CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

STEUNENBERG BROS., Publishers.

CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

MRS. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS is the eight-millionaire widow of a mining king.

BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS has just received a bequest of $9,000,000 from a relative.

MRS. JOSEPH HARRISON, the widow of the man who built the first railroad in Russia, has $4,000,000.

THE queen of Roumania has written a Christmas story for one of the newspapers published in her capital.

CHARLEY FOSTER, who writes the funny stuff in the Omaha *World*, is the soberest and most melancholy man in that city.

THE prince of Naples, who has just come of age, is pronounced to be the most accomplished crown prince in Europe.

DUKE CARL THEODORE of Bavaria, who practices as a physician last year had 4,000 patients and performed 200 operations for diseases of the eye.

HENRY LABOUCHERE has received 10,000 new sixpences from some unknown friend, to be distributed among the poor children of London.

A PATCHWORK quilt made by children in the United States, and an Indian shawl, the gift of Queen Victoria, were buried with Jenny Lind at her request.

THE prohibition candidate for mayor of New Bedford., Mass, received twenty-nine votes at a recent municipal election in that city out of a total vote of 4,567.

FRED MCCRUM, a Titusville telegrapher, made the fastest time on record in New York lately, sending 58 words a minute for 46 minutes, a total of nearly 2,700 words.

THE tanning of kangaroo skins is an important industry at Newark, N. J., about 6,000 hides being received there from Australia every week. Much of the leather is shipped to London and Paris.

EX-SECRETARY HOLCOMB of the American legation at Pekin says that out of the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Chinese empire fully 300,000,000 spend less than $1.50 a month for food.

CANON BROCK, D. D., president of the King's College university, Windsor, N. S., the oldest colonial university of the British empire, is spending a few days in Boston as the guest of C. Winslow.

ON JENNIE LIND'S coffin was placed by Mr. Goldschmidt a wreath of myrtle made from a tree planted years ago by the great singer herself in the shape of a tiny twig plucked from her wedding wreath.

THE hundredth anniversary of the waltz occured on December 20. On December 20, 1787, Vincent Martin presented an opera in Vienna which contained the new dance which at once became popular.

EIGHTY corn-canning factories have been in operation in Maine, and over 14,000,000 cans of sweet corn have been put up, besides large quantities of apples, beans, tomatoes and other vegetables and fruits.

GEN. LEW WALLACE will not lecture this season though he receives bushels of letters asking him to fix dates. His time is entirely devoted to literary work, closing up a new book on which he has been working for some time.

AN American dentist has been fined in Berlin for putting the title "doctor" on his cards. The judge said the law applied to all foreigners; he would fine even the crown prince's doctor, Dr. Mackenzie, if he attempted to use the title "doctor" in Prussia.

THE pedestal of Samuel Morley's statue at Bristol bears these words, taken from one of his speeches: "I believe that the power of England is to be reckoned, not by her wealth or armies, but by the purity and virtue of the great mass of her population."

SENATOR QUAY of Pennsylvania is said to wear senatorial honors somewhat awkwardly just at present. He has always been firmly opposed to conventionality in dress and manners but now wears a silk hat and kid gloves and does not look pappy in them.

COL. WILLIAM A. HEMPHILL is said to be the real proprietor of the Atlanta *Constitution*. Editors Grady and Howell are only hewers of wood and drawers of water, and both pay the proprietor for publishing their prohibition and anti-prohibition speeches in the paper they edit.

AT the wedding of Governor Alger's daughter in Detroit, Wednesday evening, the young people were married at the bedside of Mrs. Alger, who was too ill to leave her room, and when they went down to the parlors they were husband and wife. The guests had a good time, but they missed the marriage.

LEOPOLD of Belgium was recently recieved by a rural mayor who offered him a glass of wine, and, it being praised for its excellence, remarked: "But I have some wine in my cellar, your majesty, which is better still." "So?" answered the king with a twinkle in his eye, "theg I advise you to keep it for a better occasion than this."

WHEN Morgan raided Ohio, in 1863, John Shenafield, a farmer, buried on his place, near Youngstown, $3,000 in gold and silver coin. After the war the family never had need for the money, and so the treasure was left undisturbed. Mrs. Shenafield died first, and a week ago Farmer Shenafield himself died without revealing the secret as to the place where the pot was buried. But the son went out on Saturday, and in a little while found the treasure in the foundation of an old building.

FACT AND FANCY.

The Angora goat is raised in great perfection in Texas.

The elastic sandstone belt in Georgia contains diamonds.

Ruby I. Paradise is the name of the postmaster at Concordia, Kas.

Morgan Morgan is the name of a new postmaster in West Virginia.

The National Wowen's Christian Union now numbers 200,000 members.

Miss Kurtz' wedding, in Berks County, Pa., consumed thirteen turkeys.

The Michigan pineries are overrun by workhunters and wages are low.

The cotton crop in the northern part of Alabama and Mississippi is all gathered.

A new undertaking in the fruit line is the shipment of Florida oranges to Europe.

A German has invented and manufactured a paper which resists both fire and water.

Four thousand pairs of pantaloons were consumed in a fire at Plymouth, N. H., last week.

A Denver clergyman recently characterized playing-cards as "the devil's new testament."

Adelbert College, Cleveland, is wabbling again, and now is going to go back on co-education.

There are said to be more millionaires in Buenos Ayres than any other city in the world.

Huxley's successor in the highest chair of the Royal society of London is Prof Stokes, a Christian.

There is talk in Boston of establishing a new department to keep the streets clear of ice and snow.

British land companies are disposing of their lands in Kansas. They don't like the anti-alien laws.

The Natchez cotton compress had turned out 17,274 bales up to December 1, an extraordinary record.

Lord Hartington, the English tory leader has ordered a dozen carpet sweepers from Grand Rapids, Mich.

It was a little Boston girl who when asked to define faith replied: "It is believing what you know isn't true."

A forest fire on one of the mountains near Salt Lake City surrounded and burned to death a flock of 700 sheep.

There are nine British missionary societies now laboring in Africa, with an aggregate annual expenditure of $1,000,000.

The best remedy for burns is now said to consist in letting the contents of a seltzer siphon trickle over the injured part.

"Jernmantfakturbolagsforsjalningsmagasin" in Swedish, means in English, "The Iron Manufacturing Company's sale shop."

A social philosopher foresees the day when the primary school desk will be supplied with type writers instead of writing books.

A driver in Washington, D. C., charged with cruelly killing a horse, has been sentenced to serve six months in jail and pay a fine of $125.

A Brooklyn Medium, who gave a seance in Rochester, produced an alleged pencil sketch of Jean Ingelow, which represented her as a man.

A law has been passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.

Jim Waldron, living near Arcadia, Ill., is having a cage 30 by 40 built on his farm, and intends to engage in the business of raising wild cats.

Mrs. Job Jenkins, of Glen Gardner, N. J., was 100 years old the other day, and received a very acceptable present in the shape of a $900 pension.

Pastor J. T. Wightman, of a Baltimore Methodist church, told the junior sisters of his congregation last Sunday to learn how to make good bread.

A Krausje is to be given in New Brunswick, N. J., this week at the residence of a local judge. A Krausje, despite its name, is entirely reputable.

The St. Nicholas Society of New York city have voted to put up in Central Park or the Bowling Green a $20,000 bronze statue of a typical Dutchman.

Theater or lorgnette reticules grow more dressy. It is now the fancy to trim them with lace and an elaborate monogram in gold or silver embroidery.

John Edman, an Ohio man, is to start a Finnish daily paper at Ishpeming, Mich., January 1. It will be the only daily of the kind in the United States.

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing writes that she believes that 50,000 women could earn a good living in this country by the manufacture and sale of home made bread.

Fifty families of Newfoundland fishermen will be moved next spring to a group of the Queen Charlotte Islands, of the British Columbia coast above Vancouver.

Ministers are so scarce in Idaho that they have to be imported in many cases where people wish to get married. Trains are stopped that they may be searched for ministers.

Once for all, let it be distinctly understood that Boston does not "wear pants!" If Boston wears anything, it wears trousers, and they are turned up at the bottom on muddy days.

A frightened deer dashed through the main street of Salina, Pa., the other day, and although nearly all the sportsmen in the town turned out as soon as they saw it, the deer escaped.

A prize of $700 has been offered by the Congregational Sunday School Publishing Company of Boston, for the best MS., suitable for a Sunday school book, in fiction, biography or history.

There is a woman in Jackson, Miss., so deeply affected by the loss of her husband, whose death occurred recently, that every day she writes him a long letter, and with her own hands places it on his grave.

Andrew Robinson, a tramp, who brought up in Braineard, Minn., has married a wealthy divorced woman for whom he acted as general utility man during the summer. He thus becomes one of the richest men in those parts.

The largest electric light in the world is in a lighthouse at Sidney, Australia. It has the power of 180,000 candles, and can be seen at sea fifty miles distant. American's largest light, 24,000 candle power, is at San Jose, Cal.

A Hudson River boat builder, not having the facilities to place the boiler and machinery in the hull of a steamboat he is constructing, has adopted the novel method of building the hull around the machinery, and expects to launch the boat already for use.

Fourteen years ago a bottle of milk placed in a well at Owensboro, Ky., to cool, fell into the water. The other day the well was cleaned out, and under about six feet of mud was found the bottle, and the milk within was apparently as sweet and good as the day it was put in.

Ole Palsen, who says he has fished in the Columbia River for eight years, caught near Astoria, Oregon, recently, a fish twelve feet long, which he can't classify. It wasn't a sturgeon, and between the eyes was a straight horn, thirteen inches long, three inches in diameter at the base, and almost as sharp as a needle.

Sebastian Nuller, a Swiss, recently arrived in New Haven, is astonishing the Yankees by his feats of strength. He is twenty-five years old, five feet eight inches tall, weighs a pound and a half less than two hundred, is magnificently developed as to muscle, and can break a six-inch cobble-stone with one blow of his fist.

The remains of a prehistoric race of giants have frequently been dug up at St. Augustine, Fla., and last week, in excavating for a cellar, a workman disinterred an immense iron crowbar which must have been used by the unknown aborigines. It is ten feet long, tapering at each end to a sharp point, and weighs 190 pounds.

The well diggers in Washington Township, Ia., found at a depth of fourteen feet hickory nuts well preserved, and as they dug down collected about half a bushel. Then they came upon a log of wood and a pair of deer's horns, which were soft, but soon hardened. The well was dug in a timbered country, but there is not a hickory tree in the country.

TOUCHED BY LATOUCHE.

New York Ladies Swindled by Mrs. Howe No. Two.

Another female financier of the same calibre as the notorious Mrs. Howe, who successfully swindled Boston's fair speculators out of over half a million dollars a few years ago, has loomed up in New York, and like the Boston woman has come to grief. She is Mme. Marie Latouche, having at various periods been known as Mrs. Dow and Mrs. Ware. Before coming to this city to victimize women of slender means but ambitious to get rich Mrs. Latouche had successfully plied her swindling vocation in several other cities and had also paid for her nefarious practices by doing penance behind prison bars.

During the past fortnight upward of a dozen ladies, all more or less prominently connected in society, have complained to Inspector Byrne that they had been swindled out of large sums of money by Mrs. Marie Latouche, who carried on a brokerage business at No. 165 West Twenty-third street. The woman operated with women only, and by means of flowery advertisements in the newspapers she managed to lure into her net victims who were promised or guaranteed profits of $50 per month on an investment of $300. It was precisely the same method that had been adopted by the banking establishment of Mrs. Howe in Boston, the principal professing to make the investment in such a manner that large returns were sure to follow.

Although a large number of ladies claimed to be victims it was difficult for the Inspector to induce any of them to come to the front and go to court as complainants, some of them fearing publicity and others not wishing their husbands to discover their speculative proclivities. Mrs. Clara Johnson, of No. 156 East Eighty-fourth street, however, was prevailed upon to accompany the Inspector to Jefferson Market Court yesterday when Judge Gorman issued a warrant for the arrest of the woman banker or broker. Detective Sergeants McManus and Lyman succeeded in arresting the prisoner in her lair last evening and brought her to Police Headquarters. Mrs. Latouche, who is a fine looking woman of about forty, is tall and stately in appearance. When brought into the Inspector's private office she stood before him with an air of defiance and refused to answer any and all questions as to her name, age, residence, &c.

A few moments later she was confronted by Mrs. Johnson and a dozen more of her fair victims, two of the whom, on gazing at the statue-likefigure of the woman broke down and wept hysterically as between their sobs they told how theyhad been robbed of all their money by the brazen-faced swindler. The latter then also betrayed some womanly feelings and asked to be taken away. She was accordingly locked up in one of the cells down stairs, but three hours later she sent the following note to the inspector:

"I am exceedingly sorry and regret very much my action at my interview with you. I will be very glad now to be brought up stairs when I will answer any question you may desire to ask me. MME. LATOUCHE."

Meanwhile, however, the inspector had sent for and brought to her quarters her alleged husband, Royal Latouche, who has an office on Pine street, and who it was ascertained, had been backing his alleged wife in her financial schemes. Latouche is a tall, heavily built man of about forty-five years, with a heavy black mustache, and has the appearance of a shrewd business man. From him the inspector learned much of the woman's history, which, summarized, is somewhat as follows:

Her maiden name was Mary Grass, her father, Jacob Grass, being an old New Englander who, though once an honest farmer, has no more than one occasion figured in swindling schemes with his daughter. She first appeared in Boston in 1870, with a man named Warren whom she claimed to be her husband. They carried on together swindling schemes similar to that she is now charged with, and were arrested several times, but on each occasion they managed to escape punishment. In 1875 Warren disappeared from Boston, and it is said he died shortly afterward. A few months later she made her debut as the wife of a Mr. Dow, a prominent business man in Boston, who also died in that city a year or so subsequently. About that time the woman purchased one share of capital stock of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, but she forged the certificate to represent sixty shares, which she deposited in one of the banks. A few days later she attempted to procure a loan from the bank on the forged certificate, but the forgery was detected in time, and the fair forger skipped the town and went to St. John, N. B.

At the latter place she was soon after arrested, together with her father, Jacob Grass, charged with forging and trying to pass a check for $1,700, but both managed to escape the vigilance of the authorities. They next turned up in Chicago. In that city, however, after the lapse of several weeks, she was discovered under the name of Mary Ware and arrested and taken back to St. Johns, and tried. On that trial, her father, it is said, turned State's evidence against her, but the jury disagreed, and she, being liberated on bail, soon shook the dust from her feet, appearing next in this city. Here she engaged in a private banking and brokerage office on Union Square with a Mrs. McIntyre. The firm did a thriving business for a time, but the two partners became involved in a quarrel over the division of the proceeds and they seperated.

Then the woman went to Philadelphia and engaged in a similar business under the name of Mrs. Brown. She was again taken in hand by the officers of the law for swindling, and after trial was sent to Moyamensing prison, serving a term of seven months. In the spring of 1883 she returned to the city and opened a brokerage office on Thirty-seventh street, near Broadway. The following year she was again arrested for having swindled a large number of ladies out of sums of money ranging from $200 to $2,500 each on bogus stock operations, and after three trials, she having appealed her case twice, the Court of Appeals finally concurred in the decision of the lower Court and she was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. She has only been out of prison eight months. In 1881 while in Philadelphia she became acquainted with Royal Latouche. The latter has been arrested half a dozen times in as many cities during the past ten years for swindling but has always managed to escape imprisonment.

In 1883 she was arrested in this city on the charge of bigamy, and was sentenced in the Court of General Session to three years' imprisonment. While he was liberated, she was still a prisoner. When she was released, eight months ago, however, the two lived together as man and wife, Latouche telling the Inspector that they were married in Jersey City two months ago. They have been associated in business in the Twenty-third street establishment, and it is alleged that Latouche has been coaching the woman.

The woman's office is on Twenty-third street, and is sumptuously furnished. Her victims are said to number over a hundred, and from each of them she obtained from $300 to $800. Mr. Latouche was not taken into custody, but detectives will keep him under sunveillance; in case he should be wanted.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Hidden in a Tree.

Says *Chambers' Journal*: Some woodcutters in the forest of Drommlin made a very strange discovery. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon found to be quite hollow. Being half decayed, it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing a skeleton in excellent preservation; even the boots, which came above the knees, were perfect. By its side was a powder-horn, a porcelain pipe-bowl, and a silver watch. The teeth were perfect. It would seem to be the skeleton of a man between 30 and 40 years of age. It is conjectured that, while engaged in hunting, he climbed the tree for some purpose and slipped into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation. Another mystery was found in the heart of an oak. From a tree of this kind a large block about eighteen inches in diameter, that has been knocking about in various yards and woodsheds, was split up lately, and in it was found an auger-hole about three-fourths of an inch in size, containing a bunch of human hair done up in a piece of printed paper. The hair was near the center of the block and fastened in with a pine plug. It was apparently put in when the tree was quite small, as the tree had grown over the plug to the thickness of about four inches, with the grain perfectly smooth and straight.

She Took the Oath Every Day.

A divorce case in which the humorous element largely predominated was that of Henrietta Pauls against Nicholas Pauls, the charge being a species of cruelty. Pauls was of an exceedingly jealous disposition, and in order to insure himself of her fidelity was accustomed to make her get on her knees daily, and sometimes almost hourly, and repeat the formula: "I swear on my heart and on the children's hearts that I hope the devil will take us all if I have done anything wrong."

"Why did he make you take these vows?" asked the court.

"Well he would bring men home and introduce them to me, but I didn't dare lift my eyes to look at them. When they were gone he would hiss through his teeth: 'Well did you look at 'em?'

"'No,' I'd say.

"'Yes, you did.'

"'No, I didn't.'

"'Take the oath.'

"Then I'd have to get down and repeat the same old oath that I hadn't even looked at his friends."

The Judge smoothed down a smile as he thought of the ludicrousness of the situation, and jotted down some hieroglyphics which indicated that a decree would be granted.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Costly Pearls.

Single pearls have been found on this coast valued at $7,500 and $35,000, but the most curious pearl discovery that has been made, either here or elsewhere, was made on this coast a few years ago, when the now famous Crude Australis, or Southern Cross pearl, was revealed. This is a perfectly natural cross of nine pearls, all in one piece. The finder of this unprecedented gem was, as often happens, unaware of its value, and sold it for $100. The purchaser considered himself fortunate when he was offered $2,000 by four gentlemen in Perth. They sent the curiosity to England and had it mounted and exhibited in the recent colonial and Indian exhibition in London, where it attracted a great deal of notice, and was offered for sale at the advanced price of $50,000. Whether a purchaser has yet been found for it is not known. The exhibitors hoped that His Holiness the Pope might consider it his duty to become the possessor of so marvelous a reproduction of the holy tree, and perhaps some pious devotee may before now have purchased it for a jubilee offering to the pontiff.—*Ex.*

He Preferred the Tear to the Darn.

Many years ago—it was when the four Harper brothers were living—a well-known physician came into their office one day and was talking with one of them, who noticed that his visitor's coat sleeve was torn. He called his attention to it, saying that it would be well if he would ask his wife to mend it, as it did not look well for a gentleman to go about with his clothes in that condition. "Sir," answered the doctor, sternly, "I prefer that it should remain as it is. A tear may be the accident of a day, but a darn is the sign manual of penury."—*New York Graphic.*

How He Was Judged.

When Senator Hearst came up to the desk yesterday to be sworn in he had his hands in his pockets.

"He'll never be a thoroughbred statesman," remarked Col. Mussey, in the press gallery.

"Why not?" asked a Californian, with some indignation at the apparent reflection.

"Because he's got his hands in his own pockets instead of other people's," remarked the colonel, and went on making notes.—*Washington Critic.*

It is said that the rain falls alike on the jus and unjust. In the case where the unjust has appropriated the umbrella belonging to the just this does not hold.—*Troy Times.*

'TWEEN THEIR TEETH.

How Men Show Their Character by the Way The Smoke Their Cigars.

"I tell you boys," said Victor Suarez the other evening to a *New York Star* reporter and some friends, as he passed around some fragrant Havanas, "I tell you, my experience is that there is no way you can better read a man's character than by the manner in which he smokes a cigar." This was said with an air of conviction that bespoke the sincerity of his belief in his peculiar theory.

"I have carefully observed the various modes and manners of cigar smokers, and I have come to a pretty accurate judge of men's characters by this means. Of, course the most striking example of this is to be found in the uniformity of style among that peculiar class so appropriately styled 'toughs.' In the first place he smokes, as a rule, a good cigar. A gentleman 'tough' never invests in a cheap smoke; he would prefer, if reduced to a solitary nickel, to invest it in a schooner of beer. It is always a roll of fragrant weed and its owner usually displays his enjoyment on his face. The eyes are generally half closed, and from underneath the drooping lids comes a shrewd twinkle of satisfaction as he inhales each aromatic whiff. Then the cigar is never in the front of the mouth; it is invariably stock in at one corner of that useful orfice and held at an acute angle with the upper jaw. A good whiff rarely comes from between the lips, the smoke, even when not inhaled, being slowly emitted through the nostrils.

"The cigar is seldom removed to facilitate the occasional expectoration, the cigar being screwed further back into the angle of mouth to allow the ejection of the saliva in the opposite direction. Every time you see a cigar smoked in this fashion you can gamble that the smoker is a "tough," and in nine cases out of ten you will win.

"Then there is the purse-proud, self-made business man, who is of another class with a distinction of its own.

"He usually keeps the end of his cigar aglow, representing the thought that is uppermost, and at the same time the most pleasing in it's owner's mind—viz, that business is ablaze. As he talks he rolls it deftly about from one side of his mouth to the other, now letting off a cloud of smoke at this side, now at that, as if bent upon exhibiting the complete mastery he has attained in the line of artistic, and, indeed, fantastic smoking, as well as in everything else he turns his hands to. When he is engaged in conversation he keeps his head slightly askew, with one eye watching the smoke of his cigar and the other upon the person he is speaking or listening to.

"Then you have the man of genuine thought, who is wrapped up in the earnest contemplation of many subjects, and whose active mind and energetic body are engaged in working them out. He keeps the cigar continually stuck out straight under his nose, as if acting a part of a finger post to his mind, eternally pointing straight onward. It has once been lit, but not smoked beyond two or three puffs, and then allowed to go out again. There it sticks, neglected and unnoticed.

"It is never relinquished; the cold dead ashes remain on the end like the projects and hopes that have been blasted.

"There is another class whose style is also remarkable and somewhat ludicrous. In fact, I never see a swell or a society dandy smoking a cigar or cigarette that I don't feel a certain amount of pity for him. He is, as a rule, wrapped up in the contemplation of the 'good form in which he smokes it. He is most particular as to the position it is allowed to droop from his supercilious lip and the proper angle at which the elbow should be bent as he occasionally removes his cigar between the second and third fingers of his delicate hand. All this he can only acquire by long and careful training. Except in the handling of his walking cane alone there is, perhaps, no outdoor accomplishment in which the average dude can so effectually display his character as in the manner in which he smokes.

"The absent-minded man, like the contemplative man, never has his cigar lit. He ignites the end at every cigar-stand he passes, and let it go out again before he reaches the door. He eats the end of it, and thinks he is chewing instead of smoking tobacco and occasionally he sticks the fiery end into his mouth by way of change. This has the effect of suddenly recalling his wandering thoughts."

Are Stones Alive?

We generally think of minerals as dead lumps of inactive matter. But they may be said to be alive, creatures of vital pulsations, and seperated into individuals as distinct as the pines of a forest or the tigers in a jungle. The disposition of crystals are as diverse as those of animals. They throb with unseen currents of energy. They grow in size as long as they have opportunity. They can be killed, too, though not as easily as an oak or dog. A strong electric shock discharged through a crystal will decompose it, very rapidly if it is of soft structure, causing the particles to gradually disintegrate in the reverse order from its growth, until the poor thing lies a dead, shapeless ruin.

It is true the crystal's life is unlike that of higher creatures. But the difference between vegetable and animal life is no greater than that between mineral and vegetable life. Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, defined the three kingdoms by saying: "Stones grow, plants grow and feel, animals grow and feel and move."—*Wide Awake.*

The High Hat War.

St. Paul lady (to her husband returning from the theater): "I didn't enjoy the play one bit, those silly things behind us kept talking so."

Husband: "They were talking about your hat, dear."

"O, were they? What did they say? Those horrid actors talked so loud I couldn't hear anything. Did they say they thought it was becoming? Did they make any remarks about that heliotrope and scarlet feather? Did you hear them say whether the brown ribbon harmonized with the hair? Did they say that it must have cost a good deal?"

"No; they said they wished you'd set on the darned thing so they could see what was going on on the stage."—*Kansas City Times.*

THE OLD KICKER.

"Gentlemen, you behold in me a financial wreck," said the old kicker, as he got on the street-car, looking pale, his eyes bloodshot, and his step weak. "I did not tell you all, when I mentioned that I had given my note for guaranteed mining stock. That was only a drop in the bucket. I have not only invested all the money I had in iron stocks, but I have sold mortgages which I held, and bought stocks with the money."

"Well, you are a bigger d—d fool than any of us gave you credit for," said the grocery drummer, who always speaks what he thinks. "You always claimed to be smarter than anybody. What has been the matter? Have they played iron stock three-card monte on you?"

"That is just it," said the kicker, in a husky voice, as he pulled a warm scarf up around his neck, after coughing a little. "There never has been a worse case of 'confidence game' than has been played on me. Not only my own money is gone, but my wife was induced to sell some property that she owned in her own right, and she invested it in mining stock. She is under a doctor's care, and it is an even thing whether she becomes insane or not. Besides, I had money in my hands as administrator of an estate. This money belonged to a widow and some orphans. I thought it was my duty to make all the money I could for them, so I bought mining stock at two dollars a share, on the understanding that it would be worth from eight to ten dollars a share before the year was up. I was told so by a man in whom I had confidence. If the stock had gone up I could have made the widow and orphans rich. It is not worth a cent, the widow and orphans are poverty stricken, and the chances are that I shall go to the penitentiary for embezzlemet. But I shall not go alone!"

"Who do you think of taking with you?" asked the insurance man. "Is it going to be a free-for-all?"

"If there is justice in this state," said the old kicker, "I shall take some of the men who got me into this scrape. They have lied to me, perjured themselves, and obtained my money under false pretences. Why, they had maps, and pictures of mines, buildings, railroads, cars loaded with ore, steamships, iron mills, everything. I bought a stock in one mine for the estate I was administrator of, which I was told had the finest machinery ever put in a mine, and there was a railroad track, tramways and everything, and ore was loaded right on the cars from the mine, and before the ore was cold it was in hold of a steamship on the way to market, and the money for the ore on the way back before I could say Jack Robinson. I couldn't get stock enough in that mine. After investing all I could raise I pawned my watch and diamonds and bought more stock, and traded my horses for more. Well, since I saw you last week, I have been up to the 'mine.' What do you think I found?"

"Oh, you found the machinery, and the railroad, and millions of tons of ore," said the drummer. "But they told you the ore was not saleable. The market was overstocked, wasn't it?"

"Overstocked nothing," said the old kicker, with indignation. "There was a hole in the ground, and a Norwegian was hauling up a bucket with a windlass, and there was an Italian down in the hole, filling the bucket with mud."

"Wasn't there a hundred tons of ore on the dump?" asked the floor-walker, who had invested in some mining stock, and had it now. "And weren't they running drifts each way to strike the main body of ore? That's what I heard when I bought my stock."

"Naw," said the old kicker. "There was a chunk of ore about as big as a man's head, that had been brought from another mine as a specimen, and the Norwegian had some soft hematite, or some such sculch, on his boots, which he got on several months ago, while working in a mine. But around the alleged mine that I had stock in there was nothing but mud. It was several miles from a railroad, and the whole outfit, including the windlass, and the bucket, the Norwegian, the Italian and myself, should have been bought for five dollars. When I look at my beautiful stock in that mine, and the pictures of the machinery buildings, smoke stack, railroads, and then think of that hole in the mud, and the dirty Norwegian, the "foreman," who wouldn't know ore unless somebody told him what is was, and think of the widow and orphans that have got to go to the poorhouse, and myself, that will probably go to Waupun, and of the men that sold me that stock and took good money, I am not responsible for what I do, and I pledge my word, if I live long enough, those three card monte mining sharks will have to face those pictures and mining stock, and that hole in the ground, and that Norwegian, in the courts. If that transaction is square, I can open a gold mine in the town of Wauwatosa, and picture gold coins being hauled away by the cart load, and I can sell stock to blind men, idiots and lunatics, and not be punished for it."

"Well, say" said the drummer, "isn't it possible that you are too hard on these fellows that sold you the stock? Now, may be they, too, were deceived in the purchase of the mine, by designing persons. They may have bought that hole in the ground 'unsight, unseen,' the way boys trade jack-knives, and had a worthless hole in the ground sawed off on them for a mine. You know, during a mining excitement, men who are lousy with mines do business on the jump. A man comes along and says, for instance, 'Here, I have got a mine called the Montmorency, forty feet in good ore, which I want to sell. I need a quarter of a million dollars this morning, to buck the tiger, and buy me some silk undershirts and diamonds. Will any gentleman take it? A mining man who was long on money, and who didn't know what on earth he was going to do with the surplus in the treasury, and who had an engagement to go out to dinner, and was afraid thieves might break through and steal, might say, 'Here, boss, I'll take that mine. John, shovel a quarter a million dollars out of that bin nearest the door, and give it to this fellow!' Now, it is just possible the men who sold you that stock, bought the mine in that way, and thought it was rich, and not wishing to own the earth, they let you in on the ground floor, just because you were a friend, and may be they don't know to this day that the mind is no good. Have you told them about it? May be it would be a kindness if you would go to them frankly and tell them that the mine isn't worth six bits," and the drummer looked honest, as though he believed what he said.

"No, there is no doubt but what they are on to it," said the old kicker, as he got up to leave the car. "They were on to it when they sold it to me, and they go around a block when they see me coming. They will not give anything back. I am ruined, and all I am praying for now is to live long enough now to bring them up before the courts in front of the widow and orphans and a jury. Good morning, gents," and the kicker got off the car and started for his lawyer's office.

"That's a pretty tough case," said the drummer.

"You bet your life," said the insurance man, "and that is only one case in a thousand. I tell you there will be a chance to hear something drop heavy before Chistmas," and the car stopped at the turn-table, and all got off.—*Peck's Sun.*

To-Morrow.

Bind up a wreath and give it to me
Before this dull day closes,
And in the garlands let their be
The thorns as well as the roses;
Weave violets in the greenest bays,
Weave Willow for my sorrow,
Sad flowers for the yesterday,
White lilies for to-morrow.
White lilies, for they tell of peace
Beyond the gates of even,
Where whisper's of the soul's release
Seem mystic hints of heaven,
And yesterday—but that has gone,
And so I needs must borrow
A hope of swift coming dawn,
The promise of to-morrow.
Forevermore to-morrow lends,
Bright visions of completeness;
True lovers, and the steadfast friends
With faces full of sweetness;
But backward all seems dim and gray
And vaguely touched with sorrow;
I care not for your yester lay
If I may have to-morrow.
The past is past—ah! dead indeed,
I weep not for its going;
Its phantoms weird no more I heed
Than west winds wildly blowing;
Press onward, eye, and upward, heart,
While I my gladness borrow,
For hope and I shall never part
While I can have to-morrow.

—*Ernest McGuffey in Inter Ocean.*

A Remarkable Flock of Sheep.

Mr. L. J. Jenkins, Dresden, Germany, in treating upon the merits of the Saxon Merino Sheep, writes, in the *American Agriculturist*:

"Perhaps the most remarkable flock of Merino Sheep in the world is to be found at Leutewitz, near Meissen, in Germany. Here have been bred for four generations of men the descendants of the famous importations of Spanish Merinos to Saxony in 1765 and 1778. Like all other true Merinos, these were in the beginning small and hardy animals, yielding a small quantity of very fine wool, but having no great value as mutton. Now they average in weight: rams, two hundred and twenty to two hundred and sixty-five pounds, and ewes, one hundred and forty-five to one hundred and seventy-five pounds; and the unwashed wool: from rams, seventeen to twenty-three pounds, and from ewes, thirteen to fifteen pounds. In the mutton, the fat is well mingled with the mucle, and not accumulated in inedible masses, and its quality is now regarded as approaching the Southdown. The unsurpassed fineness of the Saxon fleeces is recognized everywhere.

"These results have been accomplished through a firm purpose, persistently carried forward during a period of eighty years. Although soil and climate have favored the development of these sheep, the chief success is due to the intelligence and persistence with which the original plan has been followed. Neither the present proprietors, nor the generations before them, have ever allowed any other interest to interfere with the purpose which from the beginning they had set before themselves, viz., to breed the perfect sheep and to obtain in every animal the largest possible quantity of wool upon a frame easily fattened."

Ailesbury in High Feather.

The Marquis of Ailesbury, despite his snubbing by the Jockey Club, was at Alexandra Park races the other day. He drove down in a coach and four, and looked as if he had a million a year coming in. We did not notice that his wife was with him, but saw that the rowdy element was well represented on his lordship's coach. It seems extremely doubful whether the ostracism of the marquis will be either as real or as continuous as was at first imagined. If it should turn out that the edict of the Jockey Club is like a blank cartridge, noisy but harmless, it will be merely another proof of the snobbery which seems to prevail in every branch of the social system, and a convincing assurance that on the turf, as everywhere else, there is one law for the upper classes and another for the lower.—*London Modern Society.*

Spider-Web Paper.

Hon. George West, of Ballston Spa, N. Y., is in possession of a curiosity in paper sent him by a friend in Hong Kong, China. It is a sheet eleven by fourteen inches, made from the web of the "sacred white spider" of the flowery kingdom. It is as light as air and almost as transparent, but is also beautifully printed and contains about the equal of two columns of matter, giving in English the story of "How Midshipman Copplestone Was Presented at the Court of Pekin." Mr. West has made the manufacture of paper his life-work and study, but it is safe to say that he never ran a spider-web-paper factory.—*Saratogian.*

The Alabama Boom.

Who is that man rushing wildly toward the depot?

That is Mr Jones.

Where is he going?

To Birmingham.

What for?

He has heard of the boom.

What boom?

The boom in receiverships. Jones hopes to get one.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

Bridget—"Enjoy slape, is it? How could I, I'd like yez to tell me. The minit I lay down I'm aslape, an' the minit I'm awake I have to git up. Where's the time for enjoyin' it to come in?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

SCINTILATIONS.

A great many people are troubled with disease of the I's.—*Puck.*

Only a little "s" divides the speculator and the peculator.—*Earth.*

A man's life may be like an open book; but it is bound to be closed.—*Picayune.*

This is the season when bartenders make things hot for their customers.—*Boston Courier.*

Base ball is as old as the world, as is proven by the first line in Genesis; "In the big inning," etc.—*Texas Siftings.*

If a man really desires to discover how popular he is as a speaker let him charge fifty cents admission.—*Boston Globe.*

There is no better cure for dyspepsia than the knowledge that there is nothing to eat in the house.—*Boston Courier.*

Mr. Nevergo Bore (reaching for a button-hole)—"What's going on, old man?" Mr. Busy Man (dodging)—"I am."—*Burdette.*

Kilrain and Smith are soon to fight. Sympathy should be extended to the victor. He is the fellow Sullivan intends to lick.—*Omaha Herald.*

"Were there any poets among the ante-diluvians?" a writer asks. There must have been or there wouldn't have been any flood.—*Boston Courier.*

Josef Hofman may be a miraculous pianist for a boy ten years old, but he should go to school and learn how to spell Joseph.—*Boston Transcript.*

If the price of coal keeps going higher it will be the ultra-fashionable thing for people to move their coal bins up into the parlor.—*Somerville Journal.*

Kentucky has a rooster with three throats, and every time a Kentuckian takes his Bourbon he wishes he was that rooster.—*Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette.*

A man who has been hanged can very properly be used to point an argument for prohibition. It is a clear case of "a drop too much."—*Boston Globe.*

A man in Manitoba has sent to New York for a copy of the "Boulanger March." He says he wants to see if he can't discourage the blizzards.—*Exchange.*

The brain of an elephant is somewhat larger than that of a man, but the trunk of an elephant is considerably smaller than that of a woman.—*Lowell Courier.*

Men who wait for luck to make them rich are generally compelled to leave the settlings of their funeral expenses to their relatives.—*Baltimore American.*

Gerster has lost her voice, sure enough, but if it is ever found it will be easy to identify it. There is no other of the same pattern.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Crœsus never was called upon to act for a season as financial manager of a national opera company. This is why he is known to history as a man of some means.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Everybody knows what a bee line is. It runs in a circle around clover patches and finally makes its way to a hollow tree in the swamp, where the honey is deposited.—*Picayune.*

"I shouldn't care to marry a woman who knows more than I do," he remarked. "Oh, Mr. De Sappy," she replied, "Im afraid you are a confirmed bachelor."—*Epoch.*

The Boston *Transcript* asks: "Have we a Spartacus among us?" No, a thousand times no! But the cannibal who had eaten his wife said he was glad-he-ate-her!—*Columbus Journal.*

An old friend to a widow in tears—"I presume your husband had made all preparations to face his maker?" "He had, indeed. He was insured in in six different companies!"—*Paris Fargo.*

This conundrum comes by private conveyance from a Rutland County town: "what two rivers in New England ask and answer a question? Hoosic and Passumpsic."—*St. Albans Messenger.*

Jay Gould's advice to boys is "Keep out of bad company and go to work with a will." And if you can't keep out of bad company, my boy, do as Jay does and wipe out the company.—*Boston Transcript.*

Revolution in Guatemala.

A Panama letter says: A revolution occurred in Guatemala in September and October, which was crushed by the government, the insurgents fleeing to Salvador. Under date of Oct. 30, Gen. Barrillas issued a proclamation describing the rising. In it he says he trusts that very shortly the regime of the constitution will again be inaugurated.

"But," remarks Gen. Barrillas," on the 28th of September the government received information that a revolution was being plotted on the frontier of Salvador against the peace of Guatemala, and that the leaders were Salvador Sendoval, Jose Aguilar, and Gen. Tinaco, a Nicaraguan officer. The government was at the same time aware that the movement was backed by many who are averse to the actual political situation. The government refrained from making investigations, and contented itself by sending a force against those who had appeared with arms in their hands, and who were promptly overthrown by the military commanders at Chiquimula, Jalapa, Zacapa, and Santa Rosa.

"The governments of Honduras and Salvador also acted loyally, and thus their position became untenable and they had to seek safety in flight. The chiefs, Pineda, Arzu, Zepeda, and Juarez were captured while on their way to Salvador, and after trial were comdemned and shot.

"During those same days an attempt was made to capture the barracks at Huehuetenango, and a two hours' fight resulted in the defeat of the rebels, after a number had been killed and wounded on both sides. After their defeat a number of the rebels were captured, and tried by court-martial, and Col. Vincinte Castaneda and Lieuts. Ismeal Diaz, Jose Munoz, Mallas Cifuentes, Erancisco Alonza have been shot.

"I have been forced to exercise acts of severity which are not in harmony with my character, but I can not look on quietly and see the peace of the country threatened. I shall, therefor, if necessity arises continue to exercise the same severity, should what has happened at Jutipa and Huehuetenango not suffice to consolidate order and assist progress, which combine to form the first and greatest necessity of our country."—*Chicago Times.*