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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—For Wisconsin: Fair, preceded by showers along the lakes; cooler; northwesterly winds. For Minnesota and Iowa: Fair; cooler; northwesterly winds. For Dakota: Fair; cooler, followed by rising temperature in Northwestern Dakota; northwesterly winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer...	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer...
St. Paul....	29.66	74	Helena.....	29.90	82
Duluth...	29.56	70	Ft. Totten.	......	...
La Crosse.	29.6	78	Ft. Sully. .	29.82	78
Huron.....	29.82	76	Minnedosa	26.66	68
Moorhead.	29.72	72	Calgary....	29.66	84
St. Vincent	29.70	68	Edmonton.	......	...
Bismarck.	29.80	74	Q'Appelle..	29.70	72
Ft. Buford.	29.82	80	Medic'e H.	29.70	80
Ft. Custer..	29.82	82	Winnipeg..	......	...

IF THE promoters of the salt trust are the salt of the earth, what will become of them when the salt loses its savor?

GEN. GRANT died four years ago this month. Probably it doesn't seem so long ago to some of the New York monument builders.

WOMEN are a success as chiropodists, and the German army now has a chiropodist for each regiment. It is not stated, however, that women are being appointed as yet.

AN OMAHA paper hasn't heard of a murder in Nebraska for four days, and thinks the millennium must be at hand. Some allowance should be made for hot weather and harvest.

THAT Mississippi governor has lost his zeal for the capture of SULLIVAN since the state convention failed to nominate him for re-election. Perhaps SULLIVAN had too many friends there.

ONE A. W. EDWARDS, who is credited with $30,000,000, is looking about the Western cities to drop a few millions. It is not believed to be the Dakota party of that name, although he is somewhat of a heavyweight.

THE confirmation of the report of the failure of the wheat crop in Russia renders it evident that Europe will need a good deal more American wheat than for some years past. This is an assurance of improved business and prices for wheat.

PHILADELPHIA has just started out a milk inspector, the first in its history, and he finds the dealers only add from 15 to 20 per cent of water as a rule. He has arrested several and warned a hundred or two others. They seem to prefer to have the water separate.

A STRANGER taking in the city yesterday inquired of a policeman if there was any chance to get a free drink of water in the city. He said he had not been able to find one in any public place. As singular as it may seem, he was from Iowa, and still wanted water.

JUST what sort of a fellow the emperor of Corea is, no information at hand explains, but the report that he had sentenced to death a handsome American lady for teaching Christianity is evidently a sensational fake. It would be the worst thing he ever tried, if true.

IN A July magazine Dr. HALE calls attention to the inequality of charging four times as much postage on books as on newspapers and magazines. There is a little strain in the matter, although it is evidently four times as important that the people should have newspapers as it is to have books.

IT IS already evident that if New York has the World's Columbus fair in 1892 it will expect congress to contribute very largely to the expense. The mayor says the "earnest co-operation" of congress will be expected. This seems to be the New York way. The chance for Chicago is to propose to run it without asking congress for any assistance.

A WOMAN who has never been in Chicago in her life was given a divorce there the other day, on making affidavit that her husband had moved there. As the law requires that the applicant shall be a resident of the state a year and appear in person, there would seem to be a disposition to encourage the development of the chief judicial industry of that city.

A NEWSBOY in Philadelphia, who had a leg cut off by a street car, has just been paid $20,000 damages after a legal fight of three years, with several trials. It is the largest verdict for personal damages ever sustained in Philadelphia, and seems to indicate that a newsboy's leg counts as high there as the biggest limb in the city. It was lucky for the boy that it was not his head that was cut off, as the valuation then would not have exceeded two or three thousand dollars.

IT IS stated that nearly 400,000 of the people of New York city last Sunday went out to some of the suburban points or upon the water. That is probably more than were found at the churches. The suggestion is made that floating bethels be towed around with preachers on board to reach these pleasure seekers. As the president has stimulated the Sunday on the water fashion, perhaps he could set an example of such clerical attachment. A chaplain with each party might diffuse a little religious atmosphere and aid in solving the Sunday question.

RATHER a queer case was lately decided in a New York court. A sick man sent for a homeopathic doctor because he believed in that line of medication. The doctor for some reason gave only allopathic prescriptions, and the man survived in good shape, but he refused to pay the doctor because he had not dosed him according to the Hahnemann school. The court decided that the man was right, and he need not pay the bill. It was not material as to the value of the medication. If the man ordered homeopathy he could not be made to pay for allopathy.

HOMES FOR THE DEAD.

The best method for disposing of the dead is becoming more and more a serious question with the large cities. Sanitary science has long proclaimed against our ancient custom of committing our dead to mother earth and leaving to nature the process of resolving the complex compounds constituting the human body to the simpler ones. It is claimed that these processes of organic decay are in the highest degree dangerous to the health of the living, for no dead body is placed in the soil without polluting the earth, the air and the water above and about it; and where a number of dead bodies are congregated, the consequent infection of the air, the water and the soil will be correspondingly greater and more far-reaching. This condition of things is literally realized in all large cities and towns where cemeteries crowded with putrefying human bodies, once in the suburbs, have been gradually encroached upon by the natural growth of the population, so that in many cases they have been surrounded by habitations. A glance at the statistics of mortality in some of the larger cities will show the dangerous extent of the graveyard evil. In New York, for example, 50,000 bodies are consigned to the earth each year. Philadelphia buries 20,000 of her people annually, and other cities in about the same proportion. Referring back to New York, and allowing for each body a weight of 100 pounds, we find an annual contribution of 5,000,000 pounds of putrefying animal matter to poison the air and contaminate the soil and water of that city. This looks to be a monumental disregard of hygienic laws, and yet in this respect New York is neither better nor worse than the hundreds of other cities and towns in this country.

Heretofore the only substitute that has been proposed for the cemetery is the crematory. But there is a sentimental objection to the use of the crematory too strong to be overcome by the pleadings of the sanitarians. Although our dead have gone from us their memory is too dear to tolerate a method of disposing of their remains which has the least semblance of barbarism. There is no question but that the cremation of the human body after death completely does away with the objections that have been made against earth burial. It is rapid, certain, cleanly, effecting in a few minutes the volatilization of the soft parts of the body, and leaving nothing behind to taint the air, pollute the soil or contaminate the water. But to the average mind the idea of consuming our dead with fire is so abhorrent that it can never be made popular. But independent of the purely sentimental objections to the crematory process, there is a real, rational objection, which from the medico-legal standpoint makes cremation unadvisable. The opportunity it affords for concealing crime is too great. The crematory furnace stands to the murderer in the relation of accessory after the fact. The complete destruction of the body would destroy the evidence of such crimes as secret poisoning, criminal assault and malpractice, and if the crematory were brought into general use it would doubtless be a strong temptation to the commission of many of the most dangerous crimes.

But recently there has been another suggestion of a new and rational method of disposing of the dead which shall render them harmless to the living and yet preserve the sanctity which should surround the act of putting them from our sight. The new scheme is so thoroughly in accord with our ideas of the proprieties of civilized life, and appeals so strongly to that sentiment which will not tolerate any burial method that does not deal tenderly with the sorrows of the bereaved, we would not be surprised to see it adopted. The new procedure is a process of desiccation, carried out with all the aids of modern scientific methods, by which the putrefaction of the body, with all its attendant revolting changes, is effectually arrested by the abstraction of its moisture, preserving the form and features indefinitely. The new method involves the placing of a corpse in a sepulcher, which is then hermetically sealed, and forcing a continuous current of dry air over and around it until complete desiccation is effected.

The desiccation scheme has been investigated by a commission of experts including such celebrities as Dr. CHARLES INSLEE PARDEE, Dr. GARNETT, Prof. WITTHAUS, Dr. EGBERT GUERNSEY, and Dr. A. N. BELL, editor of the Sanitarian, who report that it is both feasible and desirable. They say that such a current of air stays corruption, and that it will carry away in vaporized form all the gases and fluids of the body, and desiccates the solid parts until they become innocuous and inoffensive to sight and smell; that this is accomplished without material discoloration of the skin or shrinkage of the face; that the features will be readily recognizable, and may be expected to remain so for an indefinite length of time.

So favorably has the new method been received that companies have been formed and plans have been prepared for building mausoleums in New York, Washington, New Orleans and some other cities. A late number of the Manufacturer and Builder gives a description of the plans for the New York mausoleum, which will give the GLOBE readers some idea of the advantages of the new method. In place of a tomb to contain a single body, or the bodies of a single family, a massive building of splendid proportions and architecture is contemplated. The plans of the New York building show a frontage of 350 feet, an average depth of 100 feet, and a hight of five stories above ground and two below. The building is to afford room for 40,000 caskets, to be placed in separate sepulchers arranged in tiers of six on each floor, or in family compartments; and every one of these to be as accessible, as convenient, and as capable of ornamentation as like space in a private mausoleum. As soon as a casket is placed in one of these sepulchers, an inner door of glass is closed and sealed. Conduits to the subcellar, where a furnace is located, are opened, and a current of dry air is forced through the casket space, and the current therefrom is conducted to the furnace, where it is purified before it is discharged into the atmosphere. The building is to be a monolithic structure without seams or joints, concrete being used in the construction of every part of the building. For ornamentation the walls within and without this artificial rock will be faced with marble, granite, and other durable stone. The purpose is to make it a splendid and beautiful home for the dead. There will be warmth, good light, good ventilation, without odor of decay or suggestion of death. No grave robber will enter there, and those who sleep in this Affection's memorial will not be exposed to the pitiless storms that beat upon the resting places of the dead who now lie in unprotected cemeteries. Premature interment is to be made impossible by placing electric indicators in each casket, so that the slightest movement of a body would summon an attendant for instant relief and rescue.

SUMMER OUTING.

It requires practice and discipline to go out to the lakes and camp and fish and get the real juice out of the thing. A party of visitors to the Twin Cities from the lakeless regions of the South, a week or so ago, came up buoyant with the theory that the most merry and satisfactory week of their earthly career was to be bounded by their coming and going to the umbrageous shades of White Bear lake. It was their first experience at camping. They had tents and some wagon loads of equipments and commissary stores, and in their joyous caravan the gleeful bird in the heart tuned up for a seven days' song. Aside from a shower or two that should but give the needed variations, the weather was Arcadian, Italian, or perfect. But the gush of enthusiasm flowed too rapidly. It was exhausted just as the current of felicity should have got under good headway. One day started demoralization and desertion, and the second night the folded tent had disappeared, and the lacustrine dream of life in the white bosom of the canvas was a confused and weary memory of disgust. They had simply not learned how to find enjoyment in that way. Others spend weeks by the still waters in tents and find it satisfactory, and not at all detrimental to the physical or mental economy. Still, if it were unfashionable to find rest, recreation and enjoyment out at the water sides, the average citizen would get more comfort and vigor out of a morning, and at times evening bath, and a star-gazing loll in the hammock, free from the exertion to find rest and enjoyment at the lakes. There have been very few days this summer when the unfashionable individual could not find as much comfort in St. Paul as at any resort about.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

The natural disposition is to laugh at the idea that there is anything in the experiments of BROWN-SEQUARD in the way of infusing new vitality into the system by means of his little syringe. It has been mentioned that his inspiring mixture is a preparation from the tissues of young animals which he injects under the cuticle of old persons, which is said to have had a wonderful rejuvenating effect when the eminent and aged doctor tried it upon himself. It is now reported that another French scientist experimented with three paupers ranging in age from fifty-four to sixty-eight, who were ignorant of the object sought. His statement is that these tests show a remarkable result, the men feeling as if they had renewed their youth and resumed the vigor of life. The apparent absurdity of the claim may not show that one of the most eminent and learned specialists of the world is a victim of delusion. There are several almost as remarkable things that were met with incredulity, but it is as well to wait for further demonstration before discarding other means of prolonging life.

NICARAGUA CANAL.

Work is evidently progressing on the Nicaragua canal, though not with full force if less than a thousand men are employed. The difficulty with Costa Rica does not appear serious, and will be amicably adjusted, it is asserted. There is little apprehension that the efforts to prosecute the work on the Panama canal will be successful, although some sort of government countenance seems to be claimed in France. It is quite certain that both of the canals will not be completed, as one will be ample for all the traffic, and it would be a waste of capital to operate two. If the Panama one were completed it would have some geographical and commercial advantage, but it would be under foreign control, and the political interests of this country are strongly with Nicaragua.

HERE AND THERE.

Dr. DAY is earning his salary as court house commissioner. It is worth $3,500 a year to get the "roasts" that he does. Now everybody is growling because the hands on the new clock are not some color that would be distinguishable ten feet away. They should have been either black or red.

* * *

The LIPPINCOTTS have issued a handsomely printed and bound volume containing a poem written by a Minnesota girl. The poem is entitled "Nondescript, or the Passionate Recluse," and the author is Miss MARTHA EILEEN HOLLOHAN, of Wabasha, whose contributions have frequently graced the GLOBE. There will be a review of the book later.

* * *

Dr. TALMAGE does not believe in working for starvation wages. He gets $500 for each lecture he delivers on his present tour.

* * *

It costs the British government an immense sum to marry off a member of the roya family. When President CLEVELAND was married he paid his own wedding expenses out of a salary that is less than the keeper of the queen's hounds receives.

* * *

Eau Claire has a young lady who is said to rival PATTI as a singer. A St. Paul lady who recently heard Miss FRENCH is of the opinion that the quality of her voice surpasses that of the famous diva.

* * *

The men who lynched KATE MAXWELL, the cattle queen, are said to be the most prominent citizens of Wyoming. If Wyoming has an ambition to become a state in the Union her chances will be very much improved by hanging some of her most prominent citizens. A country whose prominent citizens indulge in the pastime of lynching women can hardly be said to have a republican form of government.

* * *

Maj. NEWSON denies the soft impeachment that he spoke forty minutes at the Ryan banquet Friday night. The major is the CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW of Minnesota, and never talks over fifteen minutes in an after-dinner speech.

* * *

SUNSET COX is still catching trout in the Yellowstone. He has become an expert angler, and the fish stories that he will tell in Washington next winter will be among the marvels of our national progress.

* * *

The Earl of Fife, who was married to the daughter of the Prince of Wales yesterday, served notice on Queen VICTORIA in advance of the nuptials that he intended to remain at the head of his own family. He seemed to think that he might stand a mother-in-law, but the thought of a grandmother-in-law paralyzed his Scotch nerves.

* * *

A Keokuk paper announces that IGNATIUS DONNELLY is going to quit Minnesota and take up his abode in Chicago, where the people appreciate BACON. It is a false alarm. The intellectual inhabitants of Mr. DONNELL'YS state will not consent to the transfer. Rather than that, we will make a bonfire of our Shakespeares and make the reading of "The Great Cryptogram" a part of our devotional services.

MAY BE YOU'VE NOTICED.

I caught a string of beauties
Up on the North Fork to-day,
The finest trout that were e'er pulled out—
But the Biggest One Got Away!

And down in the mill-pond meadow
The boys that were making hay
With forks and rakes killed 3,000 snakes—
But the Biggest One Got Away!

And so I have heard of liars
Since Ananias' day;
There are just a few that receive their due—
But the Biggest One Gets Away!
—C. F. Lummis in Judge.

TOPICAL TALK.

The Electric Motor. Col. HAM DAVIDSON is a man of wonderful enterprise, or else he would never have brought that Prosser locomotive all the way up here from Chicago, just to let the people of St. Paul see what the Prosser locomotive couldn't do. The colonel must also be a man of great faith, or he could never have hoped to win the submission of our people to the use of steam motive power on the streets. Whenever and wherever we make a change in street transit we want it not only to be an improvement on the horse car, but we want it to be the best system now available. The choice lies between the cable system and some form of the electric motor. Both are yet in an experimental stage. The St. Paul cable system is a success now; but what will it be ten years hence, when our streets are as crowded as the Bowery or Park row in New York, is a question we have to consider. The application of electricity as a motive power is still in its infancy. There are reasons to believe that the storage battery system, which is now on trial, will be ultimately so developed and improved as to displace all other means of locomotion on tracks. There is a great objection to an electric motor which has to be operated by the use of overhead wires in the streets. Possibly the application of the current by underground wires would be just as successful, but that has to be determined yet. If the electric motor can be operated by underground wires, then, so far as interference with street surfaces is concerned, it is no greater than that involved in the laying and operating of cables.

The Chronic Grumblers. Maj. POSTLETHWAITE is probably right when he says that people who get into the habit of grumbling about hard times never know when to let up. "Times are not dull here in the Northwest," remarked the major during a pleasant chat we had in the Ryan hotel the other evening. "Our people got in the habit of complaining about the dullness of trade last winter, and they are just keeping it up from force of habit. Business is brisk here in the city, and it is brisk out through the country. The crop prospect is good enough, and I venture the prediction that there will be more money come into the Northwest this fall from the marketing of the aggregated crops than was realized last year or the year before. And, what is more, people abroad have confidence in the Northwest. The Northern Pacific is selling more farming land this year than at any time. The country west of us is filling up with settlers. In one county in Montana we have sold over 150 farms. If our people would realize that they are prospering, and be content with a moderate prosperity, and quit talking about dull times, we would be all right."

Humorists Are Born, Not Made. Professional humorists are seldom funny. That is, their humor is of such a strained quality that all the flavor evaporates during the straining process. GEORGE W. PECK, of "Bad Boy" notoriety, is an exception. He fires his humor the as cowboy does his rifle—off-hand—and as usually hits the mark. The charm of his "Bad Boy" sketches was their naturalness. He didn't have to create a bad boy out of his imagination. He took him just as he found him on the streets of Milwaukee, and wrote him up. I was impressed with MR. PECK'S native sense of humor during the half-day I spent at White Bear lake with him last Friday. He said funny things in such an unintentional way, and cracked jokes without the least evidence of premeditating a joke, I was forced to the conclusion that he is a born humorist. And then, his speech at the Ryan banquet Friday night was another fair illustration of this truth. He hadn't time to prepare a speech, if he wanted to, and yet there was more genuine wit in that five-minutes' speech than one will find in forty books written by the so-called professional humorists.

The Preacher of the People. That Dr. DE WITT TALMAGE has lost none of his popularity with the masses was amply demonstrated by the crowds who flocked to hear him during his recent visit to this city. It has been frequently said in regard to his preaching and his ability in delivering interesting lectures, that his is "a gift which God only gives." I am disposed to question the proposition that he is singularly gifted above his fellow ministers, but am rather inclined to think that his success and popularity are due to the exceptional manner in which he has improved the gift that God has given to all of His ministry. If there were more of the abandon that TALMAGE adopts in the pulpit, there would be more popular preachers. He has had the good sense to see that the ministry wants spirit, freshness, enthusiasm, life, onwardness, to secure success, just as other callings do. TALMAGE'S gift is possessed in a degree by every other preacher; but the difference is, the others do not, or will not, improve the gift. There is too much stilted dignity and an air of "I am holier than thou" in the pulpit. Such a partition wall as some preachers build between themselves and their flocks would keep the saintliest out of heaven.

New Evolution Doctrine. The doctrine of evolution is being improved upon. ALFRED WALLACE, whose new work on evolution is attracting as much attention as DARWIN'S formerly did, denies that man was evolved from the monkey, but on the contrary asserts that man and monkey both came from the same parent stem. They represent the two stages of development, one upward and the other downward, of the human species. He figures out that the prehistoric being who was the father of the human race, as well as of the monkey tribe, was a Chinaman. If the best that science can do is to force us to a choice between a monkey and a Chinaman for an ancestor, the world will prefer to stick to the old orthodox doctrine of man's origin. And, after all, it isn't so much a question with us as to whence we came as it is to know whither we are going.

SUNDAY CHATTER.

The camp meeting season is still in moderate activity, but it has not come up to the old standards in this goodly part of the general heritage. Other summer attractions have stolen much of their interest. The rustic schools of philosophy and modern thought have captured an element, and the spiritual enthusiasm that originally characterized these gatherings has small and infrequent evidence. A clerical clown like SAM JONES will draw as would a foot race between the preachers and sisters, but people go mainly for recreation and amusement. In this more secular channel there is useful scope. It does good to get out into the freshening life of the country and interview Nature in her most enlivening moods. She has impressive lessons to teach, and her communings have no rasp, and bring no theological vagrants into the spiritual tabernacle to desecrate and waste. But the preaching of the living oracle has uses also.

International Amity.

A good deal of friendship seems to be growing up between the royal families of England and the United States. Prince RUSSELL finds the latch string out at the palace, and President HARRISON gets time to write to his "great and good friend," Queen VICTORIA, congratulating her on the birth of a grandchild. He is a grandson and grandfather, and knows how it is himself. Having set in on this line, he cannot well stop without endangering good feeling between the countries, and it is likely to furnish him a good deal of employment. All the queen's daughters are married, although one is at present a widow. The three boys are heads of families, and the grandchildren are beginning to be married. There is a large assortment of them, and the prospect is that the president will need an additional typewriter if he congratulates the queen upon all accessions to her posterity. It is a prolific stock.

A Good Crop.

The wheat crop of the country was estimated at 504,000,000 bushels in 1882, and about 513,000,000 in 1884, the latter the largest yield the country has yet had. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat thinks that, after all allowances for damages in the Northwest, the total this year will not fall below 500,000,000 bushels. To the man who has in prospect but a few hundred bushels in place of the thousands he counted on, it looks like a personal wrong to presume that there will not be such general shortage as to insure very much higher figures. It looks to him, too, like a fake of speculators that the aggregate product of the country will be from 75,000,000 to 85,000,000 bushels larger than last year; but that is about the way it is being put. The harvest has progressed far enough to leave little room for doubt that there is a considerably increased total from last year.

A Lover's Extravagance.

In a recent breach of promise case in Florida the letters of the lover were read in court, and the extravagance of some of the professions, while not entirely without precedent, indicate an inflamed state of the mind that also has been noted even in less ardent latitudes, but is always embarrassing. In a postscript he contracted to deliver to her at their first meeting 100,000,000,000,000 kisses. A little computation with his pencil would show that, however prolonged the interview of the lovers, the task assigned would be beyond labial or physical capacity. If ADAM had kept on repeating the initial kiss without rest for repairs until this time, he could not have reached the Florida figures, at the best time on record. Some exaggeration can be overlooked in amatory literature, but it is always well to have in view the sound of the statements in an open and unsympathetic court. Any reasonable girl would be satisfied with 1,000,000 kisses.

Exterminating Mosquitoes.

Mr. LAMBORN, a wealthy and philanthropic New York old gentlemen, who has a bald head, and who has suffered from mosquitoes and flies, has put $200 in the hands of a committee to pay for the best essay based upon experiments upon how to get rid of the mosquito. Mr. LAMBORN was camping in Minnesota some time ago when he noted that the dragon fly was a rampant devourer of mosquitoes, flies, and other insects. His idea now is to artificially breed the dragon fly, and perhaps spiders also, as another enemy of insects. He noticed a dragon fly take in thirty-six house flies, and still was eager for more. Some of the scientists seem to agree with him that it may be possible to exterminate noxious insects by artificial multiplication of their enemies. If he can provide a way to rid the country of mosquitoes and flies, he will remove an incentive to profanity and be voted a monument, if never built.

Family Bicycles.

The wheel has not only come to stay, but to take a growing place in the locomotive systems of the world. The impression some have had that it was of the ephemeral fads, like roller skating, or chewing gum by ladies, is dissipated. The rider of the tall wheel goes whizzing by, to the envy of the plodding pedestrian. So far, the more active and athletic male humanity has had pretty near a monopoly of the wheel; but it has possibilities, slowly evolving, that will make it a favorite with all ages and sexes. The obstacle in female attire is being becomingly obviated. In the form of a tricycle, the family is to be given cheap conveyance. The present need is a motive power in the shape of compressed air, stored electricity, soda, or some other cheap and convenient force. Something of this sort will come in time, and then every man will be able to give his family a run on the roads without dependence upon the autocratic and uncertain engine.

WHAT THE WITS ARE SAYING.

"You're a liar," said Pat, crawling out of a subway trench (into which he had fallen) and shaking his fist at the sign, which read: "Street Closed."—Epoch.

Salt is the sanitary policeman, it arrests decay.—Washington Critic.

A scientist writes a long article on the subject, "Why We Grow Bald." It seems to us easily answered. Baldness is due chiefly to a lack of sufficient hair to conceal it.—Merchant Traveller.

Jack—What is the matter, John?

John—I've got a cold in my head.

Jack—So you've got something there, have you?—Yankee Blade.

Street Urchin—Pies 'n cakes.

Hayseed—Pizen cakes? Good gracious, he must be one of them anarchist fellers.—Epoch.

"Why don't the Smiths of this country have a family reunion?" asks a correspondent. Yes, why don't they? The jam might kill some of them.—Rochester Post-Express.

Miss Prynne—I wonder why they always call ships "she?"

Mr. Flynne—Because they are all craft.—Terre Haute Express.

Said little Willie in his innocent prattle: "When I get to be a man I'm going to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. As soon as I do that I'm going to help papa reform politics." —Washington Critic.

Winks—Were you ever stage struck?

Blinks—Well, yes; you might call it that; I was knocked down by an omnibus once in New York.—Lowell Citizen.

Tinn—Neversmile isn't a true humorist.

Tagg—Why?

Tinn—Because, instead of using old jokes revamped, he is always inventing new ones.—Yankee Blade.

Extremes of heat or cold are equally fatal to mental activity, whether of writer or reader.—Milwaukee Journal.

A SATISFACTORY BALANCE.

A bachelor of forty he,
A man of culture, pride and wealth;
A maid of twenty summers she,
With sparkling eyes and glowing health.

He wooed, but not as others have,
With loving words more sweet than true;
He laid his bank book in her hand,
And merely turned to "Balance due."

She raised her eyes; his cause was won—
A maid of sterling sense was she.
He clasped her to his manly breast,
And now a married man is he.
—Lurana W. Sheldon in Puck.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

Three Rich Magnates. Three wise men sat on a bench in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue hotel, says the New York World—they had all lobbied in their time, no doubt—and stroked their mustaches (one didn't have any), and crossed their patent leathers and played with the jeweled seals of their watch chains, and talked stocks and railroads and horse races and, incidentally, the affairs of the great party of the people, affairs supposed to be in their hands for direction. The one furthest from the door was tall and wiry and sandy-mustached and nervous and fidgety; he is worth $15,000,000. He is a coal king and a railroad magnate and a horse-racer and a stock plunger. He is a Democratic leader—from the great Republican state of Pennsylvania. The little man next to him, with the bushy chestnut hair and closely trimmed reddish beard and sharp aquiline nose and restless brown eyes, is also a Democratic leader—from the great Republican state of Ohio, and more latterly from Wall street. He is worth a million and a half, and is a railroad magnate, and a stock plunger and a corporation lawyer. The third, nearest the door, was sharp-nosed and bright-eyed, like the other two, but, unlike them, had a smooth face. He was a little heavier in weight than they, and, like them, is a railroad magnate, a stock buyer and a coal and corporation promoter. But he isn't worth their millions yet awhile. These three great leaders in the people's fight against plutocracy were none others than those famous chieftains William L. Scott, Calvin S. Brice and Arthur P. Gorman. It is to be hoped they did not put up the price of coal at that meeting.

Best Time to Marry. It is the common idea that the best time to marry is when one wants to and can conveniently and comfortably. But there are some people who have more or less prudence about marrying, and some even have so much that they never marry. A writer in the Hospital, who dare not say whether he is married or not, attempts to tell women when they should marry. He addresses himself to what he calls the average civilized woman, and he advises her to marry at any age between twenty-four and thirty-six. It is not said that no woman shall marry earlier or later than either of these ages, but youth and health and vigor are ordinarily at their highest perfection between these two periods. Very early marriages are seldom desirable for girls, and that for many reasons. The brain is immature, the reason is feeble, and the character is unformed. The considerations which would prompt a girl to marry at seventeen would, in many cases, have very little weight with her at twenty-four. At seventeen she is a child, at twenty-four a woman. Where a girl has intelligent parents, the seven years between seventeen and twenty-four are the period when both mind and body are most amenable to wise discipline, and best repay the thought and toil devoted to their development. Before seventeen, but few girls have learned to understand what life is, what discipline is, what duty is. They cannot value what is best, either in the father's wisdom or in the mother's tenderness. When married at that childish period they are like young recruits taken fresh from the farm and workshop and carried off to a long campaign without any preliminary drill and training; or like a schoolboy removed from school to a curacy without being sent to the university or to a theological hall. Who can help grieving over a child-wife, especially if she have children, and a husband who is an inexperienced and possibly exacting boyman? The ardor of his love soon cools. The visionary bliss of his poetical imagination vanishes like the summer mist, there is nothing left but disappointment and wonder that what promised to be so beautiful and long a day should have clouded over almost before sunrise.

This seems to be sensible. It could be wished that it had appeared in some other place than the Hospital, but we must take things as we find them. We commend it to those civilized women who have reached the age of twenty-four and are not yet married, also to those who thirty-six and are still single.

Vanderbilt's Lemonade. The connoisseur who has for many years made Cornelius Vanderbilt's lemonades is E. G. Maleham, a familiar figure about the Grand Central depot, a big, florid-faced, sandy-browed man who looks as if he had a history and keeps a lunch room like a gentleman, says a New York writer. For a railroad lunch room this is saying a good deal. But the fact is that Mr. Maleham's cunning as a mixer has brought him into contact with a great many gentlemen who like what's good. "Cornelius, you know," said he, "is a church man, and doesn't drink much but lemonades. When in town I often make a midday lemonade for him, and frequently he stops in for one on his way home. He likes 'em strong and tolerably sweet, and with plenty of cracked ice in 'em." Lemonade is surely a safe and economical beverage for a man worth $75,000,000. President Depew sometimes has a bottle of claret sent in with his lunch, when he doesn't go home for it. William K. Vanderbilt rarely lunches at the Grand Central. Private Secretary Duval frequently has a mug of foaming ale with his lunch. The conductors and depot hands work the growler freely. From the top down none of them seem to think much about improving the discomforts of the dusty, red-hot sweatboxes given the commuters fo rears.

Only One Wife for the Khedive. The khedive of Egypt is the first potentate of Eastern lands, who, through his own life, gives hope for the future of the Eastern woman. His having but one wife, and allowing her privileges not accorded to most women of his nation, has influenced many of his subjects to follow the good example set by their ruler. In speaking to a friend, he said: "I saw in my father's harem the disadvantages of a plurality of wives and of having children by different wives, and I decided before I came to manhood that I would marry but one woman and would be true to her. I have done so and have had no reason to regret it."

These words of the khedive are verified by his wife, says a recent writer. His family life is a happy one, and he is much in love with his wife, and the khediveh is said to be one of the brightest women of Egypt. A lady friend of hers, who visits often at the royal harem, says that this queen of Egypt is both beautiful and accomplished. She gives receptions to ladies at her palace every Saturday. She speaks French very well, and she uses this language in her intercourse with foreigners. She is as sensible in her ways as her husband, and a few days ago at one of her little receptions at her country seat, near Cairo, one of the visitors expressed a desire to see the ostrich farm, which is near there. The queen proposed that the whole party go over and visit it, and this they did, walking through the fields and along the road the whole distance. She has her harem, or women servants, by scores. She is accompanied whenever she goes out to ride or drive by some of her numerous eunuchs, and she keeps up a big establishment separate from that of the king. When she sits down to dinner or breakfast it is not with the king, but with her own ladies. The king eats with his officers, according to Mohammedan etiquette, and his apartments, or the salamlik, are separate from hers. The khedive takes his wife with him wherever he goes. She does not usually travel on the same train, nor, if so, in the same car. She has stuck to the khedive through the stormiest times of the reign, and during the last war she refused to go on the English gunboats when invited to do so for safety. She is close in the councils of her husband, and it is said that he has great confidence in her judgment.

The Shah's Pretty Page. The shah is shocking the matrons and maids of England more and more every day. One would think that after an intimate knowledge of some of the incidents in the life of the Duke of Marlborough and a number of other high English potentates that the British maid and matron would be prepared to hear calmly almost anything of which lofty positioned were guilty. But it is not. No, Great Britain resents all weakness in morals on the part of potentates, and now her lofty dames are indignant with the shah for having as his attendant a young girl dressed in boy's clothing. The shah doesn't force this pretty creature upon his English entertainers, but treats her in company as a king would treat his page. She, poor little thing seems totally unconscious of the stony stare of the British matron, of having been educated in her Circassian home to think that the attendant of a shah was about the highest place an humble born young girl could attain. She hath a most modest and unassuming air and is charmingly pretty, with short dark curls, great gazelle eyes and a babyish face—the whole girl looking very much, one imagines, like Marie Jansen in the "Oolah."

When one considers the shah's penchant for wives he must be given credit for not bringing several hundred instead of one into the heart of English civilization, and the British matron has Allah to thank that she was not deluged with a whole haram of big-eyed, alluring damsels.

The shah, it is said, is going to give the Princess Louise something superb on her wedding day, something that will probably outshine all her other presents in beauty and costliness.

The funniest freak of this altogether queer foreigner is a desire for a volume of Browning's poems, expressed to the author himself. Did the shah do it from politeness or was there method in his madness? Did he really know about those poems and want them to give to the wives he wanted to kill, with the understanding that the present meant elucidation or death? If this was his design, the unfortunate victims are more to be pitied than Blue Beard's wives, who died by tickling. Browning himself even saw the joke of the request, and is getting up a gorgeous copy of his verses bound in red and gold for presentment to his shahship.

PUBLIC OPINION.

The false reports of Senator Washburn's pecuniary embarrassments are easily accounted for. Senatorships were never so costly as now, and people naturally supposed that the new senator had been forced to pay full rates.—Louisville Courier Journal (Dem.)

The greenbacks are here to stay, but the Greenbackers are gone with good old Peter Cooper, "glimmering through the gleam of things that were." The call for them to convene in Cincinnati, on furlough from the cemeteries, was not issued through Gabriel's trumpet, and will prove ineffectual.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch (Dem.)

It is alway a pleasure to note fine weather on Sunday, because fine weather on that day means thorough enjoyment of rest and recreation by thousands of workers who have no other day on which to go to the park or make short excursions to the country by steamboat or train. Good weather on Sunday ought to be an important factor in preserving public health.—Philadelphia Enquirer (Dem.)

The civil service law is an absurd thing, and Americans have got in a way of deriding it. Such cases as this at New Haven should serve to arouse a deeper feeling. This civil service law is nothing more than a ridiculous scarecrow and public laughing stock. It is a menace against the liberty of the citizen. It is an engine of oppression. It curtails the free choice and political freedom of its victims. It is a nuisance. Smash it!—New York Sun (Ind.)

Americans have a good deal to say about the lenient toadyism of British law and British magistrates to princes, dukes, earls and other members of the privileged classes when they violate the laws. But in this country, if a brute like Sullivan is only a big and eminent brute, he can indulge in street brawls, saloon fights, wife-beating, newsboy pounding and never be punished for it. Had Sullivan been an ordinary ruffian the chances are that the Nashville magistrate would not have been so lenient. —Detroit Journal (Rep.)

ALL SORTS.

The modesty of the Empress of Russia is so great that she constantly carries a large fan with which to screen her face from the gaze of the rude and staring multitude.

Mother (reading)—A machine has been invented that will fling a man 1,500 feet into the air. Pretty Daughter—Horrors! Don't let pa hear of it.—New York Weekly.

Oh, That He Were a Mouse: Mrs. Jason—What a poor-spirited creature you are, Jehel. I wish you would be either a man or a mouse. Mr. Jason—I wish I was a mouse. I'd make you climb the bedpost in a minute.—Terre Haute Express.

A Serious Mistake—"Mr. Maycup, this is terrible!" exclaimed the editor, as he rushed into the composing room, paper in hand. "What is it?" "You have put an item about the Rev. Dr. Thirdly under the head of 'Local Anæsthetics.'"—Puck.

Bootblack No. 1—What's der matter wid yer, Skinny? Ain't made a nickel all day! Bootblack No. 2 (with emotion)—I tell yer, Blinky, the biz is knocked out wid dem russet shoes. I'se got to shine wid yaller paint, er else go to a conwent er be a nun er something. —Pittsburg Bulletin.

Mr. Swallowtail—"Sir, I come to confess a great wrong I was about to do you, and to beg your pardon. I was about to elope with your eldest daughter." Papa Comeagain—"What was the difficulty, my dear fellow? Didn't have enough money? Let me lend you a couple of hundred."—Chicago Herald.

A Forced Compliment: Irate Citizen —Who wrote that article about me in to-day's paper? Managing Editor—Our horse editor — the gentleman sitting there in the corner with the bulldog in his lap and the double chin on his biceps. Citizen—Shake, sir! You have a thundering good style.—Burlington Free Press.

"Waste vs. Waste: "Laura," said the young lady's moth r, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you had the gas turned rather low last evening." "It was solely for economy, mamma," answered the maiden. "There is no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure." "Well, that lessens the waist, doesn't it mamma dear?" replied the artless girl. And her fond parent could find no more to say.—Terre Haute Express.

WOMAN'S CAREER.

She was a fair graduate, enrobed in spotless white,
And on her youthful features shone a look of holy light.
She bent with grace her dainty head to receive the ribbon blue,
Whence hung the silver medal, adjudged to be her due
I watched her face with rapture as she raised to heaven her eyes,
And moved her lips in prayer as her fingers clasped the prize.
For I knew to education she had pledged her coming days,
To unclasp poor woman's fetters and free her from man's ways.

Time passed. Our pathways parted, but ever and anon
My thoughts would stray toward her, and I'd speculate upon
What my graduate was doing, if athwart the scroll of fame,
Among unselfish workers, had been written high her name.
At last I chanced to meet her, but her books were pushed aside,
While around a dainty garment she sewed the lace with pride,
And at her feet her baby, dimpled, happy, crowing youth,
Upon that silver medal was cutting his first tooth.

—Life.

FORMING A LIBRARY.

Some of the Books Which Should Be in Every Family's Collection.

Here is the advice which Emily S. Bouton, in the Toledo Blade, gives to the mother of a family who wants to know what books it would be best to purchase in order to make a good, solid foundation for a library:

You say you have a Bible, a dictionary, and Macaulay's "History of England." So far so good. Add to these first a good atlas and an encyclopedia. The former you can get for $4 or $5, and it is indispensable for intelligent reading. Among the school books you mention, there may perhaps be one that will answer present purposes. Chambers' encyclopedia will cost you $15 or $20; so will the People's. Then there is the Manifold encyclopedia, published by John B. Alden, New York, which you can subscribe for and pay for each volume—60 cents—as it comes. Fourteen have already been issued. The volumes are small, easily handled, and the information accurate and full enough for general readers.

Having these to begin with, then take up special departments of literature, and I shall give the names of the books or authors in the order in which you should buy them, and they are those recommended by the best authorities. First in history. You have Macaulay's "England," which, though written finely, is yet incomplete, Green's "History of the English people" would be better.

That gives something of the philosophy of the events narrated, and extends from the earliest times of England's existence down to the present. Next should come Bancroft's "History of the United States," which is a more expensive work, and yet one that should be in the library of every American citizen. "Guizot's History of Civilization" should have a place next, and follow this with his "History of France."

The first book of poetry to be placed in your library is a volume of Shakespeare. He was and is the world's great poet, and none are more quoted. Then Homer's "Illiad" and "Odyssey" should find a place, and after that, perhaps, some of the modern writers—Lowell, Whittier, Tennyson and Longfellow. Perhaps I ought to put next to Homer, Dante, Milton and Goethe, but of course those can come a little later.

The first books of essays which I should advise you to get are those of Emerson. Later on come Ruskin's, Carlyle's and Bacon's. Then for humorous works are those of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Dickens, Carvantes, Lowell, Nasby and Mark Twain. You will understand that I am not only giving you in each department a very few authors who should be first represented in your collection.

In fictions the writers whose works have become classical lead the list, such as Defoe, Goldsmith and Scott. Following you have Dickens, George Eliot, Bulwer, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Kingsley and Thackeray.

Coming to science for general reading you would do well to get the "International Scientific Series," published by the Appletons, of New York. They give brief but comprehensive surveys of subjects, sufficient for the general reader.

You might purchase some miscellaneous works in single volumes that would be excellent reading. Among good ones are Smiles' "Self Help," very valuable for young people; "Irving's Sketch Book," a model of graceful writing and full of information; Bacon's "New Atlantis;" Bellamy's "Looking Backward," a most suggestive study of social reform, given in the form of an interesting story; and "Morte D'Arthur," the stories of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, which form the woof of so many of the finest works in our literature.

ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Dubuque, Io., has a woman street car driver.

Lucas Silva, who was a doctor in the independence army of Bolivia, has reached his 129th year.

Mrs. Oliver, of Athens, Ga., is eighty-seven years of age, and she does not remember to have ever taken a drink of water.

Work baskets, on which is mounted "a real stuffed kitten," with ribbon about its neck, is a novelty for sale in Paris this season.

A Jefferson City, Mo., man manages to make a living by following up picnic parties and gathering up the empty bottles which they leave.

A wooden doll, with jointed arms and legs, was found in a sarcophagus, containing the skeleton of a young girl lately unearthed in Rome.

New York now manufacturers an imitation of every mineral water of any merit, and these are bottled, labeled and sent out as if coming from the different springs.

A French coin of the time of Louis XIV, was found in a cornfield at Marengo, Ind., a few days ago. It is supposed to have been there since the days when the French traded with the Indians.

A farmer near Parkersburg, W. Va., claims that one of his mules was scared to death by lightning. The lightning knocked down a shed under which the mule was standing, and the animal started to run and kept it up until it dropped down dead.

Bolivia has one of the most interesting exhibits at Paris. It is a practical and natural size model of a lead mine—a famous one—out of which many large fortunes have been made. The entrance to it is through a special pavilion, erected by the Bolivian government.

A Wheeling merchant recently received 10 cents by mail from a man in Montana, who said that he had owed him that sum for fourteen years. The merchant had forgotten the transaction, and it was only by going over his books that he remembered the man as one of his former customers.

There is an old man in Washington named Roger Evans, who claims to have polished the boots of every president since the time of Jackson. He has been obliged at times to resort to peculiar devices to accomplish his designs on the shoes of a new executive.

PASSING EVENTS.

The wife of the present viceroy of India is, like her predecessor, Lady Dufferin, an accomplished amateur photographer.

The largest number of wild beasts ever shipped on a single vessel from Hamburg, the great animal market, left there recently for the zoological garden of Buenos Ayres.

From Norway we hear of a curious telephonic experiment, where a physician, being a distance of 100 miles from home, talked to his dog, an English setter, through the telephone, the dog showing his understanding by a series of barks.

Thousands of Colorado beetles fell on the promenade of the Brooklyn bridge Monday, and were crushed beneath the feet of pedestrians. When the wind is right, the bridge policemen state, the beetles are blown over from the potato fields of Long Island in clouds.

Four bells from a Troy foundry that have been hung in the north tower of St. Patrick's cathedral, in New York, have been tested with good effect. They were hung 180 feet above the pavement, and their sound rang out full and clear above the rattle of the street.

RONDEL.

How kind fate was to us that night,
When down the lane moon veiled in white,
We walked upon the dewy grass,
A blissful twain with hearts so light,
I think we did not reckon quite
How kind fate was.

An envious ray sulked in your hair
And paled the gold it could not share;
One lock, loosed from the silvery mass
Blew half across a cheek so fair
I proved upon it, then and there,
How kind fate was!

Love duped us, sweet! Last year you wed
Another man, and I, instead
Of muttering oaths in bitter bass,
Sent silver spoons, and as I read
Your bridal cards, devoutly said
How kind fate was!

—Time.