CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

STEUNENBERG BROS., Publishers.

CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, accompanied by his wife and son, went last week to his country home on Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

DR. C. H. TOY, professor of Oriental languages at Harvard, was married last week to Miss Saunders at Norfolk, Va.

THE famous bread of Turin, known as Grassini, through its inventor, is a peculiar feature of foreign life lately introduced here by a Swiss chef.

BOXING and slugging are booked to become a dead letter in Pittsburg. At least the authorities there express their intention of dealing out such a fate.

MARSHALL LIVINGSTONE PERRIN, of Harvard, 1874, and of Gottingen, has been appointed instructor in the North European languages at Boston University.

REV. DR. WILLIAM C. WINSLOW, of Boston and of the Egyptian exploration fund, will deliver the annual address at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., on June 27.

SECRETARY VILAS has the gavel used by him in presiding over the last Dem- National Convention, bound with gold and mounted on a square of plush, hanging up in his parlor at Washington.

CONGRESSMAN LONG, of Massachusetts, who has announced his intention of retiring from political life, has been noted, among other things, for his happy faculty of never forgetting a name or a face.

EX-PRESIDENT RUTHERFORD B. HAYES is said to have dramatized Scott's "Lady on the lake" when a boy of ten, and before he was twelve he had read through all the plays of Shakespeare.

DOM PEDRO, besides being a wise and liberal monarch, an accomplished musician and an experienced traveler, has been a profound student of languages and is well versed in Hebrew, Arabic, and Sanscrit.

JOSE DEL VALLE, of Orange, N. J., participated in an amateur entertainment, and in an encore the footlights ignited his clothing. Before the flames could be extinguished he received injuries which resulted in his death.

GLASGOW will soon be the second city of the United Kingdom. Its boundaries are to be extended so as to include a number of populous towns, and it is estimated that it will then have a popoulation of nearly 800,000.

REV. W. J. GAINES, of Atlanta, who has lately been made a bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal church, belonged to Gabriel Toombs, brother of Robert Toombs, in slavery days, and was a farm-hand until his emancipation.

CAPTAIN BOB COOK says that on account of her new stroke Harvard is a more dangerous rival this year than she has ever been before, and that, while he is not discouraged, still he can see no reason at all for any special confidence in Yale.

SAYS the Norwich (Conn.) *Bulletin:* "A North Stonington farmer has been averaging twenty-five pounds of butter a week from one cow, to supply city customers. The oleomargarine firkins in his cellar helped him to perform this wonderful feat."

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL is an enthusiastic lover of science. The branch to which he devotes most attention is that of engineering. At his home at Avondale he has a fine collection of books on engineering, and he spends a good deal of time in their perusal.

MR. JOHN JONES, of Fairburn, Ga., has a very wonderful house cat, if a tale that is told of it is to be believed. Several weeks ago this cat caught a rat, but, instead of killing it, began to nurse and care for it, and now gives it as much attention as any of her kittens receive.

JOHN ELINNSMAN, of Jersey City, died about two months ago and was buried by his employer. It was supposed that the Englishman had no money, but the other day $300 was found in the pockets of an old pair of trowsers which one of his former fellow clerks was about to sell to a junkman.

THE skeleton of an Indian who was killed in what is known as the "Kilbun fight" of 1755 was recently plowed up in a field near Wapole, N. H., where the fight took place. It was in this famous encounter that two men, two women and two boys defented themselves for six hours against 400 bloodthirsty savages.

AN ingenicus New York truck driver has taught his terrier to ride horseback, in order to guard the team and prevent any familiarities with the horses. A piece of carpet is thrown over the horse's back, so that the small dog may secure a better footing, and the rider balances himself well and seems to enjoy the ride.

MICHAEL P. BARR was a newsboy in Washington not long ago, and three years ago he enlisted in the naval service of the United States at seaman's wages—50 cents a day. Last week he was appointed a master sailmaker at $150 a month, and his first act was to make over to his mother one-half of his pay as fast as it accrues.

THE late Lady Buchan well remembered Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, where her father was Governor in 1815. When she was first introduced to him the ex-Emperor said: "I have long heard from various quarters of your superior eloquence and beauty, but now I am convinced that report has scarcely done you sufficient justice." And then, as she was soon to leave the island, he added: "You must be very glad to get away." "Oh, no, sire," said she, "I am sorry to go." "Ah! Well Mademoiselle, I wish I could exchange places with you."

JOKE ON A LECTURER.

How Congressman Martin Once Disputed the Statements of an Astronomer.

About a third of a century ago, says a Dallas letter to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, a New Yorker was traveling through Texas lecturing on astronomy and illustrating his lectures with globes, charts, and magic-lantern pictures. He evidently possessed more enthusiasm in the interest of sience than he did practical common sense, or he would never have fallen into the trap delibeberately set for him and become the subject of the following practical joke. The lecturer arrived at Athens and distributed his handbills. He had a fine audience of several hundred persons who were interested and astonished. He told them how the planetary system was arranged; how the sun stood still and all the other planets revolved around it. He explained to them that the earth was round and revolved on its axis once in every 24 hours.

After the lecture was concluded a rough-looking young man arose in the audence and said, addressing the lecturer:

"Sir, do I understand you to say that the sun stands still and that the earth turns upside down once every day?"

The lecturer replied that the sience of astronomy so taught and that he so believed.

The young man—who was none other than Bill Martin, a young lawyer, who has since become celebrated as "Howdy Bill Martin," of Texas—challenged the lecturer to a joint discussion of the question. The challenge was immediately accepted, and it was agreed to leave the decision to three arbiters there selected by the parties. If the decision should be in favor of the lecturer Martin was to pay him $100, and if in favor of the young lawyer the lecturer was to leave all his globes, charts and pictures there and leave the state and go home and earn an honest living, as Martin expressed it. The joint discussion began the next morning and continued for two entire days before an emmense audience. The three arbiters sat on the stage and looked as wise as three owls. Martin poured hot shot, thick and fast, into the New Yorker. He quoted scripture, and especially the part where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. He appealed to the common sense of the people, many of whom had traveled from the old states to Texas and had never seen any evidences of the rotundity of the earth. He accused the lecturer of trying to fool the people with his new-fangled ideas, and trying to lead them astray from the faith of their fathers. He also so mildly intimated that the propagators of such notions ought to be taken up and burned for heresy. The earnest manner and stentorian voice of Martin, with his charge of heresy and the usual punishment therefor, made the New Yorker tremble in his shoes. The lecturer's polished argument and scientific dissetartion were unavailing.

The arbiters retired at the close of the discussion and returned in a few minutes with the verdict that "the sun do move and the earth is flat."

The lecturer was crestfallen. He doubtless thought he had met the toughest lot of heathens on earth. He never saw the point of the joke. He retired from the lecture field, leaving his whole outfit in the hands of the victorious enemy. One of the arbiters was Tom Murchison, who was elected by the Fort Worth convention this week as a delegate from the second congressional district of Texas to the national democratic convention at St. Louis.

Letter Writing to Gentlemen.

Any girl who has been well brought up herself will need little instruction in this direction; her instincts and intuitions, as well as her observations, will teach her the proper course to pursue. She will feel, without a word spoken, the impropriety of writing to young men of her acquaintance indiscriminately, except in brief notes on occasion of necessity, like the giving or refusing of invitations or the sending of thanks for courtesies. With the least spark either of high breeding or of good feeling, too, she will avoid prolonged correspondence with any married man, as she would avoid other glaring improprieties, signifying, as that usually does, undue forwardness and a tendency to fastness, all the more if she sends the letters to other place than her correspondent's home, or gives them any clandestine air or appearance of supposing the wife in the case to be ignorant of their existence. She is usually mistaken if she presumes that the ordinary husband is not really much more intimate and friendly with his wife, be the wife of more or less years, than with the attractive young stranger, and that the letters he receives from herself do not, sooner or later, pass under the wife's eyes, receive her criticism, and possibly her animadversion, sometimes occasioning amusement to husband and wife together, and often causing the innocent writer to be looked on askance both by the wife and by the world of that wife's female friends. Whenever she has absolute reason for writing to such a person, and is acquainted with the wife, if she is either wise or decent, she will contrive to write to the wife of the subject under consideration rather than to the husband; and if she is not acquainted, she will, unless the affair is one of pure business, doubt if she has right or reason to write at all; and in after-years she must assuredly come to the conclusion that a different course was unmaidenly, if really not immodest, and that if the wife in question came to have an ill opinion of her, the letter-writer had only herself to blame.

When she has become the wife of another she will have a lively regret at the thought of her letters, however purposeless and childish, in the hands of another person than her own husband, and slight as the regret may be, it is better avoided by writing nothing of the sort, and waiting till a gentleman becomes an acknowledged and accepted lover before making him the partner in a correspondence of any weight or significance. It is always to be remembered moreover, that one grows older as the years pass, and that ideas and sentiments change, and what we feel to-day may be the precise opposite of what we feel five years from to-day, and if we have nowhere registered ourselves to the contrary we shall certainly be more comfortable when that term of years has passed, and not the less comfortable during the passing.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Thoughtful Man.

A well known man of middle Georgia sent to his friends the following communication:

"Owin' ter the fack that thar's a circus in town to-morrer, the funeral uv my wife will be put off till the day atter. Er man's wife ken be buried most any time, but I'll tell you whut's a fack, feller citizens, in these here days uv dullness circuses air circuses. The funeral will be preached by the Reverend John Branwell. He is one uv the best preachers in the curmunity, an' is the man that fotch the Natlin boys up ter the mourner's bench atter some uv the best preachers in the country had failed. I believe in them sort of preachers myself. I understan' that the circus is got two clowns that air funnier than anything ever seed in this here curmunity. I am told that they git off jokes that would make a lame dog titter fitten ter kill hisse'f. My devoted wife will be buried in Mayfield's old orchard. Her an' me uster gether apples thar when we wuz children, an' it wuz under one uv the trees that she fust told me that she would be my wife. It is a mighty sad duty to lay her away thar, but sich is life. I have hearn that the ring master with this show ken pop his whip louder than a rifle ken crack, an' they say that the monkeys air up to mo' tricks than a basket uv crawfish. I tell you that durin' these here dull times we sorter need suthin' ter liven us up. The pall-bearers hain't been app'inted yit, but I don't reckon I will have no trouble in findin' some fellers ter he'p me out on this here interestin' occasion. They've got a guzzly b'ar with the show an' they tell me that he is a mighty dangerous thing ter fool with. The services at the grave will be short an' sweet."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Fastest Train in the World.

Most persons who travel on the Continent of Europe are well aware that the speed of express trains there is considerably slower than that of English express trains. Two or three trains on the Lyons and Marseilles Railway come perhaps nearest to the English standard of performance. On the Italian lines it is customary to resort to the refinement of having three classes of trains, "ordinario," "diretto" and "espresso," but there does not seem much to choose between them. The *Railway Press* corrects our vague impressions by the test of figures, and gives us the exact ratio of our expresses to those of foreign countries. Our English expresses all run at a high rate, but since the acceleration of the Manchester and London expresses, one or two of the Great Northern trains carry off the palm. They run at an average of 48 miles an hour for the whole journey, including stoppages and the exceedingly heavy bank at Penistone. The bit between Grantham and London is done at the rate of about 64 miles an hour. These achievements, however, are very closely approached by the other great lines, France and Germany follow with an average of about 36 miles an hour, Holland, Belgium and Austria-Hungary follow with 33 miles an hour, Italy with 29½ miles an hour, Spain and Switzerland with 22 miles, and Portugal with 18½ miles. America runs us more closely, with an average speed of 35 to 40 miles an hour.—*London Daily News.*

A Remarkable Deception

A lady will, we are told, soon appear in London who is an apparition at first, and afterward a solid, palpable, and even a somewhat fat lady; then she retires from her fat and her solidity and dissolves into airy nothingness. In the center of the exhibition room a globe will appear without apparently any thing suspending it or supporting it. From that globe, after the mystic words have been spoken to the accompaniment of a weired music, a female form will be seen to emerge (draped), but hardly recognizable, so vapory will she be. Then she will gradualy solidify, nourished on nothing (a much desired attainment in these hard times), and after smilingly but speechlessly interviewing the public will gradually become vapory, and retire finally to her residence in the hanging globe.—*Court Journal.*

A Grand Ball at Rothschild's.

A ball given by the Baron and Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild in their palatial dwelling on the Rue St. Florentin might justly have been called a dream of fair women. The ball room was a perfect picture, hung with vieux bleau silk damask, lighted by electric light, reflecting on the art gems of Greuze, Watteau and other great masters that adorn the walls, corbeilles and orchids and roses placed in every available corner, and spreading their fragrance on the already perfumed air. A collection of pretty bibelots were distributed in the cotillion, a novel figure being that of a large golden boa constrictor coiled around the trunk of a tree. In the hollow at the top hundreds of chenille snakes of all colors were found and presented by the gentlemen to the ladies, thus reversing the Biblical tradition. Dainty silk aprons, embroidered with silver and gold, golden Spanish combs, artistic book covers, satin jokey caps, whips and a thousand one things found their way into the cunning reed baskets, gayly decorated with ribbons, that each lady guest carried away with pride and triumph after the dance.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

A Surmise.

The front door bell of a house in Kingston was rung the other day, and when the woman of the house answered the summons she found a colored woman. "Missus," said she, "do you want help to houseclean? I thought may be you mought, for your windows are so dirty I didn't 'spose you had cleaned house."—*Kingston Freeman.*

A fossil egg, found in the tertiary strata of the Island of Madagascar, is 34⅛ inches one way and 29 inches the other. If our hen, could be induced to lay eggs of such sizes there would be fewer James O'Connor Powers assuming the role of "Hamlet." It is safe to say that there were no amateur "Hamlets" in the tertiary period.—*Norristown Herald.*

FACT AND FANCY.

The late Fred Marsden, it is said, left over $100,000.

The Virginia inlets are alive with boats planting oysters.

A new line of stockings made in Lowell is called "snowblack."

A Georgia man has celebrated his golden wedding with his second wife.

It appears that Rider Haggard went to Iceland to obtain relief from headache.

Since January, 1887, 331 manufacturing companies have been organized in Japan.

Rider Haggard has gone to Iceland for a holiday. He is a sportsman as well as a penman.

Princess Beatrice Battenburg is taking anti-fat to reduce her obesity, which threatens to become abnormal.

Andrew Carnegie says that the coaching trip which he and Mr. Blaine will take will last at least till July 1.

The weighing machines in hotels and other public places in Philadelphia are said to average a net profit of $25 a month.

The Chinese government intends erecting a monument to Gen. Gordon on the scene of his victory over the Taiping rebels.

Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, having been forbidden to take equine exercise for some months, now amuses herself with a tricycle.

The Mormon hierarchy is said to pay Mr. A. M. Gibson a salary of $10,000 a year to look after the interests of Zion at Washington.

When Charles Dickens, jr., reached Portland Oregon, last Tuesday he had made a 27,000-mile lecture tour through the United States.

Gen. Wade Hampton was thrown from his horse in Washington the other day and suffered a compound comminuted fracture of his wooden leg.

Soft maple trees, planted on dry land and cultivated, produce almost as much sap as rock maples, and delicious sugar and syrup can be made from it.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, jr., Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, is visiting in California, and will closely study the Chinese cheap labor question.

It is said that $15,000,000 worth of tile has been laid in Illinois, and that the tile, if placed in a continuous line, would reach around the globe three times.

Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, has given $1,000 to the One Million Dollar Permanent Fund for Ministerial Relief that is being raised by the Presbyterian Church.

There is talk of the Rev. Dr. Bodine, president of Kenyon college, as the successor of the Rev. Dr. Geisey in the rectorship of the church of the Epiphany, at Washington.

General Boulanger and Mr. Blaine met frequently when the General visited this country to attend the centennial of the surrender of Yorktown. Blaine was then Secretary of State.

Belva Lockwood, since her nomination for the Presidency, has bought a stunning new bonnet. A cunningly-constructed artificial bee is made to hover among the flowers that adorn its crown.

Harold Brown, descendant of Nicholas Brown, after whom Brown University was named, and a member of the class of 1886 of the University, has given $100 for Episcopal missionary work.

Marshal Booth, son of General Booth of England, is conducting the movements of the Salvation Army in Albany, N.Y. He is a tall, thin man, with long, black beard, long arms, and a long tongue.

Alonzo Steele, of Grinnell, Iowa, has given $20,000 to endow the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy of Iowa college, the chair to be called in memory of his daughter, the "Myra Steele" chair.

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, is the owner of a fine homestead farm, and he plants a tree there for every senator who visits him. Edmunds' is a beech, Jones's a mulberry, and Sherman's a soft basswood.

One of the wealthiest delegates at the Methodist conference in New York is Amos Shinkle, of Covington, Ky. He leads many Cincinnati enterprises, and ardently promotes missionary and Sunday school work.

Large quantities of butter and cheese are now regularly coming to English ports from Australia and New Zealand. They are both pronounced good, and the prospect is that the trade in them will increase rapidly.

The Rev. Dr. Leonard, lately of Brooklyn and now rector of St. John's Church, Washington, D. C., who has been elected Bishop of Southern Ohio, will be the youngest member of the Episcopacy, being just 40 years old.

Donald G. Mitchell, better known as "Ik Marvel," lives quietly on his farm at Edgewood, Conn., and looks like a little old Scotch farmer or gardener. He is now 60, and has a comfortable revenue from his published books.

Henry Villard is looming up again in the financial world and is talked of for his old position at the head of the Oregon Transcontinental company. Mr. Villard began his life as a newspaper man and preserves his bounce.

A number of the street car employes of Indianapolis have petitioned the Chicago syndicate buying the property to remove car No. 145 because it had had nothing but a record of incidents, robberies, and murder since it left the shop.

The Gloucester fishermen expect to settle the bait question by introducing a German process of preserving herring and other small fish used for bait in a steel barrel containing an antiseptic solution as a substitute for ice, which is far more expensive.

A St. Louis minister says the greatest feat of baptism in the history of the Baptist church in modern times, was that performed in July, 1878, by J. C. Clough, a missionary, who, with the assistance of five native preachers, immersed 2,222 converted brethren within six hours.

Empress Victoria has turned an inventor. She drew plans from which a writing-desk has been manufactured which enables the Emperor to write whether lying in bed or standing up. It is available in any position, and the mechanism employed is said to be intricate and remarkably effective.

Thomas Mooney, who was the first missionary to visit this country on behalf of Ireland, is dead. For many years he was the London correspondent of the *Irish World* of New York, writing under the nom de plume of "Transaltantic." On April 21 last, when he laid down his pen, he was 90 years old.

The Iowa farmer objects to giving his note and having it discounted for cash. The latest sharper says: "O, we'll keep the note," and writes across the face "not transferable." In a short time it is found in the hands of a third party with an "e" added to the "not," which makes it read "note transferable."

Pig rearing is a great industry in some parts of China, and last year 85,080 were shipped to Hong Kong, where a large demand exists. A frequent fraud is often perpetrated on the shippers. On account of the shallow water of the port of embarkation, the pigs are frequently sent out to the steamers at night, and the boatmen take advantage of their opportunity to exchange big pigs for small on the way. They bring back a receipt for the right number from the ship, and appropriate the profit made on the weight of the pigs.

A California paper says: The irrigation of pasture land for dairy purposes has not received the attention it deserves, for there are thousands of farms within the State that could be made very profitable with a moderate degree of enterprise and expenditure, by the careful use of water upon good, strong land. Alfalfa, rye grass and orchard grass; perhaps many other sorts, can be kept growing vigorously along the coast during the whole year, with a moderate application of water during the Summer season.

It is said that the largest cotton-mill in the world is that of Krahnolm, in Russia. This colossal establishment contains 340,000 spindles and 2,200 looms, disposes of a force of 6,300 horse-power, and gives employment to 7,000 hands. The motive power is obtained from a fall on the river Marowa, which actuates eight turbines, which were manufactured in Augsburg. Four of these turbines produce a force of 4,000 horse-power and discharge 16,000 litres of water per second, one having been mounted in 1876 since which time it has worked night and day without any repairs.

LITERATURE NEAR THE POLE

How Sailors of Whaling Ships in the Arctic Ocean Get Their Reading Matter.

"What do we do with so many old papers? Send them up to the Arctic Ocean."

It was the proprietor of an outfitting store on Pacific street, and he was answering the inquiry of the reporter as to what he wanted of five thousand old pictorial and story-papers, for which he had advertised in the *Examiner.*

"To the Arctic Ocean. And what do you do with them there?"

"We send them up to the sailors on whaling vessels. About three hundred sailors, engaged through us, are up there over half the year, and to each one of these we send at least fifteen papers every season. They are glad to get most anything in the shape of a paper, but most of the men like magazines better than anything else."

"Do you depend entirely on the answers to your advertisements for your stock of papers?"

"No; we go to each one of the newspapers in this city, both weekly and daily, and get back numbers. And then we send to each of the sailors, a few of the current issues of the city papers. These papers came here in answer to our advertisement," and he put his hand on a stack three feet high. Some of the numbers dated back eight or nine years.

"Here is another stack of papers," and he pointed to a heap of papers two feet tall, "that is ready to be assorted and done up in bundles, one for each ship."

"Those letters, do they also go?" A long box full of yellow envelopes, each with a superscription to somebody on some whaleship, "Arctic Ocean," lay beside the papers.

"Yes, we send each year one letter to each man. Of course they like to know what is going on here, and we write a general account of matters of interest and personal gossip and whatever we think the men would like to know."

"You don't write a different individual letter to each man, do you?"

"Oh, no. We bunch them as much as possible and make the same letter in duplicate do for several men. These letters are all ready to be sent up next week on the Bear, but it will be about a month before the papers and letters are all fixed up and started off. The men exchange their papers and letters, so that what we send keeps the entire fleet in reading matter through the season.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Mack Griffin's Prison.

Near Gainesville, in the neighboring county, Allen, there lives a man whose life has indeed been an unusual one. He was born an imbecile, and as he grew older and stronger he became violent and had to be confined. His name is Mack Griffin, and at the age of fifteen he was placed in a cabin built in the corner of the yard where his parents lived. The cabin was built especially for his occupancy, and he was placed in it and kept in confinement, never permitted to leave the house. It is said that he would allow nobody, not even the members of the family, to come near him, except his sister, who would bring his meals and sweep up the room.

While she was in the room he would jump into bed and sit down and watch her until she had left. He is now sixty-five years old and his hair is as white as snow. He has never been outside the house since he was put into it but once, and that was when it was torn down to be rebuilt. He has been in that house, which has no window in it, with the door barred, for fifty years, and has never had communication with any human being except some members of the family, who take him his meals and arrange his bed.

There are several of the family who can go into the room now with safety, but the sight of a stranger fills him with horror and causes his wild nature to assert itself and he raves and gives vent to the most unearthly screams and hideous noises. They never go into the house, because he would attack them viciously the moment they crossed the threshold.

The family are compelled to remove his bed from the room every day, as he would tear it into shreds. They can leave nothing in the room with him, for it would be destroyed. He cannot be induced for a moment to leave his cabin, and if the door was left standing open he would not come out. His has, indeed, been an unusual life and at the same time a most unfortunate one.—*Bowling Green Times.*

"DEHOOFING" IN FRANCE.

How the Martyrized Feet of Fashionable Women Are Restored to a Decent Condition.

Since the high heel and pointed toe have had time to do their work the chiropodist is rising to as money-making a position as the American dentist, says a Paris letter to London *Truth.* The women who operate in public baths for ladies have more work than they can attend to, and raising their fees according to the state of the pairs of feet which they are asked to attend to. The ordinary, old-fashioned treatment, requiring only the sharp knife and the pumice-stone, is still 1½ francs. But for the operation known as "dehoofing" the foot you may, with extras, get up from 10 to 30 francs. There are women who are able, when the fine world is in Paris, to make from £3 to £5 a day. The seaside season is even more lucrative, because feet are so much in view on the sands of marine bathing places, where it is permissible to paddle about in salt water long after the teens have been cleared.

Be it remembered that the high-heeled boot or shoe by throwing the whole weight of the body on the tightened-up toes deadens them and the rest of the foot and brings the whole member, so far as the distribution of muscular force and nervous vitality go, into much the same state as a horse's hoof. The dehoofing process begins with a warm bran of potato-starch foot-bath, followed by a quick plunge in cold water, after which there is a shampooing with eau de cologne or something else to help a reaction. Then there is a gymnastic pulling out and moving up and down and from side to side of individual toes, which reminds one of the piggy-wiggy game which nurses play with the pedal extremities of babies. The nurse, beginning with the great toe and going on with the four others, says: "This pig went to market, and this pig stayed at home, and this pig ate bread and butter, and this pig ate none, and this little pig cried take me to mammy at home." The toes are manipulated and exercised separately until each is limber and lively. The sole of the foot is also enlivened thus: The patient leans with both hands on a pair of props and places the foot on a broad horsehair band, which works from side to side, then comes more hand-rubbing, this time with glycerine, followed by friction with small brushes and instruments like drawing stumps. The nails are carefully attended to, all dead and hard skin is carefully removed, and finally the ankle and insteps are put into gymnastic training. At the end of, say an hour, a pair of feet which have been martyrized with high heels and pointed toes feel equal to dancing, jumping, or taking a long walk. They also look shapely and quite young. One wonders why they should be hidden with shoes and stockings, and whether skilled chiropody will not lead to a revival of sandals.

Built Over Ruins.

As the traveler walks on he perceives that his footsteps are not upon the original ground of Jerusalem, but upon a mass of super-imposed matter which has been strewn over the whole site. History enmerates seventeen captures of the Holy city, eleven of which were attended by sieges more or less destructive. After many of these events the houses then standing were razed to the earth. These were in time succeeded by new houses, which in their turn were overthrown at the next siege, and so on, each capture adding to the accumulation of rubbish. Thus the traveler learns that a compact layer of solid coating, from thirty to fifty feet in thickness, has been by degrees spread over the entire space. Even the valleys and ravines between the several hills on which the city was built have been so far filled up as to have partly lost their special character, as already mentioned. The Tyropheson brook is, perhaps the most particular instance. The traveler will have heard of this brook, or read of it in Josephus, as a landmark in the interior of the city, but he will not find it. Nevertheless it was so deep that at its exit from the city at Moriah the bridge span was more than 100 feet above its bed. Its course has been traced by the discovery of the arch and by deep excavation here and there which have exposed the bed now overlaid with ruins.—*Palestine Illustrated.*

Juvenile Strategy.

A ten-year-old boy was trundling a two-wheeled cart loaded with laundry work on the sidewalk down State street, below Pearl, yesterday, when a policeman approached him pompously and ordered him to roll the cart in the middle of the street. The boy obeyed with ill grace, and the policeman, knowing that the lad would turn up Broadway, hastily went around to that thorough-fare via James street and Maiden lane. He reached the corner of Broadway and Maiden lane just in time to meet the boy who had again resumed his way on the sidewalk.

"Didn't I tell you to roll that cart in the roadway?" said the "cop," thoroughly angered, as he seized the boy by the collar.

"Yes," replied the boy.

"Well, I'm going to take you in."

"Huh?" queried the boy, not seeming to understand.

"I'm going to take you to the Station-house," repeated the policeman.

"Well," said the boy, "go ahead. But if you do you'll wheel that cart with you, for I'm durned if I do."

He was not taken in.—*Albany Journal.*

Luck.

There may be no such thing as luck, but there is a potential influence surrounding some people which inevitably brings them to wealth or celebrity, or both. As an instance I can cite a personal experience in my early life while practicing law. In the same city there lived a young man by the name of McGill, who was also a lawyer, but devoted his entire time to the claim department of the business. One day, in my office, I was fastening a lot of legal documents together with the crude fasteners then in vogue, when McGill spoke up and said: "I have an idea that I can produce a better fastener than that." The next day he handed me a rough specimen of the present popular fastener, which is shaped like a letter T. McGill offered me a quarter interest to get it patented, but I laughed at him. He persevered, secured his patent and to-day has an income of between $400,000 and $500,000 a year. He resides in Paris, France, and the last time I was abroad tendered me a banquet there. It was his luck, or whatever it may be termed, to strike fortune through a simple device, and my luck to refuse to share it with him. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Natural Linguist.

Fond mamma (showing the baby to visitor): "Sh-h-he's asleep. The little darling. Isn't he the sweetest little thing you ever saw?" Visitor (in awe-struck whisper): "Decidedly. Can he talk?" "Talk? I should think he could talk! Why, he can say 'goo' and 'ga' and 'yow.' Picked them up himself, too.—*Boston Beacon.*

A Mighty Iowa Nimrod.

The Keokuk (Ia.) *Gate City* tells a good yarn on one Jim Wepton, who lives in the brakes of Skunk river, near Salem, and is a lineal descendant of Daniel Boone and a mighty hunter himself. He caught a wolf in a trap. He concluded he would tame it and exhibit it at Salem. When he loosed "the varmint" it treed him. Before letting it out of the trap he had tied a rope around the wolf's neck and fastened it to a tree. So he had the wolf and the wolf had him. He sat up in the tree all the afternoon and the wolf kept guard below. At noon his wife started out to find what had become of him. She arrived on the spot and was a good relief corps. She cut the rope in an instant and with a "shoo! you beast," she started the wolf off at the rate of a mile a minute, and Jim crawled down out of the tree then in a way to make his great backwoods ancester laugh in his grave.

WHERE CRIME THRIVES.

How Desperadoes Escape Their Deserts.

It is well for criminals of the south and west, says the New York *Star,* that Inspector Byrnes or a detective of such a calibre does not exist among them. As it is a fact often regretted by the law-abiding inhabitants of that somewhat lawless country, where the most atrocious crimes and brutal murders are of frequent if not a daily occurrence. Perhaps a whole band of Vidocqs or Byrneses would do no more toward bringing the lawless depredators of the South to justice than the sheriffs, detectives and well organized posses that now give them chase, but from the past history of Byrnes it is thought well to give him the benefit of the doubt.

The comparative few criminals who are now at large in the North, or more properly, in the Middle States, shows that detective work and police vigilance is in a much better condition here than the South can boast of. There are several reasons for this, and the principal one is that the North is more thickly populated than the West or South. The laws are more rigidly enforced here and quarrels over games of cards do not result as disastrously in this section of the country. People are not allowed to parade about with belts full of firearms and boots full of bowie knives, and thus the Northern man, who might be tempted to slash or shoot an adversary if he had a weapon handy, has of necessity to resort to his fists, and thus quarrels which usually end in murder in lawless countries, terminate here in a scrapping match, and a $10 fine in a police court the next morning cools their ardor.

On a scrap of paper picked up in police headquarters the other day by a *Star* reporter were printed a number of names and descriptions of crooks who are wanted in different parts of the South and West. The most important announcement is that a reward of $10,000 was offered for the arrest and conviction of William B. Tascott, who was said to have murdered Millionaire Snell in Chicago not a great while ago. Another one appears in a very characteristic query: "Is there a man wanted by the name of Bert Darro? He is about 18 years of age, light complexioned and cross-eyed. A notorious crook, murderer, and horse theif. If wanted, write me. Joseph H. Coulter, Livonia, Ind. This was followed by another query: "Is there a man wanted by the name of J. H. Harris, a notorious horse theif and swindler? Jacob J. Marks, sheriff, Olcott, O."

In the same column is found another inquiry regarding a crook held in custody in Colorado, who was recently arrested in Julesburg by a detective named Fairchild, who sends the following word to all detcetives in the country: "Is there a man wanted in your city by the name of Tempelton? I suspect him to be a fugitive. Let me know as soon as possible."

In various portions of the paper are found names and descriptions of all sorts of crooks, murderers, swindlers and wreckers of family happiness. Principal among them are the following:

"Look out for a man named Harkins; a dandified chap, a good talker, and a great favorite with the women. He is a wrecker of domestic happiness."

"Do you want a man named Zimmerman, young and fairly good looking, smooth face and lame in the left foot? We are after him for a tripple murder."

"Is there a man wanted any where by the name of Sandy Williams, alias 'Mash Williams,' alias 'The Scout?' He is a terror to one-armed men or defenseless women. He wears a mustache and imperial and tries to look like 'Buffalo Bill.' He is wanted here for several crimes."

"Do you want a good looking Italian named Morelli? We have him under surveillance."

So they read, column after column of suspects who are spotted or missing. From the record of sentences in the South it is shown that one murderer out of every ten is caught, while the North boasts of losing only one out of a dozen. An Italian named Mocci, who murdered his young wife in One Hundred and Seventh Street about five months ago, is the only New York murder now at large, and Byrnes is watching every announcement of suspects arrested, and his two Italian detectives, Perazzo and Tezarro, are on a constant lookout for him. This, compared with those at liberty in the South and West, shows the good results of well organized detective forces with good men at the helm.

Seat Mortgages.

A question of vital importance to travelers is about to be brought before the courts for adjustment. It has long been recognized that if a traveler places his baggage in a car seat, he thereby retains it, though he may go away into the smoker and stay until the train gets to Pewaukee, or anywhere else. All persons seem to regard the seat as taken, and unless a car becomes so crowded that it is necessary to double up, the baggage, overcoat or umbrella retains the seat. There is a courtesy among railroad travelers that is not observed in any other place. An umbrella that would not be safe for a minute in a hotel, store or office, will hold a seat in a car, and be untouched from San Francisco to New York. The question is, how much baggage it is necessary to place in a seat in order to retain it. Among those who go out of town evenings to the suburban resorts and country homes, it is generally understood that a package of corsets, a dress pattern, a couple of kerosene lamps, a lawn tennis hat, a pair of canvas shoes, four boxes of strawberries, a bag of oranges, a small hand valise, a jointed fishing rod, a tin box of tackle, and a package of mosquito bar, left in a seat, is sufficient notice to other passengers that seat is occupied, though some put other things in a seat. Occasionally there is a person, who can not take a hint, who will come up to a seat thus freighted, and look at it, ask somebody in the seat back of it, "Is this seat occupied?" Almost invariably the answer is, "I believe it is," but the new comer often seems to think it is not, and squeezes in, sitting on the strawberries, and tries to look unconscious when the owner comes along and begins to retrieve the packages, looking mad. In such a case the person who has taken the seat, waits until the packages have been removed, when she says, "I beg pardon, was this your seat? I did not know it was occupied." The lady who is struggling to get her packages out from under the person, says, "*Is that so?* I ought to have left something in the seat, I suppose, that you could see." Then the owner of the packages marches off to the wood box with them, and takes the short seat near the stove, rides backwards and looks out of the window so cross that the cows beside the track in the field, quit giving milk. The test case that is to come before the courts will be begun by a Wauwatosa lady. She went to the train one evening lately, and marched up to a seat which was occupied by a man and a woman, and said, in sherbet tones, "Excuse me, but this is my seat." The man looked at his partner and said, "Excuse *me,* madame, but there was no baggage in the seat when we took it." The lady said she left something in it, and she could see it there. The man got up and looked in the seat, and the lady with him got up, and both stepped out into the aisle, to find the baggage. The lady who claimed the seat got into it, said, "There it is," took a chew of gum off the window sill and put it in her mouth, saying, as she chewed it, "I come in from Wauwatosa this morning in this car, and in this very seat, and in order to retain the seat going back to-night, I stuck my chew of gum on the window sill. Some folks don't know enough to let a seat alone when they know it is took," and she went on chewing and watching the work of cutting up dead horses, out the window, as the train passed the glue factory, where the scenery is magnificent. The man who had been unseated, made some cayenne pepper remarks, to the gum lady, and one word brought on another, until the husband of the gum lady came along, when the two men adjourned to the smoker to fight it out. Friends interfered, among them a lawyer, who offered to bring suit for damages, and so the matter will get into the courts, and it will be decided whether a chew of gum left on a window sill, retains the seat, the same as baggage.—*Peck's Sun.*

Pure Ignorance.

School teacher (in backwoods of Kentucky) to girl—"What has kept you away from school during the past three days?"

Girl—"Mam did."

"Why did she keep you away?"

"Wanted me ter he'p pap."

"How help him?"

"Put away the things."

"What things?"

"Oh, you know."

"No, I don't."

"It ain't possible, mister, that a man as old as you air an' whut claims ter have as much l'arnin' as you does, is that ignunt?"

"I really do not know what you mean. Come, tell me, what things did you help him put away?"

"W'y, the still things, uv co'se."

"The still things!"

"W'y, I never did meet sich ignunce. Didn't you know that the gover'ment marshals wus in the curmunity, an' don't you know that when they air here we hatter hussle round an' put away the still-tubs an' the sour mash an' sich? It ain't possible that a man with yo' edycation is that ignunt? Wall, I b'l'eve I'll go home, fur I don't think it's no use ter fool 'long with a teacher that ain't got no mo' sense than you have. We've been tryin' a long time ter get a smart teacher fur this neighborhood an' it do look like we air never goin' ter do any good at it."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"Walking Out" Courtships.

A breach of promise case, just reported, throws some light upon the etiquette of courtship in that class of life in which "walking out together" is the recognized mode of making acquaintance. The defendant said he had never intended to marry the plaintiff, whose counsel immediately protested against this statement by remarking: "But you walked her out." This was met by the defendant with the reply: "It would be a fine job if a man had to marry every girl he walked out with."

It is to be feared that this gentleman was inconstant, and, in fact, the jury took that view. Walking out with a girl, if the promenades have been sufficiently frequent, is regarded in much the same light as "asking papa" is in he social circles of a somewhat higher range. Some months ago, in a case of defamation of character, the young woman who had been libled said in evidence that she walked out with the young Frenchman, who was the defendant in the action, but that she had only done so in order to try if she liked him, and finding she did not she gave him up. It is a nice question of etiquette how many walks would be allowed on either side for the probationary stage, and whether a greater number would be premitted to the walking lady, as being more difficult of choice. Etiquette books fly too high to touch these humble walks of life.—*London News.*

The Palmy Days of Minstrelsy.

I was reading that the wife of Jack Haverly, the well known negro minstrel manager induced him to give her $10 every night out of the receipts of the show, so that when he went into bankruptcy she possessed a fortune of about $30,000. He begged her to lend him the money, but she refused him, and to-day they are living comfortably on her savings. An hour or two afterward I meet Bill Foote, who was a boomer for Haverly when that skyrocket of a manager was high in the air. Foote now runs a boarding house in this city, and is the custodian of Dockstader's theater during the absence of the Dockstader's minstrels on a tour. "Oh, yes; those were 'halcyon, days," said he. "There was a time when the manager of a minstrel company had to do hardly anything else than open the doors of a hall and let people pay to come in. The five or six years after the war were especially profitable. New towns, of 3,000 and 5,000 inhabitants, were constantly being discovered, by wideawake agents, and places of that sort were dead sure to yield fine audiences for anything in the way of minstrelsy. But it isn't so now. The meat is all gone out of that cocoanut, and a man who can make a negro minstrel company pay has got to hustle for it."—*Indianapolis News.*