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HIGH-LIVING STATESMEN.

Numerous Epitaphs Among the Members of the Pittet's Congress.

Epitaphs are numerous in the present Congress, and they have the faculty of finding out where the best cooking can be found and satisfying their cultivated tastes. Accordingly, nearly all of the high-living statesmen are terrapin-eaters; but since Mr. Bayard retired from the Senate there is not a member of that body who has gained the distinction of being a first-class terrapin cook. Senators Palmer, Beck, Cameron, East, Hale, Gray, Vance, Hawley, Vest, Hancock and several others would ride many miles, on a pinch, stay away from an all-night session, sit down to a well-cooked dish of terrapin, but not one of the number has learned the art of dressing and serving a diamond back. In the House A. B. Bliss, Henry Bligham, Ben Bitterworth, Wm. L. Scott, Tom Reed, Samuel J. Randall and a score or more of others are noted devourers of terrapin. But there is only one member of either House who is known to be an expert in preparing the dainty dish, and at present he is the envy of his epicurean associates. Charles Gibson, the general bachelorette member who represents the eastern shore of Maryland, the home of the diamond back, is Bayard's successor to the title of Congressional terrapin cook. He has on several occasions "set up" the terrapin for a few personal friends in Congress, and they are trying to induce him to give them his recipe. Mr. Gibson is a modest man and attempts to plead ignorance on the subject when terrapin is mentioned. There is a certain Western Senator who thinks that no well-regulated Senate should be without a terrapin cook, so he is now engaged in taking instructions in the art from his friend Gibson. He has made such rapid progress that he contemplates giving a terrapin supper of his own cooking at an early day. Mr. Gibson's recipe is as follows:

The first act on the part of the cook to do to the terrapin's head. As it is dormant in winter a hot iron should be placed on its back, and in a few minutes the head will protrude. With a two-tined fork seize the head behind the jaws and cut it off at the neck. Then set the terrapin up against the kitchen dresser, so as to allow the blood to drain off. That will not take long, as the terrapin is cold-blooded and bleeds but little. Then place the terrapin in a pot of boiling water and allow it to boil something over an hour, until the scales turn up at the end and become slippery so that they can be removed with the hand. Then turn the terrapin on its back and remove the bottom shell. The test of the terrapin being thoroughly cooked is the readiness with which the sutures between the bottom and top shells separate. Puncture in the meat of the terrapin is the liver, in the center of which is the gall bag, which must be removed with great caution. All the rest of the meat is edible, although some terrapin eaters insist upon having the entrails also removed. After the larger bones are disposed of the meat is then put into a chafin dish, with a half-teaspoonful of warm water, and allowed to simmer over a spirit lamp until the mass is heated thoroughly. In the mean time a half pint of good butter and a little pepper and salt are added. No other condiments are necessary.—Washington Letter.

A THANKFUL MAN.

He Knows a Gentleman Whenever He May Happen to See Him.
He walked the length of the post-office corridor twice, inquiring for the postmaster, and was finally recommended to the chief clerk. He had a letter in his hand and he said:
"Ah! sir, then you are the chief clerk?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have I made a mistake in the building? This is the post-office, I take it?"
"It is."
"I should like to mail a letter."
"Very well."
"I suppose I can buy a stamp somewhere here?"
"You can, sir."
"And the letter will go out?"
"It will."
"Go to Chicago, will it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Ah! Thank! Two cents, I believe?"
"Two cents."
"If not over-weight?"
"If not over-weight."
"Thanks. I will now buy a stamp and mail my letter. Much obliged, sir."
"Oh, not at all."
"If I am, sir, I know a gentleman when I see one, and I assure you that your kindness has taken a great burden off my shoulders. Yes, sir, very much obliged, and I will reciprocate the favor very soon."—Detroit Free Press.

SWELL COACHMEN.

The Very Exclusive Club Organized by New York's High-Costed Jocks.
The swell coachmen have organized a club. Don't laugh, for it is not a laughing matter, I assure you. They have a swell set of rooms on Third avenue, near Sixtieth street, and there they discuss the failings of their members and mistresses. The new organization is very exclusive. One black-ball will prevent the entrance of a proposed member, but applicants do not have their individual worth considered. The question of their admission is decided entirely by the wealth and social status of their employers. Those who drive for the newly rich are contemptuously spoken of as shoddyite coachmen, and are rigidly excluded. Members rank according to the wealth and standing of those for whom they drive. There was considerable dispute as to whether Mr. Vanderbilt's or Mr. Astor's coachman should be elected president, but the latter finally won the office. He is, by the way, a man of great hauteur, and in private life is addicted to resplendent neckties. For that article of attire alone he expends never less than twenty-five dollars each month. Fact: I assure you.—N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Times.

LIFE IN DAKOTA.

How a Plucked Goose Proposes to Get Even with the World.

We stopped over Sunday at Yankton, Dak., camping just above town, near the Missouri river. We went to a hotel for dinner, and afterward I got quite well acquainted with a man who was boarding there, who said that his name was Parsonby. He was slightly seedy in appearance, and very communicative.

"They may say what they please about Dakota being such a remarkable country to get rich in," said Parsonby, "but I haven't found it that way so far."
"What business have you been in?"
"I've had my money invested in stock companies mostly," he replied. "When I came out here six months ago I brought \$10,000 with me. I wanted to put it where the returns would be sure, if not large, so I looked around for stock in some legitimate enterprises managed by prominent and conservative men."

"Were you misled in making your investments, Mr. Parsonby?"
"Some—just a little. What fooled me was the titles of the officers of the companies. Stock in a fire-insurance company was offered me, and when I saw there was a General at the head of it, a Colonel for vice-president, an honorable for treasurer, and four judges on the board of directors, I took \$2,000 of it. The company busted higher than Gilderoy's kite early the next week. In the mean time I had put another \$2,000 in a gold-mining company with a Senator for president, a Major for vice-president, another honorable for secretary, and a board of directors consisting of one Commodore and six judges. I have since discovered that the company doesn't even own any land to sink a shaft on. Shortly after my attention was attracted to a railroad company with a Governor for a president and no other officers lower than a Major, and so I put in \$1,000. It was only a few days ago that I found out that the company had busted over a week before I bought the stock. Then a company, who was treasurer of a life-insurance company, introduced himself and showed me that his company had an ex-foreign Minister for president, and a professor, two Captains, and the rest judges on the board of directors, and I put in another \$1,000; but he ran away to Canada with my money and never got my stock, which was no matter, however—the company had since gone up. I then turned to a stone company, with an ex-Cabinet officer for president, a Senator for treasurer, and a board of directors consisting of seven straight judges, and bought a block of stock for \$1,500. I paid \$500 assessments during the summer, and ten days ago found out it was a sham. I shall not bring suit against it, as I understood it would be tried before one of the judges on the board of directors. Miscellaneous investments in an improvement company offered exclusively by Lieutenant-Governors, in a hail insurance company managed by four Generals and four Senators, and in a silver-mining company under the control of nine men with different titles, ranging from Admiral to Lieutenant, took the balance of my money. It has been expensive, but I believe it has taught me a lesson."

"Then you are not discouraged, Mr. Parsonby?"
"No, sir," he replied, as he arose and anchored his wrinkles out of his pantaloons and threw back his shoulders; "no, sir, I am not. You behold before you, my dear sir, Governor Parsonby, late General Parsonby, and candidate for Senator, president and treasurer of the Dakota Territorial Cyclone Insurance Company, capital \$1,000,000, shares from \$1 to \$500, and ready to start the stock of the pile of the inventor! Just you wait a couple of weeks till the fall rush of Eastern capitalists looking for investments begins, and if you don't see old Ben Parsonby get back that \$10,000 then, I'm a goat."
—F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.

A Boy Who Never Smoked.

While we were lying around the camp-fire one evening after supper a boy some twelve or fourteen years old came along driving some cows and stopped for a short call. Briar had been for some time meditatively watching the smoke of his pipe curl up and mingle with that of the fire, when he turned to the boy and said:
"Won't you have a smoke? I've got an extra pipe in my pocket and here's some tobacco."
"I don't never smoke," replied the boy.
"That's right," replied Briar. "I supposed you did or I wouldn't have asked you. I wouldn't try to induce any boy to use tobacco—it's a bad habit—I wish I had never begun its use myself—you just keep letting it alone. Haven't you sometimes found it hard to keep from smoking when around on the farm where nearly every man has a pipe in his mouth?"
"No, I dunno as I have, very," replied the boy. "You see, I've chawed ever since I was seven, so that has kinder helped to keep me from wanting to smoke. If you've got any good callin' tobacco handy I wouldn't mind takin' a bite—dark plug is my style—fine-cut is only 'bout right for babies!"—Chicago Tribune.

Men Judged by Their Dress.

Men may also from motives of policy adopt a superior style of dress. They judge one another very much by attire. That most acute observer, Chesterfield, has told us that a well-dressed man, by means of his good clothes, impresses men much more than he does women. Life is a struggle. We make way for a successful man just as in olden times they made way for the man in armor. It is by a man's personal appearance that the world to a considerable degree, judges of his success. There is, perhaps, no country in which men are so much judged by their appearance as in this. No one has a title or a family to fall back upon, and there are few other things by which to form a judgment. American Magazine.

THE BLIZZARD'S HOME.

How Boreas Travels from the Pole to the Gulf of Mexico.

In speaking of blizzards even the scientific signal-service man is accustomed to saying that a "Manitoba" wave is coming, and this has been so often reiterated that many people have at last come to believe that blizzards are home productions of that section of the Canadian Dominion. Manitoba, however, can hardly carry off the credit for raising the wind in this extraordinary manner. The origin and operation of the blizzards and their partiality for Dakota, Western Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, and the territory even farther south, are worth at least a little theorizing.

Who is it that east of the Mississippi river they are only felt with diminished force, and east of the Ohio line; for instance, that is in the Central States, New York and New England, hardly at all? The reply seems to be a simple one. The southern part of British America, from Labrador west to the upper shores of Lake Superior, is traversed by what is known as the Laurentian, and at the extreme west of the Huronian mountains, composed in reality of an enormous rock formation, the oldest yet discovered, with no shells or fossils to tell us its age, or at what time it lifted its great wall above the waters. It is the oldest sedimentary rock found on the globe. The thickness of its bed has been estimated at thirty thousand feet. It rises in hills and mountains four thousand feet high, and on the Saguenay forms sheer cliffs fifteen hundred feet high. It makes a solid, everlasting rock barrier; no wind, be it blizzard or tornado, can pass. It shelters all the country to the south of it from the icy blasts sweeping down from the Arctic regions. As its western limit they may strike against it and deflect like water meeting an obstacle, and in Wisconsin, Eastern Minnesota, Michigan and Illinois they may be felt with diminished force. West of that limit, however, there is no break. Between a line from that point north and south and the Rockies and Sierras, which guard all to the west of them, stretches one vast unbroken plateau from the Polar regions straight south to the Gulf of Mexico. Along the plateau Boreas, starting from the pole, finds no obstruction in his path. He comes down with a rush, sweeping every thing before him, chilling and freezing every thing he encounters, and planting his snows, sleet and ice even on the shores of the far-off Gulf of Mexico. The more favored regions south of these gigantic mountains of rock, interposing their friendly barrier, know little of the terrors of these bitter Arctic currents, which carry death and destruction along with them to the lowlands on the plain. Manitoba is only a mid-station on the road from the pole to the gulf. It is not the home of the blizzard.—St. Paul Globe.

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His Wonderful Power Over Men Re-asserted and Proved.

There was a time when American school-boys "spoke pieces." From a cursory examination of such speakers and books of selection as are now published, we should say that a change has come over the general custom; that there was a good deal of twirly-toric and cheap humor in place of the old-time stirring patriotic messages. Possibly an explanation may be found in the disappearance of the old oratorical school, and the rise of more matter-of-fact and business-like appeals. Be this as it may, the declamations of American youths thirty or forty years ago were of a passionate order, and those orators were drawn from chiefly who had heated the iron words of opposition to tyranny to a white heat. The war for independence left a legacy of fervid speeches, and of them all none was so popular as that of Patrick Henry's, in which occurs the splendid bit beginning; "Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope." It is all along with the words: "We might fight! I repeat it, sir, we might fight! An appeal to arms and to the G of hosts is all that is left us."
This speech and others of Henry's came down to young Americans, accompanied by traditions of the orator's power of delivery which represented it as something transcending description. To those who read the book, Mr. Wirt's biography seemed always struggling to set upright the colossal figure of Patrick Henry, the orator, and the impression which the Virginia undoubtedly made upon his contemporaries was so magnified in the clouds of Mr. Wirt's rhetoric, by which chiefly it was conveyed to the imaginations of later generations, that Henry was scarcely thought of except as a fiery man who spoke pieces.

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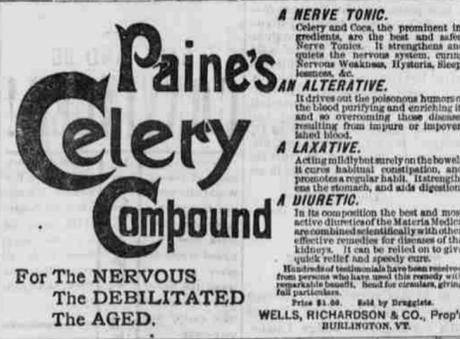
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Tobacco Raisers Will Save Money By Buying Our Anti-Ratchet Press.
No Blocks Used. Will Prize Two Hogsheads at a Time. Call and Examine This Novel Press.



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Leather, Rubber and Cloth Belting, Rubber Hose, Etc., kept in Stock.
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Respectfully,
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Formerly of Hopkinsville Warehouse. Railroad Street, between 10th and 11th, HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.
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