A Recruit Horse Is Very Like a Recruit Soldier-Intelligence Displayed by the Animals - Their Love of Play - Poor Dandy's Grief.

Perhaps few persons are on more intimate terms with the horse family in general than some old cavalry soldiers. To be the friend of his borse the soldier must be a good one. A horse was never known to favor a had one with his confidence, for horses are infallible judges of soldiers

In the old frontier days cavalry soldiers thought far more of their horses than they do now, for their lives often depended or them, and if a man neglected his horse be was sure to have to march on foot before long, which is very distasteful to a cavalry Indeed, it was necessary to guard the forage wagon and the water holes to prevent men stealing more than their allowance for their horses. Even now, if you watch some old gray haired fellows at the "stables" of a cavalry troop, you will see they have not forgotten to be greedy on behalf of their mounts.

A recruit horse is like a recruit soldier, apt to be clumsy, unevenly gaited, saucy and conceited. The old horses in the stable yard treat him exactly as old soldiers treat a recruit. They attempt to frighten him by biting at him, kicking him, chasing him from one corner of the yard to another, pulling his mane and ears-in fact, they try to make his life miserable in every way. This lasts for a few days only; then the new horse gets a chum, and they make an agreement to stand by each other. This offensive and defensive alliance prevents the rest of the herd from taking any more liberties with the recruit.

The "chum business" is one of the most remarkable features of horse life in the army. The "chums" are inseparable. soon as the herd is turned out into the yard the chums seek out each other, as if for a morning "confab," and remain to-gether all day. Looking into the yard at any time, one can see them rubbing noses, blinking at one another or following each other around the yard. Take a new horse away from his chum and he will greatly resent it. Tie him near the stables and h will whinny plaintively to his chum, who will answer from the corral.

All horses in our service are taught to lie down. A new horse, when first thrown in the riding hall, with straps the use of which he little suspects, is greatly surprised. This painless throwing of horses is very effective in disciplining morally, for the horse soon realizes that he is completely mastered, and after he has been thrown a number of times a marked change takes place in his temperament.

Soldiers who abuse their horses in any way are severely punished. There is, in deed, no sight more obnoxious to a good cavalryman than to see a horse abused.

The old cavalry horse seems to have a great disdain for a new soldier. When ridden by a recruit, he appears as if a little insulted, and I am sure that some of these old horses can tell a recruit from a veteran as quickly as can the adjutant at

'guard mounting."
It is customary to turn all the horses out to graze-or "to herd," as it is calledunder a guard whenever the grass is good and the weather pleasant. The horses regard "herd time" as a proper occasion for fun and frolic. They enjoy the herd as much as a lot of schoolboys do their recess,

In every troop are some old horses that are full of mischief on herd and are inveterate stampeders. If they can only get the rest of the herd to follow them and run ahead of the herders, they are delighted. The herd guards have to watch these old rogues vigilantly, for once they obtain a if no obstacle prevents, the herd will run for hours-herds have been known to run 40 miles before they could be stopped. Most bold and daring riding on the part of the berd guards is required to head off a cayalry stampede and turn the leaders.

Horses soon learn all the trumpet calls. "Stable call" in the afternoon is the favorite one, I imagine, as it means dinner.

A trumpeter's horse in a certain troop at a western post was condemned for disability and sold to a milkman. One day, when the milkman was driving near the drill ground where the troop was drilling, his orse at the sounding of the "charge" by the trumpet bolted for the troop. Of course the funny sight of a milk cart charging with a troop of cavalry caused great merriment to all except the milkman.

During the Geronimo campaign some years ago in Arizona, a remarkable illustration of how great an affection can exist between a soldier and his horse occurred in a troop in which I was serving. An old Irish sergeant had a splendid brown horse called Dandy, to which he was so singularly attached that the care and caresses he bestowed on it would have satisfied th most exacting sweetheart. The beautiful and intelligent animal seemed to be almost human, so much did he appreciate the affection of his master.

Now it happened that during a long march the sergeant became very tipsy by drinking some flery Mexican me Reeling in the sadule to and fro he jerked the horse's sensitive mouth with the cruel curb till it bled profusely, and every little while his sharp spurs would tear Dandy's flanks. Suffering all this pain, the horse calmly walked in ranks without showing any resentment and apparently knowing that his master was out of his senses.

Shortly after this happened we were fired upon from an ambosh. The sergeant, who was in the lend, was shot dead in the saddle while riding along the brink of one of those steep canyons which abound in that part of Arizona. So he pitched head foremost out of his saddle down hundreds of feet into the ennyon bed.

During the next few days Dandy ate almost nothing and appeared dull and list-All the men being mounted, he was led and a pack saddle put on him. About a week later, as we were riding along the brink of another canyon, very similar to that in which Dandy's master had found a grave, the command was halted for a rest, and the men, dismounting, let their horses graze on the few bunches of dry grass in the vicinity.

Presently we saw Dandy walk to the edge of the cliff and look down into the black canyon depths. There was some thing in the horse's manner that attracted attention, and we were silently watching him when he crouched on his gave a quick spring far out into the air the edge of the cliff and went turning and twisting down 500 feet to be dashed to death on the bowlders in the canyon

"As clear a case of suicide as I have ever ecen," our captain said. Poor Dandy! His eart was broken!

Can it be that the horse is passing away from us? Let us hope not. If he is, we are losing a noble friend.—A Cavalry Soldier in Youth's Companion.

THE ENGLISH METROPOLIS.

No Comparison Between the London of Today and of Elizabeth's Time. It is usual to compare the glories of Victoria's seign with those of Elizabeth, but

between the London of today and that of "good Queen Bess" there is really no comparison. London was still girt around by the walls built by the Romans and was largely inclosed within them. The mansions of the great lay outside the city walls, chiefly on the way from the Strand to West minster. There were few stone houses, as none tiled or slated, being mostly built of wood and thatched with straw. Beyond the royal palace at Westminster was open country, and marsh lands formed the sole feature of the landscape across the river. On the other side of the city was open country, with "merrie Islington," a filage, in the distance. Where St. Sepulchre's church now stands were slums. In Golden lane was a row of curious old houses which had been used as a nursery for the children of Henry VIII. Roundabout the Moor gate were large houses, and farther out a wa-tery tract which abounded with wild fowl. The citizens used to exercise themselves here with archery practice and sport. Bishopgate the earls of Devonshire had their palace. Houndsditch was a foul ditch, the receptacle for sewage, and there was a similar ditch on the western side of the city. Sanitary science was unknown. The paving of the streets was in its infancy. Except with regard to a few of the principal thoroughfares, each inhabitant paved as much as he liked before his own door with the materials that his pride, poverty

or caprice might suggest.

The streets were obstructed with stalls, sheds, signposts and projections of every kind. Curbstones were unknown, and only in a few thoroughfares were the footpaths divided from the carriageway with posts and chains. This was the London of Elizabeth, just 300 years ago—a very dif-ferent city from that of today—a London gradually becoming foul and pestilential, ultimately to be cleared and purified by the great plague, which carried off a fifth of the inhabitants in 1665, and the great fire of the following year, which involved 400 streets, 13,200 houses, 88 churches, St.

Paul's cathedral and four city gates.

Before the fire it is estimated to have contained from 10,000 to 12,000 streets, alleys and lanes, 156,000 houses and about 700,000 inhabitants. So that in 17 centuries London had grown to a population of under 750,000. By the beginning of Queen Victoria's life it had increased to 1,000,000, and now it is sevenfold what it was under "good Queen Bess." Rather than to Elizabeth, London owes its growth to Charles II, for, after the restoration, those who returned with him did not care to return to their old city houses, but built themselves mansions farther west, leaving the city to the merchants, by whom it has ever since been monopolized.-London Standard.

Jowett's Idea of a University.

In Jowett's first sermon in Balliol chapel, he spoke of the college, "first, as a place of education; secondly, as a place of society; thirdly, as a place of religion. He was accustomed to use very similar language about the university: "There are two things which distinguish a university from a mere scientific institution. First of all, it is a seat of liberal education, and, secondly, it is a place of society. Both education and society he conceived of nobly. He sought to impress upon each generation of undergraduates "the unspeakable importance of the four critical years of life between about 18 and 22, when the task before each young man is to improve his mind, to eradicate bad mental habits, to acquire the power of order and arrangement, to learn the art of fixing his attention." "The object of reading for the schools"—the final honor examinations-"is not chiefly to attain a start, a stampede is sure to follow. Then, | first class, but to elevate and strengthen

As against those who declare examinations injurious, he maintained that "they give a fixed aim toward which to direct our efforts. They stimulate us by the love of honorable distinction. They afford an opportunity of becoming known to those who might not otherwise emerge. They supply the leading strings which we also Neither freedom nor power can be attained without order and regularity and method. The restless habit of mind which passes at will from one view of a subject or from one kind of knowledge to another is not intellectual power."-Professor W. J. Ashiev in Atlantic.

Had not Wagner's opponents chosen Brahms as a bulwark from behind which to attack and harass Wagner I cannot conceive how their art interests could ever have clashed. Wagner was devoted wholly to the stage and was the successful creator of an entirely new form of musico-dramatic composition. Brahms not only never attem, sted to compose an opera, but did not care for opera as an art form.

Brahms' fame could rest securely upon his songs. Still working within established forms, he has again poured theroughly original and, above all, theroughly medern music into them. His are the most modern songs, more modern even than those of Schumann or Franz. Schubert, Schumann, Franz and Brahms are the four great figures in the development of the

If I were asked to sum up in a single sentence Brahms' service to art, I should say that it consisted in his having created, within established forms, music wholly original, theroughly mosern and profoundly benetiful. -- Gueny Kance in Forum.

No Letter Writer.

"I'm no better writer," mid Mr. Gob-bloby. "I can say, Yours of the both inst, came duly to hand," and I can say: We've seen having some pretty has venther have g, but we are lessing new for a charge fahrmy out bland food ye worder with hi now jeckhalfe. Sincy's men dress it bountifully. Mary bustless empley is just netting over that who mider of Willie In down while the greate, and had to say home from which to count of the encount. Mother has not of the authma again, this otherwise we may all well. I can tell these plain facts well enough, but when I get to the cost of the

"But, don't you know, some followers go right on, casy as rolling off a log, talk talk, talk, talk, and have so much to so; they have to crisser as the letter when they get to the end, something I never could de and never could understand."-New York

Appearances Are Deceptive.

Do not judge from mero appearances for the light laughter that bubbles on the lip often mantles over the depths of sadness, and the serious look may be the sober veil that covers a divine peace and joy. The bosom can ache beneath diamond bronches, and many a blithe heart dances under course wool. -E. H. Chapin.

FEASTS FOR FISHES.

is That Are Spread When a Wind and Fleet Gets Its Anchors Up

"Besides the things that live in the wa-ter," said a collector, "there are numerous things that live in the mud and sand under it, many of which furnish food for fishes, which seize them when opportunity offers, or which perhaps dig them out. The sturgeon, for instance, with its sharp, pointed nose, plows a furrow in the mud on the bottom and then goes back along it and picks up and cats whatever may have dropped into it, as worms dislodged by plowing drop into a furrow in a field.

"Some curious or interesting specimens are found attached to timbers or other wood or materials imbedded in the mud. I came across once a plank half buried in the mud in shallow water. I worked my anchor under this plank and turned it over, but it was heavier than one man could lift. There had been a lot of small soft clams in the mud along the edge of the plank, little bits of fellows, half an inch long or so, and when I turned the plank over quite a number of them tumbled into the space where it had been. Two or three minutes later a little blackfish, maybe 6 or 8 inches long, came out from some eel grass near by and made for the place where the plank had been and began eating the little clams. It would pick one up and chew it up and spit out the shells and go for another. It was a feast for the little blackfish, probably the greatest it had ever struck, those dainty little clams, and plenty of them, and nothing to do but eat

"With a strong easterly gale blowing up the sound, many vessels bound east along the sound seek shelter in some of the harbors along the Connecticut shore. Some-times in some of these places you will find 40 or 50 vessels, many of them, most of them perhaps smaller, of 20 to 50 tons, but all with anchors overboard. In some of these places you will find vessels so thick sometimes that there is only room enough for them to swing. The wind comes out in the night from the north or the north west, and they all get under way together. They all get their anchors at once, practically tearing up the whole bottom and dislodging the usands and thousands of animals that live in the mud. This is an occasion of feasting for all the bottom feeding fishes thereabout. "-New York Sun.

ROSE PLANTS.

Where They Should Be Planted and How They Should Be Tended.

When any plant in the flower garden begins to produce seeds freely, it usually in-

clines to stop flowering.

Plants such as roses, which we desire to have flower as long as possible, should therefore not be permitted to fruit. All faded roses should be at once cut away. Even those which are known as ever bloomers are benefited by this practice. Indeed, the reason that these roses have this lengthened period of flowering is that they show a natural indisposition to make growth.

Roses flower only at the end of a young branch. When the faded flowers are cut away, the buds in the leaf axils push into growth, and it is from this second starting of young branches that the flowers come.

Roses, to succeed best, should be plant ed out in the open, never under the shade of trees or in any place where the roots of trees can reach them to monopolize any of their food. Roses are gross livers and require a large amount of good food. Accordingly, they do better placed where nothing will have a chance to encroach upon their rights.

When one has a chance to prepare a bed for them just as it should be, the better way is to remove the upper soil and dig out the subsoil to the depth of two feet. Take a pick and mellow up what is possible of the bottom of the pit. Then fill in with a mixture of good soil and old, thoroughly rotted manure.

These beds may be made of any desired size or shape, and should always be provided with a good drainage, as roses will never endure having to stand in water, They like water, a goodly quantity, when it can be administered according to their fancy. Baths of soap suds are beneficial, as well as being a fine preventive against insect life.—Philadelphia Press.

Five Cent Restaurants.

How there is any profit left out of a 5 cent dish of beefsteak with bread and butter and ice water and the attention of a pretty waiter thrown in seems a mystery. It is a mystery until one realizes how the business is conducted. In the first place, they feed a good many people, ranging all the way from 300 to 500 a day, and thus buy their provisions in bulk, oatment by barrel, veal by the carcass, beans almost by the carload, and as to hash, they make that by the bushel. Moreover, they save expense by using the latest appli-ances, steam tables to keep the food warm, choppers to cut up the hash and dishwashers that save wear and tear of muscle and towel. So economical is the business that they even strain the dishwater. Way down in the basement is a big vat which receives the water before it goes into the sewer. An ingenious arrangement collects the grease all by itself, and thus not only saves it for the soap kettle, but prevents it from going into the sewer and clogging Their economy, however, does not lead them to the extreme of saying food from the plate and serving it Even the hash is brand new .-Brooklyn Engle.

Stag Hunting at Night.

Wonderfully elaborate open air fetes, often the scene of some mummery or coup de theatre celebrating scenes in connection with venery, were frequent occurrences. Thus Louis XIV more than once held stag hunts at night, and for that purpose the great forest of Chantilly was illuminated with torches, and the hunted stag was forced to pass through avenues lined by several thousand men holding brightly flaring flambeaux in their hands. Several of the princesses of his court were daring riders, and from the letters of one of these royal ladies, a duchess of Orleans, we learn that in four years she was present at the death of over a thousand stags. Her descriptions of the sport are most enthusi-"I have bad 26 falls, but have hurt myself only once," she says in one of her letters,- "Sports In the Seventeenth Cen-tury," by W. A. Baillie-Grohman, in Cen-

Not Illa Fault. The Judge-Didn't I tell you the last time that you were here that I wanted to see your face in this court no more?

Weary Watkins-You did, yeronner, and that is exactly wot I tole the cop.-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The singular punishment of bigamy in

Hungary is to compel the man to live to-gether with both wives in one house. One-third of the females of France over 14 years of age are farm laborers.

THE DEEP WOOD.

The trees stand guarded, isolate, The warders hover at the gate.
No smallest wandering loveliness
Goes hence, none ever finds access.
At June's blithe call no vine may run At June's blithe call no vine may run
A tip to gild it in the sun.
The perfumed wind from off the field
Before it enter here must yield
Its burden. Sweetest needlow flowers
Send never greeting to these bowers.
Young morn not yet has sprung with might
To cast thus deep los lance of light. To moon and star is still unrolled. The mystery of these wizards old. Ages uncounted shroud this art, Time and the silence of Con's heart.

—John Vance Chency in Critic.

NO GOLD CURE NECESSARY.

How an Inveterate Smoker Was Cured of the Tobacco Habit.

"Yes," he said to The Tobacco Journal I quit smoking nearly a year ago and haven't even taken a single puff since "It must be considerable of a struggle for a man who has been in the habit of smoking a good deal," said the man who never had tried to stop, but was always promising himself that some day he would "I had smoked for over 20 years," said

the man who had quit.
"Yes, I know it," returned the man
who never had tried. "That's what surprises me in your case. It must have re quired a good deal of nerve and self con-

"Not at all; not at all; merely judg-

"Judgment?"

"Precisely. It's very simple when you

"Why, I've always understood that a man went through all kinds of torture and only hung to his determination by the very

greatest exhibition of will power."
"When he doesn't understand or grasp the proper method, yes," said the man who had quit. "But if he exercises a little judgment and common sense it is the easiest thing in the world. Now, I didn't go off by myself and make a solemn vow that I never would smoke again and then stop right short off.

"Limited yourself, I suppose, and graded down. "Not a bit of it. That's where all the struggle and the fight come in. I didn't undertake to put any limit on my smoking, and I made it a point for several weeks to keep a box of eigars open on my desk at home, only"-

"Yes." "I let my wife buy them."

"Ah! I begin to understand." "I gave her the money that I usually spent for cigars and told her that she was a better bargain hunter than I and would naturally be entitled to anything that she could save out of my cigar money. Of course she was delighted."

"That was to be expected."

"Three days later I was sick, and the smell of cigar smoke soon became nauseat ing to me. I never could stand poor cigars, you know. I quit smoking from choice inside of a week."

Armed For Emergencies.

When Fridtjof Nansen was a young student, he attended a ball and danced with many partners. Returning long after midnight through the streets to his lodgings. he heard loud outeries from a woman who was struggling with two ruffians. In another moment the woman broke away from them and ran toward the spot where Nansen was standing. The two men were close behind her in hot pursuit.

Nansen was an athlete full of courage and vigor and put himself on guard as the men approached. He allowed the woman to pass, but called upon the infurlated pursuers to halt, standing directly in their way and hitting out first at one and then at the other. The ruffians, angered by his unexpected attack, turned resentfully upon the rescuer and would have overpowered him and possibly have murdered him if he had not shown presence of mind. Drawing himself up to his full height and throwing back his coat collar so as to expose the cotillon favors which he had worn during the ball, he sternly asked

them if they knew who he was.
"Loe two assailants, awed by his manner and supposing him to be a royal officer, were at once cowed. They apologized roughly for not recognizing him, dropped their arms and sneaked off in the opposite direction from that which the woman had

taken. This incident of Nansen's youth illus trated at once the fearless courage and the readiness of resource which were to characterize his career as an intropid explorer, -Youth's Companion.

Shaking Hands.

Men shake hands with strangers of their own sex with far greater rendiness than do women. Two men, on being presented to one another, will frequently extend the hand in a grasp of greeting which gives opportunity to form a general idea of each other's make up and know whether they are attracted or repulsed. Occasionally there is a man with sufficient good nature and courage to refuse another man's hand without causing offense. There are men who have been so impressed with the dis coveries of bacteriology that they maintain handshaking to be the cause of dissemination of disease germs. The bare hand comes in contact with innumerable germs looking for pasturage on some vulnerable spot of our anatomy. A cut or abrasion on the hand leaves a door open for the ad mission of the enemy. Therefore it is with reason that men argue against promiscuous handshaking out of the home among the men met in business life. Science long ago frowned upon the practice of promiscuous kissing which prevailed among women. Is the ungloved handshake also doomed?-San Francisco Argonaut.

Perfumes. Perfumes exercise a peculiar influence over one's nervous system. A faint, subtle odor is nearly always enervating, while a pungent, rich perfome often has a brac ing effect. Civet induces drowsiness. faint breath of musk invigorates and the perfume of the aloe and the citron is post tively soothing and comforting. The deli-cate, spley odors of pinks, carnations, apple oms and sweetbrier are thought to be beneficial.

A Cannibal Tidbit.

The Missionary Herald quotes Captain Hind's assertion that nearly all tribes is the Kongo basin are or have been cannibals. and that the practice is on the increase. not merely for superstitious reasons, but also for the provision of food. There is a certain stordy, fat race in Africa which has never been famous for its prowess, but which is made a regular staple article of

Bats are most curiously constructed, the heart's action being aided by the rhythmic contractions of the veins of the wings.

A drosky is a low four wheeled vehicle without a top, used by the Russians.

STORIES OF JOWETT.

The Manner In Which "Little Benjamin" Treated His Pupils.

The many stories that are told of Benjamin Jowert, the late master of Balliot college, Oxford, show a strongly marked individuality, one calculated to make many friends. He was declared, indeed, to be the only man living who could maintain close friendship with 50 people at once, but in his early days at least his manner to pupils repelled rather than attracted, while to shy men he was positively alarming. under-

"I remember one occasion," graduate of that day relates, sich be invited me to take a walk wit. number of words exchanged becomes us was incredibly small, and I believe that it was a relief to both when we regained the

college gate.' His long silences were felt as an awkward bar to conversation, and to interrupt this silence by starting a fresh topic was often to provoke a snub. As he never made an unmeaning remark himself, he was impatient of empty speech from others.

Once a friend was accompanying him on a long walk. Arriving at Tewkesbury, the quaint old world town seemed asleep in the summer sunshine, and his companion rashly ventured to say:

"I believe that there are more dogs than people in the streets this morning. Jowett instantly awoke from his reverie and replied, "If you have nothing more sensible to observe, you had better be silent

Another thing which hampered his intimate association with younger men was his fastidious taste in the use of language, particularly evidenced in his abhorre slang, which undergraduates thought a piece of donnishness. With one of his child friends in the country he took a singular way of enforcing this lesson. He insisted

on giving her a shilling every time she used the word "awfully," and so shamed her out of the habit. In after years, however, most of those who had been his pupils were glad to acknowledge the influence — stimulating rather than formative—that lay behind the abrupt and peremptory yet always serene and kindly ways of the master, known in undergraduate circles as "little Benjamin,

"A paternal from Jowett," as one of his severe admonitory interviews was termed, rarely indeed failed of its effect, and the fatherly vigilance with which he watched over able but unsteady young men, his untiring efforts to keep them straight and when they failed to sot them on their feet again, caused one grateful pupil to declare: "No minister of Christ ever more fully realized the precepts: 'Strengthen thy brethren,' 'Support the weak.' "-Youth's Companion.

NEVER PAY CASH.

Advice of a Business Man Who Believes In Buying on Credit.

"Never pay cash for anything if you want to get commercial rating," said a business man the other day. "Get goods on credit, even when able to pay spot cash for them, and pay the bill with prompt-ness when it becomes due. If you do this long enough, you will probably get the reputation of possessing all the money you have got trusted for, and, at any rate, will be known in business circles where you wouldn't be named if you always paid cash. A man who pays cash for every-thing is supposed to be doing business on small capital, while a man who gets things on credit, or, what is better still, pays for them in notes, is generally believed to be operating on such a large scale that he has no ready money to spare

for small deals. "As for getting credit, it is the first step that costs, of course, but a man can begin by referring people to his landlord and the tradesmen with whom he deals if he can do no better. If he has no accounts anywhere, he must set about having them. Get trust for small amounts and you will it would be easy for any one on the outside in time get trusted for larger ones. The first requisite to wealth is not money, but credit. Get credit and you will do bustness amounting to an indefinite number

of times your capital. "Without dilating further on the advantages of credit, let me give you an illustration of the disadvantages of doing business on a cash basis. A country mer chant I knew who had always paid cash for everything he bought, and did a correspondingly small business, determined finally to enlarge his trade, and to do this required the credit he had never before asked for. When he came to town and asked the men to whom he had always paid each to let him have goods on time, they one and all became suspicious of him and refused. The very fact that he had always paid cash made them think, when he finally asked for credit, that he wasn't a safe man to trust. Moral.-Never pay eash for anything if you would avoid suspicion."-New York Sun

The Stable Odor.

Here is an amusing story of Mr. John Hare and his coachman: Wishing to hear a particular performance at a certain theater, Mr. Hare sent his trusty coachman to secure stalls. In due time the plain, blunt man, who understood more about stables than theaters, returned heavily laden with what appeared to be a difficult verbal

Well, did you get the stalis?" inquired the great actor.

"No, sir," replied the coachman. " stalls were all taken up, but they told me to tell you they would be very pleased to

Here the message seemed to evaporate, leaving a dry, worried expression on the coachman's face. Then, as be scratched his head, a sudden gleam of intelligence struck in, and he concluded the message to his own satisfaction-"to put you in a loose box, sir."-Pearson's Weekly.

Piano Drapery.

One enters a house arranged with exquisite care, and both artistic and home like in its atmosphere. The one false note in the whole arrangement is in the draping of the piano-an upright-which is swathed in embroideries and covered with porcelains until it has positively lost all semblance to its original form and is ridieniously unfit for use. Many of the so called music rooms are ruined by a total disregard of accoustics, heavy curtains, carpets and portieres breaking and muffling the sounds, and there are almost always far too great a number of ornaments scattered about. Considering that many who are in the possession of wealth pique themselves on their prominence as patrons of music, or on being considered average performers from the amateur standpoint, it is extraordinary how very seldom an appropriate tousic room is to be found.—Harper's Ba-

Tart Retort.

"Young man, you are better fed than taught," said the professor angrily. "Quite right, sir. My father feeds me, nswered the student .- London Tit-Bits.

A TRICK THAT FAILED.

Conductor of a Western Express Had Cut His Eyeteeth

Conductor Keshan of the Union Pacific aut his eye teeth quite a number of years ago. That is why he balked a smooth ame that three men attempted to play on him. Keshan was called to take the overland limited west, and, sharpening up his punch, he began to work his train, and when he came to the rear end of the first coach he found three men busily engaged

"Tickets, please," remarked Keshan in his suave and polished manner.

One of the men handed up three tickets without looking at the gorgeous uniform of the knight of the punch. Keshan took the tickets, and just as he

was about to "skin" the hand a thought flashed through his mind. He rushed to the forward end of the car and looked through the door. Then he sauntered back to the man who had handed him the tickets and asked, extending the three

"Excuse me, but I thought I heard a call for brakes and I forgot where I left off. Did you hand me these three tick-

The man took them without a word of trouble and said they were his. Then he handed ties up to the conductor again. "Just give me your ticket, please. I am allowed to take but one at a time," said

The man muttered a little and still held out the three tickets. "I only want yours," said Keshan.

'Well, take 'em all at once," growled "Nit," was Keshan's short answer as he reached for the belleord.

Then the man handed up one and Kesh in punched it. Then another handed up second one and Keshan punched that. Then came the third one, which was a half fare ticket.

"Let me see the permit," said Keshan to the man who handed up the half ticket, "I ain't got none," said the passenger. Keshan made him pay the other half

and then worked the train.
"That trick might have worked," re marked Keshan to a friend, "had I not end about it a few days ago. Their scheme was to have me punch all three tickets and then I could have whistled for the cash fare, because each would have claimed a full ticket, and I would not have dared put one of them off."

"Why not?" asked his friend. "Why not? Because the other two would have sworn that his was a full ticket and the company would have been soaked for heavy damages. '-Omaha World-Herald.

AT AN ILLINOIS HOTEL

Experience of a Preacher Who Happened There Overnight.

"The liveliest time I ever had in getting hotel accommodations was right here in Illinois," said a clerical looking man, who sat in the smoking compartment of the sleeper while the porter was making up his berth.

"I was going to preach at Dixon, Ills., and I started in good time, if I had not happened to strike a holiday, when trains were running wild-this was 20 years ago and schedules were not systematized as they are now. On Saturday at midnight I stopped on the last train at a small town nearly 18 miles from the place where I was expected to fill a popular pulpit.

"Everybody had gone to bed when I walked into the one hotel of the place, but by dint of loud knocking I roused a sleepy clerk, who gave me a kerosene lamp, with a piece of red flannel, which served as a wick, and pointed to a room at the top of

a flight of stairs. "This room had a bad in it, but there was no sign of a lock to the door. A large front window was open and would not close. It had no curtain. So, before disrobing, I blew out the lamp. I saw that to scale the window, so I arranged all the toilet crockery on its sill. Then I went

to bed and to sleep. "When I awakened, it was Sunday morning and a bright sun was shining into my room. I sat up and sawa curious crowd regarding my window and the breastwork of crockery which I had used as a defense. I learned afterward that they thought it was a new china store that

had just been opened. "When I went down stairs, I found the hotel doors had not been unfastened since the night before. I opened up the house but the only guests to enter were a cat and four kittens. The help appeared later, apologizing by saying that they had not worked the day before, but had let things take care of themselves. The landlord looked as if he never had worked and never intended to. I was not able to get ever a cup of coffee for my breakfast before the train came which bore me away from the slackest town and the worst hotel service I had ever in my life encountered. No. I won't call names, for from what I have heard it is run-both hetel and town-on the same lines today. Good night."-Chi-

cago Times-Herald.

Why Spain Has Failed In Cuba. General Weyler should have subdued the rebellion within 90 days. No unpreju-dleed military authority who has studied the two forces and made due allowance for the advantages possessed by those who fight upon their native soil will dissent from this proposition. There are Spanish generals in Cuba who admit its truth. There are others who have returned, dis gusted, to Spain because their suggestions of plans to end the war were not allowed to be disclosed at the palace. A four months' stay in Cuba, beginning in January and ending with April of this year, much of which time was passed in observ-ing the forces in the field, has resulted in the conviction on my part that it has not been the purpose of General Weyler to end the rebellion. Conversations with Spanish officers, from generals to corporals, showed that the same motives that were evidently actuating the commander in al-lowing the war to drag along were prompting a large proportion of the staff and line in carrying out the policy of their superior.

-T. G. Alvord, Jr., in Forum.

In convulsions the first thing to do is to

loosen the clothing, so that free respiration may be had. Cold water should be applied to the head with a sponge and the face gently sprinkled with it. The hot bath, which should be from 87 degrees to 90 degrees, in connection with cold applications to the head, is of great service. The child should not be kept in the hot bath more than ten minutes, and while there should be well rubbed with the hand and then dried and rubbed with a warm towel, rolled in a hot blanket and put to bed. When convulsions are caused by the approach of an eruptive fever, such as scarlet fever, mensles, etc., the hot mustard bath for the feet or entire body is excellent. If the child can be induced to drink hot drinks, it will greatly assist.