# DROLLERIES OF SUMMER LIFE.

By M. QUAD.

### Mr. Bowser Goes Bathing.

FOR four long weeks Mr. Bowser had been talking of a day off and a trip to the seashore, but Mrs. Bowser had betrayed no interest. While she realized that the Atlantic Ocean was a good deal bigger than Mr. Bowser, she also had every reason to believe that if things didn't go just right he'd pick a fuss and make things hot. She finally consented to the trip, however, and in due time they gazed upon the wet sands and the tumbling surf and sniffed the ozone.

"By George, but this does me good—does me good!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he walked to and fro. "I feel as if I could swim a race with a shark and beat him by five lengths. Why in the name of goodness didn't we think to rig up and bring along a couple of bathing suits?"

"Because we don't want to bathe," she replied.

"But we do," he insisted. "It's ten years since I had a swim in the ocean, and I'm bound to try it. We can hire bathing suits, of course, and within half an hour I'll have you swimming like a frog. Hurry up and get ready."

There were about fifteen iron-plated reasons why Mrs. Bowser didn't want him to tackle the Atlantic, and she claimed to have a headache, sore throat, and a chilly feeling. She also said:

"If I were you I'd let it go. You always use sea salt at home, you know."

"But I want the swim—the exhilaration of the surf," he replied. "Lands! But half an hour in there ought to take five years off a man's life."

It was no use for Mrs. Bowser to object. He was bound for salt water with foam on it, and as he started for a bathhouse to get a suit she began wondering how and where the row would break out.

Mr. Bowser's appearance in a bathing suit fifteen minutes later settled that question. At the bathhouse they had given a man weighing 180 pounds and as broad as a barn door a suit to fit a man who could have **crawled through a knot** hole. Mr. Bowser had used hydraulic pressure to get into that suit, and he had scarcely appeared on the beach when there were shouts of:

"Who owns that elephant?" "Behold, the father of all whales!" "Whoever heard of a rhinoceros taking a surf bath?" "Make way for the prize porpoise!"

Mr. Bowser heard the cries, but it never occurred to him that they were directed his way. He paraded up and down the beach with folded arms for a few minutes to get ready for his plunge, and then halted before Mrs. Bowser to say:

"This beats going a-blackberrying all to pieces, and you make a great mistake in not coming in. Don't get scared if you see me half a mile beyond the surf."

Two things happened as soon as Mr. Bowser was up to his knees in water. The water was cold, and as he found his teeth chattering and chills going up his back he paused to wonder why the ocean was not steam-heated. Three or four men took advantage of his hesitation to run against and knock him down, and as he kicked around he cut his foot on a clamshell. He got up and coughed and wheezed and spluttered, and Mrs. Bowser's heart was in her mouth. She expected to see a fight, or that he would limp out in disgust, but to her astonishment he seemed to take both things as part of the game. After getting his breath he headed for England and waded out four or five feet farther and stood there for a moment like Ajax defying the lightning. The surf was rolling in good and strong, and he was "bows on" to it. He was preparing for a dive when a seventh wave came along and reached out for a solar plexus blow. A good many people were waiting and hoping for just what happened, and as Mr. Bowser was picked up and rolled over and over until stranded on the beach like a dead whale there was much laughter and applause. Mrs. Bowser hurried down to see if he was drowned. He wasn't. He had swallowed a barrel of water and been bumped about, but he was still in it. She was about to beg of him to cut the performance in two in the middle when she saw the red come into his face and his ears began to twitch. He was getting mad, and she wisely walked away to let him go his own course. There were those around him in the water, however, who offered advice. They advised him to get off his legs; to swallow a bushel of sand for ballast; to root like a clam; to send his bay window ashore; to hire a towing tug and to bring down a flying machine next time he came. Mr. Bowser didn't murder any of the advisers. He didn't even cripple any of them for life. In due time he would be face to face with Mrs. Bowser again, and there would be a settlement to make her heart ache. He couldn't swim a stroke, but others were disporting and he was expected to disport. By and by, when the friendly advisers had fallen away from him, he started out again. There was just one friendly adviser left. He was a mean-looking man, who had probably spent a year in jail for sheep-stealing, and wanted revenge on somebody. What he advised was:

"See here, old haystack, you'd better sit on the sand and let the water play with your toes. If the undertow gets hold of you you'll be fish bait in no time. You are built for a steam roller instead of a swimmer."

The man got away at once, and that meant another debit against Mrs. Bowser. It also meant that Mr. Bowser would force his way into the breakers and cut up all sorts of didos if he were drowned ten times over as the penalty. Straight into the tumble and foam he waded and began to splash, and even when he felt the water cutting the sand from under his feet and the undertow pulling at him he looked shoreward in contempt. If any such lop-shouldered, knee-sprung, one-horse man as Ajax could defy the lightning, he could——. But he couldn't. The first thing he knew he was drinking pailfuls of water and gasping and gurgling and choking, and then he began to see sky-rockets and to hear ghosts calling to each other, and he seemed to tumble into bed and go to sleep. But for the life guard Mr. Bowser would have been drowned. They seized him by the ears and towed him in, and as he reached the beach other hands seized him by the neck and dragged him clear of the water.

Mrs. Bowser was wonderfully cool. At her suggestion the unconscious Mr. Bowser was stood on his head for a couple of minutes. Then a barrel was brought out and he was laid across it and rolled hither and yon. Then he was rolled around on the sand, his arms worked back and forth, and after a long twenty minutes there was a quiver of the eyelids, a gasping for breath, and a hoodlum bather yelled out:

"Hully-gee, but de old flounder is comin' back to life and to show us some new tricks!"

Mr. Bowser was lugged off to a pavilion, and willing hands helped Mrs. Bowser to administer brandy, beer, whisky, sarsaparilla, soda water, pop, and ginger ale by turns. By and by he recovered his senses and his interest in life returned. It took him about five minutes to figure it out, and then he looked around for Mrs. Bowser. She was there and she bent over him to tenderly inquire:

"Well, dear, are you feeling much better?"

"Was—was it a tidal wave?" he whispered in reply.

"No. You have simply been disporting in the surf."

"Ah! yes—I remember. Yes, you planned to have me drowned before your very eyes, and you coaxed me to go in bathing, and you—you!"

The mean-looking man who had stolen sheep and been in jail, and had called Mr. Bowser an old haystack, was in the group around him. He raised his hand to cut the exclamations short, and kneeling down and patting the victim's bald head in a brotherly way, he said:

"Say, old kicker, you hain't got no case. If it hadn't been for your wife here you'd be rooting the bottom of the sea three miles out. After this, when you want to do the disporting act, you'd better put on a night-gown and jump into a pan of water!"

### Governing a Family.

I had put up at the shanty of a Dakota settler for the night, and soon after supper his seven or eight children showed signs of weariness, and the father stopped his conversation with me to say:

"Wall, children, you'd better be off to roost. Henry, you come here and git licked."

Henry was about fifteen years old, but he promptly came forward and was hauled over the parental knee and given half a dozen vigorous spanks. When he had fallen back, the father called:

"Now, Oscar, it's your turn."

Oscar advanced, with a shy look at me, and got the same kind of a dose; and then Charles, Richard, Sarah, Tillie, and Nancy succeeded him in rotation. Not one of them made the least resistance, nor did I see a tear on any cheek as they fell back. All were more or less embarrassed over the fact of a stranger being present, but the whipping seemed to be part of the evening programme. After they had gone to bed and we had talked out other subjects, the father said:

"What d'ye think of my children, stranger?"

"They are about as healthy and good-looking a lot as can be found in the State," I replied.

"That's all in the bringing up, sir—all in the bringing up," he proudly continued. "Yes, I guess you'd have to go a good ways to beat this lot of children. Ma and me think we have a right to feel proud of 'em. Not one of 'em ever says or does a thing to be licked for."

"But I noticed you spanked the whole lot this evening."

"Yes, spanked 'em same as usual, but they hadn't done anything. That's jest one of our rules, you know."

"Do you mean that you've made it a rule to spank your children every evening in the week?" I asked.

"Sartinly, sir—sartinly. I spank 'em four nights in the week and ma spanks 'em the other three. Regular thing, sir. We begin with 'em when they are a month old and keep it right up. Don't even miss Christmas eve."

"But what is the object?"

"Family government, sir—family government. Not only that, but it circulates the blood, prevents cold feet, and makes 'em hungry in the morning. Beats any tonic in the world for children. If I happen to get home late they can't go to bed without it. Use the right hand on the boys and the left hand on the gals, while the old woman takes the bootjack to all alike. Sarah, how old is the baby?"

"She'll be four weeks old next Sunday," answered the wife.

"That's three days off, but she'll get her spanking Sunday night with the rest. Yes, sir, it establishes family government, adds dignity to the head of the house, and ma or me don't have to spend half our time chasing 'em around with the ax or flinging clubs and flatirons at their heads!"

### Proposed Burglar Trust.

There was a young man with note-book and pencil waiting to tackle the Major as he reached his office the other morning, and an interview had scarcely been asked for when the Grand Promoter replied:

"Of course—of course. Sit right down and hear about it. It's about my latest scheme, of course—my Burglar Trust. Grandest idea ever put before the public, and I'm glad to have the press pick it up. Burglars have been working independently of each other and cutting prices half in two, and such proceedings must be stopped or none of them can make a decent living. What will be brought about within a month is a trust that will take in every burglar in the land and bind him to schedule prices.

"I have been reading up on the history of the craft," continued the Major, "and I find that the burglar business began about the year 1. It would be queer enough if the industry should peter out after 1900 years of almost uninterrupted success. Imagine the astonishment of the public to read in the papers some morning that the last burglar had gone into bankruptcy and wound up business. It would produce more of a flutter than the smashing of the oil, iron, and coal trust combined. Up to the time the first trust was formed the burglar was able to hold his own and more. His work was steady and his income liberal. His account was worth having at the bank, and he was a liberal patron of most of the arts. It was no trick at all for a first-class man to pay cash down for a set of tools, or to buy out a restaurant next door to a bank. The bank-vault trust, the time-lock trust, the safe trust, and half a dozen others hit the profession a hard blow. It was organization against individuals, and there could be but one result. Even the machinists who made the keys, jimmies, wedges, and blow-pipes formed a trust and raised prices 50 per cent., and the best-known crooks in the country couldn't get ten days' credit.

"It was either a trust or bust with the burglars. I found them ready to meet the emergency, and hence the new move. We have capitalized at $10,000,000, and start with a paid-up capital of $5,000,000. Our stock will not be sold at less than par, and I have no doubt it will go to 150 after a few weeks. We shall follow the example of the Standard Oil and other trusts and freeze out all competition. The burglar who won't take stock will be driven to day's work or to State prison. Can't beat the scheme, my dear boy—c-a-n-'t beat it. Something novel and original, and it will be a money-maker from the start.

"And you can see the benefits which must follow organization and an abundance of capital. In the first place, we shall open and control a machine shop for making our own tools. This will be a saving of at least 50 per cent. and insure better workmanship. It is only now and then, as things are now, that we have opportunity to practice on a safe lock or test new inventions for blowing open the doors of bank vaults. Having our own shop and our own workmen, we will have every facility for practice. In the second place, all work will be done under the direction of the executive board, and as this will be composed of three of the best burglars in the country, it is not too much to predict that all jobs will be brought off with neatness and dispatch. With years of experience, the best of tools and an ambition to excel, it will be strange if the sharpest householder keeps us out or the craftiest barker gets ahead of us. We shall have men in every principal city in the land to pipe off good things for us, and when the fruit is ready for picking it will be picked. Bonds, cash, and jewelry will be our specialties, and will be disposed of by our own agents and at a great saving over present methods.

"And as for dividends, I can't for the life of me see how they will be less than 10 per cent. per quarter. Burglary has always been a paying business, even with individuals acting for themselves. With the work in the hands of men who have made their mark over and over again, and with our facilities for disposing of the plunder at largely increased prices, the dividends can't be small. And, too, there's the criminal lawyer. Heretofore he has always set his own fee when acting in burglar cases, and has often got more out of it than the plunder sold for. There will be a change in that. Our trust will employ legal advisers by the year, at a stated salary, same as all others, and there will be a saving right here of at least $50,000 per year.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir," continued the Major as his enthusiasm increased, "we've got a big thing and a sure thing in the Burglar Trust. The announcement may astonish the public, but it will soon fall into line. The man who submits to being robbed by the meat, butter, egg, sugar, coffee, tea and other trusts shouldn't cry out at the Burglar Trust. We shall simply get his boodle all at once instead of in driblets, and in each and every instance his premises will be left in as good order as possible. It would be a wiser plan for all banks to leave their vault doors open, and for all householders to stack up their plate and jewelry on the sideboard every night, but we shall not demand too much at the start. I had forgotten to say, and I hope you will strongly impress it upon the public that we shall be entirely limited to burglary. That means night-work, and a regular entrance on the ground floor. Any member of this trust who so far forgets his dignity as to climb a porch, descend by an air shaft, or sneak in as an agent will be summarily dealt with. There must be no lifting of overcoats or umbrellas, or carrying off of poodle dogs. Now and then it may be necessary to use a sand bag, but if anyone is killed it will be an accident, and the careless offender will be suspended for six months. And let me assure you that no embezzlers or defaulting officials will be permitted to buy stock or have a voice in the management of this trust. They must form their own association if they want to get on. Within a month we shall have the burglars of the country divided so as to cover the territory, and I believe the very first week's return will jump the stock 30 points.

"And now," continued the Major, as he got up to pat the interviewer on the back and escort him to the door, "you've got all the points and can make a good thing out of it. Don't cut it too short, and don't overdo it. We stand or fall on our own merits, and, of course, hope for the good opinion of the public. Good-day to you—and g-o-o-d-day, and don't make the mistake of mixing us up with any other trust—any trust not having wholesale robbery for its object."

### Attaching an Elephant.

"I had furnished three tons of hay to a traveling circus," said the farmer, "and when I came to present my bill the Treasurer couldn't pay it. He made promises, but I wasn't to be put off, and as the show was ready to leave town six of his creditors pooled our interests and legally attached one of the three elephants. We picked out the largest one, and though the circus people seemed to be put out I caught them smiling and winking at each other. The constable who served the papers had more grit than common sense. When the elephant was left on his hands he took possession, and it has always been a wonder that he wasn't killed inside of a minute. The beast had a vile temper, and the only reason he kept quiet was because he saw some fun ahead. It was decided to take him out to my farm until the case came up, and he went along as quiet as you please. We stabled him under a shed, and everything went well for three or four hours. Then the big fellow turned loose to enjoy himself. He was the first elephant I ever saw out for a vacation, and I don't care for any more such sights. The shed was thirty feet long by twenty wide, and he tore that down as a starter. He knew just how to go to work. The shed was supported by five posts, and he pulled them out in succession and let the roof fall flat.

"In the barnyard," continued the farmer with a smothered groan, "I had two wagons, a reaper and a cart. It didn't take the elephant five minutes to make kindling wood of them. I saw him put his tusks under one of the wagons and toss it thirty feet high, and with one little twist of his trunk he'd tear a wheel away as if it had been fastened with glue. It being a summer's night the barn doors stood open. There was only one horse in there, and the elephant went in there and scared him to death. He did for a fact. He never touched the horse, and yet we found the animal dead in his stall. Lord, but didn't he wreck that barn! He smashed up my farming-mill, broke the corn-sheller to bits, and then tore down doors and pulled away beams and braces until you'd have thought a hundred firemen were at work. When he left the barn it was to make a call at the house. He smashed through the fence, tore one side off the pig-pen, and upset the smokehouse and the chicken-coop as if they had been paper boxes. Near the smokehouse was a cherry tree as big as my body. He wound his trunk around it and pulled it up by the roots. At the kitchen door he served an old pear tree in the same way. I expected him to tear the house down, but he decided that it was more fun to uproot trees. Back of the kitchen was the orchard. To reach it he had to pass a milk-house over a spring. He just fell against that milkhouse and piled it in a heap, and then went on and pulled up twenty-one choice apple trees. He was still at work when I got his keeper up from the town. The man had been left behind for just such an emergency. As soon as he began calling the elephant stood still, and after a few minutes he had control of the beast.

"My individual claim against the circus was for $36, and that elephant had created damages to the extent of $500. I didn't want any more of him, and the other creditors wouldn't take him on, and so we told the man to be off with his pet. That wasn't his game, however. He wanted to be paid for saving the rest of the property, and I'll be hanged if we didn't have to make him up a purse of $30 and agree to pay all the legal costs! All the claims footed up to $160, but we didn't do any more running after that circus. We had met the elephant and we were his'n, and we thought the payment of $30 a mighty cheap way of getting out of it. I think I saw that same elephant in a circus seven or eight years later. At least, I saw a whopping big fellow who looked at me for a minute and then sort o' grinned and winked his left eye, and seemed to want to ask me if I wanted any more buildings smashed and fruit trees pulled up for firewood."

### Not Up on Frost Bites.

"I had been elected Governor of my State," said the politician, "and the people of my town without respect to party were giving me a grand reception. Among the people in line to shake hands with me was an old woman, and as she came along she said:

"'Governor, it was because you know so much that you were elected.'

"I laughed as I took her hand, and she continued:

"'And being you know so much, please tell me what is good for a frost-bitten heel?'

"Simple, wasn't it?" laughed the man, "and yet that question floored me. I didn't know a remedy, and the old woman went away to tell everybody that I wasn't as smart as I pretended to be, and within a month the papers were guying me as the frost-bite Governor. That title stuck to me through my term, and I really believe it knocked me out of a second."

### She Got Revenge.

As soon as the good-looking girl entered the car the five young men on the opposite seat began surveying her with critical eye, and she hadn't yet made out whether the bald-headed man with the medical magazine was to be included in the lot when the conductor came in for his fare. The girl opened her portmonnaie and began to take out latch-keys, samples of ribbon and little memoranda in the usual way, and the five young men smiled, each after his own particular style. Bald-headed was out of it. The girl didn't see any of the smiles, but she caught on just the same. There was a nickel all ready for her fingers, but when one pale-faced young man added a giggle to his smile the nickel was thrust aside for a $2 bill. She didn't hand it over to the conductor as she fished it out, but, leaning forward with a winning smile on her face, she began at the head of the line and asked:

"Will you please be so kind as to change this bill for me?"

It was impossible. A young man with only a dime in his pocket has no show to bust a bill. The next one had a quarter, but he had to decline, and so it went to No. 5. His hand sought his pocket as his turn came, but it didn't bring up any change. The smiles had been replaced by sheepish looks, and they rubbed elbows and trod on each other's feet in trying to look out of the windows. There was a long minute of painful suspense, and then the good-looking girl handed the bill to the conductor. She hadn't a word to say to the five young men who had started out in life so gayly, but old bald-headed had. When all was over he turned half around and growled out:

"If I were you fellows I wouldn't try to be so blamed smart next time!"

### Time to Settle Up.

"It was years ago, in Chicago," said the ex-hotel clerk, "and I was at the desk at midnight when an old man who had been a guest for three or four days came walking down stairs as cool as you please, with his satchel in hand, and as he walked up to me he took out his wallet and said:

"'I think I'll settle up and go. How much is it?'

"I told him, and as he handed over the money he said:

"'I think you ought to knock off something for the rest of the night.'

"'But you can go back to bed if you wish.'

"'But I can't, you see. The whole floor up there is on fire.'

"And so it was," continued the clerk, "and the firemen had an hour of the hardest kind of work to save the building. Out of about a hundred guests I believe that old chap was the only one who squared his bill."

### Telling a Hog's Weight.

"It's curious how close a butcher can come to a hog's weight by looking at him," said the man who was spitting all over the street car.

"That's no trick," replied the man on his right. "I'm no butcher, but I'll bet you a dollar I can guess your weight within five pounds."

"My weight. Oh! that's a different thing, you see. I'm no hog."

And he spat right and left and shoved his legs out and added that there was a heap of difference between a man and a hog.

### Brother Gardner's Philosophy.

We all like smart men, but what we object to am a man gittin' so smart dat he has to brag around about it.

Nine times out of ten de man who buys a gold brick am de man who has allus wanted folks to understand dat he was nobody's fule.

When you hain't got noffin' but codfish an' cold water in de house, it am a good time to make yo'self believe dat riches don't make happiness.

'Pears to me dat de man who mortgages his house in order to buy a pianer fur his wife orter to get a heap o' music outer de transaction, but I've heard dat it wasn't allus so.

I like a model man, but it has so happened dat ebery time I've lent money to a man who doesnt' smoke, chew, drink, sw'ar, or bet on hoss-races, I nebber git it back.

When I go to a pussun fur advice and he agrees wid me, I set him down as a good feller an' a wise man. If he don't agree wid me I know he hain't got brains 'nuff to understand de case.

In my time I'ze met up wid heaps o' men who war' believers in luck. As nigh as I kin remember what happened, most of 'em either got into jail or de porehouse. A fo' weeks' job at a dollar a day will beat a y'ar's luck.

Dar' may be sunthin' in dreams, an' dar' may be sunthin' in signs an' tokens, but de cull'd man who stops whitewashin' to figure it out am gwine to find dat he's lost half a dollar in tryin' to pick up 10 cents.

I want to believe in de honesty of my fellowmen, an' I want 'em to believe in mine, but when it comes to tradin' mewls de idea'n am to hide as many spavins as yo' kin, and bring out all de good pints possible.

I used to think dat argyment was a mighty powerful weapon in de hands of de average man, but I've lived to l'arn dat de man who can holler de loudest ginerally gits all de advantage in discussin' a question. If yo' kin holler loud 'nuff yo' kin make lots of men believe dat it was Abel who killed Cain.

Dar' am nuffin' mo' blessed dan charity, an' nuffin' mo' one-sided, either. De odder feller figgers dat he kin sit on de fence all summer an' make charity support him all winter, an' he isn't fur out. It's only when he runs up agin' a buck-saw an' half a cord o' wood dat de coldness an' cruelty of de world strikes him hard.

'Pears to me dat de hoss-fly might git hold of porter-house steak if he'd wait long 'nuff, but he don't wait. He sails right in an' makes a squar' meal off de tuff mewl or old hoss an' don't worry 'bout to-morrow. In huntin' fur wise examples don't overlook de hoss-fly.

I'ze got a heap o' confidence in human natur', but when a man comes to me to pay a debt ten years old, I'ze gwine to make out dat I nebber knowed him. He'd pay me back two an' wanter borrow $5.

Life am made up in sich a way dat de very wisest of us can't help makin' fules of ourselves once or twice a y'ar. When yo' find a pusson who claims he has nebber made no mistakes, don't credit him wid superiority. He's bin a mistake all his life an' didn't know it.

It's all our own fault dat we hev lost faith in polyticians. We started out to believe 'em imbued wid honesty of purpose, while dey started out to make ebery $3,000 office pay $10,000 a y'ar. De sooner we git frew lookin' fur honest men in office de less we shall h'ar 'bout corruption.

We am nebber to blame fur our own mistakes, but de man who tries to git consolation out of de fact might as well chaw toothpicks. De hardest work in de world am to be honest wid ourselves.

The specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, stomach, liver, is Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. 10

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J. N. Murdock, 279 Snodgrass Street, Dallas, Texas, says: "My son had a terrible Cancer on his jaw, for which the doctors performed a painful operation, cutting down to the bone and scraping it. The Cancer soon returned, however, and was more violent than before. We were advised to try S. S. S. The second bottle made an improvement; after twenty bottles had been taken the Cancer disappeared entirely, and he was cured permanently."

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### LAST CLAN BATTLE IN SCOTLAND.

**A Memorial Cross Will Mark the Spot at Altinarlach.**

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

A memorial cross which has been erected at Altinarlach, about two miles from Wick, with the object of commemorating an encounter between the Sinclairs and the Campbells, claimed by Caithnessians as "the last clan battle in Scotland," has just been formally unveiled. The particular engagement thus commemorated took place in July, 1689, in connection with a contest for the Earldom of Caithness. The rival claimants were George Sinclair, of Keiss, and Sir John Campbell, of Glenorchy, afterward Earl of Breadalbane. Sir John Campbell was supported by a band of 700 Argyll Highlanders and Sinclair of Keiss had 400 followers. A fierce fight took place at Altinarlach, in which the Campbells vanquished their opponents. The slaughter was so terrible that, it is said, "the victors crossed the Altinarlach Burn dry-shod" on the bodies of the Sinclairs. The Earldom of Caithness, however, was subsequently settled by Parliament on Sinclair of Keiss, so that Sir John Campbell's bloody victory brought him no material advantage.

But it is a mistake to speak of the engagement between the Sinclairs and the Campbells as the last clan battle fought in Scotland. That distinction, such as it is, belongs to an encounter of a later date. "The last considerable clan battle which was fought in Scotland" was, as Sir Walter Scott has pointed out, that which took place in 1689 at Mullroy, in the parish of Kilmonivaig, in Inverness-shire, when the Macdonalds of Keppoch fought and defeated the MacIntoshes. The matter in dispute was the ownership of Glen Roy. MacIntosh of Roy held a charter from the crown, but Coll Macdonald of Keppoch had in his favor the nine points of the law which proverbially go with ownership. In his own expressive phrase, he held the lands, "not by a sheep's skin, but by the sword." Like most clan battles, the fight which occurred at Mullroy was a fierce one. Much bravery was shown on both sides. But fate was against the MacIntoshes. They were routed and Keppoch was taken prisoner. He was afterward released, and he then appealed to the Privy Council. Having law, or the form of law, on his side, letters of fire and sword were issued against Macdonald of Keppoch. The latter fled, but a wealthy kinsman succeeded in compounding his offense by payment of a heavy fine.

The parish of Kilmonivaig, by the way, was nearly a century and a half earlier the scene of another famous clan battle, the "Battle of the Shirts." It was fought in July, 1544, betweeen the Clan Ranald and the Clan Fraser, and owed its name to the clansmen having, in order to disincumber themselves of all superfluous clothing, cast aside their plaids, &c., and fought in their shirts only. Some 300 of the Frasers were slain, including their leader, Lord Lovat. Inverlochy, where Montrose, in 1645, defeated Argyll in the famous engagement described by Sir Walter Scott in "A Legend of Montrose," is also in this parish.

### WORSHIP OF THE TOTEM.

**Strange Customs Practiced by the Aborigines of Australia.**

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Prof. Spencer gave an interesting lecture on this fascinating but little understood subject at Melbourne University last month. Every aboriginal, said the lecturer, possessed, in addition to his own name, that of some animal, such as a kangaroo, bandicoot, emu, or wild cat. Every person was born into some group, and each group had its totemic name, and the members of these groups became banded together to resist a common enemy, so that if one man in the emu group was injured by a member of the kangaroo group, these groups at once fought against one another. The totems were divided into three main classes—individual, sexual, and class totems. The sexual were confined to Australia, and authorized certain marriage laws. The clan totem was the most important of all. Men of the same clan totem considered themselves bound together so closely that its laws overruled those of blood ties, and thus it was often found, when feuds arose, that children would be fighting against their parents. No native could marry as he pleased, but must only marry into another group.

The laws governing marriage were very complex, and if a "kangaroo man" married a "bandicoot woman" some confusion arose, for their effspring became "emu," "wild cat," and "pigeon" men and women. The natives believed themselves to be descendants of the plants and animals whose names they had taken, and very rarely was a man belonging to the kangaroo totem to be seen eating that animal. Due pains and penalties followed the infringement of this law, for the natives say that if a "kangaroo man" eats a kangaroo, then the animal cries out in the man's interior and worries him to death. It was very difficult, the lecturer said, to ascertain the various details of these totemic systems, for the native is very sensitive to ridicule, and it is only with the utmost patience that anything at all can be gleaned of what to him is a most sacred subject.

### Valuable English Portraits.

From London Truth.

Lord Normanby has offered to sell three pictures of great historical interest, which are in the gallery at Mulgrave Castle, to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery for 3,000 guineas, which is a price considerably below their market value. One of these pictures is an excellent portrait of the Queen, by Wilkie, which it is particularly desirable to secure, inasmuch as the gallery does not contain a good portrait of her majesty. As a matter of fact, there are really no pictures of the Queen which can be regarded as satisfactory, for Angell's portraits in the private apartments at Windsor Castle are by no means first-class works. The treasury authorities, however, have declined to sanction the purchase, and it will be interesting to see how much these three pictures will fetch if they are sold at Christie's.

### Angel Visits.

They come no more to visit this far earth,
The angels that the prophets told about,
Or else our sins have sadly hedged them out
And they no longer through such scenes of dearth
Will tread with snowy raiment; days of mirth,
And pastoral wayfarers, brown and stout,
With Ruth's last footsteps and with David's shout
Exulting praise, must have a newer birth.
I long to touch His garment's hem as she
Once did, and on my forehead feel His hand,
Or sleep upon the wayside stone, and see
The visions Jacob saw; but from the land
Has flown the milk and honey. Galilee
Retains no more His footprint in the sand.

ALONZO LEORA RICE.

Ray's Crossing, Ind.

### GAVE DEWEY LOTS OF TEA.

**The Olympia Fairly Converted into a Freighter by Admirers.**

From Collier's Weekly.

Steaming leisurely from Singapore the Olympia entered the harbor of Colombo in the early morning of June 22, and took position alongside H. M. S. Marathon. As the flagship came to anchor, she saluted the port with twenty-one guns. The flagstaff battery ashore replied. The Marathon ran up the Stars and Stripes and gave seventeen guns in honor of the Admiral, while her band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the Olympia's responded with "God Save the Queen."

Capt. Wyndham, aid-de-camp to the Lieutenant Governor, and Lieut. Col. Savage, acting commander of the troops, came aboard to welcome the Admiral in behalf of the civil and military authorities, and to invite him to visit Kandy, the interior capital, where the Lieutenant Governor is for the summer. This invitation the Admiral declined. Later, W. Morey, the American Consul, called. At 11 o'clock Admiral Dewey, accompanied by Flag Lieut. Brumby, went ashore. On the jetty a guard of honor of fifty imperial troopers, with a band and pipers, was drawn up, while a great crowd of citizens filled the water front. From the throats of this throng, as the Admiral stepped ashore, there went up three cheers of a volume and heartiness that gave him an inkling of what he might expect at home. The soldiers presented arms, the band played, and as the Admiral entered a Queen's House carriage and drove away with Col. Savage, the crowd gave him another lusty round of cheers. After a brief visit to the residence of the military commander, Admiral Dewey returned to the flagship.

An hour later he received a deputation from the Planters' Association and the Chamber of Commerce, who presented him with an address of welcome, a silver casket filled with the finest Ceylon tea, and a thousand pounds of that product in bulk.

The Olympia came near being converted into a tea ship while here. In addition to the 1,000 pounds presented the Admiral and his men on their arrival, Sir Thomas Lipton cabled his Colombo agent to present every man on the flagship with a five-pound box of tea, which he did, sending aboard 482 packages, or 2,410 pounds.

### CURE OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

**Odd Insurance Plan that Worked Like Christian Science.**

From the Detroit Free Press.

"There used to be the greatest hypocondriac in Detroit," remarked an old merchant of the city, as he pointed out a retired lumberman.

"Why, he looks the picture of health."

"So he is. Tough as a pine knot. Ought to live to be 100. But when we were younger he was always grunting. He thought he had everything from gout to galloping consumption, and never expected to live the year out. He averaged a quart of medicine a day, to say nothing of external applications.

"What cured him?"

"I did. He growled so much that it always gave me the blue devils to meet him. One day he was telling me the old story of how his days were numbered and how he had complications enough to kill an alligator in twenty-four hours. 'Jim,' said I, 'you make me tired. You're about as pleasant company as a skull and cross bones. There's nothing on earth the matter with you. Give me $1,000 a year while you live, and I'll insure you for $20,000 and secure payment.'"

"Did he take you?"

"Jumped at it. Insisted on paying $1,000 down, so as to make it more binding. From that minute he began to get strong and take on flesh. He was worrying about the money I was getting, instead of about himself, don't you see? I caught him five years running, and since that he dodges. Never speaks and never sees me. Hates me, I suppose. I'd refund, but he'd be sure to have a relapse." And the old merchant not only chuckled, but winked.

### No Petty Carping.

From the New York Herald.

We regret to see that the New York Yacht Club felt called upon to issue a statement saying that as regards the towing of the Shamrock in a calm it was a violation of the deed of gift and the conditions governing the match for the America's Cup.

Although the statement announces that no exception will be taken in this particular case, we think its issuance is to be deprecated as being in bad taste, provincial and narrow-minded, especially in view of the handsome way in which Sir Thomas Lipton has acted from the beginning.

He has asked no favors and shown no disposition to take any advantage. To tow the Shamrock in calms is not only natural and proper, but it shows a commendable disposition to reach this side without delay and to assure the public that the challenger will be on hand and ready for the great contest.

The action of the club is all the more to be regretted since it may create an unfavorable impression in the minds of the British yachtsmen and tend to mar that spirit of harmony and good feeling which has been so conspicuous up to the present, and a continuance of which to the end is so much to be desired.

### Pens That Goethe Wrote With.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

The quill pens with which Goethe wrote his festival poems are now in Chicago and will within a day or two be on exhibition at Koelling & Klappenbach's book store, 100 Randolph street. With these old-fashioned quills will be exhibited an autograph letter from Schiller, the poet.

The quill pens are the property of Charles Spaeth, manager of the German Aid Society of Chicago. He received them from Paul J. Mauss, to whose grandfather, Dr. Robert Friedel, of Jena, they were bequeathed by Herman Schuetz, who procured them from Goethe, his intimate friend, in December, 1818. So much stress was laid on their possession by the original owner, Herman Schuetz, that in 1827, when Goethe was a visitor at the Schuetz home in Berka on the Iber, his host asked him to certify to the fact that the quills were used in writing the festival poems. The request was granted, and this certificate, signed by Goethe, is now in the possession of Mr. Spaeth, the present owner of the old-fashioned quills.

Add to your drinking water, lemonade, or soda, 10 drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS. It imparts a delicious flavor and prevents Malaria and all Summer Diseases. Get the genuine Angostura, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

### TALE OF A SILKEN SHIRT.

**The Defendant Thought Fair Exchange Was No Robbery.**

From the Omaha World-Herald.

The sorrowful tale of a silken shirt was unfolded in Police Court Monday afternoon, and both the culprit and the complaining witness came in for a share of Judge Gordon's condemnation.

It seems that Arthur Seale and Clyde T. Glodfelty had at one time been fast friends, but later a little wedge of difficulty entered in, and soon they were hardly on speaking terms. While they were in this state they met one night recently, and after a few sarcastic words had been bandied back and forth they clinched for a fight, with the result that Seale lost his shirt, that necessary article of wearing apparel being completely torn into shreds, it being yanked from his body.

Seale did not want to let things remain in that uneven state, so he went to work and searched out where his antagonist kept his shirts. He found one at last in a valise, and he appropriated it to his own use, excusing his act upon the plea that a fair exchange is no robbery. The shirt in question was one of those new ones with a fine silk front, and was of a plain variety loud enough to waken the seven sleepers. Glodfelty found Seale with the shirt on his back and he demanded its return. There was another wordy encounter, and Seale showed the court a cut in the back of the head which, he said, was made by a stone sent with terrific force from the right hand of Glodfelty.

During his testimony Glodfelty owned up that he had agreed to let the culprit off if he would pay him $5 in good, hard cash. This Seale refused to do, saying that he would prefer to let the law take its course rather than be bled by his enemy.

Judge Gordon delivered a lecture to the complaining witness at the close of the trial, in which he said that he was of the opinion that it was more of a crime to compound a felony than to steal a shirt. He found Seale guilty, and gave him a sentence of ten days in the city jail, but later he suspended the sentence.

### OPIE READ'S TOUCH.

**How He Made Ten Dollars Scorching an Unknown Man.**

From the New York Telegraph.

Near the stenographer's stand in the Hoffman House a couple of men were chatting, while beside the typewriter sat a man fairly effervescing wrath. One of the onlookers laughed. "It reminds me," he said, "of the story Opie Reed tells of his $10 touch."

"Read was in Cincinnati and broke. He in vain applied at the various newspaper offices for work. He tried to get a job on the mechanical end of some paper, so hard up was he, but in this, too, he failed.

"There was nothing left for him but to 'tramp.' He started on the road, as many better and worse men have done before him.

"Tired and dust stained he reached a suburb of Cincinnati. As he was passing a lumber yard he heard a man talking in loud and angry voice. Stopping, he heard the individual deliver himself much as follows:

"'—— ——. Rejected the whole carload of lumber because there was one knot in it! The ——. I just wish I could write a letter—one that would scorch the very hair off his head, the ——.'

"'I can write; that is my business,' said Read, stepping up.

"'Good,' said the lumberman, 'you sit right down and write a regular "scorcher."'

And he explained more fully the circumstances of the case.

"Read, although he knew nothing of the man to whom he was writing, 'dipped his pen in gall' and wrote.

"Then he read the letter, which was indeed about as caustic a one as could have been written