

SHE WON THE BET.

Camille von Wahlburg's Novel Equestrian Feast at a Parisian Banquet.

The latest sensation of the day in Paris is the result of a novel bet made between two leading lights of the fashionable jockey club in that city. It came about in this way: During a dinner given in honor of the winner of the grand autumn races the guests began to tell stories of fine horsemanship. An elderly officer present said that he thought the young men of this generation did not ride so well as they did in the good old days. This led to an animated dispute, which ended by Max Le-



"GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!"

baudy offering to bet that he knew a lady rider that could do anything with a horse that any man of this or any generation had done. The old officer accepted the bet, stipulating that the lady should ride her horse into the banquet hall and take a flying leap over the table without disturbing or touching the wine bottles, flowers or anything else on the table.

Nobody dreamed that the bet would be accepted. It was done, however, and next evening when the same party was gathered around the festive board the event took place. The world famous equestrienne, Camilla von Wahlburg, mounted on her favorite full blooded Arabian horse and attired in the regular riding habit, suddenly appeared in the door of the dining room. With a cheery "Good evening, gentlemen!" she gave the spur to her animal, and before the thoroughly surprised and amazed diners had time to collect their thoughts she had been carried over the table in the most graceful and approved fashion by her spirited horse. Not even the filled wineglasses were jarred, and Max won his bet, and the crowd toasted the dashing equestrienne.

Delivering a Telegram.

A man went with a telegram to an office in Broadway. It was midnight. Handing the paper to the fellow in the cage he said: "I want that delivered at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning."

The fellow in the cage said, "We can deliver it within an hour."

"I don't want my friend aroused at 1 o'clock in the morning. Send it away from here at 7, so that he will get it at 8."

The fellow in the cage was puzzled. "We don't do business that way," he declared. "I wouldn't know how to fix it so as not to be delivered at once."

After a great deal of cogitation a bright idea struck him. "If you pay the tolls on the words, 'Don't deliver till 8 o'clock,'" he said, "that will do it all right."

And so the customer paid the extra toll. But did the scheme work? Not much.

Within an hour a messenger boy arrived with the dispatch at the house of the sender's friend. He rang the bell for 10 minutes. Then there came a policeman who asked what the matter was. The messenger boy said he guessed some one's wife must be dead as he had an important message that had got to be delivered at once. So the policeman hammered at the side of the house with his nightstick and awoke every one in it—about 30 all told.

In the midst of the uproar the dispatch was delivered to the person for whom it was intended. Trembling at the fear of a great bereavement, he opened it and read as follows:

Will expect you to dinner Tuesday. J.M. The messenger boy went back proud of having done his duty, and the foot telegraph company increased its capital by \$3,000,000 the following day.—New York Herald.

What He Needed.

The man was melancholy, and when he called on the doctor for advice that artist thought he had his man sized up on the first turn. He told the doctor his symptoms, and the doctor asked a lot of incidental questions.

"How long have you been here?" inquired the physician after finishing up the regular list.

"Much longer than I have wanted to be," replied the patient wearily.

"That's it. I thought so," exclaimed the doctor brightly. "What you need is a change of scene."

The patient threw up his hands as if to ward off a blow.

"Oh, doctor," he wailed, "I belong to a theatrical company playing a repertory of five act plays."—Detroit Free Press.

Disappointed.

"Our hero sat in the corner of the railway compartment devouring his newspaper," read Miss Myrtle Dolan from the latest acquisition to her paper cover library.

"He wor devouring what?" asked her father, with sudden interest.

"His newspaper, the book says," replied Myrtle.

"Go on wid yez! Oi t'ought 'twor a mon yez wor readin about, an now, be the powers, he turns out to be a goat!"—Washington Star.

The Worst Punishment of Crime.

Lawyer—Come, brace up, man. They can't do any more than imprison you for 10 years or so. Your offense isn't a capital crime, you know.

Criminal (sobbing)—Yes, I know, but they'll print "likenesses" of me in all the daily papers.—Somerville Journal.

WILD FIRES.

The devastation and suffering caused by the flames of the wild prairie and forest fires in the West last summer has a horrible detail in the loss of life and destruction of property. Men, women and children by scores choked by smoke and roasted alive; their homes destroyed and hundreds maimed and crippled. It is painful to contemplate, but still important and charitable to make it known that St. Jacobs Oil, used according to directions, is one of the best cures for burns and scalds, and should be kept on hand. There is no household that should be without the great remedy for pain, for there are none without the need of it. Little things like slight cuts and wounds it heals and cures like magic and helps the house work on.

A FRIVOLOUS AND SELFISH BIRD.

Immoral Life and Eviction of Its Hosts and Fellow Nestlings.

A popular fallacy tells us that a cuckoo lays eggs in another bird's nest. She does not. She lays eight eggs on the ground. The eggs are in size, color, spots and shape in accordance with the information obtained, say, in Leigh woods: Out of the eight eggs five or six would closely resemble the hedge sparrow's. The other two might be those of a titlark, a wren or a linnet. Her male friends—about three or four to each lady—now come forward, select each an egg and carry it in its mouth to the nest of the prearranged foster mother. Only one cuckoo egg is placed in one nest. If he finds a cuckoo has preceded him on the same errand, he seeks another cradle, knowing in a moment, amid all the eggs present, the cuckoo pedigree.

The deluded mother hatches the intruder with her own brood, and the intruder, having the faculty of being hatched sooner than the others, is of course the first to come out of his shell. He manages to wriggle underneath his brothers and sisters and presents them as a heave offering to the expectant parents, mice, rats, stoats and what not, and within 12 hours of his existence is the supreme occupier of the nest. He keeps his black mouth wide open continually, which the father and mother of the departed chickens as constantly fill until his body is too big for his home, and he departs therefrom forever.

The cuckoo leaves the last week of July. He is a restless being, like the soul of John Brown, always marching on. After leaving Europe he begins in the north of Africa and ends at the Cape of Good Hope, whence he returns to Europe in the spring. Why does he go away and why come back? Food—the food he loves—the hairy caterpillar. He will eat other grubs, but these are his hourly bread.

It has been estimated in round numbers that out of every 100 hairy caterpillars that wriggle into life 99 are devoured by cuckoos. Everywhere nature is careful to maintain her balance. The cuckoo keeps down the millions of billions of hairy caterpillars and preserves our cornfields from being eaten up by hedge sparrows. The cuckoo is a born conservative, and as long as he lives returns annually to the neighborhood of his birth.—Western (England) Press.

BRAND THE CLAIM AS FALSE.

World's Fair Officials Expose a Pretender to an Award.

One of the odd results of the World's Fair is the claim now made to awards by some who were not even exhibitors. Officials of the exposition have not as yet taken final action in the matter, believing the quick wit of the people will detect the spurious claims. But to the case of a New York baking powder, that has been widely advertising an award, the attention of the Chief of Awards for Agriculture has been directed. He brands the claim of this pretender as false, declaring "Neither the records of this department nor the official catalogue of the World's Columbian Exposition show that this New York company was an exhibitor; consequently it could not receive an award at the World's Fair."

Those who fairly won their honors at the fair seem disposed to treat this fraud as any other fraud should be treated. The Price Baking Powder Company of Chicago, having received the highest award, say they are convinced their claims and those of all other holders of rightful honors will be fully vindicated by the public.

Napoleon's Poison.

A curious detail of Napoleon Bonaparte's costume was the religious care with which he kept hung around his neck the little leather envelope, shaped like a heart, which contained poison that was to liberate him in case of irretrievable reverses of fortune. This poison was prepared after a recipe that Cabanis had given to Corvisart, and after the year 1808 the emperor never undertook a campaign without having his little packet of poison.

Energy and Content.

Energy and content are not opposite terms. It is the lazy man usually who is discontented. When a person really wants to do something in the world and goes about it resolutely, the effort gives a satisfaction that nothing else will. True content is found only with busy people.—Womankind.

Washington's second inaugural address contained but 124 words. Lincoln used the personal pronoun "I" 43 times in his first and only once in his second.

Most of the trade of the Portuguese colonies has fallen into the hands of England.

THE TELEPHONE DEADBEAT.

How He Gradually Comes to Believe That He Owes Your Instrument.

"If there is a variety of deadbeats," said an eminent citizen the other morning, "which annoys me more than all others, it is the man who moves into your building because you have a telephone. At first he drops into your office and tells you his wife bade him order a steak before noon and that he had forgotten whether it was porterhouse or sirloin. He says that a family across the street from his house has a phone, and that with your permission he'll just ring 'em up and have 'em send for Mrs. X. Well, that doesn't bother you much because you are thinking of the family across the street, but in a week or two Mrs. X. begins to call you up with the request that you step across the hall and bring her husband to the phone. Then the husband begins to drop in to telephone his commercial acquaintances until two-thirds of his entire business is done over your wire. There is only one more step. One of his agents is up, say, at Mount Morris, and it is very necessary to communicate with him immediately. As much as \$4 may depend upon a word. He hurries in and says of course you have connected with Mount Morris. It is marvelous how man's inventions put the miles at naught.

"While you are chalking up 25 cents to profit and loss he has become the possessor of your telephone. From that time on, if you are using it when he comes in, he waits impatiently and gives you a look when you ring off as much as to say, 'Sir, you are taking liberties with my property which I must resent.' There are but two things left to do—take out the telephone or move out yourself. I am fond of my office, so the telephone had to go."—Rochester Standard-Union.

"Smith is looking very low-spirited. Has been in any trouble in the family?" "Doubtless—Yes; a rich uncle has just recovered from a serious illness.

A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.

Clip the last thirty years or more from the century, and the segment will represent the term of the unbounded popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The opening of the year 1868 will be signified by the appearance of a fresh Almanac of the Bitters, in which the uses, derivation and action of this world-renowned medicine will be lucidly set forth. Everybody should read it. The calendar and astronomical calculations to be found in the brochure are always astonishingly accurate, and the statistics, illustrations, humor and other reading matter rich in interest and full of profit. The Hostetter Company of Pittsburg, Pa., publish it themselves. They employ more than sixty hands in the mechanical work, and more than eleven months in the year are consumed in its preparation. It can be obtained without cost, of all the druggists and country dealers, and is printed in English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish.

OF THE TRIBE OF DAN.

Major General Alexander McCook Comes of the Celebrated Fighting McCooks.

Alexander McDowell McCook, who was recently appointed major general of the United States army, the highest rank attainable, belongs to the famous "fighting McCooks" of Ohio. There were two of these families, headed respectively by Daniel McCook of the "Tribe of Dan," as his branch was called, and John McCook, head of the "Tribe of John," as his fighting McCook family was distinguished. Of these two families, the families of brothers, all the sons, 14 in number, served in the United States army or navy, and all but one were commissioned officers. Alexander McDowell McCook belongs to the tribe of Dan and was born in Columbiana county, O., April 22, 1831. His gallant father, Daniel McCook, was 63 years of age when the war began and fell mortally wounded in July, 1863, when attempting to check Morgan's raid.

Of Daniel McCook's nine boys, Alexander was the fifth son. He was graduated from West Point in 1852 and assigned to the Fifth Infantry. From then until the outbreak of the war he spent his time fighting the Apaches and instructing cadets in infantry tactics at West Point. He began service during the civil war as colonel of the First Ohio regiment and was brevetted major for gallant services at the first Bull Run. He served with distinction throughout the war, received numerous brevets and was a major general of volunteers at the close of the rebellion. At that time his rank in the regular army was lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-sixth infantry.

He took part in the Bannock campaign in 1878, became a brigadier general in the regular army in July, 1890, and was placed in command of the department of the Colorado, with headquarters in Denver, where he is still stationed. He received his recent appointment of major general upon the retirement of Major General O. O. Howard and was promoted over General Ruger, Merritt and Brooke. As he is 64 years of age on April 22, 1895, he will not be in active service long as a major general.

One of his brothers, Latimer A. McCook, surgeon and major of the Thirty-first Illinois volunteers, died in 1869 as the result of injuries received during Grant's Vicksburg campaign. Another brother, Robert Latimer McCook, was made a brigadier general of volunteers for gallant conduct at Mill Spring, Ky., and was killed by guerrillas in 1862 while being conveyed from the field in an ambulance. A third brother, Daniel McCook, Jr., colonel of the Fifty-second infantry, was mortally wounded at Kenesaw Mountain while leading a charge. Still another brother, Charles M. McCook, private in the Second Ohio Infantry, was killed by the Black Horse cavalry at Bull Run. He was only 18 years old, but he refused to surrender and was cut down.

How Composers Control Works.

Charles Gounod, the great composer, is a white-haired, stoop-shouldered man, with soft, smiling blue eyes and a full beard of old gold copiously streaked with gray, and is much addicted to a sealskin cap and a huge fur collar. He is somewhat given to posing on occasion, and there is just the slightest suspicion of affectation in his manner, which is profoundly sympathetic, but this dissolves on acquaintance, and he has a horror of anything cold or stiff. He is fond of sandwiching his talk with poetic metaphors, and is altogether of an intensely religious and sentimental turn of mind.

He is now four and seventy, and lives, like Verdi, in complete seclusion save when composing some opera or oratorio, when he hurries to the privacy of an old cathedral town and hires a lodging in its very quietest corner, subsequently obtaining from the cure an order to work in the cathedral, which permission is never refused, so that it is quite a common thing in the churches of Amiens or Rouen to see him seated in the center of the choir, flourishing his arms, or else pacing to and fro, occasionally penning notes with frantic haste.

Few composers who have risen to eminence have had more failures at the outset of their career than the author of "Faust." It is now four and thirty years since the most successful of modern operas took the musical world by storm and placed Gounod at the head of operatic composers. This success was more remarkable seeing that, though Goethe's masterpiece had been previously set to music almost a hundred times, not one of these efforts was considered worthy of the theme.—Lippincott's.

The Boy Agassiz.

Louis Agassiz was so expert a fisherman when a little boy he could catch them in his hand, fascinating them first by strange motions of his fingers. He kept a number of pet fish in a stone basin behind his father's house and was clever at taming field mice and all sorts of little animals and insects. He was an expert little cobbler and cooper, could make water tight barrels as well as a man and manufactured pretty shoes for his sisters' dolls.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

One of the best Schools for Boys on this Coast is in charge of Ex State Superintendent Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., at Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal.

"No; I never hang up my stockings. I get so little of it." "Oh! yes—yes—certainly; I never thought of that."

ON THE OCEAN.

There is no place where ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS do not prove their value. George Augustus Sala, the well-known English writer, writing of his trip across the Pacific, says:

"I especially have a pleasant remembrance of the ship's doctor—a very experienced maritime medico indeed, who tended one most kindly during a horrible spell of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma, provoked by the sea fog which had swooped down on us just after we left San Francisco. But the doctor's prescriptions and the increasing warmth of the temperature as we neared the tropics, and in particular a couple of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right." BRADBETH'S PILLS always act uniformly.

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