DIRECTORY.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

Mail from the east arrives at 4 p. m.; leaves at 11:45 a. m.; closes at 11:30 a. m.

Devils Lake to Grand Harbor, daily—Arrives at 11 a. m.; leaves at 5 p. m.

Devils Lake to Rogers and Jerusalem, daily—Arrives at 11 a. m.; leaves at 2 p. m.

Devils Lake to Locke—Arrives Thursdays and Saturdays at 11 a. m.; leaves at 2 p. m.

Fort Totten to Minnewaukan mails run semi-weekly. H. C. HANSBROUGH, Postmaster.

Railway Time Table.

Through passenger train leaves Devils Lake, at 11:45 a. m., passengers taking an early dinner in this city; arrive at Grand Forks at 3:40; leaves Grand Forks at 4:05 and arrives at Crookston at 5:30; leaves Crookston at 5:35 and arrives at St. Paul at 7:30 next morning.

Leaves St. Paul, at 7:30 p. m. and arrives at Grand Forks at 11:37 a. m.; leaves Grand Forks at 11:45 a. m. and arrives at Devils Lake at 4 p. m.

Direct connections made at Grand Forks with trains for Grafton, Neche and Winnipeg on the north, and Fargo and Fergus Falls on the south.

Freight train leaves Devils Lake, daily except Sundays, at 8:30 a. m. and arrives at Grand Forks at 4:30 and at Crookston at 7 p. m. Leaves Crookston at 6 a. m. and arrive at Devils Lake at 4:15 p. m.

Official.

County Commissioners—E. V. Barton, Chairman, H. H. Ruger, A. B. Allen.
Register of Deeds—John A. Percival.
Probate Judge—James Linden.
Sheriff—C. F. Smith.
Treasurer—J. W. Palmer.
Superintendent of Public Schools—James V. Brooke.
County Surveyor—Frank Alexander.
Coroner—A. B. Bennett.
Justices of the Peace—John W. Bennett, Devils Lake; P. J. McClory, Grand Harbor; J. A. Locke, Locke P. O.
Constables—Thomas Fassett, Devils Lake. A. J. Wirtz, Grand Harbor.
Land Office Officials—H. W. Lord, Register; A. O. Whipple, Receiver, Devils Lake District, Devils Lake. B. C. Tiffany, Register; W. J. Anderson, Receiver, Grand Forks District, Grand Forks.

CITY OF DEVILS LAKE.

President—John A. Burnett.
Trustees—First ward, John A. Burnett; second ward, Sam M. Dodd; third ward, Frank S. Converse; fourth ward, W. G. Stoughton; fifth ward, Wm. N. Moore.
Clerk—Chas. S. Smith.
Marshal—B. F. Shanley; assistant marshal, A. G. Requa.
Treasurer—Chas. S. Smith.
Assessor—B. F. Shanley.
Justice—B. J. McIntyre.

Churches.

Westminster Presbyterian Church—Rev. C. S. Converse. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at pastor's residence. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

M. E. Church—Services at the school house each alternate Sabbath, morning and evening, by the Rev. J. R. Yost, as follows: Dec. 28, Jan. 11 and 25, Feb. 8 and 22, March 8 and 22, April 5 and 19. Sunday school every Sabbath at 2:30 p. m.

Lodges.

CROFTON LODGE NO. 16, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Saturday at 8 o'clock p. m. at their hall, Devils Lake, D. T. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.
H. C. THOMPSON, Rec. Sec. FRANK PALMER, N. G.

HEALTH IN NORTH DAKOTA.

What a Physician Says—A Vast Sanitarium.

"What are the prevailing diseases in North Dakota?" is a question often asked by not only eastern physicians, but by citizens who may have turned their attention to the great wheat producing territory. As a matter of fact, there are no prevailing diseases—that is, not indigenous to the climate. While the West Indian islands are noted for their yellow fever, New Jersey for its malaria, New England and some other parts of the east for lung troubles, North Dakota is practically free from diseases. Of course there are people who suffer from various complaints calling for the attention of physicians, but these troubles are either brought from the east or are the direct result of carelessness or indiscretion.

A physician who has lived in the northern part of the Territory seven years, and who has had a wide experience in the treatment of the sick, said: "People in the east associate Dakota with the utmost severity of climate, and they therefore conclude that disease is prevalent here. According to one theory (which, however, is false) lung troubles should prevail here where the mercury goes down so low in the winter time. We find in practice that this theory is altogether wrong. Pneumonia is very rare. Cases occur sometimes, but the nucleus of the disease is brought by the patient. No one ever heard of a person coming to this part of the country in good health and incurring lung trouble. New comers who may be in the first stage of the disease invariably get well if they take care of themselves and use proper protection during the cold weather. The weather of the past season has been cold, it is true, but there has been no humidity in the atmosphere. Down east there has been a great deal of moisture and lung troubles have prevailed greatly. Taking my practice, I have not one case of pneumonia to five that I had in the east. In 500 patients I have about three cases of pneumonia. But there is no need to dwell on this matter—everybody knows, or should know by this time, that the conditions of life here are favorable to the recovery of people who may have incurred lung disease elsewhere.

"We have no fever and ague in Dakota. 'Chills and fever,' which are so troublesome in southern and eastern states, are unknown. The phrase is dropping out of our language. We have a type of malaria in the fall, which, however is not at all serious. This is the result of the turning up of our rich soil, when certain germs of malaria are set loose. But please bear in mind that this complaint is by no means like that of the east. It is neither serious nor permanent. If a man who is taken with this goes to a physician at once he can have it knocked in the head, and there are precautions he can take which will effectually guard him against it in the future. I have not had a case that I was not able to control within a few days. There is no need for a man to suffer from it twice. In my practice I have never lost a case, though sometimes the malaria has been complicated with pneumonia. This malaria that we have decreases as the land is broken up. In those districts where the ground was broken two years ago the fever is as unknown as it is on the top of a mountain. The fact is that malaria does not belong here at all, and in a very short time we shan't know what it is.

"There has been a great deal of unnecessary and false statements made about small pox. There is little to be feared from this. Our air is so pure, and the people, owing to the delightfulness of the climate, are so healthy that even small pox cannot make any headway. Diphtheria and scarlet fever, that are so fatal in the east, have never secured much of a foothold here. During the past winter there have been some cases, but very few of them have been fatal. The absence of scarlet fever I consider quite remarkable. I have never seen a case since I have been here. I have heard of a few cases, but the contagion has had no chance to spread. Fever germs are very soon killed by our air. As a matter of fact there ought not to be any diphtheria here at all, and in a few years, when more sanitary precautions are taken, it will be practically unknown.

"Rheumatism, again, is a very rare disease in North Dakota. Probably its absence is due in a great measure to the dryness of the atmosphere. It troubles man in humid climates, not in such climates as ours.

"Dyspepsia is a complaint which prevails everywhere more or less. If people engaged in sedentary occupations in North Dakota eat indigestible food and take scarcely any exercise they must expect to suffer from indigestion. But as a matter of fact there is very little dyspepsia here. The climate, taken in conjunction with the condition of life in this new northwest, is not at all favorable to the existence of dyspepsia. When I came here I expected to die with dyspepsia. My sufferings were great and apparently not possible of alleviation. The activity incident to the opening up a new country, and the clearness and invigorating influence of the atmosphere, soon rid me entirely of it. When I came here I could not eat pork in any shape. Here I can eat it with perfect impunity—in fact I can eat almost anything short of iron and leather. We get more out door life than we do in the east and the absence of fogs and humid weather makes it pleasant. You may bring men here from the east who are all broken down in health, put them out on the prairie, and they can't help getting well. People need not fear the winters. I know no locality where the winters are so beneficial to the health as that of North Dakota.

"No, I would not advise people who are in an advanced stage of consumption to come here unless it was during a few months of warm weather. The atmosphere would perhaps be too strong Those who are in the first stage may come without hesitation. Dakota is far better for people with lung troubles than Florida. From what I now know I would, if practicing in the east, send patients with lung affections to Dakota in preference to Florida. It would be a fine thing for eastern consumptives if their doctors would take trips to North Dakota, and keep their eyes and minds open. There is no part of the world where the climate is so beneficial in the case of hay fever and asthma. I have known several people affected with hay fever in St. Louis, for example, who have come here to spend the summer. They have always lost their fever in North Dakota.

"The ordinary diseases of childhood do not prevail here as they do in the east. Cholera infantum is by no means prevalent. In the hottest weather the ordinary diseases of childhood are easily managed. In four years' practice in one North Dakota city I have only lost three cases of young children from internal complaints, and they were delicate children and would have died anyhow. With ordinary precautions, children in fair health seem as though they can't die. We have hot days in the summer time as the inhabitants of the east do, but our nights are always cool. We don't get the prolonged heat which is so destructive and weakening.

"Then again in surgery, wounds of all kinds mostly heal by first intention—that is to say, they heal without suppuration and without matter forming. This is to be attributed to the general health of the people and the lack of disease germs in the air.

"This is pre-eminently the country for healthy people. It is their own fault if they are sick. The fact is, North Dakota people find it easier to keep well than get sick. If you take a locality where it is twenty degrees above zero one day and twenty below the next people are bound to suffer. It is the sudden changes of the temperature that kill. To talk about the health of North Dakota is very much like talking about the whiteness of the snow, the wetness of the water, the warmth of the fire. Why, we have nothing else, scarcely, but health. We offer the eastern man the clearest and purest air that God has made. We invite him to no death-dealing miasmic swamps, where the stork and bittern and frog chat at the ill-starred vapors that arise from the rushes in which they dwell. We invite him instead to a wide, open country, where water and air are of the purest, where we can smell no odors arising from a soaked earth, but where the land is well watered and drained by gurgling streams which carry with them life and health—eternal foes of death and stagnation."

Swedish Folk Lore.

On New Year's Eve, after the light is put out in your bed-room, you must throw your slippers over your left shoulder, and then look next morning to see in what position it has fallen. If the toe points to the door you will leave that house during the year; but if the toe points inward, then you will remain where you are for another year. It is customary, also, on the same night for the people to go out into the house where the logs of wood are kept that are used for fuel. Each one picks up the first log that comes to hand; if it is a clean and shapely piece, so will his or her future partner be, and vice versa.—*Notes and Queries.*

The United States uses three times as much paint as any other country in the world.

A Christmas Message.

It was Christmas eve.

The streets were full of people all rushing homeward with packages in their hands; some were carrying turkeys tied up in paper parcels, their fierce feet sticking out like weapons of defense. One man had a little rocking-horse, and another a drum, while a woman toiled along with a go-cart big enough for her crippled boy, and two little girls carried a high-chair between them. They were going to have it at the breakfast table in the morning for their beautiful baby.

One whole family, mother, father and children, were hurrying up the avenue with their arms loaded full. They were all a little anxious.

"Grandpa will be so lonesome," the children said.

"I expected to be at home an hour sooner," the mother said. "I know Christmas eve must be a lonely time for father. I'm sure it used to be for me after poor Sam was gone."

"Turkey to-morrow," chimed in the brave boy of six, who was almost lost in a small forest of celery he was carrying.

"An' plum puddin' an'—an' cranberry sauce," echoed his little sister.

"I've got grandpa's present," said Rob, the "big brother" of nine years.

"He'll be lookin' out'n the window an' sayin' what keeps them childer so long," said his little pet, Barbara.

"He'll be so lonely," sighed his daughter, hurrying the group as she spoke.

Was grandpa lonely—let us see.

He was an old, old man, with thin, shrunken cheeks, a back bowed by care and trouble and with long, floating locks of lint-white hair that was as fine as silk. He had drawn his armchair in front of the window so that he could see the "children" when they came across under the street lamp, which was lighted so early that it shone like a taper in the yellow and red atmosphere of a setting sun, and a young moon blended with the fading daylight. The old man fixed his eyes on the struggling light, but they wavered from that and sought the sky, where—

> In the dim and distant ether
> The first star was shining through,
> And another and another
> Trembled softly in the blue.

Soon he had unseen company, and was no longer lonely. A sweet, young face, radient with the bloom of immortality, and that light which never was on sea or land, came close to his, and he could feel the very thrill of her kisses on his dull cheek. Then she brought him their first-born, that lovely babe—his first and only son. Then two children were at his knee, and the young mother lay with a sweet smile on her lips, where the weary are at rest. But he only saw his boy—his dear, dear boy—now a merry youth—then the helmet of a soldier shading his frank, blue eyes—then a soldier's record, promotion—the epaulets of a brave officer, and so proud to wear them and have his father walking with him, and hearing how he fought this battle and won that, and what he meant to do when the war was over.

> "And they had unseen company
> To make the spirit quaff."

But they knew it not, and the proud young victor rode away to his death on that dreadful battlefield from which he never returned.

The old man saw the troops in the sky, he saw their gay banners, he saw his son—the General—proud, handsome, unspoiled by the admiration of a world—he saw—ah, Heaven! he saw him dying alone on the field of battle, and it was Christmas eve. No hand to give him even a drink of water, to raise that beloved head, to wipe the death foam from the pallid lips, only the pitiless stars and the cold moon to note his dying agonics!

But stay. "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." His peace passeth all understanding. Who knows that he died alone? Who can deny that his young mother leaned over him and whispered words of sweetest comfort—that the pain and memory and longing of earth were not swallowed up and forgotten in the foreshadowing of the bliss of Paradise.

The sky changed; the old man saw only the tinted field of Heaven. A chime of bells rung out soft and clear:

> "Light on thy hills, Jerusalem,
> The Savior now is born."

But what is this? A little child again—a child with radiant brow, crowned with a wreath of immortelles, and above his head a bright and shining star.

> "'Tis the star that shines on Bethlehem,
> Shines still and shall not cease."

"Grandpa, grandpa! Wake up, grandpa," cried the children.

"Dranpa, I've got sumthin' for 'ou," said pet Barbara.

Then the children all went crying to their mother and said they could not wake grandpa.

And She Rose Up.

It was coolly planned and deliberately executed in cold blood. They sat by the fire, and as he perused his paper she was busy with thoughts of Christmas. By and by he waked up and asked:

"Did any parcels for me come up today?"

"No, dear," she replied, as her face grew white as snow. "Have you been buying anything?"

"No, nothing much. I happened in at Blank's this afternoon, and, as he was selling out his slippers at cost, I bought me three pairs. Guess I'll be fixed for the next ten years to come."

"You—bought—slippers?" she gasped, as she pressed her hand upon her heart.

"Yes, and Dash came to the door as I was going past, and asked me in to take a look at his stock of dressing gowns."

"And—and—"

"And I bought me a couple. Rather handy garments, you know, and these are something extra nice."

"Do mean to tell me that you went and—"

"Why, dear, how you tremble," he interrupted. "Yes, I bought two of them, and when Dash happened to mention that I ought to have a smoking cap, twelve new shirts, and a smoking set and cane, I told him to go ahead and send them up. I'll order a new silk hat, wristlets, gloves, sleeve-buttons, and six neckties to-morrow, and then I guess I'll be provided for. Come and kiss your old hubby."

But she didn't. She rose up and gasped and rushed out of the room with tearful eyes and clenched teeth.

Two Christmas Eves.

> Last Christmas eve, hand clasped in hand,
> By the yule log brightly burning,
> They sat them down at Love's command,
> Chock full of hope and yearning.
>
> This Christmas eve, Oh, sad resource,
> Two lawyers shrewd attend her;
> She's mudly bent on a quick divorce,
> And he's off on a bender.

Holiday Items.

It is an old saying that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and is very applicable to holiday purchases.

The wise select their Christmas presents before the stocks are gleaned; the unwise wait until the rush, and then take the cullings.

During the holidays the happiest boy in Christendom will be the one who got a sled and a pair of skates on Christmas—if there isn't any snow or ice.

In buying Christmas presents, it is better for your peace of mind to take the first thing that strikes your fancy, rather than to look at something else. To hesitate is to be lost.

On Christmas day the happy urchin of 2 will roll around on the nursery floor, and break the yellow legs off the purple camel, and get sick from chewing too hard on his green head.

It is said that $300,000 is annually expended in Christmas cards in this country. The Christmas card for 10 cents beats a $5 Christmas present all to flinders—from the giver's standpoint.—*Hartford Post.*

As Christmas draws nigh this hint is thrown out to young ladies who have gentlemen friends—that slippers, to be comfortable and cozy, must be several sizes larger than the boots young men wear when they go to see their best girls.

An old negro while walking along the street was accidently struck with a rotten orange, thrown by a fruit dealer. Stopping and picking up the orange, he held it for a moment and then said: "Huh; dis smells like Chris'mas; dis smells like when I was a boy."

When you meet a man these days with a careworn expression on his customarily happy face, do not misjudge him by concluding that his business or domestic affairs are in a bad state. He is simply wondering what on earth he shall buy for Christmas presents this year.

We opened our safe this week and took out a lot of Christmas jokes and dusted them off and tried to fit them in this column, but they wouldn't fit. We are inclined to believe they are a little warped by age. We will close them out to some country humorist at a great bargain.

"Are you going to present your husband with a Christmas dressing gown?" asks the *Detroit Free Press* of the ladies. Perhaps it is not pertinent, but there are a great many wives who will present their husbands with a Christmas dressing down if they don't get what they want.

While courting the widow Curtis, George Washington was approached by the widow's pretty son, who clambered up on the good man's knee, and asked him who sent him so many beautiful Christmas presents the day before. "My child," said the father of his country solemnly, "I cannot tell a lie—it was Santa Claus."

"Oh, I don't care whether I get anything in my stocking or not," said Adolphus, adding, with a look of undying devotion: "but Clara, I should like to have what is in your stockings." "Oh, yes," replied Clara naively, "you mean corns. What a foolish boy." Thus was love's young dream dispelled and hence it is that Clara is still called "Miss."

A negro was arrested in the act of removing a fine Christmas fowl from a corner grocery store. When asked by the court what he had to say why he should not be sent up, he replied: "I didn't mean ter stole it, Judge; Ole Marse always 'ploys me ter feel de Christmas tukkeys fo' him ter see ef dey's tendar. I was jess 'bligin' Marse so help me Lawd."

Oh, yes, dear girl, work us a motto for a present. But have some taste. Last year a girl gave us one that read: "Honesty is the best policy," and another damsel one that declared: "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Somehow, those didn't just strike us pleasantly. They seemed to be—well, you understand.—*Boston Post.*

A New Game For Children.

The little ones will thank us for reprinting a description of the following new game for children, as is described in the *Little Folks' Magazine.* It is called the game of "Names."

Each player is presented with a long slip of paper and a pencil, and if one of the players has a watch so much the better; if not, a clock must be used. One commences by calling out: Girls' names commencing with A—two minutes allowed." Each player then writes down all the girls' names that he (or she) can recollect, and at the expiration of the two minutes "time" is called. Then the oldest player reads from his (or her) slip all the names he or she has written down—say Amy, Amabel, Alice, Ann, Annie, Armanda, Alleen, etc. All the other players, as the names are read out, cancel any name read out. If, for instance, all have written Amy, all cancel Amy and count one mark. Say six players have Amabel and four have not, each of the six counts one mark, those who have not thought and written down Amabel get nothing for Amabel, and so on through the list. The object of the game is to teach the children all boys' and girls' names. When the marks have been allotted for all the names, the total of the marks are read out and noted on each slip. The players then proceed in a similar manner for all boys' names commencing with A, such as Alfred, Abel, Adam, Andrew, Arthur, etc. The game can be continued until all the letters of the alphabet are exhausted. But practically, young players rarely care to "do" more than thirty sets, or fifteen letters consecutively. Various names crop up, and the memory is well exercised, and the children generally vote it great fun. Any one introducing pet or fancy names, such as Pussy, Kit, Teddy, etc., forfeits two marks, unless it be arranged that they be allowed.

Getting Himself Into Condition.

A young lady visitor called at a residence in the absence of the family.

As she turned to go unearthly sounds issued from the basement.

"What in the world is that?" she asked of the servant who had opened the door.

"That's poor Willyum, mum."

"What's the matter with him? Is he crazy?"

"No, mum. Ye say, Willyum is the hall footman, mum, an' he has to sthand fornisnt the wall all day in statoo-loike silence, an' very thryin' to his narvous systim it is indade, mum. So whin he's off duty, an' the family is out, he risthores his narves to a narmal condishun by scramin' and yellin', mum."

Hand-made envelopes cost originally 5 cents each. The envelope-making machine now turns them out so that a thousand are sold for 30 cents.

Unto Death.

Look!

A gaunt, shambling wolf which has been making erratic circles on the prairie suddenly stops, lifts his nose high above the grass, and snuffs the air in every direction.

Hark!

A long-drawn howl—a sound which rasps on your nerves and brings a chill. The honest growl of the tiger would be music in comparison. It has no honest echo, but you hear the r-r-r-r-r sneaking across the half-mile of prairie to find evil company in the thickets beyond.

The echo is hardly lost in the pines before it is caught up and sent back by a dozen throats, and a moment after a pack of wolves break cover and race across the grass to join the lone animal which sent forth the rallying call.

Skulking—malignant—devilish! There are beasts which will look you square in the face. The wolf never does. Restless eyes—uneasy bodies—lolling tongues—yellow fangs!

The pack head across the prairie to the South, sniffing at the summer breeze as they run, and at each long leap their eyes grow fiercer and clots of foam fly from their red mouths to blotch the velvet grass. It is a trail they are following, and the scent is fresh.

Come on!

It is a strange sight which meets our eyes. Lying stark and stiff on the prairie, fingers clutching the grass and a look of agony on the face already turning purple under the hot sun, is the body of a hunter. Dead? No need to ask that when you have seen the terrible hole in the breast, and the blood which has welled out and soaked the grass and changed the color of the flowers. His rifle lies at his side—his pack at his head. No accident? Perhaps yes—perhaps no. There is one who could tell us if he could but speak.

"Here, dog!"

Lying beside the dead—rising quickly up as we approach—is the hunter's friend and companion—a grand old dog. He looks straight into our eyes. If we have come to bury the dead with kind hands, it is well. If we have come to rob the master—beware! There is Courage and Fidelity and Determination.

Hush! The dog wheels about and faces the north. A sound has reached his ears which sets his eyes aflame and raises every hair on his back. Yelp! yelp! yelp! It is the wolves—the pack which picked up the trail he had made as he went to the north in search of water.

Now watch!

There are twenty to one, and the scent of the dead adds to their fierceness and daring, but as they advance to within ten paces of the dog every wolf comes to a stop. Standing with his fore paws on the breast of the corpse, the dog growls a warning at each and every one before him. He could run away and save his life, but the base idea never comes to him. He will fight the whole pack—he will die defending his dead!

See! The wolves huddle together for a moment, as if in consultation, and then they break up and form a circle about their victims. The dog wheels slowly, growling his wrath and uttering his defiance. Even now he could break through and escape, but he will not. Of a sudden the leader of the pack dashes at him, but he returns to the circle—whipped—bleeding—vengeful. His place is filled by three companions, and for a moment the corpse is hidden from view and the uproar is frightful.

Grand old dog! They have tasted of his blood, but he has sent them crawling back. Placing his paw again on the breast of the dead he growls defiance to the last.

It is over! At a signal the whole circle closes in, and the struggle is ended and the feast begins. There is a tearing of flesh—a low growl of satisfaction—and it is scarcely five minutes before the last wolf has vanished from sight, leaving only the stains of blood on the grass for the vultures to look down on.

The Skating Rink.

The father of a family remarked yesterday in some heat: "Last night I went to the skating rink on upper Broadway, for the purpose of taking my daughter home. I had left them there at 7 o'clock, and had then gone down to the Hoffman house to elect somebody. When I got back I walked in without their seeing me, and leaned over the railing gazing at the skaters. I was disgusted by the sight that met my eye. I am a liberal man, and don't believe in cooping a girl up as you would a rare exotic, or watching her as you would a criminal. But I made up my mind before I got home that night that it would be just as well to keep an eye on the girls as not.

The sight that met my eye was not an agreeable one. Both of the girls are young, you know, 17 and 18, and I suppose you have observed that they are pretty. At any rate, they are bright and fresh young creatures, full of life and fun. I send them to the park every morning before breakfast on ponies, they spend six months of every year in the country playing tennis and dipping into the ocean, and I had flattered myself that no nonsense concerning young men had entered their heads. I believe the skating rink has undone in an hour what it has taken me years to accomplish. You know they employ as assistants at the rink half a dozen spruce young fellows, whom I am told are hired solely on account of their good looks. They are, in fact, a remarkably pretty lot of little men. Their ages are from 23 to 25 or 28, and each of them has a nice curled mustache, carefully-banged hair, and gushing manner. They are dressed in uniforms, and they are the most conspicuous little crowd of mashers that I have ever seen. They are actually sickening.

As I stood there gazing at three or four of these young whipper-snappers sailing along, clasping the girls' hands in their own and whispering in their ears, I was astounded by seeing my youngest daughter sail by in the clutches of the mashiest masher of them all. He had hold of both of her hands, and was leaning against her, whispering in her ear. His mustache rubbed against her cheek, his eyes were half closed, and she was as red as a beet and staring straight at the floor. I gulped. Before I caught my breath I descried sailing down the middle of the room another masher with my other daughter. They were even more familiar and affectionate than the first two. "What did you do?" I asked, as he stopped to thump his leg with his open palm. "Do!" he roared. "I walked out on the floor and yanked those girls to the benches in such short order that I pride myself that I was the center of attraction for a short time anyway. I expressed a few sentiments to the assembled mashers and took the girls home. I am given to understand now by the entire family, except my son, that I made a confounded ass of myself, but I don't believe it. No more skating rinks for me. They are too risky."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Some Elephant Stories.

Major Rogers had been out shooting and had discharged all his guns, when an elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it except to run, and for 400 yards the Major kept just ahead, feeling at every step just as if the trunk was trying to twist itself about his loins. A turn around a tree gave him a momentary advantage which he made the most of by springing into the branches; but, before he had time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got him with his proboscis. Still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it was better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to fall back bodily into the animal's power. The struggle did not last long, for, to the delight of the pursued and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington boots, which the former wore, slipped off, released the leg and saved the life of poor Rogers. The dilemma, however, did not end here: for the elephant finding himself balked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches and kept his anticipated victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when the country post man happened to pass by. Rogers gave him notice of his position, and soon help came and the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yelling. Had this occurred in the deserted part of the jungle, the officer must have been starved to death in the tree.

The native Hindoo from want of thought keeps up a constant drumming on the beast's head with the goad, or "ankus." I, therefore, hoped not to use it at all. Such an improvement all at once, however, proved more than the elephantine mind could grasp. He began really to enjoy himself, going his own way more than mine, till at last he marched straight into an immense forest tree of the banyan species and commenced to browse. He seized the boughs above his head, and, tugging violently with them, brought them down on my devoted skull. This was too much. I raised the ankus and brought it down on his head with a blow that brought blood through the skin. This had the desired effect, and he at once bundled off along the road by which he knew I wanted to go. He merely took with him a branch about the size of a small apple tree to discuss as we went along. From this moment we were friends, and I don't think I ever had to use the hook again so as to bring blood.—*London Times.*

A Sense of Honor.

The following is taken from an editorial in *The Century* for December:

"There is little doubt that the thing which most needs to be preached to this generation of Americans, by ministers of the gospel, by both clerical and lay instructors of the youth, by all who have public influence or private authority, is—a sense of honor! It must be shown and insisted upon that every position in life where one person is employed by another to do a certain work, imposes an obligation to fulfill the duties of the place with an honorable and disinterested regard for the interests of the employer. It must be shown that this view of employment applies to the cook, the errand-boy, the cashier, the legislator, the Governor, the President. This is a trite, and apparently simple, and perhaps somewhat stupid view of the opportunities of a "smart" and ambitious young American of our day; but unless this commonplace view of responsibility is laid hold of by increasing numbers in the future of our country, we will not say that our society will go to pieces, but we will say that our calamities will increase, and that we will get into troubles, and not soon out of them, compared with which the dangers and distress of the past will seem almost insignificant."

He Changed to Sugar.

Gen. Strongly, who was once Governor of Arkansas, could stand defeat or success about as well as any man known to the thrilling history of this country. Once, while his chances of victory were in the hands of his friends assembled in State convention, the General and several supporters sat in the rotunda of the leading hotel. The result of each ballot was brought by a courier.

"Well," said the General, after receiving returns from the forty-first ballot, "if Jackson climbs much more he'll down me."

"I'd be prepared for the worst," some one remarked.

"O, I am prepared. Hello, here's the courier!"

"General, I am pained to inform you that you are defeated."

"That so? Well, boys, come up and let's have something," leading the way to the bar. "What will you take, Bill?" addressing the bartender. "Give me a whisky sour."

Just then a man dashed in and exclaimed: "General, six counties have changed their vote and you are nominated."

"That so? Say Bill, you may put a little sugar in mine."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Archer, the jockey, is twenty-eight years old. He began riding at fourteen. In six years he has had something like 3,000 mounts, winning first place about 1,200 times, and second and third in most of the remainder. His weight is eighty-four pounds.

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