CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

STEUNENBERG BROS., Publishers.

CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

THE estate of the late Walter M. Gibson, Prime Min ster of Hawaii, is estimated to be worth more than $1,000,000.

MRS. ASHTON DILKE told the members of the Women's Club of Chicago that she smokes cigarettes and likes decollete dresses.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON will go to Maryland in search of health. He has not improved as rapidly of late at Saranac as could have been desired.

THE courage displayed by Lord Lonsdale in pushing on towards the North Pole deprived of the services of his valet has not been equalled since Berry Wall started out on his honeymoon without a trunk.

AN interesting mathematical problem presents itself as follows: If five relatives fight over the will of a man who leaves $5,000, how many relatives will squabble about the fortune of the late M. Polikoff, the railway king of Russia, who died worth $30,000,000?

THE Browning Club of Chicago listened Tuesday evening to an account by Mrs. Wirt Dexter of an evening she spent with Robert Browning. She said that he was very merry, and was fond of quoting such hymns as "Why Do We Mourn Departing Friends?" This is important if true.

SENATOR STANFORD has had very hard luck of late. Last Sunday night his $10,000 horse, Harcourt, died of pneumonia. Tuesday a large royal-blooded mastiff owned by the Senator died of the same disease at a dog hospital in Washington. On Wednesday the Standford stables at Paola were burned.

THE time is at hand when the famous men of the earth go forth to pursue Izaak Walton's favorite sport. Gov. Lounsbury and his private secretary spent last Saturday fishing in the brooks around Simsbury, Conn. It is well for a great man to lay aside the rod of empire once in a while and wield for a time the fishing-rod.

MRS. Mancell Talcott, who recently died in Chicago in her sixty-eight year, gave away $300,000 in charity in the last ten years of her life. She used to pick up children in the streets and buy them shoes and clothes. She established two day nurseries in Chicago and the drinking-fountain in Garfield Park was erected through her generosity.

A WRITER in an English paper claims that the practice of ringing swine is one of the principal causes of the production of disproportionately fat pork, and that an indulgence of the animal in its natural desire for digging and rooting is "highly beneficial to the proper development of the sinews, which is very essential in the produce of lean or streaky meat, so much desired."

THE National Museum at Washington has been presented with a valuable collection of Indian relics gathered by J. Isham Allen, of Montana Territory. Mr. Allen went to St. Louis in 1847 with his parents. He became fascinated with wild Western life and left his home to visit the Rocky Mountains. He spent many years among the Indians and learned their language. He was for a long time interpreter at the Crow Agency, where he was called "necklace" by the Indians, from wearing a black silk carvat. He is now a prosperous merchant at Stillwater, Mon.

A GEORGIA paper amuses readers by a story about the domestic fowls of the owl family. It says that in the early spring the old hen owl lays an egg and immediately sets on it till it is hatched, and then hovers the little fellow till it becomes full fledged. When this is done she lays another egg, and the young owlet assumes the maternal responsibility to hatch out that egg and rear the young owl. By that time the owlet number one is able to fly away, and number two takes his place, and hatches out the next egg. This operation continues as long as the season lasts.

IT may seem strange to those who never visited the United States Senate that two members of that body should be able to speak at the same time for any extended period. On Wednesday, however, Senator Brown, of Georgia, and Senator Reagan, of Texas, arose together to address their colleagues. Senator Brown, as is his custom, proceeded to read his remarks, while Reagan began his speech on the impromptu plan. Without noticing one another, the two statesmen continued to deliver a kind of oratorical duet for some minutes. The Galleries laughed, and finally the presiding officer silenced one of the speakers.

CAPT. WILLIAM H. BARCLAY, a pension agent residing in Pittsburgh, Pa., has just drawn $75,000 in a lottery. A while ago he purchased two half-tickets at $5 each. Thursday be was notified that ticket No. 12,615 had drawn the capital prize of 150,000. As this is the number of one of his half-tickets he is entitled to $75,000. The other half-ticket bearing the same number is held by five Philadelphia mechanics. A short time ago Capt. Barclay won a $1,000 prize. He has spent about $200 in the purchase of lottery tickets. Anybody who is inclined to tempt fate, however, after reading this item should remember that most of people who buy lottery tickets draw blanks.

W. A. DANIELS, of Bath, Steuben county, N. Y., was, in 1863, in charge of a wagon-train on one of the roads in the historic Wilderness. The forest was in flames, and Charles W. Davidson, a boy of seventeen, lay wounded on the ground, in danger of immediate death by fire. Against orders and at the risk of his liberty, and perhaps life, Daniels placed the boy upon a wagon and carried him to Fredricksburg. Davidson lived to become a rich man, while Daniels lived almost in poverty at Bath, making a small income as a painter. He always refused the pecuniary aid offered him by Davidson. The latter recently died in Chicago, however, and left a fortune of $150,000 to Daniels.

GENIUS AT WORK.

The Eccentric of Some of the Famous Men of the World.

Voltaire had in his room sometimes five desks, at which he pursued different tasks.

The great romancer, Balsac, after a frugal dinner at 6 or 7 o'clock, was called at midnight, when he took a cup of black coffee, or green, rather, and extremely strong, and worked till noon.

Turgot never worked but when he had dined heartily.

Pitt never ate but at his own table, which was frugal; only when he had some important affair to discuss he took a little port wine with a spoonful of Peruvian bark.

Addison speaks of an advocate who would never plead a case without having his hand to the end of a thread drawn tightly round one of his thumbs all the time his speech last. The wags said it was the thread of his discourse.

Dr. Shapman relates that a celebrated advocate of London always applied a blister to his arm whenever he had an important case to plead.

Girodet never loved to work during the day. At night, when inspiration came to him, he arose, lighted candles, and, half muffled up, painted.

Michæl Angelo did nearly the same, but with a single candle.

The historian, Mezeray, would work only with a candle, even at midday and midsummer. He never failed to wait on his visitors, even to the street, with a candle in his hand.

Gretty, to animate himself when composing breakfasted and took coffee, and then applied himself day and night to his piano.

Bossuet worked in a cold room, with his head warmly enveloped.

It is said that Schiller, before composing, put his feet in cold water.

Guido Reno painted with much pomp. He dressed himself magnificently, and had his pupils attend him in silence ranged about him.

Sarti, the musician, composed only in darkness.

Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, passed from the chisel to the pen or the brush. The change rested them from the preceeding work; and thus; during long life, they accomplished marvelous works.

Some persons can think only standing, or in walking, the room with swift strides. Some, like Montesquieu, compose in a post-chaise. One has need of complete isolation, profound calm; another of the open air and the noise of the crowd.

Buffon wrote in lace ruffles; Alexander Dumas in his shirt-sleeves.

Milton composed his "Paradise Lost" in a large arm-chair and his head thrown back.

When Fox had eaten heartily he would ratire to his study, envelope his head in a napkin soaked in vinegar and water, and work sometimes ten hours in succession.

Jeremy Bentham jotted his ides on little squares of paper, which he piled upon each other, and this little pile of papers stitched together were the first form of his manuscripts.

Napoleon had his particular mode of meditation and work. When he was not in council he staid in his study, talked to himself and sung, or like a child, cut the arms of his chair; then suddenly rousing up, would give the plan of a monument to be erected, or of one of the great military movements which astonished the world.

"BILLY" COOK DEAD

One of Tweed's Lieutenants Closes His Career—A Very Expensive Clerk.

"Billy" Cook, who left New York with $300,000 at the time of the Tweed scandle, is dead in Paris, says *The New York Herald.* For years past he had been an invalid. His sealed will is in the hands of M. Valois, a Paris lawyer.

When the Tweed ring came to grief early in the 70's Cook was clerk in the department of public works at a salary of $2,000 a year, but lived at the rated of at least ten times that amount, and was spoken of as an open-handed liberal fellow.

His apartments in the upper part of the city were fitted up with ebony furniture of the best make and filled with rare paintings and bric-a-brac. The tableware was of solid silver and everything was of the most expensive kind. But as his bills were promptly paid by Comptroller Connolly, after they had been raised 100 per cent. or so, "Billy" was not called upon to practice economy, and entertained his friends in right royal style.

Cook was very near to Tweed in these balmy days, but as he never came to trial the exact amonnt of his pilferings was never known. It was said that he had realized at least $500,000. When the crash came he was indicted in company with Peter B. Sweeny, Andrew S. Garvey, William M. Tweed, and the other members of the ring, but receiving the "tip" in time, fled to England.

Just bfore his departure he married a ballet girl abroad. After remaining in England for a time Cook went to Paris, where he had since resided.

Early in 1882 "Billy" returned to this city, but not until the time fixed by the statute of limitations had expired. Soon after his arrival a nolle prosequi was entered in his case, as in that of Peter B. Sweeny, and he became once more a New Yorker. His long residence abroad, however, had unfitted him for life in his native country, and he soon returned to Paris.

A Thirsty Rat.

A Boston policeman, hearing that a vacant house had been entered by thieves, went to investigate. A window was found open and also one of the doors, but nothing appeared to be missing. While looking around the house a noise as of water escaping was heard, and, upon going into the kitchen, a water-pipe was found to be leaking, and the innocent cause, in the shape of a large white rat, was found near by. The rat, which was quite tame, had evidently been left behind by the last occupants of the house, and being thirsty, was knowing enough to gnaw the hole found in the water-pipe. He was taken to the station-house, where he was fed and made more comfortable.

Isn't it rather a compliment to call a man a glutton?—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

In the Carpet Mill.

If brussels carpet is to be made the yarn goes to the dye room; but if it is to be made into tapestry, then it goes to the printer. When dyed, of course, each yarn is of one color throughout. When printed every yarn is of one color for a certain length, perhaps half an inch, then another for perhaps a quarter of an inch and so on. The dyehouse is a picturesque place. It is filled with clouds of steam that roll from the caldrons, over which half naked men are stooping, lifting stout rods covered with hanks of yarn in and out of the boiling dye. When the workmen thinks the yarn has acquired the right color he submits a skein of it to the chief dyer. If he passes it the batch of yarn is steamed in order to "set" the dye, and is then washed and dried in another hot room, and then the yarn is at last ready for the loom.

A Brussels carpet usually contains five colors. This is accomplished by filling five "frames" with spools of yarn, each frame being filled with yarn of one color. The threads are carried from each spool through the "heddle" to the loom. Above, the "jacquard," a part of the machine of intricate construction, determines just which threads are raised at a particular moment so as to appear in the pattern. Thus Brussels is woven, the pattern growing like magic as the shuttle flies back and forth, every part of the complicated machinery of the loom moving at its appointed time and place as if inspired with intelligence.

The printing process is even more wonderful. Imagine a huge drum on which the yarn is wound. Beneath it runs a carriage carrying a kind of brush loaded with color. The color is changed as required by a boy. The operator turns the drum to a certain point, and at a signal the carriage rolls across under the drum, painting a narrow strip of color. The drum moves a notch and the color brush flies back again, doubling the width of the strip. The operator follows the pattern before him, and he must follow it neatly. If he makes the strip of color too wide, and if the color be dark, so that another cannot be printed over it, the whole drum of yarn is spoiled and the blunderer is fined $1.

When the yarn has all been printed it is steamed, washed and dried, and then reeled. Now, it must be "set" according to the pattern. This is a process requiring much patience and exactness, and the nimble fingers of girls are employed to do it. When a pattern is "set," it is rolled on a cylinder and then each thread must be fixed into its proper place in the loom. Then the weaving begins and the carpet commences to grow, every dot of color coming exactly where it should to bring out the pattern clearly and distinctly. The most wonderful thing about the loom is the "wire" movement. The machinery pulls out from a woven carpet a wire, armed with a blade at its end. This blade cuts the wool, and thus makes the "pile." Then the wire is pushed back and again thrust into the warp, the whole movement being accomplished with lightning-like rapidity.

The carpet must then be carefully scrutinized by women, who sew up any broken threads; its surface must be sheared and brushed by machinery, so as to make it perfectly even and bright, and then it is ready for the market.—*Philadelphia Press.*

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

A Chicago Drummer Paralyzed by a St. Louis Fish Merchant.

A Chicago drummer balanced his chin on the edge of the seat in front of him and tickled a sandy-haired passenger's ear with the remark:

"You've been in Chicago, of course?"

"Where?"

"Chicago."

An uncertain look came into the sandy-haired man's eyes.

"Let me see," he mused retrospectively; "'pears to me I've traveled a good deal. I know I've heard the name before. What line of road is it on?"

"Line of road! Why, its the biggest railroad center on earth?"

"Not bigger'n Crestline, Ohio, is it?" asked the passenger with an amused expression. "I've seen four trains at onct at Crestline, waitin' to start off. Is Chicago a place where the trains stop for dinner?"

"Naw," said the disgusted drummer; "Chicago is a place where the passengers stop for dinner."

Of course, that's what I meant," explained the red-headed man gently. "Fact is," he went on with confidential frankness, "I've traveled so much and been in so many different places in my life that I don't pretend to remember more than a quarter of 'em. What's the name of the hotel in Chicago?"

"There a'n't any," said the drummer gloomily.

Then he walked forward to the filter, filled his mouth full of water, gargled his throat, wooshed the liquid on the floor and hung his leg over the corner of the coal box.

"Who is that evil-eyed, pink-haired, lumpy-legged, prairie-eared microbe at the other side of the car?" he asked of the conductor, who was passing through the train.

"Do you mean that gentleman looking out of the window?"

"Ya'as."

"He's a fish merchant from St. Louis."

Strawberry Oranges.

Consumers of oranges have no doubt noticed that it is an easy matter to procure any quantity of "strawberry oranges." Years ago a strawberry orange was as rare as a red ear of corn, but now the dealer has learned that he can puncture an orange and squirt in a little coloring matter and have a red orange. It is a very poor counterfeit of the natural red orange. It is announced from Florida that oranges are being grown with a pine apple flavor. The fact probably is that the pineapple flavor is inserted with a syringe. In that way an orange can be flavored with anything from vanilla to kerosene. The plain orange is the healthiest and best, but everything is adulterated now a days.—*Peck's Sun.*

A Lucky Find.

Customer: "Waiter, I find a hair in the soup."

Waiter: "Yes, sah? I'specs it belongs to Vanderbilt's $10,000 *chef.*"

Customer: "Is that so! Bring me a bit of paper, it's worth preserving."—*Epoch.*

Is Bee-keeping Profitable.

My crop of honey raised during the season of 1887 was most of it sent to commission merchants, as I was not able to find a sale for it at prices which I thought it ought to sell for, hence the present time finds me with the last returns which closes out my crop. After placing the amount of the last sale on my ledger it was but natural that I should look over the debit and credit columns to see what my bees had paid me for my season's labor. After footing up the whole receipts, and deducting the expense incurred by the bees therefrom, I find I have an average profit of $20.33 for each colony I had in the spring as cash receipts, free of all expense, except my labor. Thus it will be seen, if a person can care for 100 colonies of bees, (and it is done by many of our practical apiarists), this would give an income of $2,033.00 a year. But to be on the safe side suppose we call it 50 colonies, thus giving a salary of $1,016.50. The season of 1887 was no better than an average one for bees in this locality, which being a fact it would not be unreasonable to say that the above might be an average yearly income from bees for any person engaged in apiculture. As proof that the above is not overdrawn, I will say that I have cleared on an average over $1,000 from my bees each year for the past 14 years, with an average of less than 50 colonies each year. Don't understand me that I have laid up that much each year, as some are bound to have it, only that I have received that as a salary, if I may so put it.

That bee-keeping will compare favorably with any other pursuit in life, I firmly believe, and the trouble why so many fail in it is that they do not properly attend to it. Men will give their horses and cattle the best of care, but when it comes to the bees, they let them take care of themselves, with the exception of hiving swarms and putting on and taking off boxes. What would they expect from their cows if treated in that way? The keeping of cows means milking twice a day for at least 210 days out of the year, and feeding them three times a day for 180 days, saying nothing about cleaning stables and other work necessary to carry on a dairy. When men are willing to thus care for bees, they will find they will give as much profit as can be obtained from cows, or any other branch of rural industry. Bee-keeping means work, energetic work, a place for everything and everything in its place, and to know how to do things just at the right time and in the right place if we would make it profitable.

We also want the best bees, the best hives and all modern appliances, just as our enterprising dairymen would have the best breed of cows and the best utensils to care for milk. Also a man must have a liking for the business. No man will ever make bee-keeping profitable who prefers to lounge about a country tavern or store instead of working in his apiary. It fact, a person will not succeed in any business unless he has enough love for his calling in life so he will be diligent and faithful thereto. "Seest thou a man dilligent in his business? he shall stand before kings," was what king Solomon told his son, and the saying is as true to-day as it ever was. If a person is not willing to spend the time on his bees which they require, he had better keep out of the business, for sooner or later he will turn from it in disgust if it is undertaken with the idea that "bees work for nothing and board themselves."—*G. M. Doolittle, in The American Rural Home.*

HOW TO JUDGE WHISKY.

It Is Not By the Taste, But By the Smell that Experts Are Guided.

"I'll bet I can tell 'doctored' whisky from the straight stuff every time," said a modest Chicago drummer, whose face seemed to bear out his assertion.

"How do you tell?" asked one of the group to whom the remark was addressed.

"Why, by the taste of the liquor."

"I guess you don't know what you are talking about," responded an agent for a wholesale liquor house. "It's the smell that tells you."

It is hardly necessary to repeat the argument that followed, which led to an interesting test, with some rather surprising results.

The party embraced a saloon-keeper, two traveling agents for liquor houses, a well-known liveryman and a doctor. Each was in turn blindfolded and required to hold his nose tightly. Then he was given a finger of a half-dozen kinds of liquor, including rye, bourbon, gin, rum, brandy, and was asked to name them. The result of the test was simply rediculous. Gin was pronounced whisky and whisky gin, brandy and rum were mistaken for each other, and only two could tell water. The test went even further. A slice of raw onion was given each, and they were asked what it was, and only one could answer corectly. Of course, each, was asked consccienciously to hold his nose tightly and give his verdict before he let go. It is unnecessary to add that the Chicago drummer learned something, and that the whisky man's claim that it is the smell and not the taste that aids in the detection of liquor was made good.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Modern House Architecture.

Eastern dame—My dear, I'm afraid you will make a great mistake if you decide on a plan for our new villa without consulting Mr. Esthete.

Husband—Humph! I know just as much about stylish architecture as Mr. Esthete any day. I studied architecture myself when I was young.

"Did you really? Then the selection will be simple enough, of course."

"I should remark. The only thing necessary to be in the top notch of style is to make the house look as if it was never intended to be lived in."—*Omaha World.*

He Was Something of a Poet Himself.

"Pa," asked the family interrogotion point, "what's the difference between a poet and a rhymester?"

"Well, my son," sihged the parent, as he laid aside the third polite rejection slip he had just received with his "Ode to Scandinavia," "the main point of difference in the result seems to be based on one letter: The former is apt to starve in a garret because he can't afford to patronize his *baker;* the the latter generally owns a Queen Anne cottage and has a *banker.*—*Detroit Free Press.*

FACT AND FANCY.

Post Stoddard can handle a vicious horse with ease.

Von Moltke says that Boulanger "knows something."

Sir Charles Dilke is going on a tour in Afghanistan.

Capt. Mayne Reid's widow is engaged on a sketch of his life.

Marion Crawford, the novelist, is athletic and over six feet.

Mrs. Daniel Bandmann will shortly play "Lady Macbeth."

Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake thinks women would make good soldiers.

C. P. Huntington owns more miles of railroad than any other man in America.

Fitz Greene Halleck's poem, "Marco Bozzaris," has been suppressed in Turkey.

Miss Rose Coghlan has the smallest foot for her size of any woman on the stage.

Gladstone plays the violin, but he does it as he chops down trees, by main strength.

Cardinal Manning is preparing a magazine article on "Darwin's Life and Letters."

An autographic manuscript of Burns' poems was sold recently at Sothebys for $1,075.

Each of Worth's employes is allowed one dress a year made up to suit themselves.

Belva Lockwood has a great admiration for "the brave, honest, moral and frugal Mormons."

Andrew Lang has been chosen lecturer on Natural Theology at St. Andrew's University.

F. C. Burnand, of *London Punch,* has decided not to come to this country on a lecture tour.

There's no mystery about the Farmer's Trust. The farmer's trust is in summer boarders.

Rev. Dr. W. DeLoss Love, of Hartford, Conn., is collecting material for a history of the Love family.

"Ouida," who is sixty years of age, wears her yellow hair flying loose, and light-colored decollete dresses.

The Prince of Wales has charge of a monument fund to erect a memorial to the late Col. Valentine Baker.

Grace Hawthorne sends from London an explicit denial of the story that she had married the manager, W. W. Kelly.

Miss Mollie Garfield is said to be an exceptionally well informed girl, and takes an especial interest in scientific matters.

Horace Davis, the new President of the California State University, is an enthusiastic advocate of the higher education of women.

"What's an amatoor, Helen?" asked Robbie of his elder sister. "I think it's a person who isn't very mature," was the wise reply.

A Denver man had been arrested for stealing three boxes of cigars of the value of eighty-three cents a box. The defense will be insanity.

"What made the tower of Pisa lean?" "Because of the famine in the land," said a boy who got the tower confused with Joseph's brethren.

W. O. Stoddard has added to his series of "Lives of the Presidents," a volume containing biographies of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren.

"Can't some little boy tell me what animals lie in wait for their food?" said the teacher, and little Johnny Binks piped out: "Please, teacher, the coal dealers."

A memorial of the late Daniel Manning has been placed by his widow in St. Paul's Church, Albany. It is a large Latin Cross of polished brass, appropriately inscribed.

Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, has gone into retirement in a cottage about five miles from Los Angeles, Cal. He can afford to sit under his own orange and fig trees there.

Murphy, moight ol ax yez whudder it's natheral er artificial fuz yez to be dat bow legged?" "Artificial, Moike: ol rode up in a b'loon wan toime an' walked back."

Woman (who has given something to eat to a tramp)—"You have a very awkward way of eating, man." Tramp—"Yes, ma'am, I guess it's 'cause I'm out of practice."

Algernon—"Why, Charley, you seem to have a good appetite this morning. Been taking any exercise?" Charley—"Yaz, deah bhoy, twied on fowah new coats this mawning."

Mrs. Bascom—"They say that Jim Simpkins lost all his money in a Pharaoh Bank in New York. I tell you, them Egyptians air a graspin' lot. The children of Israel found that out.

Clinton Scallard, the archæologist, has finished his studies in the land of the Pharaohs and will shortly return to this country. He will, in all probability, embody the result of his investigations in a book.

A window from Munich has been placed in Christ Church, Georgetown, D. C., as a memorial to Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," who was one of the original ten incorporators of the church.

The Emperor William during his lifetime saw dissappear from the scene six Popes, eight Emperors, fifty-two Kings, six Sultans, and twenty-one Presidents. Four of these are still alive, but the remaining eighty-nine are dead.

Life Insurance Agent—"Madam, our company has never failed to pay a single claim, and when you consider that one-sixth of our holders die every year, you—" Madam—"So many die! Really I can't think of taking a policy; I don't think it would be safe."

Among the cattlemen who attended the recent convention in Denver of the International Range Association was ex-Senator Stephen W. Dorsey, who is one of the largest cattle owners in New Mexico. His holdings of ranch lands at one time aggregated 104,000 acres.

Webster Appleton Edgar, son of Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte by her first marriage, and great-grandson of Daniel Webster, is about to marry a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. The young lady's mother, a widow, is a clerk in the Quartermaster-General's office.

Haughty Stranger (at St. Peter's gate)—"Ah there, Pete! Get a move on you; open her up!" St. Peter—"Who are you, sir?" Haughty Stranger—"I'm from the Gale plow works at Albion." St. Peter—"Yes, exactly; you're the man that wants the earth. Well, you can go to the devil. He's got the most of it."

Their Wedding Journey—He (impecunious gentleman of leisure)—"I was sorry at being called out yesterday and leaving you to pay the minister. What did he ask you?" She ($40,000 a year)—"He asked me who you were." He—"Well?" She—"And when I told him, he said he didn't feel justified in charging me more than $2."

A college student was invited on Sunday to occupy the pulpit in a little country church. After what he considered a masterly effort on the subject of "Lazarus and the Rich Man," he called on a good old brother to pray, and was somewhat electrified to hear the following: "O, Lord! we thank Thee that we are not like this poor despised begger Lazarus who we've jest ben a listenin' to!"

"John," she said, softly, "have you been saying anything about me to mother lately?" "No," replied John; "why do you ask?" "Because she said this morning that she believed you were on the eve of proposing to me. Now, I do not wish you to speak to mother when you have anything of that kind to say. Speak to me, and I'll manage the business with mother." And John said he would.

"Papa," he said, "does everybody go to heaven when he dies?" "Well, not everybody; good people do." "Was Sampson a good man?" "Yes, I guess so." "Do you think Tom Sawyer and Heenan is in heaven?" I shouldn't wonder." "And if I die I'll go to heaven?" "I hope so. Why do you ask these questions?" "'Cos when I go to heaven I'm goin' to back Sullivan against Sampson."

The eldest of the grandsons of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, Prince of Grand Para, the heir presumptive to the throne, is twelve years old. His two brothers, Dom Louis and Dom Antonio, are respectively ten and seven. They possess a small printing office and machine, of American manufacture, and all their leisure hours are taken up by the *Courier Imperial,* as their paper is called. They are editors, printers and all. The paper is their exclusive work, and very fair it is in reading matter as well as in typographical display.

PERILS OF THE TOILET.

Adventures of a Philadelphia Belle with a Slippery Slate-Pencil.

Pretty little Miss Helen Forster, a fascinating belle of the Twenty-third ward, Philadelphia won't wear her dresses cut decollete at the social gatherings of her set for awhile, as she is obliged through a singular and painful, though not serious accident, to wear just now linen cloths spread with cold cream on her fair back and shoulders.

Miss Helen was in the midst of her toilet on a recent evening, preparatory to making herself particularly attractive to expected company. She was engaged in the feminine occupation of enhancing her charms by curling into tiny ringlets the locks of blonde hair that nature had placed on the nape of her neck.

To do this nicely she used—as they say thousands of other girls do, but may stop doing so after they hear of the accident that befell Miss Helen—a long, ordinary slate-pencil, heated in the gas-flame to such a degree that it almost singed her golden locks as she wrapped them around it.

At the very moment of performing this, to her, necessary function in her toilet, Miss Helen was only slightly clad. She had got along in a satisfactory manner with one bunch of stray locks and was proceeding in the frizzing process when, horrible to relate, the red-hot pencil slipped from her fingers down her back! It had gone into the opening between her single garment and her lily-white skin. She screamed a cry of pain and uttered calls for help that would have alarmed the neighborhood, if the windows had been raised, for the hot "frizzer" was frizzling her back into blisters.

She twisted and squirmed in the hope that the hot pencil would find its way to the floor, but it was stayed in its course and made her flesh quiver as it burned.

Her pitiful screams reached the ears of her parents, and her father was the first to burst into here boudoir. It frightened him to see the agony his Helen was in and puzzled him, too. His first thought was, "It's a burglar," for Miss Helen was leaning hard against the closet door, pressing back upon it with all her might.

"Is it a thief, Helen?"

"No! no! Oh! oh!" Run and fetch mother!"

By the time "father" had returned with "mother," who had fainted dead away when she heard her Helen's yells, the pencil had cooled off considerably. Explanations were in order, and upon close examination it was found that Miss Helen's fair back had been seared into rows of red, ugly-looking blisters from her shoulders to her waist, as though she had been gridironed, by the red-hot frizzing pencil as it rolled down her back.

Poor Miss Helen suffered intense pain till her back was smeared with a cooling ointment and covered with lint, she was obliged to excuse herself just this once to her caller and pass that evening alone, registering a solemn vow never again to "friz" with a red-hot slate pencil.

An Unknown Knight.

They came slowly along Lafayette place, New York—a tired, bony horse, drawing a wagon with an old body with the paint worn off, the wagon filled with kindling wood. On the wagon seat sat a boy about 15 years old. He had no overcoat, a felt hat with the brim more bent and dented than the most extremely fashionable hat you ever say. The old, tired horse drew up close to the curb, and seemed to be glad of the opportunity to rest. The boy on the wagon seat jumped down and soon was shoveling the wood into a barrel, which he delivered in a neighboring basement. He presently returned with his empty barrel, whistling. As he threw his barrel into the wagon a lady started to cross the street over the snow, but when she reached the middle of the street she found a broad, deep puddle of soft slush. She stood perfectly still and apparently very much puzzled. The boy took in the situation at a glance; he ran to the back of the wagon, got his shovel, and, with a bright smile to the lady, began shoveling the slush up on to the snow-bank. He made a clean path to the stones, and then, without giving the lady an opportunity to say a word, sprang on to the seat of his wagon, threw the shovel into the bottom of the wagon, gathered up his reins, and, with a cheery "Get up!" drove way. Now, did not that act prove that boy a gentleman? The picture of Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his mantle at the feet of Queen Elizabeth came into mind, but at once the thought came, "Why, this boy is a greater knight than Sir Walter Raleigh, for he knew that it was the Queen at whose feet he laid the elegant cloak, but this boy did not have the faintest idea who the lady was that he served so nobly, and did not permit her even the opportunity of thanking him, but acted throughout as if there was nothing else to be done." He had only his muscle to help a lady, and he laid it at her service. It takes more than handsome clothes, a pair of kid gloves and fashionable hat to make a gentleman.—*Christian Union.*

A Sample of British Justice.

A respectable, industrious married woman named Northwood, living at Ampthill, who has four children, one in arms, was charged with damaging trees that grew in her cottage garden, the damage being estimated at 5s. The husband was out of work, and there being no fuel, the poor woman broke off branches to make a fire for her shivering children. The woman was sentenced to pay a fine of 25s and 10s cost or to undergo a month's imprisonment. She was in Bedford Jail for several days, and in the meantime her children collected the money to pay her fine.—*Leeds Mercury.*

The Leaf of the Pineapple.

It is the beginning to be said that the leaf of the pineapple plant (*Ananassa sativa*) has a future before it. It is said now that the leaf is finer and stronger in fiber than that yielded by any other plant, and that, in the Philippines, where the West Indian *Ananassa* has become naturalized, a beautiful and strong textile fabric is made from it, known locally as "pina cloth."—*Court Journal.*

BLOOD AND PEDIGREE.

The Fat Stock Show—The Importance of Improving Breeds of Stock—A Subject Affecting the National Wealth and Greatness.

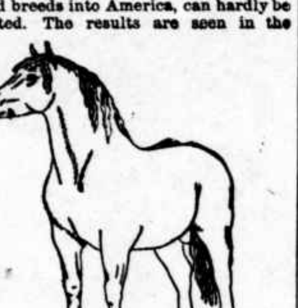
[Special Chicago Correspondence.]

THE annual Fat Stock Show at Chicago has become an institution of more than national importance. Among its exhibits are found cattle, horses, hogs and sheep, owned by breeders in foreign countries, who think it worth the while to show their stock, where it will be

CLEVELAND BAY ROADSTER.

seen and noticed by representative American stockmen. But of still more interest are the exhibits made by our home breeders, showing as they do animals born and bred on American soil, which take the prizes over their blooded cousins from across the water.

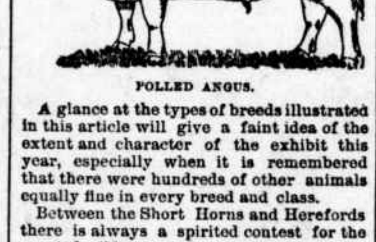
The benefit which has accrued to the stock interests of this country, through the efforts of the men who first imported blooded breeds into America, can hardly be estimated. The results are seen in the



A BLACK PERCHERON.

character of animals which are to-day found in every farming community in the United States. It is a fact, too, that many of these pioneer breeders spent fortunes and lost them in their enthusiastic efforts to advance the live stock interests to something like what they are now.

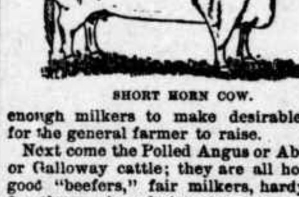
They paid what seemed fabulous prices for animals to head their herds, but whose progeny are to-day found among the prize winners at State fairs and stock shows all over the land.



POLLED ANGUS.

A glance at the types of breeds illustrated in this article will give a faint idea of the extent and character of the exhibit this year, especially when it is remembered that there were hundreds of other animals equally fine in every breed and class.

Between the Short Horns and Herefords there is always a spirited contest for the coveted ribbons, and general sweepstake prizes are, as a rule, pretty equally divided. Of course you can't talk Hereford to a Short Horn man, and *vice versa* to a Hereford breeder; but one thing is certain, both breeds are excellent cattle and any fair-minded stock man generally finds it hard to give a reason why he prefers one to the other. Both are distinctively beef breeds; and yet are good



SHORT HORN COW.

enough milkers to make desirable stock for the general farmer to raise.

Next come the Polled Angus or Aberdeen or Galloway cattle; they are all hornless, good "beefers," fair milkers, hardy, and, for those who admire them, a profitable breed to own. A splendid type of the Polled Angus is herein illustrated, a prize winner not only at Chicago, but at other shows as well.

In the two breeds of horses, types of which are shown, may be found a subject in which nearly every body is interested. The Cleveland bays for roadsters, indeed as a general purpose horse, are conceded to stand in the front among competitive breeds; while for draft horses, the Percherons are known and admired all over the globe.

A TYPICAL HEREFORD.

So, did time and space permit, I would like to say something about the fine show of hogs and sheep, but I must pass them with the mention that the different breeds were fully represented, and by as fine specimens as the most critical live-stock fancier could demand. I noticed, too, with pleasure, that among the most interested and certainly appreciative visitors at the show, were the ladies and children; the former were, however, the most timid; but, bless you, a mighty short acquaintance generally establishes an intimacy between a kindly-disposed fat animal and the average child. Haven't you noticed this before?

TURKEYQUILL ETCHINGS.

Old-Time Scenes and Incidents Along the Wabash.

IV.—LA SHASSAY DU MAISSONVILLE.

"They was a feller at went by the name uv Maissonville down aroun Vincennes," said the Major, retrospectively; "an accordun to all accounts he must a ben chain lightnun. Some said he was a half-breed Fraínch un Shoany—kine of a ornery mixture, I should judge. Some said he was straight Fraínch, un mighty nigh kin to some a the Fraínch kings.

"Well, he hilt with the Shonnys agin the Amurrikuns, un gut to be a regiar terrer to

FORT ST. VINCENT'S.

the whole country—killed lots un lots a men an some weemun, ef they tole the truth on him.

"Like as not they didn't though. People allus lays a dod burned sight a ornerryness on a overly onerry feller, when a passel uv ut blongs to somebody else.

"He'd ride into the town un nuvver stop drenkun tell he'd git as drunk as a bilte owl. Then he'd hop awnto his hoss un fetch a yoop un away he'd go lickutty spit all over town firun off his hoss-pistols tell he'd made uvvertheng in town crawl ento his hole.

"By gum! the weemun gut so sk-yeart o' the feller at they'd g-yether awnto thur youngus an climb ento the leff seen as they h-yurn at he was en town.

"The Bridish soldiersodast to do any theng with im. Un uvverbody gut to thenkun hit ud take a good-sized army to take the feller.

"Well, sir, when Clark gut ento the town un was bangun away at the block-houses; un Hamilton's fellers was a cuttun loose at *them,* un thess a makun uvver theng bile tell nobody dast to put his foot en the big road—at led right up to the gate uv the Fort, un the ole men un weemen un chillern was peopun outun cracks between the chinkun; un the bullets was a-zippun un a-zizzun uvver which away—all uv a sudden some a the weemun awn the out-sk-yurts uv the town raised the screech.

"Then more uv un screeched; un the winders flew open un the doors was full a weemun hollern un laughun an wavun hankerchers un thess about tickled to death, apeerntly.

"They made sich a rackut at Clark odderd his men to seesh firun, un went to see whut hit was. Un by gum, sir, hit was a couple a eighteen-yur ole boys—Pap's youngess brother un another feller by the name uv Teabold.

"They'd cotch Maisonville eatin his dinner, un had his hans tied behine im; un one

SHASSAY DU MAISSONVILLE.

av em was pushun uv im long up the main street while the other'n ud load un shoot thrum behind im.

"Once en a while Maisonville ud brace hisself un wouldn't budge tell Billy Beasley'd prod im up with his baynet. Then he'd light out un walk purty lively right straight on up towards the Fort, tell the Bridish could see who hit was un wouldn't fire the cannon at im.

"But the danger a gittun shot wawnt a circumstance to the tongue-lashun that tham Fraínch weemun give Maisonville. My! but they did tho ut en lively. They thess crowded ento the winders un doors un behine the conders uv houses und holler un laugh un pint thur finger an sass im tell they'd git plum outen breath, un hafto stop to git thur second wind.

"When the feller'd brace hisself un stop theyd be thee-four hunderd weemun laughun, un screechun un hollern 'Shassay, Mosh-shay Maissonville! Shassay! Shassay!'

"At last by gum the whole crowd a Fraínch weemun g-yuthered thur apurnsfull a dornicks un went to rockun the feller when uvver they could tho thout hittun airry one a the boys. Un they kep on tell they knocked im down; un then they hopped aunto im un taken a piece uv his sculp before Clark could git up there un stop um. By gum they did!

"Clark taken the feller un put im in a log house at they had fur a g-yard house, un then atter the surrender he let 'm go.

"Maissonville nuvver poked his head ento the town a Fort Vincent's no more. He couldn't stan the sass uv tnem Fraínch weemun, no way, en the wurl. Specially as he'd ben use to paintun the town when uvver he felt like ut.

"He moved away some-urs. But long as he stayed roun there, tham Fraínch weemun kept sennun im some sassy word ur other. Last he h'yurn at they'd changed the name uv the main street, un called ut the Grand Shassay du Maisonville, un that cooked im.

"Theys Masons un Seebolds un Beasleys livun all up an down the Wobbasht. Mebby they haint nothun to do with this history; un mebby they have.

"Some fellers lows as the Fraínch caint see no pint to a joke, but I've always hilt 'at tham Fraínch weemun down there at Vincennes knowed a good joke when they seed ut mighty nigh as well as ar Hoosier weemun. H. W. TAYLOR.

BIFKINS' BARREL.

How He Cleaned It—A Terrific Tussle in Which Mr. B. Gets Worsted.

Mr. Bifkins, being of an obliging disposition, consents to clean the rainwater-barrel. His wife has mentioned the matter several times, and now he swears he will clean that barrel if it is the last act of his political career.

As the work progresses, Mr. Bifkins becomes so deeply interested, that his good wife is compelled by main strength to force

him to desist and take the rest which his over-taxed system seems to demand. The position of the barrel in the above cut explains how Mr. Bifkins when tired of standing on his head had assumed, so to speak, a horizontal position at a recumbent, as they say in French.

All in the Family.

Here is a straight-out Democratic ticket of St. Francis County, Mo:

For Representative—John D. Highley.
For County Court Justice—John W. Highley.
For Prosecuting Attorney—Luke Highley.
For Collector—T. C. Highley.
For Treasurer—James Highley, Sr.
For Assessor—R. R. Highley.
For Sheriff—James Highley, Jr.
For Surveyor—J. N. Highley.
For Coroner—John B. Highley.

They are all vouched for as highly respectable.

The Most-Used Language.

Prof. Kirchoff, of Halle, was recently requested, in order to decide a bet, to state which language was the one most in use. His reply was to the effect that, without doubt, the Chinese language stood first, it being spoken by about 400,000,000 of people. Next comes the Hindoostanee, spoken by more than 100,000,000; then English, by upward of 100,000,000; Russian, by upward of 70,000,000; German, by about 58,000,000; Spanish, by about 48,000,000, and fifth in order French, by about 40,000,000.

TWO OLD sports accustomed to catch the granger at poker are playing against one another. "I call you. What ye got?" "Four aces." "What's yer outside card? I've got four aces myself.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The vainest man—the cremationist; he urns to be immortalized.