

ON THE FRONTIER.

Two giant minds have stamped the mental world. Instructors of our times and times to be. Telling to bring mankind to harmony. Smoke from each study on the frontier curled. They searched more for finality than growth. Not for the footprint but the thought of God. They worshiped wisdom in the chastening road.

That scars transgressors, and yet both felt beauty as the moves through eyes vast. And knew the hopefulness that cheers us here.

In our promotion toward the perfect sphere. They loved the future and esteemed the past. Reverse their lives. O man, for never again Will this old world contain two lovelier men! —Edward S. Cremer in New York Sun.

A Banned Wedding Cake. An English gentleman residing in Calcutta brought an action against a firm of Paris pastry cooks and confectioners under rather interesting circumstances. The plaintiff was about to be married and ordered what has been called a phenomenal wedding cake from the defendants. A sum of \$120 was paid down for the cake on delivery. The colossal and expensive article of confectionery was packed by the plaintiff's order, and he took it with him to Calcutta. On opening the case containing the cake when he arrived in India, the Englishman found that he had literally nothing but a shapeless mass of crumbs. The splendid gâteau had been hopelessly bruised and broken during the voyage.

An action was then brought against the Paris firm for a sum of \$135, which included, besides the price paid for the cake, the cost of packing and transport. The defendants maintained before the Paris tribunal of commerce that they had no more responsibility after they had delivered over the cake to the person who ordered it. It was true that they recommended a packer, but that expert acted under the orders of another individual, who had been selected by the plaintiff to superintend the operation. The tribunal decided in favor of the defendants. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Comfortable Warm Wrapper Dress. "Never heard of a Chinese collar from the heat, did you?" asked a West side doctor as he fanned himself vigorously and occasionally tugged away at his shirt collar. "They may be heaten, but they have more common sense in apparel than all of us good Christians combined. I just passed one of the quonced gentry standing at the corner of Madison and Clark at high noon, the sun pouring upon the top of his head and the thermometer registering 91 in the shade. He was cool as a cucumber. "He wore no hand about his shirt and no collar to shirt or blouse. Vest he had none. You and I have from twenty to twenty-five thicknesses of cloth close about our jugulars and then we say we are Christians. Christians know suicide to be sinful, don't they? Then how dare they choke themselves in blistering weather? And the Chinaman isn't idiot enough to clinch his undergarments with his back with perspiration producing suspenders, nor wear his shirt inside his trousers. He affects cool sandals and light hats, and in all shows a superb regard for his safety. Next to following the example of our first parents in their first estate, the Chinese plan in summer is the most comfortable style of dress upon the face of the earth." —Chicago Mail.

A Tricycle for Land or Water. The people along Ogden boulevard, near Douglas park, at 9:30 o'clock one morning stopped and looked with wonder at a slender man who was riding a queer machine toward the park. The amazement of those who followed was not diminished when they saw the man ride into the park, down the drive to the water and out on the lake. The man was T. J. Olsen, a boot and shoemaker. The machine somewhat resembled a tricycle, but on the spokes of the drive wheels there were paddles and the little wheel was covered with sheet iron and served as a rudder. Underneath the main axle and about four inches from the ground two boats six feet in length and eight inches beam, about two feet apart, like the hulls of a catamaran, adapted the queer craft to the water. The speed attained was equal to that of a rowboat, and Mr. Olsen claimed it was more easily propelled. —Chicago News-Record.

Too Profitable a Fire. The following is a copy of a letter from a town in New Hampshire received at the office of the Hartford Fire Insurance company one day last week: "I inclose \$100 in this letter, which I want paid to the Hartford Fire Insurance company of Hartford. I thought I got more insurance than my right." Inclosed was a \$100 bill of the First National bank of Concord, N. H. The writing is identified as similar to two previous communications received by the company, inclosing, respectively, \$50 and \$100, making a total of \$250 already received from this one source.

It is evident that some beneficiary received more than his due, and is endeavoring to quiet his conscience by returning in installments the amount overpaid. Several thousand dollars have been received by the Hartford under similar circumstances. —Hartford Courant.

A Petrified Corpse. At Hazlewood cemetery, near Montezuma, Ia., one day last week, Charles Block, wishing to remove the remains of his wife, who died eight years ago, opened her grave. He found it full of water and was astonished at the weight of the coffin. The combined strength of five men finally brought the coffin out of the grave, and when opened it was found that the action of the water had turned the body to solid stone, preserving its natural appearance to a remarkable degree. Even a bouquet of flowers held by the dead woman was perfectly petrified. The skin was fair and the hair black and glossy as in life. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Bones Were All There. An auctioneer in a New England city recently sold a horse at auction for 50 cents. The horse was so bony that the auctioneer said, by way of explanation, that "they (the bones) were exhibited intentionally, for the purpose of showing that none had been extracted."

TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL

Hints That May Prove of Benefit to Our Neighbors.

Articles of Undoubted Worth to the Farmer, Collected from Reliable Sources.

RAISING BROILERS FOR MARKET.

In course of an excellent article on this subject, Mr. F. M. Reed says in the *Fancier's Monthly*:

In the first place the beginner will ask, "what kind of land and how much is needed to embark in the broiler business?" As to quality, most land is suitable, although a mixed sand and gravelly soil is preferable where running water can be had if possible. As to quantity, a building lot will hold a fair-sized brooder house, but a building lot will not make a successful broiler farm. Five acres would be a nice size (although larger is not objectionable), this would give one acre for residence, barn, incubator house, etc.; two acres for fowls, brooder houses, runs, etc.; and two acres for small fruits, potatoes, cabbage, turnips and other necessary vegetables for winter food for both old and young stock. A place of this size would keep one man and his family busy. And now just a word here as to personal attention and supervision of one's own business. There is no business that suffers more through inattention or the neglect of hired help, than the poultry business. The owner should have under his personal attention the care of the incubators. One person only should likewise have in charge the feeding and care of the brooders, watching closely the results of any particular food, or experiments in feeding, and profiting thereby. If several persons, or children have the feeding of the flocks, they will not begin to get the care they would if one man attended them, and they may actually be in a dying condition through bowel trouble or disease, before the owner discovers it. So I say the work must all be closely inspected or done by the owner, and the more experience he has the better.

"What is the best breed to start with?" is another question often asked. That depends on your own fancy. The breed that one fancies is the breed that one will succeed with. Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Light Brahmas and Partridge Cochins are much used on the broiler farms of the East. But some object to the feathered legs of the Brahmas and Cochins and to overcome this they are crossed with a Leghorn cockerel. These combine the hardness of the leg-horn with the size of the Brahma, making a good broiler. The Wyandotte is a great favorite with broiler men, especially the Silver and White varieties, because of the combined qualities of neat, trim-built bodies, extra full-breasted, yellow legs, early maturity and hardiness. They are also great layers. But to return to the breed. Having made a choice select good stock or eggs from a reliable breeder, and raise a nice flock of pullets. These are to be your starter from which the eggs are to come for hatching your broilers, for every broiler raiser should raise his own eggs. I do not believe a broiler farm can be made much of a success if the owner depends on buying his eggs promiscuously here and there, especially store eggs. Or should he be fortunate enough to have a friend raise good eggs for him, the amount paid out for them will draw from the profits of the broilers. For at the season of the year when it is most profitable to hatch broilers, eggs are usually high. It is estimated that a poultryman can raise eggs for from ten to twelve cents per dozen. Therefore if 30 or 40 cents per dozen is paid for them, and should 40 or 50 per cent of them prove infertile, as is sometimes the case, the man who sells the eggs makes more profit than the broiler raiser.

KEEPING HORSES SOUND. It is surprising to find how large a proportion of the horses one sees on the road, the street or the farm, are more or less affected with unsoundness. One of those most commonly met with in road horses and farm horses is what is known as the sprung knees. In many cases the trouble is but slight and little noticed, and owners are loath to acknowledge that the horse is not all right. But a keen-eyed buyer readily detects the trifling defect at the start. What causes such a tendency to sprung knees in horses it is hard to tell. One of them, we fancy, among driving horses of the trotting class, is the tendency to have them shod with heavy toe-weight shoes. This seems to tire the muscles of the front part of the fore legs and in time weakens them so they do not keep the legs in place.

Another cause of sprung knees is allowing the feet to become tender or out of shape from bad shoeing, so that the horse flexes his knees to relieve the strain on the lower tendons and on the heels. Standing still too long on a hard floor stall is said to cause sprung knees. After all these things have done their work and the knees become springy or are weak and trembling, it is a difficult matter to effect a cure.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE. A season's run at grass often results in comparative cure. And the best way is to keep the animal sound from the first by avoiding whatever causes a tendency to the disease, and only needs the exercise of some common sense and good care. Avoid keeping the horses idle on a hard floor. Shoe with even weight shoes, keep the feet cool and free from filth and there is little risk from sprung knees.

Another common unsoundness which spoils the appearance and sale of many good horses, especially those on the farm, are curbs and puffy joints. Both of these, like sprung knees, are at first very slight and it is difficult to decide

what is wrong. Curbs can generally be removed by sweating, blisters and compressors. But purfs and thrombophis are difficult to cure, and even if kept down a long time are apt to reappear. To prevent the appearance of curbs and puffs avoid subjecting the animal to violent strains, such as jerking suddenly back on the harness, backing heavy loads on soft ground, getting into deep muck, or giving too heavy a load to draw. Making the working horses on the farm back heavy loads of manure on soft ground does a great deal of injury to them. —Horse World.

JUDICIOUS CROSSING FOR POULTRY MEAT.

In recent years I have not been much of a believer in crossing pure breeds of fowls for either meat or eggs, and I am certainly not now a believer in the indiscriminate crossing to which some people are addicted, but I have recently seen a very practical and judicious cross. A neighbor, last season, bought some culs from yards of pure-bred Light Brahmas and Barred Plymouth Rocks, and last spring he mated a few of them to secure eggs for hatching, using a thoroughbred male Plymouth Rock and both pure Plymouth Rock hens and pure Light Brahma hens. The result, of course, was pure Plymouth Rock chick, and also chicks half Plymouth Rock and half Light Brahma.

The remarkable excellence, from a market point of view, of the cross-bred chickens is apparent. They were larger than the pure Plymouth Rocks and exceedingly plump in appearance. Their owner told me that he had been dressing some of them and found them in every way superior to the pure-bred chickens, both in size and plumpness. The same cross was made by another neighbor and with a result even more pronounced than that first mentioned. The chickens grew with astonishing rapidity, and were apparently ready to dress at any stage of their growth, so plump were they. Here there appears to be a case where the blood of two pure breeds can be united to a marked advantage, if one wishes to secure meat alone.

Such a cross does not produce pullets of superior laying qualities. They do not have the form accompanying good laying qualities that is as typical among poultry as it is the dairy farm among cows. One does not expect large butter yields from a breed of beef cattle, and he should not expect large egg production from breeds or half breeds inclined to the large production of flesh. —Webb Donnell in American Agriculturist.

THE WAY TO ROUTE LICE.

We have before called attention to bi-sulphide of carbon as a lice-destroyer, which is accomplished with but little difficulty. To show how beneficial it is, we give the words of Dr. Schneider, of Paris, who says: "The very next day after using it I was agreeably surprised to find that the enemy had left, leaving none but dead and dying behind, and on the following day not a single living insect was to be found, while the birds were sitting quietly on the roosts enjoying an unwontedly peaceful repose. This lasted for 12 days, till the sulphide had evaporated. Twenty-four hours after a fresh invasion of lice had put in an appearance under the wings of the birds in the warmest portions of the house, where there were no currents of air. I replenished the supply of sulphide, and the next morning only a few of these were remaining. The next morning every trace of vermin had disappeared. Since that time I have personally made a great number of further trials with the sulphide, with immediate and absolute success. I should recommend the sulphide of carbon to be put in small medicine vials hung about the pigeon-house or poultry roost. When it has about three parts evaporated the remainder will have acquired a yellowish tinge and no longer acts so completely as before, but if it be shaken up afresh it will still suffice to keep the enemy at a distance."

Bi-sulphide of carbon is a liquid with a most intolerable odor, adds the *Poultry Keeper*. It is very inflammable, like gasoline, hence at no time must a flame come in contact with it, but otherwise it is safe and harmless. It is sure death to all living vermin (and to human beings, too, if confined in a room with it). The plan is simply to hang it up in the poultry-house, using wide-mouthed bottles in cases where it is hard to get the sulphide, and it can be had of any druggist. Poured into ratholes, and the holes stopped, it kills rats instantly.

SIGNS OF HEALTH. A red comb and an active, restless disposition indicate a fowl that is in perfect health and that will give a good account of itself. The slow, fat, sleepy-looking hens, if not in poor health, are at least not in good condition. A hen that lays a large number of eggs cannot afford to be sleepy or droopy. Nature prompts her to seek for a variety of food. Her needs are urgent and she has no time to lose away sitting on the roost or lazily lounging in a corner. The activity not only promotes her health, but keeps her in possession of a good appetite. She works off the surplus fat and converts the nitrogen and phosphates into eggs, where she stores up all the elements necessary to bring forth chicks. —Poultry Keeper.

PLANT MORE POTATO SEED. The experience of the Michigan state station, corroborated by those of other stations, show that for ordinary distances the half potato gives better results than any smaller amount. For weak growing varieties or varieties having small tubers, even a larger amount of seed will be found more profitable. A careful investigation shows clearly that an increase in seed within the ordinary limits, produces

WATCH HANDS AND FACES.

How They are Made by Men and Women in a Swiss Factory.

Delicate Operations With Oven and Tools Required in Making Dials—Expert Workers on Hands.

A Geneva correspondent in writing of a visit to one of the famous watch manufacturing factories of that city thus describes some of the operations: Now, about the dials, the dials must be heated to a red heat in a furnace to burn off any adhering impurity. Leaving the fire, it is plunged into an acid bath, and in that way it becomes so smooth that it may easily be rubbed into form with a small steel spatula.

The enamel, which comes from France and Switzerland and looks like great lumps of white porcelain, is first reduced to the finest of powders in a powerful crusher. Then it, too, is washed in acid, and finally it is washed again in many renovings of pure water. After this it is made into a sort of paste, which is applied in thin strata to both sides of the copper and then carefully put by to wait the complete evaporation of the water with which it was mixed. As soon as this has been accomplished the dial is placed in an intense hot gas oven, where the enamel becomes perfectly fused and adheres firmly to the plate. This operation is repeated, with a second and third application of the enamel, and then the dial is ready to receive the painting of the hours. As soon as this has been done it is again put in the oven, a most critical operation, because the fraction of a second overmuch would spoil everything, and then, while yet warm, it is rubbed and redressed with a bit of charcoal and a small metal tool especially made for the purpose. It is this operation that gives the dial the beautiful smoothness, like that of a salinity bit of china. Before that most delicate operation, the painting for the hands, which is done on an instrument furnished with diamonds fixed on steel, and sometimes even the steel itself, the dial goes to the automatic filer and is rendered absolutely perfect in shape.

The painting of the hours is nearly all done by women and girls. Several women are also employed in the enameling department. The wages paid both men and women are excellent. Some of the employees are time workers, the others work by the piece, many of the latter easily earning 300 francs a month. Naturally these are the most experienced workers, who have finished apprenticeships of at least three years. In beginning the employees are given simple separate parts to do, but even then they may earn from 100 to 150 francs a month. The women who earn the highest wages, 200 francs, work also by the piece, polishing or rubbing off the second dial.

The firm was organized in 1885, and all the chief employees of today have been connected with it from the beginning. There are 14 divisions of workmen and workwomen, each with a distinct branch of his or her own. Indeed a dial, before complete, passes through at least 20 pairs of hands. Besides the white or simple dials with the usual black figures, there are the colored dials—pink, blue, gray, a delicate shade of green and black. There are also the white or colored dials, with figures in contrasting colors or in metals, as in the very latest fashion in decoration with golden dots. This firm sends dials to America by the hundreds of thousands annually, and its rate of supply to the largest Swiss houses is proportional.

The making of watch hands is one of the most fascinating adjuncts in the whole process of watch manufacturing. The chief Swiss handmaking firm has been in existence through three generations. As all its heads have been notably expert artisans and devoted workmen, it is little wonder that the hands now produced by this house have become celebrated. The process is so delicate that the workers must be literally undisturbed in their work, and the pieces are so minute that a rogne, should one enter, could easily carry off a large number unobserved; hence the business is conducted behind locked doors, and all outside communications are through closely barred windows. It is almost incredible, but here, too, a staff of designers is kept busy, for the hands in form as well as the dials in figures and ornamentation must keep pace with fashion's demands. The standard favorite designs, however, are the Louis XV, the flower-de-luce and the good old fashioned spade and open hands. The steel hands cost quite as much as the ordinary gold hands, because they are so much harder in the working.

The price of an ordinary pair of hands is, I believe, about 8 francs, but I have seen hands there intailed and studded with tiny diamonds that cost in the neighborhood of 35 or 40 francs. Every style and every workman has his own especially cut die with which the hands are stamped from the thin and very elastic and highly tempered sheet of steel or from the gold or silver of which they are to be formed. There is a wonderful machine in this shop that takes a bar of steel half an inch wide and flattens it again and again until it comes out vibrant, elastic, and of just the thickness desired for the hands. —Boston Herald.

A Public Spirited Woman. Mrs. Matilda Gross MacConnell has given the city of Pittsburgh five squares of ground for a public park. She is the third woman in the city who has given land for park purposes; thus helping to remove from Pittsburgh the stigma of being perhaps the only town in the country devoid of open squares, plazas or public lawns. Yet these public spirited women cannot vote. —Pittsburgh Letter.

Glitter in a Cottage. The biggest diamonds in Saratoga do not belong to any of the women who are stopping at the big hotels. They are the property of the stout woman who has a cottage on one of the streets leading up from Congress Hall. And she wears her gems day and night. She has them on when the sun is shining brightly and later when the sun has gone down and the stars have come out. Wherever she goes there goeth also the flash and the sparkle of the big gems. —Saratoga Letter.

THE LIBERTY CAP.

Its Origin and Significance and Those Who Have Worn It.

The liberty cap, that bag shaped headgear so often seen on the head of the Goddess of Liberty, and which surmounts the national colors on nearly all of the Roman empires, where its origin is given to slaves as a sign of their manumission. The principal significance of the liberty cap to the American mind is not, however, its Roman origin, but rather its use as the official cap of the successive doges of republican Venice—that "model of the most stable government ever framed by man." In the doge's palace at Venice there is a gallery full of portraits of the men who ruled the republic for 700 years, and the conspicuous place occupied by the liberty cap in these portraits shows its importance as a national symbol of freedom.

It rather heightens the significance of this ancient symbol in the minds of good Americans when it is remembered that the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa humbled himself before a wearer of the liberty cap, and that Andrea Dandolo wore it on the fourth crusade and at the conquest of Constantinople. It occupied a place in the forefront of the advancing hosts that in the early part of the fifteenth century swept the Dalmatian towns and conquered the entire coast from the estuary of the Po to the island of Corfu.

While Columbus was discovering America the wearers of the liberty cap were acquiring Zante and Cyprus, and when the first half of the half starved settlements on the Massachusetts coast were battling for existence the republic from which we borrowed our liberty cap, having successfully resisted a league of all the kings of Christendom, was at the zenith of its glory.

The liberty cap is not as conspicuous in our national signs and symbols as it was in those of the rulers of the Adriatic, yet in a modest way it immortalizes the greatest republic of early times. —Philadelphia Press.

In Defense of the Weed.

The American silver weed, or tobacco, is an excellent defense against bad air, being smoked in a pipe, either by itself or with nutmegs shred and raw seeds mixed with it, especially if it be used, for it cleanseth the air and choaketh, suppresseth and disperseth any venomous vapor. It hath singular and contrary effects, it is good to warm one being cold, and will cool one being hot. All ages, all sexes, all constitutions, young or old, men and women, the sanguine, the choleric, the melancholy, the phlegmatick, take it without any manifest inconvenience; it quenches thirst, and yet will make one more able and fit to drink; it abates hunger, and yet will get one a good stomach; it is agreeable with mirth or sadness, with feasting and with fasting; it will make one rest that wants sleep, and will keep one waking that is drowsie; it hath an offensive smell to some, and is more desirable than any perfume to others. That it is a most excellent preservative, both experience and reason do teach.

It corrects the air by fumigation, and it avoids corrupt humors by salivation, for when one takes it either by chewing it in the leaf, or smoking it in the pipe, the humors are drawn and brought from all parts of the body to the stomach, and from there rising up to the mouth of the tobacco-stem, as to the helms of a sublimatory, are avoided and spitted out. —A Brief Treatise, 1665.

How Do You Cross Your "T's"?

A graphologist has discovered that character can be read from the letter "T" alone, according to an English paper. He claims that the vertical line represents the fatality of life, and the horizontal bar the influence human will exercises over this fatality. In addition, he claims that the higher or lower a writer crosses the "T" is a guide to the amount of idealty contained in his nature, and that the lower part of the letter corresponds to the practical and material part of the man's character.

For instance, the optimist crosses his T's with a line that slopes upward from the ground to the sky, as it were. The poet often crosses his T's quite above the vertical line—in other words, in the sky. The pessimist crosses his T's with a downward sloping stroke. The line which is below the ideal portion of the letter descends little by little until it is lost among the sad realities of earthly existence.

The practical man, it appears, always steers a middle course, and crosses his T's neither in the ideal nor in the material manner, but exactly midway between both. —Boston Globe.

The Barrister's Retort.

A case was once tried in Limerick before Chief Baron O'Grady. A barrister named Bushe was making a speech for the defense, when an ass began to bray loudly outside the court. "Wait a moment," said the chief baron. "One at a time, Mr. Bushe, if you please." The barrister waited for a chance to retort, and it came presently. When O'Grady was charging the jury, the ass again began to bray, if possible more loudly than before. "I beg your pardon, my lord," said Bushe. "May I ask you to repeat your last words? There is such an echo in this court I did not quite catch them." —Seventy Years of Irish Life.

Balm of Gilead.

The real balm of Gilead is the dried juice of a low shrub which grows in Syria. It is very valuable and scarce, for the amount of balm yielded by one shrub never exceeds 40 drops a day. According to Josephus, the balm or balsam of Gilead was one of the presents given by the queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The ancient Jewish physicians prescribed it evidently for dyspepsia and melancholia. —Methodist Protestant.

Rather Uncomfortable.

The following notice is posted in the pension office at Washington: Members of the medical division are forbidden to have their hats or clothing on preparatory to leaving this office before 4 o'clock. Any one breaking this rule will be charged with a demerit of 15 minutes.

It is perhaps not strictly our business, but we should think it were rather uncomfortable for the clerks of the medical division to work all day without any clothing. —New York Tribune.

IN CHICAGO'S SLUMS.

Five Cent Lodging Houses Where Chairmen Take the Place of Beds.

Finding a lodging place for the night when one has but 5 cents—an ordinary street car fare nickel—is no easy job. Lodging houses where the beds rent for 10 cents hold as grimly to tariff prices as a coal combine in arctic weather would do. It is a case of fiat money with those people. If they had 500 beds and but five lodgers, the sixth could not get an abatement, even though his flesh were dropping from his bones with frost. "No pay, no bed," is the motto, and they stick to it.

Nowadays dimes are being withheld from circulation. At least the people who are forced into begging their report that to be the state of the money market. Two nickels make a dime, it is true, and so do 10 pennies, but there seems to be a bear movement in small coins, and this form of currency also is hard to get, especially so for those who either can't, don't or won't work for it.

As a matter of fact there are many hundred persons in Chicago every night who cannot purchase a lodging for lack of means and who stay out so late that access to the station houses is denied because they are already overcrowded. These people will then sleep anywhere. All they want is cover from the night. That can be had in Chicago for 5 cents. But the lowest tramp, if fortunate favored him with a dime, would shrink with horror from lodging in such a place. There are one or two places of the kind in Chicago, and they are hard to find. When found, they are the very apotheosis of degradation, dirt and dinginess. Beside the 5 cent places those where admittance is a dime are palaces. For 5 cents the lodger is allowed the privilege of a chair until morning—simply that and nothing more.

The keepers of such places form the lowest elements of society. They do not treat their patrons as humans, nor yet as beasts of the field. The 5 cent wretch becomes an object for blows and kicks. When his nickel enters the greasy pocket that gapes for it, he is then a atom of squalor, and he is treated accordingly.

Recently the Atlas hotel was visited. It is probably the worst lodging house in Chicago. The prices begin at 5 cents and run to 15 cents. It is located on Custom House place a few yards from Van Buren street. On one side of it is a stable. There the horses get clean straw every night for bedding. On the other side is a deserted church, which has been purchased and which will be shortly converted into another lodging house. Avoid such surroundings the poor fellow who has but a nickel is allowed to stay over night. He can sit on a three legged chair, or he can lie down on the floor. In either event he is forced to sleep with another man half covering him, for every night the filthy cellar is crowded. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Chicago Streets.

"Great city," said the stranger reflectively. "Wonderful city! The buildings are magnificent, the boulevards are superb and the hotels are unsurpassed, but—why don't you name your streets?" "Name our streets!" exclaimed the Chicagoan. "We do. You can't find a street in the city without a name." "Well, then," went on the stranger, "why not derive some benefit from it? Why should there be any secrecy about it? Why not treat all streets alike? Why put the name of one street on the corner lamp-post and not the name of the next? And why not have some uniformity about it?" he continued, warming up to his subject. "Why tack the name of one street onto a building, put the next on a lamp-post, the third half way up an electric light post, the fourth clear at the top of it and have no sign at all for the fifth?" —Chicago Post.

Sentinel in the Barber's Chair.

A workman in the senate barber shop in Washington is credited with saying that the senators are "the most peaceful" men to shave he has ever met, though some of them are particular. One senator, he says, he has twice shaved three times in one day, not because his beard grows so fast, but because the senator "likes the sensation." Another senator "has a pair of little side whiskers of which he is fond and to which he devotes any amount of attention." He did not reveal all this to any senator, but to the helpless man to whom it was communicated, he said with a despairing tone, "You know we are not allowed to talk to our senatorial customers unless they talk to us first." Who would not wish to be a United States senator while being shaved? —Chicago Tribune.

After the Wedding.

"How soon should call upon a bride be made?" is a question that has been frequently asked. Calls upon a bride should be made very soon after her return from her wedding trip, if no day for such has been designated, and as immediate a visit must be paid to her mother or person at whose house the reception was held. The bride returns her calls soon and so far as possible in the order in which they are made. Her neglect to acquit herself of these debts would be inexcusable, and a person so careless would deserve to be socially forgotten. —Detroit Free Press.

Reprieved by the Prince.

Not long ago the Prince of Wales was one of a house party, his host being a well known peer. After dinner the royal guest, the host and the other male visitors repaired to the billiard room. On a table at the side were two or three boxes of cigars, and the prince was helping himself to one, when an ambitious millionaire approached him, and taking from his pocket a cigar case held it out to the prince, saying, "I think, sir, you will find these better."

"Mr. —," replied the prince, "if a man's dinner is good enough for me, his cigars are good enough for me."

The millionaire was unexpectedly called away to town next morning on business. —Detroit Free Press.

California (Mo.) young ladies have organized a cooking club, and the young men, in retaliation, have established an eating club. Reciprocity has been determined on.

A lady in Passaic, N. J., is reputed to have been literally talked to death by two rival sewing machine agents recently who were struggling for her trade.