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teams. Orders may be left at the FARRIS  
BROS. store, and will be promptly attended to.

## EVERY-DAY LYING.

A NEW YORK Preacher's Opinion of Politic  
Society, Trade and Politics.

Rev. Dr. E. C. Bolles, pastor of the  
Third Unitarian Church on West  
Eleventh street, preached recently on  
the question "Is a Lie Ever Right?"

Dr. Bolles said he presumed the ques-  
tion had come to hear him decide the  
right and wrong of lying to screen  
criminals, cheer the sick, suppress  
unnecessary scandal, shield honesty  
from fraud and innocence from vice.

But he wasn't going to touch any such  
hair-splitting points. They had best  
be left to every man's conscience and  
common sense when the emergency  
came. Nobody would say that war is  
not an unmitigated wrong, and yet  
emergencies came in every nation's  
life when it was necessary to slay  
one's fellow men. There might be  
emergencies in any man's life. He  
would talk of the lies of every-day life.

"I denounce," said he, "the social  
lie, the lie of a life veneered and  
varnished with the politeness and  
fashion of the world; the lies men live  
and the lies men tell to make life easy,  
society pleasant and the wheels of  
existence smooth running. The lies men  
live are worse than those they tell. The  
great lie of a life is to live beyond  
one's means, to keep up appearances,  
as the phrase goes; to assume a posi-  
tion one does not earn; to form rela-  
tionships one is not entitled to; to  
spread examples that are lies, and  
eventually to defraud creditors who  
would never have become creditors  
except for the lie that the man has  
lived."

"No life in the universe is so hollow  
as the life of polite and fashion-  
able society. In no life is there more  
falseness, less honor, more polite  
palliations, more moral rottenness.  
There is more honor among thieves  
than in the parlors of New York,  
more truth among gamblers and more  
honesty among sharpers than among  
those whose pride it is to be the most  
polite and the most fashionable. To  
prevent unpleasant truths from com-  
ing up, to make things go, to lubri-  
cate the social machinery—for these  
reasons social lies are told and acted,  
and the result is that society's ideals  
are bad and its methods false. The  
truth told in a drawing-room is like a  
breath of pure air in an atmosphere of  
fevers and asphyxias. Is social life  
ever right and healthful? One involun-  
tarily asks. If we could have honesty  
there it might be."

"Another every-day lie is the com-  
mercial lie, the profitable, money-mak-  
ing lie. Is there ever any justification  
for it? The plea is made every  
day that in these days of competition  
it is impossible to get along without  
complying with the general custom of  
commercial lying. Men say they  
can't get to the top and be honest with  
their competitors. I should be sorry  
to think the flower of our civilization  
so poisonous, so noxious as that. But,  
if it is true, one can better afford not  
to get to the top than to lie. It is not  
necessary to be rich. It is necessary  
to tell the truth."

"Now comes the most provoking of  
all lies. It seems strange that in this  
Christian church, city and country—a  
country ruled by a religion which stands  
for eternal truth—we should have to  
speak of political lies. Men labor  
under strange delusions in these  
enlightened times. They think they  
can cover their personality under the  
flag of hall, party or committee. But  
they can't. Back of every slander, every  
lie told to pander to the lower  
classes, every trick, every rascality,  
every editorial and stump speech  
which does not deal in truth, there  
stands a man. He may think himself  
hidden, but he isn't. Because "every  
body else lies" is no excuse. For every  
deed there is responsibility, and the  
arrows of God are surer than those of  
men."—N. Y. Sun.

**Good Words from Good Books.**

Poverty saves a thousand times more  
than it ruins.

Poverty is one of the best tests of  
human quality in existence.

No woman without piety in her  
heart is fit to be the companion of any  
man.

A young man is not fit for life until  
he is clean—clean and healthy, body  
and soul.

There are very few men in this  
world less than thirty years of age and  
unmarried, who can afford to be rich.

God makes men, and men make  
blacksmiths, tailors, farmers, horse  
jockeys, tradesmen of all sorts, gov-  
ernors, judges, etc.

A daily prayer from the heart of a  
pure and pious wife, for a husband en-  
grossed in the pursuits of wealth or  
fame, is a chain of golden words that  
link his name every day with the name  
of God.—J. G. Holland.

**Parchment Axle-Box Bearings.**

It is said that experiments have  
recently been made on Prussian rail-  
ways with axle-boxes fitted with bear-  
ings of vegetable parchment in place  
of brass. The parchment is strongly  
compressed before being used, and it  
is thoroughly dried to prevent subse-  
quent shrinkage. An emulsion of  
water and oil, any of the mineral oils,  
is used as lubricant. The parchment  
soon becomes impregnated with oil,  
and is able to go a long time without  
a renewal of lubrication. It is between  
the body of the journal and the thin  
edge of the parchment segments that  
friction takes place. The claim is  
made that the compressed paper bear-  
ings make a tough material that is  
superior to metal. N. Y. Post.

—There has been an increase of  
early one million native communi-  
cants to all the Christian churches in  
heathen lands during the past year.

—A trifling difference. "Darringer,  
my wife's got an awful temper. When  
she gets mad she actually tears her  
hair. "Pooh, that's nothing, Bromley.  
When my wife gets mad she tears  
my hair."

—"I would hardly want to say that  
marriage is a failure," remarked the  
Chicago lawyer, in measured tones,  
"but if I let my feet be guided by the  
lamp of the past I can not help stat-  
ing that, in my experience, divorce is  
a decided success." And, bowing the  
inquirer out, he turned to the next  
heart-broken client.—Life.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Three hundred religious and  
charitable institutions in New York  
City, whose object is to help the poor,  
receive and distribute annually about  
\$1,000,000.

—Mr. Lemuel J. Curtis, of Meriden,  
Conn., bequeathed \$20,000 to the trust-  
ees of Donations and Bequests for  
Church Purposes, and about \$500,000  
to the Curtis Home for Widows and  
Orphans.

—The decline of the Salvation Army  
in New York is shown by the fact that  
there are now only six barracks in  
New York and Brooklyn, and none of  
which are flourishing. A few years  
ago there were thirteen barracks, all  
prospering.

—The University of the City of New  
York has established a School of Ped-  
agogy, which opened with 150 students  
present. The course will be about  
that of a normal school. Those who  
complete the course will receive uni-  
versity recognition.

—We are told of Bishop Usher that  
after engaging in controversial discus-  
sion with a clergyman he exclaimed:  
"Come, doctor, one word of Christ  
now before we part." We have little  
of sharp discussion in these days as  
to theology, but many Christians meet  
and part without the name of the Lord  
they love being mentioned.

—The High Normal School of Japan  
has sent one of its instructors, Mr. T.  
Shinoda, to this country to study the  
science and art of education. There  
are in Japan, besides this high school,  
forty-five common normal schools,  
whose graduates receive the equivalent  
of \$15 to \$30 a month. The kinder-  
garten system is established, and man-  
ual training is being introduced.

—In a recent number of the *Inde-  
pendent* Mr. Moody says concerning  
church choirs: "I don't like to hear  
singing in an unknown tongue. A  
good many of our high-toned choirs  
sing in Greek, or it sounds like Greek  
to me. I think one of the greatest at-  
tractions which would make our  
church service less formal and more  
easy to enjoy, is good singing by a  
choir who sing in a known tongue;  
sing so that people can understand  
what they say."

—French statesmen have come to  
the conclusion that the National sys-  
tem of education in France is defective  
in its physical side. Efforts are now  
being made to acclimatize cricket,  
football, rowing and base-ball in  
French schools. M. Bischoffheim,  
the wealthy Parisian banker, has of-  
fered a prize of \$1,000 to any person,  
whether a Frenchman, an American  
or an Englishman, who shall invent a  
new game thoroughly adapted to  
French colleges and schools.

—On the need of remodeling our  
public school system, an authority no  
less than Prof. H. H. Boyesen says:  
"The culture which our public schools  
impart is academic, a university sys-  
tem on a restricted scale, similar in  
kind, differing only in degree. It has  
but small reference to the life which a  
large majority of the pupils will have  
to lead. It kindles an ambition in  
them which, in nine cases out of ten,  
is destined to be disappointed, and en-  
genders as a consequence discontent  
and disaffection toward the State which  
fails to satisfy the expectations it has  
aided in arousing."

**MAKING A "MASH."**

How Pretty and Mischievous Senoritas  
Do It in Mexico.

The stranger in Mexico, especially if  
he be young and good-looking, is  
liable to be considerably surprised at  
his first ball here, when some pretty  
senorita whom he has never seen be-  
fore, trips up to him with an engaging  
smile on her face and something that  
looks like an egg in her hand, and sud-  
denly smashes the latter over his  
cranium. To one not acquainted with  
the cascarone custom it is startling,  
to say the least. Luckily, however, the  
egg has been robbed of its usual in-  
terior, the original contents having  
been emptied through a small hole at  
one end. The shell is then refilled  
with finely-chopped tinsel and colored  
paper, perhaps with the addition of  
perfumed sachet powder or some  
dainty trinkets, after which the open-  
ing is neatly closed by a bit of paper  
pasted over it.

In the good old days of the Spanish  
aristocracy the egg-shells to be used  
by the proud grandees at well fan-  
dangoes were filled with gold and  
diamond dust. Similar extravagances  
are sometimes indulged in nowadays,  
but rarely. Occasionally small gold  
coins, charms, pearls, opals or spiced  
candies are stuffed in with the chopped  
tinsel, making the divertissement rather  
expensive. One can buy very pretty  
cascarones, however, for about a  
dollar a dozen, and it is quite the cor-  
rect thing for a belle or beau to go to  
a ball armed with several dozen of  
them.

Often the shells are hand-painted or  
otherwise beautifully decorated, much  
like Easter eggs in the North. Society  
matrons who propose giving balls dur-  
ing the cascarone season have the  
shells of all the eggs used in the house-  
hold carefully saved for the purpose,  
and many an hour is spent by herself  
and friends in filling and decorating  
them. The act of breaking a cascarone  
on another's head is considered a  
compliment to the recipient, who feels  
in duty bound to return the honor at  
the first opportunity. Previous ac-  
quaintance is not essential, it being  
of itself a sort of informal introduction.  
Thus any Mexican lady may literally  
"make a mash" on every strange  
gentleman who pleases her, and with-  
out offending her countrymen's ex-  
tremely sensitive notions of propriety.  
*Mexico Letter.*

—The only place in which amber is  
found in paying quantities is said to  
exist in the Baltic Sea. Formerly the  
supply depended upon the storms,  
which tore up the amber lying at the  
bottom of the sea and threw it ashore;  
but for twenty-five years past various  
appliances have been used for obtaining  
it cheaply and quickly. The most  
profitable strata have been found in the  
vicinity of Memel, and there are twenty  
large dredging boats constantly at work  
day and night for eight months of the  
year. Further to the west the amber  
is obtained by divers.

## THE SIGN UPON THE

Breezy morning casts its kisses  
On a brazen letter sign,  
Fastened solidly to the front do.  
Of that little store of mine;  
Of that great, nor is it fancy,  
Has no golden letters bright,  
Yet all talk of that chance to see it  
Squint and say: "Well, that's just right."

"'Tis no advertising card  
"Thread & Store-strings, Strongest Rope,"  
Nor: "You Find a Coin in Every  
"Found of Dirt & Company's Soap."  
Does not say: "Of all the coal oils  
I have found Half-water's best,  
And to all I recommend it,  
With a most emphatic zest."

All the same it draws a mighty  
Eager crowd about my store,  
Fastened solidly to the front do.  
On the sign upon the door:  
Yet I'm just as sad as if I  
Were within the county jail,  
For the sign upon my grocery,  
Thus commences: "Sheriff's Sale."  
—R. H. Maginley, in *Tanquer's Blade.*

**IRREPRESSIBLE JIM.**

Two Quaint Sayings of a Virginia Gentle-  
man's Yellow Servant.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, has a valet  
whose eccentricities afford him ma-  
terial for some successful anecdotes.  
Jim, who is of that shade known as  
"bright mulatto," has black silken  
curls and a smile that render him the  
delight and torment of all the "yaller  
gals" of the city, and his temper is as  
sunny as a day in June. It is Mr.  
Smith's invariable habit to discharge  
his valet once a week in futile en-  
deavor to persuade Jim that he does  
not own his master body and soul; but  
as the amiable African sweetly ignores  
all such ebullitions, and always re-  
turns the next morning, placidly un-  
conscious of any unpleasantness, the  
habit serves only as a relief to his  
master's overcharged feelings. On  
one occasion he carried Jim down into  
unfamiliar wilds in Georgia and pur-  
posely lost him, after the fashion in  
which one rids one's self of obnoxious  
cats, and for two weeks after his re-  
turn revealed in his freedom. At the  
end of that time, in answer to his  
one morning, Jim put his head in the  
door, and asked, in his usual tone:  
"Mis' Smith, did you ring for me?"  
and then his master resigned himself  
to his obvious destiny. His only con-  
solation is that a repetition of Jim's  
sayings sometimes helps him over  
shoals of silence at a stupid dinner  
party. Here are two of them:

One morning Jim having been in-  
structed to rouse Smith at a certain  
hour, woke him with exclaiming:  
"Law! Mis' Smith, I done had such  
luck dis mornin'! I done clean forgot  
to wake you up time you tole me."

Smith groaned. "Jim, you are too  
trifling to live. I wish you would die.  
I'll never get rid of you in any other  
way."

The darky set about his duties with-  
out resentment, and said contemplative-  
ly, a few moments later, with an  
evident desire to be obliging: "I don't  
mind dyin', Mis' Smith; it's stayin'  
dead so long's what henders me."

Jim and a young African companion  
were one day fishing from the wharves.  
His friend missed his footing, fell into  
the water and was drowned. Jim's  
grief was so uproarious that a sympa-  
thetic bystander inquired if the  
drowned boy was a relation. "No,"  
said Jim, through his tears; "he  
wasn't no relation, but he mout's well  
been—he had all de bait."—*Harper's  
Bazar.*

**Children as Suicides.**

Eight years ago an English writer  
on suicide announced to the startled  
world that of the 60,000 Europeans  
who annually took their own lives 2,  
000 were children. The youngest case  
then recorded was that of a boy of  
nine, who drowned himself for grief at  
the loss of his pet canary. Since 1880  
we have beaten the record many times.  
The number of suicides has increased  
enormously, and America alone can  
point to more than one baby of seven  
who has wearied of his hardly tasted  
existence. From twelve to sixteen,  
however, appears to be the age at  
which children are most prone to self-  
destruction, and if we examine a few  
of the instances so persistently brought  
before the public we shall see but too  
plainly how links are wrought in the  
sad continuity of crime. Just as one  
daring robbery or brutal murder  
gives birth to a dragon-brood of sins,  
so each miserable piece of childish  
folly leaves behind it the germ of an-  
other tragic development.—*Catholic  
World.*

**How Letters Are Disinfected.**

Letters from stricken sections are  
fumigated in a novel way, so that  
there is little or no chance for the dis-  
ease being brought Northward. The  
letters are stopped when they reach  
the quarantine lines. Each letter is  
put under a machine with a long arm  
attached, and this is provided with  
little teeth punctured at the ends. A  
powder that is used for fumigating  
purposes is forced through the arm  
and down through the teeth. The  
arm comes down on each letter, and  
while the little teeth are perforating  
the letter, the powder is blown in be-  
tween the sheets, disinfecting the let-  
ter thoroughly. Then it is forwarded  
to the person to whom it is addressed.  
Some complaint has been heard of  
damage to letters, but so long as they  
remain legible a little disfigurement  
should be welcomed as a proof of  
protection.—*American Analyst.*

—It is a singular fact that if there  
are five thousand gray hairs in a  
man's beard and only fifty black ones,  
he can't shut his eyes and pull out a  
hair at random without getting one of  
the black ones.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—Pupils in the public schools at  
Waterbury, Conn., are furnished with  
text-books free.

—A number of royalist ladies of  
Paris have formed themselves into an  
association under the name of the Rose  
of France Society. The Countess of  
Paris is president of the organization,  
which is modeled after the Primrose  
League of Great Britain.

—A unique milk cure is established  
in Normandy. The cows, being made  
to drink ferruginous water, give medi-  
cated milk which nourishes and  
strengthens the system at the same  
time. Milk in France has become the  
panacea of all diseases, perpetuating  
youth and regenerating age.

## VALUE OF ENSILAGE.

Testimony in Favor of the Practice Fur-  
nished by An Ohio Farmer.

The following experience in regard to  
ensilage adds more testimony in fa-  
vor of this practice. It is an Ohio  
farmer who thus relates what he knows  
about it:

"My farm is an experiment station  
for myself, on which items of interest  
are carefully noted, and any informa-  
tion I can render to visitors will be  
cheerfully given. I have no doubt that  
nine-tenths of the visitors who come  
here and see how ensilage is used on  
these farms, will go away 'almost per-  
suaded' to try and get out of the old rut  
of feeding cattle. Several of my neigh-  
bors within a few miles of my farm,  
who have seen for themselves how I  
have grown enough ensilage and beets  
on 14 1-2 acres of land—one acre of  
which was beets—to feed some 75 head  
of Jersey cattle and horses from No-  
vember 9 to July 30, have become so  
enthusiastic in the matter of cheap  
food as to build a silos this year, and  
thus avoid in the future purchasing hay  
at market rates. Two men are erecting  
silos of 350 tons capacity, which will  
be filled from the product of 15 to  
18 acres of land. Had these men de-  
pendent upon a hay crop this season,  
that amount of land in meadow would  
have given them about 25 tons of hay,  
or sufficient to feed about 10 good sized  
cow six months, whereas the ensilage  
crop will sustain their 60 head of cattle  
and horses from November until June 1,  
when their pastures will get a good  
start, and after that date they can have  
enough to feed a half ration every  
morning until August."

A few farmers who have tried it for  
the first time, and have made mistakes  
for want of experience, have lost faith  
in it, but there has not been one failure  
in a hundred cases, which speaks well  
for the value of the silo.—N. Y. Times.

**STORING POTATOES.**

The Best Way and the Best Place to Keep  
the Tubers.

Potatoes can be stored in pits or in  
the cellar or out-house, but in either  
case should be free from dirt and dry.  
Concerning the former method it is  
said: Sometimes they are covered care-  
lessly and in a slipshod manner, with  
first a thin layer of straw, and to com-  
pensate for this deficiency in straw, a  
foot of dirt is heaped upon them out-  
side. The moisture and foul air which  
slowly accumulates in winter is held by  
this thick layer of earth, and it rises  
to the upper part of the conical heap  
and causes decay of the tubers, which  
is mistakenly ascribed to the freezing of  
this apparently most exposed part. A  
much better way is to use plenty  
of straw and less earth. A farmer  
who never lost one bushel in 50 in  
his winter-stored potatoes outdoors,  
made it a rule to put on the heap  
one foot of compact straw with only  
three or four inches of evenly laid  
earth to hold it in position. Ventilat-  
ing holes were made with a crowbar at  
the apex, and filled with whips of  
straw. He found it safe to place as  
many as seventy bushel in heaps thus  
treated. The thick mass of straw not  
only served as protection against frost,  
but acted as an excellent absorbent of  
bad moisture.

In the cellar or out-house—being  
clean and dry, they may be placed on a  
broad slatted floor on the north or cool  
side of an out-house, so situated that the  
air can circulate freely from below  
and pass up through the potatoes. They  
should not be placed in too large masses  
so as to obstruct ventilation. Crops  
which would rot badly in wet ground,  
would not seriously suffer if properly  
treated in this way. In some unfavor-  
able seasons, when more than half the  
crop was ruined by rotting when dug,  
the selected and sound remainder, thor-  
oughly cleaned and placed on such slat-  
ted floor, has nearly or entirely ceased  
to decay, so that not one bushel in thirty  
has suffered. It is very important,  
however, that the work be done thor-  
oughly and in the best manner, for if  
carelessly performed, it would be of  
comparatively little use.—*Boston Globe.*

**How to Bury a Rock.**

How many plow-points have you  
broken, first and last, upon that fast  
stone? How many times has it been  
criss-crossed by the harrow? How  
much injury has been done to your  
horses by the shocks received when  
they were brought to a sudden stand-  
still? How much less has the yield  
of your crops been on account of this  
cumber of the ground? Now is as  
good a time as any, perhaps, to dig it  
out and convert it into fence material  
or bury it. Having buried many large  
stones, I affirm that the danger in-  
curred is very slight if the work is at-  
tempted in the right manner. Do not  
dig under it at all. Keep the excava-  
tion about six inches from the nearest  
side of the stone. Make it long enough,  
wide enough and deep enough to con-  
tain the stone with room to spare.  
When the hole is dug sufficiently large,  
then with long-handled tools carefully  
remove the six-inch shell of earth as  
low as you can reach easily without  
taking any risk of being crushed. A  
plank laid along the further edge of the  
hole may give you some advantage in  
digging. Next dig a narrow trench  
along the opposite side of the stone  
from the excavation. Make this trench  
close to the stone and partly under it.  
Now pour water into the trench and  
keep on pouring until the earth under  
neath is softened into mud, when the  
stone can usually be slid without much  
trouble into the hole. A lever can be  
used to give it a start.—*Farm Life.*

**GENERAL.**

—A Broadway engraver recently  
made this mistake: Mr. and Mrs.  
respectfully request your presents at  
the marriage of their daughter.

—In a suit for scandal in Chicago  
one woman swore that another called  
her a thief, liar, hypocrite, swindler,  
tramp, robber, back-biter, gossip,  
gadger, sloven, slouch, lazybones and  
profaner, and all in five minutes.

—A "rain of ink" lately fell over  
quite a wide area near the Cape of  
Good Hope. The blackness of the wa-  
ter is supposed to have been due to  
volcanic or meteoric dust—probably to  
the latter.

## A HUNTER'S MISTAKE.

A Faithful Dog Receives the Bullet That  
Would Have Killed Its Master.

Some eight or nine years ago four  
of us were camping for a fortnight,  
and on the day when the incident I relate  
occurred, we had all gone out early,  
and had hunted until past noon with-  
out success. On our trip homeward  
we agreed to separate, two and two, as  
we have done to-day, spread out widely  
and surrounded an immense marsh,  
whose brushy borders were wont to be  
a favorite resort for the game we were  
in search of, and we accordingly de-  
parted on our respective routes. I had  
nearly reached the lower end of the  
marsh, which, by the way, was en-  
tirely open, when my companion, who  
was slightly in advance, beckoned to  
me, and, upon coming up, told me that  
he had seen a large deer slowly feed-  
ing along a strip of alders which  
reached to a tongue of high ground  
running out into the marsh, and that  
if I would wait for a few minutes, he  
would go around to the further end,  
and thus one of us would be sure to  
get a shot. A moment after my com-  
panion had left me, our separated  
friends, one of whom was accompanied  
by his dog, crossed a narrow lagoon  
in the marsh about a mile distant, giv-  
ing no indication of having seen me;  
soon after I approached the place  
where the deer had been seen by my  
friend, and as nothing had occurred  
to disturb it, I counted confi-  
dently on getting a good shot. A low  
brushy point covered me until I was  
within one hundred and fifty yards of  
the mound, which was covered with  
scrub oaks of a very dense growth,  
with here and there open spots, where  
an animal in motion would have to  
show itself in ascending the ridge. I  
had approached very slowly and cau-  
tiously, and waited for some minutes  
for sound or motion, but in vain; and  
had about concluded that the deer had  
either escaped or laid down, when a  
slight rustling on top of the hill at-  
tracted my attention, and the next  
moment I saw faintly through the  
follage the unmistakable whisk of a  
deer's tail; again, a little further on it  
was repeated, the same quivering  
shake of the flag so familiar to every  
deer stalker, and catching a quick  
sight, where I supposed the body was,  
I fired. My shot was answered by a  
yell of agony that told too truly its  
own story, and upon hurrying to the  
spot I found the dog of my friendly  
dead at the feet of his master. The  
man's hand at the moment the fatal  
shot was fired had rested upon the  
head of the animal, whose joyful re-  
sponse to the caress of his master had  
been the cause of his death. It was  
the wag of the dog's tail and not the  
deer that I saw. I was thunder-  
struck, not at the death of the dog,  
but at the thought of the consequences  
had my aim been ten inches further  
to the left.—*Forest and Stream.*

**WHOLESONE STIMULANT.**

Warm Milk More Efficacious Than Beer or  
Other Intoxicants.

Milk heated to much above one  
hundred degrees Fahrenheit loses for a  
time a degree of its sweetness and  
density. No one who, fatigued by  
over-exertion of mind or body, has  
ever experienced the reviving influ-  
ence of a tumbler of this beverage,  
heated as hot as it can be sipped, will  
willingly forego a resort to it because  
of its being rendered somewhat less  
acceptable to the palate. The prompt-  
ness with which its cordial influence  
is felt is indeed surprising. Some por-  
tion of it seems to be digested and  
appropriated almost immediately, and  
many who now fancy they need alco-  
holic stimulants when exhausted by  
fatigue will find in this simple draught  
an equivalent that will be abundantly  
satisfying and far more enduring in  
its effects. "There is many an igno-  
rant, overworked woman who fancies  
she could not keep up without her  
beer; she mistakes its momentary ex-  
citation for strength and applies the  
whip instead of nourishment to her  
poor, exhausted frame. Any honest,  
intelligent physician will tell her that  
there is more real strength and nourish-  
ment in a slice of bread than in a  
quart of beer; but if she loves stimu-  
lants it would be a very useless piece  
of information. It is claimed that  
some of the lady clerks in our own  
city