

HOME-MADE TRUNKS.

The Scheme of a Chicago Man to Beat the Railroads on Baggage.

A caller dropped into the Brightside flat and found Mr. and Mrs. Brightside, and their wise little terrier, "Ming," all assembled in the kitchen. Mr. Brightside was busy boring holes with an auger in the end of a good-sized packing box, while Mrs. Brightside and the dog, seated side by side on the floor, regarded him with intense, though possibly hypocritical, admiration. Near by stood another packing box with four holes in each end, through which loops of strong rope had been so fastened as to make good serviceable handles.

"This is about the greatest crisis of my life," observed Mr. Brightside. "How do you suppose I got that rope in without opening the box? Just figure on it now."

As the caller belongs to the sex which has never produced a great epic poem, discovered a continent, or voted for the Governor of Illinois, she gave up the problem with a cheerful meekness born of centuries of acknowledged incapacity. Mr. Brightside having finished boring, produced a bent wire and a piece of string, one end of which was fastened to a few feet of rope. With the wire he proceeded to insert the string into one hole and wiggle it out at another. By means of the string the rope was then towed into position, the whole process ending triumphantly in another pair of handles.

"But what are you doing it for?" "He's making trunks," explained Mrs. Brightside. "It's his latest speciality." "The only trouble with me," said Mr. Brightside, with apparent irrelevance, "is that I'm lazy."

"But what on the top of the prairie are you making trunks out of packing boxes for? Cui bono, you know."

"To save freight. I'm sending them to a friend in Wisconsin, you see. I've got some other friends starting out there tonight, and if these things have handles on them they can take them as baggage. Otherwise the railway company won't let them. Can your female mind assimilate that fact? Taking it by and large," he added modestly, "it's a beautiful piece of work."

The caller joined the intent audience on the floor, and contemplated Mr. Brightside with wonder, love and praise. It was pleasing to find any one clever enough to get ahead of a railroad company.—Ex.

SERUM FOR SNAKE BITE.

Rabbits Rendered Immune Against Ten Times a Fatal Dose of Poison.

New York Evening Post: Some interesting experiments have recently been made with regard to the venom of reptiles. A mixture of the venom of three snakes whose poison was considered most deadly was employed and different doses were given to rabbits. One of these animals received by injection into a vein of the ear five times the amount usually considered fatal and died in the course of twenty minutes. In the meantime Dr. Chalmette, the investigator of these phenomena, injected two cubic centimeters of serum into two rabbits and in a few moments gave them the same dose that had proved fatal to the first. The serum protected the animals perfectly, and there was not the slightest trace of the action of the poison to be observed. Two new rabbits were then used, one of which was inoculated with the serum. Ten times the fatal dose was given, with the result of killing, within three minutes, the rabbit which had not been rendered immune by the serum, while the other was in no way affected. Professor Chalmette has stated that the results of the action of reptile poison could be calculated with considerable precision. Knowing the weight of the person or animal, it was possible to state how much poison would destroy and how much serum would save life. The serum is now being sent to India, and it has been found to be stable in quality and able to last any length of time.

One Thing That Does Not Change.

It is said that cow-bells are produced in only four factories in the United States and are made just the same as they were 100 years ago and sound the same.

IN FRENCH EYES.

American Women Have Good Taste, but No Originality.

I have had an interesting conversation with my hairdresser about the characteristics of the ladies of the many nationalities on whom he operates, says a writer in London Truth. The American, though so fully emancipated, has, he thinks, no originality. She assimilates everything and originates nothing. In Paris—and, for that matter, in New York—her get-up is exactly modeled on that of the Parisienne. When guided by a model she has taste. But she is dependent upon a model. Her quickness and sharpness in selecting merchandise are to be noted. The Englishwoman is fond of simplicity—too fond, perhaps. She timidly follows the Parisienne in her coiffures and pays well and cheerfully. She is always afraid of what is suggested "not suiting her" and has no idea what does suit her. She is not hard to please, yet at bottom she is never thoroughly satisfied because uncertain whether her head is dressed exactly as it should be.

The Russian lady is the most tasteless woman alive. She is helpless in the hands of her hairdresser and has no suggestions to offer. It may be that her national headdress has prevented her taste running on the coiffure. The Russian lady has soft, quiet manners, but scans bills with a suspicious eye. The Italian lady is a bad payer, hard to please, stingy, and never more than half satisfied with a Parisian coiffure. She will write from Italy for a dozen imitation tortoise-shell hairpins costing 3 sous apiece. She had them at that price in Paris and does not calculate the loss of time, and money too, that is incurred in sending them by a well-paid assistant to the district post office. He may have to stand there half an hour before his turn comes in the waiting cue. Five francs for the ballroom coiffure is not thought too much to ask for a chance customer. An Italian lady will protest against it as though she had fallen into the hands of thieves who wanted to rob her. The Roumanian ladies are the sweetest and most tasteful in Europe. Their manners are, perhaps, better than those of the best Parisiennes. They have in youth splendid hair and know how to dress it or how the coiffure should arrange it. It is a pleasure to receive their hints. Somehow they manage to pay their bills regularly. The hereditary princess is a customer of my coiffure. He can show a charming letter from her to say that all the things he sent her were exactly what she wanted. Her payments are made by return of post. This is less usual in her class than might be imagined.

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Feeding Our Enemies.

When before did any nation ever obey the command, "If thine enemy is hungered, feed him," as the American nation has done in this present year of grace 1898?—Hartford Courant.

Mary E. Wilkins' Home Life.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is the fortunate possessor of the treasury with which the romantic novelist adorns his heroines—a wealth of beautiful golden hair, and it is of the real yellow golden hue which one seldom sees growing naturally on a woman's head. The distinguished novelist is very tiny in figure, and very shy and modest in manner. She cares little for the applause of the world; indeed, she seems hardly to know what to do with the fame that she has won. At a little distance one would take her for a shy and sensitive child who begs that she may not be pointed out to public notice, rather than for the successful authoress whose work is ranked by critics among the best of the century. Miss Wilkins was a student at Mount Holyoke college, and her home is in a small town in eastern Massachusetts, not far from Boston.

BRAVE SON OF GEN. GOMEZ.

He Is Skillful With the Machete and Very Anxious to Fight.

New York Journal: Among the Cuban volunteers gathered in the barracks at West Tampa under the command of General Emilio Nunez is a slight, though very muscular lad of 16 years, whose skillful wielding of the machete would convince the most casual observer that he came from a family of fight.

A query secures the information that the youngster is Antonio Gomez, son of the insurgent general of that name, whose active operations in the western provinces of the island have served so much to keep the war raging. Young Gomez was born and lived for many years in Honduras. Before war was declared he was attending an agricultural college near Jacksonville, Fla. His brother Francisco was killed with General Maceo when the latter was surprised by the Spaniards. For months Antonio has been trying to reach his father. The youngster is well drilled in the use of arms, performing some astonishing movements with his machete. His skill in clipping into particular shapes cards tossed in the air has attracted many officers of the regulars to the Cuban camp.

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Secrets in Chinese Sweets.

The Chinese are said to possess secrets in preparation of sweets that astonish our most accomplished confectioners. They know how to remove the pulp from oranges and substitute various jellies. The closest examination fails to reveal any opening or incision in the skin of the fruit. They perform the same feat with eggs. The shells are apparently as intact as when the eggs were newly laid, but upon breaking and opening them the contents consist of nuts and sweetmeats.

Not Good Enough for Her.

"Did you hear about Samuels?" asked Mrs. Graymare's husband. "No; I didn't hear about Samuels," the lady answered. "When you have anything to tell, why don't you tell it?" "Yes, dear. Well, Samuels was going home the other night, when a footpad shot at him and the ball hit a latchkey in Samuels' vest pocket and his life was saved. So you see what good a latchkey is." "Indeed! If Samuels had been going home at a reasonable hour he wouldn't have met any footpad. Secondly, he carries 2,000 pounds insurance, payable to his wife, and if it had not been for that key she would be a rich widow now. So if you are hunting around for a latchkey, you will have to bring home some better story than that one. That's all. I'm going to bed now, and out goes the gas in two ticks. Latchkey, indeed!"—Pick-Me-Up.

The Great Rock Island Route is placing Interchangeable Mileage Books on sale at all coupon offices west of Missouri river. These books are good on 37 different railroads and will be a great advantage to commercial men and travelers. The net rate is 2 1/2 c per mile in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

Stuck-Up Thing.

No woman who drives up in front of a store in her buggy and compels clerks to come out is popular, though she may be only 16 and have dimples and money.—Atchison Globe.

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