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THE CLIMAX.

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MARRIAGE PROPOSALS.

Forms and Ceremonials Observed in Different Parts of the Globe.

In one tribe of Eastern Africa it is regarded as the ne plus ultra of gallantry for the lover to parade before the hut of his inamorata astride of a huge boar.

The Tunisian marriages are arranged when the children are young, but the principal parties concerned have the privilege of refusal when they become of age if disappointed.

In Thibet the young man sets his mind on his sweetheart and informs her parents of his inclination, who, if they approve of the match, go and have a three days' carousal at his house and the marriage is completed.

With the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands polygamy is the order of the day. A wife is procured by giving presents to her parents, who have the right of disposal. In some places children are disposed of when quite young.

The courting of the aboriginal of Australia consisted simply in knocking the woman of his preference down with a club and carrying her off. This form of wooing was as efficacious as brief, and was certainly commendable on the score of economy.

In India quite young children are married; gorgeous processions parade the streets and then repair to a large room. Here the poor little things are seated opposite each other, the marriage ceremony is observed, and they are declared husband and wife.

The lover among the ancient Persians burned his hand or cheek to prove his devotion and then showed it to his lady-love. If she was "willin'" she bound the injured part with a silken scarf, but if obdurate she sent the man to a physician for healing salve.

The Brahmins betroth their children at the age of eight years, and some even at five. They are extremely superstitious, and if a Brahmin, when going in search of a wife for his son, should meet with any thing considered unlucky he gives up the search for the nonce.

Among the Moravians it was the system for the minister to select wives for the men of his congregation. If a "sister" had any objection to the "brother" selected for her life partner she was permitted to state it, but it was generally overruled by the priest's eloquence. Strange to say, these marriages were generally happy.

Courtship is a very simple matter with the Singalese. The young man, having made his choice, sends to inquire how much she will take for her clothes! If the match is agreeable she sells. He takes them back to her, and they appoint a day of marriage. The custom of selling the clothes is made a test of the man's ability to provide for his wife, it being usual to ask the amount which will be required to begin the world with.

The way the Vizres—a powerful tribe in Afghanistan—manage such affairs is quite exceptional. The lady there does the selecting, and when she has made her choice she informs the drummer of the camp, whose duty it is, at the first opportunity, to pin a handkerchief to the "fortunate one's" cap in public, and, at the same time, to mention the name of the "adoring one." This being done, the man is bound to accept, if he can pay the price his would-be wife's father asks for his daughter.—*Chicago News.*

MRS. CLEVELAND'S NOTES.

How the President's Wife Attends to Her Heavy Correspondence.

It is a rule rarely, if ever, broken in any of the departments and bureaus of the Government at Washington as well as in the Executive Mansion that all letters received which do not in themselves violate the rule of courtesy, shall be answered in some manner, even if only to acknowledge the fact that they were received.

Mrs. Cleveland, on whom no official obligations rest, voluntarily follows this rule of replying to all the letters she receives, so far as is possible. She is very prompt, too, in writing her answers to letters whenever practicable, and has remarkable facility in expressing herself in a few words, while seeming to say all that is necessary. Her handwriting, while as stylish in appearance as that of the ultra-fashionable quill-pen-affecting scrawlers, is still (unlike that of the ladies of that class) perfectly legible. She does not lay herself open to the charge a bright man recently preferred against the fashionable women whose writing no one can easily read, if at all, to-wit: that, "not knowing how to spell, they purposely write so that their failures in orthography can not be readily detected."

A gentleman who was taken through the White House by Mrs. Cleveland last winter saw her private desk piled high with letters she had received, and said to her:

"Surely you don't expect to answer all of those?"

"Indeed, I do," she responded. "All these persons have written to me in good faith, and are doubtless excellent people, who will appreciate a reply directly from me. I wouldn't hurt their feelings or disappoint them for the world."

The official note-paper used in the President's offices has "Executive Mansion, Washington," printed in small blue letters at the head of the paper; and on the upper left-hand corner of the envelope, beneath "Executive Mansion," in the same characters as on the note-paper, is the word "Official." The paper used is smooth, some thick, some thin, but all tough.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Twice Married in One Year.

"Did you make any notice of Mr. ——'s marriage the other day?" asked a licensed minister of a reporter. On being informed that the customary newspaper write-up had been provided, he said: "That's twice this year that the groom has led a blushing bride to the hymeneal altar and been joined for good or bad. I performed the ceremony myself less than a year ago. He is a poor man in every thing except wives, for when he came to me to be married he did not have a coat, and its place was supplied with a sort of workingman's blouse. His father-in-law at that time paid for the marriage license, and he has failed yet to pay me for performing the ceremony, so you see it was mighty cheap getting married for him. I don't know how much it cost him this time, but he has probably sponged his wedding off somebody else. I'll venture to say he did not get his divorce quite so cheaply." The county clerk's office also shows that the same man got a third license just a short time ago, but for some reason did not consummate the marriage.—*Des Moines (Ia.) Register.*

DANGEROUS CREATURES.

The Man with the Lantern and the Girl with the Oil Can.

"One of the greatest terrors of the oil regions," said John Morganthaler, of Titusville, "is 'the Man with the Lantern.' He has been the cause of more needless conflagrations among oil wells than any thing else, and has cost the regions millions of dollars. He is usually an employe about the wells, and nine cases out of ten a man of experience and intelligence, but he will persist in taking the chances in paying a visit now and then to some gas-enveloped tank, carrying his lighted lantern with him. The result isn't always disastrous, but that is not the fault of the Man with the Lantern. Usually an explosion results. If a destructive fire does not follow that, the fact will be without precedent. Sometimes the cause of a fire of this kind will not be quite certain at first, but it only needs a roll call of its employes of that particular property, and the taking of an account of the tool-house stock, to ascertain the cause. There will be one employe short, and the number of lanterns will be less by one. Then it is known that the Man with the Lantern has been walking. Oh, yes! The Man with the Lantern always disappears on occasions, of this kind, and instances are rare where even as much as a piece of his ear is ever found. But he is not dead. The Man with the Lantern never dies in the oil regions. He will be sure to walk again a short time after he has disappeared once.

"The Man with a Lantern first appeared in history in 1814. It was at Marietta, Ohio. Nobody knew what petroleum was in those days, but in digging a well out there once, oil was discovered. It was called 'fossil oil' by the local savants. There was much gas with it. A lot of the oil was collected in a cistern. One night the Man with the Lantern came stalking on the scene, but the pyrotechnical wonders and splendors that were displayed in that vicinity for days and nights as a result of his visit failed to compensate his widow and six small children for his sudden transfiguration. He materialized with the beginning of operations in oil twenty-five years ago, and his dread apparition will doubtless continue to walk abroad as long as oil wells last.

"The Girl with the Oil Can, whom, of course, you have heard of, seems to have a mission on earth similar to that of the Man with the Lantern, but her being confined to the domestic hearth, of course, does not concern the oil trade in a business way. But, speaking of the Girl with the Oil Can, do you know where she is first mentioned in history? Way back in the early days of Old Creek. The Widow McClintock, owner of the great McClintock Farm, was the first one of whom there is any record of having hastened her fire with coal oil, with the result that has since become painfully familiar. It was through that careless act of hers that her adopted son, John Steele, was left fatherless and motherless on a cold and cheerless world, with only $2.700 a day coming in from the McClintock wells for him to keep the wolf from the door with. Every body knows how Johnny Steele got along. His fortune disappeared as quickly as the oil can which gave it to him."—*N. Y. Sun.*

PATERNAL ADVICE.

It Calls Home a Story from a Wicked and Unsympathetic Son.

"Now be keerful o' losin' your money an' git back 'fore dark," said a farmer who lived some ten miles from Denver to his son, a boy about sixteen years old, who had got in to ride to town with us.

"Shall I be as keerful as you was that time?" asked the boy.

"You jes' be as keerful as you know how and don't try to git too smart about it," returned his father with some warmth.

"Did he lose some money some time?" one of us asked the boy after we drove on.

"I should remark!" promptly replied the boy. "You see it was this way: Me 'n him was down there circus-day, an' I had twenty-five or thirty cents in my pocket, an' he had 'bout two dollars 'n a half in his'n, all quarters, 'n' nickels, an' short bits, 'n' one stuff an' 'nother. While we was goin' out to the circus grounds he kep' sayin' to me: 'Ike, don't lose your money!' or, 'Look out a pickpocket don't grab you!' or, 'When I was a boy I didn't take no chances gawkin' 'long that way, but kep' my hand right in my pocket on my money.' He said I acted like a tarnal fool with that money an' he'd jes' like to bet a bushel o' cats that I'd lose ev'ry cent of it 'fore we got through with the circus. He showed me how he kep' his money right in his hand an' his hand in his pants pocket, an' told me to do the same way.

"We was walkin' 'long lookin' at the big pictures outside the sideshow an' paw jes' asted me if I was sure I hadn't lost none o' my money when he stepped on a b'naner peelin' on a piece o' broad an' down he went, an' jerked his hand out o' his pocket to try and save hisself 'thout letin' go of the money till after his hand was out an' then he sowed it all over that circus ground! Most of it went straight up an' then it began to rain small silver pieces—all paw's money! The whole neighborhood was planted to silver! It looked some like a hail-storm for 'bout a minute, an' then the crowd went for it! I jumped in while paw was layin' there on his stomach yellin' bloody murder, an' I kicked a Chinaman on the shins, an' welted another boy on the ear, an' let a man that was sellin' red lemonade bloody my nose, an' managed to git 'bout six bits of the money, an' that, with what I had, took us into the circus, though we missed the livin' half-lady and the joggerwock snake in the sideshow. I tell you, paw looked as sneakin' as a little dog when he got up an' asked me how much I got of it, an' he aint said much to me 'bout bein' keerful with my money since. He carries his money in his boot now, with a string tied 'round the top o' the leg."—*F. H. Carruth in Chicago Tribune.*

—Judge Porter has decided that a stockman occupying the public domain as a cattle range acquires no right to the same that will enable him to prevent other stockmen from turning loose cattle on the range, even though the first occupant has developed the water on the range and has it fully stocked.

FINE BURGLARS' TOOLS

The Notorious Paddy Cody's Celebrated "Vest-Pocket Edition."

"Every one of your readers must remember that six or seven years ago there was a regular deluge of robberies perpetrated throughout the country in the safe line. A set of safe tools had been invented by two notorious burglars, Paddy Cody and Gib Yost, who in from ten to fifteen minutes could open most of the burglar-proof safes in the country. The police all over the United States made strenuous efforts to unearth the secret of these implements, but for a long time were kept in the dark, owing to the secretiveness of the inventors.

"In nearly all these robberies the victims were retail jewelers located in the country towns, and their heavy losses prompted the wholesale dealers, for their own protection, to form what has since been known as 'The Jewelers' Security Alliance.' The detective work of this powerful organization was given entirely into the hands of one agency.

"About this time the jewelry store of E Vall & Co., at La Porte, Ind., was robbed of a large amount of diamonds and jewelry, and from the manner in which the safe had been opened I surmised at once that it was the work of Gib Yost and his gang. Knowing full well that Gib Yost would come to Chicago to dispose of the stolen stuff I had a sharp lookout kept for him, and not long afterward succeeded in arresting him, together with Billy, alias 'Bid' Hollihan, Johnny Meany and Eddie Quinn. All except Meany were convicted for this robbery and sentenced to various terms in the Michigan City Penitentiary in Indiana.

"After this the tools became well-known among expert burglars and the secret of their construction leaked out. They consist of a drill, which fits into a spindle. The spindle fits into a sleeve, which is placed into a pressure-bar. On top of the sleeve is a wrench, which feeds into the drill, and the spindle is also made to hold taps. When a five-eighth inch hole is bored between the combination and the handle of the safe, and the threads cut into it (about twelve threads to the inch), then what are known as the pressure-bar and screw are used, which fit the threads and break the dog connection between the handle and combination. The handle is used to fit on the top of the spindle, and the entire mechanism is attached to the safe by a link, which adjusts itself over the pressure-bar over the handle of the safe. The link was generally used in case of a T-handled safe. The whole power or pressure which enables the tools to do their work is obtained through the agency of the handle on the safe.

"In this way an ordinary fire-proof or burglar-proof safe can be opened in from ten to fifteen minutes. These tools are very advantageous, from the fact that the whole kit does not weigh over five pounds and can be carried handily in the inside coat pocket. For their lightness in weight and facility for being carried about the person unnoticed they were termed among the crooked fraternity the 'vest-pocket edition.'

"The Paddy Cody tools are still used extensively by cracksmen. I anticipate numerous safe burglaries with them throughout the country, although I must add that in general the members of the Jewelers' Security Alliance are given a wide berth by those who have a wise regard for their health and peace of mind."—*Robert Pinkerton, in Jewelers' Weekly.*

INFLUENCED THE CASE.

A Colored Solomon Completely Paralyzes a Reckless Editor.

The editor of a weekly paper published at Blue Knob was sent for by a negro justice of the peace. When the editor appeared the justice said:

"Mr. Sawyer, didn' yer know dat dar wuz er mighty straung law ergin er man publishin' facks erbout er case w'ile it is on trial?"

"I didn't know that there is a law in regard to it, but I knew that judges do not desire any thing published while there is a likelihood of prejudicing the jury."

"Ah, hah, but Mr. Sawyer, dar is er law ergin dat fack, an' I'se had yer 'rested in de 'cordance wid it, sah."

"I don't understand you."

"Wall, fur de las' few days I has been tryin' er case an' I notices dat yo' paper published de facks."

"Yes."

"Wall, dat 'titles yer ter be 'rested fur 'tempt o' court."

"Judge, you don't understand the reason why newspaper publications are deprecated. It is feared that they may influence a decision contrary to the end contemplated by justice."

"Dat's whut I knows, an' dat's do reason I'se sont fur yer. Befo' readin' dat piece in yer paper I had 'cluded ter 'cide dis case in fabor o' Mr. Johnson, but arter readin' it I changed off in fabor o' Mr. Jones, so, Mr. Sawyer, as yer hab publishel suthin' ter 'fluence dis yere case, I'll hatter hold yer fur 'tempt o' cou't. Mr. Constable, take dis yere reckless generman ter jail."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.

The Salient Points of a Famous Scientist's Interesting Hypothesis.

Prof. Modleef has advanced the theory that petroleum is of mineral origin, and that its production is going on and may continue almost indefinitely. He has succeeded in making it artificially by a similar process to that which he believes is going on in the earth, and experts find it almost impossible to distinguish between the natural and the manufactured article. His hypothesis is that water finds its way below the crust of the earth, and then meets with carbides of metals, particularly of iron in a glowing state. The water is decomposed into its constituent gases; the oxygen unites with the iron, while the hydrogen takes up the carbon, and ascends to a higher region, where part of it is condensed into mineral oil, and part remains as natural gas, to escape where it can find an outlet, or to remain stored at great pressure until a bore-hole is put down to provide it a passage to the surface. Oil-bearing strata occur in the vicinity of mountain ranges, and it is supposed that the upheaval of the hills has dislocated the strata below sufficiently to give the water access to depths from which it is ordinarily shut out. If the center of the earth contains large amounts of metallic carbides, we have in prospect a store of fuel against the days when our coal will be exhausted.—*Engineering.*

MR. STEBBINS' TRIALS.

Why He Will Never Again Go Traveling With His Wife.

Mr. Stebbins has been an admirable husband for ten years, and you will see, after reading what he suffered, that he is not cruel in vowing that he will never again go traveling with his wife. She is exceedingly domestic, and his trip a few days ago kept her away from her home bed over night for the first time in years. Stebbins was already tired when they took the six-something train for Philadelphia. A friend met him in the office of a hotel next day, and says he never saw a man so discouraged. Stebbins confided his troubles to the friend, and, though the case is not without parallel, it is of sufficient interest to the general public to let it go. Stebbins says that the journey to Philadelphia completed his exhaustion, and he was truly delighted to be ushered, about eleven o'clock, into elegant hotel apartments. Stebbins remained in the drawing-room to look at some evening papers and smoke a restful cigar, while Pamelia unmade her toilet. He spoke to her at 11:45, at 12:15 and at 12:55. On all these occasions the lady was either brushing her hair, or folding some things, or searching in a toilet bag, and she would not let him go to bed before her for fear he would fall instantly asleep, leaving her lonesome and nervous in the strange place. At all events, the poor man was taking his first nap when Pamelia said: "Oh, dear! I have forgotten to wind my watch," and out of bed she piled; coming back she asked him if he had put his cough medicine in his satchel or his overcoat. Trying to think of the locality of that bottle waked him completely, and the clock was striking three when he went to sleep again. At 3:15 Pamelia said that she must have a glass of water, and he fetched it. At 3:30 she heard something picking at the lock, and asked him about burglars' nippers and how they used jimmies. That got him into a cold perspiration, with disquieting conversation. At four she knew gas was escaping, and went around to examine all the burners. She came back to bed with her feet like cakes of ice. At 4:10 she knew she had forgotten to bolt the drawing-room door and her sealskin sacque was on the piano. Stebbins made that excursion. At 4:15 she sat up in bed and whispered in a curdling voice that some one was concealed in the room; she had heard strange sounds in the corner. Stebbins listened. It was heat going off in the pipes, and he explained that to her. At 4:30 she knew a spider had bitten her hand; she must get some camphor, and up she got.

Stebbins thinks that Pamelia was out twice during a little nap that he had, but at 5:11 he was brought up standing by a hideous scream. There was a mouse in the room; she had seen it run up the lace curtain; he could see it, too, if he looked. It was an unusually large and ferocious mouse, that shook the lace curtain in a threatening manner. This discussion and its consequent excitement kept poor Stebbins awake till six. The man was trying to get forty winks and prevent having a headache next day, when Pamelia slid out to pull down a blind, taking the precaution to cry "Shoo! Shoo!" several times and rap on the floor with a slipper before she put her foot down. At 7:30 Pamelia got up and began her toilet. About noon a friend found him asleep in a chair.

"What I want to know," said Stebbins, "is how I'm going to live if this thing keeps on during the six months of our proposed tour, with Pamelia in a new room every night."—*N. Y. Sun.*

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.

An Old Farmer Tells Why He Has No Faith in Higher Education.

One evening when in the neighborhood of Sidney, Neb., we went over to make a friendly call on a farmer near whose house we were camped. Something was said about a new schoolhouse which was being built a half-mile away and the agriculturist said:

"Yes, the old one got kinder shackelly an' we sold it to old man White for a calf barn, an' are puttin' up a new one. It's my private opinion that it'll furnish schoolin' jes' 'bout good enough for the rest o' my young'uns."

"Don't you believe in higher education?"

"Naw, I been filled up on higher education 'once, and I know when I get enough."

"How did it happen?"

"You see, I sent my oldest boy, Miff'n—named after the county we lived in back in Pennsylvania — to school down at Sidney. He hadn't been there more'n a month when he come home one Friday evening, an' says I to him: 'Miff, we'll butcher them two shotes to-morrow.'"

"'Pap,' says he, 'better let it go till to-morrow a week—mebby be cooler weather then.'

"'It won't do,' says I, 'the moon is full next Wednesday an' we want 'o butcher them shotes when the moon is growin' so the pork will swell when we fry it—got an idee we want o' wait till after the moon changes an' have that pork all shrink up when it's fried?'

"'Hah, pap,' says Miff, 'you mean all right but you're way off—it's been proven the moon don't have no influence on terrorrestrial things. You're antequaked, pap; this influence of the moon is a miff—the idee is exploded long ago.'

"'Young man,' says I, 'mebbe it is, but your old pap didn't hear the explosion! Mebby I'm some antequaked on the moon, but I'm right up to the times on swingin' a coal-oal-barr'l stave, an' if you'll just foller me out 'n the woodshed I'll finish up the other three years an' six months o' your edication in 'bout three minutes!'

"That settled it for him, and the next day we hung them six shotes by the hind legs, an' when the old lady put a piece of the pork into the fryin'-pan it jes' swelled right up ev'ry time! You can run down the moon all you want 'o, but I tell you it's good enough for me to go by!"—*F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

—Two of the more recent and interesting topics of conversation in Xenia, O., were a two-weeks' old baby that had already cut a tooth, and a young man who, on the day fixed for his wedding, determined to escape from the knot, but who, after going as far as Cincinnati, decided that he'd chance it after all, and so turned back and made the bride happy, though the wedding was several hours late.

—Deal with principals rather than agents.

FULL OF FUN.

—There are two kinds of jokes. One makes you ache with laughter and the other only makes you ache. This one belongs to the latter class.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to his patient; "I intend to stand outside to draw your tooth."—*Hearth and Home.*

—A United Turkey.—

"I can not carve this fowl," said Carr,
Who prged and pulled with efforts jerky,
"For all the mighty Powers are
Against dismemberment of Turkey."

—*Tid-Bits.*

—A Creston (Ia.) lover, who addressed a love-scented letter to the object of his affections, asking the young lady to become his partner through life, inscribed on one corner of the envelope "Sealed proposal." He was awarded the contract.

—A Connecticut avenue bride is talking of getting a divorce because her husband called in the police the other night to remove an apple-dumpling of her own make, which she had left in the hall for his midnight lunch. He thought it was a dynamite bomb.—*Washington Critic.*

—"My sister Clara," said Bobby to young Mr. Sissy, "was talking to ma about your leaving so early last night." 'Did she say she was sorry, Bobby?' whispered young Sissy. "No; she said she s'posed you went home so early because very likely your mamma won't let you carry a night-key."—*N. Y. Epoch.*

—"Your town seems to be very quiet," said the traveler. "Yes," replied the Dakotahan. "She's lyin' low for a rise. We're all primed for a boom, but we can't agree whether to work it on natural gas, a new wheat belt, or platinum mines. But when we've decided just how to cut the fuse, she'll go off like a bomb."—*Burdette.*

—Young Husband (who thinks of reforming)—"Jennie, my dear, I know you have been silently grieved and pained for a long time on account of my absence from home every evening. I am going to turn over a new leaf and I'm going to begin to-night." Young Wife—"Oh, Edwin, you don't know how happy you've made me. Cousin Jack wants me to go to the theater with him to-night and you can take care of the baby."—*New Haven News.*

—Mr. De Society—"Why are you not going to the party to-night?" Mrs. De Society—"I have nothing to wear." "Nothing to wear! It isn't a week since you received three new dresses from Worth." Of I can't wear them. It will never do." "You had one on this afternoon." "Yes; I wear them all, but only in my own room. I wouldn't have any one see me in them for the world." "Why not?" "They are too exquisitely beautiful. Every woman in town would be copying them."

—Hunger has no pride. A ragged and unkempt specimen of humanity made the customary appeal at the back-door. Not receiving instant relief, he moaned: "But, marm, mine is a sad case. I've been burned out o' house and home, and I haven't ate a thing for three days." "Been burned out of house and home?" "Yes, marm, you may have seen about it in the newspapers, down to Bridgeport, you know. I am one of the baboons, and I lost every thing but what I stood in."—*Boston Transcript.*

REPTILIAN PETS.

An Enthusiastic Admirer of Snakes Tells a Few Stories About Them.

My favorite among ophidians is the lovely grass snake, cyclophis vernalis. I have never been able to secure more than one of these, which I kept for some time as a pet. It was milky-green in color, and continually reminded me of the jade bracelets so much worn by the Chinese. One day Gypsy, as this little fellow was christened, escaped from his usual place of confinement, and coiled about a window-fastening, where he was discovered by a member of the family who had "decided objections" to snakes. As I could not bear to add to my alcoholic specimens one which had been a pet I took him to the woods and released him, where no doubt he is disporting joyously at this moment.

The best method I have found for capturing snakes, excepting the large black ones, is the following: When you see one that you want endeavor, by all possible means, to cover him with your net. Then grasp the neck between the thumb and forefinger of your gloved hand and put him into one of the tin cans. On returning home saturate a small sponge with chloroform, which thrust into the can with your snake. You can do this in a small room, to prevent the snake's escape. In the course of a quarter of an hour the snake may be taken from the can and arranged in a bottle, which is then to be filled with alcohol and tightly corked, and your specimen is ready for the museum.

On one of the hunts a lady who was searching for botanical specimens happened to come along just as I was putting a snake into one of the tin cans. She inquired what I was going to do with it, and I said: "Preserve it." Whereupon she asked: "Do they make good preserves?"

Goethe kept a pet snake which he took from the chimney corner and fondled every night, which shows that he was partial to these "noxious reptiles," and Dr. M. Cook says the snake is the most beautiful animal in creation. I don't know but I agree with him.—*Swiss Cross.*

Short and Long Railroads.

The longest railroad, including all divisions and branches, is the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, whose total length of lines operated December 31, 1886, was 5,297.74 miles, though its main line is only 420 miles in length. But the longest single line of road operated by one company is the line of the Northern Pacific from Duluth, Minn., to Wallula Junction, W. T., a stretch of 1 651.60 miles. The smallest regularly incorporated railroad in this country is said to be the New York Central, Hudson River & Fort Orange railroad, built for the purpose of carrying freight to and from the Fort Orange Paper Company's works. The main line is but 3,168 feet in length, and the rolling stock consists of a locomotive and one passenger coach. The road, however, has a full set of officers and board of directors, and issues a yearly official report. The gross earnings of the road amount to nearly $3,000 a year, but all of this, except about $60 or so, is consumed in paying the expenses of the road.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A REGULAR HURRICANE

—HAS STRUCK PRICES AT THE—

Busy Bee Cash Store.

In order to close out the following lines of goods we quote prices as follows:

Men's Full Stock Heavy Boots,	$1.50;	former price,	$2.25	Ladies' Newmarket Cloaks	$2.50;	former price,	$5.00
Men's Full Stock Heavy Boots,	1 75;	" "	2.75	Ladies' Newmarket Cloaks	3.50;	" "	4.50
Men's Full Stock Kip	2.25	" "	3.50	Ladies' Fine Newmarket Cloaks,	4.50;	" "	10.00
Men's Box Toe Side Lined Kip	3.00;	" "	4.50	Ladies' Short Wraps, (ball trimming) very fine	5.50;	" "	12.00
Boys' Full Stock Boots, all sizes,	1.00;	" "	1.50	Good Overcoats for Men	2.00;	" "	3.50
Boys' Best Full Stock Boots,	" 1.50;	" "	2.25	Better Overcoats for Men	3.00;	" "	5.00
Youths' Full Stock Boots,	" 75;	" "	1.25	All-wool Overcoats for Men	5.00;	" "	10.00

Overshoes for Men, Women, Misses, Boys and Children at Cost; also Men's and Boys' Gum Boots.

All Winter Goods, such as Flannels, Canton Flannels, Jeans, Heavy Cassimeres, Blankets, Shawls, Underwear, Woollen Hosiery, Yarns, Gloves, etc., will be sacrificed at less than cost to manufacture them—to close them out at once. Don't fail to attend this sale, as everything in the house has been made A RED HOT BARGAIN.

This sale will continue day after day until all the above lines are closed out. So come at once and get first choice. Thanking you for your very liberal patronage, we are respectfully,

RAMSEY & OLDHAM,

Jun22tf. Proprietors "Busy Bee" Cash Store.

NEW HOUSE,

NEW STOCK OF HARDWARE, NEW PRICES, NEW STYLES, AS WELL AS A NEW YEAR.

Shackelford, Gentry & Co.

ask you to call and see them in their elegant new house on upper Main Street, site of the old one that was burned last August.

—THEY HAVE THE—

Most Complete Hardware House in Central Kentucky.

They have more room, more goods and more desire to sell than they had in their old quarters.

June 22tf

GANTER'S —CHICKEN— Cholera Cure!

Thousands of dollars worth of chickens die every year from Cholera. It is more fatal to chickens than all other diseases combined. But the discovery of a remedy that *positively cures it* has been made, and to be convinced of its efficacy only requires a trial. A 50-cents bottle is enough for one hundred chickens. It is guaranteed. If, after using two-thirds of a bottle, the buyer is not thoroughly satisfied with it as a cure for Chicken Cholera, return it to the undersigned and your money will be refunded.

STOCKTON & WILLIS.

aug 24 1y.

Madison Co. Bonds!

The Bonds issued in payment of subscription of Madison county to Louisville and Nashville Railroad due in February, April, July and October, 1887 and 1888, will be paid on maturity at the Madison National Bank, Richmond, Ky.

jtf C. D. CHENAULT, Com.

ASK FOR THE G. L. P. C. Remedy.

GUTHERSON & LEY,

LEXINGTON, KY.

STOCKTON & WILLIS,

Agents For Madison County.

sep28 1y.

Pianos and Organs.

Steinway & Sons.,
Hazleton Bros.,
Christie,
New England
and other Pianos.

Chicago Cottage Organs.

PIANOS AND ORGANS FOR RENT.

Rent applied as part payment.

—WRITE FOR PRICES AND TERMS—

LUKE U. MILWARD,

8 and 10 W. Main St., Lexington, Ky

June 22 tf.

PATENTS Procured. Wm. G. Henderson, 925 F St., Washington, D. C. Formerly of Examining Corps U. S. Patent Office, 17 years' experience. Send *sketch or model for report as to patentability.* Correspondence solicited. 7dec1y.

P. M. POPE

IS THE AGENT AT RICHMOND, KY., FOR

THE CELEBRATED

WEBSTER

FARM WAGONS.

They are about closing up their business and have on hand over 4,000 of them.

-:- PATENT TRUSS ROD AND TUBULAR AXLE. -:-

Manufacture all styles and sizes which they offer at

ESPECIALLY LOW PRICES.

All Wagons Warranted For One Year.

The Best Material. The Easiest Terms.

Call on Mr. Pope and examine the wagons. Don't buy before doing so.

WEBSTER WAGON CO.

June 22-tf

Library Lamps

AND

Rodgers' Silver-Plated Knives and Forks.

They can not be surpassed in style or workmanship at

The Prices We Quote.

Very best material employed in their manufacture.

You Will Like Them

if you see them, because you can't help it.

They Are Precisely What You Want.

Our stock of Queen's-ware and Glassware and especially our DECORATED DINNER and TEA SETS, is full and attractive.

BEST GRADES OF

COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS

and other Staple Groceries, also Canned Goods.

L. E. & G. C. FRANCIS.

June22-tf

ROOMS FOR RENT.

I have three large, comfortable and good rooms for rent, over my store on Main street. For particulars call and see C. C. WALLACE.

dec.28-tf.

HARRISON MILLER

Has opened a Furniture Repairing and Upholstering Shop second door from the Post-office, next to Hunley's Livery Stable. All work done at reasonable rates. LAYING CARPETS A SPECIALTY. 16oct.

Patronize J. J. Brooks, the druggist.