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Saturday, February 4, 1893.

THE Agricultural department has been experimenting upon lump-jawed cattle, and the secretary makes the gratifying statement that of 85 cattle treated 68 have been permanently cured.

THE Deacon scandal still drags along in France, and a fresh batch of the nauseating stuff is cabled to this country every few days, the last being that Mr. Deacon, after killing his wife's paramour, has finally been granted a divorce.

THE cold wave now extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the gulf to the Canadian line. We appear to be in the middle of the ice belt, and if it works colder either way, somebody is certainly entitled to the sympathy of the entire nation.

ANOTHER new departure is soon to be taken in naval architecture by the French admiralty. It is asserted that a commission has been sent to Sunbary, Canada, to purchase the nickle mines at that place, with the intention of using nickle plated steel in the manufa ture of a new line of battle ships.

THAT celebrated Michigan electoral robbery known as the Miner law has been repealed. It was passed by a democratic legislature, with the sole purpose of dividing the presidential vote of the state, the commonwealth being divided into districts instead of choosing electors at large.

DURING the past week the navy department has been conducting a series of experiments with the improved pneumatic guns on the celebrated torpedo boat Vesuvius, and the experts declared that both the vessels and her guns are a perfect success, one gentleman declaring that "there was not a vessel afloat that would have a fighting chance in an engagement with the Vesuvius." Pretty good for Uncle Sam.

GREAT BRITAIN appears to be seriously troubled with its railroad system, as during a recent debate in the house of commons Mr. Stewart, a Scotch member, asserted that the farmers were burdened almost to annihilation with heavy transportation charges, stating that produce and farm supplies could be shipped into London from America and the far-away colonies at a less expense than the railroads would carry them from bonnie Scotland.

THE "authorized" biographers of celebrated personages are becoming one of the most complete humbugs and arrogant fakes that can be perpetrated on any community. One eastern paper the other day contained the advertisements of three different outfits claiming to be the only "authorized" biographers of the late James G. Blaine, and to prevent such sneaking impositions upon the public, Mrs. Blaine has been compelled to openly denounce all such schemes, and state for publication that no one has been permitted to have access to any of Mr. Blaine's writings or papers.

THERE are tricks in all trades, and they will always be practiced, especially in politics, but it does seem a little strange that legislators who are supposed to represent the best interests of the state will form a combination which can certainly benefit one section, to the detriment of the other. Of course, at the present time the bulk of the population of Montana is west of the center of the state, but this will continue only for a few years at the most. The valleys and available lands on the east side are sure to be occupied before many years, and then there will be a change of the balance of power. The vote on the institutions of learning, which are now being peddled out in Helena, indicates most clearly at a distance that a pool has been made to give the west side almost everything, and if anything were needed to establish this the following from the Helena Herald shows how the matter is looked upon at the capital:

It is pretty apparent from the discussion and the votes of yesterday that there is a combination to secure the state university for Missoula, the school of mines for Butte, the agricultural college for Bozeman and the normal school for Dillon; and indications are not wanting that the program also embraces the location of the asylum for the insane and the penitentiary. It is not in itself objectionable that the cities that desire these institutions should help each other; but it is to be feared that in their anxiety to secure them the interests of higher education in Montana have not only been subordinated, but are likely to suffer serious detriment.

SAVED FROM A LICKING.

A Young Bootblack Who Knew How to Be Grateful.

It is a common saying that a kind word is never lost.

An illustration of the truth occurred one afternoon recently at the corner of Sixteenth and Arapahoe streets. A number of newsboys and bootblacks were gathered there, and in the course of their interchange of compliments and discussion as to the state of business affairs in their little world some little unpleasantness occurred. A boy of more than ordinary size for his age the could not have been more than fourteen became involved in an angry discussion with one of his fellows, a little bootblack about twelve years old, and it looked as though they would come to blows.

Just at this moment Superintendent I. N. Tooke, of the Helping Hand institute, chanced to be passing. He was attracted by the angry voices and threatening attitude of the young gladiators, who were being urged to blows by their fellows. Stepping in the midst of the crowd, with a gentle hand and a few timely words, he separated the young disputants and at the same time spoke kindly to them about the unmanliness of a large boy striking one smaller and weaker than himself. The boys dispersed and went their several ways.

The next morning, as he was on his way to his office, he spied the little bootblack at the same corner. As he was passing the boy hailed him, saying:

"Mister, I'd like to black your boots for you. I won't charge you nothin for it. You saved me from a lickin last night, and I'd like to come up to your office every day and black 'em up for you."

Mr. Tooke was taken by surprise and questioned the little fellow as to his home and condition in life.

"I ain't got no father or mother. Both dead. I lives with my aunt, but she's drunk pretty near all the time, and I've got to hustle for myself. It's pretty hard sometimes, too, I tell you. Ain't made much this mornin. Sometimes I gets pretty hungry and nothin to eat; then again I have a food day and eat out o' sight."

The kind hearted superintendent took the youngster to his office and gave him an order for a substantial breakfast, which made the boy's eyes fairly dance, and almost every morning he is met by the young polisher of boots, who never fails to solicit the privilege of putting on a gratuitous shine.—Denver Republican.

Shall a Woman Tell Her Age?

One burden falls to the lot of the single woman which is more keenly felt in society than elsewhere. Trivial and foolish as it may seem, few are aware of its extent and reality, and even the most sensible and successful women are sometimes its victims. Public sentiment, especially in cities and unprovincial towns, has outgrown to a considerable extent the ungallant habit of considering a woman responsible for her age. But there still exist plenty of men and women who have a ready word of scorn or reproach for the unmarried single woman whose youth has passed.

On account of this sentiment many women are sensitive, and not without reason, to inquiries about age. They refrain from allusions which might lead to the discovery of a secret only because the curious and rude make such age a matter of ridicule. The only remedy for this discomfort is in the cultivation of a different public sentiment.—Helen M. North in Harper's Bazar.

A Meat Diet for the Japanese.

The mikado's government has come to the conclusion that both the stature and physique of the Japanese people are unsatisfactory and in need of improvement. A parliamentary commission appointed to investigate the causes of this lack of stamina has, after prolonged investigation, ascribed it to the vegetable diet to which the Japanese have hitherto mainly confined themselves. Neither rice nor fish, it is alleged, possesses the sustaining power as articles of food possessed by meat. The commission has therefore recommended—and the government has approved the report—that a meat diet should be substituted for the rice, fish and vegetables which now constitute the principal ingredients of Japanese cookery.—Chicago Herald.

Dr. Johnson's Appearance.

Dr. Johnson, who was extremely careless of his personal appearance, called at the house of a friend one night to induce him to call with him upon Goldsmith. The philosopher was sprucely dressed, as neat in every way as any one could wish, and his friend, noticing the change, inquired why he had got himself up so spick and span. "Why, sir," replied Dr. Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."—Harper's Young People.

Deaths from Tumors.

More than 2,000 persons die annually from the effects of cancerous tumors in the state of New York, and in about the same proportion in other states and countries.—Popular Science Monthly.

Pleasure and Recreation.

If man be a gregarious animal, woman is no less so, and requires a certain amount of intercourse with her kind for her best development, but the great mistake often made is that pleasure becomes the business of life instead of what it was meant to be—the recreation. It is impossible that character should not deteriorate when such is the case.

Social intercourse, kept in its proper position relative to other and higher things, certainly has a distinct influence for good. It broadens the mind; it brightens the intellect; it develops the power of pleasing and makes one the more agreeable companion. It even educates the love of one's kind by increasing our interest in one another. But when it becomes a "life"—"social life"—and occupies the greater part of woman's thoughts, time and money, it is not only a sin, it is a crime against her own happiness and that of those nearest and dearest to her.

It has been said by a wise Frenchman that "a happy people need few pleasures," and when the world sees a woman to whom social success is the aim and object of life it guesses pretty shrewdly that all is not well at home, and no woman wishes to make a present of such a secret to a captious and critical world.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Passing of the Earring.

People often wonder where all the earrings go or have gone to. A few years ago the fashion of wearing these relics of barbarism was quite general, but now it is the exception and not the rule to see a well dressed woman with a pair. Indeed the ornaments have been left off so long that scores of women who used to wear them could hardly do so now without inconvenience and pain. But the pretty toys or gems have not been thrown away or wasted. Thousands have been worked up into other and more fashionable ornaments. Many very handsome brooches have been made out of earrings which have outlived the fashion, and there has been quite a large amount of ingenuity displayed in the work so as to do away with any suspicion of second-hand in the reconstructed adornments.

More than one pair has been made up into sleeve buttons and presented to a member of the sterner sex, and others have been fitted with pins and used by their fair owners as hat or hairpins. The best judges in these matters doubt whether earrings as such will ever become popular again, and it is very unusual for young women nowadays to have their ears pierced at all.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Undesirable Bedfellow.

A very remarkable circumstance occurred at Port Elizabeth, where a puff adder was actually in the bed of a sleeping lady. That it did not bite her can only be accounted for by the fact that it could not do so. It was under the bedclothes, and had no space for action. The lady had a pet cat who was allowed to sleep in her room. One night when too much asleep to arouse herself she was yet conscious of something lying on her chest, but supposing it was only her cat she did not bestir and arouse herself, but fell off again into deep slumber.

In the morning she saw puss asleep on a chair where she had settled herself the previous night, and a puff adder was in her bed. Happily these great deadly serpents are not aggressive, and do not attack unless provoked. The sleeping lady was also unaggressive, which fact, added to the cramped up position of the intruder, insured her life.—Cape Town Letter.

Whittier at Play.

In one of his letters to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, as given in the Century, the late poet Whittier says:

What a pity it is that we cannot shut down the gate and let the weary wheels rest awhile! For myself, I have to work hard to be idle; I have to make it a matter of duty to ignore duty, and amuse myself with simple stories, play with dogs and cattle, and talk nonsense as if I were not a Quaker. Dr. Bowditch says that a man of active brain ought to make a fool of himself occasionally and unbend at all hazards to his dignity. But to some of us life is too serious, and its responsibilities too awful, for such a remedy. The unsolved mystery presses hard upon us.

The Weather and Men's Spirits.

There is a rich field of study for some one in the investigation of the influence of the weather upon the feelings of people. A crowd on a bright, clear day is always a buoyant and merry one. Everybody is an optimist. The mental conditions are practically the same in a heavy storm, be it rain or snow, but when it is half between rain and fair weather, when it is dull and damp and muggy, every person one meets seems to be a follower of Schopenhauer.—Boston Journal.

A Pleasant Shave.

Customer—What makes your hand jerk so with that razor?

Barber—Why, boss, I'ze used to de fits.

"The fits?"

"Yes, boss, but don't be scart; it is ten minutes befo' dey come on. Jes' you res' easy; dat's de symptoms."—Texas Siftings.

BLUFFED THE TICKET CHOPPER.

Four City Young Men Get an Elevated Ride on a Single Ticket.

Four young men rode up town on the Sixth avenue elevated road from a down town station late Tuesday night last on a single ticket. The ticket chopper was inside the station trying to keep warm by the stove when the four young men marched up the stairs in single file and passed through the ticket chopper's gate, each making a move with his right hand as he passed the box that indicated the deposit of a ticket.

The ticket chopper followed closely at their heels, and after the fashion of ticket choppers when they are not on the spot when the tickets are dropped in peered into the box before he pumped the handle. He was about to pump, but he appeared to change his mind very suddenly. He dropped the handle as though it was a piece of redhot iron and exclaimed:

"Here, you fellows! Three of you haven't put any tickets in the box, and you want to come back and do it."

None of the young men appeared to notice the remark, and so it was repeated with a little more emphasis. Then there went up a chorus from the four:

"I dropped my ticket in the box. If there is only one there it must be mine."

The ticket chopper was puzzled and he showed it. But he recovered and said:

"Well, there is one ticket here and all four of you couldn't have left that."

"I do not know anything about how many tickets there are in the box, and I don't care. I left mine there," replied one of the young men, and the other three repeated the sentence as nearly verbatim as possible. The ticket chopper was puzzled once more, but he recovered again and continued:

"Well, four of you can't ride on the one ticket, so you'll all have to get out. See?"

"Get out indeed!" exclaimed one of the young men. "I have paid my fare and you can't prove that I haven't. I could sue for damages if you made me miss the next train."

This sentiment appeared to be the sentiment of the others and they echoed it. Just then a train came along and they all boarded it. The ticket chopper was again puzzled but this time he did not altogether recover. He hasn't quite made up his mind just what line of action he will adopt when anything of that kind happens again.—New York World.

Resurrection of the Fittest.

Bishop Fowler says of certain objections to the doctrine of the resurrection: "I am always reminded of the reply of the Cornish Methodist when one confronts us with such questions as these. He was told by a reputed scientific gentleman that it had been demonstrated that there was not sufficient phosphorus to supply bodies for those already dead, to say nothing about those who should come after.

"The old Cornish Christian answered that he did not know much about phosphorus, but he knew the Bible said the saints would rise first, consequently they would get all the phosphorus and the remainder would get left."—Christian Advocate.

Two Suicides.

A caretaker hanged himself, and his last letter said: "I have got to leave here, but I have no money to pay for a room and nowhere to lay my head."

A Bermondsey grocer had not so definite a reason as hopelessness.

"Break it gently to my poor wife," he wrote. "I cannot fight the battle of life any longer. My poor head is bursting. I hope the Lord will provide for her and my poor boy."—Boston Globe.

THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN Men and Women BECOME chilled by cold, weakened by the weather and run down generally.

Few people understand why this is so, or what part of the body the inclement weather and wind attacks first.

Let us tell you. It is the kidneys, liver and urinary organs. These are the first parts that the weather affects; that disease attacks. The kidneys take cold, the urea is not thrown off, but is forced back upon the lungs and pneumonia results.

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