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MAYBE YOU DO.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a shy little hand you're permitted to hold,
With a velvet softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a quiver?
Well, maybe you can—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm
With a wondrous firmness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the bad?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,
With a womanly sweetness about it,
Will you guard it, and keep it and act the good part?
Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it.

FAT AND LEAN.

How Women Can Cure Surplus Flesh and Too Much Scrawling.

One of the most important questions now agitating the mind of San Franciscans, particularly the feminine portion is how to lose or gain flesh. Unfortunately, a peculiarity of our climate is an extreme one way or the other, a person becoming too fat or too thin. It is almost impossible to strike the happy medium, and even when once struck to keep it. When a man makes up his mind that he is growing too large he goes to work systematically, swaths himself in wet bandages, takes long walks, perspires freely, lathes often, eats no bread and butter, no potatoes, nor anything dainty or luscious, drinks nothing but hot water, and reduces himself at once. Some of our prominent citizens have reduced their flesh in this way twenty, thirty, or even forty pounds, and deserve great credit for their sacrifices.

Albeit all human history attests:
That happiness for man—the hungry dinner—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on sinners.

Women are not so successful. They cannot diet when they walk, because walking gives them an abnormal appetite; and they cannot walk when they diet, because lack of proper food makes them correspondingly weak.

A MOUNTAIN OF FLESH.

There is one wealthy lady in our city who weighs upwards of 300 pounds, and she wants to get thin. She is not able to walk much, as she is too heavy for her ankles to endure the strain, but she takes steam baths three times a week. She can not lie on the shampoo table to be rubbed, for she could never get up again. The attendant is obliged to perform that office for her standing, and an exhausting job it is, too. One of her breasts is as large as an ordinary fat woman's stomach, and her arm would match a good sized leg. The garment in which she bathes would make a comfortable night-shirt for Captain Kentzell, and yet it fits her like a jersey. The bath gives her such an appetite that she always comes prepared with a lunch of chicken, pate de foie gras sandwiches, and beer, enough for four people, but which she thoroughly enjoys and finishes each time, and yet she expects to get thin.

Now, no woman likes to be called fat. Fat, according to Webster, means "fleshy, plump, corpulent; abundant with an oily concrete substance." Fleshy, as a descriptive adjective, is not so bad. Plump is just the thing, and suggests a woman as—

Being somewhat large, and languishing and lazy.

Few of a beauty that would drive you crazy.
Few angels are there in her form 'tis true,
Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce lose:

Yet after all 'twould puzzle to say where
It would not spoil some separate charm to pare.

That is being plump, but when it comes to "corpulent, abounding with an oily, concrete substance," no woman wants to be spoken of as "that fat lady," and yet, what is she to do? Some few have solved the problem. One of our prominent society ladies lost thirty pounds by living on tea alone for three weeks, and though she now eats all she wishes, she has never regained her flesh. Imagine the strength of her will, and let others emulate her who can. Another well-known lady among us has fattened steadily for years on a course of gymnastics, dieting and gallons of hot water taken daily.

INGREDIENTS OF FAT.

Fat consists of two substances, stearin and elaine, the former of which is solid, the latter liquid, at common temperatures, and on the different proportions of which its degree of consistence depends. Now, there is a superstition that very hot water, taken internally the first thing in the morning, an hour before meals and the last thing at night, increases the proportion of elaine over stearin, and a great quantity of fat in the stomach and bowels becoming liquid passes away; hence the hot water cure. We don't say that this aforesaid lady imbibed the superstition with the water, but she fretted over her increasing size till she was almost sick. At last she decided to give up the struggle and be happy. Strange to say, she is growing thin. She is the first instance on record of a woman who fretted herself fat.

Very few ladies, of any size at all, will tell how much they weigh, and she who does excites the enmity of the rest, for she is such a "give away" by comparison. One honest lady, not so very large looking, confessed before a number of friends, to 150 pounds. The looks directed toward her by the others equally well proportioned were simply murderous.

VANITY OF THE MALES.

Men are also as bad as the weaker sex in this respect. They will acknowledge 200 pounds with a good grace, but

after that it is well they are not under oath. One handsome six-foot bachelor (married men don't care so much) varies from 212 to 213, never more, and yet his best friends would call 250 a light guess. Such is vanity!

Talking of comparisons of weight, however, it is hardly fair to judge one woman by another; they carry their fat so differently. A woman with fleshy neck, arms and bust has a smaller proportion of fat than her thinner looking sister, and weighs less. A too large bust is a great annoyance, hence the practice adopted by many in bathing in diluted vinegar. There are many ways to get thin, all involving more or less work and annoyance, and constant watchfulness to keep off the flesh: when once lost. How much pleasanter it is to try to get fat, and yet how difficult for a thin person to accomplish. There is no necessity to curb the appetite in this endeavor. On the contrary, it is given full sway and increased by every means possible. An indulgence in palatable things to eat and drink is permitted and a cultivation of cheerful feelings and happy indolence is absolutely imperative; and yet the poor thin creature gets thinner still, probably, as one afflicted remarked, from the effort of carrying around good dinners.

LEAN WOMEN.

What a sad picture is conjured by the expression, a lean woman. Referring once more to Webster, lean means "wanting flesh, meager, not fat; that part of flesh which consists of muscles without the fat." Imagine a woman all lean, meager. To call her thin is not quite so awful, and yet thin means "lacking little thickness or extent from one surface to the opposite." Picture her back and chest between your two hands, and feel her of "little thickness." Slim same great end, but terms. No lady objects to being called slim, and slender brings to mind—

"A lovely being, scarcely formed or molded." But it don't do for old maids or shriveled matrons. However, thin women get the best of fat ones in many ways. They have such a great advantage in walking—no weak ankles, shortness of wind. Then their clothes wear so much longer, and their figures, with a little filling, are so much younger looking. A thin girl does not deplore a lack of bust, for it is so easily supplied. Her greatest anxiety is about her calves. If she can only cultivate a good-sized leg she is happy, and for this reason she frequents the skating rink, as skating is splendid for the development of the legs. One slim lady confided to a friend that after a season of the exercise she was obliged to lay in a new supply of stockings, as her old ones were far too small.

WHAT IS CONDUCTIVE TO FLESH.

To eat supper just before going to bed is a great aid toward getting fleshy. The food so taken goes all to fat. A nap after each meal is also conducive to the same end, but gentle exercise should be taken between meals to promote appetite. Large doses of fresh air, avoidance of envious thoughts, entire contentment with one's lot in life, one's children, husband, relatives and friends, complete self-satisfaction—all are conducive to the same great end. There is one great advantage derived from the cure on fat or no fat. It is a poor rule that don't work both ways, and many of the laws for gaining or losing flesh, are the same, and are great health promoters. The formation of tennis, skating, swimming and walking clubs, the patronizing of them by both stout and thin alike, is adding greatly to the health of our women. The role of invalid is no longer fashionable, and it is considered rather a reproach to be delicate. San Franciscans are rivalling English in their physique and powers of endurance. Small waists and feet, or rather shoes, are going out of style, and physicians make female complaints a specialty are losing money. Our growing girls are well developed for their age, and following the example of their mothers, are devoted to all manner of physical exercises. Pretty girls naturally, perfect health, and then beauty, and of strong enough to stand any amount of mental culture. What may we not predict for the future of San Francisco, ruled by the sons of such women, for, after all, a boy is generally like his mother. San Francisco Alta.

GRANT AND BEAUREGARD.

They Meet and Speak as they Pass by.

It is a mistake in heroes whenever they neglect to be six feet in height. Two men met in the publication office of a New York magazine, for which both had agreed to write articles. They were introduced to each other, and I watched them very interestingly, because they were General Grant and General Beauregard. The visible splendors of war had departed from them with their uniforms, and their civilian coats were even glossed by wear in spots where gold lace once had shone. Grant walked heavily with a cane, never having entirely recovered from the hurt to his hip in a last Christmas night fall on an icy sidewalk. His hair and whiskers had the shapes made familiar by his portraits, but his lowness of stature was deplorable, because he was rather slovenly and fat as well. He looked more like a plain, matter-of-fact merchant than the foremost general of a great war. Beauregard's head was all that could have been desired by an admirer, for it had close-cropped white hair, a moustache and imperial of the same hue, and the outlines of a military model; but he needed six inches more of body and less in order to inspire any sense of grandeur. Did they fall into heated antagonism, as champions of once opposed hosts? Not at all. They did not so much as discuss the struggle calmly. Their topic was Grant's lameness, which he said he did not expect to ever get rid of, and Beauregard's rheumatism, which he ascribed to the changeable northern climate. Grant invited Beauregard to call on him, and Beauregard replied that he would be delighted to do so—all in the manner of men who might or might not mean it. There were only two remarks which remotely had reference to the rebellion.

"I don't see that you have changed much in twenty years," said Grant.

"I have always believed that my campaign did me a world of good," replied Beauregard. N. Y. Cor, Syracuse Herald.

THERE'S NO POCKET IN A SHROUD.

JOHN A. JOYCE.

You must leave your millions,
And the gray and festive crowd,
Though you roll in royal millions
There's no pocket in a shroud.

Whether pauper, prince or peasant,
Whether rich or poor or proud—
Remember that there isn't
Any pocket in a shroud.

You'll have all this world of glory,
With a record long and loud,
And a place in song and story,
But no pocket in your shroud.

So be lavish of your riches,
Neither vain, nor cold nor proud,
And you'll gain the golden niches
In a clime without a cloud!

MAMMOTH OIL WELLS.

The Great Gushers with a Record of Six Thousand Barrels a Day.

The two greatest oil wells ever struck in the world are still spouting oceans of petroleum within thirty miles of this city. Railroad trains for Butler County are thronged daily with visitors to the field. It is estimated that in the one week past no less than 15,000 people have been to see these Baldrige gushers. Since the Christie well was brought in this week, with its first day's production of 5,400 barrels, and since the Phillips well was completed last week, with an increasing capacity of 4,500 barrels per day, interesting comparisons have been in order with other great wells of past years. The Christie well's production of nearly 6,000 barrels in twenty four hours gives her the first place in the history of petroleum as the biggest wonder of the oil trade. Her rival, the Phillips well, with its 4,500 barrels every twenty four hours, ranks next. Some history about other big gushers will be interesting at this time.

SOME BIG WELLS.

After the discovery of petroleum and the boring of the first oil wells in Pennsylvania, in 1856, the first large strike to attract wide public attention was the Hamilton McClintock well, two miles north of Oil City. In January 1860, it started off at the rate of sixty gallons a minute, or 2,160 barrels per every twenty four hours. The people were astounded by such a tremendous flow and so great was the volume of greasy stuff that they could not get sufficient storage for it and much of it went to waste. This shameful waste is well illustrated in the case of the Cornplanter Oil Company's well on the Clapp farm, in Venango county, one year later. It was by no means a large well, but 100 barrels were filled in the first sixteen hours and the waste filled a pond twenty five square rods in extent. But it was in September of 1861 that the most intense excitement was created all over the country by immense wells. Oil Creek developments in Venango County had progressed as far as the Tarr farm, without doubt the most prolific piece of territory ever discovered. All at once the Dom Pedro or Phillips well, No. 2, struck oil at the depth of 1,000 ft. A perfect geyser spouted forth. In the first twenty four hours she vomited four thousand barrels and kept that rate up for quite a long period. The excitement knew no bounds. Thousands of speculators who had at first held aloof now rushed in on the infant petroleum industry. A few days later this excitement was greatly augmented by another huge strike.

In close proximity to the Phillips well the Empire well was finished, with a daily production of 2,500 barrels. An extract from a newspaper published in the oil regions in 1861 reads: "So much oil is now produced it is impossible to care for it, and thousands of barrels are running into Oil Creek. The surface of the Allegheny River is covered with oil for miles below Franklin. Some wells are being plugged to save production. Fears are being entertained that the supply will soon be exhausted if something is not done to prevent the waste. Our waterways and farms are saturated so deep with the surplus oil, this dangerous fluid that vast fires are also to be feared."

GREAT FORTUNES IN OIL.

In January of 1863 the Noble and Delamater well on the Farrell farm, on Oil Creek, started off at the rate of 3,000 barrels. As a result the (old well) near it, decreased one-half in production. The Delamaters bought and plugged it so that their well's flow would not be interfered with, paying \$175,000 for it. Up to August 3d, they had sold from their great gusher 118,000 barrels of oil for \$354,000, and the market rate was still \$3 50 per barrel. In August of the same year the Maple Shade well was started at 1,000 barrels a day. In March of the following year it was burned, with 3,000 barrels of oil. In February, 1864, the Noble and Delamater well above alluded to, was sold for \$220,000. Up to that time it had produced 303,473 barrels which at \$3 50 per barrel—less than the average price—would amount to \$1,062,155. Illustrating the quick decline of oil fields, we find that on November 16, 1865, the entire production of the Tarr farm wells had dwindled down to 700 or 1,000 barrels per day.

IN THE PITHOLE DISTRICT.

From 1865 to 1872 operations in the Pithole district occupied the attention of people. One of the largest producers in that section was the McLaughlin well, which flowed at the rate of 1,500 barrels. Subsequently two wells with the same production were brought in on the Modoc field. The Hunters and Cummings wells near St. Joe, in Butler county, were brought in November, 1874, with 1,500 barrels per day. The Lady Hunter well, near it, also did 1,200 barrels. The celebrated Bellion well, that caused such speculative excitement in 1876, was only a small producer—thirteen to twenty barrels an hour—but it opened up vast territory, then—

By agitation it was afterward increased to 1,000 barrels per day. In June,

1877, the drill in the Bullion region brought to light the "Big Injun" Well, with 3,500 barrels per day. It ceased flowing on the 29th of the same month, but after being torpedoed went off again at 1,000 barrels. The Cherry Grove excitement of 1882 is well remembered. Its two greatest wells were the Murphy No. 2, rated at 3,400 barrels per day, and the famous Mystery Well, "No. 646," which was generally accredited with a 1,000 barrel gush.

All these wonderful wells can better be comprehended when one remembers that the average size of oil wells is from 20 to 300 barrels a day only. Pittsburg, Cor. Philadelphia Times.

SCANDOROUS SAYINGS.

Light-hearted: The blonde.

Lost at C—The hoarse soprano's notes.

"Good-morning, Murphy. Are those your children?" "Yes, sir; that is my small potato crop." "Why do you say that?" "Because, sir, they are all little Murphies."

"There is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken suspender.

A little boy's grief upon being refused permission to attend a circus, was in part assuaged by the assurance from his mother that if he would dry his tears he might go and see his father have a tooth extracted.

A gentleman who was dining with a young married couple in Kansas, asked, rather abruptly, "Ever had a cyclone here?" The young people looked guiltily at each other, blushed and changed the subject.

The cold wave from the North comes down. It's bracing and it's nice; But goodness sakes alive! It makes A girl's nose cold as ice.

"What is your name?" asked Judge Powers. "Dolly Timple." "Where do you reside?" "The village giggled and replied. "What is the use of me telling you where I live? You wouldn't call on me, anyhow, would you, Judge?"

"You fairly worship the ground that girl walks on, Billy," said Jack, "and I can't see why. She is just as good as a block of ice." "I know she is," returned Billy; "but it's such jolly fun to go up three times a week and thaw her."

"How beautiful those two old people look, sitting together at the fireside!" exclaimed a sentimental young lady; "I wonder what they are talking about?" "Probably fighting their battles o'er again," replied her matter-of-fact companion.

Young lady (in the drawing-room): "Just listen! I can hear the gentlemen laughing. I believe they tell all their good stories directly we're out of the dining-room." Experienced and rather severe matron: "Good stories, dear! No—'good' is not the word."

A minister having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers, who was a member of the Legislature, said to him after service: "Doctor, the sermon, you gave us this morning having had three several readings, I move that it now be passed."

How very neatly a child may sometimes get out of a scrape is shown by the story of a little nephew who had to be the guest of his aunt, and who, on being asked at dinner if he had not been helping himself secretly to jam, said quietly: "Please, aunt, pa never 'lows me to talk at meals."

One "Wide has invented a new hat. It expands or contracts with the head according as the spirit moves. The brim is full, it has a tufted bell and the band is not loud. It is specially adapted for night wear, and will contain a moderate supply of bricks, thereby commending itself to the Masonic fraternity.

Miss Rosbud: "Do you know, Mr. Pallette, I never knew before to-day that you and I were from the same State, Delaware." Pallette: "Same State, Miss Rosbud? Why, I am a New Englander. I live in Massachusetts." Miss Rosbud: "Then, why do you always put 'Del' after your name in your pictures?"

"My dear, look down below," said he, as he stood on Brooklyn Bridge, with his wife gazing at a tug hauling a log line of barges. "Such is life the tug like a man working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—'I know," interrupted she, ardently; "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear the burden."

"Are there any mitigating circumstances in the case of the man who is going to be hung to-morrow?" asked a stranger of the lawyer of the accused. "Yes," he replied, "but he is an unmarried man. How easy it would have been for him to have brought a wife and children into misery and distress, if he had not had consideration for them by refusing to get married."

"What are you doing, Mary?" asked a Staten Island husband, addressing his wife. "I am sewing on a crazy quilt," she replied. "Are there any buttons on it?" "No." "I thought not," he said, "it wouldn't be like you to be sewing on anything that needed buttons."

Then there was naturally some curiosity to see what the other twenty names were and the envelope was opened, when it was found that twenty States had been named regardless of their political tendency. The man had sacrificed ten dollars to make fifteen and our college friend, being generous, increased the amount by twenty-five dollars.

BEWITCHING BESS.

O my pretty little Bess,
In your Mother Hubbard dress,
You are lovely and enticing—yes, bewitching,
Tempting:

But much to my surprise,
For I scarce believe my eyes,
Inside that Mother Hubbard you have stowed
Five oyster pies.

Yet with pleasure, if I can,
While you twirl your dainty fan
I will cash the check present'd by the smiling
Waiter man.

But I think 'tis only fair
I should warn you to take care,
For when he pays the doctor's bill I know
Your dad will swear!

SAVING GRACE IN MONTANA.

Rawson's Gulch Determined to Down Rocky Bar on Salvation.

The other day a St. Paul minister answered a ring at his door-bell and found there a brawny frontiersman, wearing a buckskin suit and a white Mexican sombrero. He was invited into the study and after seating himself said:

"Partner, I'm trivin' to ease up a sky pilot to ladle out the savin' grace to the boys in Rawson's Gulch, Montanny. The 'barkeeper down to the Merchants' hotel told me you slug in the future, an' heftiest jaw in the holy lue in St. Paul an' I thought I'd drop in an' size you up."

"If I understand you, sir, you desire to secure a pastor for your church out there."

"That's our little game exactly, pard, and the boys have constituted me an executive committee to come in year an' run one down. We want the best heavenly monthpiece in the country an' we've got the dust to put up fur 'im."

"Who was your last pastor?" asked the minister.

"Never had one. You see, the boys out there never stood in much on the religious racket, but we're agoin' to bank big on savin' grace in the future, an' play 'er clear up to the limit. Glad tidin's o' great joy's the winnin' card at Rawson's from now henceforth an' forever more, pardner, an' don't you forget it!"

"You say you never had a minister? What then has caused this sudden awakening—this new desire for light?"

"I'll tell you, pard, it's just like this. That's a big rivalry between Rawson's Gulch an' Rocky Bar, about five miles further up the creek. The two camps he 'bin fightin' fur the lead fur a year an' a half, downed 'em on every 'pint. Last week one o' the boys went up there an' cum back an' reported that the Rocky fellers had a preacher an' that salvation were a runnin' loose in the camp an' amazin' grace war growin' on the bushes. He said he heard the holy bloke preachin' 'imself, an' that he dashed up the livin' word like a ten times winner. Wal, that sort o' paralyzed us, so to speak, an' we called a meetin' to see what war to be done. At first it war proposed to go up there on a Sunday an' clean out the congregation an' hang the preacher, but we wa'n't quite sure of the fightin' abilities o' the meek and lowly worshippers up there an' mont get licked, so it war finally decided to tree a zeppel sharp an' that's what I'm yar fur now. The boys'll treat you white, pardner, an' if you kin do up the Rocky Bar exper in the heavenly game an' put it all over 'im a soundin' the glad tidin's yer fortune's made. I like the cut o' yer jib, pard, an' I b'lieve you'd shake salvation at us in a way that'd make the Rocky Bar galoots proud warry."

"What denomination is in the majority out there?"

"None at all. You kin play yer cards suit yer self an' come at us just as you think the hard order be played. But say, pard, I reckon I wouldn't ever give the boys a Baptist lay out to play up to."

"Why not?"

"Wal, yer see, we aint much stuck on water out there only from a business point o' view. Water's all good enough an' mighty whole fur washin' out dirt, but aside from that 'aint much account. Still, if that's yer lar, pardner, come right along. We'll take turns an' keep you baptizin' half the time, just to down them Rocky fellers. That's a gang o' twenty Chinamen workin' a placer claim below us, an' we kin run them up an' let you souze the hull mob two or three times a week, it'll make the Rocky crowd think the good warry's a movin' right along."

The minister was forced to decline the call, and the old man said as he rose to go:

"All right, pardner; no harm done. I'll keep up the hunt till I tree my man. We'll down Rocky Bar on salvation if it's in the pins. Good day, sir, an' if you ever come out our way stop off an' give us a little wad o' off-hand redeemin' grace, an' we'll treat you squar'. Good bye." St. Paul Herald.

A Tailor's Blunder.

Whether a man wanting a leg is more to be pitied than a man wanting brains is a question which received a striking illustration one evening in the classic shades of Baxter Street. It was pushing on to a late hour, when the sellers of old clothes on both sides of the way eagerly imperturbed passers-by to inspect the bargains which were offered. The ordinary citizen, accustomed to the noise and yell, hurried on and said nothing.

The countryman paused at many stalls now and again, examined the wares, and departed without buying, a chorus of blessings following him Joe Edwards came, and as he hobbled along with two heavy crutches it was quietly noted that he meant business. Joe had only one leg, and of this he was proud. For his partner, which in times of war had deserted him, he didn't feel much troubled; his whole anxiety now was to clothe the integral member in the most approved fashion.

"Show me a trowsers," he said, as he viewed the stock of cast-offs which ornamented the sidewalk.

"A pair of trowsers, sir? Certainly, sir," and the man of cloth brushed eagerly about.

"Not a pair of trowsers, but a trouser," shouted Joe, a little angry.

"Oh, I see," said the other, and he cast a critical glance at the one left leg. "I think I'll suit you."

All the clothing in the concern was overhauled. Every size and quality of trowsers were found, but all were defective. They were of the antiquated two-legged pattern. A neighbor who saw this hurried into his shop and lopped off a leg of the first pair he picked up.

"Clother number one looked perplexed.

"I guess I'll go," remarked Joe; "you can't suit me."

"I'll make it all right for you," put in the knowing one who had just plied his shears.

Joe then entered the second store.

"Try this," said the seller, in the pleasantest of tones.

"There is so no sense in that," said Joe, as he handled the one-legged garment and got behind the screen. Suddenly he emerged with a roar that drew a crowd around. "Hi, there, you son of a gun!" he thundered, "what's this here business, anyhow?"

"Some to suit, ain't it?" coolly responded the owner.

"Something to suit! Why, you darned fool, don't you see it's the right leg I have and that is the very one you've cut away! What do you take me for, man?"

Then there was loud laughter in the street, and the clothier began to swear.

THE MOON'S VELOCITY.

How swiftly the Orb of Night Performs Its Journey.

"We can faintly picture, perhaps," says a writer in the Century, "how it would seem from a station near the orbit to see the moon (a moving world) rush by with a velocity greater than that of the cannon ball in its swiftest flight; but with equal speed its shadow actually travels along the earth, and now if we return from our imaginary station to a real one here below, we are better prepared to see why this flying shadow is a unique spectacle, for, small as it may be when seen in relation to the whole globe, it is immense to the observer, whose entire horizon is filled with it, and who sees the actual velocity of one of the heavenly bodies, as it were, brought down to him.

"The reader who has ever ascended to the Superga in Turin will recall the magnificent view and be able to understand the good fortune of an observer (Forbes) who once had the opportunity to witness thence this phenomenon, and under a nearly cloudless sky. 'I perceived,' he says, 'in the south west a black shadow like that of a storm about to break, which obscured the Alps. It was the lunar shadow coming toward us. And he speaks of the 'stupor'—'it is his word—caused by the spectacle. 'I confess,' he continues, 'it was the most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in the cases of sudden, silent, unexpected movements, the spectator confounds real and relative motion. I felt almost giddy for a moment, as though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming edifice.' Another witness, who had been looking at some bright clouds just before me, says: 'The bright cloud I saw distinctly put out like a candle. The rapidity of the shadow and the intensity produced a feeling that something material was sweeping over the earth at a speed perfectly frightful. I involuntarily listened for the rushing noise of a mighty wind.'"

The Fatal Slip.

The legislator who introduces a dog law is doomed. No matter how well he may start out, nor what prestige he may have, the simple act of submitting a dog law bill encloses in a black-bordered envelope his chances of future political success. The man who lives in the valley, and the man whose log domicile crowns the summit of the hill, don't want a dog law. They regard the dog as a free born American citizen. Children are of minor importance. The dog is essential. If a man were to introduce a bill in the Arkansas legislature providing that every boy above a certain age must wear a brass collar, with a tax receipt engraved thereon, the sovereignty of the hill and vale would pay no adverse attention to the action, but let him attempt to restrict the liberties of the dog and something will drop. That something will be his own political head in the basket. For young politicians, the framing of a dog law possesses a strange fascination. It seems to present such an opportunity of display it is easy to write, for such words as "protect the little lambs," and "take care of the motherly ewe," fit in so comfortably.

Some time ago one of the most learned men in the state announced himself a candidate for governor. He seemed to have no opposition, for his ability met with universal recognition. Just before the election was held, some one discovered that a man with a similar name had once drawn up dog law articles. It was fatal to the candidate. The people declared that if a man of the same name committed an action so disreputable, what might they not expect from another man of doubtless the same genealogical tree. They defeated him and to-day he stands, wrapped in a tar-red cloak, selling ginger cakes and cider to the hurrying crowd.

Any young legislator, ye who would stick a lighted match into the ruffled bosom of the Arkansas river and shout as the smoke and flames ascend, don't "monkey" with the dog law. Some one who seems to be your friend may with soft words whisper its expediency, but he is a hooded enemy in disguise and carries a pronged tail. Tell him to get behind himself, Satan, Arkansas Traveler.

Mrs. John W. Mackay is accustomed to receiving begging letters of various descriptions, but the funniest one is a request for any diamonds or rubies for which she has no further use, the beggar desiring them for her daughter's trousseau.

QUEER MESSAGES.

Odities of Life Noted by Operators of Police Telegraph Wires.

Telegraph operators at police headquarters find much amusement in noticing the ignorance of some of the police whose duty it is to send the message from the station to which they are attached. A few of the many messages, as actually received, are here given:

"A baby carriage was stolen this afternoon by an unknown man with black leather top and pointed red, from the front yard of the residence of Mr. —, No. — Pierpont Street."

"Mrs. — of — Flushing Avenue, lost two roosters this evening." This was so absurd that the operator sent back the following dispatch: "What is a rooster?" and the answer came back: "A foul."

"James Ward hurt his fat by having it caught between the bot and bridge, at Fulton Ferry this morning." The lad spelling somewhat disgusted the operator who replied: "Who made the abbreviations?" This message was answered in about half an hour later by: "Sent to the ferry-house and was told Mr. Abbreviation was not in."

"Charles —, of No. — Fifth Street, fell on Fulton Street this p. m., and received a scalp wound on his head."

"Sure it wasn't on his foot?" asked the operator of the sender.

"Patrick— fell this a. m., from the second-story window of his residence, No. — Baltic Street. He struck the pavement with his head, and received a severe sprain to his left ankle." "Patrick is a noble fellow. Well done Patrick," replied the operator over the wire to the sergeant who sent the absurd message.

Another message runs as follows: "A dog bit a boy in front of No. —, Menth Street. Please see that it moves to street." In a case like this the operator sends back word that he has sent word to the sausage factory.