KING OF THE PEELERS.

Queer and Fantastic Freaks of the Mad Monarch of the Bavarians.

King Otto is Never So Happy as When He's Peeling Potatoes.

Sometimes He Varies the Monotony by Shooting a Harmless Peasant.

Then He Imagines Himself an Eagle, a Cook, Laundryman or Tailor.

DON'T you know he's very much off his base, said an American visitor in Munich recently, who had caught a glimpse of King Otto at one of the palace windows. Such, indeed, is the fact. The king of Bavaria is mad and has been for a long time. Though generally harmless and indulging only in amusing pastimes, he is sometimes dangerous and has to be closely watched, says the New York Journal.

During the lifetime of his brother, Ludwig II., force was not permitted. It was only necessary for Ludwig to go into the room where the poor prince was disturbing the peace and look at him for Otto to become as quiet as a child.

Queen Maria, the mother of the brothers, idolized Ludwig, but appeared to

care little for Otto. When the news of Ludwig's tragic death in Lake Stornberger was brought to the palace, Otto clapped his hands and jumped about the room, exclaiming:

"Now I am king! You'll have to call me your majesty."

What little control he had over his faculties disappeared at that time, and he has since been given over to the wildest freaks and antics. One of the first things he did was to fall violently in love with a fat servant girl. She was a plain, hearty, methodical woman, and did not like the young king's attentions at all. She was strongly opposed to fooling. Love-making was not in her line. Her indifference only added fuel to the flame in Otto's breast, and he followed her everywhere, making violent love to her. The girl expostulated with him, and begged him not to make her the subject of ridicule, but Otto fell on his knees before the girl and swore she was a queen and a fairy. The girl used to bang the kitchen utensils round and make a rumpus to frighten him off, but the king became more ardent, and fell on the floor and kissed her feet.

On one occasion he robed himself like Don Quixote and, with helmet on head, breastplate in front and spear in hand, advanced at the head of the royal band to serenade her. Several tunes were played, but at the third the king, not liking the performance of the man on the second trombone, threw down his long spear, snatched the instrument from him and blew away on it himself. He, not being familiar with the instrument, was not an improvement on the man, and the flow of the melody was somewhat marred. Otto gave it up after a few blasts. He could not resist the sight of the stout maiden.

He clapped the trombone across his heart, folded his hands over it in token of undying affection, smiled like a basket of chips and capered up and down the lawn to the time of the music. The girl became so enraged that she

A ROYAL COOK.

lost her temper, rushed out and boxed his ears.

That cured him and he took to being an eagle. He built a large nest in his private apartments, and he sat in it day in and day out hatching eggs, as he supposed. During this time he took occasional flights in the garden, using his arms as wings and never forgetting that he was the king of birds as well as of the Bavarians. When the eggs were hatched and the young eagles had taken flight Otto took to shooting peasants. He had a small arsenal placed at his disposal and he amused himself all day long shooting down farmers and country folks. Of course the attendant took care that the guns were only loaded with blank cartridges and the targets were provided on purpose. The king fired as soon as he had sighted his man and the man fell because he saw his pay at the end of the farce.

That delusion lasted until one day the king discovered that he was a great potato-peeling machine. He seized a knife, rushed into the kitchen and started to peel potatoes. His energy and application were so stupendous that it took several men to keep him supplied with potatoes. He peeled them well, too, and soon had such a stack in the

OTTO AT THE WASHTUB.

palace that it became necessary to give some to the neighboring houses. The king was so elated with his success that ke k pt right on, and it was feared that if his freak lasted there would be little else to eat in Munich than peeled potatoes.

It didn't last, however, and the city was saved from that threatened calamity. The peeling business appeared to give the king the notion that he was a great domestic character. He took to cooking. He discharged the royal cooks, put on the cap and apron himself, and took up his position in the kitchen. He did not seem to understand the culinary art so well as the peeling. He frequently mistook the ice-box for the oven, and at times did not know the difference between the stationary wash tubs and the fire-place, but that didn't make any difference. He would put a fat young pig into the refrigerator, throw a bucket of coal into the washtub, stick the vegetables into the oven as they come out of the ground, and after watching the clock carefully for an hour, take them all out and have them served with great pomp and circumstance in the dining room. He would then step around to a convenient hearing to watch how his viands were enjoyed, and woe to him who did not pretend he was stuffing himself.

The cooking fit lasted until the court was nearly starved, and then the cook took to chamberwork. Attired in his robes of state, his crown on the back of his head, he made the beds and pounded the pillows soft. He changed the crown for a rich bandanna occasionally and showed a wonderful dexterity in turning a mattress.

Happening one day to have an unusually large accumulation of soiled linen, it struck him that he ought to take it down stairs and make it clean. He set about it. He clapped it all into a big basket, popped the basket on his head and strode into the lower regions. He dismissed the washwoman, dumped his load into an empty tub, took off his coat, rolled up sleeves and went to work.

He washed that lot and called for more. They were brought him. He put them through, wrung 'em and hung 'em out to dry on the lines in the palace yard.

"More, more!" he cried, and they were brought.

He washed all the linen in the place and that in the houses hard by, and still called for more. It was brought him from the hotels and lodging houses, and the report having got out that his majesty was taking in washing, all the tramps in the city hurried to the palace gates with their ragged undershirts.

The king's gentle heart was touched at the sight of those poor fellows so dreadfully out at elbows and knees. He called one to him, examined him critically and, seeing that his trousers were sadly in need of repairs, ordered him to strip. The man, not daring to disobey, peeled and flung his trousers at the head of the nation. The king had a needle, thread and thimble in an instant, together with a handful of patches, and squatting on the ground he set to work to mend the worn trousers.

It might have been that Bacon had Otto in mind when he wrote "A King of Shreds and Patches," for the allusion fits, or that Otto, wishing to realize the poet's future in a truly realistic manner, assumed the part. However that may be, he proved a competent and industrious botch, and it is now one of the rarest things in Munich to see a pair of unpatched pants.

It was an easy transition to machines, and his majesty took it. He found a sewing machine in the palace and he adopted it.

A gentleman arrived here from Munich a few days ago and he asserts that

A KING OF THREADS AND PATCHES.

the king is now engaged on his machine making frilled gowns for all the old women of Bavaria. He sits in his room at the machine working away like a Trojan, surrounded by heaps of rags, odds and ends of cloth, and finished and unfinished garments, wholly unconscious of the world abroad.

DER COMING MAN.

I vant some informashun shust so quickly vot I can,
How I shall pring mine Yawcob oup to been der coming man,
For efery day id seem to me der brosbect look der harder
To make dot coming man imbrove upon dot going fader.
'Tvas beddher he vas more like me, a Deutscher blain und rude
As to been abofe hees peesnis und grown up to be a dude.

I don'd oxshbect dot poy off mine a Vashington to be,
Und schop mid hadchets all aroundt ubon mine abble dree,
So he can let der coundtrey know he schmardter vas as I,
Und got scheap advertising dot he don'd could tell a lie;
Mine Yawcob lets der drees alone undil der fruit dhey bear,
Und dhen dot feller he looks oudt und gets der lion's share.

Some say 'twas beddher dot you teach der young ideas to shoot;
Vell, I dink dis aboudt id—dot advice id vas no good!
Dod poy vonce dook hees broder oudt und dhey blay Villiam Tell,
Budt Yawcob vas no shooter—he don'd do id pooty vell;
Dot arrow don'd go droo der core, budt id vent pooty near—
Shust near enough to miss id und go droo hees brodder's ear.

He dravels mit hees buysickle in efery kind of vedder,
Und, dough he vas a demperance boy, somedimes he dakes a "header."
I don'd know shust oxactly vot dot vas—'tis worse as bier—
Shust like he shtrike a cyclone und walk righdt off on his ear!
I ask von time aboudt id, bud dot poy he only grumble,
Und say I beddher try id vonce, dhen maybe I vould "tumble!"
Dot Yawcob says dot ve vas boor, und he vants to be richer,
Und dot der coming man must been a virstglass pase pall bitcher;
He says he must be "shriking oudt," und try und "make a hid,"
Und dells me I vas "off mine pase" vhen I makes fun off id:
Vhen I say he soon must baddle hees canoe "oudt on der schwim,"
He say dot von off Hanlan's shells vas good enough for him.

Dot Shakesbeer say aboudt der son dot's brofligate und vild:
"How sharper as a serpent's thanks vas been der toothless shild!"
(I got dot leedle dwisted; I mean dot thankless youth
He cuts hees poor oldt fader more as a serpent's tooth.)
Und dhen der broverb dells us dot de shild he must obey,
Und dot cef you should shpare der rod you shpoil him righdt avay.

Vell, Yawcob, he vas pooty goot—I guess I don'd gomblain,
I sometimes vish, mineself, dot I vos been a poy again.
I lets him blay mit pase-pall, und dake headers vhile he can.
I prings him oup mit kindness, und I risk der coming man.
Let neighbor Pfeiffer use der shtick, vhile Otto howls und dances;
I'll shpoil der rod und shpare der shild, I dink, und dake der shances.

Charles Follen Adams in Harper's Magazine.

WHEN ASTERS BLOW.

When asters blow, and waves of gold
Across the fallow fields are rolled
Till the tall hedges hardly hold
Such sunny overflow,
O! what bewildering beauty bold,
When asters blow!
The skies like gracious dreams unfold,
That hold no hint of coming cold,
And where the parching summer doled
Her pallid blooms, fling lavish gold
And princely purple wealth untold,
When asters blow.

—Evaleen Stein.

SOME QUEER STORIES.

Quaint Touches From Life's Camera Outside the Usual Humdrum Existence.

How Bettie Ballard's Ghost Haunted John C. Hoover at St. Croix Falls, Wis.

Vanity Puts a Good Many People In Spectacles--A Pretty Barber Girl.

Dudes Who Are Hired to Drink Champagne--Startling and Peculiar Things.

HALF concealed by the hills and foliage in the western part of this county is located an old village hamlet by the name of Duncansville. In this village and vicinity live a plain and industrious people, who vie one with another in acts of kindness and hospitality. Among this good people lives a Rev. G. W. Tully, than whom no better nor more reliable gentleman can be found. Yesterday he was at this place and gave your correspondent the details of a most marvelous story, which we shall proceed to give, as nearly as possible in the language of the narrator, writes a Harrodsburg, Ky., correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A young man named John C. Hoover, of Duncansville, woed and won the affections of Miss Bettie Ballard, a charming and agreeable lady, living in the vicinity. As he had worked for several years at a sawmill, and had mastered the business, he thought it best that he should go westward and try his fortunes in the lumber regions. So he determined to try St. Croix Falls, Wis. The day before he was to leave for a stay of one year was spent in the company of his affianced. It being Sunday—a solemn day in the country—these two lovers strayed to the country graveyard. There at the graves of their parents, they promised to be ever true to each other. In one year they were to be married, and they promised, in the event one should die, the other was bound to live in a state of celibacy. On this holy day and upon the tombs of their departed parents they made this solemn vow.

"Now," said the young lady, "I am your wife, and if I should die before your return my spirit shall ever attend you."

Hoover left next morning and soon reached his destination at the head of steamboat navigation on the St. Croix river. For ten months not a wave of trouble rolled across his peaceful breast. One night after he had been sleeping for several hours in his room at the Peterson house, he was awakened by a breeze passing over him as if made by a wing. On opening his eyes he beheld an object in the room. By the dim light of the moon he discerned the outlines of a woman. As she advanced with outstretched arms and an angelic smile on her face, he thought he recognized his sweetheart. As she threw her arms about his neck she vanished into thin air. He sprang from his bed, and, quickly lighting a lamp, he searched in vain, for he found nothing. Sleep visited him no more that night. In a few days he received a letter informing him that his intended bride, after a short illness, had passed into the spirit land, having died on the very night he had seen her apparition.

After working hard for two years his business was so prosperous that he determined to visit the scenes of his childhood. While here he met a Miss Catharine Larder, from Missouri. She was as handsome as his old sweetheart, but not so large and fine-looking. Again Cupid got in his work, and they were soon engaged. On the morning of June 21, 1887, they married and started immediately for the husband's home in Wisconsin.

In the course of time they arrived at St. Croix Falls, and Mr. Hoover conducted his young wife to his apartments in the Peterson house. The light had hardly been extinguished when a breeze was felt to pass over the bed, and as he turned to face his wife a cold hand touched his face and a scream from his wife was heartrending. As the affrighted man arose from his bed to light a lamp he beheld an apparition of his old sweetheart fade from view, and observed his wife lying beside the bed in a dead swoon.

A similar scene occurred every night for at least two weeks. They left the hotel and rented a house near the river and set up housekeeping. Here the apparition appeared more frequently. It never failed to separate the pair at night and consequently made its presence known to the wife during the day.

For nearly three weeks the spiritual manifestations continued, when the virgin bride would no longer remain with her haunted husbund, but returned to her friends at Duncansville. The bright and beautiful young lady, so joyous and happy when married, was now a careworn and sad personage—a real object of pity. See told the story to my informant and I have faithfully given it to your readers.

EYES AND EYEGLASSES.

Vanity Puts Too Many Persons in Spectacles--The Cigarette Eye.

A New York Mail and Express reporter watched for five minutes the human tide that swirls through Park row opposite the postoffice, and counted seventy-eight persons with eyeglasses astride their noses. Then he went to an oculist and said: "Are diseases of the eye on the increase?"

The oculist adjusted his own glasses, looked critically at those of his questioner, and said:

"I think not. When I say that, I don't mean that our business is falling off. On the contrary, it is increasing every year, and will continue to do so as long as people wear eye glasses because they think it adds to their personal appearance. You have no idea how many there are who do this, and only one who sees cases every day, as I do, can form any estimate of the number of glasses that are disposed of in this way.

"Young people study and read by dim lamp or gas light, and, of course, the eye becomes somewhat weakened. Then the parents rush off to get a pair of spectacles, and oftentimes patronize men who will sell them any kind of glass, no matter how well it may suit the case, just to get the money. This carelessness is dangerous and sometimes fatal to the organs of sight, which are entirely too sensitive to be trifled with. The greatest enemy to the eyes of young men is the cigarette. Recently a disease has appeared among smokers which is dangerous, and after careful investigation the best authorities, who for a long time were at loss to understand the peculiar malady, have traced it to the small paper-covered tobacco sticks. It is now known as the 'cigarette eye,' and can be cured only by a long treatment. Its symptoms are dimness and a film-like gathering over the eye, which appears and disappears at intervals. If young men continue to smoke cigarettes excessively, they may expect to be afflicted by this troublesome disease; and it is not relieved by spectacles."

Watches for the Blind.

"This is one of the cutest things in the watch line that has yet appeared," aid Jeweler Charles M. Crossman, of New York city, holding up one of the new Swiss watches designed for the use of the blind. "The old raised-figure watches are clumsy and the blind people were constantly bending or breaking the watch hands by touching them. In this watch a small peg is set in the center of each figure. When the hour hand is approaching a certain hour the peg for that hour drops when the quarter before it is passed. The person feels the peg is down and then counts back to 12. He can thus tell the time within a few minutes, and by practice he can become so expert as to tell the time almost exactly. They have been in use about six months, and there is a steady and growing demand for them."

A PRETTY BARBER GIRL.

She Shaved Andy Johnson, and His Wife Sues for Divorce.

A little German barber girl is the cause of all the trouble in the Johnson family, in Brooklyn, N. Y. A short time ago all was love and peace and harmony, and now there is discord, hate and a suit for divorce. Andrew Johnson, the defendant, is an undertaker, but the somberness of his business does not prevent him from appreciating a pretty girl and her tender touch when occasion gives him the opportunity. And so it was but a short time ago that he left his home and proceeded to his barber's to have his face made handsome through the efforts of his tonsorial artist. Upon arriving there he found the barber out, but in his place was the pretty daughter Barbara. She, in her sweetest way, said she would be delighted to have the pleasure of shaving him, and he was not averse to the novel experience. So he settled himself down in the comfortable down, and the pretty barberess proceeded to rub on the lather in a very pleasant way, and after this she delicately manipulated the razor to remove the stubble upon the undertaker's face. She had just got pleasantly under way, and was beguiling Johnson with her sweet talk when a shadow loomed up in the doorway like a thunder-cloud across the face of the sun. It was Mrs. Ann Eliza Johnson. The neighbors had told her that her husband was being shaved by the pretty girl, and she had come down to give her opinion on the subject. There was a decided redness in her eye as she dashed into the shop, picked up a razor and started after her husband and the fair maid. They dashed into a rear room to escape the fury of the wife, and she kept them confined there for two hours. Whether they found their imprisonment disagreeable the affidavits fail to state.

At the end of two hours the wife left and the husband ventured to go home, but the welcome he received was not that which a sweet maid gives to her lover. He was welcomed with a perfect shower of plates, knives and household utensils, until he decided that his life would be safer somewhere else. So he departed, and later, by a back way, crawled into the house, and, getting to his room, locked the door and went to bed. This proceeding, he says, he has been compelled to keep up ever since for fear of his life. Lawyer Mott, who appeared in opposition to a motion for alimony and counsel fee this morning, said Johnson was a good husband, and the trouble was his wife was insanely jealous because of the little barber girl, between whom and his client there was nothing more than a shave now and then. He further said he went to see his wife about providing for her support, and she treated him to about the same tonge-ulashing as he presumed she gave her husband. All his client wanted was peace. He was willing to have the case tried at once. He would let the wife sell all their property, take one-third and a divorce and go her way in peace at any time she wanted to. There was no pleasure living with her, and she ruined hts business.

HIRED TO DRINK CHAMPAGNE

Dudes Who Get Big Salaries for Swilling It.

The wine agent has to visit ali the watering places at this time of the year, and, remaining between three days and a week at each place, treating all who will accept his invitation in the principal bar rooms of each resort, says the New York Sun. If he is a first-class man he draws a salary of from $5,000 to $10,000, and has all his expenses paid. He makes no effort to sell a bottle of wine, but simply drinks it lavishly, treats to it like a lord, and keeps the crowd impressed with all the wonderful qualities its friends ascribe to it, and the landlord with the generosity of the firm he buys of. Such an agent is followed in a few days by a salesman, who also treats, but only the landlord or saloonkeeper.

In the winter the salesmen of the highest order visit not only the principal cities, but also the most prosperous gambling hells and houses of ill repute, in each of which they loosen the bonds of the imprisoned wine as kings use to free jail birds on their coronation days. The visit of a first-class wine agent is a great event wherever he goes. He is a prince of good fellows, chosen on that account. He can sing; knows the newest and funniest stories, the latest gossip about the turf, the stage, the palace barrooms, and the demi monde, and he can drink as only the fishes are supposed to be able to do. He knows all the public men who drink in public, all the actors and all the bar room wits and heroes. He poses like Fortunatus—always spending money till daylight, and having just as much, apparently, the next night.

The employment of a New York club man and dude as the public drinker or advertiser (at some say $10 and some say $20 a day) for a New York agency of a French house has stirred Beaver street, the center of the wine trade, as it never was stirred before. At first the report was not credited, but the astonishing raid of broken-down dudes on that street for positions of the same sort in rival houses has convinced the agents there that this novelty in the business is not a popular delusion.

The head of one of the most famous wine houses in this country says that he has recently received applications from scores of broken-down men about town, who say that they would like to be employed at high salaries to open champagne free of cost to the glory and honor of any house that will employ them.

IN PAWN 47 YEARS.

An Umbrella, on Which the Interest Was Regularly Paid.

The longest "lend" of an umbrella on record is that chronicled by M. Maxime du Camp in his curious book on the Paris Mont-de-Piete. That umbrella was pawned, and annually renewed for forty-seven years in succession. The director of the state pawnbroking establishment in Brussels seems to have had many similar experiences. For more than 20 years he has had in his keeping the diamonds and other jewelry of a once famous prima donna, who has somehow fallen into poverty. Every year the interest is punctually paid; but the trinkets have not once been taken out of pawn. More than once large sums have been lent by the Brussels Mont-de-Piete on the regalia of impecunious German princes. The establishment possesses a choice assortment of barrel organs, whence it may be presumed that organ-grinding is much less lucrative in Belgium than in some other unfortunate counties. Despite the deposit of crown diamonds and singers' jewels, the average of the sums advanced seems to be very small, for last year no more than $1,515,000 was lent on over 300,000 pledges.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S DELICACY.

Where and How the Toothsome Slate Pencil is Manufactured.

In the northwestern part of the town of Castleton, Rutland county, Vt., is the only manufactory in the United States of slate pencils. The stone as it comes from the quarry is sawed into blocks from four to seven inches wide according to the length desired for the pencils. These are split quite easily with a chisel into slabs a little thicker than the finished pencils—say five-sixteenth of an inch.

These are passed through a planing machine and over an emery belt to make them flat, smooth, and of a uniform thickness of about three-sixteenths of an inch. Next day they are pushed into the jaws of a "crocodile," which consists of a pair of steel plates, in the under one of which there are six rows of curved knives, each set so as to cut a little deeper than the one that went before. These plow out parallel grooves half way through the slab, which a man then turns and lays on a steel plate, having ridges which just fit these grooves.

This slides back under the six rows of teeth of a second crocodile lying in wait alongside, which cuts the grooves on the other side and leaves the pencils side by side. Lastly they are broken and rolled off for an instant to point them upon an emery belt. A man can give this last touch to about 8,000 in a day. The average daily output is about 30,000 and the mill gives employment to some twenty-five hands. The old plan was to saw out square pencils from the slab one by one. These were boxed and distributed among poor families, who whittled them round by hand at from 25 to 50 cents per 1,000.

AMAZONS IN PARIS.

Duelling Among Women Coming Into Vogue Again.

Duelling among women, says the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, threatens to come into vogue in Paris, and the old practice of demoralizing chignons, tearing off hats or bonnets and bearing the imprint of nails in faces when quarrels are to be adjusted will soon probably be discarded for more summary means of obtaining satisfaction. The other day two well-dressed women came face to face with each other in the Rue Laurence Savart and bystanders were surprised to hear them suddenly begin to objurgate one another in a vociferous manner worthy of the Mme. Angots of the Central market. Public interest in the spectacle was, however, more deeply aroused when one of the scolds pulled a revolver from some mysterious part of her bodice and levelled it her adversary. The adversary fumbled about for her weapon of defence, but before she had time to present it a bullet whistled near her ears, and she fainted away in a manner hardly worthy of an Amazon. The assailant, a Mme. Celestine, was seized and disarmed by the on-lookers, while her unlucky rival was carried fainting, but uninjured, to an adjacent pharmaceutical establishment.

BOTTLES WITH SYRINGES.

An Irishman Adds to the Fame of His Country's Products.

Ireland is famous for its stout and its whisky, and it also promies to become so for its bottles. An Irishman, Francis Hazlett, has invented and an Irish company has brought out a mechanical apparatus for blowing glass bottles which dispenses with the old-fashioned method of blowing glass by the mouth. Hitherto it has been considered impossible to improve upon the human lungs, and so the glass blowers of the world have gone on puffing themselves away at forty-two years of age, which is the low average of life among these handicraftsmen. The new invention, which was exhibited at work recently at Angel, Golden lane, London, dispenses entirely with the human lungs and injects the air into the molten glass by an air pump not unlike an ordinary syringe in shape and action. This is fastened to the ordinary blowpipe, and makes little difference to the workman in handling. Manifestly this invention is of advantage to the workman: as to the employer, it will enable him to produce bottles at two times and a half greater speed.

PEEPING TOMS.

Crowds Witnessing the Queen of Spain Bathing.

The Queen Regent, of Spain, taking her bath is now the daily sight on which idlers at San Sebastian feast their eyes. Hs many spectators assemble to see her descend into the waves, and plunge therein, as if a bull fight were going on. The Spaniards are the most equality-loving people in the world, and the corporation of the town informed her majesty that it would never do to have a part of the beach set apart for her use. She wears lint shoes, stockings, pantalettes of the zouave kind, with deep frills hiding the ankles and a short tunic. For several days she made one of her ladies, who is her age and height, bathe before the crowd. Chamberlains and bathing-men were instructed to pay her all the reverence due to a sovereign. When she came out of the water the crowd dispersed, and Donna Christina was able to bathe without feeling that she was a public show.

HOW VERDI ESCAPED.

He Hired All the Hand Organs and Enjoyed Peace.

A German newspaper relates a capital story of the composer Verdi. Some years ago Verdi was visited by a friend in a small bathing place, where he was found quartered in a little room, which, he said, served at once as dining, dwelling and bed room. As the visitor expressed surprise, Verdi broke in, "Oh, I have two other large rooms, but I keep the articles hired by me in them." With this the composer rose from his seat, opened a door and showed his astonished visitor ninety-five barrel organs, remarking: "When I came here all these organs played 'Rigoletto,' 'Trovatore,' and similar stuff. I have hired them from the owners. I pay about 1,500 lire, and now I can enjoy my summer rest without being disturbed."

OLD ARMY TRAPPINGS.

Where the Military Garments Worn by Civilians Come From.

"What becomes of the old army muskets and uniforms when Uncle Sam's boys get through with them?" asked a New York Mail and Express reporter of a gentleman prominently connected with a Maiden Lane arms establishment.

"That's rather a broad question, and one which cannot be answered in a moment. In the first place, the worn out clothing and arms nowadays don't amount to much, though some of the latter are worth a trifle. Only when there is an overproduction does the government sell its muskets and rifles, and at the present time this does not occur frequently. After the war, however, the market was flooded with this truck, purchased originally by persons of speculative propensities, who, failing to realize what thay expected, sold it for almost nothing. Some thought that the leather in the belts and trappings might be used in harness or sold to manufacturers of steel for tempering, but the latter preferred tan bark. You will oftentimes see truckmen wearing regulation army overcoats, and many people wonder how they were obtained. Just as I have told you; these coats were sold to dealers in second-hand garments, who shipped them in quantities all over the country to smaller concerns, by whom they were sold at $3 to $5 each.

"Now, the old muskets, as you know, were unwieldy affairs, very long and cumbersome; these we bought and do buy to be cut down in the barrels and sold to the country trade for just what they are, muzzle-loading guns, at any where from $1.50 to $4 apiece."

"To Grin Like a Cheshire Cat."

The county of Chester gave origin to the saying, "To grin like a Cheshire cat," which is still in vogue in many districts of the North of England, says a writer in All the Year Round. Several accounts have been given as to the birth of this suggestive phrase. One, which appears to be the most plausible, asserts that the wild-cat continued to inhabit the peninsula between the Dee and Mersey long after it had disappeared from other parts of the country. The face, and especially the mouth of the animal, were very wide, and its "grin" was so exceedingly formidable that it may easily be imagined how the saying, "To grin like a Cheshire cat," came to be a common one among the peasantry. It is also said to have arisen from the fact that Cheshire cheeses were, at some distant period, made in the form of the cat indigenious to the country. We are told that the cheeses were embellished with whiskers and tails, and we may suppose that their mouths were accorded a sufficiently wide grin to give the cue to the saying.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

How to Entertain a Company and Pass Away an Evening.

A VERY QUEER INSTRUMENT.

The Humanophone Makes Plenty of Fun --Fashions for Juveniles Who Read the Sunday Globe.

CURIOUS musical instruments are the humanophone. The use of this singular musical instrument enables the teacher to demonstrate with what rapidity the rudimentary principles of music may be taught. The novelty of the method employed recommends it to the favor of all fun-loving musicians. The construction of the humanophone is very simple. Take a large, white curtain, say ten or twelve feet in width, according to the size of the notes to be represented. This must be determined by the size of the people, whether children or adults, who are to represent the notes. Sew or paint five strips of black across the entire curtain, to represent the lines of the staff. These should be at least eight inches apart. The sign of the clef should be made, the lines to indicate the stem of each note, and the bars and the added line below. Then cut out circles in the place where the notes should be, just large enough to admit the faces of the singers, being very careful that nothing but the features be seen. Strengthen the edges of the circle by a white facing or binding of white cloth. You now have the perfect staff. Behind this curtain, which must be securely and very smoothly hung, and carefully fastened at the edges so that no wrinkles may appear, the singers are to be named do, re, mi, etc.; each singer belongs to and must sing only his own note.

The positions of the upper notes can be secured by means of steps or boxes placed so as to bring the face of each singer exactly on a level with the circle of the curtain to which he belongs, the lower notes by sitting or kneeling. The staff should be placed well up upon the curtain, so that it may be readily seen by the audience, and easily faced by the singer. It is advisable that the voices, if adults, form a double quartette, that is, two singers for each part.

The leader, who stands outside, now takes his baton and prepares to give a lesson in music. The faces are required to sing their answer, but must use only the syllable of the note to which they belong. No answers can be spoken.

Of course the merriment of the lesson must depend largely upon the arrangement of the questions and the instruction given by the leader. Any bright punster will find plenty of material for the lesson.

As a hint to the leader we give suggestions for the first note (do), which should always be named face. The reason which the leader should give for calling the notes faces is found in the fact that the letters which fill the spaces on the staff when read upward from the bottom spell f-a-c-e.

The leader (pointing to the first note) says: "What kind of a face is this?" The piano and face sound do.

"Yes, a do-face. Correct." [Turning to class.] "All please observe this face is do. Now," (pointing to the last note on the staff), "what face is this?" Piano and face sound do.

"What, another do-face? Sound the two faces together. Correct. Correct. Very fine. Now let the class observe that there is a marked difference in the two do's, as well as the two faces. One is low do. Sound, please. The other is high do. Sound, please. The reason of this is obvious. The low do has had no yeast, and this do (pointing to upper face) has been raised. Yeasted and unyeasted do's please sound." (Piano sounds with faces.)

"Are there any more do-faces in the scale? Please sound. (Face on the first line sounds 'mi.') Ah, yes, we have another," and so on.

The sign of the flat and sharp may be prepared by cutting the form of it in pasteboard, and covering the same with black paper or cambric. Hooks may be sewed upon the curtain, so that by the aid of a picture hanger (a long pole with adjusted hook) the leader may hang the flats and sharps. In this the punster may find ample field for his art.

In conducting the first simple, familiar airs, the leader will be able to point out the notes or faces who are to sing the required notes. But soon the faces will advance so rapidly that he will find it impossible to follow the music with his baton, however nimble he may try to be.

Soon chords, runs, trills, quavers and demisemiquavers will be rendered by the faces. Then singing by syllables and words, French, German and Italian songs may follow, until the humanophone becomes the despair of the leader, who sinks hopelessly into his chair. It is easy to arrange a most unique and varied programme for an evening's entertainment, especially of songs and choruses requiring the aid of facial changes and contortions.

TINY BITS ABOUT FASHIONS.

The Gobelin blue shades combine beautifully with old rose and mahogany reds.

Dark blue cashmere garments for girls are braided with scarlet or pale blue braids.

Among the ridiculous sights of the hour are the little girls in short dresses whose parents are quite willing they should wear bustles.

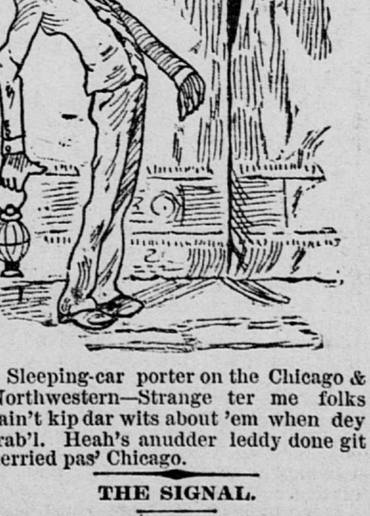
Scarlet cashmere or diagonal wool frocks for little girls are made very effective with black braid put on in small snail-shell patterns, or in diminutive Greek keys.

Little girls' winter frocks are made of light cloths, the darker Gobelin blues, acajous, old rose, tapestry greens, and pure blues and reds for their street dresses and general wear, white and pale shades of color for dressy wear.

The plaided stuffs, silk, velvet, plush, or wool, that are used for combination with plain fabrics are not at all like the plaids of former years. The colors are new, and are finely shaded one into another to produce the most artistic effect imaginable.

A Base Reflection,

Judge.



Sleeping-car porter on the Chicago & Northwestern—Strange ter me folks cain't kip dar wits about 'em when dey trab'l. Heah's anudder leddy done git kerried pas' Chicago.

THE SIGNAL.

The moon is hid in the mists afar,
One sentinel hangs in space, the even star;
I to my love will go.
Dost hear the wind? it tells me so!
I to my love must go!
With kisses sweet and arms of snow
And winsome face.

—E. L. M. Bristol.

SOMETHING OF INTEREST

TO THOSE IN SEARCH OF BARGAIN S.

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$28.75 WILL PURCHASE THIS LADY's 14-carat gold watch, stem-winder and setter, contract No. 3, page 37, Elgin jeweled movement, expansion balance and safety pinion, elegantly engraved cases, only used two months and could not be told from new; warranted for time; original cost $50.

$31.50 BUYS THIS GENT'S HUNTING filled case watch, stem-winder and setter, contract No. 17, page 37, Elgin full jeweled nickel movement, cut expansion balance and patent safety pinion, beautifully engraved cases, in extra good condition; original cost $50.

$21 WILL BUY A LADY'S RING, CONSISTING of six small diamonds and one opal, elegantly engraved mounting, the latest style; contract No. 1647; original cost $36.

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$90 WILL BUY THIS PAIR OF DIAMOND eardrops, contract No. 1301, weighing about 1½ carats, almost white, very perfect, finely cut and very brilliant, engraved gold mountings; original cost $135.

$128 WILL BUY THIS COMBINATION diamond; can be worn as a pin, ring or stud, composed of 25 stones, finely cut and very brilliant, beautiful gold mounting; contract 1644; origiual cost $190.

$90 WILL PURCHASE A GENT'S 14-carat gold watch, stem-winder and setter, contract No. 15, page 36, full jeweled Elgin nickel movement, cut expansion balance and patent pinion, handsomely engraved cases; only used a short time and could not be told from new; original cost $90.

$30.50 WILL PURCHASE A LADY'S solid gold watch, contract No. 5, page 38, stem-winder and setter, Illinois ¾-plate, full jeweled movement, expansion balance and patent safety pinion, full engraved shell cases, only used three months; original cost $50.

$29.25 BUYS A GENT'S DIAMOND locket, one white and perfect stone, finely cut and very brilliant, platinum and gold mounting, the latest style, contract No. 1384; original cost $45.

$28.75 WILL BUY THIS GENT'S open-face filled case watch, contract No. 13, page 37, stem-winder and setter, full jeweled Elgin movement, cut expansion balance, patent pinion and patent regulator, richly engraved case; warranted to wear twenty years and a first-class timepiece; original cost $47.

$36.75 WILL BUY A GENT'S SOLID gold watch, stem-wined and setter, contract No. 1, page 23, Elgin full jeweled movement, cut expansion balance and patent safety pinion, richly engraved cases, nearly new; original cost $55.

$42.50 WILL BUY THIS LADY'S 14-carat gold watch, contract No. 7, page 36, stem-winder and setter ¾-plate, very fine nickel movement, Elgin, cut expansion balance and patent safety pinion, very rich and tasty, hammered gold cases; only used a short time; original cost $75.

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