

## THE LEWISTON TELLER.

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LEWISTON, IDAHO.

IMAGINATION, whatever may be said to the contrary, will always hold a place in history, as truth does in romance. Has not romance been penned with history in view?

THERE is nothing which this age from whatever standpoint we survey it needs more, physically, intellectually and morally, than thorough ventilation.

THE contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm, but posterity never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence; that of the future is incorrupt.

A LOVE of good may be cultivated to almost any extent where the original foundation of an unselfish nature exists. A passionate ideal of excellence can so fill the mind that no pleasure is felt in anything but in strong persistent efforts to realize it.

It is regretted that many judges are not of the same sterling quality, to deny the ignorant and base the sacred franchise of citizenship. The amendment of the naturalization laws, to require the alien applicant to satisfy the court that he understands the constitution and knows to what he makes oath, and to make this obligatory on the part of the court, is the much needed, essential want in protection to citizens.

It is comforting to know upon the authority of Sir Joseph Fayrer, the eminent English physician and scientist, that preventative medicine has made great progress in this century and promises, if it cannot exterminate zymotic disease, it can make the soil upon which its seed is sown so inhospitable as to render it sterile. Roughly speaking, it has been ascertained that of all the mortality in civilized communities within the temperate zone a quarter is caused by preventable disease.

MR. BECHER used to say that when one thinks enough of you to write a letter asking for your autograph and to enclose a stamp for reply the least you can do is to gratify him. That was well enough when there were perhaps a hundred autograph collectors in the country. Now it is different. Autograph-hunting "breaks out" in a school like measles. All the boys and girls are attacked with it all at once, but the health board never closes the school on that account and so the infection spreads without restraint.

THE real result of a general mustering out of the armies of Europe would be that some of them would cause an additional production in agriculture, which would be the purchasing power of an additional consumption for the products of mines, mills and textile factories; others would go into mining, and with the increased production of that industry purchase more of the products of agriculture, mills and textile factories; and so on through the whole round of industries. The result must, under normal conditions, be increased production, with equally increased consumption, in addition to the relief of the people from an immense load of taxation.

WE are foremost in inventive, constructive and mechanical industries. In the finer departments of design and decoration we are far behind the nations in Europe that have manual combined with literary instruction in their popular schools; and in the higher grades of all our industries demanding trained hands and knowledge of design we were in the beginning, and to a considerable degree still are, dependent on European races for thinkers and executives. Had manual training been a regular part of the common school instruction of the country the last fifty years the position of our arts and crafts would be far more advanced and native designers and skilled artisans would have taken and handed down to their children the high and profitable places so long held by foreigners.

WE have no sympathy with the cry from many critics of our charitable institutions that too much is done for the inmates, and that our almshouses are crowded because they offer tempting retreats for the vicious and lazy. If we must err in the conduct of our charitable and reformatory institutions—and while they represent so serious a problem to the best minds the world over it is likely we shall not get right as once—let us by all means err on the side of generosity and humanitarianism. None but a morbid sense will fear that we shall be imposed upon to any great extent. The life of an institution at its best is necessarily hard and barren of these features, which make less material comforts endurable and far more desirable. It is stern necessity rather than desire, we are convinced, that sends the majority to our public houses of refuge.

## WHERE ST. PAUL STOOD

AND HURLED THE CHRISTIAN TRUTHS AT THE GRECIANS.

Talmage Draws a Comparison Between Acropolis and Aeropagus Hills—Truths of the Latter Live, the Idolatries of the Former Dead.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 22.—It seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation, and my watch slowly announced to me one and two and three and four o'clock; and at the first ray of dawn, I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek press and Greek history. That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the President of the United States, and his Secretary of State, and during all of our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to swing open before us. We pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market-place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul the Christian logician hung many a proud Stoic, and got the laugh on many an imperious Epicurean. But before we make our chief visits of today we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot-races occurred.

We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and 1,000 feet in circumference at the top, and 300 feet high. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congregation of temples and statues and pillars, their ruins an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides thought it the center of all things—Greece the center of the world; Attica the center of Greece; Athens, the center of Attica; and the Acropolis, the center of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it; Verres plundered it.

The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine where the Venetian guns dropped a fire that by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago.

Yonder behold the pedestal of Agrippa, twenty-seven feet high and twelve feet square. But the overshadowing wonder of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when money was ten times more valuable than now, it cost \$4,600,000. It is a Doric column, having forty-seven columns, each column thirty-four feet high and six feet two inches in diameter. Wondrous intercolumniations! Painted porticos, architraves tinged with ochre, shields of gold hung up, lines of most delicate curve, figures of horses and men and women and gods, statues of the deities Dionysus, Prometheus, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, Poseidon; in one frieze twelve divinities; centaurs in battle; weaponry from Marathon; chariot of night; chariot of the morning; horses of the sun, the fates, the furies; statue of Jupiter holding in his right hand the thunderbolt; silver-footed chair in which Xerxes watched the battle of Salamis only a few miles away. Here is the colossal statue of Minerva in full armor, eyes of gray-colored stone; figure of a Sphinx on her head, griffins by her side (which are lions with eagle's beak), spear in one hand, statue of Liberty in the other, a shield carved with battle scenes, and even the slippers sculptured, and tied on with thongs of gold. Far out at sea the sailors saw the statue of Minerva rising high above all the temples, glittering in the sun. Here are statues of equestrians, statue of a lioness, and there are the Graces, and yonder a horse in bronze. There is a statue said in the time of Augustus to have of its own accord turned around from east to west and spit blood; statue made out of shields conquered in battle; statue of Apollo, the expeller of locusts; statue of Amoreon, drunk and singing; statue of Olympian, a Greek, memorable for the fact that he was cheerful when others were cast down, a trait worthy of sculpture. But walk on and around the Acropolis and yonder you see a statue of Hygeia, and the statue of Theseus fighting the Minotaur and the statue of Hercules slaying serpents. No wonder that Petronius said that it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens. Oh, the Acropolis! The most of its temples and statues made from the marble quarries of Mount Pesticulum, a little way from the city. I have here on my table a block of the Parthenon made out of this marble, and on it is the sculpture of Phidias. I brought it from the Acropolis. This specimen has on it the dust of ages, and the marks of explosion and battle, but you can get from it some idea of the delicate lustre of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain of this marble cut into all the exquisite shapes that genius could contrive and striped with silver, and aflame with gold. The Acropolis in the morning light of those ancients must have shown as though it were an aerolite cast off from the noontide sun. The temples must have looked like petrified foam. The whole Acropolis must have seemed like the white breakers of the great ocean of time.

We next hasten down the Acropolis to ascend the Aeropagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two hill tops are so near that what I said in religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times. The Persians easily and terribly assaulted the Acropolis from this hill top. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the

night time, so that the faces of the judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the lawyers who made the plea, and so, instead of a trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool justice. But there was one occasion on this hill memorable above all others. A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric described by himself as contemptible, had by 13 sermons rocked Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or hearty invitation to come upon that pile of rock and give a specimen of his theology. All the wisecracks of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. The more venerable of them sat in an amphitheatre, the granite seats of which are still visible, but the other people swarmed on all sides of the hill and at the base of it to hear this man, whom some called a fanatic, and others called a mad-cap, and others a blasphemer, and others styled contemptuously "this fellow." Paul arrived in answer to the writ or invitation and confronted them and gave them the biggest dose that mortals ever took. He was so built that nothing could scare him, and as for Jupiter and Athena, the god and the goddess, whose images were in full sight on the adjoining hill, he had not so much regard for them as he had for the ant that was crawling in the sand under his feet. In that audience were the first orators of the world and they had voices like flutes when they were passive and like trumpets when they were aroused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns at this insignificant-looking man rose to speak. In that audience were Scholiasts, who knew everything, or thought they did, and from the end of the longest hair on the top of their craniums to the end of the nail on the longest toe, they were stuffed with hypercriticism and they leaned back with a supercilious look to listen. As in 1891 I stood on that rock where Paul stood, and a slab of which I brought from Athens by consent of the Queen, through Mr. Troupis, the prime minister, and had placed in yonder memorial wall, I read the whole story, bible in hand.

As in Athens that evening in 1889, we climbed down the pile of slippery rocks, where all this had occurred, on our way back to our hotel, I stood half-way between the Acropolis and Mars Hill in the gathering shadows of evening, I seemed to hear those two hills in sublime and awful converse. "I am chiefly of the past," said the Acropolis. "I am chiefly of the future," replied Mars Hill. The Acropolis said: "My orators are dead. My lawgivers are dead. My poets are dead. My architects are dead. My sculptors are dead. I am a monument of the dead past. I shall never again hear a song sung. I will never again see a column lifted. I will never again behold a goddess crowned." Mars Hill responded: "I, too, have had a history. I had on my heights warriors who will never again unsheath the sword, and judges who will never again utter a doom, and orators who will never again make a plea. In my influence is to be more in the future than in the past."

The words that missionary Paul, uttered that exciting day in the hearing of the wisest men and the people, on my rocky shoulders, have only begun their majestic roll; the brotherhood of man, and the Christ of God, and the peroration of resurrection and last judgment with which the Tarsian orator closed his sermon that day amid the mocking crowd, shall yet revolutionize the planet. Oh, Acropolis! I have stood here long enough to witness that your gods are no gods at all. Your Boresos could not control the winds. Your Neptune could not control the sea. Your Apollo never evoked a musical note. Your god Ceres never gave a harvest. Your goddess of wisdom, Minerva, never knew the Greek alphabet. Your Jupiter could not handle the lightning. But the God whom I proclaimed on the day when Paul preached before the astonished assemblage on my rough heights, is the God of music, the God of wisdom, the God of power, the God of mercy, the God of love, the God of storms, the God of sunshine, the God of the land, and the God of the sea, the God over all, blessed forever. Then the Acropolis spake and said, as though in self-defense: "My Plato argued for the immortality of the soul, and my Socrates praised virtue, and my Miltiades at Marathon drove back the Persian oppressors." "Yes," said Mars Hill, "your Plato laboriously guessed at the immortality of the soul, but my Paul divinely inspired, declared it as a fact straight from God. Your Socrates praised virtue but expired as a suicide. Your Miltiades was brave against earthly foes, yet died from a wound ignominiously, yet died from a wound ignominiously. Then the Acropolis Paul challenged all earth and all hell with this battle shout: 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, and then on the 23d of June, in the year 63, on the road to Ostia, after the sword of the headman had given one keen stroke, took the crown of martyrdom.'"

### Remembered Her Papa.

A five-year-old East Liberty maiden who was taken to see the Fairies carnival became very communicative to a lady who sat next to her in the car on the way home.

"I liked the fairies so much," said the little girl.

"I'm glad you did," replied the lady.

"I wish my papa could have seen them."

"You think he would have liked to see them?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Why didn't you bring him?"

"O, I couldn't."

"Didn't he want to come?"

"I don't know, but I don't think he could if he wanted to."

"Why? Is he sick?"

"No, ma'am," replied the little maid, in a lower and trembling tone. "You see papa went to heaven last winter."—Chronicle Telegraph.

### Wanted Mahogany.

It is said to be a whole day's task for two men to fell a mahogany tree. On account of the spurs which project from the base of the trunk, a scaffold has to be erected and the tree cut off above the spurs, leaving thus a stump of the very best wood from ten to fifteen feet high.

## QUEER KINDS OF RAIN.

PHENOMENAL SHOWERS IN PAST CENTURIES.

On More Than One Occasion Showers of Blood Have Been Witnessed—All Have Been Explained Scientifically.

No phenomena of nature have excited more widespread consternation in ancient, and even in comparatively modern times, than so-called rains of blood, stones, fishes and reptiles, says the Kansas City Journal. The peoples of antiquity regarded such occurrences as dire warnings and portents, and at the present day their occasional happening gives rise to much wonder and actual fear.

Nevertheless, science has been able to ascertain the causes which produce these remarkable precipitations, which are accounted for by reasons entirely commonplace. In 1576 a "rain of blood" fell at The Hague. The citizens got up one morning and found that a shower of crimson fluid had fallen during the night.

There was great excitement and the occurrence was looked upon as foretelling approaching war. One level-headed physician got a little of the strange water from one of the canals and examined it under a microscope.

He found that the fluid had not really a red color, but was simply filled with swarms of small crimson animalcules. Further investigation showed these animalcules to be a species of water flea with branching horns. Presumably they were brought from a great distance by wind and deposited with the rain.

However, notwithstanding this explanation, the Hollanders persisted in regarding the affair from a superstitious point of view, and many declared afterward that it was an omen giving warning of the desolation which was subsequently brought into the country with fire and sword by Louis XIV.

In March, 1813, the people of Geraci, in Calabria, saw a terrific cloud advancing from the sea, which gradually changed from a pale blue to a fiery red, entirely shutting off the light of the sun. Soon after the town was enveloped in darkness and the inhabitants rushed to the cathedral, supposing that the end of the world was at hand.

Meanwhile the fiery cloud covered the whole heavens and amid terrific peals of thunder, accompanied by vivid flashes of forked lightning, red rain fell in large drops, which were imagined by the excited populace to be drops of blood or fire.

The strange shower continued to fall until evening, when the clouds dispersed. Analysis made of the fluid showed that its coloring matter was of a marked earthy taste. Probably this dust was ejected by an active volcano, carried for a great distance by wind, and precipitated with the rain.

A colored deposit resembling brick powder took place in a valley of Piedmont on an October night in the following year. The powder-covered the trees and grass, and the next day a fine rain fell, which on being evaporated carried away the less colored particles.

The remainder, accumulating in the cavities of the leaves, produced the startling appearance of blood spots and created the utmost alarm among the peasantry. It was decided that the deposit, which had an earthy flavor, was of volcanic origin. An analysis of some colored rain that fell in the Netherlands in 1819 showed that the red matter was chiefly chloride of cobalt. Doubtless the alleged rains of blood, which were always looked upon by the ancients as such fatal portents, were to be similarly accounted for.

On November 9, 1819, the city of Montreal was suddenly enveloped in darkness, and rain as black as ink began to fall. Some of the liquid collected and forwarded to New York city for analysis, was discovered to owe its inky hue entirely to soot.

The explanation of it was that there had previously been immense forest fires south of the Ohio river, the season being remarkably dry, and the sooty particles from the conflagration had been conveyed by strong winds northward, so as to mingle with the rain when it fell.

A shower of a character even more remarkable occurred in Sicily on April 24, 1781. On the morning of that day every exposed place within an extensive distance was found covered with gray water, which, being evaporated, left a deposit nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness.

It was determined that this solid matter must have come from Mount Etna. It is certain that vast quantities of solid substances are constantly afloat in the atmosphere.

The sunsets all over the world are redder to this day on account of the dust from the mighty eruption of the Straits of Sunda, years ago, which has not yet entirely settled.

Not only mineral substances, but large quantities of vegetable material likewise are always floating in the air. Astronomers have frequently mistaken such organic bodies for meteorites as they passed across the field of the telescope. They were finally discovered to be the feathered seeds of plants carried by the breeze.

Having been the first to find this out, W. R. Dawes of the Royal Astronomical society adjusted the focus of his instrument so as to examine the seeds, which he found belonged to many different kinds of plants, such as thistles, dandelions and willows.

### Old Gold Mines.

An English syndicate recently sent an expert mining engineer to look up the old gold mines in Portugal. He struck one of the old Roman mines worked in the days of Caesar Augustus. In those days they cut down to the vein, and this vein was 500 feet deep before any rock was reached. The

mine was open for an area of ten acres or more up to the surface, every foot of ground having been taken off. The debris around these old mines could be worked over at a profit were they in America, but in Portugal it would cost too much for the transportation of machinery.

## DEAD TO THE WORLD.

The Horrors of Leprosy Found in the United States.

"I dare say that not one person in a hundred who read Robert Louis Stevenson's descriptions of the horrors of leprosy in the South Pacific Islands is aware that there is a leprosy colony in the United States," said F. W. McNamara, of St. Paul, who was at the Palmer House, to a reporter for the Inter-Ocean. Mr. McNamara was formerly on the staff of the Cook County Hospital in this city.

"Even in New Orleans," he continued, "it is not generally known that about 100 miles southwest of the city, in the Plaquemine district of St. Mary's Parish, there is a colony of lepers. I have just returned from a visit to the colony, where I made a thorough study of leprosy from a scientific standpoint. The colony was established many years ago, and twenty-seven victims of the terrible disease are there now. Of these only two are females. Twenty-five of the lepers are French-Arcadians and the remaining two are negroes. They are as completely isolated from the world as though they were in the midst of the desert of Sahara. They live in rude huts on a little bay of the Gulf of Mexico. Their only food is the fish they catch and the wild berries which they can gather in certain seasons. The colony is twelve miles from any human habitation, the nearest house being that of a sugar planter named John Diamond, and the spot whereon the lepers' huts are built is a barren waste.

"The wretchedness of their condition is appalling. Their clothing is rotten with age, and some of the men covered their nakedness with fish nets. It would require the pencil of a Dore to portray the horrible aspect which the disease has given its victims. I saw three men with their faces half eaten up and their eyes gone. The flesh on the face of one of the negroes was sloughed away until his jawbone and teeth were exposed. Others had been deprived of parts of their feet and hands.

"As a result of my study of the disease I am positive that it is not contagious. The forms of the disease were tubercular and anesthetic. On some of the men and one of the women there were warty excrescences as large as a cauliflower head.

"The lepers are far from ignorant. Their conversation among themselves is carried on in a mixture of French and English. All of them are patiently awaiting death. Near the spot where their huts are built is the colony's burying ground, in which there are now over 75 graves. When one of the lepers dies the body is hastily thrust into the earth, without any ceremony whatever.

"The ages of the lepers range from 40 to 70, one of the men being three score and ten. The French-Arcadian members of the colony came originally from Nova Scotia, where leprosy was prevalent as far back as 100 years ago, and where there is a leper colony at the present time."

**Vest 200 Years Old.**  
G. Rowley Ford, the well known engineer, has in his possession a vest which belonged to his ancestors in England, in King George's time, some 200 years ago. It has twenty buttons on it, made of pearl, inlaid with gold; it has ten pockets, richly embroidered with silver lace. While on a vacation to the old homestead in the suburbs of Byfield he discovered this ancient vest in an unused attic. It is changeable in its color, halving at night the appearance of a night-blooming cereus.

**Proof Positive.**  
The teacher wanted to box my ears this morning," remarked Johnny Fizlepot.

"How do you know that he wanted to box your ears?" asked his mother.

"If he hadn't wanted to box my ears he wouldn't have done it, would he, eh?"—Texas Sittings.

### OLD WORLD NOTES.

Fere Hyacinthe, it is said, has become a Theosophist, and will deliver lectures on his new faith.

The king of Siam is attended by a body guard composed exclusively of 4,000 of the prettiest young women in his realm.

Phosphorus is now being made by electricity. The principal manufactory is in England and it is anticipated fully 1,000 tons will be made annually.

There are more women workers in the United Kingdom, Great Britain and Ireland, in proportion to the population, than in any other country in the world. Twelve per cent of the working classes there are women.

Fatti has very elaborate precautions against burglars in her Welch castle. Unless a certain lever is raised it is impossible to open a window at night without causing the ringing of innumerable bells in the cottages of the gardeners and in the stables, while the same current of electricity releases a large dog from his kennel.

A good deal of the bad feeling which exists in Paris with regard to the English is due to the utter disregard for French manners and customs and prejudices which the free born Briton displays on the boulevards and elsewhere. You can never persuade an Englishman when he is abroad it is not the native but himself who is "the d-d foreigner."—Pall Mall Budget.

The last Indian census shows that in the past ten years the natural growth of India's population has been 37,500,000. The population now numbers 236,000,000. India contains more people than all Europe exclusive of Russia. Its provinces are as populous as great European states. Bengal contains a population larger than that of the United States and all British North America, and fully one-fifth of the entire human race lives upon this little peninsula jutting out from the coast of Asia into the Indian ocean.

## CARRIED OFF BY BRUIN.

JOHN PETERSON FINDS A BEAR IN HIS ROOM.

Is Attacked by the Beast and Carried Off Through the Woods—His Screams Bring a Neighbor to His Rescue.

A rancher named Johnson, living in the southern part of Pierce county, tells of a most thrilling encounter of a neighbor of his with a big black bear, says the Tacoma News. Though the story seems incredible, Johnson declared it to be true in every particular, and, at the request of a reporter who met him, gave the facts in detail. They are these:

The man whom bruin attacked is John Peterson, who lives on a small ranch about twenty miles south of Tacoma. Peterson lives in a small log cabin, and one evening last week left the door partially open when he went to bed, to allow a better circulation of air through the cabin. For supper he had enjoyed a beef-stew, and when the meal was over had placed the kettle containing the remainder on a board just outside the door. Peterson lives alone, his nearest neighbor being Johnson, who occupies a cabin half a mile away.

Peterson retired to his usual peaceful slumbers, intending to get up early in the morning and go fishing in the creek near by before beginning his day's labor. But he was aroused much earlier than he had expected. A heavy tread on the floor awakened him. As he rubbed his eyes he felt the hot breath of some large animal blowing directly against his face. The room was slightly lighted by the open door. Peterson rubbed his eyes and gazed upward. The next second he screamed from fright. The intruder was a bear. His screams brought on an attack. Bruin seized the prostrate man and bore him out the door and down the trail towards his lair. His teeth pierced the poor man's skin. The pain was intense. As the bear trotted slowly along with his prize just one faint hope arose in poor Peterson's mind. If the bear continued in the same course for half a mile he would pass near to Johnson's house. The bear did so.

By this time the rancher was nearly exhausted, but summoning his fast-failing courage he raised his voice to a shout as bruin made a turn in the path and came near his friend's cabin. The shout was repeated again and again. Peterson's heart began to fail him. Would there be no response? But at last there was. As the bear left the trail and struck off toward the thicker woods the cabin door slammed shut and Peterson's hopes began to rise.

Then followed a race. Peterson kept shouting, Johnson answering at intervals and hurrying along as fast as he could. Bruin got tired and occasionally dropped his victim. This allowed Johnson to catch up, but every time the bear dropped him he was sure to plant his teeth in another part of Peterson's body. For two miles the race continued, and then the coming light began to turn the darkness of night into the gray dawn of morning. Johnson finally caught up. The bear dropped his prey and prepared to fight. A shot from Johnson's rifle sent him a rod away, howling with pain and rage. He advanced, but a second bullet hit him in a vital part and silenced him forever.

Johnson bound up Peterson's wounds as best he could and conveyed him in a fainting condition to his own room. He suffered greatly from loss of blood, and is still so weak as to require a constant watcher at his side. The next day a physician was secured to attend to his wants, and with careful nursing it is believed he will recover.

The bear was skinned and proved to be the largest one ever seen in that neighborhood. It was estimated to weigh over 500 pounds. Bruin it was found, had finished Peterson's stew and was probably attracted to his cabin by the odor from the kettle containing it.

### Size of the United States Soldier.

Statistics gathered by the United States government in the latter part of 1890 show that the enlisted soldiers of the United States army vary in height from a minimum of 4 feet 9 inches to a maximum of 6 feet 4 inches. The giant of the army is serving in the department of Arizona, and the dwarf in the department of the Missouri. In weight the range is even greater than it is in height, the minimum being 97 pounds and the maximum 280; the average throughout the army being 153, and the average height 5 feet 7 inches. The youngest soldier enlisted is 16 years of age; the oldest 66, the average being about 30 years.

During the war with Mexico General Taylor's command boasted a soldier of 7 feet 14 inches in height, and one of 74 years of age.—St. Louis Republic.

### The Other End.

He was a little fellow, evidently just in from the country, and was strolling down West street with a pitchfork carelessly thrown over his shoulder and with an air that seemed to say, "Who cares?" When near High street a big bull-dog came running out of a yard, and, without any preliminaries, began sampling the anatomy of the young farmer, who, without a moment's hesitation, impaled the dog on the pitchfork. The act was witnessed by the owner of the dog, who came running out, white with rage. "What did you kill that dog for?" he roared.

"Cause he bit me," was the calm reply.

"Well, it doesn't help matters any to kill the dog."

"No," admitted the boy; "but it satisfies me."—Texas Sitings.