CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

STEUNENBERG BROS., Publishers.

CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

Perhaps M. de Lesseps might offer burial lots as prizes to the purchasers of tickets in the Panama lottery.—*Providence Journal.*

Most complains that he is troubled with rats. We congratulate the Anarchist on having diagnosed his case.—*Baltimore American.*

Jake Sharp is demonstrating to the people of New York that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to stay in prison.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Congress is again in session, and the surplus is listening at the key-hole of its vault in a state of anxiety and fear.—*Chicago Times.*

The pastor of an impoverished Dakota church addressed his congregation last Sunday as follows: "There is not a cent in the treasury, not a pound of coal in the bin, and we are in debt to girls for janitress work. Salvation and chills are a poor combination, and the camp-fires of holiness cannot be started with promises to pay.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Most's lawyers intend to apply for a new trial. Most, who has pointed out various marks of resemblance between his own case and Jake Sharp's, will probably find that the resemblance fails as to the new trial. Sharp is a capitalist, and this is a time when it might be rather convenient for Most to be a capitalist, too.—*Chicago Times.*

The library and furniture which belonged to the mad King Ludwig, of Bavaria, and which cost $160,000, lately brought a paltry $4,000, being sold at auction. A library selection by a maniac might naturally leave something to be desired in the way of really valuable literary work.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

The London footpad who tried to force money from John L. Sullivan met with a striking rebuke. He is slowly recovering.—*New York World.*

It is almost too much to hope for, but if the Fishery Commission would only settle for once and all the claims of America's codfish aristocricy much good might result from the conference.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Thomas A. Edison promises to astonish the public soon with a great invention. Perhaps he has perfected a Christmas toy for children which will not prove a nuisance to adults.—*New York World.*

They sawed a log in two in the northern part of this state and found a snake in the center, although there was no opening in either end of the log. They think this can't be explained, but the answer is very easy. It is all accounted for by the atrocious character of the whisky used in lumber camps.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Every den and hiding-place of boodledom is rejoicing over the Jake Sharp decision, and there is a good deal of rejoicing on the back seats over the Chicago boodle decision.—*Chicago Journal.*

JOHN JACOB ASTOR IV.

The Heir to Millions Is About to Make His Debut in Society.

A New York correspondent of *The Chicago Tribune* writes: A new John Jacob Astor is about to make his debut. He is to appear at an Astor ball before the end of the year. He is the fourth John Jacob Astor. He has just wound up his career as a student. To all appearances his scholastic life was conducted becomingly, for he has his name inscribed on an honored Harvard sheepskin to testify to the right to place the letters A. B. after his name. He is not the son of John Jacob Astor the third, but a son of that John Jacob's brother William. Inspite of his famous name and of the incredible millions that will be all his own when his father shuffles off, the new John Jacob is not regarded as the hope of the family. His people got through anticipating great things for him when he was a young boy, and now that he has attained to man's estate it is said that the loftiest ambition that they have regarding him is that he will continue to do nothing except some day to marry a girl whose strength of character may prove effective in re-enlivening the family blood. Young John Jacob is a tall, loose-jointed fellow, who would pass for a typical raw-boned rustic if it were not for his clothes. His forehead is of the retreating kind; his nose is his one redeeming feature, in that it is very large, but its shape is not suggestive of the strength that is said to go with big nasal organs. It is rather snubby and pronounced, at the same time wofully ugly. His whole bearing is negative, and it is safe to say that, although he may never do anything to honor the name of Astor, he will never do anything to violently discredit it. He has had every advantage in opportunities for education that wealth could buy, and his road to learning has been made as royal as possible. He was early sent to St. Paul's, a well-known academy at Concord, N. H., where a specialty is made of preparing boys for college. He arrived at Harvard a little more than four years ago. Those who have been through Harvard declare that it would take a very, very dull man to fail of obtaining the ordinary baccalaureate degree. Honors, or even honorable mention, require special ability and hard work, but the sheepskin needs only faithfulness to the general orders of the institution to capture. Nevertheless, young John Jacob has the authority for claiming all the glory there may be in a Harvard diploma, and, better yet, he has real estate in fact and in prospect, for he is an only son and heir prospective to half the entire Astor estate. He will be this winter's centre of interest in society, and all the girls will delight to hover around his presence. He has no conversational powers, but does not commit himself to rank absurdities, for he can say in a conventional way that it is a pleasant evening, or nasty weather, you know, and he can swing his feet through the mazes of a waltz or german in a moderately elegant style. But, better than brilliant rhetoric and dancing, he has money, barrels and barrels of it, and lots more where that came from. The glitter of his gold is unalloyed and the taste of his tailor is recognized as unexceptionable.

Talmage can work best on his feet and makes most of his sermons while walking the floor.

A NEW TORPEDO BOAT.

How Gen. Berdan Proposes to Blow the Biggest Man-of-War Out of the Water.

There has been on exhibition in this city, says *The New York Evening Post*, for the past few days a model for a new torpedo boat, the invention of Gen. Berdan, which it is claimed will very effectively blow out of existence the largest ironclad afloat. Contracts have been made with the chief European powers for the use of this boat, and Gen. Berdan says that it has been practically accepted by the United States government. A stock company with a capital of $1,000,000 has been formed in this country for the manufacture of this class of boats.

Gen. Berdan said, in conversation with a reporter: "There always has been a great number of difficulties in the way of the successful working of a torpedo boat. The netting having put an effectual stop to the attack of torpedoes, it was necessary to find some way of circumventing it. It is a well-known fact that in order to disable a vessel it is necessary to attack her from below. A torpedo put against her side would only injure one of her compartments, and she might get away. Shooting a torpedo at a vessel would be a good deal like throwing a knife at a man across the street, with more chances of missing than hitting him, and still fewer chances of hitting him in a vital part. The problem to be solved was how to go up to the vessel, place a torpedo under her bottom, and destroy her completely. This I have solved.

"A heavily armored ram, of high speed, a double-ender, is used. The spur of the ram is only six feet long, and the method adopted for its protection is something quite new in the construction of war-ships. A ram is effective only with a direct blow; a glancing blow will bend or break the spur and render the boat useless. To save the spur I have adopted the ordinary ferry-boat deck; the glancing blow will be against this and the spur will be saved. The great stability of this deck will enable the boat to stand a great shock without danger to it. Underneath this deck there are four screws for the propulsion of the boat, two on each side. These are connected with shafts so that they can be run in opposite directions and the boat can be turned on her own center. In order that she may not be obliged to attack small boats that may attack her, another and smaller boat of the same design will go with her to protect her.

"The torpedo is attached to a long arm, which, when not in actual use, is run up against her side, under the buffer deck. The boat is sent directly against the enemy, and as soon as she strikes this arm is swung down, under the netting hung out around the ship, and the torpedo exploded against the bottom of the vessel. One torpedo will be quite sufficient to destroy any war ship. This arm is run by a shaft which drives it against the bottom of a vessel at a speed of thirty feet a second. The force of a revolving shaft continues the pressure, and the cartridge is exploded. After the explosion the torpedo boat can back out, the arm can be sent back into its place and another torpedo attached, and she is ready for another attack. There is one of these arms on each side of the boat, so that both or either can be used according to the need. I expect before long to make a trial against a ship anchored out at sea properly protected by netting, and I will blow her up at the first attack. We are all ready to go ahead, the company has been formed, and the money to build will be forthcoming."

He Was Kind to His Father.

Some years ago a gentleman, who was at that time in an impoverished condition, left this state and located in Utah, and some time after his settlement there he embraced the Mormon faith. This fact became known to some of his grown-up children who still reside in this county, and they exhibited considerable displeasure. Recently the old gentleman came here to visit his children, and in consequence of his affiliation with the Mormon church he received a very chilly reception from his offspring, who even went so far as to disown him. There was one exception, however, a son, who treated his father with kindest consideration, and acted in every way that becomes a child to its parent. This son was not as well provided with this world's goods as some others, and just prior to his departure the father said to him: "My boy, you have been kind to me, and I desire to reward you therefor. Pick out the best farm you can find in Pottawattamie county, let me know the price of it, and I will send you the money as soon as I get home. I have prospered since I went to Utah, and have ample means to provide for myself and those who show their friendship for me." The chagrin and surprise of the remainder of the family when they learned of the brother's good fortune may be better imagined than described. This is a true statement of facts, and the persons therein live not more than twelve miles from Council Bluffs."—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

No More Mushrooms.

A good lady of this city was recently overheard conversing with a neighbor.

"Yes," she said, "we are very fond of mushrooms at our house. We used often to get them from the market, and always found them very nice. But"—with a sigh—"we don't have them any more."

"Indeed! Can't they be had?"

"Oh, yes, always; but you see we have a new girl."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Well, if you must know, our former girl was as fond of mushrooms as our family were, and she was always very glad to eat them—she ate them warm and we ate them afterward, cold or warmed over. You see it was a little delicate, but they are such uncertain things to buy, and you never can tell when a mess is going to poison you to death—and so you see, it was only judicious that the girl should eat them first—and then—well, you must see that if she was all right it was perfectly safe for us to eat them a few hours later. But you see, our new girl doesn't care for mushrooms, and so we don't buy them any more."—*Buffalo Express.*

ORIGIN OF PIE.

How the Breeder of Dyspepsia Is Manufactured—Some of the Numerous Varieties.

The evolution of the pie, says *The Philadelphia Record*, is a matter that posesses much interest, both to the diligent consumer of pastry and the student of gastronomic art. For at least three hundred years the pie has been steadily progressing upward and onward to its present state of perfection, and during all these years it has ruled supreme at the delight of reckless children and the terror of timid dyspeptics. From the highly seasoned venison of old England to the modern pie so strangely and wondrously made is a most interesting transition, and one which has doubtless proven a blessing to mankind. Years of study and careful experiment have brought forth a combination of crust, meats, and fruits truly wonderful to behold and marvelous to eat.

The pie is thought to be of English descent, and upon this side of the ocean the yankees have generally been conceded to be connoiseurs in this special line of pastry. The down-east farmer lad, with true intuition, early learns to choose the thin, hard pumpkin pie from the large assortment upon the shelves of his mother's pantry, and, slipping it under his jacket, steal away to feast upon it at leisure. Then, when Thanksgiving rolls around, the Yankee housewife stores away countless pies of mince, savory and delectable. This is what tradition attributes to New England; but the supremacy in point of quantity is passing steadily westward, and away out in Chicago advancing civilization and culture have raised the per capita consumption of pies to a point beyond that claimed by any other city. Right here in Philadelphia, too, the people are not slow to appreciate the attractions of the pie as a delicacy, and the daily consumption of these pieces of pastry is really quite staggering to one not initiated into the mysteries of their manufacture.

The interior of a big pie factory, four or five of which are to be found in this city, reveals the secret of the manufacture of these circular pieces of pastry, and the processes with which every housewife is familiar are reproduced upon a magnified scale. Instead of the pans and dishes of the household kitchen there are huge tubs and kettles, mighty engines for kneading dough, and ovens large enough, but much too hot for comfortable habitations for small families. Pies are still made by hand, as they were in days of yore, and as they probably will be constructed in the distant future. In the big kitchen of one of these bakeries there are several huge kettles of copper mounted upon brick ovens, and a half dozen muscular cooks, stir the seething masses within. Everything, from the utinsils to the floor itself, is clean and neat, and the cooked matter is also pure, and free from anything partaking of the semblance of dirt. Ranged round the room upon low tables are scores of wooden tubs holding eight or ten gallons each and filled with cooked material ready to go into pies. Down-stairs the tubs go the oven doors, where the dough is waiting to be moulded, and then the work of pie-making begins in earnest. On both sides of a long table the bakers stand with dough and filling within easy reach. A lump of dough is sized, flattened out to the proper thickness, placed in a tin plate, in goes filling, on goes the roof of the pie, and with a dash of the hand the edge is trimmed and away goes the pie to the mouth of the oven quicker than the story can be told. Everything is done with amazing quickness, and in an exceedingly short time there is a load ready for the oven. It takes about 180 large pies, 240 of the medium size, or 360 small ones to fill an oven of the ordinary size, and the length of time required for cooking varies according to the kind of pie.

The catalogue of pies made is quite extensive, and there are several brands not found elsewhere. An authority on pies and their manufacture gave some points in this line the other day which are not generally known to the uninitiated. Said he: "Here are the principal kinds of pies that are made in the city: Apple, lemon, mince, raisin, plum, grape, gooseberry, huckleberry, strawberry, pineapple, peach, pumpkin, cheesecake, sweetpotato, and custard of various kinds. Apple and lemon are the best selling pies, and they are in demand all the year round, while many of the others are only made in the fruit or berry season. Cheesecake and sweet potato are exclusively Philadelphia notions, and they are not found in other cities. No dried fruits are used in this city in making pies, but when the fruits are out of season canned goods are used, and the quantity brought here for that purpose is enormous. Last week we received two car-loads of canned apples from New York, amounting to about 96,000 cans. The growth of the pie trade in this city has been remarkable and now Philadelphia ranks as one of the biggest pie eating cities in the country. Taking into consideration only the families in each city, there are many more pies made and eaten here than in New York, in proportion to the size of the city. Now we are not only making pies for city trade, but are also sending them out of the city. During the summer we ship thousands of them to Atlantic City and even to Cape May. Last summer I was at Cape May, and one of the hotel-keepers said that he was afraid he could not use our pies, as he must have them fresh. I told him that if he wanted I could have the pies at his hotel before they would become cold. He did not believe that it could be done. To convince them that it could be done I sent up to the city and ordered some pies to be sent down and said that I wanted them hot, and sure enough hot they were when they arrived in Cape May. I cut one of them for the hotel-keeper, and gave him a piece that was not yet cold, and he was convinced. The trade holds about the same the year round. In the summer there is a bigger demand, of course, for fruit and berry pies, and when their season is over Thanksgiving and Christmas come along and with them a big demand for mince and pumpkin pies.

"To give you some idea of the extent of the business, here are a few figures: We average about 4,500 per day through the year, which makes 31,500 pies per week, or 1,588,500 pies for the entire year. In a single day we use for the average run of pies 40 tubs of 32 quarts each of fruit, 300 quarts of milk, 7 barrels of flour, 500 pounds of lard, 400 pounds of cheese, 60 dozen eggs, and various other ingredients in lesser quantities. Of course, the materials vary according to the kind of pies we make, but these figures represent about the quantity of materials used daily. Now there are three or four other large pie-bakeries, and the total output from all the large concerns is about 20,000 pies daily. Then there are hundreds of small bakeshops, and each of them makes from half a dozen to several hundred pies, or altogether about 25,000 per day. This makes the total number about 45,000 per day, or 15,835,000 in a year.

Taking these figures as a basis, some startling calculations can be made in reference to the pie consumption of this city. Every day there are cooked, sold, and eaten in this city about 28,000 large pies, each of which measures nine inches in diameter and one and one-eighth inches in thickness. Now, if these are piled one above the other they would form a solid pillar of pie 2,625 feet high, nearly eighteen times as high as the tall tower of *The Record* building, or four and nine-tenths times as high as the tower of the public buildings will be when completed. In addition to the big pies consumed daily, there are about 7,000 small ones, measuring four inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch in thickness. These little affairs would make a pie pillar 1,238 feet in height, and if the big and little pies should all be piled in one column there would a solid shaft of pie reaching heavenward for more than half a mile. If all these pies should be laid side by side on the ground they would extend a distance of 461-66 miles, while if the line should be lengthened daily for a year, not including Sunday, it would reach over 1,541 miles. This would give a line of pies from here to Chicago and back again nearly to Harrisburg.

The weight of the pies put away by the people of this city every day is something like 44 tons, or 16,060 tons in a year. Many a sorry dyspeptic who tackles a poorly-baked pie doubtless feels, however, that the single quarter-section he has eaten rests as heavily upon his stomach as would the entire annual product.

The estimation of the effects of the countless mince pies which are eaten every year at Thanksgiving and Christmas opens up another interesting field field for calculation. No one has yet been found able to compute the exact number of cubic feet of nightmare per mince pie, but any sufferer can readily make an estimate to suit himself.

Old-Fashioned Propriety.

Those "society balls" were conducted with great propriety and reserve. The claim of every person of both sexes to be admitted having been previously determined by the responsible and trustworthy committee, there was a sort of temporary and conventional equality on the terpsichorean floor; and therefore every gentleman had the privilege to invite a lady, without the formality of an introduction, to figure in the dance as his partner. After it was over he escorted her back respectfully to her seat, without presuming, if unknown and not duly presented, to remain standing before her, or to sit by her side, to continue the conversation, or prolong the accidental acquaintance. During the intervals of dancing, the gentlemen walked up and down between the rows of ladies that densely lined the hall, some merely bowing, to those whom they knew, and others stopping to converse. No woman, married or single, joined in this promenading with a male companion as is the custom in these present days and the eye of a lynx could not have detected the slightest flirtation. The word itself was not known, for the thing it means is for Louisiana a modern invention which has not been patented and brought out for public use. In fact, this peculiar pastime would have been impossible to attempt; it would have produced a social earthquake.—*American Magazine.*

Modernized Paradise.

"We had pantomimes and charades at our place last night," said the young man that boards on South Division street. "Adam and Eve was the first one."

"Were you Eve?"

"No, one of the elderly lady boarders was Eve. I enacted the role of the serpent and my room-mate was Adam. He wasn't a very realistic Adam, however. As I remember the Scripture story Adam didn't wear a three-button cutaway or a celluloid collar. Nor, if I recollect aright, did the serpent trip about with patent-leather pumps on his feet and a clothesline-colored mustache. In spite of these little detractions, however, I contrived to persuade Eve to 'hook' the apple, though she was rather coy at first. We didn't have a tree to hang it on, so the girl brought in a clothes-horse and we tied it to that. Eve had taken but one bite when the read-headed Adam skipped in and snatching the fruit from Eve ate it, core and all. He said that was the way it was done in the revised version. But as there wasn't a copy of that around the place Adam was chased out of Paradise without a moment's delay and the pantomime broke up in disorder."—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Lesson in Phrenology.

A pupil in one of the public schools of this city complied recently in the following manner with a request to write a composition on the subject of a phrenological lecture to which the school has just listened:

"The human body is made up of the head, the thorax and the abdomen.

"The head contains the brains, when there is any.

"The thorax contains the heart and the lungs.

"The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five: A, E, I, O and U, and sometimes W and Y."—*Philadelphia Item.*

More Work for Anthony.

The disgusting indecency of the trees in our public parks is commencing to call for exemplary punishment.

Every one of them is stripped stark naked of its leaves, and exposes itself in the most shamelessly demoralizing manner to the innocent eyes of our school children, and the Society for the Suppression of Vice.—*New York Truth.*

FACT AND FANCY.

Dr. Alford Monday, of Greencastle, Ind., is going to net $4,000 out of his apple orchard this year.

The Duke of Portland bagged during the past season in Caithness 4,900 grouse and eighty-three stags.

During the year ending June 30 there were 19,110 letters without any address whatever sent to the dead letter office.

Port Royal, S. C., which was such an important place during the rebellion, has recently been sold in one lot for $140,000.

There is grumbling in Gotham because the tipping nuisance has extended to the maids who at receptions look after the wraps of the the lady guests.

Skeptics who sniff at the idea of a hell should purchase a pair of shoes about two sizes too small. This scheme beats a sam Jones sermon as a medium of conversion.

"Now, children, I am going to tell you about the prophet Daniel, who, though cast into a den of lions——" New Scholar (fresh from New York): "Have you just got onto that here?"

The Hotel Iturbide (once the palace of Emperor Iturbide) in the city of New Mexico is to have an elevator and electric lights. The latter will be quite an advance from tallow candles.

A Baltimore bribdal couple who received a telegram of congratulation from President and Mrs. Cleveland learned a few days after the wedding that they had been made victims of a trick.

"The congregation have passed out," suggested the sexton quietly to a slumbering worshiper, who, startling suddenly, responded: "Why in the thunder did not they give me a chance to make the ante?"

A pedestrian who walked about five hundred miles in a recent walking-match at Philadelphia is completely prostrated and has seriously injured his constitution. He risked his health for the paltry sum of $175.

Ex-Secretary Robert T. Lincoln, of Chicago, bears no resemblance whatever to his father, his face being rather symmetrical in outline with round cheeks. Not nearly as tall as the dead President, he is large and heavily built.

The introduction of the beet-sugar industry on the Pacific coast seems to have frightened the sugar merchants on the Hawaiian islands in no small degree; some of them going so far as to speak of raising coffee instead of sugar.

The papers of Guadalajara are complaining that many ladies that go to the performances of the Pastor zarzuela troupe wear very large hats, which prevent those sitting behind them from seeing what is going on on the stage. That is an old complaint.

The Hon. Col. Cody says he hasn't made so much money in London as he has been credited with, but he acknowledges nevertheless that he is worth $800,000, mostly in western real estae. Nate Salisbury has put by $500,000 as his profits of the Wild West venture.

One of the attractions at a Philadelphia fair is a doll said to be 250 years of age. During that time it has amused half a dozen generations of children and had varied experiences, among which was interment in a garden for seven years and resurrection by a farmer's plow.

An Oshkosh man who has been out to Portland, Oregon, states that he was almost eaten up with fleas at that place. So troublesome were they night and day that he could neither sleep nor rest, and when he complained about the annoyance the natives laughed at him and told him that they did not notice them at all.

"Oh, I feel so bad," said a Hartford 6-year-old. "I guess it must be my conscience." "Why my dear," queried her mother, "you haven't been telling any wrong stories, have you?" "Oh, dear, no. But I did eat too much dinner, and my conscience aches right here," pressing hard on the most painful spot childhood carries.

F. Marion Crawford tells this story of Oscar Wilde: "Wilde," says he, "came into my study one day and sat down at a table, leaning his head heavily on his hand and said: 'Ah! Crawford, Crawford, I am feeling very sad to-night. One-half of the world does not believe in God and he other half does not believe in me.'"

People living along the line of New Jersey Central make objection to the use of soft coal by the road, as they say the soot settles on the windows, door heads, and water-conductors of all houses near the track; but the company has been driven to the use of the bituminous kind in consequence of the long strike in the anthracite region.

Three years ago this spring one of the conductors of the Washington and Georgetown Street Railway company started up his car while John H. Harmon was trying to get on, and Mr. Harmon fell off, sustaining injuries. On the first suit he got a verdict for $3,000. The company appealed, and the second jury has just given to Mr. Harmon a verdict for $6,500.

A big hoot owl, with four feet stretch of wings, mistook the headlight of Engineer Al Walker's locomotive, on the Norwich and Worcester passenger train, near Norwich, Conn., Friday, for the full moon, and flew into it. The bird made the light blink and frightened Mr. Walker. When he had driven into Norwich he found the owl, its neck broken, on his pilot.

Senorita Matilde Montaya is the first Mexican girl to become a doctor. A committee of young men of the City of Mexico got up a bull fight in honor of her courage, and devoted the proceeds to the purchase of books and instruments for her. In the bull fight two of the toreros were hurt, one of them seriously, but the young senorita took the purse and graduated with credit.

A new book of unusual interest has been added to the Yale college library. It is the history of the class of '37, prepared by Mr. L. Smith Hobart, of Springfield. It has two hundred pages of interesting facts about half a century's usefulness of the most famous class Yale ever graduated. Among its members were Senator Evarts, Rev. Dr. George Duffield, Chief Justice Waite, Gen. Pierrepont, Samuel J. Tilden, Prof. Lyman, President Chapin of Beloit college, and Prof. Silliman.

A very small girl attended church with her mamma on the West side recently, and watched with much interest the passing of the collection-plate, which was preceded by an earnest appeal for liberal giving. After reaching home, she came to her mother's knee with a troubled face and asked: "Mamma, what did that man want the money for?" "To help the Lord," was the answer. "Oh, dear," said the little one, "I never knew God was poor."

Samuel Strickland, of Glenmore, Ga., recently picked a stalk of cotton that measured over twelve feet in length, with fifty branches, some measuring eight feet, with their numerous branches, on one of which he said there were twenty-five bolls of cotton. It is supposed there was over 2,500 bolls on the one stalk. Mr. Strickland says his field was a curiosity and that his neighboring farmers were all encouraged and say they will plant long cotton next year, as from his share it is thought he will make from $50 to $75 per acre.

Gov. Taylor, of Tennesee, recently told of a colored clergyman who preached a sermon on the text: "And the multitudes came to him, and he healed them of divers diseases." Said he: "My dying congregation, this is a terrible text. Disease is in the world. The small-pox slays its hundreds, the cholera its thousands, and the yellow fever its tens of thousands, but, in the language of the text, if you take the divers you are gone. These earthly doctors can cure the small-pox, cholera, and yellow fever if they get there in time, but nobody but the good Lord can cure the divers."

"Old Jeff," the historic war horse, upon whose back the late Richard D. Evans left Washington Court-House, O., on Aug. 9, 1861, as a volunteer soldier in company A, 1st cavalry, died upon the farm where for many years he has roamed at will, aged 31 years. When Dick Evans bought Jeff he was a spry young colt, and many thought the animal was too young and tender to withstand the hardships of the march and army life, but he went through three years' service with his master, and has since made his home near Washington Court-House, always being brought into service at soldiers' reunion parades held here for years past. It is claimed that "Old Jeff" was the last surviving horse that entered the war in 1861.

Economy in Dress.

Any woman who can get together $10 may now provide herself with a neat, comfortable, and good-wearing dress. Materials are cheap and in almost endless variety. Black goods are considered the most durable, but there is no reason why a dark blue, brown or crimson may not be as serviceable. To women under 40 or even 50 these colors are more suitable than the funeral black, which has come to be almost a national color, and makes our sober people look even more sad and sorry. Excellant quality of fine cashmere may be had at 75 cents a yard. This is very fine and soft, and will last for years if carefully kept. Cashmere of good quality may be washed and ironed and look as good as new, and this is one strong reason why it is so highly recommended. For 50 cents a good quality, although of little coarser texture and of double width, may be purchased. For a full costume from eight to ten yards will be needed, and it is always wise to purchase a yard extra, so that in case of the dress being remade there will be new material for sleeves and basque fronts.

A tasteful way to have a cashmer dress made is as follows: Have the skirt two and a half yards wide and just escaping the ground all about. Very stout figures need the skirt longer in front than in the back, and unless this point is strictly attended to the effect of the entire dress is spoiled. The skirt should be made plain and finished with a two-inch hem, over a heavy lining, edged with a very narrow side plaiting. The back of the skirt should have two reeds. The overdress, or, rather, the drapery, should be very full and fall to the edge of the skirt, the basque made pointed in front, high in the hips, and box-plaited in the back lapels, with a simulated vest and revers and a standing collar and cuffs. A plain cashmere like this should always have small buttons of the same color. There are many cheeper materials of all-wool that are suitable for such a dress.

A pretty cheap gown for a young lady, which will do for both fall and winter, may be made out of a dark-blue serge, which, at fifty cents a yard, double width, is of excellent quality. Six yards of the serge and a yard of dark-blue moire at two dollars will make the dress in one of the fashionable modes. The skirt should have a wide side-plaiting from the hip to the edge over a lining. The drapery should be gathered about the hips and fall half way to the knees in front, with a full back drapery, ending in a point and worn over three reeds placed in the skirt. The bodice should have a pointed front, and be cut short over the hips, with a pointed vest and a similar piece in the back of the moire and a high collar of the same. The sleeves should be puffed full to the elbows and the long cuffs to the wrists of the moire. The material, including buttons and linings for this neat suit, should not cost over seven dollars.

Young ladies of small means needing a new dress for evening wear desire generally something that is tasteful and odd. Cheap satins and silks are not to be recommended, because they look tawdy after one wearing, and are really expensive. Tarlatan is one of the prettiest materials for a ball gown, and may be worn three or four times; but there are many thin woolen goods that are far more preferable. Nun's veiling is one of these, and a fine quality may be had at 40 to 50 cents a yard, double width. This material is particularly adapted to graceful draping, and will wash and iron nicely. For a party dress a rose-colored nun's veiling, made over silesia a trifle brighter in color, is pretty. A young girl would look well in such a dress, made with a plain skirt, a French waist, with low neck and short puffed sleeves, and a wide sash of the same material knotted in a butterfly bow behind. If desired, the dress might have puffed sleeves and a guimpe of white or pink silk sash. For an older girl the skirt should be made with reeds and have what is called the butterfly drapery. The same waist would be in good taste, or else a little bodice, cut in a V back and front at the throat, and with elbow sleeves both ruffled in Valenciennes or soft Oriental lace. A gown of this kind, made at home, should not cost more than $8.

Ostrich Racing.

We were treated to an exhibition which was a novelty worth traveling miles to see—an ostrich race. Two little carts, the frames of which were made of bamboo and the wheels similar to those of a velocipede, weighing, all the gear included, thirty-seven pounds, were brought forth, and four very large ostriches, trained to the business and harnessed abreast, were attached to each one. The race course was a flat piece of country about four and one-quarter miles in length; the distance to be traveled was four miles straight away and return. Two of the smallest specimens of African humanity ever seen, less than four feet in height and weighing about seventy-two pounds apiece, Bosjesmen, pure and simple, were selected as charioteers, and all was ready. I had been provided with a magnificent sixteen-hands high English hunter, having a record placing him among the very best saddle horses of Cape Town, and was quarter way toward the turn of the course, pushing my fresh steed to do his best, when the feathered bipeds started and before I reached the turn the ostrich chariots had passed me, going and returning like a flash of lightning. I did see them, and yet so quickly did they vanish into distance that a pen picture, valuable for its accuracy, can not be given. The time taken at the starting point by several of the spectators was, for the four miles and return, nearly ninteen minutes, not very fast for ostriches, so they said, but too rapid for English hunters, I know.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Pleasant Way He Has.

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.*

A Potent Objection.

The principal objection to Mr. Edward Atkinson's plan for purchasing Nova Scotia and New Brunswick seems to be that they are not for sale.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A Fair Impostor.

A June evening. An upper room in a city "School for Young Ladies and Children." A damsel with unbound hair, in a white wrapper gazing, somewhat disconsolately, from an open window.

The clock had struck 10, and according to the receipt for being healthy, wealthy and wise, as well as the rule of Mme. Mickle's establishment, this young person should have been in bed and asleep instead of which she was gazing into futurity, and almost wondering for what earthly purpose she had been born. She was 17, and pretty—really pretty in her way—which everyone pronounced "so odd, you know!"

The day before had been graduating day, and she, too, had had her white dress and dainty gloves and slippers and all the et ceteras of such occasions; taking, as she rather bitterly thought, the whole of her Christmas present from the wealthy cousin who had generously kept her at Mme. Mickle's that she might be qualified for the post of under teacher.

In the next house a large party was in progress, and the star-gazer was enabled to see much of what was going on—windows raised and lace draperies waving in the soft June breeze. A party, indeed! What should she ever do with parties? She wondered who would ever ask her to one.

Here she caught a glimpse of a girl's figure in white, and, beside her a tall, distinguished-looking man, with such a face as sometimes visits one in a dream—a face that might have belonged, she thought, to a hero of the middle ages. And the girl at the window envied the girl surrounded by light and love, and wondered if, after all, she were so very much prettier and more attractive than herself.

An idea flashed into her mind—she would see! It would be something to to do in the way of amusement. And, quick as thought, she had drawn the shades down, lighted the gas and unearthed her graduating dress from the drawer. It was beautifully made, this simple white tarlatan, and fitted her slender figure perfectly. But Miss Liftwood's crowing glory was the shining mass of golden-brown hair which rippled far below her waist.

Almost before she realized what she was doing little feet twinkled rapidly down the stairs; a white-robed figure with flying hair fluttered like a butterfly across the alley, where a convenient gate afforded entrance to the premises of the party-giving people, and Margaret Liftwood, saying to herself in mingled terror and delight, "An adventure!" an adventure!" suddenly stood at the side door of a house, with the owners of which she had never exchanged a word and didn't even know them by sight. It stood wide open and there was no one around.

She advanced to the staircase and stood gazing undecidedly upon the gay scene beyond, when the very girl she had watched from the window, flying up to her with the most beaming of faces, embraced her rapturously.

"I knew you would come!"

"Did you?" responded the bewildered intruder.

"Yes, you dear, darling Daisy!" I was sure of it, and I told Regy so. You don't know how we have talked you over! You have not seen him yet, I suppose. But who brought you, dear? —or were you wafted on thistle-down?"

"Don't ask me any questions, please," replied our heroine, dreadfully embarrassed.

"I understand! You shall not be plagued, dear. But let me get a good look at you. Why, Daisy, you are lovely! And so like your photograph, only a great deal prettier. To think of it being six years since we met. But here comes Reginald. Perhaps I ought to retire, though it is all in the family, you know."

Our debutante would have liked to sink through the floor when the new comer, after regarding her with an admiring look, raised her white-gloved hand to his lips and said:

"This much, at least, I may be permitted?"

"Poor child," said pretty Clara, for Margaret looked thoroughly frightened. "I shall see you again presently, and remember, Daisy, you do not leave us to-night. Papa, too, will put his veto on your departure."

"Then there is evidently no mamma," thought the young adventuress.

"Perhaps," whispered her partner, as she remained silent, feeling this to be the safest course, "I have been too precipitate, but we are not strangers, you know, if we have not met for many years. The past is as vivid to me as yesterday, though you may not remember our childhood squabbles."

"Daisy! How I love that name! It just suits you, too!"

After her first feeling of half-terrified embarrassment Margaret resolved to give herself up to the enjoyment of the thing and find out, if possible, who "Daisy" was and who her new friends were.

To her great delight, some one addressed her partner as "Mr. Glade"—a title she speedily bestowed upon him in turn; but the answer was accompanied by a most reproachful look.

"Am I Mr. Glade to you, Daisy! I could not think of calling you Miss Charters."

Margaret was led rather against her will, into the conservatory.

"Do not be alarmed," said Mr. Glade, in a fatherly, reassuring manner; "I want to tell you that I know all about it. Your—

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, in a paroxysm of shame, "what must you think of me? I will go at once."

"Indeed, you will not!" replied her companion, with detaining arms.

With a frightful shriek Margaret tore herself from his grasp and before Reginald could recover from his astonishment she fled through the side door and back to her own premises.

The next day Mrs. Callister's equipage stopped at Mme. Mickle's door, and its stately occupant asked for Miss Liftwood. She had just moved to her country seat for the summer—felt a little lonely, and did not expect any fashionable visitors yet—so concluded to give her little cousin the benefit of a fortnight's sojourn at Beechwood.

Margaret was most pleasantly pervaded by the consciousness of good looks and becoming attire, one afternoon about a week after her arrival, as dressed in a white, dotted muslin, with a cluster of pansies in her hair, she walked through a by-path at Beechwood, reading, until, raising her eyes suddenly, she found herself face to face with Reginald Glade.

"I am so glad that I have found you again!" said Mr. Glade; "a thing that I almost despaired of doing. How could you slip away from us in that Cinderella style, without even leaving a slipper behind? At least, tell me who you are, since I know you are not Daisy."

"I am an impostor!" replied Margaret, gravely; "one who had no right whatever in your house that evening, but I really had no intention to deceive you. I am to be a teacher at the school next door to you, and they all had gone away that night, and I watched the lights and the dancers from my window, and felt so lonely that I foolishly resolved to go in. I hoped to pass unnoticed, but you mistook me for another, and I cannot tell you how mortified I am at the very remembrance of it. Pray forgive me, if you can! I am staying at present with my cousin, Mrs. Callister."

"Is Mrs. Callister your cousin? I am very glad to hear of it, for we are old acquaintances, and Mr. Callister has just brought me home to dine with them. How strangely things will turn out!"

How could all this be told to Cousin Sylvia? How could she account for her acquaintance with Mr. Glade?

He seemed to divine her thoughts.

"It was a schoolgirl frolic you know. I think Mrs. Callister will be lenient when she learns all."

She was wonderfully lenient, for Reginald Glade was a great favorite and an excellent match, and she began to look upon Margaret with eyes suddenly open to her merits. The latter was urged to spend her entire vacation at Beechwood, and Clara Glade was speedily invited there to meet "the mock daisy," as she was laughingly called.

Things advanced very rapidly after this, and Margaret did not return to Mme. Mickles's.

A Picture.

Only an idle moment,
Only a thoughtless son,
Spurning a mother's counsel,
And the work of ruin begun.

Only a small beginning,
"A glass for friendship's sake,"
That will lead him on to his ruin,
And many a tear-drop make.

Only a mother weeping
For a reckless, wayward son;
All of her bright hopes shattered
And fading, one by one.

Only a bar-room quarrel;
A fight that began in fun.
The fatal blow is given,
And the fearful work is done.

Only a heart-broken mother,
Homeless, and roaming the street.
Only a newly made grave,
And there is the picture—complete.

—*Roland A. Nichols, in Toledo Blade.*

A Sizeable Snake Story.

On Saturday last, as Charles Lace and Algernon R. Thomas, two Pennsylvanians, were fishing for pickerel on the Wolf Pond, they perceived a peculiar looking object a short distance from their boat. It appeared to be the head and neck of a gigantic snake fish, long and pointed like a pike's at the mouth and increasing in width until it appeared to be six or eight inches wide between the eyes. Lace took up a heavy pole which was in the boat and succeeded in striking the reptile. The instant the blow was given the monster plunged his head under water and raised its body above, throwing it on the end of the boat. It was quickly drawn over and across the boat, nearly capsizing it in its passage. The object then disappeared under water.

The head was of mottled green and looked something like the shell of a turtle. Its body was black, encircled with rings of a dirty yellow color. The men aver that its length was fully thirty feet, as the head was about twelve feet from the boat when they made attack upon it, and in drawing its body over the boat it displayed at least twenty feet. It appeared to be about six inches in diameter. Both men were armed with revolvers, which they discharged repeatedly at the place where the reptile disappeared from view, but without making it show itself. They were considerably frightened and left the place, finishing their fishing for the day on the Yankee Pond, which is a short distance east of the Wolf Pond, and is located in the adjoining town of Mamakating.

The pond covers several hundred acres, and in some places is thirty feet deep. There is a tradition that many years ago, before the canal company built a dam to increase the capacity of the reservoir at this place, a similar monster existed in the small pond which was the nucleus of the present reservoir. It may be that this is a specimen of the reptilian age, and that other and numerous representatives of the Jurassic period are still in existence in the bodies of fresh water on the globe.—*Monticello Watchman.*

JACOB SHARP'S FARM.

It Looks Like a Village at Night, When It is All Aglow with Light.

A Utica special to *The New York World* says: Jacob Sharp's farm lies about three miles outside of Rome. The present occupant of the farm is Mr. Sharp's daughter-in-law. The estate comprises 1,500 acres of land, of which every inch is inclosed by iron fencing. A drive over the place shows careful attention to every detail of management. Four men and two women constitute the help on the place. A gas engine supplies light for the entire farm. Numerous lampposts scattered here and there convey the idea that the place at night was a village itself. There is a well-built and clean barn for each class of animals.

The weather-vanes on the roof indicate the particular breed of stock; thus, one vane is a roster, another is a horse, while a third represents a cow. In the cow barn Mr. Sharp has twenty-five fine-looking calves. There were harvested this fall eighty bushels of oats. Pointing to a large pile of stones one of the workmen said:

"If Mr. Sharp was only here, I'll bet he'd build something out of them."

The French syndicate that cornered the tin market is now trying its hand at lead. It is to be hoped that it will get enough of this synonym of weight to carry it down deep into the silt on the bottom of the sea of despair.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*