. It is found along the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Florida.

The squeteague, another salt water fish of the noisy variety, resembles in appearance the trout, and the not unmusical sound that it gives out is much like the note uttered by a big bullfrog. Allied to the squeteague is the fish known as "the croaker," which, as its popular name indicates, affects the croak—an unmistakable croak.

The sea robin, so called because it has crimson fins just behind its head,

about the size of birds' wings, is another fish that makes itself heard. The "squawk" of the sea robin is especially emphatic when on being caught it lifts up its voice in reiterated protests.

There is a fish that may be said to chuckle—the little puffer or swellfish. It puffs itself into the shape of a perfect sphere and as it does so gives out a peculiar, hoarse chuckle.

The skate when caught grunts, groans and gasps pretty much after the manner of a human being in distress. Carp and goldfish frequently utter curious sounds, but hardly sounds in the meaning of the term here used, inasmuch as their sounds are produced by approaching the surface of the water and blowing out air in bubbles until a rippling noise is heard.—Denver Republican.

Sparrow Diet For a Stork.

An English sparrow flew into the flying cage in the zoo and began helping itself to the cracked corn thrown upon the ground by the keeper. A Brazilian stork quickly approached and shot out its six inch red beak and caught the sparrow. Going to the fountain, the big bird dipped the little one in the water and then swallowed it and looked about for more.

"Oh, you cannibal! You ought to get a beating!" exclaimed a woman visitor.

"The sparrow ought to know better than to go in there," explained the keeper. "The stork has been eating half a dozen of these birds a week since he came here. The English sparrow has a quick eye and is quick on the wing and is seldom caught by prowling cats, but doesn't suspect anything with feathers on. The big bird is getting fat on a sparrow diet."—New York Sun.

True to His Promise.

"Dearest, will you let me share your every sorrow after we are married?" she whispered as she cuddled her cheek against his.

"Yes, darling," he replied, again plucking a delicious kiss from her sweet lips.

It was the same lady who two years later wearily cried out:

"Oh, Tom, why can't you ever come into the house without bringing a tale of trouble with you? I'm so sick of hearing about how hard you have to work to keep the bills paid."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Funny Metapher.

The late King Edward when he was Prince of Wales once made a funny mixture of metaphors. In reply to certain inquiries and admonitions he said,

"I will do my best to walk in my father's footsteps, which you have held up for my imitation."

Negative Woman.

Marks—I married my wife a month after she accepted me. Farks—That's nothing. I married mine three days after she refused me.—Boston Transcript.

The purpose of a journey is not only to arrive at the goal, but to find enjoyment on the way.—Van Dyke.

Horses With Jewel Caskets.

Every great race horse in England has his special toilet case, marked with his name and provided with a special lock. Each animal has his own basins, pans and pails for the toilet, his feeding utensils, brushes and combs.

A race horse has many sets of towels of various grades and has blankets of various weights for all weathers. These are marked and numbered and are kept beautifully clean and well aired. The belongings of the horse are carried about in his toilet case when traveling.

Besides all this luxury, every great horse nowadays must have a jewel case, and with age and success the collection frequently becomes very valuable. In the casket, which is a compartment of the box, are kept the various trinkets presented by admirers. These consist largely of articles of wear, such as bridles finished in silver and gold, silver chains and mounted halters, and combs and brushes mounted in handsome style.—London Tit Bits.

That Easy Three Hundred.

Soon after Senator John Sharp Williams arrived in Washington some years ago as a member of the house of representatives a man on the staff of a magazine approached him with a request for an interview of a thousand words on the outlook for the Democratic party. Reflecting that at that time the outlook was anything but bright, Williams said:

"I'll dictate it to my stenographer and mail it to you."

A month later the magazine man stepped up to Williams and handed him a check for \$300.

"Is that for me?" asked Williams quizzically.

"Yes, sir."

"For that article you wrote for us on the outlook for Democracy?"

"And this is authorship!" mused the lawmaker, smiling. "Well, it's the only easy money I ever made. What's the use of being a patriot anyhow?"—Popular Magazine.

CRIMINALS IN FRANCE.

Curious Devices Used to Land Them Safely in Jail.

Scarcely a day passes without a picture appearing in the French press of a prisoner being led off to the station by a policeman and the description, "the Apache being taken away handcuffed by the agents." As a matter of fact, handcuffs are altogether out of date in France and are never used.

Instead of the bracelets every policeman carries a "cabriole," which is a very rough and massively made article resembling a huge watch chain some ten inches long with a stout wooden crossbar at either end. An expert can slip this over the wrist of an offender in a twinkling and with both the crossbars in his hand has only to give it a twist to inflict the most excruciating pain and compel instant and lamblike submission.

Another common method of preventing escape is to make the prisoner place both his hands in his side trouser pockets and then pass a string around his wrists and around his waist and bid him march. He can walk at a very smart pace, but any attempt to run out of a shambling trot immediately brings him down, nose to the pavement.

If no string is handy all the brace buttons of the trousers are cut off and the culprit is made again to put his hands in his pockets. As in the former case, he can only walk, since so soon as he tries his hands his nether garments fall about his legs and he is "entravee."

Few of these devices are apparent to the casual passerby, who often wonders at the passive docility with which some villainous looking individual under arrest follows his captor to the station. Sometimes on a country road one may meet a couple of gendarmes on foot or on horseback, leading a prisoner between them.

This is in obedience to a quaint regulation whereby prisoners are never sent by train from place to place, as there are no funds set apart for railway fares. Consequently four or five times as much is spent in food, drink and lodging for the escort as would be for the ticket, but the regulations are observed. In such cases the police often use the "pouettes," though strictly speaking this instrument is not legal.

It is a sort of loose thumbscrew, which is fixed so as to keep the two thumbs comfortably together so long as the man does not struggle, but a twist of the string held by one of the police is enough to destroy any wish to escape.—London Standard.

The Seychelles Islands.

The Seychelles islands form an archipelago of 114 islands and are situated about 1,400 miles east of Aden and 1,000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the island of Mahé, which is about 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean and is nearly the center of the group. All the islands are of coral growth. The houses are built of a species of massive coral hewn into square blocks which glisten like white marble.

Wanted Something Elaborate.

Mr. Coopah—Could you lemme look in yo' dictionary a minute, kuhnel? Jest want t' find a couple of words to add to mah lodge office title what Ah was elected to last night. They dun chose me grand high most worthy exalted imperial plenipotentiary, but it strikes me dat sounds jes' a little bit cheap.—Puck.

Generous.

Baron (to his valet)—Johann, I have received quite a large number of offers in reply to a matrimonial advertisement. I have selected one out of the lot, and here are the rest if you like to make any use of them.—From the German.

A Foxy Scheme.

"Tommy, if you'll saw some wood I'll tell you what I'll do."
"What's that, dad?"
"I'll let you have the sawdust to play circus with."—Washington Herald.

Awful Sick.

Tommy's Uncle—Hello, Tommy! I hear you've been sick. Was it very bad? Tommy—Awful! I wasn't sick enough to stay home from school.—Philadelphia Record.

Titles of honor add not to his worth who is an honor to his title.—Ford.

Elephants Asleep.

A question often raised in regard to the African elephant is whether this animal ever rests or not. At first blush it would appear that there could only be one answer to the question. So huge an animal must expend a terrific amount of energy and therefore, as one might reasonably infer, must need more time than smaller animals for rest and rejuvenation. Nevertheless many travelers and some naturalists have asserted that the African elephant in its native state never sleeps or at least never lies down. A correspondent who has sent photographs from Malek, on the White Nile, says in the communication that accompanies them that the picture represents a "herd of female elephants photographed in the bush near Malek, in the Mogalia province of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. It has been maintained that the African elephant never lies down to rest. Several may be seen thus sleeping."—Country Life.

Poisons in the Stomach.

A most curious fact is that all food contains the elements of poison, and in our body poisons are manufactured from these. For instance, meat, fish, cheese and milk are composed of hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen and oxygen. Take away the last and you have prussic acid. We do not manufacture prussic acid, it is true. But in every stomach in the world fermentation goes on just as in a brewery, and the poisonous carbonic acid is made in large quantities. If you breathed a few days' output of carbonic acid gas you would inevitably die. Sulphuretted hydrogen is one of the most deadly gases known, yet in every stomach it is made at one time or another. In the stomach all food is converted into what we call "peptone," and if a very small quantity of this found its way into the blood it would kill as surely as prussic acid.—Pearson's Weekly.

Story of a "Violin."

On one occasion all who were present in the court of justice at Berlin had the great pleasure of listening to a free performance by Professor Joachim, the famous violinist. It appeared from the evidence that a dealer in musical instruments was charged with cheating a customer by representing that a violin which he offered for sale at \$125 was an instrument that could be played. The great professor was called in as an expert witness, and, taking up the impugned instrument, he proceeded to play upon it. Under his magic fingers it really sounded like a violin, but in a few moments, much to the regret of his listeners, the maestro laid the instrument down with an evident air of contempt. But he had secured the accused's acquittal.

A Mystery Explained.

An English doctor was asked to explain how women can wear such flimsy clothes in cold weather without apparent harm and without much discomfort when a man would suffer terribly so exposed. He says this resisting power is due to an additional layer of fat in the body, acquired in the days of cave dwelling, when the women had to stay in the cold huts while the men kept warm by hunting and outdoor activities.—Healthy Home.

An Old One.

"I found a gold ring today."
"A new one?"
"No—old and much worn."
"Any name on the inside of it?"
"No; nothing but the letters B. C."
"Gracious! You don't suppose it's as old as that, do you?"—Exchange.

Antenuptial Thrift.

"Why do you insist on carrying that umbrella?" asked the bridegroom.
"For purpose of domestic economy," replied the bride. "I'm going to turn it upside down and catch enough rice to do the family for several weeks."—Washington Star.

Disillusioned.

King Firey (with much feeling)—I once loved a woman; but, alas, she married Baron Rubberneck (sympathetically)—Whom did she marry? King Firey (in a deep tone of manly grief)—She married me.—Red Riding Hood.

To Stop His Laugh.

Patient—When I laugh my side hurts me. Doctor—Ah, well, we'll soon put that right. Send for your mother-in-law to stay with you, and I will send in my bill.—Pete Mele.

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FOUND—Ladies new watch, O size, Call Wendelin Braun, 12 and Broadway.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Meat market for Lawther, (formerly New Leipzig). Suitable building to rent. Write Commercial Club.

FOR RENT—Or for sale cheap, two pianos, one almost new; at Knowles & Haney's.

FOR SALE—About 60 hogs, large and small; or will trade for cattle. R. D. Coonen.

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