LOVEMAKING IN CHINA.

It Is a Very Peculiar Process—What Some Letters Show.

Lovemaking in China must be a very peculiar process, to say the least. Some curious specimens of letters have come to light regarding the marriage of the son of the ancient family of Tan and a daughter of the equally old and respectable house of O.

The following is a literal translation of the proposal of the young man:

"The ashamed younger brother, surnamed Tan, named Su, with washed head, makes obeisance and writes this letter to the greatly virtuous and humble gentleman whose surname is O, old teacher, great man, and presents it at the foot of the gallery. The satin curtains are enveloped in mist, reflecting the beauty of the river and hills. In the fields of the blue gem are planted willows, close together, arranging and diffusing the commencement of genial influences and consequently adding to the good of the old year.

"I duly reverence your lofty door. The guest of the Sue country descends from a good stock. The origin of the female of the Hui country likewise (is so too).

"I, the mean one, am ashamed of myself, just as rotten wood is in the presence of aromatic herbs. I now receive your indulgence, inasmuch as you have listened to the words of the matchmaker and given Miss Si in marriage to the mean one's eldest son, named Kang. Your assenting to it is worth more to me than 1,000 pieces of gold.

"The marriage business will be conducted according to the six rules of propriety, and I will reverently announce the business to my ancestors, with presents of gems and silks. I will arrange the things arranged in your baskets, so that all who tread the threshold of my door may enjoy them.

"From this time forward the two surnames will be united, and I trust the union will be a felicitous one and last for 100 years and realize the delights experienced by the union of the two countries, Chin and Chin.

"I hope that your honorable benevolence and consideration will defend me unceasingly. At present the dragon flies in Sin Hai term, the first month, lucky day. I, Mr. Su, bow respectfully. Light before."

On this decoction of the essential oil of modesty the young Miss O's father looks with favor, so he responds in a state of still more profoundly polite humility.

"The younger brother, surnamed O, names Tus of the family to be related by marriage, his head clean, knocks his head and bows and writes this marriage letter in reply to the far famed and virtuous gentleman named Tan, the venerable teacher and great man who manages this business.

"'Tis matter of congratulation the union of 100 years. I reverence your lofty gate. The prognostic is good, also the divination of the lucky bird. The stars are bright, and the dragons meet together.

"In every succeeding dynasty offices will be held, and for many a generation official vestments will be worn (not only those of your family surname will enjoy all the afore mentioned felicity), more especially will you, honorable gentleman, who possess abilities great and deep. Your manners are dignified and pure.

"I, the foolish one, am ashamed of my diminutiveness. I for a long time have desired your dragon powers. Now you have not looked down upon me with contempt, but have entertained the statement of the matchmaker and agree to give Mr. Kang to be united to my despicable daughter.

"I praise your son, who is like a fairy horse, who can cross over the water and is able to ride upon the wind and waves. But my tiny daughter is like green willow and a feeble plant and is not worthy of becoming the subject of verse.

"Now I hope your honorable benevolence will always remember me without end.

"Now the dragon flies in the Sin Hai term, first month, lucky day. Mr. Tu makes obeisance. May the future be prosperous."

The modesty of the old gentleman is so painful that we are almost afraid to guess what may have been the feelings of Master Tan and Miss O.—Exchange.

A Trifle Too Tough.

The cannibal king sat upon his bamboo throne, clothed in the awful dignity of his position and a faded silk scarf. His eye was fastened upon the entrance to the throneroom as if in expectancy. Presently it opened, and the secretary of state entered and bowed to the earth.

"A deputation awaits without, your majesty," said the secretary.

"What kind, slave?" inquired his nibs.

"Of white persons, your majesty."

"Would they minister to my spiritual or physical wants, dog?"

"Your physical wants, your majesty."

"Ah, then they must be missionaries?"

"No, your majesty."

"What, hound? Not missionaries?"

"No, your majesty; they are here on business of state from the white country. They are politicians."

A look of disappointment clouded the face of the king.

"Go, slave," he said, waving his hand with an imperious gesture, "and command the secretary of the culinary department to put out the fire in the kitchen stove."—Detroit Free Press.

DO YOU ECONOMIZE?

How to Do It Without Being Made Entirely Miserable.

"There are all sorts of ways of economizing," remarked Mrs. Pipkins, who was having a chat with her particular chum, Mrs. Timpson, and was in a philosophizing mood. "Some methods are as uncomfortable as possible, some as little so. Indeed I have practiced economies that were rather fun. Mr. Pipkin's method is of the very worst possible sort. He gives up his glass of wine with his dinner and his cigars. The result is that he feels the grind of poverty very hard indeed and gets exceedingly cross over it."

"I should think that wine and cigars were the natural things to give up first when one was economizing," said Mrs. Timpson, who is not a philosopher.

"Natural! Why, I call it simply ridiculous—unless one were really in want. I once heard a man say that in a pinch he could get along without some of the necessaries of life, but without the luxuries, never. They were what made life endurable. Well, I have always sympathized with that man. When I want to plan economies, I always provide myself with a box of French candies, and then I sit down and think real hard about what can be given up without discomfort.

"Once we found our income somewhat reduced, and that dear, silly old man of mine immediately began to make himself wretched by giving up his little luxuries. I stood it for several days until he suggested that we had better give up desserts, to which he is exceedingly partial, and the ordered a box of his favorite cigars and a gallon of wine. I also got my favorite box of candy and settled down for a long argument.

"How did it end? Oh, I showed Mr. Pipkins on paper that by sending away one of the servants and wearing last year's clothes we could have our desserts and little extravagances and really not feel so horribly poor, after all. We need not feel obliged to save car fares at the expense of our legs, as some people I know always do when they economize. Really the most heartrending and temper spoiling way of saving is that which keeps up appearances at the cost of comfort.

"Yes. I know you think me horribly extravagant because I do not count my pennies, but just there lies the secret of not feeling poor. To have a small income is a very endurable hardship if only one keeps down the big expenses so as not to have to deny oneself the trifles. Like 'Les petites miseres de la vie humaine,' which we are assured on very good authority are the hardest ones to bear, it is the little pleasures that make life enjoyable. Life is made up of little things. To have one big economy is a bore of course, but to refrain every time you want a glass of soda water or a cigar or car fare is a constant source of irritation, and very bad for the temper, I am sure.

"But I have bored you long enough with my views of life, and so I will say goodby and go home and see that my dear old man has something good for his dinner."—Washington Star.

A Young Man's Nice Tact.

Among the passengers on a Lancaster avenue car as it proceeded west from Thirty-second and Market streets was a well dressed young man who sat in the corner, with his coat collar turned up, indulging in a half doze. A bag lay at his feet, indicating that he was returning from a journey. When the car reached the transfer station, five young girls entered the car, accompanied by two young men.

They had scarcely been seated when one of the young ladies suddenly left her seat, threw herself alongside of the young man in the corner, and, placing one arm partly around his neck, exclaimed: "Why, Cousin Emerson, you've come at last! What a fibber you are! We looked"— She stopped, looked confused, then, with a little shriek, hurriedly rejoined her companions and buried her crimson face in her handkerchief. She had made a mistake.

The young man after recovering from his astonishment rose from his seat, bowed respectfully to the girls' escorts, tipped his hat politely to the ladies and got off. As the car passed on he could be seen standing in the street awaiting the next car. He had alighted to relieve the young lady of her embarrassment.—Philadelphia Record.

A Doubtful Preliminary.

"Now, jedge," said the sworn colored witness, "I'm a-gwine ter tell you de truth now!"

"And what have you been testifying to for the last hour and a half?" asked the judge.

"Oh, I des been talkin up ter it. Hit takes you some time ter git ter de truth, jedge. You has ter skirmish lots 'fore you ketch de rabbit!"—Atlanta Constitution.

John Jones, His Mark.

It is said that the cross mark instead of a signature did not originate in ignorance. It was always appended to signatures in mediæval times as an attestation of good faith.

The habitat of oats is believed to have been the region north and west of the Alps.

Hard Worked.

Wyld—I hear Tradesmun carries on quite an extensive correspondence with the Four Hundred.

Kellogg—What does he write about?

Wyld—Please remit.—Brooklyn Life.

Garrulous.

"Mudge is pretty much of a talker, is he not?"

"He is, but I can't say just how much. I have always had to leave before he got through."—Indianapolis Journal.

CATCHING COLD.

A Result of Physical Condition and to Be Treated Accordingly.

My own belief is that the condition that makes one susceptible to cold is usually occasioned by the surplus of waste material, the result of overfeeding or of bad digestion, and that this effete matter, in its endeavor to be excreted, irritates the lining membrane of the breathing tract. I also believe that, because these various forms of "cold" are most common in persons who are subject to some of the various forms of rheumatism or gout, the waste material that thus tries to escape is largely derived from an excess of food, mostly of an animal origin.

The waste material from animal or nitrogenous food should be excreted by the skin and kidneys, but low temperature or cold checks the action of the skin and thus throws the entire work of excretion upon the kidneys. When the work for these organs becomes excessive, then the waste accumulates in the system, and from this accumulation, after exposure to low temperature, arises the inflammation of the breathing tract, which is commonly designated as a "cold."

The best plan to pursue is to modify the condition and gradually conduct the case to recovery. This is safer and better than the usual attempts to "break it up" with large doses of quinine and whisky, or either alone. The best method to pursue is to first relax the patient and start all the secretive organs into great activity. This is accomplished by rest in a warm and unchanging temperature, so that the skin may do its full share of the work. This work can be augmented by hot baths, foot baths, tub or Turkish, and the use of large, hot, nonstimulating drinks, such as lemonade (not sweet), various teas or plenty of water sipped slowly. But little medicine is needed in this stage of the attack, and that only to increase the activity of those other two great excretory organs, the kidneys and the bowels. The food taken at this time should be the least possible in both quantity and quality that will satisfy the patient. It would be better if none were taken for at least 24 hours. There is no danger of starvation or undue weakness following a voluntary fast of a day or two.

Never urge a patient who has previously been well to take food during the first two or three days of an acute inflammatory trouble. At the end of this time the active symptoms will have subsided if the above course has been pursued, and then a gradual return to the ordinary food may be permitted to take place in a few days more. Stimulants are never needed, except where there is marked debility or a tardy convalescence. "Fresh colds," and "one cold on top of another," are usually the result of undue haste to return to the ordinary modes of living.

Prevention is better than cure, so let us see what can be done to prevent taking cold. First, avoid all excesses of food, especially meats and sweets. If the appetite is strong, let vegetables and fruits make up the bulk of food taken. Do not use tea or coffee, as it retards tissue change and the excretion of waste. Use plenty of clear soft water—at least from three to four tumblers a day. Take plenty of outdoor exercise, so as to use up all surplus food. A sustained effort of at least 30 minutes a day at such exercise as vigorous walking, or its equivalent, will do wonders in purifying and balancing the circulation of the blood. A daily cold or tepid sponge bath, followed by a brisk rubdown, will help much in increasing the healthy action of the skin and making it respond more quickly to sudden changes of temperature. Wool next to the skin, or, next best, over thin gauze, is absolutely necessary for those who easily take cold.

Breathing through the nose must also be insisted upon, mouth breathing being a very frequent cause of tonsilitis and sore throat. Sometimes surgical interference is necessary to make nose breathing a success. If these directions are lived up to, "colds" will be few and far between, and chronic catarrhs and large tonsils will be less prevalent.—Dr. C. M. Seltzer in Household News.

Madras—The Eurasians.

Only 4,000 Europeans are to be found in the immense population of 400,000 souls, if we exclude the 12,000 Eurasians who occupy the No Man's Land, on the borders of black and white. This hybrid race presents insoluble difficulties to the political economist. Craving for the social recognition denied to a community which originated in the vices of the early European colonists, and scorned alike by the pure blooded nations of east and west, the sins of the fathers seem visited upon the yellow children of this degenerate stock unto the third and fourth generation.

By a curious freak of nature the Eurasian of Portuguese descent sinks step by step in the scale of color until he becomes of darker hue than the Hindoo of unblemished race, and the hybrid Goanese of the present day combine distinctively European features with a skin of total blackness. The unbalanced Eurasian character, full of conflicting elements, lacks the sterling and enduring qualities which command respect and insure success, and this feeble type of humanity has hitherto appeared incapable of elevation to vigor of thought and action.—All the Year Round.

Graded.

The following sign may be seen before a certain Montana restaurant: "Meals, One Dollar. Square Meals, One Dollar and a Half. Hell of a Gorge, Two Dollars."—Yale Record.

VICTORY.

I fought a battle tonight, dear,
After the day was done,
In the silent hours alone, dear,
I fought a battle and won.

It was not like the battles of old, dear,
That we read of in history and song.
'Twas a battle of conscience and heart, dear,
A struggle to conquer the wrong.

This battle I fought tonight, dear,
Was a hard and stubborn fight.
Temptation was my foe, dear,
And I fought in defense of the right.

I won a victory tonight, dear,
Though the conflict lasted long,
And often the side of the right, dear,
Seemed crushed to earth by the wrong.

But after the battle was won, dear,
The world grew strangely bright,
And life seemed happier to me, dear,
After the battle tonight.

And when evil strives to usurp, dear,
The kingdom of truth and of right,
I hope for victory again, dear,
As sure and complete as tonight.
—Harry Eastman in Detroit Free Press.

Lincoln's Wonderful Memory.

One of my cousins, John Holmes Goodenow of Alfred, Me., was appointed minister to Turkey early in the Lincoln administration and was taken to the White House before his departure for his post to be presented to the president. When Lincoln learned that his visitor was a grandson of John Holmes, one of the first senators from Maine, and a man of note in his day and generation, he immediately began the recitation of a poetical quotation which must have been more than 100 lines in length. Mr. Holmes, never having met the president, was naturally astonished at this outburst, and as the president went on with this long recitation the suspicion crossed his mind that Lincoln had suddenly taken leave of his wits. But when the lines had been finished the president said, "There, that poem was quoted by your grandfather Holmes in a speech which he made in the United States senate in ——," and he named the date and specified the occasion. As John Holmes' term in the senate ended in 1833, and Lincoln was probably impressed by reading a copy of the speech rather than by hearing it, this feat of memory appears most remarkable. If he had been by any casualty deprived of his sight, his own memory would have supplied him with an ample library.—Noah Brooks in Century.

A Boy's Essay on Cats.

A small boy in one of the Detroit schools recently handed in this composition on cats: "Cats have four legs and nine lives. Why they are five legs short I do not kno at this time. I gess I can find out tho when I die. I think cats wood be a gould deel funnyer if they had nine legs and five lives, don't you? Cats have tales whitch they rap round thare feat when they set down so as to hold them together. I kno a bob taled cat that is ashamed to set down in public a tall. I gess it is afrade its feat will skatter. Thare are Tom cats and Puss cats, which the Tom cat is more massive and has a more sounding voise in the midnight darkly when all elts is still. Cats cries like babies sometime, but you cannot giv them parrygorick to quiet thare nervus sistems like you can babies. We hav a baby at our house that I gess has drinked about four quarts of parrygorick and every nite it cries just the saim for more. I gess that baby must hav the parrygorick habbit. Young cats are very frisky and they will play all day because they don't have no skool to go to. I gess I would like to be a young cat till I was growed up to be a man. Cats eat milk and mice regular and the canary for dezert. Cats are very clean animals, but I never thought it was very clean to spit on their hands and wash thare faces in the manner which they do. I gess I have wrote all I kno about cats.

P. S.—Cats has lectrisity in thare backs, and they can blo up thare tales as big as a fli brush when they are froshus.—Life's Calendar.

Toning It Down.

Bob was paying attention to a rich widow. "Madam," he said as her offered her a bouquet, "you are getting more and more beautiful every day."

"You exaggerate, my dear sir!" exclaimed the lady, very much flattered.

"Well, then, let us say every other day," said Bob.—Tit-Bits.

Zero.

Her Father—What is your income, sir?

Her Lover—I can only give it to you in round numbers.

Her Father—Ah!

Her Lover—No other numbers will express it.

Her Father—Oh!—Detroit Tribune.

Didn't Dare Stop.

Catterson—What on earth are you dancing about so for, old man?

Hatterson—My wife bought the under clothes I have on at a bargain counter, and if I don't keep moving they'll shrink up on me.—Clothier and Furnisher.

The Question Direct.

She—Mother objected to my reading your book because it was—er—too sensational.

The Rising Author—And what did you think of it?—New York World.

A Universal Secret.

"Our engagement is quite a secret, you know."

"So everybody tells me."

She Had Cause For Fear.

"Mamma," said the cannibal beauty to her maternal ancestor, "I am really alarmed at Mr. Kinkey's intense passion for me."

"Why, my dear?"

"Only last night he declared I was sweet enough to eat."—Life.

Rough.

Her Mother—Don't you find Jack rather rough?

Priscilla—Yes, mamma. And yet he says he shaves every day.—Old Lyme (Conn.) Breeze.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

She Is Sweet Enough, but Some of Her Ways Are Not.

Who doesn't know the girl who goes around whacking other girls on the backs and pounding them in the stomachs and pummeling them in their chests, saying: "Why on earth don't you stand up? You're as humpy as a camel!"

Some folks say that this girl is all right; that she fills her niche in the world's gallery of welldoers with ability and unselfishness. This may be true, but if you happen to be a girl and wander into the way of this welldoer you long to implore her to adopt milder methods. It isn't pleasant when you are discussing the latest wrinkle in hairdressing to have somebody suddenly give you an awful thump between the shoulders and say: "Stand up, there, now! If you bend over much more, you'll stand on your head." Then you are likely to double up as quickly as a folding bed unsolicited doubles down, and for a moment you may imagine that you are in the hands of a patented massage machine or floundering in the whirring arms of a windmill.

It is this same girl that "does her exercises" on the back porch every morning, to the amusement and gratification of a huge audience stationed at numerous windows. She first plants her hands on her hips and draws several long breaths. She puffs her chest out pigeon fashion and snorts like a feminine Sandow. After that she stretches her arms toward a neighboring clothesline, and by that time spectators, open mouthed and interested, have assembled.

A man in the act of shaving puts down his razor, deserts his mirror and brush and devotes himself entirely to gazing at the twisting, stretching vision of athletic loveliness. A kitchen lady trots out of a back door with a bucket of potato peelings, but stops midway of her journey to look. In every other window along the entire row of houses beams a face, and as the athletic maiden becomes more and more warmed up to her playful and invigorating performance each face grows into a group of three, or even more. After a few mornings of this the shaving gentlemen and the kitchen lady defer their individual employment until the vision on the back porch starts up her Delsartean poses.

Sometimes when she is in a specially humorous mood she gives an imitation of Lottie Collins' celebrated rough and tumble dance, and at such moments the audience nods its universal approval. Whatever her actions, she's sure of a crowd of onlookers, and even if her audience does increase daily she frets not, so long as the faithful tape measure tells her that her chest has widened almost half an inch after only three months' of muscle developing torture and exhibitions of graceful war-dances.—Philadelphia Times.

Four Feet of Snow In Eight Hours.

"I have seen four feet of snowfall in eight hours," said Conductor Cobb of the Maine Central, "and yet it was so light that you could wade through it just as you can through water.

"It was in the Sierra Nevada mountains—a sort of frostlike snow that falls in the night, burying everything. Twelve feet away from another man you can just see him, with a sort of halo around him, as though somewhere the sun was shining through the storm. In these storms it is impossible to tell direction or distance. One is simply lost when only a short distance from camp.

"In the morning we walked down into town. One man went ahead, breaking the snow, which came nearly to his armpits as he moved through it. He would tread until tired, when he would drop to the rear, and some one else would lead the procession. As we walked into the valley it grew less, and down below in the town there had been no snow, and all the time the sun or the stars had shone. Such a snow goes like dew—disappears, evaporates."—Lewiston Journal.

Rented Diamonds.

It is gradually becoming known among pretentious people that diamonds, like houses and horses and carriages, can be rented for the season. This will enable those who have a high social ambition, but limited means, to make a greater display than they have been able to do formerly. You can go to certain diamond dealers in Maiden lane in New York and obtain rings for the fingers and ears, necklaces and brooches, pendants, hairpins and all the other kinds of diamond jewelry by depositing or giving bond for the full value of the article and paying 5 per cent a month for their use, and this, I am told, is getting to be a very large and profitable business.—New York Letter in Chicago Record.

An Accommodating Art.

Van Dyke—How long does it take you to paint a portrait?

Van Daub—Two sittings, if it's a gruff old man; from 10 to 50, if it's a pretty young girl.—Exchange.

A Good Supply.

"Oh, by the way, Henry," twittered Mrs. Wickwire, "I heard the queerest thing on the car today. A rough looking man who sat next to me was telling another one that his dog had won 150 bones in a fight last night. That will be enough for him to gnaw on for nearly a year, won't it?"—Indianapolis Journal.

The native home of wheat is supposed to be the mountain regions of Armenia.

Fond du Lac means bottom or lower end of the lake.

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No. 2, Atlantic mail, east bound.....	11:20 p. m
No. 8 Marysville accommodation, daily except Sunday.....	9:30a. m.
No. 9, Elkhorn accommodation, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays....	5:20 p. m.
No. 9, Wickes and Boulder accommodation, daily except Sundays.....	5:25 p. m.
No. 101, Rimini mixed, Mondays, only	2:30 p. m.

TRAINS DEPART FROM HELENA.

No. 1, Pacific Mail, west bound.....	8:35 a. m.
No. 2, Atlantic Mail, east bound.....	11:30 p. m.
No. 7, Marysville accommodation, daily except Sundays.....	3:30 p. m.
No. 10, Elkhorn accommodation, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays	7:15 a. m.
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