

THE LAFAYETTE ADVERTISER

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA.

Down at Panama coffins are hired, and graves, too. The latter cost \$12 for eighteen months, and in case of non-payment the body is thrown out of the grave. Coffins can be hired for \$7.

The number of students who are studying in the five law colleges in Tokio, Japan, at present is upward of 28,000, showing an increase of about 1000 in comparison with the same period last year.

The Jacksonville Times-Union notes an order from Paris to a Florida grower for several boxes of oranges. The citrus fruits of this country can compete with the Mediterranean fruits in their own territory.

Death by decapitation is still recommended by the French medical jurists. In all other procedures, says Dr. Loye, a famous scientist, and in death by electricity in particular, the simulation of death is possible.

A big struggle ten years ago, with results of such a sweeping character that partial disarmament could have followed, would have been infinitely cheaper and better for Europe, avers the New York Times, than this long nightmare of dread and ruinous preparation.

It is estimated that the present population of the United States is 64,000,000. The total increase is said to be 100,000 a month, exclusive of immigration, and last year the increase by immigration was 518,000. At this rate the next census, which will be taken in 1890, will show about 67,000,000.

What we want mostly, in the opinion of the New York Times, is not so much an extended market for disposing of our surplus crops, but cheaper methods of production. If our vast crop of corn can be grown one cent a bushel cheaper than it now is we should save \$20,000,000, or the value of 30,000,000 bushels of grain.

It is suggested that as "Pa." is sometimes used as an abbreviation of Pennsylvania, "Ma." might be used as an abbreviation for Montana. A good abbreviation for the State of Washington—if it retains that name—will be hard to find; for the obvious "Wash." is too suggestive of a laundry to be considered for a moment. This fact alone, declares the New York Tribune, ought to rule out that name for the new State.

An incident occurred at Queen Victoria's last drawing-room which has excited a great deal of comment. As W. E. White, Secretary of the American Legation, approached her Majesty a portion of her head-dress, including the diminutive crown she wore, fell to the floor. For a full minute no one seemed to know what to do. The ornament was finally replaced, but the superstitious ones seemed to regard it as a bad omen.

Which of our great men is it that says nothing is ever lost or can be lost? The saying finds a notable exemplification in the big mills of George Sibley, at Salem, Mass., where new cotton rags and remnants are cut up into all manner of stamper, lining, binding, tips and so on, for use of other artisans. Buffs, that is, long cylinders of round pieces strung together and used for polishing brass, gold or silver goods, are also turned out by the firm.

Judge Blodgett's late decision that an employer is not responsible for the negligence or incompetency of an employe, unless the person injured by such negligence or incompetence gives written notice of suit inside of thirty days from date of injury will, if sustained, predict the New York Commercial Advertiser, work a mighty upsetting of the old common law doctrine, that he who does a thing by the agency of another person does it by himself.

The total tobacco consumption of Europe, according to the *Urkunden Wochen-schrift*, is about 21 pounds by each inhabitant. In the Netherlands the proportion is a little over seven pounds to each inhabitant, in Austria-Hungary, 8.8 pounds; in Germany, 8 pounds; in France, 2.1 pounds; in Great Britain and Ireland, 1.34 pounds; in Italy, 1.25 pounds, and in Russia, 1.2 pounds. In the United States the proportion is said to be 41 pounds per inhabitant.

They tell of a cat in Lee County, Ga., which actually committed suicide. Her kittens were drowned, and she went about for hours in great grief; then, climbing up on the corn crib, she stuck her head through a crack, and moving along until she came to a narrow place in the crack, let go with her claws, and hanging, slowly choked to death, without a struggle or any effort to save herself.

The quantity of tea arriving in Yokohama from the beginning of the season to December 15, 1888, was 17,825,000 pounds, against 19,830,000 in 1887. The stock on hand was 233,000, against 511,000 pounds last year.

The postoffice at Mineral Point, Col., 12,000 feet above the sea level, is the highest postoffice in the country. But the postmaster says his salary is about the lowest.

The longest question on record is a hypothetical question put by the defense in a murder trial in New York State recently to the expert witnesses on insanity. The question covered twenty typewritten pages of legal cap.

The large immigration of Japanese to Hawaii is said, by the San Francisco Chronicle, to have benefitted several districts in Japan which were formerly overcrowded. Now here is a demand for laborers and the excessive land rentals have been reduced. On the Hawaiian islands, however, the effect of this immigration has been to throw the Portuguese out of employment, and no less than 3000 of these people on the island of Hilo are making arrangements to remove to Washington Territory, as they are threatened with starvation in their present quarters.

Medical Classics, a journal published in New York, cautions people against the quinine habit. It mentions a gallant soldier who shattered his nervous system by the use of the drug until he was afraid to cross the street alone. Another case is sadder still. A lady took sixty grains of quinine at one dose. Whether she was cured or not is not stated, but she went totally blind, and will remain so for life. Probably there is no medicine so universally used in this part of the country. People prescribe it for themselves as a tonic and to break up colds. All this is wrong. Let the doctors do the prescribing.

It is some satisfaction, observes the New York News, to see by official reports that there is a slight reaction in the tide of immigration to this country. During the month of January the number of immigrants was 10,372, against 13,338 for the corresponding month of last year. During the last seven months the total immigration amounted to 212,383, against 326,835 for the corresponding period of the preceding year. While immigration to the United States has fallen to this small extent, there are no indications of a decline in the flow of European emigration. But the tide seems to have been diverted to some extent to South American countries.

A scheme has appeared in Bucharest to found a union of the Balkan States, including Greece, Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria and Montenegro. The federal States are never to go to war with one another. When any of them quarrel the subject of difference is to be submitted to a council of representatives of all the five allies, under the presidency of Greece, as being the oldest independent Christian orthodox State among them. There is to be no appeal against the decisions of this council. The members of the union are not to attack any Christian power, though it looks as if they were to be at liberty to attack Turkey. In case any of them are obliged to defend themselves the co-operation of all is obligatory.

The three Danish islands in the West Indies are the latest objects of German cupidity. A German banking house has bought one or more of them, and it is seriously proposed to establish a German protectorate over them. These islands, though small, have considerable commercial importance, as they will be on any sailing or steam route to the Panama or Nicaragua canal. In 1867 Mr. Seward conditionally purchased for the United States the island of St. Thomas, one of the most important of the three, but the purchase was not ratified by our Government. St. Thomas has an excellent port, and large numbers of vessels visit it annually from the neighboring islands. So long as these islands were owned by Denmark, states the Boston Cultivator, this country could not complain, as Danish possession insures neutrality. But the aggressive character of German colonists in the Pacific and elsewhere makes that country not a desirable neighbor for us.

There is a club of ladies in New York known as the Handsome Club. The club selected this name because no lady is eligible to membership who is not handsome both in form and feature. It might be supposed from these statements that the object of the organization is the pursuit of personal beauty, and that the members when they sign the constitution, pledge themselves to exchange any toilet secrets which may come to them by right of inheritance, or be discovered by reason of unusual feminine penetration. This, however, is about as far from the truth as it well can be. The club is a branch of the parent club located in Washington, owning the same, established for the purpose of collecting funds wherewith to educate the Southern colored people, and the representatives of the organization in this city say that the efforts thus far put forth have met with a good deal of success. But whatever it is, the fact may be interesting to note that it was the beautiful ladies who discovered it. Miss Clifford, who is described as a woman of remarkably attractive personal appearance, is the President of the organization in New York.

THE LONG AGO.

Do you think of the long ago, sweet wife,
As we sit by the old brook's side,
While the woodbird sings and the linden
flings
Its shadow over the tide?
Do you think of the bright time gone,
When we sat by this twinkling stream,
Dreaming for hours 'mid its gay wild flowers
As only youth can dream?
You remember the hawthorn hedge beyond,
Where the thrushes came to sing
When the sky was blue and each green leaf
new
In the fresh and joyful spring,
Blue violets bowed beneath,
And winds low answers gave,
While rich and bright the trembling light
Lay on the silver wave.
You were scarcely a woman then, dear wife,
But a young girl, sweet and fair,
A maiden meek with each soft round cheek
Half-hidden 'neath waving hair;
And flushed to the hue of an opening rose
When my heart poured out its tale,
While the trees around made a whispering
sound
At the soft kiss of the gale.
My own! you have borne some sorrow since,
There are shadows on your brow;
Eyes which were bright as the stars of night
Are dim and sorrowful now.
You have folded two dimpled hands
O'er a little child's white breast,
And laid her to sleep in a grave dug deep,
But no sound can break that rest.
We have only each other left to love
As we sit by the old brook's side,
While the woodbird sings and the linden
flings
Its shadow over the tide.
You wonder how much the heart can bear,
And your silent teardrops flow—
Let the joy of life return, sweet wife,
For the sake of our long ago.
—E. Matheson, in *Once a Week*.

A DESPERATE ESCAPE.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.
The dreadful Indian massacre of '62 depopulated whole counties of newly settled territory in a single day—the 18th of August—and drove from the Minnesota frontiers thousands of people in a few days' time.
During this eventful period there were many thrilling and desperate adventures and hairbreadth escapes. The local historians who published narratives gathered at haphazard at the time did all they could to cover the ground of incident. The main facts and causes of the bloody uprising have been compiled and preserved in several volumes published in St. Peter and St. Paul.
In one of these several paragraphs are devoted to the murder of the men in charge of the stores at the isolated trading post on the eastern shore of Big Stone Lake. This account briefly relates the desperate escape of a French and Indian boy, Baptiste or "Bat" Gubeau—as this common name among the Canadian French is frequently abbreviated.
In the Minnesota massacre it was Little Crow's ruthless policy to exterminate all the whites west of the Mississippi. Every one with white blood in his veins who could not or would not take part against the settlers was to be killed. Contrary to the usual rule in Indian wars the fur-trader, from the very circumstance that he fancied he was safe, fell a swift and easy victim to the rifle and hatchet of the Sioux.
All the employes of the four stores and warehouses at Big Stone, Myrick's, Forbes's, Roberts's, Pratt & Co.'s were either French habitants or half and quarter bloods of that extraction. Among those of mixed blood was the "warehouse boy," Bat Gubeau.
"On the 21st day of August four of Roberts's men, Bat and three Canadians, Patnode, Landre and Pachette, were cutting hay on a marsh near the lake shore below the post. They were at work in their loose shirt and leggings, mowing with scythes, one following the other. Without a second's warning a party of "Blanket" Sioux came up out of the tall grass a few rods distant and began firing upon them. Patnode, Pachette and Landre, who were ahead of Bat and most exposed to the Indian fire, were killed almost at the first shot.
Young Gubeau saved his life from their fire by quick-wittedly throwing himself forward upon his face, as though shot, lying across the swath and blade of his scythe.
The Indians scalped his comrades and stripped them of their hats and shoes; then several of them came to him and turned him over. He knew his captures well and could understand their language almost as well as the patois of his Canadian parents.
"Don't kill me," said he. "Why did you shoot those men they were always your friends."
"We killed them," one replied, with black looks, "because all whites and fur men have always cheated and lied to the Indians, and we'll kill you because you are a dog of a mixed blood. We shall kill you when the sun goes down, after a scalp-dance and after the squaws have burned the Indian blood out of your body with brands from their fires."
This is, in effect, what the savages said as near as Baptiste could interpret it in his broken English.
The speaker was a Wapekutu medicine man, well-known at the trading post as a malignant hater of the white men and a constant fomentor of bad feeling among his own people.
While two of the Indians were tying Bat's hands behind him with strips of buckskin, the medicine man began prancing around and telling, in a boastful chant, the murders which had been committed upon the white settlers at the Lower Agency, at Beaver Creek and Birch Coulee. He sang boastfully that but two suns more would pass before every white man west of Minnehaha would die. The Sioux nation, possessed of the guns and ammunition taken from the dead settlers and soldiers could hold its country and beat back the white people always. Then he warmed up and began recounting, after the whooping, unsung fashion of his kind, the exploits of himself and the others with him.
The possession of a prisoner who could understand their peculiar chants and the bragging in which they so like to indulge was unusual good fortune. The wavings of the medicine man seemed to set upon the savages like the baneful charm some reptiles are said to exercise

One by one they threw aside their weapons and joined the medicine man in his weird leaps and chantings about the prisoner.

Bat said not a word, but sat quietly, his shrewd eyes watching for a chance to break through the ring and escape. He was strong, lithe, and a swift runner, and a plan of action soon came to him. He felt that it was desperate enough but it was his only chance.

A bayou or narrow bay ran up from the lake into the marsh upon which he and his companions had been cutting hay, and the head of it was distant not more than a few minutes' run. This strip of water was grown thickly about with rushes, and was from four to six feet deep.

If he could break away, escape his pursuers' shots and outrun them, he thought he might find a hiding place among the rushes until night should come on.
About the time he had canvassed the chances of this plan, the Indians about him had begun to wind up their dancing, with a peculiar gyrating movement known among them as the Moon Dance. In it the dancers wheel slowly about bow-leggedly, tetering first upon one foot and then upon the other, and swaying the body from the hips in a snake-like movement. The head is rolled in imitation of a lolling bear and the arms are worked writhingly, while the wriggling savage sings, in a most lugubrious, grunting tone: "E-yung, e-yung! Hi-ye, hi-ye! E-yong, e-yong!"

The prisoner kept his eyes upon one of the Indians, whom he knew—for he knew them all well—to be the best runner among them. As this one swung around between himself and the line of retreat he had marked out, Bat sprang up and with an agile jump planted both heels of the army shoes he wore in the "small" of the dancer's back.
The Indian went down with a screech of pain and surprise, as the keen-witted Canadian passed over him and shot away toward the lake.

Certain that he had disabled their swiftest runner, Bat felt chiefly concerned for the moment in dodging bullets and arrows. He sprang this way and that at sharp angles as he could, and at the same time make good headway.

The Indians caught up their guns instantly upon seeing what had happened, but luckily only a few of their arms had been reloaded, and the shots aimed by Indians, breathless with the exertion of a shrieking dance, missed their target. Throwing down their guns, the whole party gave chase, yelling frightfully, as in their fashion.

Bat glanced backward, and saw them spreading out in pursuit, the swiftest runners heading straight for the bayou on either side. As there was no longer any danger from bullets, the boy put himself down to his utmost speed, and bent his head toward the nearest point of rushes. He was hampered by having his hands tied behind, and the triumphant yells, which sounded a little louder at each passing minute, caused him to fear greatly that they would overtake him.

Over mowed ground, through tall grass for several minutes he ran like an antelope. He had gained a number of rods the start of the Indians while they were picking up their guns and firing, and this advantage was what saved his life. He reached the low bank of the inlet in advance of the foremost Sioux, but so near were they that, as he plunged among the rushes, a hatchet thrown by one of them whistled past his head, and dropped into the water in front.

He threw himself headlong into the water, and dived amid the rushes. Then he pushed himself along by kicking in the mud at the bottom. When his breath gave out, he raised his head out long enough to get a fresh breath, then ducked it and shoved ahead.

In this way he was speedily out of sight and reach of the Sioux, who did not follow him into the rushes. His pursuers spread out, and hurriedly surrounded the bayou in the hope, no doubt, to catch him in the grass as he attempted to crawl out upon the other side.

But Bat had no notion of going out of the bayou at present. He found bottom shallow enough to stand upon, and then began working his wrists out of the things which bound them. This he was soon able to do, as the water-soaked buckskin stretched at every strain.

He then waited and listened. Soon he heard Indians talking upon the bank of the bayou opposite his entrance. They were looking for his trail at the edge of the water, and asking each other if he had crossed, and which way he would go. Finally one of them said, "No, he is in there; the dog will not come out." Then all was quiet.

Bat would not stir again, for fear he should be discovered by the rattling of the rushes. The time wore on heavily. Toward night mosquitoes rose out of the water, and pestered him frightfully. He dared not thrash about, for fear his whereabouts should be discovered and fired upon by lurking Indians. Bullets and buckshot were to be dreaded, even though rushes enough intervened to hide him completely, although the bank was only a few rods distant on either side.

As the vicious insects alighted upon his face and neck in swarms, he discovered a method of alleviating his sufferings. Every few seconds, as his face became black with them, and their stings began to make him wince, he would quickly and softly lower his head under water, and hold it there as long as he could keep his breath. The cool water soothed the irritation of their bites, and gave him refuge from them a good part of the time.

Darkness came at last, and with it a breeze which rustled the rushes, so that he could stir about without attracting attention by noise. He now speedily made use of his legs and arms in working his way down nearer the lake, where, in a thicket of tall cornstalk grass, he crawled out of the bayou, feeling stiff and water-logged.

swallowed the juice. At length he walked into the streets of St. Cloud. There was a large gathering of settlers there, and the buildings, mostly of logs, had been fortified and put in a state of defence.

There was a crowd of men in front of the first store he reached on entering the village. Faint and exhausted, Bat pushed through them, and asked inside for something to eat. A number of settlers and others immediately came inside, and in rough tones asked him what he, a half-breed—was a quarter-blood—was doing among the whites?

Bat told his story in broken English, but the crowd, incensed at the hundreds of murders committed, and the loss of friends and relatives, were in a frenzied state of fury at the sight of one belonging to the race which had committed such ravages.

"He's a miserable spy!" shouted one of them. "A sneakin' Sioux, come among us to see how many there is us! Let's hang him!"

Beardless, more than naturally swarthy from exposure, haggard and ugly in countenance from hunger and fatigue, Bat's appearance was against him. The crowd fiercely took up the cry: "Hang him!"

The nearest men sprang forward and secured the unfortunate fellow. His hands were speedily tied with cord; from the stock of goods a rope was procured, and he was hustled out of the store by the incensed settlers, who declared their intention of stringing him to the first tree on the river bank. It was useless to plead or struggle, and despairingly the poor exhausted youth allowed himself to be dragged along the street. But a villager, who had the year before lived at Big Stone, pushed into the crowd to have a look at the prisoner, and fortunately recognized Bat at once.

"Hullo!" he shouted. "Stop this, men! I know that boy. He's one of Robert's men at Big Stone."

This, of course, put an immediate end to the proceedings. An innocent life had nearly been sacrificed to the intense feeling wrought up over the treacherous and wholesale murders so recently committed by Indians and half-breeds all about them.

It is hardly necessary to add that the men were sorry enough of their conduct when they learned of Bat's innocence, and that they treated him afterward with all the kindness of which they were capable.—*Youth's Companion*.

Something Electricity is Doing.

Under the title "Something Electricity is Doing," Charles Barnard writes in the *Century*:
To the student of social science the electric motor is full of suggestions for the future. If power can be subdivided and conveyed to a distance, why may not our present factory system of labor be ultimately completely changed? People are huddled together under one roof because belts and shafts are so pitifully short. If power may traverse a wire, why not take the power to the people's homes, or to smaller and more beautiful shops in pleasant places? To-day we find sewing women crowded in a hot, stuffy room, close to the noise, smell, dust, and terrible heat of some little steam engine at one end of the room. The place must be on a lower floor because of the weight of the engine and the cost of carrying coal upstairs. Let us see how the work may be done with motors. We may take the elevator in a wholesale clothing warehouse on Bleeker street and pass through the salesrooms to the top floor. The building is lofty and of light construction, and yet we find in the bright and pleasant attic above the housetops a hundred girls, each using a power.

They are seated at long tables, each one having a sewing machine, and secured to the under side of the table is a small electric motor, one to each machine. The operator has only to touch a foot pedal and the motor starts, giving about one-tenth of a horse power, at very high speed. If the speed is too fast it can be regulated at will by the pressure of the foot on the treadle. There is no heat, no dust or ill-smelling oil, and only a slight humming sound, the sewing machine itself making more noise than the motor. The room is sweet, clean, and light, and it is in every respect a healthful workshop. If we look out of the window we see two insulated wires passing under the sash down to the electric light wires on the poles below. There are people who cry out against the overhead wires, and would pull them all down. Some day they will be buried underground. Meanwhile, it is not an immense gain for these working girls to be placed in a quiet, sunny room, far from the maddening engine? In another shop on Broadway we may see a different arrangement. A two-horse power motor takes its current from an electric light wire in the street, and redistributes its power to shafting placed under the work tables. Each operator with a touch of her foot throws her machine into gear, and takes her share of the two-horse power.

Tracing the Streams of Immigration.

The tides of immigration during the past few years have been shifting. The rapid settlement of the unoccupied lands of the United States has served to deter many thousands from leaving their homes in Europe to come here. Still the volume of immigration has been larger than ever. What it would have been can only be conjectured, for immigration obeys to a considerable degree the laws of geometrical progression. But Mexico has afforded homes for thousands of European peasantry during the past year, while the various African colonies are growing decidedly by immigration. The different South American countries have been receiving large accessions of population from across the Atlantic. A few weeks ago a shipload of Irish emigrants sailed for the Argentine Republic. In the last three years Argentine has welcomed upward of 350,000 European immigrants. Chili has now become a bidder for the surplus humanity of Europe and is sending her immigration agents abroad. For the United States these conditions are salutary. The time has come for a period of assimilation of the millions of foreign-born population lately arrived, and it may not be a bad thing to have a small portion of the European overflow diverted elsewhere for a while.—*Washington Star*.

The total number of United States pensioners of all classes receiving money from the Government at the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1888, was 452,557.

YESTERDAY - TO-DAY - TO-MORROW.

A blood-red rose for yesterday.
A lily for to-morrow!
Alas! to-day
Is bare and gray,
It fain must beg or borrow.
To-day must beg of yesterday sweet memories as token
That once my rose blushed red for joy, tho now its heart is broken.
And of the wondrous coming day—the looked-for, fair to-morrow—
To-day, from out the lily's bud—a dream of hope must borrow.
—Julie M. Lippmann, in *Once a Week*.

PITH AND POINT.

Bachelor of hearts—Cupid.
The candle wick is up to snuff.
An informer—A hotel architect.
A hand-book—A work on palmistry.
A man who drives away customers—the cabman.
A girl in the bloom of youth is generally a bud.
Sage advice to a cook cannot go much beyond turkey stuffing.
"As green as grass" does not apply to the "hey day" of youth.
All waiters die rich—that is, if success comes to those who wait.
One may screw up his courage and have his attention riveted.
There is a great deal of the spice of life in the work of the pastry cook.
Why should oil producers ever grumble? They live on the fat of the land.—*Siftings*.
A soldier, who can only afford a pipe of clay, looks with envy on the sailor's hornpipe.
Mrs. Langtry, the actress, says she never carries any money, but she draws lots of it.
A glass eye has one compensation—everybody else can see through the device, if the wearer can't.—*Life*.
When a visiting nobleman signs himself "M. P." it generally means "Marriageable Peer."—*New York Sun*.
A man escapes death by sheer luck when the Fates who hold the thread of life find their scissors too dull to cut it.
New York Sun.
A Texas editor sends a free paper to the banker of his village, in order that he can tell his friends he is going down to "meet his paper" at the bank.—*Siftings*.
First Shopping Fiend—"Madam, that's my muff!" Second Shopping Fiend—"Why, how inexcusably stupid of me to pick up an imitation monkey skin!"
What nonsense it is for men in the shipping interests to talk of dull times, when it is so well known that there is always a boom in shipping.—*New York News*.
Jones—"Say, how much did Packer clear by that last speculation of his?" Smith—"Cleared out all his relatives and most of his friends, and now he has cleared the town."
And it is true that while kisses are more plentiful than diamonds or rubies, man will often deny himself more to secure the former than a gem of purest ray serene.—*New York Herald*.
The "confidence" is to be winningly apak, the "day" of the tramp is to beg, the "day" of the thief is the "Jimmy" or "sneak."
The "lay" of the hen is the egg.—*Merchant Traveler*.
Mrs. Herway—"Dear me, I'm getting so stout. Do you think I could manage a tricycle, Charley?" Mr. Herway (married three years)—"Manage a tricycle, my love! You can manage anything."
Miss Caterer—"Mr. Slicer, you seem to be in a very solemn mood this morning." Mr. Slicer (dissecting an alleged sialon)—"Yes! My mind is wandering back to the days of the Christian martyrs; I am recalling all their sufferings at the stake."
When the receiver of stolen goods was brought before the court, he assured the Judge that the reception was entirely informal. His honor accepted the explanation with true courtesy, and informed the receiver that his sentence of five years in the State Prison was a mere matter of routine.—*Boston Transcript*.
She was seven, I was nine,
I loved her madly—and she knew it;
I knelt and begged her to be mine,
She said she really couldn't do it.
At thirty-eight her hair is gray,
Her roses brighter bloom than ever;
To-morrow is our wedding day,
—'Tis late, but better late than never.
—*Munsey's Weekly*.
An Englishman named St. John has been traveling in the West. He got so tired explaining to every one that his name was pronounced "Sinjun" that he finally hired a man to do it for him, and at last accounts the man had got into six fights with groveling hotel clerks, who tried to persuade him that he didn't know how to pronounce his employer's name.—*New York Tribune*.
He was a beggar all the time,
As he his way was peggling;
The cops thought he might do some crime,
So, took him up for begging.
The Judge then took him down a peg,
With, "I'll send you to work hard, John."
The beggar then continued to beg,
Saying, "Judge, I beg your pardon."
—*Goodall's Sun*.
Why the Teeth Chatter.
It is through the skin, and only through the skin, that we receive sensations of temperature. The chattering of the teeth from the feeling of cold is caused by what is termed reflex action of the muscles of the jaw. When an impression is made on the sensitive surface of the skin it is conveyed by an excitor nerve to the spinal cord, and is there reflected back on the muscles by a corresponding motor nerve, the action being involuntary, like that of any other mechanism. Chattering of the teeth, as well as shivering and sneezing, is nature's effort to restore the circulation of the blood which has accumulated in the larger near the heart.
An Innkeeper Victimized.
The publican who had the following for a sign:
"Try my dinners; they can't be beat," was victimized by a customer, who evidently did not relish them, for by wiping out the initial of the final word he made the announcement read:
"Try my dinners; they can't be beat."