CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

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CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Florida is enjoying roasting ears just now.

One day recently the United Sates Senate passed 108 private bills.

To hang a horseshoe properly have the points up, or the luck will run off.

A Brooklyn woman of eighty, who is a great grandmother, is seeking a divorce.

A Madison (Wis.) man has given 8,000 children of that city a free sleigh ride.

A "pancake toss"—the catcher eating all he can catch—is a new entertainment.

A British jury has given a daughter who sued her father for libel $1,250 damages.

There are now 101 students at the Harvard Annex, and every classroom is over-crowded.

The proper pronunciation of Volapuk is voh-lah-peek, giving the sound of "o" as in old.

Langtry bustles that play the overture to "Tannhauser" when you sit down are advertised.

Florida nurserymen are doing a large business in shipping young orange trees to California.

An Iowa minister refused to marry a couple because the expected groom was a liquor dealer.

The production of raisins in California was last year 800,000 boxes. In 1873 it was only 6000 boxes.

No smoke arises from any house in Japan. Charcoal furnaces are used both for cooking and heating.

Bermuda steamers are now bringing beets, onions and potatoes in to the New York market.

Miss Eunice Hooser, of Elkton, Ky., has just completed a calico quilt that is composed of 24,080 pieces.

During the last year and a half, the cotton manufacturing power of Japan has increased more than 130 per cent.

A vein of quartz reported to yield $1,600 worth of gold to the ton, has been discovered near Columbia City, Fla.

"Johnson, Gallup & Hurry" is the name of a New York firm, which is said to be a busy and enterprising concern.

Mary Strain, a colored woman of Baltimore, Md., has announced her desire to meet John L. Sullivan in the prize ring.

A change of two letters in a message cost the Western Union Telegraph Company $200 by a Supreme Court decision.

In Jefferson county, N. Y., they have been baptising converts in a pond, with the mercury at 15 degrees below zero.

The imports of refined sugar at Montreal and Halifax during 1887 amounted to 200,764,-191 pounds, valued at $4,551,388.

Coquina, the material of which the three new Spanish hotels at St. Augustine, Fla., are built, is claimed to be absolutely fireproof.

A syndicate of French engineers has contracted to stop the breach in the Hoang-Ho River, the overflow of which caused the great disaster a short time ago.

The shipments of citron to the United States from Leghorn during January were 100 half-cases, against 305 half-cases for the corresponding month last year.

The exports of wheat from Russia during last year are reported as equal to about 66,-000,000 bushels, against 50,000,000 bushels in 1886 and 88,640,000 bushels in 1885.

The great deer range of the country is in northern Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota. The Indians slaughter great numbers of them, but the deer continue numerous.

It is stated that the question of the boundary line between British Columbia and Alaska will be submitted to an international arbitration committee as soon as the fisheries treaty is ratified.

A bear came out on a Mississippi Railroad track the other day and tackled the locomotive of an express train with great energy and lots of spunk, but he will never do it again. He overestimated his size.

The temperature necessary to melt wrought iron lies between 4000° and 5000° F., and even at that tremendous heat wrought iron is only rendered fluid by the addition of a small amount of aluminum.

The farmers in many districts of New Jersey met on Saturday for the purpose of combining and regulating the price of next season's tomatoes. They decided upon $7 per ton, as against $6 received last year.

A minister, in a country kirk in Scotland, stopped in the course of his sermon to ask a member who was deaf, "are you hearing, John?" "Oh, ay," was the response, "I am hearing, but to verra little purpose."

Prof. Arnold states that it costs more to make milk from old cows than it does from young ones having the same milk capacity. He says as a rule the best effects do not last beyond the eighth year of the cow's age.

Prof. Lodge's discovery of the remarkable effect of static electricity in freezing the air from dust and vapor has been utilized by Mr. J. G. Lorrain in the construction of an apparatus for dissipating the smoke produced by the discharge of cannon.

Dr. Murry of the Royal Society of Edinburgh estimates the mean height of the land of the globe to be between 19000 and 21000 feet, the latter limit being probably the more nearly correct. Humboldt's estimate of the mean heights of continents was 1000 feet.

A series of experiments recently made by a French metallurgist are stated to have proved that steel loses weigh by rust about twice as rapidly as cast iron when exposed to moist air. Acidulated water was found to dissolve cast iron much more rapidly than steel. This would indicate that steel bridges are less affected by the acid contained in the smoke of locomotives than iron ones.

It has been stated that since the sunflower has been cultivated on certain swamps of the Potomac malarial fever has decreased. At the mouth of the Scheldt in Holland, it is stated that similar results have been observed. The sunflower emits large volumes of water in the form of vapor, and its aromatic odor, as well as the oxygen it exhales, may have something to do with the sanitary influence in question.

The British Board of Trade returns for the first month of 1888 show an increase in the value of imports to the amount of about twelve per cent. and of the exports to the amount of about 4½ per cent. In the imports the majority of important articles show increases, especially wheat, flour, tea, sugar and wool. Wheat however, shows a decrease in value, owing apparently to lower prices, for the reduction in the quality landed is small.

Southern editors engaged in circulating the annexed story ought to be ashamed of themselves, as they have no evidence of its truthfulness: "Rev. Mr. Martin, of New Orleans, colored, was a barber originally. After he was ordained his first duty was to baptize a child. Wetting his hands in the water-bowl, he laid it on the child's head; his mind reverting to his calling, he began rubbing the head vigorously, and, turning to the astonished mother, said: 'Shampoo?'"

Wm. H. Drum and Gracie Powell, of Los Alamos, Cal., being of a romantic turn of mind, thought it would be nice to be married on the bounding billows. So they boarded the coast steamer Santa Rosa and told the captain what they wanted. He thought of his own romantic youth, and putting the steamer out to sea, so that she might be at least three miles from land, and the ceremony therefore, legal, tied the knot himself thoroughly, ship-shape and sailor fashion.

In 1851 two boys entered the examination for admission to Williams College. One of them came from a town in the interior of New York, the other from western Massachusetts. They had never met or heard of each other before, but in the allotment of college rooms were thrown together as chums. They occupied the same room through the entire college course, and after graduating one of them went to Kansas and the other to Nebraska to grow up with the country. In 1873, when the roll was called in the United States senate, these two boys stood up together to be sworn in as senators. One was John James Ingalls, of Kansas, and the other Phineas W. Hitchcock, of Nebraska.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

NAMES FOR FRUITS.

Introducers of fruits no longer give the pompous high-sounding names to fruit that used to be fashionable. If they do the pomological societies cut them down. It is better to wait awhile before calling any new fruit "incomparable" or "monarch," when on trial it may prove to be absolutely worthless. A modestly named fruit, if good, loses nothing by its unassuming name, but is all the better for it.

COAL ASHES FOR HENS.

Not only coal ashes furnish a fine place for hens to roll in, but if allowed free access to them they will eat the small partly-burned bits of coal that comes through the sieve. It is one way the hens have of getting solid material in their gizzards with which to grind their food. We have seen black specks in egg shells which were undoubtedly the product of small pieces of charred coal eaten by the fowls.

CREAMERIES AND FARMERS' WIVES.

The creamery system is the only one for managing milk and making butter that does not make slaves of women. It is the great emancipator of the housewife, besides making more butter and of higher average quality. As a measure of economy no good farmer should be without a creamery. But its use requires the putting up of some ice the previous Winter. Hence we speak of it now while there is yet time to get good ice.

BREEDING WILD GEESE.

Those who have tried it say it is difficult to breed the wild goose in confinement. They are apparently true monogamists, and once mated remain inconsolable when they lose their companions. The young are, however, often taken, and these, having never mated, will breed with their own species or with the tame variety. The cross is an improvement as to size on either parent, and shows especial aptitude to fatten readily.

KEEPING BEES UNDER GROUND.

The great advantage from wintering bees in cellars is that they can be kept at uniform temperature much easier than on the surface. The disadvantages are mice and moisture, and under some circumstances, if too warm, too great consumption of honey. Bees, if protected from the sun by being sheltered, rarely suffer from cold weather. If the sun shines on the opening to their hives the bees fly out, are lost, and thus depleted, the swarm has not warmth enough to protect itself from freezing.

DRAINING FOR ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

Every Spring in the Northern States, and also through Fall and Winter farther south, roads are often impassable from the deep mud with which they are filled. Grading, unless done with stone and gravel on top, often only makes the mud deeper. It is the water that makes mud. When this fact is fully appreciated the answer to the difficulty is easy. Get rid of the water by drainage of roadsides, and no amount of bad weather will make the roads muddy, except for a little on the surface. This is better than building covered roadways, as some Illinois farmers a few years ago proposed.

PRICE OF FOREIGN POTATOES.

Some one has been figuring the home cost of the Scotch potatoes imported into this country. Deducting duty paid, costs of handling and bringing them over, it is estimated that the grower gets about eighteen cents per bushel. This surely is not a high price in a country where food products are presumably dearer than here, as it is very largely fed by American-grown grain. It shows at least that the Scotch at home are not great potato eaters. Judging by the quality of what they grow they are never likely to be.

SOWING ON FROZEN GROUND.

Western farmers sow Spring wheat on Fall-ploughed ground as soon as it is partially thawed. It is really a good way for oats, and perhaps for barley as well. These grains require to be got in early, and if the farmer waits in Spring to plow and fit the land, his Spring grain is necessarily sown late. There is another benefit from this sowing on the unploughed surface. It is on all land in much finer tilth than the less frozen soil beneath. Clover or grass seed sown on land merely dragged over is a surer catch than that sown where the land was ploughed in the usual way.

DRAINAGE OF FLOWER POTS.

Many farmers' wives wonder why their flowers do so poorly in Winter. It is difficult without a greenhouse to regulate the temperature. In most parlors the air when warm enough is entirely too dry. Plants will do much better in the kitchen, where the steaming teakettle is always pouring out moisture. But a chief reason where heavy soil is used is that it has too little drainage. A few small, coal clinkers broken into pieces the size of beans, and put into the bottom of the pot, will remedy this. This will give drainage, and prevent the soil above from baking. It can then be watered freely without injury.

BEES AND FLOWER FERTILIZATION.

There is no doubt that bees often serve a valuable purpose in fertilizing the flowers of fruit trees and plants. Where there are no bees fruit crops are less certain than where they are. Other insects undoubtedly help some also. But neither bees nor insects of any kind are absolutely necessary to nature's processes. They are helps, and in the flowering season are never any injury. If the weather is dry and the wind blows freely it helps to distribute the necessary pollen. Some flowers, as those of corn, the bee never visits, and winds do all the distributing. But in the fruit-trees the air in Spring is often moist and the pollen is heavy. Then bees do valuable service.

SWEET CORN FOR FODDER.

The crop of sweet corn last Fall, though not large, was well cured. It can probably be had reasonably cheap for seed this Spring, and we advise drilling some thinly enough to produce ears to be fed to cows. Thus grown it will not yield the large bulk of the Southern corn grown exclusively for fodder, but it is much richer either as fodder or to put in the silo. Sweet corn bearing ears makes silage containing all the nutriment of the fodder and grain combined. It is not alone a perfect ration, for corn alone is not, but it is a first-rate basis for feeding milch cows or other stock. Stalks of sweet corn, fed dry in Winter, will be eaten with comparatively little waste.

CLEARING LAND BY GRUBBING.

Cutting a tree down is a quick and inexpensive way of disposing of it. Of course the stump is left, but if sprouts are burned off next July or August, it will not sprout again to do any hurt, and will in time rot out. Whoever tries grubbing out trees as a means of clearing land will tire of it. There are places where it will pay to remove a few and have valuable land at once available for other uses. But ordinary farm crops will not pay the expense. It is a poor little tree that does not require three feet square to be grubbed over to get it out by the root. This is just one square yard. If it could be done for three cents it would make the land thus obtained cost $200 per acre. Some calculation of this kind is apt to come over a man when he has been working a whole day to grub out a tree. The next one he tackles will be cut down in the old-fashioned way, and leave time to do the grubbing.

CURING BALKY HORSES.

Balky horses are as obstinate as a mule. In fact, where mules are bred large numbers of horses not related to them partake considerably of the mule nature. It does no good to whip them for balking. Whipping may cure other faults, but never that. Distract the attention of the horse as much as possible from what you are doing. There are many ways of doing this. If the horse can be made to forget that you and he are in a contest he will do your will. Putting dirt in his mouth or fine gravel in his ear may sometimes get the horse to thinking about his own discomfort so that he will start. We believe there is no permanent cure for balkiness. A man used to such a horse can get some work out of him by never overloading him, and always avoiding places or work where balking has previously occurred. But he needs to be a first-rate Christian before he begins, and even then he will be in great danger of backsliding.

AMERICA THE HOME OF TROTTERS.

It is conceded now that the American trotting horse is the best in the world. Years ago superiority was conceded to English horses, and before that to the Arabian. We imported from both and improved on both. While England has some good horses, her breeders needed to continue Arabian importations, or their stock would run down. There is a significance in this to horse breeders. English climate is always over-moist. That of Arabia is always dry, and our own is generally dry and bracing. The same atmospheric conditions that have made our people the most wide-awake, enterprising and indomitable in the world have apparently affected our horses also. Consider the localities in this country where our greatest trotters have been bred, all dry and generally on high or rolling lands. On the face of things it would evidently be a mistake for farmers on low, wet prairies, or in other sections where the climate is always moist, to expect to breed the best trotters.

MARKET FOR JERSEY COWS.

During the past year the great production of Jersey cows has begun to have its natural effect, and thousands have been sold at prices that would once have seemed absurdly low. It is quite certain that the extreme prices once paid will never again be restored nor is it best that they should be. The Jersey has its valuable points for the dairy, and will be none the worse for passing out of the list of fancies. In this as in many things else, lowering the price leads to a much more general introduction. It will pay farmers now who mean merely to make good butter at every day prices, to attend sales of Jersey cows and stock up. In doing so, however, they must remember that, owing probably to carelessness in breeding for color, points and fashion, rather than for use, the Jersey varies very much in practical value. It is this really that is at the bottom of the present depression in the prices of this breed. The Jersey is so small that when it does fail as a milk or butter producer the failure is not easily remediable. Prudence requires that the purchaser should know not only the pedigree, but the animal's own record for milk and butter. If this is all right, it is safe to invest liberally, always remembering that a valuable animal is sure to be a good purchase, and an inferior animal a poor one.—*American Cultivator.*

It Paralyzed Him.

Two gentlemen went into an uptown barroom in the quiet hour recently, and found only one barkeeper present, who stood behind the bar with his ulster on and the collar turned up about his ears, although the room was as hot as a Turkish bath.

"What the dickens are you doing with that thing on?" said one; "aren't cold, are you?"

"Well, I guess you'd be cold, too, if you got left the way I have. You see I was standing here alone when a tall, well-dressed man came in and ordered a glass of beer. When he had drank it, he smacked his lips and said: 'That's almighty good beer, give me another glass.' I gave it to him, and he set the glass quietly on the bar, and said: 'That's the best beer I ever tasted. Who did you say made that?' I told him. 'Why, I'm going right up there, and will stop in and pay him myself.' With that he went to the door, cool as you please, and left me so surprised that I couldn't speak."—*New York Sun.*

Visiting-Card Scrap-Books.

Some of the ladies of Washington save the visiting-cards they receive and paste them in scrap-books for preservation as souvenirs. They are quite pleasant mementos of Washington life, particularly if the collection contains the names of the society belles and the statesmen one is continually reading about in the newspapers. A senator's wife or any other lady of social prominence usually gets a large bowlful of cards at every reception, but they are often duplicates, and the sum total for the season will not be more than three or four hundred, for that is about the number of habitual callers at the capital. I know of a lady now spending her thirteenth season in Washington, who has preserved the card of every person who has called upon her during this entire time. They fill half a dozen large scrap-books, and are several thousand in number.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A host in himself—The landlord.—*Puck.*

Old King Coal is a high-priced old soul.—*Alta California.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

RAGOUT OF BEEF.

Cut one pint of cold meat into one half inch slice, removing fat, bone and gristle. Put the meat into a stew-pan, cover with boiling water and simmer slowly two or three hours; then add one-half can mushrooms, cut fine, two tablespoonfuls wine; salt and pepper to taste. Wet one tablespoonful flour to a smooth paste with a little cold water, stir into the liquor, cook ten minutes and serve.

FRIED BREAD.

One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, three of baking powder, and milk enough to make it as stiff as biscuit dough. Roll it out and cut into square cakes two inches long and a little over half an inch thick. Drop them into boiling lard. They only require a few minutes cooking, and when properly made they are so nice they will soon become a family institution.

BAKED MACARONI.

Take some minced chicken or meat, then weigh half the quantity of macaroni, which must be cooked tender in broth; add two well-beaten eggs, three ounces of butter, cayenne pepper and salt to taste; all these ingredients must be well mixed. Put into a baking dish and cook until a yellowish brown crust is formed on the top. Veal and chicken can be mixed.

ROAST BEEF.

Remove the bone from the thin part of the roast, then fold it around against the thick part of the meat. Skewer it well, lay in some thin slices of bacon in a dripping pan with the beef, and place in a hot oven; salt when half done and baste frequently. Minced onion and parcley can be added to the gravey. Allow twelve to fourteen minutes to the pound in the roasting.

CORNMEAL MUFFINS.

One egg, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of lard, three teacups of fresh buttermilk, two small teaspoons of soda, and enough cornmeal to make as thick as cake batter. Sift soda into meal and add salt last. Grease the muffin pan well, and have hot enough to fry before putting in batter. Place in a hot oven and bake quickly.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Grate three sponge biscuits in enough milk to make a paste; beat three eggs and stir them in with the juice of a lemon and half the peel grated. Put a teacupful of orange juice and one of sugar, with half a cup of melted butter, in the mixture; stir it well, put in a dish with puff paste around it, and bake slow one hour.

SPONGE CAKE.

Two cups of sugar, two and one half cups of flour, one-half cup cold water, four eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder, beat the yolks of eggs thoroughly with the sugar, add the water, then the flour with baking powder, and lastly the whites of the eggs well beaten.

BROILED KIDNEYS.

Split them through lengthwise and run an iron skewer through them to keep them flat; pepper, and broil over a clear fire. They should be lightly done. Serve on a very hot dish, sprinkle them with salt and put a bit of butter on each.

BROILED PORK CHOPS.

Cut not quite as thick as mutton chops and broil over a brisk fire; turn them frequently and cook a dark brown. When ready to serve, sprinkle over them a little powdered sage.

LILY CAKE.

Two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one cup of cornstarch, one cup of butter, whites of five eggs, one teaspoon of cream tartar and one-fourth of a teaspoon of soda.

CABBAGE SALAD.

Chop fine one head of cabbage, one pint vinegar, one teaspoonful mustard, one teaspoonful sugar, one egg and a piece of butter size of an egg.

EXCELLENT PIE CRUST.

One cup of lard, one cup of sweet milk, pinch soda, one tablespoon of cornmeal, salt and flour enough to mix rather soft; do not knead it.

SAUCE FOR FISH.

The yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful of vinegar, quarter of a pound of butter, a little salt. Stir over a slow fire until it thickens.

STEAM HORSE-CLANERS.

An Ingenious Process Now in Use in a Chicago Stable.

In the basement or ground floor of the Palmer House livery stables, says the Chicago *News*, two employes stood on either side of a powerfully-built horse which was undergoing his toilet—in stable parlance "gittin' cleaned and curried." In exactly forty seconds the animal was turned over to his keeper as bright as a new pin—not a speak of dirt nor a turned hair to be seen on his sleek, shiny coat. His step seemed brisker and he acted much like a person who has just had an invigorating bath. In two hours' time no less than one hundred and fifty horses, big and little, had received their daily clean-up and were ready to prance out into society.

The cause of this revolution in the art of horse-cleaning, rubbing down and currying—all in one—is a simple contrivance, a movable shaft at one end of which is a circular brush composed of fairly stiff bristles. The brush, which is run by steam, revolves many hundred times a minute, and is guided by the cleaner. Two of these cleaners operating with the brushes on one animal can accomplish more in a minute than can four men with the old style brush and curry-comb in twenty minutes.

As soon as the brush touches the body of the horse the dirt and dead hair fly in all directions, and it only needs a second "going-over" to have the animal in such a condition that a glove would not be soiled in rubbing over the hide. At first the horse appears frightened at the noise of the revolving shafts, but as soon as he feels the touch of the brush he edges up closer to the cleaner and gives every indication of pleasure. The harder the pressure on the brush the harder will be the rubbing, of course, and when the sensation becomes uncomfortable the horses moves away. In this way the cleaners are easily informed how hard a rubbing the animal will stand.

Extremes meet in a store on North Clark street where one floor is occupied by an undertaking establishment, and the other is devoted to a repository for masquerade costumes.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

SAGACIOUS ELEPHANTS.

Crater Harrison Visits a Burmah Saw-Mill.

Noble Beasts Who Perform Heavy Labor for Their Masters—Huge Logs Lifted Around Like So Many Matches—Stories About Tusked Pets.

Following is an extract from ex-Mayor Harrison's last letter to *The Chicago Mail:*

"Early the next day, while yet cool, we visited one of the decided 'lions' of the city—the working elephants. Formerly these were very numerous, being the heavy workers in the timber yards and great saw mills. Machinery has now supplanted them in all establishments run by foreigners. In each of the native mills, where small orders are filled, two of the noble beasts yet perform the heavy labor which human hands unassisted could scarcely manage. We visited some of these the second time on our return from up country; and were greatly interested. They draw the logs, many of them three feet in diameter, and thirty to forty feet long, from the river, pile them up in systematic order, and when they are needed roll them to the ways and assist in adjusting them for the saw. Lumber is not here sawed into boards, but the slab is taken off and the good stuff left in square timber to be ripped up into boards where consumed. This is done both for home consumption and for exportation. After the log is thus cut the elephant goes among the machinery, takes the slab away, and then carries the good timber and piles it up or lays it gently upon the ox-carts to be hauled off.

"A carpenter we saw wanted lumber from a particular log which was under several others. One of the monsters rolled the upper logs off and pushed the chosen stick to the mill. The way was not clear—the log butted against others. He pushed these through and guided his piece through them with a sagacity almost human. His stick became wedged. He pushed and tugged; it would not budge, but at a whispered word from the mahout and the promise of a bit of nice food he bent to it. Still it stuck. With a whistle audible for a quarter of a mile he got on his knees, straightened out his hind legs and put his whole force to it. He was successful. We could almost read his satisfaction in the gentle flaps of his huge ears and the graceful curve of his proboscis as he put it up to the mounted mahout, asking his reward. Sticks over two feet thick and ten to fifteen feet long are lifted up bodily upon the great ivories, and are then carried off and laid upon the gangways so gently as not to make a jar. One stick 22 inches thick and 22 feet long we saw carried in this way. In carrying this the beast had a path not three feet wide among masses of loose logs. He had to plant his fore feet upon these and thus walk a considerable distance. He looked as if he were walking upon his hind legs. The corner of a bamboo hut stood in his way. He lifted the log over its roof, and bent his body so that his sides gently scraped the corner of the house and did not shake it. A hundredth part of his weight would have caused it to topple from its pile foundation.

"He was ordered to carry off a pile of 4x6 pieces 10 to 15 feet long. He ran his tusks under a few. He tried again, and probably doubled his load. His driver gave him a fierce prod with his iron hook over the forehead. With a shriek of rage he sent his ivories under the pile and threw his snout over the top. He had to get on his knees to get the load up. It was a decent dray-load. As he passed us, perched on a pile of logs, I moved away, for I thought there was blood in his eye, and that he might dump the load on the foreigners. But when he came back he stopped before us, got on his knees, bowed three times, and held out his snout to us for a gratuity. I pitched a coin to the mahout. He whispered to the beast that his elephantship would get a part of it. This seemed satisfactory, for he snuffed up a pint of dust, blew it over his rump, and marched off for a bath in a mud hole not far away. Each mill has a pair. They work only in short spells, and take their rest when feeding in grass-grown mud ponds.

"In Mandalay we saw quite a number belonging to the English commissary department. They were formerly King Thebaw's. One of them has a little baby only thirty-four inches tall. The mother was chained to a tree. The baby toddled to us and held out its snout. I tried to catch it. He gave a whistle. I feared the cow would break loose—she seemed so uneasy and strained so at her chain. But I got my hand on the little fellow's back and scratched it. How he wriggled with pleasure. The mother understood this thing and eased up. When we started off the calf wanted more rubbing, and followed us. The cow blew a whistle that made us hurry. The little fellow then toddled back and took a pull at his morning bottle.

"On the steamer going to Mandalay a Mr. Lacey, superintendent of the great Bombay Timber Company, was a fellow passenger. He employs 600 elephants drawing teak logs to the creeks several hundred miles on one of the branches of the Irrawaddy. He has been here many years, and gave me several curious anecdotes showing the wonderful sagacity of the great monsters. At the cost of being prolix I will give my little brother two of them.

"A mahout (elephant keeper) was addicted to the use of opium. Orders were given that when the elephants came into town for supplies this man should remain at an out station some miles away. The wily fellow had a long talk with his elephant—they seem to understand Burmese—and told him to go to town and get him some opium. Off he went, and reaching the village, tore around like mad. The villagers went to the trees. The elephant nosed around, smelt where opium was stored, took a ball, and trotted to his keeper. This was done a second time, when the master gave orders that a small piece of the drug should be given the beast whenever he came to town. In this way the mahout was kept on very short allowance, for the elephant did not seem to comprehend the necessity of getting a ball, but was satisfied with a small bit.

At another time an elephant camp got out of sugar. It was near a trail along which a pony train from China passed. The mahouts knew a train was near at hand—one of them explained to his brute what was wanted, and sent him to intercept the train. He did so, and scared the men to the trees and scattered the loads of the ponies. The elephant found some sugar baskets, ate his own fill—they are very fond of sweets—and carried off a basket to his keeper. Each elephant has his individual keeper, but when they go into camp at close of day they are sent off alone to the jungles for dry wood, and never fail to bring the proper kind. From many things told me I am almost persuaded they have decided reasoning qualities and are not simply taught tricks by rote. We watched the performance of several at Rangoon for two or three hours, and saw evidences of sagacity far surpassing the little tricks done in the menageries. The mahout sits on a houdah on the back of the huge animal. He rarely speaks loud enough for one to hear him a few feet off. Mr. Lacey believes they understand Burmese. One day he praised one of the elephants in this language. The animal showed evident pleasure. He then spoke disparagingly of him. The vain monster gave such unmistakable signs of being angry that the mahout asked Lacy to desist to prevent danger."

"Charley" Farwell.

Senator Farwell, says a Washington letter, can tell a good story and can play, it is said, a good hand at cards. No Senator would be so wicked as to play for money, and the stakes in Farwell's case are, I suppose, round white buttons. Nevertheless, Farwell is a rich man, and, though he worked when he first came to Chicago for $8 a month, his income is now probably more than $700 a day and his assets are millions. He and his brother John have a wholesale shoe manufactory whose business runs high into the hundreds of thousands a year, and he has made a big fortune out of building the State House in Texas. Farwell and his brother got a grant of 3,000 000 acres of land for constructing this building, and he has, I am told, over two hundred miles of fence upon his Texas estate. His Texas fences would reach from New York to Washington and his lands are worth $10,000,000 and upward. The Texas State House will cost nothing like this, and these 3,000,000 acres of land will soon be worth from $10 to $20 an acre. Senator Farwell believes in spending as well as making money. He is liberal in his living and has a fine house near the British Legation. His wife is much interested in education and in mission work, and the two give very liberally to charity. Farwell is now sixty-four years old, but he looks much younger than Edmunds, who is five years his junior.

Horace Greeley's Birthplace to be Sold.

Horace Greeley's birthplace is to be sold for taxes. It is a little, low-studded farmhouse, with small windows and low-pitched roof, situated in the town of Amherst. There Greeley was born Feb. 3, 1844. With the 120 acres of land about it, the house now belongs to Fred Colton. Next Saturday the farm will be sold at public auction for taxes amounting to $2,032. It is somewhat remarkable that Greeley's father, Zaccheus, also lost the place through the sheriff's aid. Horace was 10 years old when his father had to give up the attempt to pay for his home. The ground is rocky and far from fertile, and Horace seems to be the only person who ever throve much on it. Before he had left the place he had become the wonder of the neighborhood, having devoured, often only by the light of pine knots, every book within seven miles. From Amherst his folks took him to West Haven, Vt., where he made acquaintance with the printing-press.—*Nashua (N. H.) Letter.*

THE CHINESE MINISTER.

A Shrewd Old Gentleman—Acquirement of the Accomplishment of Dancing.

I met the Chinese minister on Thursday at a senatorial reception, says a Washington letter to *The Omaha Bee*, and listened with pleasure to a conversation in which he indulged with the nephews of one of the senators.

"Vellee fine day," chirped the envoy extraordinary.

"Lovely," responded the young gentleman.

"Shallee welee see you at ourlee leception?"

"Oh I guess not," responded the young man. "There will be such a crush."

"Oh, yessee," said the minister, "allee Washington likee bellee fullee."

Thus did the shrewd representative of the Flowery Kingdom refer to the free-lunching mania of Washington society.

The Chinese minister during the past season has been throwing himself into the social vortex with an energy and vigor that would do credit to a man thirty years younger. Having watched in ecstatic raptures the movements of the modern waltz during the last year, and having been compelled to decline the earnest requests of scores of ladies to meander with them in the giddy mazes of the dance, the minister last December made arrangements to receive private instructions in dancing, together with his translator, Liang Shung, and a couple of other members of the legation. Mondays and Thursdays, with an unvarying regularity, these representatives of oriental aristrocracy could be found at Miss Wilson's, prespiring in their efforts to acquire a knowledge of the three and two-step waltz, and making glittering circles of blue silk and tinsel as they whirled around chairs and carromed against sofas in the apartments of the fair dancing-teacher. No more inspiring and inspiriting sight has ever been seen in Washington than the Chinese minister plenipotentiary, with his spectacles bobbing up and down on his nose, clasping spasmodically the fair-haired American maiden, wildly endeavoring to elude her train as it swept over the floor, and dodging her fairy-like feet as they tripped through the maze of the polka. As a result the Chinese minister can now dance the two-step waltz as well as the average 10-year-old American school-boy; while his agonizing contortions in the polka would throw Mr. Dodworth into convulsions of merriment. He feels, however, quite satisfied with his progress, and at one of Mrs. Whitney's receptions a couple of weeks ago paralyzed all bystanders by knocking over three foreign diplomates and doubling up a waiter with a tray of wine-glasses as he skipped festively down the floor with his four-inch soled shoes, bobbing serenely up and down in the festive waltz.

That Chinese minister is not devoid of gratitude for the social attention paid him may be seen by a visit to some of the ladies' parlors in Washington, where, hanging on the walls or displayed conspicuously on tables, are seen the New Year's gifts of his excellency. Like most of his nationality, he never allows a Chinese New Year's to pass without giving profuse evidences of his regard for his friends. How deeply attached he is to his dancing-teacher may be seen from the fact when Chinese New Year came around this year he sent her a most gorgeously decorated pair of silk stockings, which she now has hung on her parlor wall with a Chinese dragon above them.

The Tobacco Habit.

Two Congressmen, the one from Texas, the other from Massachusetts, fell to discussing at the club the other day the well-worn subject of the tobacco habit. The Texas man, like many of his Southern colleagues, is an inveterate chewer. His friend from Massachusetts is, on the other hand, outspoken and fond of using very strong language, whenever the subject of chewing tobacco is broached.

"Brother——," said he, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?"

"I must confess I do," the other quietly replied.

"Then I would quit it sir," sententiously continued the Massachusetts man. "It is an ungentlemanly practice—an uncleanly one. Tobacco? Why even a hog wouldn't chew it."

"Now, brother from the land of baked beans, cod and culture," resumed the Texan in his drawling manner, "do you chew tobacco?"

"No, sir," emphatically declared the other, almost with indignation. "No, sir; I do not."

"Then pray," asked the Texan, as he lazily changed the quid from his right jaw to the left, "which is most like the hog, you or I?"

It is needless to add that the Massachusetts man, after that sally, stood treat for the crowd.

The Illinois Cyclone.

The cyclone record for the year begins terribly and early. One of the funnel-shaped clouds, accounts of which have become familiar, on Sunday broke and let loose its fatal wrath upon the town of Mount Vernon, in Southern Illinois. Within a few minutes of the time when the sky was clear five hundred houses had been demolished, twenty-five people killed and many more injured. Two minutes after the blow fell, if the news is correct, the sky was cloudless again, and the ruin wrought alone told the story of what had come and gone so suddenly.

There have been many disastrous cyclones within the last decade, but none have equalled this in its dire effects. Precautions may avail with milder storms, but nothing seems able to withstand the blasting and withering touch of one of the kind that afflicted Mount Vernon. "Houses of all descriptions," it is reported, "went down like straw." One who viewed the scene from a safe distance says that the three story brick Court House disappeared as if it had been struck down at a blow by a gigantic battering-ram.

Science may tell why and how these visitations occur, but beyond that can offer nothing apparently to meet them with.—*New York World.*

Famous Men who Liked a Smoke.

Jackson was an inveterate smoker. Grant used to smoke fifteen cigars a day. Leopold Morse of Boston always had a cigar in his mouth, and Vice-President Colfax smoked daily his fifteen cigars. David Davis smoked all his life. Senator Kenna is a great smoker. Senator Conger smokes three cigars daily, and Allison is by no means averse to a good cigar. The Prince of Wales smokes cigars; and it is said that Gladstone smokes a pipe. Edwin Booth is a pipe smoker, and Tennyson, Thackeray and Bulwer were always fond of the weed. Charles Lamb is said to have used very poor tobacco. Isaac Newton lost his sweetheart through his absentmindedness in using her fingers as his tobacco stopper. Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke and Congreve were addicted to snuff, and Frederick the Great had a snuff pocket made in his vest to satisfy his cravings. Gibbon, the historian, was a confirmed snuff taker, and Byron sang the praises of tobacco. Milton, Locke, Raleigh, Isaak Walton, Addison, Steele, Robert Burns and Walter Scott all used tobacco, and Prescott was very fond of smoking. It injuried his health, however, and when his physician limited him to one cigar a day he ran all over Paris to buy the biggest one he could find.

An Enlargement of the Liver.

They were housekeeping in a summer cottage near New York, a young married couple and their several college friends. One afternoon on the piazza, before a game of tennis, the Wesleyan man discovered a joke in a city paper which he thought the young housekeeper would relish. He handed her the paper, with the remark: "That's pretty good." The queen read the following:

Scene, butcher-shop: Young married lady: "What have you to-day?" Butcher: "Not much to-day, mum—a hind quarter of veal and liver." Young married lady (after a moment's deliberation): "Well, I will take a hind quarter of liver."

Having read, although evidently a little puzzled, she immediately said, with that ever ready and ever-to-be-remembered smile: "Why, anyone would know better than that."

And when the Wesleyan man asked: "How is that?" she responded: "A hind quarter of liver would be too much."—*Harper's Magazine.*

An Ultra-Temperance Man.

There was a small riot in Bolton, England recently, because a marriage, which had been anticipated with much interest, did not come off. The bridegroom, a well-known tradesman, who is an ardent advocate of temperance principles, went to the bride's house before proceeding to church, and, placing a pledge card before her insisted on her at once signing it. She refused, whereupon he announced that there should be no wedding. The clergyman and a number of friends were waiting at the church, but the parties did not appear, and when the cause was ascertained a number of women assembled outside the bridegroom's house and pelted him with rotten eggs and other pleasant missiles, and so much resentment was manifested that he has found it expedient to leave home for a time.

Altogether Too Aged.

"Don't you think you're most too old to beg for a nickel?" "That's so," said the boy thoughtfully. "That's so. Give me two of 'em."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Men Who Get Side Tracked.

The Boston *Herald* lately published a number of interviews with men who had become "side-tracked" in life.

By this is meant men, who, though willing to work, yet were unable to find anything congenial to do.

They were men who had somehow got out of the current of the great forces in which the world is moving, and were stranded, as it were, like helpless hulks along the sands of time. There are more such men and women in every community than most people imagine.

Perhaps the most numerous class of men who get side-tracked are those who start in life in an occupation for which they have no natural aptitude. There are thousands of farmer boys who never should remain on the farm—the loud protestations of the agricultural press to the contrary notwithstanding. There are, doubtless, men who make a life business of stirring the soil when they ought to be stirring the Senate; and there are men who are trying to stir the Senate who ought to be stirring the soil. Good business men are frequently spoilt to make poor preachers; and there are many large and heavy lawyers who would make ideal blacksmiths; and there are some slender and unsuccessful blacksmiths with the keen logical brain and the shrewd masterful mind of the lawyer. Such men are side-tracked for life, unless there is some great event crosses their track, such as crossed the track of Grant the teamster, or Cromwell the country squire. But no doubt there are many Grants who always team, and many Cromwells who never leave the farm. There are many men who start out in life, like hunters, on the wrong trail. They never bring down their game because the game has gone in a another direction. They are like fisherman who bob for cod in a trout brook, or start a-whaling on an inland pond.

There are some men who are side-tracked for life at their very birth. They are born into a mesh of circumstances from which there is no extrication. Of course it is easy enough to say that a man, like water, will always find his level; but it is hard for water to rise plumb with its fountain head when confined in an underground pipe. It would have been difficult for Shakespeare to assert his claim to immortality if he had been born in Patagonia, and we never would have heard of Plato if he had first seen the light in Scythia. To say nothing of the hereditary influences that mould the unborn man, the environment of the young human's infancy usually shapes and directs his destiny, so irrevocably that only men of the strongest will and the toughest mental and physical fibre can ever counteract the impetus that is given them in childhood. To be sure there are a few who

> Burst their birth's invidious bar,
> And grasp the skirts of happy chance,
> And breast the blows of circumstance,
> And grapple with their evil star,

but men of such heroic breed are always so few that they are perpetually a source of special wonder.

The lesson that young people should gain from all this is the importance of studying their own aptitudes. In choosing a profession do not consult your egotism, but your personal fitness; and if the surroundings of your birth are unfavorable to your fullest development, overcome them as much as possible by the indomitable stubborness of your own will. To do this learn to think for yourself at as early an age as possible, and you will soon learn that a man well intrenched within himself is able to rise above the repressions and contracting forces of circumstance. Above all things do not get side-tracked at the start.—*Yankee Blade.*

How Bill Nye Looks.

In appearance Bill Nye has changed greatly of late years. The handsome feature about him used to be his long and flowing brown beard. He has been shorn of the glory of his manhood. If any of his Laramie friends were to see him now they would not recognize him. He is now at least twice as homely as in the days of yore. "He is tall as a bean pole, as thin as a rail." And with just enough hair on his head to make everybody who has a kindly feeling for him wish there was a great deal more. He looks somewhat like Mephisto and "Irving," only with the drawl left out. Withal he is so frighfully and cadaverously ugly that the Press Club has positively refused to distributed any lithographs of him for fear of scaring people away from the entertainment. There is one good point about this—it makes the effect of a story or a quaint bit of humor, when told by him, twice as irresistibly comical.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Griffin Society Girl.

If there is a girl who uses her tongue more exquisitely than the society Griffin girl, more deftly and daintily, more demurely and reposefully and quietly, who can extract the honey of Hymetus or all the bitterness of the Dead Sea, and compress it into one little twist of tongue, as the Griffin girl does, she is worth climbing the mountains and swimming across oceans to see. Georgia ought to guard the Griffin girl jealously. If there is one use to which the peachblow vase ought to be put it is to inclose and preserve the Griffin girl and her tongue in their adorable charms. As for us, if we ever find ourselves in paradise, with no Griffin girl to whom to look for our share of milk and honey, we have no hesitation in saying that we shall at once apply for transportation to some country which at least has railroad communication with Griffin.—*Griffin News.*

He'll Make It.

A banana seller entered a store on Woodward avenue yesterday and asked for two quarters for a half dollar, but no sooner had the cashier touched the coin than he said:

"Why, man, this is bogus!"

"You mean badee?"

"Yes."

The pedler began to rave around and cry out at his loss, and the cashier asked:

"Why did you take it?"

"If he was all right I maike five cent."

"And you took the risk?"

"Yes."

"You shouldn't have done it."

"Yes, but I maike five cent. Ah! I know what I do. I shine him up and pass him in the night."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Eskimo Women.

The appearance of these Eskimos is suggestive of patience and perseverance. They are short and squat of figure, the men averaging five feet three inches, and the women five feet in height. Their breadth is apt to vary, according to whether the fates have sent them plenty of seal or not. Their eyes and hair is of the blackest, the latter being as straight and not less coarse than horse hair. A favorite amusement among the women is for two of them to select a hair out of their heads, and looping one through the other, to pull on the ends held in their hands until one of the hairs gives way, to the vast delight of the fat little lady whose capillary strength wins in this tug-of-war.—*American Magazine.*

An Actor by Proxy.

"I must tell you how I appeared once on the theatrical stage by proxy," said a lady who is the head of a department in one of Detroit's large dry goods stores, "the only time that I had a 'double' to represent me.

"It was when a company was playing the 'Big Bonanza' here that Mr. ——, one of the proprietors, came to me with a strange gentleman and told me to let him have several cloaks on approval.

"I was assisted by a tall, slim young lady, while I as you perceive, am quite the reverse. I noticed the gentleman eyeing me very closely, but thought nothing of it at the time. He told us that he belonged to the big Bonanza troupe, and, after he selected the cloaks he wanted, gave us each a complimentary invitation to see the play and went away.

"When the evening came we attended in company and sat together. Our seats were near the stage and we easily recognized in one of the characters the gentleman who had selected the cloaks the day before.

"Well, after a while there was a scene representing the interior of a dry goods store, and their were cloaks, and two ladies selling them. These two were exact counterparts of myself and assistant, Miss——. I was really startled by the resemblance to myself. Friends in the audience also noticed it, and the actors themselves kept glancing at us to compare notes. It was amusing, and also very embarrassing. The actor who borrowed the cloaks must have had a quick memory, for he had drilled his characters into exact imitation of our trick of selling and method of displaying goods. The likeness to ourselves was so natural that it made both of us nervous.

"That was my first and last appearance on the mimic stage."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sundry Facts and Figures.

The G. A. R. has about 400,000 members, of whom 40,978 are in Pennsylvania, 38,291 in Ohio and 27,635 in New York.

The Souix Reservation, one-half of which it is proposed to open up to settlers, contains 37,000 square miles. That is to say, it is larger than the State of Kentucky.

Over $50,000 worth of potatoes were shipped from Halifax to the United States during last October, November and December, and large quantities continue to be shipped. Five cargoes of 250,000 bushels were recently ice bound in Minas Bay.

There is a wood pulp factory at Agusta, Ga., at which the expedition with which paper could be manufactured was recently demonstrated. A tree was cut in the forest at six o'clock in the morning, was made into pulp and then into paper at 6 o'clock in the evening, and distributed among the people as a newspaper at 6 o'clock the next morning. From a tree in the forest to a printed newspaper, being read by thousands, in the brief round of twenty-four-hours.

Probably the most remarkable railroad in the world is that running from Gloggintz to Lounering, near Viena. It is only 25 miles in length, and cost over $7,000,000. It begins at the little station of Gloggintz, at an elevation of 1,400 feet, and from there the train, hauled by two powerful locomotives, winds round and round over some fifteen double viaducts and through as many tunnels. It creeps along precipices, affording glimpses of some of the wildest scenery in Europe. Its terminus, Lounering, is at an elevation of 3,500 feet.

Strategy Wasted.

One of the brightest and cleverest of women gave a party not long since, the fame of which was noised abroad long before it took place. Many were anxious to be invited to it, though few were chosen, and one individual who especially desired an invitation was left out in the cold. It was very singular. She questioned her acquaintances, she even waylaid the postman to ask for missing letters, and then she called on the lady, only to find her "not at home." Something must be done immediately. but what?

She wrote a letter full of sweetness and light, begging to be told if a certain rumor regarding the departure South of this lady was true, that she regretted deeply not seeing her the day previous, as she wished to give her some letters to delightful friends, who would be so very happy, etc., to entertain her, etc., and then she added that she would bring these missives herself on such an evening, mentioning the date of the party—to which she had not been asked!

The return post brought her an answer, couched in the gentlest terms of regret, that the writer was not going South, and should therefore require no letters of introduction. Only that and nothing more! But then this world is full of such amenities, and perhaps that particular pusher ought to be glad no worse befell her endeavors to advance on the shifting sands known as "society."—*Boston Herald.*

A Smart Correspondent.

Senator Frye in relating the other day how newspaper correspondent sometimes get the secrets from executive sessions of the Senate, said: "One of the smartest tricks I ever heard of by which an executive session secret was pulled out of a Senator was perpetrated by Major Clark a well known correspondent. I had only been in the Senate a short time, having come over from the House when the nomination of Stanley Mathews, for a place on the bench of the Supreme Court, came up. It will be remembered that the consideration was prolonged, and there was a good deal of conjecturing as to how certain Senators stood on the subject. I was recorded on both sides. Finally after a long session, one day we disposed of the case, and Mathews was confirmed. As I emerged from the door of the Senate chamber I met Major Clark, who came up to me in a careless sort of way and said: 'Well, Frye, I see you voted for Mathews after all' Without thinking what I was saying I shouted back in reply in a passion: I didn't do any such thing.' Oh, that's all right,' replied Clark, and he went away having procured all the information he wanted."

Discussing the Schoolma'am.

"I don't know about this here new schoolma'am" said one of the Trustees in a southwestern city to another.

"What's the matter?"

"She's puttin' on too many airs."

"What's she bin doin' now?"

"She's teachin' these here children too many new fangled ideas. My daughter comes home the other night, and she says, 'Pap,' says she "tain't right to say 'we're havin' good health.' 'Why not?' says I, "Cause,' says she, 'they ain't no such thing as good health. Health is health, an' they ain't no use o' saying 'good' with it.' What d'ye think o' that fur style. I'm in favor o' lookin' round fur another schoolma'am."

"Well, I ain't. Thet ther gal's got sense. She ain't been livin in this place more'n six months, but she knows now that they ain't no such thing ez good health in this durn'd swamp, and they never will be. I'm in favor o' raisin' her salary."—*Merchant Traveler.*