KIDNAPPED FOUR YEARS AGO.

Little Frank Butt of Minneapolis Found, but His Mother Is Missing.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., October 10.—About four years ago little Frank Butt, an 8-year-old lad living with his widowed mother at 110 Fifth street North, was abducted. The police now claim to have solved the mystery of his disappearance. Little Frank's mother was almost distracted by the loss of her son. Every effort was made to find the boy, but without success. Finally the search was given up, and not very long afterward Mrs. Butt herself disappeared. Nobody in Minneapolis seems to know where she went. Two detectives spent all day yesterday searching in Minneapolis and St. Paul for some trace of her, but no clew to her whereabouts could be found. The police have now, as a last resort, sent the following notice to the newspapers:

"Mrs. Butt, who had a son kidnapped about four years ago, can learn something of importance with regard to Charles F. Butt, her lost son, by calling at police headquarters at once."

There is a romantic story about the little boy's disappearance. Mrs. Butt kept boarders four years ago. She was a charming woman and the younger boarders did not hesitate to show their admiration. One in particular, a young fellow named Price, was very attentive both to Mrs. Butt and her boy. It is said that he made the pretty widow an offer of marriage, but was refused.

Then, in revenge, he planned to steal her boy, so at least the story runs. Price took the little fellow to the theatre one day and that was the last seen of him in Minneapolis. It was rumored that Price had taken the boy to Mexico, but that was only a report. It is said that the police have now heard that the little boy is in a small town in California, alive and well. Meantime they are very anxious to find Mrs. Butt.

CHICAGO'S LADY BICYCLISTS.

About a Thousand Ladies Who Ride for Pleasure as Well as Health.

"There are now about 15,000 velocipedes of all kinds in Chicago, 4,000 of which were sold this year," says a dealer in the Chicago *Journal*. "There are from 4,500 to 4,800 expert bicyclists, and about 1,000 ladies' machines in use. By actual count there were over 500 in use last June, and the demand has been very active all summer.

"I brought the first twenty-eight of them to Chicago a year ago last June, and the first ladies who learned to ride were Miss Blackman and Miss Fehrman.

"It is a most wholesome and healthful exercise, and you would be astonished at the rapid improvement of ladies who have taken it up. For instance, Miss Grace Lloyd, one of our most expert riders, was ordered by her doctors to have a change of climate. Instead of that she took to riding and gained twenty pounds in a few months.

"For amusement she rode alongside of Tuttle when he was training for the races, and she can now do a quarter-mile in thirty-nine seconds. Pretty good going for a girl, isn't it? How far can a lady ride? Well, Miss Fehrman rides sixty or sixty-five miles every Sunday, and I could name ten young ladies who, with a week's practice, could easily do 100 miles in a day."

BRUIN'S FLIRTATION.

A Bear Frightens a Young Lady Almost to Death and is Shot.

CHICAGO, Ill., October 7.—One of the cinnamon bears in a show, which has been exhibiting at a place in Halsted street, broke open its cage Sunday night and escaped. He started down the street and reached Indiana street, where a young lady was slowly walking, eating an apple the while. His bearship at once changed his course and went over to make the young lady's acquaintance. In a moment there was a series of shrieks as the hot breath of the bear fanned the lady's cheeks. She dropped her apple, which the bear picked up. The lady started on a double quick for Clark street, yelling all the time at the top of her voice.

The bear caught up with her, and playfully putting his big forefeet on her shoulders, trotted along on two legs. Officers Frenson and Maloney discovered the two, the young woman bordering on hysterics and the bear evidently enjoying his companion's fright. The officers quickly cut his career short by shooting him.

The Nicene Creed Controversy.

It is rather startling to see a theological controversy which convulsed the Christian world for six centuries, and finally ended in the separation of the Eastern from the Western Church, revived at this late period here in New York. The Episcopal General Convention was occupied for two days last week in discussing what is known as the *filioque* clause of the Nicene Creed, the opposition to that clause on the part of a few members of the convention, who cherish the project of a union between the Greek and the Anglican Churches, taking the form of an opposition to the use of the entire creed. The victory was overwhelmingly on the side of the defenders of the creed, *filioque* clause and all, but that an effort was needed to achieve it is remarkable.

The creed in its original shape, as adopted by the Council of Nice in the year 327, is accepted, not only by orthodox Protestants, as well as the Roman Catholic Church, but also by the Greek Church. In some unexplained manner, however, the words *filioque*, signifying that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Son as well as from the Father, were added to it at a later date, and are now generally regarded as a part of its text, by Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, while they are vehemently rejected by the Greek Catholics.

Of the nice theological point involved in the controversy, it is of course out of our province to express an opinion, and we speak of it only to dispel the erroneous idea which has got abroad that the whole creed, and not merely this disputed clause, was attacked by those who spoke and voted against making its recital obligatory.—*New York Times.*

A Bad Character.

A St. Louis paper of a recent date says: J. J. Boyle, the ex-priest of the Roman Catholic Church, who is now on trial for his life at Raleigh, N. C., charged with outraging Geneva Whitaker in May, was well known in this city a year ago, and has been here at an even later date. Boyle's reputation while here was best known to the police, and he is given a very bad character. About one year ago he officiated at a Catholic church in a small town in Illinois, but left in disgrace, having contrived to raise a large sum of money for the purpose of building a new church, and having then come to St. Louis to spend it among fast women. About a year ago officer Carr arrested the man at a house on Spruce street for disturbing the peace, on complaint of one of the inmates. He was let off with an easy fine, but was subsequently brought up in the same court a number of times.

A Bribe for Nevada.

The promoters of the Louisiana lottery, it is said, taking advantage of the decaying fortunes of Nevada, have offered that State the sum of $50,000 a year if its Legislature will sanction by law open lotteries within that State, and this offer is shrewdly accompanied by the suggestion that this money could be profitably used for the construction of reservoirs for irrigating purposes.

October Pleasures.

Soon to the woods the maid will go
The tinged autumn leaves to gather,
Of course accompanied by her beau—
Oh! love is sweet in autumn weather.

How many loves are there confessed!
How much of kissing and caressing!
How many dainty waists are pressed
Before the leaves receive their pressing!

See how they to each other cling!
Can aught these loving hearts dissever?
Ah! were it not a blessed thing
If life could thus go on forever.

Too soon, alas! the dream will fade,
Too soon will come the husband's labors
To keep his little ones arrayed
As dainty as are his neighbors.

KILLED BY PROXY.

A Man Supposed to be Dead and Buried Turns Up Alive.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., October 7.—Patrick Grogan, who had been employed for a number of years in the capacity of engineer in the Delaware State Almshouse, was reported killed by the explosion of a boiler in that institution. His two nephews, George and James Grogan, wao live at No. 3021 Ludlow street, this city, and other friends of the dead man, were telegraphed for and all repaired immediately to Newcastle. A coroner and jury were summoned and the verdict was that Patrick Grogan came to his death from the effects of wounds received by the explosion of a boiler in the State Almshouse of the State of Delaware.

After the inquest the body was immediately taken to a friend's house in Wilmington. An old-fashioned Irish wake was held, with plenty of pipes and tobacco. One of the most prominent undertakers in the city was notified to make a first-class coffin and spare no expense in regard to the funeral arrangements, as the dead man was considered wealthy, and that it was always his desire that he should have a decent burial. The funeral took place from St. Mary's Catholic Church.

Patrick had property, mostly real estate, worth $10,000. An administrator was appointed and the property sold. Just as the administrator was about to distribute the money among the heirs, Patrick appeared and frightened all his friends nearly into fits. They took him for a ghost. Patrick explained that he went to Virginia on a hunting trip and left a pauper to run the almshouse engine and provided the pauper with his own working clothes to wear in the engine room. It was the pauper who was killed and mutilated by the explosion, and whose body was given such a splendid burial by Patrick's weeping relatives.

IS MAJOR BURKE GUILTY?

Attorney General Rogers Says He Covered His Illegal Acts With False Vouchers.

NEW ORLEANS, October 8.—I asked Attorney General Rogers to-day about the illegal issue of State bonds. He seems to have been nettled by a statement made by ex-Treasurer Burke in London that the Attorney General's action was guided by polititical animosity and spoke more freely than he has heretofore.

"Major E. A. Burke has committed a most grievious outrage against a people who had honored and trusted him." He said: "You may say for me that Major Burke is guilty. He has drawn out of the State treasury and from a special fund $40,880 without right, and covered up his act by depositing false vouchers. He has put upon the market $303,000 of State bonds which had been declared void and which had been entrusted to him to be destroyed. He reported they had been destroyed. He deliberately made a further issue of $70,000 of other securities and through others placed them in the various banks of the city and money has been obtained upon them. His only duty was to keep these sucurities and turn them over to his successor. This, I think, is enough without saying more." The Attorney General's view as to the liability of the State is not shared by the commercial community, and if ex-Treasurer Burke fails to make good his promise to protect holders against a loss a strong effort will be made to secure a recognition of the State's liability and provision for the bonds from the Legislature.

MONTANA IS DEMOCRATIC.

The Election of a Democratic Governor and Legislature Conceded by the Republicans.

HELENA, Montana, October 8.—The election of Joseph Toole (Dem.) for Governor is now conceded by a majority of from 300 to 600. Cater (Rep.), for Congress, has 1,000 majority. The Democrats claim the Legislature by seven. The Republicans will not concede as much, but say that on the face of the returns it is Democratic and claim fraud in Silver Bow and Deer Lodge Counties. The general opinion is that there will be no contest and that the Democrats will have the Governor and Legislature.

The Republicans elect a Congressman and a large majority of the State ticket. The *Independent* (Dem.) claims the State Senate a tie and the House by seven majority.

Most of the Counties in the State will make an official canvass to-day, and it is more than likely that the result will be definitely known by this evening.

He Recognized the Town.

"I tell you I had a narrow escape from being done for out there," he said on his return from Kansas the other day.

"Attempted murder?" was asked.

"Worse than that. I was about to invest my last dollar in vacant lots in a certain town, when I made a discovery."

"Titles defective?"

"No, the titles were all right, but I recognized the town and declared all business off. Fifteen years ago the town was called Perkinsville. Now they are carrying it as Bluff City. I struck it with a circus. I had a little game for the public, you know, and in order to run it I had to stand in with the Mayor. I was to give him fifteen per cent., but when he found that I had taken $230 he kicked. I tried to hold him, but it was no use. He opened court on me, fined me $200, and then gobbled on to the $30 on the excuse that he had let me off light."

"But the town may be all right now."

"That's it, you know. Same man is Mayor now, and he had got his hair dyed, his teeth filled, and changed the name of the town on purpose to catch some of us again. If I'd bought those lots he'd have waited until the money was paid and the deeds passed, and then pulled me in and yelled:

" 'Same man that beat the City Treasurer of Topeka on the gold brick racket! Bought seven lots, eh? I want straight deeds to five for not giving you up to justice, and while you are about it you can throw in the other two as my counsel fee for advising you how to get out of the scrape!' "—*N. Y. Sun.*

Tobacco Crops Destroyed by Frosts.

FLEMINGSBURG, Ky., October 11.—At least 500,000 pounds of tobacco in the County has been entirely destroyed by the frosts of the last three nights. The Auditor's report places the average crop of the County at 4,000,000 pounds, and this year's crop was a little above that figure. About half of the crop had been housed and cured, but the rest had been cut late and placed in open sheds and frames, and was not sufficiently cured to withstand the frosts.

Thirty-five years ago James G. Blaine was a newspaper reporter.

A MYSTERY UNRAVELED.

The Phenomenon of the Rain Trees Explained by a Sumter Man.

What appeared to be a most wonderful phenomenon was daily witnessed during the whole of last week in the back yard of the Presbyterian parsonage at this place. Beginning about 5 o'clock p. m. of each day rain, apparently, fell continuously for about three-quarters of an hour in one spot, about sixty feet in diameter, while elsewhere not a drop of rain could be observed and the weather perfectly fair.

Water unquestionably fell in the form of rain. Several doubting Thomases stretched forth their hands and caught the drops as they fell, and were convinced. There were no trees overhead.

For a long while investigation into the phenomenon failed to discover anything that could suggest a rational explanation of the mystery or show any natural causes of which the senses could take any notice. Dr. Edmunds, who resides on the premises, has at last found what he believes is the source of the "water supply." On a fruit tree not far off from the spot where the water falls is a number of little insects that throw out jets of water from their tails. They evidently get the water by sucking the sap of the tree. When the water is thus emitted it forms into drops, and falls in the manner of rain from vapor.

This solution of the Sumter mystery satisfactorily explains the phenomenon of the raining trees in Barnwell, Columbia and Cheraw in 1886, the year of the earthquake, and by some people superstitiously connected with that disturbance.

The insect is described as a brilliantly variegated butterfly about twice the size of a common housefly.—*Sumter Watchman.*

LITTLE MARY REPER'S STORY.

She Has Been Two Years Tramping from the Pacific Slope.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., October 8.—Mary Reper, a girl of twelve years, arrived here yesterday very tired, very hungry, rather dirty, and somewhat inclined to cry when questioned. The child says she came from California, and has for two years been traveling on freight and coal trains. She was barefoot, wore a thin gingham dress, and was black with dirt and coal dust. A lady found her crying on the street, and after being fed and given a coat and a pair of shoes and stockings she was sent to the police station. Later the Overseer of the Poor took her in charge.

Mary said that her parents died four or five years ago, when she was not more than seven or eight years old. Her father's name was John Reper, and his death occurred shortly before that of her mother, who had consumption. Their only relative, an aunt, took the orphan, but before long the aunt died, and for two years the little one was cared for by neighbors, in return for what work she could do for them. When she was ten years old she ran away and began her journey East, stealing rides on freight trains. Brakemen helped her, she said, and gave her food, and she begged food elsewhere. At many places she stopped for several weeks at a time and got work.

She said there were lots of things she could do; she could scrub, sweep, make beds and cook. She described her recipe for making biscuit, and declared she could economize by using sour milk.

Saturday she boarded a coal train at North Branch and rode to Elizabeth, and she had ridden part of the way and walked the rest from that city to New Brunswick.

She is small and thin, with straight black hair, dark brown eyes, and a complexion that, naturally dark, has been bronzed by exposure.

CANADIAN CANNIBALS.

Indians Who Have Practiced Anthropophagy in Northwestern Ontario.

OTTAWA, October 6.—A gentleman who has just returned from an exploring expedition in the wilds of Northwestern Ontario said to-day that he had discovered during his travels a tribe of Indians who have practiced cannibalism up to within a few years ago, when the country was first visited by French missionaries. In the vicinity of Abittibee Lake an Indian child was pointed out to him whose grandmother had killed and eaten seven of her young children, the child's father being the only one to escape. He made his mother's terrible deed known to the chief of the tribe, who sent his men to arrest her. On entering the wigwam they found the head of the last child boiling in a pot over the fire. She was ordered to be shot, lots having been drawn to see who the executioner should be. The unlucky straw fell to an old Indian, who successfully removed the unnatural mother from doing further harm.

On the Quinze Lake, several years ago, he found that a full-blooded warrior had killed and eaten four of his sons, but was afterward shot and killed by his fifth son.

GREAT FIRE IN BALTIMORE.

The Extensive Fertilizer Factory of G. Ober, Sons & Co. Destroyed.

BALTIMORE, October 10.—The great fertilizer factory of G. Ober, Sons & Co., established in 1857, at Locust Point, Baltimore, was burned this noon. It consisted of three large buildings, which cost $250,000. The fire started in the acid storage room, perhaps by spontaneous combustion, and soon every fire engine in the city was on the scene. The first buildings, in which 100 men were at work, were burned to the ground, and the flames, driven by a high wind, spread to another large building, completely gutting it.

The fire is under control, but fully $260,000 worth of damage has been done to the two buildings, which a member of the firm says cost $200,000, and to $60,000 worth of stock.

In sheds near by was stored a mass of fertilizers, worth $40,000. This was not harmed.

One member of the firm says they are fully insured, and another says they are not, and refuses to tell where the insurance is placed, the amount or what agent placed it.

Exporting Whiskey to Escape Taxation.

Some time ago the Collector of Customs at New York wrote to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in regard to certain twenty-five barrels of American whiskey exported to Hamburg and subsequently returned. The whiskey was produced between the 8th and 12th of January, 1886, and was withdrawn for export January 30, 1889. The collector gave it as his opinion that the exportation and reimportation of these goods within a short period of time, tending to result in the escape from the payment of an overdue internal revenue tax by a temporary deposit abroad, furnishes presumptive evidence to indicate an original intention of the persons interested in the shipment to return the whiskey to the United States. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue reported the case to the Secretary of the Treasury, with a recommendation that the spirits in question be not admitted to entry under Section 2500, Revised Statutes, but that they be treated as subject to internal revenue tax. The Secretary approved this recommendation, and authorized the collector at New York to take the steps prescribed by Article 106, of the internal revenue regulations, for the delivery of the goods to the collector of internal revenue for the second district of New York.

"Billy Was a Good Goat."

I met upon a hillside highway a day or two since a funeral procession. It was a strange funeral, too, and the corpse was quite as strange as the funeral team that drew the improvised hearse. Six little boys and three girls drew the hearse, and the corpse in the vehicle was that of a defunct billy goat.

I asked the largest boy, the leader, if he was the foreman of the fire company and he answered "No, sir; we're a funeral." The strange answer induced me to look into the wagon, and its contents revealed to my sight the first dead goat that I had ever seen. The little undertaker, who had owned Billy, enlightened me when he said "Billy was a good goat, and me and Billy used to have lots of fun in old times."

A goat's funeral was so novel a mortuary proceeding that I accepted the invitation to become one of the mourners and followed the little wagon drawn by the children up the hillside, through the winding lane over the common to the grave appointed for the last resting place of all that was mortal of poor Billy.

I have seldom seen a more decorous observance by grown people at the graveside, when the clods hid from sight all that was material, than was observed by these children in the burial of their dead friend, who doubtless had often drawn them in jolly good fellowship around and about the highways and hillsides of Winsted in the same wagon which had carried Billy to his last resting place. His grave was not long nor was it deep, but it was deep enough to cover him well, and in it he was gently placed and a few spadefuls of dirt carefully deposited upon Billy's inanimate form. Then the little leader took from his pocket a bottle filled with water, and each child present sprinkled a few drops into the grave.

A little more ceremony and the grave was covered, each child as the procession moved away turning to say "Good-by, Billy." I stooped and picked a daisy from among its kith and kin which whitened the field all around and about and laid it on the grave as my offering—not to a dead goat—but to the good friend of a little boy who loved him well enough to give him a decent burial, and bore testimony to his good traits in the simple tribute, "Billy was a good goat."

As I walked away a little song sparrow, or perhaps it was a wren, which had been nervously hopping about on the bush tops a few yards away, flew down upon the new made grave and burst out with a rapturous song and flooded all the air with melody. Ah, well! I thought, as I wandered down the hillside, there isn't any use for goat heaven when the grave of a gray old Billy is watered by the tears of children, and the funeral ceremony ends with the anthem of such a chorister.—Winsted (Conn.) Cor. Hartford Courant.

Terrible Asian Heat.

It is stated in the official report that 702 persons died between the 14th and 17th ultimo, at Bokhara, of heat; and the figures, it is expressly added, do not include children. If this amazing calamity be not due to any atmospheric violence, as a Bad-i-simoon, for example, it is probably unequaled in authentic records. But when we think of the agony, the horrible wretchedness in which the whole population must have been living, it may well seem that those who found escape in death are not to be pitied. The horror of heat is unknown to us, or indeed to any part of Europe, though Naples and Athens are desperately trying sometimes. But to the native of Scinde, Central Asia, the shores of the Persian gulf, the sun of Greece is but a trifle. The utter helplessness of man under this infliction adds horror to his sufferings.

There is no hope and no resource when the red hot air penetrates to those underground chambers in which the summer is passed in Central Asia. "The inhabitants," we learn, "are shutting themselves up to escape"—probably closing all the apertures of their subterranean abodes, except those absolutely necessary for ventilation. The air down below, under those circumstances, cannot be imagined by one who has not a touch of experience. Houses of good class are solidly constructed under ground, with chambers and doors and corridors, but the mass of the people inhabit big holes, roofed over, with no kind of permanent convenience. Every winter the frost and snow and rain play mischief with these rough pits, and the damage is not always, nor often, repaired by the following summer. Fancy thousands of Mongols in these dens, pursuing their filthy habits in semi-darkness, suffering the awful torment of heat, children wailing, adults raving, always in want of water and generally of food, in an atmosphere beyond conceiving. That is the picture which those few lines of telegram suggest to readers who know.—London Standard.

Teaching Patriotism.

It has been proposed, in a recent address by a gentleman of New York, to teach patriotism in the public schools, as if it were not done already. The suggestion is that the American flag be hoisted over every school house in the country, and kept afloat as long as the school is in session. In that case there would be a flag raising every morning and a flag lowering every afternoon at the close of the school, as there is at sunrise and sunset over forts and on board of men-of-war.

There are better ways of teaching patriotism than this. Make the pupils well acquainted with the history of their country. Our school histories are much too short. Most school books are the better for being of small size, but a history for young people should tell all the true anecdotes and stories at full length.

Boys want pages and pages about Washington, Old Put, Old Hickory, The Three Militia Men, Commodore Decatur, Commodore Perry, Admiral Farragut, the battle of Bunker Hill, the coming over of Lafayette, Tecumseh, Ben Franklin, the pioneers of the great west, the building of the Brooklyn bridge, the jetties of the Mississippi river, and the oratory of Patrick Henry, Clay and Webster.

These things captivate the young only when they are related in detail, with simplicity and truth.

By and by they will want history of another kind, which will relate few stories, pass lightly over most wars, and dwell only upon events which affected the lot of the people permanently. Boys and girls want to know what Maj. Andre said when he was captured, and how thick the rope was with which Farragut tied himself to the rigging. Such facts are the vehicle through which more important truths find lodgment in the young mind.

After all, our boys and girls are already very patriotic. What they now need is to be taught the duties we all owe to such a country as ours—to keep it pure and good.—Youth's Companion.

Tried and True.

A boy who had a very fat dog said to him one day: "Here, you are as slow as day after to-morrow. Come, get a move on you."

"But I can't," replied the dog courteously. "I'm too fat."

"Oh, yes you can," retorted the boy, and he forthwith annexed a potential verb to the rear elevation of that dog. The accelerated cur achieved upon himself so speedy a move that his fat tried out and left him a mere shadow at the end of ten miles, but the can was full of lard. This shows us that we never know what we can do till we try.—Time.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

Foolish Utterances of a Conference of Colored Men of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., October 9.—The State Conference of colored men adjourned last evening, after issuing an address to the colored people of the State and the Nation, which sets forth the object of the organization just effected to be to advance educational interests, the abolishment of separate schools, and to secure employment of competent colored teachers. After reviewing the condition of the negroes in the South, the outrages to which they are subjected and the fact that it is not a party, race or a State question, but one of national importance, the League makes the following appeal:

"We appeal to the American people, to Congress and to the Executive head of our government, to men of all parties, to rise above partisan hate and bitter prejudice and bring to bear the majesty of the law, to the end that the life and property of the American negro may be as safe in Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, Georgia and Texas as in the Northern States."

The address also calls attention to the fact of the opening of the new States in the Northwest, and advises the colored people of the South to secure homes there, as one step toward overcoming the Southern question.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

HOW THE SHARP CLERK BEGUILES THE INNOCENT PURCHASER.

Stratagems Which Are Usually Successful. Buyers Are Only Human—Clerks Know It—The Shrewd Business Man Treats His Customers as Intelligent Beings.

"There are tricks in all trades but ours," is one of the aphorisms of the business world. It reminds the speculative observer of the old woman who seriously remarked: "The world is full of queer folks. I'm glad I'm not one of 'em."

The candid clerk would never be able to starve to death respectably. He would be discharged before he had told the truth twice. Imagine him saying to a customer: "Here is a piece of goods that is so coarse you can shoot peas through it, and all cotton at that, although it is marked half wool. It will fade at the first wearing. How many yards shall I cut you off?"

He would himself be cut off from his business prospects and without the customary shilling.

A youth of this sort was engaged as assistant in a grocery store. He prided himself on his honesty and candor. When he saw his employer sell a pound of prunes he said in the presence of the customer: "You must be glad to sell another pound of those wormy old prunes. They'll soon be all gone."

The next moment he was out of a situation.

The shrewd business man leaves something to the intelligence of his customers. As long as a thing is not misrepresented let them find out defects for themselves. But the day of sanding the sugar and wetting down the tobacco is over. There is an invelgement of another kind now. Chromo cards and gifts have had their day, but there is the quarter off and the half off sale.

REMEMBERING CUSTOMERS' TASTES.

Can any one outside of the business tell how the accomplished clerk holds up a piece of dress goods in the little pyramid on the counter where the light strikes it so as to bring out in bold relief all its best colors and make it look as if it were the loveliest fabric in the store? One clerk will say, with his head over on the side like a little bird:

"It looks like you, Miss ——. It's a fact; I thought of you as soon as I saw it. I said to myself Miss —— will want a dress off that piece."

Another will remark incidentally under the same circumstances: "Your friend, Mrs. Col. ——, bought a dress from that piece."

The customer hesitates—and is lost. In other words, she buys the goods, being helplessly enshimmered in the science of delusion by those clerks who know their business.

A lady went into a dry goods store and asked to see some goods displayed in the window.

"You don't want that style of goods," said the clerk, who knew his customer; "you wouldn't wear it."

Then he took down dress after dress from his reserve stock, and as he did so remarked casually:

"You wouldn't wear a window dress. This, now, has not been shown before."

Of course the customer was flattered into buying a dress, and the clerk was right. He knew that the goods removed from the illusion of plate glass would not please her. A clerk soon learns that a lady is never offended when her tastes are remembered and alluded to with graceful tact.

The best salesmen of today do not persist as much as their predecessors did. They make their goods speak for themselves. A Detroit merchant relates a story of a clerk of long ago who tried so hard to sell a dress to a customer that he followed the lady to the door with the goods. Then he began to unroll it and the customer took hold of an end of the cloth to prevent it falling on the floor, so it went. He unrolled the goods until she held a dress pattern in her arms and she felt compelled to take it.

KNEW SHE WOULD NEED IT.

Another clerk was approached by a lady who wanted white silk mitts. He did not have any, but he jumped over the counter and followed her to the door to tell her he had a new bolt of brown linen sheeting in and a recipe for bleaching it white. This was in the good old days when Detroit was a village and everybody knew everybody else's business. The enterprising clerk knew that his customer for white silk mitts was about to be married and go to housekeeping and would need house linen. This gauging of people's needs and reconciling them with their purses is quite an enterprising feature of business at all times.

It is a fact that the dry goods store is the principal attraction of the business street and a fertile spot in the desert of commerce. It has color, variety and an attraction that no other place can possibly have. The commonest piece of red and yellow stuff will look rich and elegant in those long, graceful folds that have such precision of detail, yet look so careless and artistic in the total effect. The man who did that gauges his usefulness by those folds. It is related of the late A. T. Stewart, the millionaire merchant, that in passing through the side of his great store in which the goods were exposed for sale—that opposite to the Broadway side—he saw a piece of velvet stacked to catch the eye. He inquired who had arranged it in that way, sent for the man, who was a new hand, and told him it was wrong. The man answered Mr. Stewart that it was the proper way to display that class of goods. Mr. Stewart said no more, but he watched and saw the velvets managed in this way for some months. Then he sent for the man and promoted him to the velvet department of the wholesale store.

"I saw that you knew more about velvets than I did myself," was the only explanation he gave. The best clerk is the reader of human nature. He coerces one into buying and intimidates another. The merchants have a proverb that any salesman can sell a customer the goods that she came to purchase, but he is a good salesman who sells her what she does not want. Every clerk has his particular friends who like to trade with him because he is obliging or courteous or entertaining. It is his trick of trade to be all these to his customers.—Detroit Free Press.

Houses in the Country.

Your true countryman is seldom a "temperance man" in the matter of sunlight and shade. He is either a "teetotaler" or a confirmed tippler. His house is exposed, in the one case, to all the fervor of the summer sun (and all the fury of the summer thunderstorm), or, in the other, it is hedged about and arched over by a plantation of trees so dense as to exclude even the vertical rays of the noonday sun. Of the two extremes I prefer the former. The mercilessly exposed walls appeal less agreeably to the eye, but they better please the sense of what is right and wrong from a hygienic point of view. Nothing is less picturesque than a house in the country without a tree beside it, but nothing is less healthful than one that cannot be seen for the density of the grove that surrounds it. But there is a happy medium between the wall that is warped by the direct rays of the summer sun and one that presents a mildewed face to the level beams of sunset, and it is the happy medium of temperance that one should try to strike in this as in other matters.—The Critic.

A Novel Spectacle.

There was a novel spectacle in the city yesterday, and it attracted considerable attention on account of its uniqueness. A white man, wearing a white hat and a white suit of clothes, drove two white horses: the wagon contained four bales of white cotton, wrapped in snowy white cotton bagging; and at the moment it turned the corner of College street on its way to the cotton platform, some one exclaimed, "What a remarkable coincidence," and pointed to two red-headed women on the opposite side of the street.—*Charlotte Chronicle.*

A Strange Hallucination.

George T. King of West Union was adjudged a lunatic on Tuesday, and will be sent to the asylum in Columbia today. His hallucination seems to be that he believes himself to be bewitched by a certain old woman living in Anderson County, and that his safety depends on his shooting her with silver bullets. It is stated that he has even gone so far as to load his gun with silver bullets for this purpose. He made the bullets out of dimes.—*Walhalla Courier.*

The choice of Pierre as the capital of South Dakota has given the town a wonderful boom. Men bought lots for $100 and a week later sold them for $1,000.

ANGLOMANIA IN EATING.

Some Plain Talk About the Finicky Ways of Overly Dainty People.

The Anglo-Saxons are afraid to use their fingers to eat with, especially the English. Thanks to this hesitation, I have seen in the course of my travels in the old world many distressing sights. I have seen a lady attempt to eat crawfish (ecrevisse) with a knife and fork, and abandon the attempt in despair. I have also seen men in the same fix. I have seen—oh, barbarous and cruel spectacle!—Anglo-Saxons, otherwise apparently civilized, cut off the points of asparagus, and eat these points only with a fork, thus leaving the best part of the vegetable on their plates. As for artichokes, they generally utterly defeat the attacks of those who trust only to the knife and fork.

Fingers must be used for eating certain things, notably asparagus, artichokes, fruit, olives, radishes, pastry, and even small fried fish; in short, everything which will not dirty or grease the fingers may be eaten with the fingers. For my own part, I prefer to eat lettuce salad with my fingers rather than with a fork, and Queen Marie Antoinette and other ladies of the Eighteenth century were of my way of thinking. If the ladies could only see how pretty is their gesture when their diaphanous forefinger and thumb grasp a leaf of delicate green lettuce, and raise that leaf from the porcelain plate to their rosy lips, they would all immediately take to eating salad a la Marie Antoinette. Only bear in mind, good ladies, that if you do wish to eat lettuce salad with your fingers you must mix your salad with oil and vinegar, and not with that abominable ready made white "salad dressing," to look upon which is nauseating.

May heaven preserve us from excessive Anglomania in matters of table service and eating. The English tend to complicate the eating tools far too much. They have too many forks for comfort, and the forms of them are too quaint for practical utility. Certainly silver dessert knives and forks are very good in their way, because they are not susceptible to the action of fruit acids, but it is vain and clumsy to attempt to make too exclusive use of the knife and fork in eating fruit. Don't imitate, for instance, certain ultra correct English damsels who eat cherries with a fork and swallow the stones because they are too modest, or rather too asinine, to spit them out on to the plate. Eating is not a thing to be ashamed of. To thoroughly enjoy a peach you must bite it, and feel the juicy perfumed flesh melt in your mouth. But let the Anglomaniacs say what they please, there is no necessity of sticking a fork into the peach, and peeling it while so impaled, as if it were an ill favored and foul object.

A peach is as beautiful to the touch as it is to the eye; a peach held between human fingers has its beauty enhanced by the beauty of the fingers. However dainty and ornate the silver dessert knife and fork may be, it always irritates me to see people cut up their peaches, or pears, or apricots, or what not, into cubes and parallelopipeds, as if dessert were a branch of conic sections. Imitate Marie Antoinette, ladies; use your fingers more freely; eat decently, of course, but do not be the slave of silly Anglomania or Newport crazes. To eat a pear or an apple conveniently, cut it into quarters, and peel each quarter in turn as you eat it. The peach, too, can be cut into quarters, if the eater is timid. Apricots do not need peeling, nor plums either. Would you be bold enough to peel a fresh fig, or to touch such a delicate fruit even with the purest silver instruments?—Theodore Child in Harper's Bazar.

Beating the Circus.

Whether what would be stealing under some circumstances becomes only a smart piece of work under others, is the question that arises in reading the accounts of some recent transactions. One of these, which may serve as an example of all, is thus reported: A boy while attending a circus was struck by a stone flung from the ring by a horse's hoof and got a black eye but no serious hurt. With the aid of a lawyer the property of the company was attached and a warrant got out for the arrest of the manager unless he paid a good sum for damages. Being unable to stop to contest the suit, a fact that was probably considered when the demand was made, the circus proprietor compromised by paying about $200, which the boy and his lawyer divided. Whether their feelings were similar to those of the sharpers when dividing the spoils filched from some innocent stranger is not recorded. It is true that many times the fakirs who follow the circuses get even with the public, but it seldom or never happens that they get back the money extorted from the show, and often these outside sharpers have no connection with the regular company, which is in no wise responsible for them. And besides, two wrongs do not make a right.—Lewiston Journal.

In Famous Names.

Did you ever notice how common to great names the initial "W" is? No? Then just run your eye over the following list: William Shakespeare, Walter Raleigh, William Blackstone, John Wesley, George Whitefield, William Penn, Roger Williams, James Watt, William Wilberforce, William Cowper, William Wordsworth, Richard Whately, George Washington, Joseph Warren, William Pitt, Wellington, William M. Thackeray, Winfield Scott, William Henry Harrison, Daniel Webster, Washington Irving, W. E. Channing, William H. Seward, Wendell Phillips, Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, William Cullen Bryant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, Walt Whitman, W. E. Gladstone, George William Curtis, William M. Evarts, William T. Sherman, and others too numerous to mention. I defy any one to produce an equally illustrious list of names with any one of the other twenty-five letters of the alphabet common to all.—New York Graphic.

Beat at All Points.

A haughty leader of a city choir, on his way to church, met an Irreverent Ass, who was practicing the fish scales as he made his way toward the thistly lanes of the country side. "Peace!" exclaimed the Musician; "save your strength for your weekly burdens, and do not attempt to invade the sacred province of music." "Hence with your puny pitch pipe," said the Ass, "lest I climb into the gallery and kick your whole choir over the rail." "Heaven assoilzie thee an ever thou tryest it," returned the leader; "thou talk about kicking. Come in some Sunday and see our soprano when I give the alto a solo, and thou wilt trade thy legs for a pair of crutches, for very shame." So saying, he smote the Ass in both ears with high C, and left him for dead.

Moral—This fable teaches us that there is no slug but hath his slugger.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Hiding the Talent in the Earth.

A friend of the leading American humorist, who expects—and doubtless hopes—to be his biographer, says that the L. A. H. is not printing any of his best things, but is carefully hoarding up all his side splitting jokes and richest sayings in order to make the world laugh after he is dead. H'm: we've been wondering for several years past what the great American humorist was doing with all his funny things.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT SYSTEM

How It Worked in Chattanooga—A Republican Victory.

CHATTANOOGA, October 8.—The first election in this State under the Australian system of voting occurred here today in the municipal election. It was the quietest election ever known in the city. Less money was used at the polls and there was less illegal voting than in any previous election. A light vote was polled and the election resulted in the election of John A Hart (Rep.) for Mayor by 428 majority, and ten Republicans out of sixteen Councilmen, with two Councilmen a tie. The Republicans will continue their efforts to test the constitutionality of the new election and registration laws.

The Nicaragua Canal.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 10.—A dispatch from Managua, Nicaragua, says: "United States Minister Mizner has settled the canal difficulties and work is now progressing." This shows that the chief impediment to the construction of the canal, the hostility of Costa Rica toward the enterprise, has been removed, and the trouble between that country and Nicaragua has been settled by arbitration.

How Cheap Gloves Are Made.

It may perhaps, interest readers to know some of the secrets of cheap glove making. My facts relate to Bohemia, from which country many cheap gloves are imported. Before the introduction of the glove sewing machine, which took place about 1870, a simple apparatus was in use consisting of two brass plates, in which the stitches were incised, holding tightly together the leather parts of the glove, while the needle of the sewer followed easily these incised stitches. It was an easy work, not at all injurious to body or eye, and an industrious and quiet girl could, without any exertion, sew two pairs of gloves a day, for which she received from two and a half pence to three pence each, equal to about five pence to six pence a day. Very poor wages. But the money was earned in a comfortable way.

Let us now compare what progress these girls made in the golden era of machinery. The poor sewers are never in a position to acquire the requisite sum to be owners of these machines. The district to which I refer is a poor, mountainous part, the men mostly miners of an imperial silver mine with daily wages of sixteen pence. The requisite machines are owned by middlemen, called factors, to whom the glove manufacturers from all parts of Austria send their unfinished gloves for sewing. These factors are proprietors of a certain number of machines—from twenty upward to a hundred—which are fitted up in workrooms, most of them very indifferently suited for the purpose. The poor girls from the neighboring district have often to walk a distance of eight miles to find work in such workrooms. They leave their miserable cottages at 4 a. m. to begin their day's work at 6 a. m. After a hard labor of twelve hours on a most complicated machine, and after having passed another two hours on the way home, their whole earnings consist of seven pence. Including the hours she loses on the road, she works ninety-six hours a week for 3 shillings 6 pence, her body continually bent over a most complicated machine, her eyes watching leather, thread and needle incessantly, her foot moving continually, amid the rattle of many machines, in a most sickly atmosphere. This is how cheap gloves are made.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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