

THE BOURBON NEWS.

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.

BURDETTE AND THE WHEEL.

He Denies That He is Dead and Re-... In the Hawk-Eye of recent date, a card was published from Mr. H. H. Davis, editor of the Pulaski Independent, inquiring the foundation for the reported death of Mr. Robert J. Burdette.

"I am indeed very much alive. Not only so, I haven't been dead even a little bit. Not once. Could have been, had I wanted to be. Could be yet. But I don't want. Maybe I ought to be, even now. But, as we make weekly confession—we have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

"Possibly the rumor that I have gone dead grew out of the fact that I have learned to ride a bicycle. I say, 'have learned.' Not 'am learning.' Learned in one lesson. All by myself.

"Went out in the moonlight last Friday night to learn, having first locked my family in the house and forbade them to look out of the windows. Led my bicycle out on the turnpike—the Bryn Mawr pikes are broader than the way of destruction, twice as smooth and much cleaner. It's a young bicycle—a colt, foaled in '97. Would give the name but for the fact that I had to pay for the wheel. Will only say, therefore, in accordance with the ethics of our profession, that it is not the wheel anybody says it is.

"I held him by the withers right in the middle of the road and mounted without assistance.

"I dismounted in the same independent manner.

"Got on again and proceeded to break him to saddle.

"Did I ride the first time?" "Well, say!"

"People had told me—liars of all ages and both sexes—that I couldn't fall if, when I felt that I was falling, I would stick out my foot.

"I stuck out both feet and both hands, and fell on my head.

"I fell on one side of that diabolical wheel and then on the other; I fell on both sides at once; I fell on top of it and underneath it, and I made 'dog falls' with it. I fell between the wheels. I fell behind the hind wheel and before the front one at the same time, and don't know yet how I did it. I fell and thrust both legs through the spokes of one wheel. I met a terrified man in a buggy and drove him clear off the pike through Wheeler's hedge, and I don't think he has come back yet. Every time I fell I slapped the palms of my raw, swollen, throbbing hands on the hard 'inelastic' pike, except the time I fell on my head. I fell harder and with greater variety of landing than any man could fall unless he dropped out of a balloon and lit in a load of furniture. I lost my confidence, my patience, my temper, my clamps, lamp, bell and reputation. I broke one pedal, the saddle and the ordinance against loud, boisterous and abusive language at night. I ran into everything in sight except the middle of the road. I sat down on everything in the township except the saddle. I scorched in a circuit not 15 feet in circumference until you could smell brimstone. I made more revolutions than a South American republic, and didn't get ten feet away from where I started. I haven't been so mauled and abraded, so thumped and beaten, so trampled upon and pounded, so bruised and scratched, since I left the army. But I can ride.

"I don't say that I 'do.' But I 'can.' "Do I consider 'biking' good for the health?"

"For the health of some people, I do, I don't see how a physician can bring up his family unless his children have something to eat.

"But in my own case, I reserve my decision. I will wait until I know whether I am going to die or get well. And do you tell Brother Davis to keep his obituary on the standing galley until he hears from 'Slug Nidge.' I don't believe I've got '30' yet, although friends who have called to see me break down when they say 'good-by' and walk out of the room on tip-toe. But I wouldn't mind that if I knew what became of my shoulder blades the time I ran under the hay wagon. Cheerfully yours, Robert J. Burdette."—Burlington (Ia.) Hawk-Eye.

Grandmother's Currant Bread. Break two yeast cakes into one pint of lukewarm milk; add one teaspoonful sugar; set it in a warm place till the yeast rises to the surface, then add three cupfuls of flour, and mix it into a thick sponge; cover and let it rise till very light. In the meantime stir four ounces butter with four ounces sugar to a cream; add gradually two eggs, the grated rind of one lemon. When the sponge is light add the creamed butter and sugar; add 1 1/2 cupfuls well washed and dried currants, add sufficient flour to make a firm, soft dough; work it on a board till it ceases sticking to the hands, put the dough into a bowl, cover and let it rise to double its height, then mold it into a loaf, put it into a round buttered pan. Again let it rise till very light; then bake in a medium hot oven.—Boston Globe.

MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

Dear child, how can I let thee go! So often have I nestled thee Upon my bosom, lovingly, And lulled thee into slumbers sweet, With tender songs and low!

How dear thy tiny fingers grasp Round one of mine, when first you stepped, And falling helplessly, gladly crept Back to the heart that loved you so. Where mother's arms could clasp.

And when there came a merry day, When, growing bold, you bravely ran, Sweet, childish forecast of the man, Around the room, away from me, All laughing in your play.

A few years more, and larger grown With all a bright boy's love of fun Of horse and wheel and rod and gun, You ne'er forgot the loving kiss For mother, left alone.

And now at last, equipped for life, My baby wanders out afar Across the sandy harbor bar— Perhaps for days of sunny speed, Perhaps for storm and strife.

God speed his course across the sea— The honored name he hopes to win— And when his ship comes blithely in— Sweet answer to a mother's prayers— My ship will come to me. —Mildred McNeal, in Farm and Home.

A CASE IN EQUITY.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE. [Copyright, 1895, by J. B. Lippincott Co.]

IX. CROSS-EXAMINATION. As a result of Elsie's promise to tell her father, James Duncan tapped at the door of his guest's room that night just as Thorndyke had begun a letter to his mother.

"Come in," said Philip, pushing aside his writing materials. Duncan entered, and, after beating cautiously about among indifferent topics for a few moments, came warily to the object of his visit.

"Elsie's been tellin' me ye're a bit of a lawyer, Mr. Thorndyke," he said, by way of beginning.

"Yes, I have read law in the schools." "No, that's varra singular," remarked Duncan, thoughtfully, much as if Philip had asserted that he was a high caste Brahmin—"verra singular; but then, it may be no inopportune, after a. Would ye min' tellin' me, noo, what for ye cam to study the law?"

"Chiefly because my father wished it. It was his profession."

"Ow, aye," said Duncan, rubbing his chin and relapsing into a silence which seemed to indicate that he had come to the end of his introductory resources. Philip thought to help him along by asking if there were need for legal advice in the affairs of the family.

"Na, na, it's no just that; but there's, as one may say, a frien' o' the family who wouldna be the waur for a wee bit o' that same. I'm thinkin' Elsie's been claverin' about it when ye was over you."

"She told me about the troubles of your old friend Kilgrew, and I offered to help him if I could. Was that what you meant?"

"Aye," said Duncan, and, as he showed no disposition to be more explicit, Philip continued: "If I am to act as attorney for your friend, it is needful that I should know all the facts. Are you prepared to give them?"

Duncan was evidently making a conscientious effort toward frankness, but with such meager results that Thorndyke was finally compelled to exact the desired information piecemeal, as from an unwilling witness. After getting the outline of Elsie's story verified, he proceeded to particulars.

"How long had Kilgrew owned the land when he took Cates as a tenant?" "I'm no verra clear upo' that point, but it's a matter o' 20 year or more, as I ken myself."

"Was his title clear?" "I think there's na doubt aboot that."

"What's the name of this county?" "Chilmath."

"And Allacoochee is the county seat?" "Aye."

"Does this farm of Kilgrew's lie wholly within the limits of the new town?" "I canna say as to the precesse leemits; I'm thinkin' it'll tak in aboot half the town."

"I suppose no one knows anything about the exact nature of the transaction between the town company and Cates?"

"Naething mair than that Cates got a thousand dollars on the nail."

"Was that a fair price for the land at the time?" "Na, it wasna mair than half price."

Thorndyke made a note of this. "That's our starting point. You knew Cates; what kind of a man was he? Would he be likely to sell anything at half price of his own accord?"

"Na, that he wouldna; he was a canny chiel, an' ower fond o' the main chance."

"Then there was probably some pressure brought to bear upon him. Now, what do you know about the town company people? Who made the deal with Cates?"

"A lawyer by the name of Sharpless, an' the agent, Master Jenkins Fench."

"Oho!" said Philip, recalling his martyrdom on the train. "That fellow was in it, was he? He's a rascal, if ever there was one out of jail. If his face doesn't belie him he's equal to anything in the way of fraud. How about his partner?"

"The lawyer? I'm thinkin' he's a deal waur than t'other."

"It isn't very likely that they bought the land without knowing all about the flaw in the title, unless there's been more crookedness than we know about. Is Kilgrew sure that he never signed any papers for Cates or anyone else?"

country; I suppose a man may go or stay, as he pleases."

Thorndyke looked his fingers behind his head and sat back with half-closed eyes while he went over the facts again, weighing each point in turn. Duncan misunderstood his silence and grew uneasy.

"I'm thinkin' ye'll be countin' the cost o' the litigation, Mr. Thorndyke; I'm no that weel able—"

"Make yourself easy on that point, Mr. Duncan," interrupted Philip; "I wasn't thinking of demanding a retainer. We'll try to make the other side do the paying when the time comes. In the meanwhile, if I take hold of the case it'll be merely out of friendship to you and because I need something to do. What I was thinking of just now was the chance of our being able to prove collusion between the town company and Cates. If we can't do that we may have our labor for our pains."

"Aye?" "Yes, Cates is well out of the country, and anyway, I suppose he has nothing. No, we've got to recover from the town company, and in order to do that we must be prepared to prove that its agent knew of the fraud when he bought the land. Then it would be a plain case in equity, and no chancellor would hesitate about issuing a writ of possession."

"Would Keelgrow hae to show himself in court?"

"Not necessarily. The evidence in chancery cases is taken by deposition, and there is no formal trial as in common law procedure; the chancellor examines the evidence and hands down a decree in accordance with the facts."

"That's ane thing in our favor, then; Keelgrow is that fearsome o' courts an' constables that I'm thinkin' we'd hae muckle trouble persuadin' him to testify."

Thorndyke laughed. "I suppose he hasn't got over the apple brandy scare. That'll never be revived, and if it were we could easily clear him."

Duncan shook his head doubtfully. "I winna be so sure o' that. It's na mair than a month sin' I got word that the revenue men were speerin' round after auld Johnnie again."

Thorndyke came out of his nonchalance with a bound. "You did! Who told you that?"

"I had a bit writin' frae some mercifu' body in the town."

"Mr. Duncan, that's the most important thing you've told me yet! Find me that letter, if you can."

Philip walked the floor excitedly until Duncan came back with the missive in question. It was written in typewriting on a blank letterhead, and it was dated at Allacoochee.

"Dear Sir: It is known that you are friendly toward an old mountaineer named Kilgrew, who is wanted by the United States officers for a breach of the revenue laws. It is rumored here that the officers have information of his whereabouts, and that if found he will be arrested and brought to trial. It would seem, to one who knows the circumstances, to be merely an act of common humanity to warn the old man."

"What do ye make out o' that, Mr. Thorndyke?" asked Duncan, after Philip had read and examined the letter.

"Just what I expected when you mentioned it. There's only one man or one set of men who could be benefited by getting Kilgrew out of the way. When we trace this letter to its source we'll find that either Sharpless or Fench dictated it. It's the most important bit of evidence I've had, so far, because if I'm right it proves that Sharpless and Fench are not innocent. The next thing in order is for me to have a talk with Kilgrew; you'll have to see him and smooth the way for me."

Duncan promised and bade his guest good-night; after which Thorndyke went to bed to dream of endless lawsuits and interminable weddings, in which Helen and Kilgrew, James Duncan and Elsie, were confounded in hopeless confusion. And for a grotesque background, the scenes of his dreams had for a stage setting the new city of Allacoochee, rising and spreading like another flood until the waves of buildings surged up the valley and over the mountain to tumble in a cascade of bricks and mortar into the quiet depths of the Devil's Pocket.

X. FOR GOOD OR ILL. In offering to fight the battle for the old mountaineer, Thorndyke had reckoned without his host in one very important particular. When he awoke from a troubled sleep on the morning following the talk with Duncan he was too ill to get up, and he was still in bed when the farmer came to call him to breakfast.

"I feel as if I'd been brayed in a mortar," he said, in reply to Duncan's inquiries. "I suppose it was the long tramp yesterday; I ought to have had more sense than to try it."

"Na, na, then," said Duncan, soothingly; "it's mair the fault o' the bairn; sine winna be considerin' that ye're ower pawky to be scamlin' sax or aught miles on the mountain."

"Please don't blame her; she couldn't know how good-for-nothing I am. I didn't believe it myself. But I'm glad you came up; I wanted to see you about this Kilgrew business. It mustn't be allowed to drag, you know; the old man isn't safe from one day to another while he stands in the way of such men as Fench and Sharpless. That letter you have is only a beginning; if they find out it hasn't driven Kilgrew out of the country, we may look for harsher measures. Can you see the old man and bring him to me to-day?"

"Na, na," objected Duncan; "ye'll no be able to fash yer brain wi' business this day. Johnnie Keelgrow's case has kept weel enough these sax years, an' a day or so mair or less winna make or break him."

"But you don't understand," insisted Thorndyke, rising on his elbow and pushing back the dizziness that threatened to submerge him. "A single day may make all the difference between success and failure. You must remem-

ber that it's the life or the liberty of one poor old man against more money than you ever saw. If you don't promise to bring Kilgrew here to-day I'll get up and go to him, sick as I am."

Duncan yielded at discretion, secretly proud of the invalid's pluck. "Mak yersel' easy, Mr. Thorndyke, an' dinna fash yersel' waur than ye need. I'll fess auld Johnnie down, gin I hae to tie him neck an' heels an' lug him. Do ye just be quiet, noo, an' Martha'll bring ye a bit an' a sup."

Thorndyke sat up to eat the breakfast brought him to a little later by Mrs. Duncan, and he was able in the course of the forenoon to dress and go down to the sitting-room. Elsie had been reproaching herself all the morning for her part in the imprudent excursion of the day before, and when the invalid came down she installed herself at once as his nurse and companion. Philip was made comfortable upon the lounge, and when he was tucked in with rugs and propped to the exact angle of restful ease with pillows the girl ransacked the ancient bookcase for something to read to him. Philip saw and protested.

"You mustn't waste your time eodding me," he said; "just bring your work and sit here where I can see you. I'm not half as sick as I might be, and if you start in humoring me now there's no telling what you'll have to endure later on."

She brought her sewing and sat down beside the lounge. "I don't believe you'd be very hard to manage."

"That's because you don't know me; my mother could tell you how exacting I can be, though I say it's chiefly her fault for not letting me shift for myself."

Elsie held her peace for a moment and then asked: "Does your mother know what you told me yesterday?"

"About my health? No."

"Don't you think it was cruel not to tell her?"

"No. Why should I add months of suspense to a sorrow that will be long enough and bitter enough at the best?"

"She won't look at it that way; and if the sorrow comes it will be all the harder to bear for not having known. And that's at least one good reason why you shouldn't give up; you know you said you hadn't any yesterday."

"Did I? Perhaps I should have made an exception; but I was thinking of other things just then."

Whereupon the "other things," summoned by name, came back to demand a reconsideration. Philip resisted, interposing the inertia of illness between himself and the nagging of the self-examining impulse. It was much pleasanter to lie back among the pillows watching Elsie's skillful fingers ply the industrious needle—pleasanter and more restful. After a time he said:

"You are all very good and kind to me here."

Elsie looked up quickly. "I shouldn't think you'd say that—after I made you sick dragging you all over the mountain."

"It isn't your fault that I haven't any more vitality than a transplanted chimpanzee; and, besides, the tramp was my own proposal."

"But I do blame myself. You didn't know how far it was over to the Pocket, and I did."

"That's nothing; if I wasn't so nearly done for a little walking wouldn't put me down."

"You mustn't get discouraged. Think of what you have to live for, and just make up your mind you won't give up."

"Is there so much?"

"Isn't there always?—while there is good to be done and evil to be prevented? You found one thing yesterday."

"Yes, if I can only live long enough to set it right."

She caught at the hopelessness in his voice, and answered it out of a heart full of pity. "You oughtn't to look at it in that way. Why can't you turn Mr. Kilgrew's trouble, and everything else, into so many stepping stones to carry you across to where you can feel the solid ground under your feet again?"

There was a swift undertow of inference in her question that carried him quickly into the sea of impulse. "Do you really mean that? Do you think I should be justified in taking the help I need wherever I find it?"

"Why not? Isn't it right and necessary that you should? Father says if we will look around us we'll always find something to make bridges out of, no matter how deep or how wide the stream is."

"And you think there is hope for me; I don't mean for a mere existence—that alone isn't worth fighting for—but that I could win some of the better things if I should gird myself for the battle?"

"Surely you could. What is there that you couldn't win, with health and strength and the will to win it?—nothing that is worth having."

The fervor of her own appeal carried Elsie out of herself, and, remembering only that a man before her needed help, she answered out of the depths of a compassion which was as profound and comprehensive as it was impersonal. She saw, as only a woman can see, the besetments that were dragging Philip down into the quagmire of despair; and the passionate desire to rescue, speaking in her voice and eyes, gave Thorndyke his first glimpse of that sexless shrine hidden deep in

the heart of all womanhood, upon whose altar burns the light of pity and compassion for all the world—a light which is not divine only because it is human.

To the woman who first reveals herself to any man in her true character of ministering angel is given the power to bind and loose, and the opportunity which Elsie had unconsciously grasped had never been offered to Helen save at the moment of parting, when Philip's abruptness had forestalled it. It was inevitable, therefore, with Elsie's words ringing in his ears, and with the consciousness that he had been permitted to see the light of that sanctuary which is closed to all but the suffering and despairing, that Philip should be swept far beyond the bounds of his allegiance to Helen; and since he was a man, it was equally inevitable that he should be unable to dissociate the offer of help from the personality of the woman who tendered it. Raising himself among the pillows, he answered her with the fire of a new ambition beginning to quicken his pulses.

"I can win—or, if not, I can at least die in harness. If I try, will you help me in the heat of the battle as you have helped me just now? Think well before you answer; it's a graver responsibility to save life than to take it."

"Didn't I promise, yesterday, that I would help you? We will all do that cheerfully and gladly."

"No, but that is not what I meant. You know what I mean, Elsie. Look at me. Will you be to me all the way through what you are just now, the one person in the world who knows my weakness and my need of inspiration—who will hold up before me the crown of reward when I am down under the hoofs of the horses?"

There was no mistaking him now, and in a twinkling Elsie the priestess became Elsie the simple-hearted maiden, blushing painfully under the ruthless questioning of his eyes. What she might have said in reply Philip was not to know, for in the moment of embarrassed silence Mrs. Duncan called her to the kitchen. When she was gone, Philip was left to compound as best he might with the throng of merciless accusers rising up in the name of justice and honor to demand satisfaction. Through all the desperate assault he clung obstinately to the thought that he was fighting for his life.

"Do what you will and say what you will," he said to himself, when the battle with his aroused conscience raged the fiercest, "my life is my own, and I mean to live if I can. So far, I have been nothing better than a child in leading-strings, but from this day I shall live what is left of my life in my own way; and if this girl had to be raised up to help me, why, so much the worse for those whose opportunities were greater."

And with such reckless shifting of the responsibilities, Philip made the first entry in the book of self-reliance, refusing to have his dinner brought to him, and insisting perversely on joining the family at table.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TELL-TALENA I.

Work of a Sherlock Holmes Three Hundred Years Ago.

Dr. John Donne, the famous English divine and poet, who lived in the reign of James I, was a veritable Sherlock Holmes in bent of mind.

He was walking in the churchyard while a grave was being dug, when the sexton cast up a moldering skull. The doctor idly took it up, and, in handling it, found a headless nail driven into it. This he managed to take out and conceal in his handkerchief. It was evident to him that murder had been done. He questioned the sexton and learned that the skull was probably that of a certain man who was the proprietor of a brandy-shop and was a drunkard, being found dead in bed one morning after a night in which he had drunk two quarts of brandy.

"Had he a wife?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

"What character does she bear?"

"She bore a very good character, only the neighbors gossiped because she married the day after her husband's funeral. She still lives here."

The doctor soon called on the woman. He asked for and received the particulars of the death of her first husband. Suddenly opening his handkerchief he showed her the tell-tale nail, asking, in a loud voice:

"Madam, do you know this nail?"

"The woman was so surprised that she confessed, was tried and executed.—Tit-Bits.

Ab Sin a Knowing Traveler.

It is because Chinamen are endowed with a faculty not possessed by other races that they never seem to board a wrong street car or elevated train, are very rarely obliged to ask questions in getting from place to place, and invariably take full advantage of our complex and puzzling system of transfers from one conveyance to another? Among the thousands of Chinese in this city there must be many to whom western civilization and all its ways are entirely novel, and it is a mystery of no small proportions why they do not occasionally get confused by their strange surroundings. Such almost never appears to be the case, however.—N. Y. Times.

Well Balanced.

"You have a well-balanced company," said the kind critic.

"I think so," responded the manager, with pride.

"Very well balanced, indeed. The heavy villain is so light and the comedian so heavy that the balance may be called almost perfect."—Indianapolis Journal.

Why.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—It is said that the ear of the cat is very sensitive; that it can hear a sound a long distance.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Why in thunder, then, do they have to make so much noise at night when talking to one another?—Yonkers Statesman.

DOOM OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

There is a Possibility of a Locomotiveless Age.

About 100 years ago Oliver Evans, the inventor, was rash enough to say that the time would come when his high-pressure locomotive would take people after breakfast in Washington and get them to New York for supper. The idea of covering over 200 miles in this time was, of course, preposterous, and he was the butt of many a joke. But when the rails were finally laid, which was not so many years ago, the passengers soon began to want more speed, and thus it has gone on. Americans accept inventions as marvels for a whole day sometimes, and then demand more. Some people have been known to complain of the telephone.

But the locomotive has been a faithful old friend. Locomotive Engineering goes so far as to say it, "was always kept equal to any speed requirements put upon it," and that the only obstacles to fast trains a half century ago were the tracks and the lack of signals and the absence of efficient means of stopping the trains. How human this sounds. If we only had the right sort of tracks, the proper warnings and the power to stop, how many of us would arrive at our destinations in time to sup on success and prosperity, instead of getting sidetracked or wrecked.

It is a fact, however, that the locomotive has kept strictly up with the times, and few of us care to travel faster than on the limited trains that allow us to break our fast in Washington and take our luncheon in New York—a beggarly five hours of smooth motion that could easily be reduced to four if the railroads wanted to do it. But the faithful old puller, varying in size from the shifting, if not shiftless busbody that puffs around stations to the marvelous machine of a hundred tons, is reading the handwriting along its tracks. The electrical motor, dumpy and ugly, is preparing to retire its handsomer rival. It is like a mean little torpedo boat sending the beautiful full-rigged man-of-war into retirement; but it represents force, and force rules. Millions upon millions of dollars are represented in these locomotives, but even millions cannot prevent the advent of invention. And so, after awhile, the old locomotive may be as rare as the old street car horse; but let us be grateful for what it has done and admit that the man was almost right when he called it "the plowshare of civilization," for wherever its whistle has been heard progress has found a way and the furrow has been plowed.—Leslie's Weekly.

WHALING BY MODERN METHODS

Explosive Lances Have Superseded the Harpoons Formerly in Use.

The weapons with which a well-armed modern whaling vessel is equipped are probably the most savage and deadly known to warfare. The enormous strength of the average whale makes the contest with a small boat, even under the most favorable conditions, very unequal.

Capt. A. E. Folger, of New York, otherwise known as "Whale Oil Gus," who has spent 30 years on whaling vessels, has accumulated a very curious collection of these deadly weapons. The most barbarous is a bomb-lance. In whaling, the main object of the hunter is to securely fasten a harpoon in the whale's flesh. The old style of fishing consists in merely throwing a barbed harpoon at a whale with sufficient force to fasten it in its body. It often happened that this crude instrument was torn out of the flesh and the whale was lost.

The bomb-lance consists of a long, thin cartridge, at one end of which is fixed a very sharp steel lance. The bomb-lance is fired with great accuracy and force from a gun especially constructed for the purpose. The bomb is provided with a fuse, which is set on fire automatically when it is discharged and burns for three seconds before exploding the bomb itself. This gives the bomb time to strike the whale and become imbedded in its flesh before it explodes. These bombs are filled with a pound of powder, so that the result of the explosion is very likely to be fatal.

The bomb-harpoon is constructed on the same general plan, except that the harpoon is much heavier and the bomb much larger. This interesting weapon is fired from a gun weighing 250 pounds or more, the harpoon itself weighing about 40 pounds. A rope is attached to the end of the harpoon, the other end of which is, of course, held in the boat. It is customary, Capt. Folger says, to open fire on a whale with the light musketry, a bomb-lance or so, and then immediately to follow with a broadside of bomb-harpoons.—N. Y. World.

Testing Tobacco in Cuba.

The testing of tobacco is a fine art, which reaches its finest in Cuba. The Cuban's first test is by the smell. He can detect the slightest variation in odor and instantly rejects the tobacco as not belonging to the best grade. Then he takes the leaf, rolls a rude-looking cigar out of it and lights it. He gives one or two puffs and then inhales the smoke. Thus he determines the flavor very accurately. Next he watches the way the cigar burns and finally tests the ashes. If the cigar will not hold its fire four minutes—the best qualities of all should go until five minutes—the tobacco is not of the best. The tobacco should also hold its ashes until the cigar is burnt nearly to the middle.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Beginning of the Coolness.

Mrs. Jones—I never quarrel with my husband in the presence of my children.

Mrs. White (sweetly)—I know now why they are on the street so much.—N. Y. World.

An Awful Mistake.

Friend—Your daughter is looking rather pale of late. Is she delicate?

Mrs. Mixer—Delicate! no, indeed! I'll venture to say there