JOE JEFFERSON'S PLAYHOUSE.

The Comedian Tells of His Boyhood's Surroundings and His First Play.

I may almost say that I was born in a theatre. At all events my earliest recollections are entirely connected with one: it was a rickety old frame building with a broad gable, facing on a wide avenue, and situated in the city of Washington. The door from our back entry opened upon the stage, and as a toddling little chap in a short frock I was allowed full run of the place. So "behind the scenes" was my first playhouse. And what a playhouse it was, filled with all sorts of material for the exercise of my youthful imagination. At the back was the bay of Naples, with its conventional blue sky just faintly clouded with the distant smoke of slumbering Vesuvius.

Upon one side stood long and stately rows of Corinthian columns, a triumphal arch, and next to that a Roman palace. These marvels of ancient architecture were all leaning up against the wall, not only in an uncomfortable position, but at a dangerous angle, looking as though they had been toppled over during the last days of Pompeii. Upon the other side, heaped in a compact mass, were many scenes of various countries—there a five story brown stone front with modern improvements, and here a tiny thatched cottage of the Eighteenth century, with a lovely little door in it just large enough for me to go in and out of, slamming it after me and pretending it was mine. Then there was that dear little white paling fence, exactly two feet high; no legitimate theatre of the old school could possibly be complete without this curiosity, and nobody ever saw such a thing anywhere else. Then came the throne steps, with two Gothic armchairs set thereon for the king and queen, and in front of these the old familiar green bank from which stray babies are usually stolen when left there by affectionate but careless mothers. Upon the top of this were two flat swans hitched in double harness to a shell for traveling fairy queens.

A little farther down there stood a low and dismal vault having a square, dark opening with some mysterious letters painted over it, setting forth, as I learned in after years, that it was the private "Tomb of the Capulets." Close to this was another piece of real estate belonging to the same family and known as "Juliet's balcony." In a dark corner stood a robber's cave with an opening through which old Ali Baba used to lug the bags of gold he had stolen from the Forty Thieves. Through the narrow and secluded pathway of "behind the scenes" I have often wandered out upon the open stage and wondered at this grove of wings and flats, and I could see that many ropes were hanging from above to which were fastened boats and baskets, tubs and chandeliers, and those sure tokens of bad weather, the thunder drum and rain box.

These were the kind of objects that my childish eyes were wont to look upon, and in this huge and dusty toy shop, made for children of a larger growth, I got my first experience. I had seen many rehearsals and sometimes got a peep at the play, having been taken on "in arms" as a property child in groups of happy peasantry. Naturally, therefore, I was stage struck at an early age; and, as I had a theatre stocked with scenery and properties, I could indulge my passion at a small expense, especially as my stock company were volunteers consisting of two little boys and their sister, who used to play with me on Saturdays. This was before the star system had set in, and at a period when combinations were unknown.

Of course I was stage manager by right of possession, and had to compile all of the plays. The plots were very simple and made to conform with what set pieces we could get at, or what properties we could secure and hide during the absence of the property man. If the set cottage was handy I would come out of the door as an old man (the age represented by a spinal affection) with a daughter and a market basket; old man cross, daughter rebellious; old man locks daughter in cottage, goes off to market shaking his fist (spine still weak). The favored lover enters, claps his hands three times, daughter appears at window, kisses her hand; old man coughs outside, favored lover conceals himself; enter old man with market basket full of gilded pasteboard goblets, accompanied by unfavored lover; they sit down and drink wine out of goblets till overcome. Favored lover steals key from old man's pocket, releases rebellious daughter; the sleepers awaken, general pursuit; favored lover and rebellious daughter escape over bridge, old man and unfavored lover fall into the water. Curtain.

Then there were the private boxes to play hide-and-seek in, with mysterious nooks and ample curtains to creep into, and such chances to kiss the little girl in the dark. I am quite convinced that there is no such playground as a deserted theatre in the daytime.—Century.

France's First Newspaper.

The origin of the newspaper in France was peculiar. During the early part of the Seventeenth century, a physician named Renaudot resided in Paris. He was an inveterate gossip, and owed much of his professional success to his reputation as a collector of news, patients seeking him as much to obtain tidings of what was going on in the world as on account of his medical proficiency. In order to increase the number of his patients he obtained permission from the government to print a sheet every week for distribution among his clientele. The first of these sheets appeared in 1632, and so great was their popularity that the ingenious physician soon had many imitators. The first publications in all countries were in the nature of news letters, irregular ephemeral sheets, with irresponsible editors; next followed the weekly, and finally the daily.—Current Literature.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S WOOING.

It Frightened the Pretty American Gal and the Suitor Fled.

As a pretty young typewriter sat at her desk near an office window looking out on Broad street the other day, working rapidly with her nimble fingers, she felt the consciousness of strange eyes upon her, and raised her own only to meet those of a Chinaman. The Chinaman was gazing at her most intently.

The young lady went on with her work, thinking the strange little figure would depart; but it moved not, neither did it speak for some minutes. After gazing at her intently, the figure glided noiselessly into the office, and said to one of the clerks: "Melican gal muchee likee Chinee."

The "Melican gal" referred to flushed with embarrasment and indignation. She didn't fancy being likened to those ladies with small feet and queer faces that disport themselves upon fans and banners. The clerk started to say that he could see no resemblance, but the Celestial had departed as noiselessly as he had come in.

The next day and the next the yellow man in blue clothes stood silently at the window and gazed at the pretty little girl, who grew more and more nervous at this dumb admiration.

One morning she found on her desk a package uncannily interesting. It was wrapped in a Chinese gift cloth of golden tissue embroidered in Chinese figures. Removing this the girl discovered a box of papier mache, wrought in wondrous designs of beasts and birds, a regular delirium tremens of a box. Lifting the lid revealed a thin, white paper with "Melican girl" upon it. Beneath this lay a wealth of sweets, nuts, candies and dates, prepared in such a way as only the Chinese can, all upside down in a surprising sort of way, with sirup in balls that made you wonder how they were fixed, and all sorts of conglomerations going to make a sweet harmony.

The girl distrusted these enticing things, which goes to prove she was timid enough for a Chinese wife, if fear could make her resist the seductive bonbon so enticing to the female youth of America. But she said she couldn't and she wouldn't touch the stuff, and so the other employes, first in economy and presently in joy, ate the whole box full.

The Chinaman and the boxes came regularly for several days. The young lady would not touch them, but her comrades enjoyed the gifts too well to doubt them.

The last visit was a few days ago. He entered the office in a garb the mikado might have envied, so richly was it embossed and embroidered with things that swam and crawled and flew. In his hand he held a lighted yellow candle that the Chinese use as an hour glass. Placing it before the startled girl at the typewriter, he said, solemnly:

"Mally while light burn."

The girl, in mortal terror of being espoused by some compelling Celestial rite, snatched the candle and blew it out; and then the Chinaman, showing for the first time some human emotion, left her presence with a face one degree more passionless and solemn. This was the end of a Chinese courtship. The girl has never seen him since.—Atlanta Constitution.

Humiliating the Dude.

A sample of that genus vulgarly known as dudes came out of the Hotel Ryan yesterday, walked up Robert and turned down Seventh street. He was exquisitely dressed in the height of the extreme fashion and was evidently out on a deuce of a bender—which is to say, he was engaged in eating a banana and throwing the skins of it on the sidewalk. He was having loads of fun. Behind our dude walked a sturdily built man, whose strongest characteristics were a pugnacious under jaw, a scrubbing brush mustache and a chronic scowl. The man with these things followed the dude and watched each section of banana peel as it fell to the ground. As the last piece dropped the wearer of the scowl laid violent hands on the now quaking dude and bade him retrace his steps. Furthermore, he was ordered to pick each bit of peeling and throw the same into the street. With the assistance of the scrubbing brush mustache man the dude was able to complete the job in about five weary minutes. That period of time did not, however, include the lecture he received from his new found acquaintance.—St. Paul Globe.

One Use for the Telegraph.

A Chicago man used the telegraph the other day in an odd way. A visitor whom he had met frequently in New York stepped into his office. It was business as well as inclination to be exceedingly cordial to the New Yorker, but for the life of him he could not recall his visitor's name. In the midst of the conversation the Chicago man was reminded of a telegram he had forgotten to send. Pulling out a blank he sent the following to his New York house:

"What's the name of Jenkins' head man? Can't recall it. He is here."

They chattered along for half an hour, when the answer came. It read: "Simpkins."

"And now, Mr. Simpkins, it is about time for lunch," remarked the Chicago man. "We'll go over to the club. I want you to meet some friends of mine there."—Chicago Tribune.

Better Than a Duel.

A couple of young men living at Wellsville, Mo., were rivals for the hand of one of Wellsville's fair daughters. They were inclined to settle the matter by duel. When she learned of the affair she sent for them to meet her at the hour set for the fight, and after reminding them that duels were unlawful, and the victor would be a fugitive from justice the rest of his days, she suggested that they run a foot race, her hand to be the prize. The young men accepted her proposition, and she umpired the race and walked off the field with the victor.—Kansas City Star.

A HUMANE GOVERNOR.

Why a Russian Colonel in Siberia Did Not Answer the General's Letter.

I regret to have to say that he was virtually driven out of Siberia by the worst and most corrupt class of Russian bureaucratic officials. He was called "weak" and "sentimental;" he was accused of being a "socialist;" he was said to be in sympathy with the views of the political convicts; and the Ispravnik of Nerchinsk openly boasted, in the official club of that city, that he would yet "send Col. Kononovich to the province of Yakutsk with a yellow diamond on his back." How ready even high officers of the Siberian administration were to entertain the most trivial charges against him may be inferred from the following anecdote:

During the last year of his service at Kara there came to the mines a political convict, hardly out of his teens, named Bibikof (Bee-bee-koff). As a consequence of long continued suffering and ill treatment on the road, this young man was as wild, suspicious and savage as a trapped wolf. He seemed to regard all the world as his enemies, and glared at every officer as if he expected a blow, was half afraid of it but was prepared to die fighting. Col. Kononovich received him courteously and kindly; sent the wife of one of the political exiles to him with fresh underclothing; attended generally to his physical needs, and finally said to him, "Remember that nobody here will insult you or ill treat you."

The young convict was greatly surprised by such a reception, and in a letter that he wrote to a friend in European Russia he said, "I am glad to know from the little acquaintance I have had with Kononovich that a Russian colonel is not necessarily a beast." This letter fell into the hands of the police in European Russia, was forwarded through the minister of the interior to Gen. Ilyashevich (Ill-yah shay vitch), the governor of the Trans-Baikal, and was sent by that officer to Col. Kononovich with a request for an "explanation." It seemed to be regarded as documentary evidence that the governor of the Kara prisons was on suspiciously friendly terms with the political convicts. Kononovich paid no attention to the communication.

Some months later he happened to visit Chita on business and Governor Ilyashevich, in the course of a conversation about other matters, said to him, "By the way, Col. Kononovich, you have never answered a letter that I wrote you asking for an explanation of something said about you in a letter from one of the political convicts in your command. Did you receive it?"

"Yes," replied Kononovich, "I received it; but what kind of an answer did you look for? What explanation could I give? Did you expect me to excuse myself because somebody regarded me as a human being and not a beast? Was I to say that the writer of the letter was mistaken in supposing me to be a human being—that in reality I was a beast, and that I had never given him or anybody else reason to suppose that a Russian colonel could be a human being?"

This presentation of the case rather confused the governor, who said that the demand for an explanation had been written by his assistant, that it had been stupidly expressed, and that after all the matter was not of much consequence. He then dropped the subject.—George Kennan in Century.

Whites Increase Faster Than the Blacks.

I stand prepared to show the following facts:

The negro population of the south has never increased in equal ratio with the whites from the foundation of the government to the census of 1880.

The white population increased 9.57 per cent. during the decade 1860-1870.

For the same period the negroes increased 8.29 per cent.

For the decade 1870-1880 the white population increased 37.64 per cent., the negro population 35.66 per cent.

For the twenty years, 1860-1880, the white population incresed 50.81 per cent. the negro population 46.91.

This period covers the term of years in which the south lost nearly 1,000,000 of her white population by the casualties of war.

In the above statement I do not include the states of Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky and Missouri. These states are excluded because less than 5 per cent. of their population belongs to the negro race.

Broadly stated, the fact is shown by the census of the United States that notwithstanding the destruction of human life by the war, the white population of twelve southern states increased in a greater ratio than the negro race by nearly 4 per cent.—Atlanta Constitution.

Dumplings with Royal Baking Powder

No dessert is more delicious, wholesome and appetizing than a well-made dumpling, filled with the fruit of the season. By the use of the Royal Baking Powder the crust is always rendered light, flaky, tender and digestible. Dumplings made with it, baked or boiled, will be dainty and wholesome, and may be eaten steaming hot with perfect impunity.

RECEIPT.—One quart of flour; thoroughly mix with it three teaspoons of Royal Baking Powder and a small teaspoon of salt; rub in a piece of butter or lard the size of an egg, and then add one large potato, grated in the flour; after the butter is well mixed, stir in milk and knead to the consistency of soft biscuit dough; break off pieces of dough large enough to close over four quarters of an apple (or other fruit as desired) without rolling, and lay in an earthen dish (or steamer) and steam until the fruit is tender. Bake if preferred.

In all receipts calling for cream of tartar and soda, substitute Royal Baking Powder. Less trouble, never fails, makes more appetizing and wholesome food and is more economical. Royal Baking Powder is specially made for use in the preparation of the finest and most delicate cookery.

Baby One Solid Rash.

Ugly, painful, blotched, malicious. No rest by day, no peace by night. Doctors and all remedies failed. Tried Cuticura. Effect marvellous. Saved his life.

Cured by Cuticura.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it, but it spread with almost lowered the rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the **Cuticura Remedies**. The effect was simply marvelous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.

GEO. B. SMITH,
Att'y at Law and Ex-Pres. Att'y, Ashland, O.

Boy Covered with Scabs

My boy, aged nine years, has been troubled all his life with a very bad humor, which appeared all over his body in small red blotches, with a dry white scab on them. Last summer he was worse than ever, being covered with scabs from the top of his head to his feet, and continually growing worse, although he had been treated by two physicians. As a last resort, I determined to try the **Cuticura Remedies**, and am happy to say that they did all I could wish. Using them according to directions, the humor rapidly disappeared, leaving the skin fair and smooth, and performing a thorough cure. The **Cuticura Remedies** are all you claim for them. They are worth their weight in gold.

GEORGE F. LEAVITT,
No. Andover, Mass.

Cuticura Resolvent,

The new Blood Purifier and purest and best of Humor Cures, internally, and **Cuticura**, the great Skin Cure, and **Cuticura Soap**, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, instantly relieve and speedily and permanently cure the most agonizing, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted and pimply diseases and humors of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, **Cuticura**, 50c.; **Soap**, 50c.; **Resolvent**, $1.00. Prepared by the **Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation**, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 illustrations.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by **Cuticura Soap**.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES!

Aching sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains Rheumatic, Sciatic, Neuralgic, sharp and shooting pains, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.

FIFTH POINT

You should read THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS because it's a *family newspaper*. This is an age when everybody reads, and the paper you bring into your family should have something of value for all. The special interests of women are not overlooked in THE DAILY NEWS. And then you don't want to bring questionable reading matter into your family. You don't want to put indecent or immoral reading into the hands of your children. You will never make a mistake on this score if you take home THE DAILY NEWS. The newspapers are the great educators of this nation. The strength of the nation lies in the purity of its firesides.

Remember—Its circulation is 220,000 a day—over a million a week—and it costs by mail 25 cts a month, four months $1.00,—*one cent a day.*

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk

So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.

Remarkable as a flesh producer.
Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.

The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

NOTES

from the diary of tourists, commercial travelers, business men and others has revealed:

That the **Wisconsin Central** has the unqualified endorsement of all,

That the **Wisconsin Central** has to-day the most popular line between **Minneapolis, St. Paul** and **Milwaukee** and **Chicago;**

That the Wisconsin Central is daily adding to its admirers as the recognized **Pullman** line between **Minneapolis, St. Paul** and **Milwaukee** and **Chicago;**

That the **Wisconsin Central** touches the most prominent points in Wisconsin, and that it has more important business centers on its through line than any other railway in the **Northwest;**

That the **Wisconsin Central** has made an enviable reputation with its peerless **Dining Car Service;**

That the **Wisconsin Central** runs fast trains on which all classes of passengers are carried with commodious and distinct accommodation for all;

That the **Wisconsin Central** has representatives distributed throughout the country, who will cheerfully give any information that may be desired and that its terminal Agents are specially instructed to look after the comfort of passengers who may be routed via its line.

For detailed information, apply to your nearest Ticket Agent or to representatives of the road.

WM. S. MELLEN, JAMES BARKER,
General Manager. Asst. Gen'l Pass'r. & Tkt. Agt.
LOUIS ECKSTEIN,
Asst. Genl. Pass'r. & Tkt. Agt.
MILWAUKEE, WIS
F. H. ANSON, Northwestern Passenger Agt

FOR MEN ONLY!

A POSITIVE CURE For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS of BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 47 States, Territories, and Foreign Countries. You can write them. Book, full explanation, and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS.

15 HANDSOME VOLUMES AND

THE ST. PAUL WEEKLY GLOBE ONE YEAR FOR $2

The usual price for the cheapest set of Dickens' Novels has heretofore been $10. Owing to the present low price of printing paper and a very large contract with a leading book manufacturer, we are enabled to offer our readers the most extraordinary bargain in good literature ever heard of.

OVER 5,200 PAGES OF READING MATTER

Are comprised in this Set of Dickens.

FIFTEEN HANDSOMELY MADE, CONVENIENT-SIZED BOOKS.

ONLY $2.00,

including a year's subscription to the valuable ST. PAUL WEEKLY GLOBE. Dickens' Works are the most widely read of any novels printed in any language. The popularity of Dickens is ever increasing, and every person should own a full set of his works.

The Entire 15 Volumes will be sent Free of Express or Delivery Charges for Only $2.00, which includes a Year's Subscription to The St. Paul Weekly Globe.

Oliver Twist,	Hard Times,	Barnaby Rudge,
American Notes,	Nicholas Nickleby,	Old Curiosity Shop,
Dombey & Son,	Reprinted Pieces,	Great Expectations,
Martin Chuzzlewit,	Bleak House,	Sketches by Boz,
Our Mutual Friend,	Little Dorrit,	Uncommercial Traveler,
Christmas Stories,	Pickwick Papers,	Mystery of Edwin Drood.
Tale of Two Cities,	David Copperfield,	

THE ONLY WAY TO GET THIS SET

At this low price is to subscribe to the GLOBE. It can be obtained in no other way. It is not for sale by booksellers or newsdealers. All who subscribe to the GLOBE in connection with the set of 15 volumes of Dickens will receive them free of charge. This is quite an important item.

NOT CHEAP, TRASHY BOOKS!

These 15 volumes are each about 5x7½ inches in size and of uniform thickness. The printing is clear and the type of a readable size. They are printed from plates made for this edition. Not condensed or Abridged.

DO YOU WANT THIS SET?

Send in your Order at Once.
If you delay and get left don't blame anyone but yourself.
It is the greatest bargain ever offered.

THE ST. PAUL WEEKLY GLOBE One Year and Dickens' Complete Works (15 Vols. of 5,200 pages) for $2.00
THE ST. PAUL WEEKLY GLOBE One Year and Walter Scott's Works (12 Vols. of 5,500 pages) for $2.00
Or Both Sets of Books (27 Vols. of nearly 11,000 pages) and THE ST. PAUL WEEKLY GLOBE 2 yrs, for $3.00
THE ST. PAUL SUNDAY GLOBE One Year and Either Set of Books, - - - - $2.50

The Cash in Full must accompany every order. Address

THE GLOBE, ST. PAUL, MINN

THE YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL,

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

WEEKLY Established 1878. DAILY Established 1882

Any subscriber to the YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL who wishes to subscribe to any other publication in the United States

CAN DO SO THROUGH US

At Publishers' rates We can save you from ten to thirty per cent. on your subscriptions to eastern magazines and newspapers

A RENEWAL OF AN OLD SUBSCRIPTION

Or the payment of a new one will entitle you to this privilege.

BRANDS.

We still continue to publish stock brands at the nominal rate of

$5.00 PER YEAR

For a single cut, with a copy of the

WEEKLY YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL

AND

LIVE STOCK REPORTER,

Free for the first year. Our Weekly issue goes to

Every Ranch in the County

And offers the very BEST MEDIUM for the ADVERTISING of LOCAL BRANDS.

JOB WORK.

In this departmemt we are prepared to execute all orders with promptness and in the

HIGHEST STYLE OF THE ART

And at prices that will compare with the times. Send in your orders and we will guarantee to please you. Address

Yellowstone Journal Pub. Co.,

Miles City, Montana.