THE WOMEN OF JAPAN

ARE POSSESSED OF AN EXCEEDINGLY MODEST IMMODESTY.

THE JAPANESE AND CHINESE.

In China a Woman Is a Slave and It's No Crime to Kill a Girl Baby--The Empress Has No Children, but Has Them Born by Proxy.

I will say reluctantly that there is no change in the status of women in China. This is because the Buddhist religion teaches that woman should simply be a slave to her husband. The state of child woman is so low in China that a mother prays that she may have no female The birth of a female child throws the whole family in the deepest grief. Not only is medicine given to kill the child, but when born it is often put out of the way, and a boy adopted in its place. The killing of a girl baby in China is a crime never punished. There is a Catholic fondling asylum in Canton with not a boy baby in it. Mothers bring their little girl babies and abandon them on the asylum steps, so says the London Times.

In Foochow I saw this sign on the banks of the Yuen-Fule river: "Do not drown female infants here."

This sign is read by 750,000 Foochowans, causing no blush and no comment.

"Why is this?" asks the loving American mother.

It is because in all heathen countries women and girls occupy low positions.

The Chinese boy succeeds his father. He alone inherits his father's property. It is the law and custom in China that a mother shall obey her eldest son; and when a Chinese girl marries she not only obeys her husband and son, but also her father-in-law. A Chinese father is allowed to kill a child for disobedience, and he often does so, and no law ever convicts him and custom honors him. If a child strikes his father, and that father does not kill him on the spot, then the authorities will take that child and not only consign it to an ignominious death, but to slow and awful torture. But if a boy should strike his mother, the father would look on with a sort of pride.

The Chinese mother is not educated. Few of them can read. It is common for Chinamen to have two or three wives. When you go to his house you do not see his wife. She does not come to his table. She is a servant.

I saw a poor fashionable woman's foot in the English hospital at Shanghai. When the doctor unwound it he found the ankle shriveled as thin as a chicken's drumstick. The skin was purple. The out toes were rolled under the foot, stunted and buried in the bottom of the foot, about the size of the second joint of a turkey—a chunk of withered flesh ending in one poor, puny toe. That foot represents the moral and intellectual status of the Chinese women of 1892.

Now compare with the sad state of the Chinese woman the evolution and advancement of the Japanese woman. Her civilization, language, written characters, literature and religion came from China. Thirty years ago Japanese women ranked with the Chinese women. The Mikado was worshiped unseen as a god. His wife was a myth. He was the sun in daily intercourse with Jehovah. He only spoke to the tycoon, the visible ruler, from behind a wall, while the tycoon, priests and nobles knelt to the floor.

Then men wore queues and shaved their heads. They worshiped Shinto and Buddha and ate no animal food. Mothers shaved their children's heads and their own eyebrows, painted their faces and rode horseback astride. Mothers bathed naked with husband, children and the neighbors; paradoxical simplicity was everywhere. Servants (musumes) in the country went naked in the summer.

"Bashfulness," says Rousseau, "came with civilization." The Japanese that Commodore Perry saw in 1854, when he landed at Yeddo, were as innocent as Eve. They did not know what shame was. As Sir Edwin Arnold says, "They were modest and yet immodest."

The women all greased their hair like Gypsies. They all smoked, and when get married, degrade themselves by painting their teeth black. Many girls of the lower classes had their arms and backs tattooed, and showed them proudly as marks of beauty.

Husbands could have as many wives, and could divorce any of them for disobedience to her husband's parents, barrenness, drunkenness, talkativeness, and could and did sell daughters and consign them to lives of shame.

In 1867 a great social and political change came to Japan. The young Mikado, so long shut up to commune with Jehovah in the old feudal castle of Kioto, came to years of discretion. Light struck all at once. He saw that Totugawa, the old Tycoon or Shogun, had usurped the rulership, and was running the country from his feudal castle in Tokio, surrounded by military Daimois. He deposed him in a day, and sent 20,000 Daimois to their plows or workshops or gave them new government positions. Their swords became plowshares, or were auctioned off in the curio shops of Tokio. With one stroke he declared himself "emperor, and his wife an empress—his equal."

The act freed every woman in Japan. Every wife in the emperor's court was declared equal to her husband. She could sue for divorce, ride in a carriage with her husband and appear at the court ball in full French costume, with low neck, short sleeves and a long train! When the emperor left feudalism behind him he rode into the old castle of the deposed Tycoon in an open brougham, dressed in a full general's uniform, and with his empress sitting proudly on his right hand, dressed in a costume from Worth's.

Even young husbands are sending their young wives to school. The craze to learn English is universal. The cooley will offer to work for an American for two pounds of rice a day if the American will occasionally talk to him.

Buddhism did not grant immortality to women. It made her allegiance to her husband stronger than her allegiance to morality.

This has all changed now with the educated Japanese. The emperor and empress have licensed Christianity, and the question has already come up in cabinet meetings as to whether Buddhism is harming or blessing Japan.

The emperor and empress have no children; but years ago they, in the old Japanese fashion, selected Mme. Yanaziwari, a court lady, as a wife by proxy, and she has borne the emperor a son, now called Prince Huro. He is now thirteen years old, looks like an American boy, and can be seen any day in the grounds of the Noble college jumping and romping with the other boys in the most domestic fashion.

DOES FREEZING KILL FISH?

An Experiment Which Shows Conclusively That it Does.

New Haven Register.

To test a mooted question, a number of live perch were recently secured and placed in water at the ice manufactory, and the water was put in the process of crystallization. It required about sixty hours to freeze a cake of ice, and during this time the fish were watched to ascertain the effect of the intense cold which surrounded them. They kept alive, and continued to swim in the water until their confines were so narrowed that they had no space in which to move.

The ice in its freezing process begins at the outside and freezes toward the center, so the space in which the fish had their liberty was gradually narrowed down until the fish were incased and the water around them froze, pinioning them tightly in its folds.

Each fish, when the cake was completed, was as natural as life, its fins and tail being spread as they were while in the act of swimming. The cake of ice containing the fish was placed on exhibition, and numerous bets involving several hundred dollars were made as to the outcome of the experiment. The cake was left intact for a day or so, and then was cut open and the fish taken out and placed in water. They were left for some time, and of the five fish which were originally put in the cake none of them exhibited a return to life so far as can be definitely determined except one, and whether this one was indeed alive is open to conjecture.

After being placed in water this one fish, it is asserted, moved from the position in which it was placed and assumed an entirely different position, which, it is believed, the fish made itself. However, as no one saw the movement, it is taken that the death of the remaining fish is proof positive that this one fish was also dead, and that the change of position was the result of something else than life in the fish.

TEXAS MUSTANG WINE.

Col. Snort Tries Its Efficacy Upon a Compositor.

Texas Siftings.

Unless a person is provided with a gutta percha epiglottis, swallowing one brand of Texas Mustang wine feels like a cat or a porcupine crawling down his throat. There is another brand that feels like pulling the same animals back by the tail. I'll put that wine aside for Carl Schurz when he calls next time

One of the saddest episodes of my life is connected with Texas mustang wine. When I was editor of the Crosby County Clarion and Farmer's Vindicator a farmer sent us a bottle and a written puff. The latter was to be inserted on the inside of the paper, and the former was to go on the inside of the editor.

As I was busy writing a scathing editorial about depredations of the grasshoppers I turned the puff and the wine over to "Blinky Pete," a pink-haired compositor. He had been eating green peaches for breakfast, and I kindly suggested to him that the wine might allay his internal complications. "Blinky" seized the bottle and flushed out his parched bronchial tubes until I could hear the elixir swashing about inside of him. Then he smacked his lips and proceeded to set up what he called the "slush."

Although he squirmed and grunted a little he managed to set up the first few lines with much difficulty, but when a peck of green peaches and a quart of Texas mustang wine are holding a caucus a large-sized gastric focus may be expected at any moment. It arrived on time with both feet. "Blinky" conversed while he set up the complimentary notice: "This native wine is an excellent tonic [if it wasn't sour enough to pucker the mouth of a cannon]. As it is the pure juice of the grape it can be recommended to invalids [and suicides]. It is also good for sacramental purposes."

"Blinky" quit setting type because he had to use his hands on his digester, while he dug his toe-nails into the floor and howled unprintable profanity. During a lull between the spasms he made unkind remarks about me, his benefactor and spiritual adviser, so to speak, and when I kindly bade him soak his blonde head he gathered a monkey-wrench and came at me like an infuriated tiger.

There was only one round. I ducked and soaked him in the neck, at the base of the ductus arteriosus, with an old kidney-cure electrotype, top of column, next to pure reading matter. Then we embraced on the European plan and down we went, with Col. Snort on top. While "Blinky" was trying to jam the monkey-wrench into my œsophagus I beat the devil's tattoo on his red head with the kidney-cure electrotype. "Blinky" wanted to yell "murder," but he couldn't because one of the galleys on the rack above us got pied, and my editorial on the "Duty of the Hour" fell in a leaden shower on the struggling gladiators. A stick full of the type dropped into "Blinky's" open conversational aperture and checked his flow of conversation.

The foreman thrust the roller between our faces, thus giving the affair an entirely different complexion, while another pate-faced printer dragged us off. "Blinky" was tenderly carried on a husk mattress to the hospital to cool off, which he did without regaining consciousness, peritonitis having set in. Between the elixir and my pied editorial utterances on the inside, and the external application of the kidney cure electrotype at the base of his ductus arteriosus, he crossed the dark river to rest under the trees on the other side. He sleeps in a shady dell in a quiet nook of the Crosby county cemetery.

THE FUNNY POSTMASTER.

He Has a Few Words on Sending Things by Mail.

New York Telegram.

A funny postmaster recently set to the postoffice department a new set of postoffice rules. They were:

A pair of onions will go for two scents.

Ink bottles must be corked when sent by mail.

It is unsafe to mail apple or fruit trees with the fruit on them.

Alligators over ten feet in length are not allowed to be transmitted by mail.

As all postmasters are expert linguists, the addresses may be written in Chinese or Choctaw.

Persons are compelled to lick their own postage stamp and envelopes; the postmaster cannot be compelled to do this.

Persons are earnestly requested not to send postal cards with money orders inclosed, as large sums are lost in that way.

John Smith gets his mail from 674,279 postoffices; hence a letter directed to "John Smith, United States," will reach him.

Ducks cannot be sent through the mail when alive. The quacking would disturb the slumbers of the clerk on the postal cars.

It is earnestly requested that lovers writing to their girls will please confine their gushing rhapsodies to the inside of the envelope.

Nitro-glycerine must be forwarded at the risk of the sender. It it should blow up in the postmaster's hand he cannot be held responsible.

When watches are sent through the mail, if the sender will put a notice on the outside, the postmasters will wind and keep in running order.

When you send a money order in a letter always write full and explicit directions in the same letter, so that any person getting the letter can draw the money.

When letters are received bearing no directions, the persons for whom they are intended will please signify the fact to the postmaster that they may at once be forwarded.

The placing of stamps upside down on letters is prohibited. Several postmasters have recently been seriously injured while trying to stand on their heads to cancel stamps placed in this manner.

World's Fair Excursions.

The Chicago, Burlington & Northern Railroad will sell tickets to Chicago and return at the rate of $13.75 for the round trip, on the following dates: July 17, good to return July 21 or 28; July 24, good to return July 28 or Aug. 4; July 31, good to return Aug. 4 or 11; Aug. 7, good to return Aug. 11 or 18. For tickets and further information apply at City Ticket Office, 400 Robert street, Hotel Ryan.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed;
The meals to get for the men in the field,
The children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned:
All to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily, as she said:
"If maidens but knew what good wives know
They would be in no haste to wed."

"Jennie, what think you I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said, and, coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek: "'Twas that you were the best
And dearest woman in town."

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was forgot, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light and her butter was sweet
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, we know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed."

—Building Association Record.

MUSINGS OF A MIRROR.

Chicago News.

Here I stand in this old shop, surrounded by all sorts of cast-off furniture. The carvings on my frame are etched in gray with the dust of many years, and the brilliancy of my face is partially gone, giving me an appearance anything but like the reflective beauty of my youthful days.

My owner's customers do not speak of me in entnusiastic praise, as they do of these old spinning wheels and grandfathers' clocks around me, for I am not old enough to be considered valuable as an "antique," and still my history may be as interesting as that of my fellow objects.

Away back in the years I stood in the boudoir of a beautiful maiden. Daily she looked into my face, and I in return scanned her closely, and saw that her sweet face was th truthful autward indication of a beautiful mind and true heart.

I watched her progress from girlhood to womanhood as one would note the gradual unfolding of a bud into the half-grown blossom. My Gladys was one of those magnetic creatnres who unconsciously attract every one with whom they come in contact; her friends were innumerable, and her girlhood passed with only happiness and freedom from care. It did not seem strange to me, knowing as I did the beauty and goodness of Gladys, that many lovers should come to woo her.

One May day, when all nature's creatures were awakening with new life, and trees and vines about the old home were donning new coats of green, she came to me, and as the beautiful eyes looked into my face I saw that something unusual had happened. Always bright and happy, Gladys was never more so than now; a tender light shone in her eyes. I saw her take from her bosom a letter, which she read slowly, and then pressed to her lips. "Ah!" I thought, "I have seen this experience come to other maidens, perhaps to mark the beginning of their greatest happiness, and again * * * Well, my prayer is that this dear girl may know love only as a blessing." As time passed my wish was most abundantly fulfilled. I could see the expression of perfect trust and content upon her face, and knew that her lover was in every way worthy of her.

That summer passed with a fleetness never before known by those happy lovers. From the window opposite which I stood I could see them, now strolling through the shady wood on the other side of the road, again on horseback, cantering along the shady bridle-paths; sometimes with a gay party of young friends, but more often those two alone. But, alas! there came a day when Trouble forced his unwelcome presence upon them and wove about them his threads of suspense and perplexity, until their meshes were so closely latticed there seemed to be no way out. Hope forsook them, and the happy light died out of her eyes.

War, cruel war, whose muttered threats we had long striven to forget, had at last began to execute his terrible promises. For months complications had been arising, and our once peaceful country was transferred into a woful state of dissension. Even in our quiet little village, so secluded from the noise and turmoil of the world, we began to hear mutterings of terrible things. Before we realized the terrible truth that war was upon us, mustering officers came and after a day or two left, bearing upon their rolls the names of our brightest and bravest men. Gladys' lover was among the number of loyal men who are willing, if necessary, to sacrifice all for their country's sake.

One gloomy day she came into her room, and as she passed me I saw that her eyes were heavy and tremulous with tears; the look of misery on her face I shall never forget. She seemed to be in the deepest despair. I knew at once that the day of sorrow had come—Gladys and her lover had parted—perhaps forever. "I would not have you otherwise than loyal, dear," she had said to him; "but it is agony—this struggle between our patriotism and our love for each other."

In his reply there seemed an effort to be hopeful.

"Sweetheart, I will surely return. Then think of our joy in a future together."

"I cannot believe it. My heart tells me that I shall never see you again," she sorrowfully replied.

His words of hope and comfort were of no avail, and with her heart crushed with haunting forebodings the last sad words of farewell were spoken, vows of eternal fidelity exchanged, and he was gone.

None but I knew of the nights of grief she passed in secret. How in utter hopelessness she would moan: "Oh, my heart is broken!" I often wished that I might lose my brightness so that I could not reflect her sad, sweet face and remind her of her trouble.

So often I have heard old people say to the young: "Now is your happy time. You will never be as free from trouble as you now are." What a mistake! Youth has its troubles, and they fall so heavily. Ripened years and their attendant experiences teach the lesson of resignation. Youth struggles to escape the learning.

I hoped so earnestly that Gladys might agfin be the happy girl of yore, and that even the memory of her grief might be effaced by the joyful return of her soldier lover.

Now and then cheering letters would come, and for a long time she seemed more like her old, happy self.

Oh, that I could blot from my memory that awful day when the news of a terrible battle reached us, and we read the names of our noblest men among the killed and wounded. The words spoken by Gladys, so sadly prophetic on that day of farewell, were realized. She would never again see her lover in this world. True, she might look upon his earthly body, but his soul and heart, plighted to her, she must not know again until in "the life to come."

They brought his poor wounded body home wrapped in the colors which he had so bravely defended, and in the village churchyard, where he and Gladys had so often strolled on the peaceful Sabbath, they buried him. After the first great wave of anguish had swept over her she seemed greatly changed. The radiance was gone forever from her face, but in its place was an expression of gentle resignation.

The thought of a day to come when she and her lover would be reunited in that happy land where death, that cruel separator of loving hearts, has no power to enter, was a sweet and comforting one. It was this belief that made her life worth the living, and heaven a more tangible, realistic thing than her former visionary idea of the hereafter.

Sorrow did not make Gladys selfish; her time was spent in devotion to others. How many weary, sick and poverty-stricken people were helped by her gentle words of encouragement, tender sympathy and substantial aid none will ever know but God. Often when weary with her labors of the day I would see her reading and musing over an old letter. I noticed that there were curious reddish stains upon the paper; then I knew that Gladys was living over in memory the happy and the sad times before this unfinished letter had reached her in the unexpected, sad way. They had found it on the bosom of her dead lover, and these last penciled words were words of undying affection for her.

Of later years I saw Gladys but rarely, for I had been removed to an attic chamber, where, for want of communication with the present and its happenings, I was left to ponder on the past. At last a day came when I was rudely awakened from my reverie, and I gradually realized that I was to leave the old home forever.

Then I was carried down stairs into the hall I remembered of having passed through when I was brought into the house years before—a handsome new mirror then and very ornamental. As the men were taking me out of the door I again saw my Gladys, and I rejoiced greatly, for I had feared I was never to see her again. In that fleeting glimpse of her I saw that her beautiful, tender eyes were still the same, but the dusky tresses I remembered so well were changed. Time had whitened them with a touch of his frosty fingers, but the change had only enhanced her beauty.

I thought I saw an expression of regret pass over her face. Was she thinking of the days of her youth and happiness, and how closely we had been associated in that glad time?

I love to think so and believe she was sad to see me taken away. Well, they brought me to this dusty shop. People as they pass me say: "What an old-fashioned mirror!" and do not hesitate to remind me that my days of usefulness are gone forever. But I do not mind it, for, homely and old though I am, I have been accorded a great privilege in my time, one not often bestowed upon these animate objects that pass me by so indifferently, and if bestown the privilege is not appreciated. I have upheld one of the rarest attributes of the human soul—constancy.

DREADED STOWAWAYS.

Tarantulas, Scorpions and Centipedes in Fruit Steamships.

New York Advertiser.

Those who loiter about the East river docks and other landings of steamships engaged in the Southern fruit trade and watch the gangs of workmen busily unloading the immense bunches of bananas, whose yellow luster is later to gladden many a household, are seldom aware of the danger these workmen are constantly in from various venomous and unwelcome stowaways frequently found hiding amidst the great bunches of tropical fruit. Scarcely a wagon load of the fruit is taken from a ship that some sort of deadly poisonous reptile, spider or insect is not hidden away beneath the layers. The animal life which takes free passage from foreign countries by storing itself away in the bunches of bananas would furnish food for an interesting volume on natural history.

So accustomed have the handlers of this fruit become to seeing big, hairy tarantulas crawl out of the bunches and up the legs of their trousers that they whisk them to the floor and step upon with no more concern than if they were harmless bugs or caterpillars, instead of the venomous insects that they are. The bite of a South American tarantula is in all cases poisonous, and in many instances deadly, yet their presence creates among banana handlers no more terror than if they were the most harmless of spiders.

They are more frequently found in bananas than any other reptiles, and they come from every place from which bananas are shipped. They are black and fuzzy, with long, hairy legs and little beadlike eyes, which twinkle and snap like electric sparks, and their very appearance would strike terror to the hearts of those who are not acoustomed to seeing them. As a rule the bodies of these little spiders are about the size of the end of a man's thumb, but sometimes a "Gulliver" crawls out into daylight, and he is immediately captured anp caged.

Those of the tarantulas which are not aroused by the jolting of the bunches in handling and keep in hiding are stowed away in the hot cellars of the dealers, where they become warmed up, and then crawl out and spend the remainder of their days in the cracks of the ripening rooms with the domestic rats and other small animals with which these cellars abound.

Snakes are not infrequently found coiled around the stalk of a bunch of bananas, and they are seldom killed. As a rule the variety is peculiar, and a ready market is always found where they can be disposed of at a reasonable price.

They rarely escape after the bananas have been lifted from the hold of a vessel. If the snake becomes curious when the air and light strike him and sticks his head out for a survey of the surroundings, he is immediately pounced upon and imprisoned. If he remains to be stowed away in the ripening room the heat invariably wakes him up, and he uncoils himself and crawls out.

MONKEY CURIOSITY.

The Animals Hold a Congress and Decide on the Inspection of a Sleeping Man.

T. Gasser, a civil engineer of Vienna, Austria, who for two or three years has been traveling constantly, told a San Francisco Examiner reporter of a curious experience he had with monkeys.

"A most singular thing befell me near Pardena, Ceylon," he said. "I had gone with a friend into the great botanical garden there. This is probably the greatest botanical garden in the world. You hear many compliments about one or two other gardens, but I believe none of them is so large or so entirely unique as this. In this great garden, oddly enough, there were many wild animals. As a rule they are not supposed to be savage, however.

"Well, one day it was extremely warm—hot, you may say, even for Ceylon. I at length became tired and stretched myself under some India rubber trees. My friend meantime left me, and I gazed for a time up through the leaves of the trees, catching a glint once in a while of the sun, till a relaxed and lazy feeling overcame me and I fell asleep. I must have slept an hour, when suddenly I was awakened by a queer, uncanny feeling and opened my eyes.

"Judge of my surprise when I saw perched upon my feet, body, and even upon my shoulders, a lot of little monkeys, while all about me and beaming down upon me from the trees were monkeys of all sizes and ages. It seemed to me there were myriads of them. I was frightened, for I knew these monkeys were wild, and in their wild state I did not know what so many of them might do.

"I gave one leg a twitch, however, and then the other, and bounded to my feet, throwing off all that were gambolling over and about me. In a second the monkeys vanished, and only peering from the tops of tall bamboo and rubber trees could I see any at all. Even these did not remain long. In a few minutes they were all gone. I was much alarmed, for the appearance of so many of them was entirely unexpected. It was a week before I got over my fright.

"It appears, however, that the queer animals had meant no harm to me. The congress had been called, and their examination of me as I lay upon the ground was merely out of curiosity to divine what kind of an object I was. I suppose if I had been addicted to intoxicants I might have received such a shock from the cloud of monkeys that I might never have recovered from it.

"As it was, I voted myself in luck, and vowed never to go to sleep again in a wild tropical forest, even if it were called a botanical garden."

CURIOUS CULPRITS.

The Church Fulminated It Anathemas Against Insect Pests.

Chicago Times.

History supplies many instances of curious culprits. Vermin have in all ages proved prolific devastators. It was the custom in mediæval times for sufferers by their depredations to have recourse to the church, which in due time fulminated anathemas against the culprits. The procedure in such cases resembled that in vogue in the ordinary legal tribunals. The plaintiff appointed counsel, the court accorded one to represent the defendants, and the ecclesiastical judge summed up and gave sentence.

Bartholomew de Chasseneux, a noted lawyer of the sixteenth century, was a great authority in this department of law and custom, being author of an exhaustive treatise on the subject, said to combine remarkable skill with vast erudition. He was also a successful advocate in these peculiar trials. On one occasion he was appointed counsel for the defense in a case where a hoard of rats were sued for devastations committed in the harvest fields of a large portion of the province of Burgundy. Chesseneux's defense in this important trial was considered very clever, although to modern ears it sounds like a tissue of nonsense.

He showed that the rats had not received formal notice, and obtained a pronouncement that the parsons of the afflicated parishes should announce an adjournment and summon the defendants to appear on a certain day. On the adjourned trial he complained that the delay accorded his clients had been too short to allow of their appearance in consequence of the road being infested with cats. He succeeded in obtaining a second adjournment, and finally no verdict was given. In early times there was a superstition that cocks laid eggs, and that from these eggs sprang basilisks, or horrible winged serpents. Gross relates that in 1474 an abandoned cock of that town was accused of having laid one of these eggs, and was tried, convicted and sentenced to death.

The culprit was delivered to the executioner, who burned it publicly, along with its eggs, in a place called Kohlenberger, amid a large concourse of people assembled to witness such ludicrous execution. Felix Malleolna relates that proceedings were instituted at Mayence in the thirteenth century against some offending mosquitoes, and states that the judges before whom these unwelcome insects were tried pronounced sentence of banishment against them. Snails were sentenced in a case at Macon in August, 1487, while in 1585 a plague of caterpillars suffered the penalites of excommunication.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

For Sale.

One fine brougham and T cart cheap. Address X 28, Globe.

Low Rates to the World's Fair!

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets from St. Paul to Chicago and return at $13.75 on July 17th, 24th, 31st, and Aug. 7th. These tickets will be good to return from Chicago on the fourth and eleventh days from date of sale, and will be good for passage in coaches and reclining chair cars. Don't miss this opportunity to see what can never be seen again under such favorable circumstances. City Ticket Office, 365 Robert street, corner Fifth.

DIED.

CONNERS—In St. Paul, Minn., Irene Conners died at their residence, 444 East Ninth street, daughter of J. W. and Alice Conners, aged four months and sixteen days. Funeral will take place from residence Tuesday, the 18th, 9 a. m. Friends invited.

DEPOT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, Washington, D. C., July 11, 1893.—Sealed Proposals, in triplicate, will be received at this office until 12 o'clock, noon, on Tuesday, August 15th, 1893, for the erection of a superintendent's lodge, of brick, at the Custer Battlefield, Montana, National Cemetery, in accordance with plans and specifications to be seen or had at this office and at the offices of Major J. M. Marshall, Quartermaster, Helena, Montana; the Post Quartermaster, Ft. Custer, Montana, and Major J. V. Furey, Chief Quartermaster, Saint Paul, Minnesota. Proposals will also be entertained for the construction of the lodge, of stone, on same plans. The Government reserves the right to reject any or all proposals. Envelopes containing proposals should be plainly marked "Proposals for Superintendent's Lodge," and addressed to George H. Weeks, Lt. Col. and Deputy Quartermaster General, U. S. A., Depot Quartermaster.

PROPOSALS.

THIEF RIVER FALLS, Minn., July 10, 1893. Sealed bids will be received by the Village Council of the Village of Thief River Falls, Polk County, Minn., until 12 o'clock noon of the 25th day of July, 1893, for the construction of water works, laying mains, building power house, furnishing water power pump, hook and ladder trucks, hose and hose carts, and all material complete, according to plans and specifications on file in the Recorder's office of Thief River Falls, Minn.; said work and material to be paid for in 5 per cent village bonds, maturing in ten years. The council reserves the right to reject any and all bids. ADAM ZEH, Recorder.

Proposals for Coal.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, AUDITOR'S Office, St. Paul, July 1, 1893.—Sealed proposals for supplying coal to the various state institutions for the year ending July 31, 1894, will be received at this office until 2 o'clock on the 1st day of August, 1893. Blanks, specifying kinds, quantities and places of delivery, and, as near as possible, the amounts required at specified dates, and giving terms of payment and other information, will be furnished on application. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

KNUTE NELSON, Governor;
A. BIERMANN, Auditor;
JOS. BOBLETER, Treasurer;
Fuel Commissioners of Minnesota