

HOW SHE GOT EVEN.

A Chicago Maiden Heading Off a Commercial Drummer in his Own Fashion.
Chicago Times.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and finding it wasn't, he put his sample box in the rack and braced himself for solid enjoyment. "Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue unknicked. "Most bewitching day, isn't it?" "Ye-yes miss," stammered the drummer. He was in the habit of playing pitcher in this kind of a match, and the position of catcher didn't fit him as tight as his pantaloons. "Nice weather for traveling," continued the girl; "much nicer than when it was cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?" "Oh, yes, thanks," murmured the drummer. "Glad of it," resumed the girl, cheerfully. "You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you rather sit near the window and have me describe the landscape to you?" "No, please," he muttered; "I—I'm doing well enough."

"Can't I buy you some peanuts or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy! Suppose I slip my arm around your waist! Just lean forward a trifle so I can!" "You'll—you'll have to excuse me!" gasped the wretched drummer. "I—I don't think you really mean it!" "You look so tired," she pleaded; "wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down and I'll tell you stories." "No—no, thanks! I won't today! I'm very comfortable, thank you!" and the drummer looked around hopelessly. "Your scarf pin is coming out. Let me fix it." and she arranged it deftly. "At the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you?" and she smiled an anxious prayer right into his pallid countenance; "I think I'll go away and smoke," said the drummer, and hauling down his grip-sack he made for the door knee-deep in the grins showed around him by his fellow passengers.

"Strange," murmured the girl to the lady in front of her. "I only did with him just what he was making ready to do with me, and, big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men, and, besides that, there isn't any smoking car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing." But she settled back contentedly all the same, and at a convention of drummers held in the smoker that morning it was unanimously resolved that her seat was engaged, so far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.

The Amateur Fisherman.

By G. W. Peck.

There is scarcely a man but loves to go fishing if he was ever a boy, and while many men pass years of their lives thinking that they will go fishing when they get time, a great many put it off until it is everlastingly too late. This is the season of the year when a man will go fishing if he ever goes, and almost every train that goes out has from one to forty men with fish poles. Men who have not fished since they were barefooted school boys, and who used simply a tamarack pole and a hook and line, as they think of fishing now, decide to have a jointed rod, with all the modern improvements. They have seen the jointed rods, and reels, in stores, so long that they actually think they are familiar with them, and they look over the fishing-tackle store and buy everything in sight. Spoon hooks, snells, swivels, sinkers, landing nets, patent fish hooks, that work like a bear trap, and everything that looks as though it had any bearing on the fish question. Last week a party went out to Green Lake, near Ripon, for a day's sport, and there was one man who was the most enthusiastic of the lot, but who had not the remotest idea how anything that he brought was to be used, and it took the rest of the party about all the time to keep him unhitched from things. On the way out on the cars, he had to try his fish pole, in the smoking car, and they had to show him how to put it together, how to put on the reel, and how to run the line through the dinges on the pole, and how to put on the hook. He ran the small end of the pole into the train boy's vest, and broke one of the tips of the pole, caught the hook in the shoulder of an emigrant's pants, who was carrying a bottle of milk to the water tank to reduce its strength

so that the baby could drink it, and the emigrant swore in a foreign tongue, and was going to whip the whole party. He took the pole apart, and tried to put it together again, but forgot the combination. In taking some cigars out of his pocket to pass around in the car, he got a minnow hook caught under his thumb nail, and half a dozen lead sinkers went through his pants pocket into his boot, and he had to take his boot off and fish them out of his stocking. Arriving at the Oakwood House, a man was employed to row a boat for the amateur, and the oarsman's life was a burden. The fisherman was continually jerking up the pole to see if a whale or anything had got on, and he would knock the oarsman's hat into the lake, or stab him in the ear with the pole, or something. He was trolling, with a minnow hitched on a hook by the tail, and a spoon with feathers on, big enough to scare every fish out of the lake, when all at once he felt a bite, and instead of using the line to reel in the fish he dropped the pole, the butt striking the oarsman in the ear, and attempted to pull in the fish hand over hand. When the end of the line was reached, it was found he had caught a sixteen hundred pound stump, and when the hook let go the stump, the recoil was so great that the amateur fell half overboard and only hung by the legs and one hand, and the largest part of him had a high-water mark where the suspenders were buttoned, behind, and the oarsman had to lift the amateur into the boat with the landing net, the only use he had for that utensil all day. Coming home on the sleeper that night, the amateur took off his clothes and put on a long linen duster to sleep in, and after he had gone to sleep he began to yell for the porter, saying he had been stabbed, and frightening everybody in the car, and when they held an inquest on him, out in the aisle of the car, they had to cut three spoon hooks that he had in different parts of the linen coat, out of his skin, and he sat up the rest of the way to Milwaukee, and took a solemn oath that the next time he went fishing he would use a common, old fashioned cane fish pole, with only one hook anywhere about the boat, and see if he couldn't catch something, without stealing fish off a set-line belonging to a toman that fishes for the market.—Sun.

Cotton-Seed Meal And Corn Meal.

Prof. G. C. Caldwell, of Cornell University, in a paper on the relative merits of cotton-seed and corn as food for stock, says, "Cotton-seed meal is hardly to be compared to corn meal as food for stock, as the two differ so widely in composition. The former contains over five times as much protein or albuminoids and nearly six times as much fat as the latter, while the corn meal contains nearly four times as much starch and other nitrogen-free extractive matter as is found in the cotton-seed meal. The protein and fat have their functions to perform in the animal economy, and the starchy matters their functions. One might almost wish as much reason ask. Which is the most useful tool on the farm, the shovel or the hoe? The cotton-seed meal must be used more sparingly in the rations, and only where it is especially desired to increase the richness of the ration or protein, as, for instance, in the production of milk. About a quart may be given in a day's ration, either with hay or alone, or with corn meal and hay. Some even give two quarts, but the large quantity should be used with some caution. For cows I should say that oil meal could be bought more profitably at \$2 a hundred than corn meal at \$1.50, especially if there is in the barn a sufficient supply of coarse fodder to use with the concentrated food. Oil meal is rarely mentioned in the ration for horses, but with a proper proportion of less concentrated fodder, such as hay and corn meal or oats, it may be fed at the rate of two pounds a day. The coarse fodder should be cut and moistened and the meal sprinkled over it. So fed, it would make no difference whether fed one, two or three times a day.

The most extensive park is Deer Park, in the environs of Copenhagen, Denmark. The enclosure contains about 4,200 acres, and is divided by a small river. The largest pleasure ground in this country, and one of the largest in the world is Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, which contains 2,740 acres.

A GOOD MONTH.

Jane Declared to be a Prime Time for Getting Married.

"Do you think June is a good month for weddings?" said a fair young maiden.

"There is no doubt about June being the boss month to get married in," said the horse reporter, "because we always have regular honeymoon weather then, so that everything seems to jibe right in with the occasion—a sort of beautiful union of nature and thought. Do you catch on?"

The young lady inclined her head.

"You see, in June," resumed the adherent of Maud S., "everything looks pretty smooth. The first blossoms of the early summer—beautiful harbingers of the wealth of bud and bloom that is to come—are trembling on their stocks; the birds are singing as if in very glee from every branch and bough; the perfect light the turquoise-tinted sky is reflected from an air that is as pure and balmy as the breath of a perfumed houri from Circasia, while the newly-plowed fields, fresh kissed with the dews of heaven and warmed by the kindly rays of the sun, are holding within the bosom of the earth the many seeds that ere another month shall have come and gone will spring up in life, growing stronger and more perfect with every glad day, until in autumn, when the leaves, touched by the blighting breath of the first frost, are being transformed into all the vivid hues that tell so eloquently the story of nature's handiwork, and the very earth shall laugh in the golden glory of an abundant harvest. What time than this could be more fit for young hearts to plight a willing troth—hearts strong in a love that shall never know surcease or change, that shall be more steadfast and trusting with every hour, until, when the autumn of life is reached, the strong willful passion of youth becomes a ripened, tender, holy affection that is beautiful beyond compare. It is when the tresses that were once brown are flecked with gray; when the cheeks once peachy and dimpled are marked by the furrows that grief and care have made; when the eyes that in the days ago sparkled with such witching merriments are dull and lustreless—it is then that the truly happy married life should be crowned with the halo of a tranquil existence that knows no sorrow or care. Yes, my bonny lass, you should get married in June—month of roses and race meetings. Go to him who has won your young love, and say to him that the glad fruition of his hopes has come at last. Seek with him some ivy-crowned chapel and there, amid the solemn hush that so well befits the occasion, let a mitred bishop make you one."

"Thanks," said the young lady.

"Good day."

"So long."

As the girl departed a man entered the room.

"I am thinking of taking a fishing trip," he said, "and wanted to know in what month suckers bite the best."

"June," promptly replied the horse reporter.—Chicago Tribune.

What the Trouble in Egypt Is.

The Egyptian trouble has many details, but the main facts are few. The chieftain, Arabi Bey, is the leader of a political party, and has secured the adhesion of the army. The party call themselves the Nationalists. They want to have the government freed from the control of foreigners. "Egypt for the Egyptians" is their cry. The reason why foreigners run the government now is because they have advanced hundreds of millions of dollars to the Egyptian governments in times past, have taken pay in bonds, and not having secured principal or interest for many years, they have given secondary securities in land grants, railroad concessions, the right to control taxation and custom duties through agents of their own, who set aside fixed sums for the bondholders, etc. The civil service is thus overrun with these creditor classes, who are mainly English and French, and the debtor class, who are the people of Egypt, have little to say, hard tribute to pay, and very small benefit to get for themselves. The Egyptian bondholders are so many and influential as to be able to force the English and French governments to make common cause with them. Both governments, in fact, are large stockholders in the Suez canal themselves.

The condition of the Egyptians is that of slaves taxed to pay bonds, which

were issued by khedives, appointed by the Sultan, and the proceeds of which the ruling classes squandered on their vices and favorites. The position of England and France is that of protecting their citizens and themselves. The Suez canal must be controlled by England to secure her inside route to India. These facts enfold the Sultan amid conflicting interests. In 1841 Turkey gave qualified independence to the khedive. He could issue bonds and make improvements without recourse to the permit of the porte, but he remained politically vassal to him. The present khedive has the same rights. If the Sultan sides against Arabi Bey, the Egyptians will throw off the Turkish yoke. If he sides with Arabi Bey, England and France will parcel out Egypt among themselves. The khedive is a mere pawn played by Arabi Bey, and the Sultan is a mere pawn played by Bismarck, who, with the Czar, has an understanding with the porte which neither France nor England has got at.

These complications will enable Americans to see the mixed nature of the case. Egypt is in a condition of slavery and injustice; at the same time she is incapable of self-government. England and France are the instruments of the injustice, yet they are the instruments of civilization in Egypt, and England is the custodian of civilization beyond it. There is not a great chance for any of the rights which war should promote to be promoted by this war. If it is limited to the allies and to Egypt, the allies will win, though not after possibly great reverses. If it takes in Turkey, it will be more likely than not to unite her to Russia, in spite of their immemorial feuds, for both will have a common cause in paralyzing England in the East. Then Germany would see France and Russia fighting, and their weakening is her gain. This view of the case would render any prediction, except that of a general, long, bloody and deplorable war impossible, with Turkey preserved as the necessary ulcer of Europe, and Bismarck content to see every one of Germany's rivals grappling one another by the throat. It is to be hoped the matter can be kept an Egyptian question, and not be made an European one. On that alone depends the poor chance which the Egyptians have of getting, by the moral opinion of the world, a modicum of those rights from their conquerors which the people cannot get for themselves and they could not use to profit, if they had them, except by the aid of masters. The abilities of Arabi Bey, who is the khedive's war minister and master, form the unknown quantity of the situation. Some think him great. Others think him only an airy filibuster. Sanguine Americans regard the Egyptians as capable of self-government, but the best authorities are against that theory. The pretense Arabi Bey makes of American support comes from the assurances of Fenian emissaries who are operating as far as Alexandria. If he relies on their reported assurances, the problem of his capacity has already settled itself in the negative. A character of some American interest is Gen. Charles S. Stone, the khedive's chief of staff, an adventurer, who commanded our troops in the massacre at Ball's Bluff early in the rebellion. His ability as a soldier ought not to be rated high, but he has carried his wares to a market where foreign talent has had a high price. Any failure of his will be saddled on the defective character of the Egyptian forces, and that pretext will probably be unjust, for they have proved their efficiency, while Gen. Stone has not done so.

Mexican National Railroad.

The Boston Transcript says: We are indebted to W. W. Nevin, secretary of the Mexican National Construction Company, for the following statement of the placing of the Mexican National loan in London: General Palmer president of the Mexican National Railway Company, has negotiated with the house of Mattheson & Co., of London, representing a strong syndicate, \$5,000,000 of the first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds of the Mexican National Railway with an option of \$5,000,000 more. This completes the road from Monterey to Xecomboro, 470 miles, giving the company a continuous line from the City of Mexico to Laredo, Texas, and to the port of Corpus Christi via the Texas-Mexican Railway. The contract is dated June 25, 1882. The Transcript adds that the bonds were subsequently offered for public subscription in London, with the results of small takings.

The largest suspension bridge will be the one now building between New York and Brooklyn. The length of the main span is 1,595 feet six inches, the entire length of the bridge 5,989 feet.

Buying Futures on Beef.

Bill Nye.

Some time ago we mentioned that Mr. Lorillard, the great manufacturer in tin tag plug tobacco, and cigars with Havana wrappers and imported gunnysack fillers, had purchased a large interest in the cattle owned by Frewen Brothers, on the Powder river, in the Territory. At that time we were not at liberty to publish the particulars of the sale, but now there is no reason why the whole trade should not be given to the public. We give, therefore, an account of some novel features which it suggest in the cattle business.

Mr. Lorillard has purchased of Frewen Brothers the calves which are to be born this year, paying a given sum for the goods and taking chances on the prompt delivery of the same at the times named.

We notice this because it shows on the part of the great tobaccoist and horse racer a firm and unshaken confidence in the maternal instincts of the cow, which is indeed gratifying in this age of deception, fraud and consequent distrust.

He virtually says to the Frewen cows. "Now I pay my money in this transaction and leave the matter in your hands. Of course I live away off in New York, and you might take an unfair advantage of me, but I trust to you to do the square thing by me. I hope that you will not betray that trust. I shall hope to see that you have improved the time, and any favors in the way of twins will be cheerfully reciprocated.

Sheep.

The Lincoln sheep are comparatively a rare breed in the United States. They are the largest breed known, under exceptional circumstances dressing up to 90 pounds per quarter. At two years old they are recorded to have dressed 160 pounds. They require good care and plenty of succulent food. They have been introduced into some sections of the west and into Canada, and are reported as being well liked, but further time is needed to fully establish their complete adaptability to our western climate.

Sherman Democrat: Last Friday night, near Millsap, Parker county, a freight train jumped the track. Some of the cars contained sheep, and over 300 were killed. The cars rolled down an embankment, crushing them in a horrible manner. No persons hurt.

San Saba News, July 8: Twenty-six hundred head of sheep belonging to Aggerman & Ford passed through town yesterday for McCulloch county.

The census bulletin on manufactures from wool shows the extent of this industry in the United States in 1880. The capital then invested amounted to \$159,000,000, and the goods produced were valued at \$267,000,000. The products represented woolen goods proper—flannels, blankets, cloths, cassimeres, beavers, shawls, yarns, etc.—worth \$160,000,000; carpets, other than rag, \$31,000,000; felt goods, \$3,000,000; worsted goods, \$33,000,000; wool hats, \$8,000,000, and hosiery and knit goods, \$28,000,000.

A POMPOUS lawyer, who supposed himself to be very sarcastic, said to the keeper of an apple stand: "It seems to me that you should quit this trying business and go to something which is not so wearing on the brain." "Oh, 'taint business," said the apple seller, "it is lyin' awake nights tryin' to decide whether to leave my fortun' to a orphan 'sylum or to a home for played out old lawyers as is a-killin' me."

"NO, SIR-EE," remarked the old resident, "My wife didn't bring me a cent. But it's all my fault. I wouldn't have it. The morning of the day we were married, I says to her, says I: 'Maria, how much money have ye got?' Says she: 'John, I've got just 25 cents.' Then, says I, 'Come with me,' and I took her down to the canal and had her throw that quarter into the drink. I wasn't going to have no woman twitting me about spending 'round on her money."—Lowell Citizen.

A LEADING farmer in middle Tennessee states that 10 acres of amber cane was of more value to him for feeding hogs, cattle, and mules, than any 25-acre crop on his farm, and that it pays a great deal better than any other crop. Those who have had the most experience claim that the amber cane is twice as nutritious as common field corn, and yields nearly double the amount of the best varieties of the sweet corn usually sown for fodder. St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.