STAN YER GROUN. [Bob McGee in Texas Siftings.] [Bob Aictee in Texas Sirungs.] Ef we don't want ter git in trouble, Breth'rin, we mus' watch the p'ints; Mus'n' let de debbil ben' us double— Break ou' backs an' crack ou' j'ints.

He sho' will gib us mighty shakin', Once he git us m ms nan'; He make us smoke like hoecake bakin'— Mash us flat ez fry'in' pan.

De way ter do-mus' buck agin him

We'll drap right down an' go ter prayin'
Hard's we kin befo' his face-Yes, plead in yearnes'—don't be playin' 'Sid'ring hits er 'portant case!

## WOMAN AND HOME.

Heips Toward Parental Patience with the Little Ones.

Woman's Work Among the Sick-Modjeska's Ideas Concerning Dress---Home and Its Surroundings.

[Rural New Yorker.] "Whata beautiful place?" was the involun-tary exclamation as we neared my friend's home for the first time.

spot for building. I cannot agree with those who build on steep hillsides, or damp low situations to be near a spring. Desirable as that might be a think there are many far superior reason for selecting a higher point; dryer, more hearthy air, better views and driveways, less mud, less washing away in times of heavy rains, etc. The approach adds directly into the yard; but here, as upon many other farms, the same road is used for the carriage as for driving stock from the barn to other parts of the place, thus rendersary to separate it from the

small one well kept rather than a larger one which is so apt to be neglected among many busy farmers. Yet it was not kept in exactly or flower; neither was it so full of shrubbery as to obstruct the view to or from the road. The main part was smooth and velvety, sloping gently to the road. A few choice shrubs and a very few evergreens occupied positions in the outer portions of the yard, and on one side a latticed summer house, covered with climbing roses and grapevines, suggested a

Near the house, on each side of the en trance, was a triangular border filled with bright budding plants—now in all their autumn glory. We also catch a glimpse of ing over the house, for pretty as a "vine-covered cottage" is in the poetry, it becomes quite prosaical when they have to be taken to paint under them; trellises near the still a few vines might be allowed on por-icoes or porches. We must look no longer, ticoes or porches. We must look no longer, for our hostess is smiling a welcome at the door. I shall not describe the furniture of I wish I could tell you what it is that gives suspect it was inmates more than the surwith molding the characters and aiding in the mental development of the gentle, or-derly children whom we afterward saw! or what thinking, observant person will deny the refining influence of beautiful homes, when ingenious minds, loving hearts

villing hands have made them so? We think Bayard Taylor says truthfully "Nothing is useless which gratifles that per-ception of beauty which is at once the most delicate and the most intense of our mental nearer to nature and to Him, whose every

thought is born of beauty, truth and love."
We were taken at once to the family sitting room, it being, as it should always be, the pleasantest room in the house. A hint of frost is in the chill evening air and the careful mother has had her little boy build a fire which gives a cheerful. which gives a cheerful a pearance and throws a genial glow ver pictures and ornaments. I am pleased with the latter, for instead of cardboard and other ket on which stood a vase freshly filled for winter, with delicate sprays letters, lamp-lighters and comb and brush, were of heavy pasteboard, cut and pictures or pressed ferns pasted on, and lastly, several coats of Demar chromo varnish; these are handsome, dur-e, easily made, and can be wiped off with

pressed were glued in pretty designs on e cardboard and framed; and just here I mottoes. Make it the dey dry place small fronds of tastefully upon it; when dry

Of course those who can afford costly pictures, frames and other ornaments would not so much appreciate these home-made articles, but that class do not need any assistance, but a little good taste in the selection. So I write, only hoping to throw out a few hints to those less fortunate in that way, as no doubt a large class of rural readers are, for a very little money with taste and occasional suggestions from other thinkcan work wonders. Even books are so cheap now that a small sum will secure a library that would be an ornament kitchen, we found her young daughter pres-ing autumn leaves with a warm iron first leaving a portion on the ing them away between laying them away between two or three weeks without any preparation, then place them above are specially nice this way, as a warm iron fades their bright wine color. I admit that none of these are as pretty as growing plants, but so few have the room, time and know-ledge to keep these healthy and bright, and ought to spare for them, for the children need them worse. A walk through the back yard showed that it had not been neglected; bisk, no uncovered drains or ces but neetly swept stone walks, a few old-fashioned shrubs and the children's flower

At the north end of the house was a nook where little else but ferns would thrive: these grew there in luxuriance. I wonder we do not see more of these casily-cultivated beauties about our homes. They will grow in strong and healthy account. up strong and healthy every season witho any care whatever after the first setting. would like to speak of the kitchen conven room (which had its full ! share of pleasant things) as well as iber, were it not that my article is

But let us not forget dear sisters all, that

te ausband, son or brother a pleasant, cheersoman is the brightest orna

Be Mighty Patient with Children.

[Bill Arp.]
Parents and teachers ought to be mighty patient with children. Some have more capacity and some more memory. Some are slow and some are quick. It is not the smartest child that makes the smartest man or woman. It is a powerful strain on some of em to keep up, and the dull ones oughtn't to be crowded until they hate books and dread the time of going to school. Some folks send their children to school to get rid of 'em, but my opinion is the parents ought to help the teacher every night. It shows the children how much interest they feel in their education. It is a sign of a good teacher when the children get ambitious to keep up and get head marks, and bring their books home at night and want to go to school if it is raining a little. Wrap 'em up and let 'em go. There is nothing that demoralizes a school-

boy like staying at home every few days and getting behind the class. We used to walk three miles to school, and we never minded it at all. It was a frolic all the way there and all the way back and we did have the best dinner in the world. Delmonico never had as good things as our mother used to fix up for us. It seems to me so now. A child's life is full of romance and fun—the best sort of fun, A child's dreams are splendid, but we don't dream now, hardly ever. I used to read Robinson Crusoe and dream it all over again. How I did long to be ship-wrecked on an island and raise monkeys and goats

and parrots.

Slow children are generally sure children, but they don't show off much. Daniel Webster was most always foot in his class, but when he learned anything he never forgot it. Some boys are wild and restless and have no love for books, but they oughtn't to be given up or hacked or abused continually. If they have good parents they will come to

themselves after awhile. It is astonishing how humiliation will follow a boy. One time a boy stole a quarter of a dollar from another boy at school, and that followed him to his grave. He got to be a great man and was tairty years in congress great man and was tairty years in congress and was a senator, and one day when he made a bitter speech against the corruption of the opposite party and denounced their stealing and plundering by wholesale, one of onents replied by saying he would remind the gentleman that preachers of morality should come into the pulpit with clean hands—that Ben Franklin said, "He that would steal a pin would steal a bigger thing," nd he asked no quarter from the gentleman

on that score. So, boys, remember and keep your hands clean. Folks will forgive mischief and a heap of other things, but they wont forgive

Woman's Work Among the Sick.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes.]
"Little things mean a great deal in the sick room. Will you have an orange or a fig! said Dr. James Jackson to a fine little boy now grown up to goodly stature, and whom I may be fortunate enough to recognize among my audience of to-day. 'A fig,' answered Master Theodore, with alacrity. 'No fever there!' said the good doctor, 'or he would controlly have said on create.'"

certainly have said an orange."

Now, it is in just these little unimportant, allimportant matters that a good nurse is of incalculable aid to the physician. And the growing conviction of the importance of thorough training of young women as nurses is one of the most hopeful signs of medical advancement. So much has been done and is doing that the days of the Sairy Gamps and Betsy Priggs are numbered. What is and Betsy Priggs are numbered. What is there in the hour of anguish like the gentle presence, the quiet voice, the thoroughly trained and skillful hand of the woman who was meant by nature and has been taught by careful discipline to render those services which maney tries to reward, but only gratitude can repay? I have always felt that this was rather the vocation of women than general medical, and especially surgical,

I have often wished that disease could be hunted by its professional antagonists in couples—a doctor and a doctor's quick-witted wife making a joint visit and attacking the patient-I mean the patient's malady, of course—with their united capacities. For I am quite sure that there is a natural clairvoyance in a woman which would make her much the superior of a man in some particulars of diagnosis as she certainly is in distinguishing shades of color. Many a suicide would have been prevented if the doctor's wife had visited the victim the day before it happened. She would have seen in the mer-chant's face his impending bankruptcy while her stupid husband was prescribing for dyspepsia and indorsing his note; she would recognize the lovelorn maiden by an ill-ad-justed ribbon—a line in the features—a droop in the attitude a tone in the voice-which means nothing to him, and so the brook must be dragged to-morrow.

Woman Not Superior to Dress.

[Chicago Herald.] In an interview with Mme. Modjeska last one of those women who considers herself superior to dress. I was never satisfied that Mother Nature gave me, but she lav ishes her gifts so begruigingly that I find I am not alone in my aisery. I think all women handsome when they have youth and an be wiped off with d.

rosy health, but at 40 they are one in physical destitution—either they become corpulent or shriveled in form, sallowness and wrinkles mar the smooth, fresh face, and between the hair, eyes, teeth and buoyancy of spirit there seems to be a dead race to see which can lose

supposed men to be indifferent to her personal appearance was guilty of a very greeror in judgment. It is her exyerience t a man likes to see his mother or sister becomingly dressed, and is proud of the good appearance made by the woman who is to be his life partner. But let her lose his admiration of her pretty dress, faultless lingerie, and neat boots and gloves, and her chances for retaining his affections are questionable.

A homely weman who knows how to dress is far more attractive than a pretty one in slovenly attire or dressed in unsuitable, illfitting garments. For a becoming hat, a quiet suit, made well and accurately fitted to eap now that a small sum will the figure, will do marvels in the way of y that would be an ornament sheltering physical defects. And for a woman Going soon to my friend's of native delicacy of mind it is sheer madness to neglect her dress, which becomes a aves with a warm iron first sin; they were very pretty, but leaving a portion on the travagance at all necessary to make favorable impressions, but gaudy, sensational patterns may be avoided, tawdry decoration ignored, and a correct fit and appropriate de sign attniped

> Cure for Cornelinar. [Jennie Juze.

A desire to know how such of quarkery there might be in the treasurers and something of the madus operated prompted a call upon the physician in question. I found a bright, intelligent woman, who would not impress any one as a quark. Her success she attributed to the fact that he had satisfied stributed to the fact that she had satisfied herself that superfluous flesh was a disease; had studied it, and worked out a care for it a cure which she claims to be permanent and lasts a life time. In regard to the treatment was naturally somewhat reticent, partie ularly as it varies with difference in constitu therefore, might not be true of another. Of forty cases upon her books no two were treat-ed exactly alike, but she exhibited her books, in which we kept careful record of the reduc tion of weight which had followed the treatment from week to week, and of the final return to normal conditions.

It was freely stated, however, that the principle of cure was largely based upon diet, which was at first nitrogenous but variable.

arterward farmaceous and accounte. The liver is attacked and brought into line by a safe and special remedy; hot water is used; hot medicated foot-baths, and the number of meals at once reduced. It is found that very fleshy people are usually fond of sugar and sweets, and these are tabooed strictly. The reduction of flesh is to the normal standard, to what would be considered the proper weight for the height of the individual, but the cure is not considered complete when this result is attained.

when this is effected the appetite for un-wholesome sweets and pastries, and highly stimulating viands has departed. It is a per-fectly natural cure, it is said, and one quite in harmony with the laws of the constitution of the patient; and, if so, it is not difficult to see how widely it must differ from the ordin-

Ellen Terry.

[Jennie June.]
It is never possible to decide whether Ellen Terry is beautiful or whether she is a great artist, and there is a sort of intangibility about her which cludes fixed laws and ironclad opinions. You only know that you would not have her anything else but what she is, and that whatever she does is right. It is the same about her acting. You right. It is the same about her acting. You are carried away by her Portia. Its winning charm, its gracious dignity, its sweet persuasiveness, its one little scene where she receives Bassanio's friends, is a lesson to any lady in exquisite manners and worth volumes of twaddle about etiquette. Yet you know half a dozen little American actresses who could "rise superior" in declaiming Portia's famous lines in regard to the quality of mercy. Her dress is as elusive as her appearance. Worth would never be able to do anything with her. She is very tall, yet does not appear so. She has the Oriental feeling for color; her dress always seems to have grown upon her, never to have been made, cut, twisted or tortured by any ordinary dress-pales. Could any con who are here we fee naker. Could any one who saw her ever forget her appearance as Camma in the temple of Artenis—the slow expansion of the temple of Artenis—the slow expansion of the gray, mist-like veil that enveloped her with every motion of her arm! Nor did I thank the friend who told me that this weird impres-sion was produced by simply fastening the tissue to the bracelet upon her wrist. I like to be strongly impressed myself, and do not care to know much in regard to the mechanism of the means that produce the result. ism of the means that produce the result. Certainly Miss Elien Terry is alone in her at mospheric relation to the dramatic world; she is as much herself as Mr. Irving is him-self, and if she has not genius, one would say it is because she is genius herself.

Women in the Long Ago.

In the essay on "Women in the Fourteenth Century," we read some things which, in view of the omission of the word "obey" recently from the marriage service of the Methodist church, may be read with interest. Speaking of a "Book for Women," by one Geoffrey de La Tour Landry, in the early period referred to, Prof. Wheeler says: Wifely obedience is pushed to extreme (in

the book). Three merchants laid a wager that each had the most dutiful wife. The that each had the most dutiful wife. The test should be "leping" into a basin of water. Then they went to their homes, one after an-other. The first wife refused to leap, and her husband 'up with his fust, and gave her two or three grat strokes" in the presence of the other merchants. The second wife also refused, and her lord beat her with a staff. The third lady misunderstood an order to bring salt for a command to leap upon the table where they were all feasting, and, being better bred than the other wives, obeyed the order as she understood it, leaped upon the table, and brought it down with a crash. The wager was declared won, without appeal to the basin experiment. "And so ought to the basin experiment. "And so ought every good woman do the commandment of her husband, be it evil or well; for yef he bidde her thing that she ought not to do it is

Good doctrine for those times; but how are the mighty (husbands) fallen

A Mother's Miss.

[Post-Dispatch.]
There is first the infant kiss. The tiny lips and little, passionless face is molded into smiles by a kiss—the first lesson in the language of life—and as it rests in the arms that are made of tenderness, and pillowed on a mother's bosom, who shall fathom the deep, earnest love and proud hope of a mother's earnest love and proud nope of a mother's kiss? And when, too pure for earth, the lit-the spirit wings its way to the somewhere un-known land, does it not seem as if her very life would go out with the last sad kiss to the pulseless clay? Should the infant be spared to be her stay in the decline of life, "mother's last kiss" will be a spell to keep the school-boy in the right path when other home influences are forgotten or fled. And in later years

The "Sweetest" New Hat.

[Paris Notes.]
The newest and "sweetest" thing in hats is decidedly the Marie Antoinette, copied from a picture in the Louvre of that unfortuslightly curving brim are in rifle-green velvet. Around the crown is a torsade of palest pink silk crepe, on the left side a large pink silk crepe, on the left side a large pacache of pale pink and coral feathers, with high aigrette. Given a pretty face beneath his elegant hat, and broken hearts will be

An English Opinion or the mormons. [London Telegraph.]
nong the deserts which their own

tonishing industry has converted into gardens, and shut out by the walls of great mountain ranges from all their neighbors, the Mormon people have developed a spirit of independence which has latent in it all the qualities that a mischievous leader would require to kindle a disastrous conflagration. As military position, they hold ground which would require a very costly force of all arms, nd co-operating from at least two sides, to make permanent occupation possible, while, if matters came to a head and guerrilla warfare were the order of the day, the states would find the mest vos engaged in a war of no trifting di-mensions. For the Mormons are almost to a man of hardy habits, admirable hers and mountaineers of the true type. The al-ternative of another exodus, however, is always open to the saints, and, though probalways open to the sanns, and, though prob-ably they would rather fight than abandon their hard won homesteads, it is quite possi-ble that they might, like the Boers, "trek" once more beyond the reach of American laws—Mexico, for instance, is most anxious to receive them—and allow their beautiful territory of orchard and garden to relapse into the desert savagery of similar "gentile" experiments in adjoining states. A year or two would suffice to reduce Utah to its orig-inal wretchedness of alkali and sege-brush, and no one but the Mormons could ever be found to devote to these sterile expanses the industry and capital which they have lavished upon their land of promise.

Rules for Running.

[Boston Globe.]
"Can you give me any directions for runng?" was asked of a well known athlete of

this city. "Yes. Keep the head well up, breathe through the nose and not the mouth, keep the chest out, shoulders thrown back, body bent forward slightly from the hips, and elbows in. The trouble with most people is that they breathe through their mouth and that they breathe through their mouth and thus exhaust their wind. If a man, unaccustomed to running, keeps his mouth shut, in a little while he will feel a pressure on his chest as though a weight were placed upon it, but if he keeps going he will soon breathe freer, and get what is called 'second wind,' then he can run as long as his muscle holds

SONG TO THE SEA.

"Let the wave-song of Beauty be sung to the sea, Like the curve to her bosom its rhythm shall As she flings her white arms with a passion-ate plea, On the death of the shore—that no feeling can free.

Sweep over us sea-born the swell of thy sway, For the songs that we sing are the perfume of play.

And the resonant breezes, like music astray,

Are wafting our spirits forever away.

"Above us a passion-flower opens the sky, And earth in its languor half closes its eye; For hours are but cloud-drifts that silently

fly, And love is a vision, and life is a lie.

HUNGRY JOE'S DEFEAT

[New York Times.] On the 27th day of August a man arrayed in store clothes, a slouch hat, and blue spec-tacles, registered at a fashionable hotel on Broadway as B. Ashley, of Abilene, Kan. The stranger had just come in by the western express from Chicago on the Erie road. His garments were the product of a ready-made lothing store in Abilene, and they added lightly to his general bucchic appearance. His hands and face were tanned, he walked with the parenthetical gait of one whose legs had been curved by years spent in the saddle, and his bearing was in other respects indica-tive of the wild western borderman. Mr. Ashley speedily developed other tendencies of the prairie type. He insisted upon going out for exercise on horseback every morning shortly after daybreak, and upon these occa-sions he employed his own rawhide bridle and his well-worn Mexican saddle, which had formed a part of his luggage. His accent formed a part of his luggage. His accent was a peculiar blending of English and western types of speech. He had weak eyes and was in consultation with a prominent physician here, while stopping for a month in New York on his way to Europe to put himself under the care of the most eminent oculists abroad. Mr. Ashley seemed to have very little occupation beyond horseback riding at unearthly hours of the morning, visiting his man of medicine in the afternoon, and lounging about the immense and richly gilded ro-tunda of the hotel in the evening. He was bountifully supplied with cash, and he expended it with considerable liberality. He noked a good deal, but drank little, because his doctor had objected to one habit and absolutely forbidden the other, by reason of its effects on the patient's eyes. Many people about the hotel drank at the expense of Mr. Ashley, but he seldom indulged himself in more cheering beverages than lemonade and

One day Mr. Ashley strolled through the lobby of the hotel in the company of a young man whose face is well known to the regular promenaders of Broadway. This young man is always faultlessly dressed and clean shaven. He has prominent features and peculiarly thin and compressed lips. He lives handsomely, and always has plenty of cash. With his newfound companion, Mr. Ashley, the weak-eyed child of the guileless west, occupied a seat in the bar-room for some little time. Upon this occasion Mr. Ashley departed from his usual occasion air. Assiev despited from his usual custom sufficiently to assist in the liberal absorption of champagne. When his Broadway friend wont away, Mr. Ashley sauntered again through the office of the hotel. He was beckoned by one of the clerks.

"Mr. Ashley, how long since you have ocen in New York?" queried the gentleman behind the diamond stud.

"Near eight year," responded that unin-ormed gentleman. "Never was here afore, and never since." "Do you know the person who just left

Yes. Met him two nights ago at the Madison Square. I couldn't buy a seat, and he offered me one of his, Said his friend hadn't come and he would be giad to accom-

modate a stranger; so we sat together. Seems to be a nice sort of a chap."

"I have no doubt of that," continued the clerk with a slight air of superior knowledge, not unblended with sarcasm. "That young man is Hungry Joe, one of the most cele-

brated confidence operators in America."
"You don't say," drawled the western man slowly, and with some astonishment. "Well, I'm darned."

He went thoughtfully away. That night the young man with the thin lips and the handsome clothes called for Mr. Ashley after dinner. As they came through the office the occidental innocent took out a large pocketbook filled to repletion with money, drew from its inner recesses about \$5,000, and de-posited the wallet, with the balance of its are forgotten or fled. And in later years "mother's last kiss" may prove the salvation of many a man whose lips have long been sullied and defiled by impurity. Though its influence may slumber, it can never be effaced, and through good or ill the memory of that kiss will continue until he sleeps to wake wallet and left.

"You are fully warned," observed the clerk, as he handed ever the amount, "and it s your own fault if you lose any money to

"Correct," responded Mr. Ashley, stuffing

His next appearance in the hotel was a little after midnight, and this time he put \$300 away in the wallet, with the declaration that the New York sharps might be pretty stiff on bunko, but they were a little behind the times on draw-poker. "In my country," he ex-plained, "two dences and a bowie will open a ack pot every time."

Mr. Ashley passed several days in quiet and eclusion. A full week went by before he drifted out again with his companion of the compressed lips. The next day after that he compressed ups. The next day after that he drew a round \$1,000 from the safe, and seemed annoyed when the clerk smiled a bread and knewing smile. "No game ever fazad me," said Mr. Ashley in a dogged way, "and a man who can hold up his end with cowboys isn't going to be bested by any broadcloth brigade that was even hatched." There was a lull of sight are the day in the recording to the best and the composition of sight are the day in the recording to the best and the composition of sight are the day in the recording to the day of the composition of sight are the day in the recording to the day of t of eight or ten days in the proceedings, and then Mr. Ashley drew another \$1,000. A couple of days later he draw \$550 more. That afternoon he went for a drive with his gentlemanly companion. His face had been suffused with sadness all the morning, but it was noticed that he seemed somewhat brighter when he returned from the drive. That vening Hangry Joe and two of his well known Broadway companions spent several hours in carness conversation with Mr. Ashley. That gentleman's weak eyes made it necessary to wear his broad hat well down over his forchead. When the three young men went away the merest shadow of a smile played about the mouth of the western man. three young fellows went straight to the tel-egraph office, where they sent the following POSTMASTER, Abilene, Kas:

Do you know Benjamin Ashley, cattle-aiser! Transpart full particulars, my ex-

penso.
R. Dicason, Brewer house, New York. The reply was evidently in all respects satisfactory, and within two days Mr. Ashley received in his rooms at the hotel a visit from the three confidence operators and a lawyer, who is more or less celebrated in this city. The head porter of the hotel was called up into the room after the visitors had been there an hour or longer, and was requested to append his signature to a certain document append his signature to a ceruan document in the capacity of a witness to the signing thereof. This done, and the paperssigned by Mr. Ashley, a large sum of money was paid over by the gentleman with the thin lips, and the porter retired with a five-dollar bill out of the pile. The visitors shortly withdrew of the pile. The visitors shortly withdrew from the hotel, and Mr. Ashley deposited that night the sum of \$14,000 cold cash in the office of the hotel. Two days afterward he Two days afterward he took passage on a Guion steamer for Liver-pool, baying explained to the hotel clerk that

ne hao som a balf-interest in his Kansas cathe had sold a half-interest in his Kansas cat-the ranch to his friends, and that Hungry Joe, as he was called, had expressed a wish to re-tire from city life. Mr. Ashley was "seen off" by his enthusiastic New York acquaint-ances after the most approved style of the art. They toasted him right royally in

low label," presented him with a big basket of flowers with the word "Paresvell" in large blue letters across the centre, and otherwise marked his departure with evidences of their tender regard.

Mr. Ashley had been gone from the fashion.

able Broadway hotel precisely eleven days, when a tall man came in from a carriage that was loaded with trunks and stranger hairs and other appliances of ocean travel He signed himself on the register, "Benjamin Ashley, London." The clerk looked up hurriedly as if to apologize for not recognizing his guest, then looked surprised, then mut-tered a hasty word or two, and assigned the tranger a room, all in a confused and preoccupied way. This was apparently another Benjamin Ashley. He was tall and slender, and well dressed, and pale. But he spoke with a slightly Americanized English accent, not unlike that of the other Benjamin Ashley. The clerk was pretty well puzzled, and that night he took good care to have the stranger's full name and address inserted in the list of arrivals published daily in a periodical de-voted to that purpose and carefully read by the confidence fraternity. The clerk went or duty early the next day, and as he had fully expected, one of the first callers was the thin lipped young man, who asked to have his name sent up to Mr. Ashley's room. Word came back that Mr. Ashley would see he gentleman in the drawing-room, and thither the clerk followed after a moment Hungry Joe was sitting in a large arm-chair when the tall man from London came into the apartment. The New Yorker merely be-stowed a passing glance on Mr. Ashley and looked away. The Englishman, however, seeing no one else excepting the clerk, ad-vanced courteously and said:

Did you wish to see me. I am Mr. Ash-

Eh!" queried Hungry Joe, with a startled ook. "You're not Mr. Benjamin Ashley?"

"Not of Kansas"
"Yes, of Abilene, Kan. How can I serve

The thin lips of the confidence man were rather white by this time, and they were more firmly compressed than ever. He re-garded the tall Euglishman in a dazed fashion for a few moments. Then he asked: "Do you own a large cattle ranch thirty-five miles south of Abilene?"

"I believe I do. Why do you ask?"
"Been to Europe to have your eyes doc-

"Yes, I have now been abroad four months. But, my young friend, these ques-tions are rather odd. Please explain your-self."

"Odd!" echoed the Broadway man. "Well, I should think they were. If you are Ben-jamin Ashley, and you do own that ranch, the cleverest man in the country has given me a deal, that's all. Why, it ain't two weeks ago that me and two friends bought a half interest in that ranch, and, by George the man who sold us stopped in this same ho-Mr. Ashley seemed rather astonished by

his information, and beckoned the clerk who had been listening to their conversation quite intently. That individual gave a careful description of the previous Mr. Ashley, and the New York sharper told how had he won some \$3,250 from the man, who was on way to Europe for the benefit of his eye his way to Europe for the benefit of his eyes. We had represented himself as the owner of the Ashley ranch, and at his request the speaker had telegraphed the Abilene postmaster, who had replied giving details as to the property, which is valued at about \$50,000, and had added that Mr. Ashley himself had game abroad for medical treat himself had gone abroad for medical treat-ment. The man had represented that he wanted to make certain expenditures in Europe, and that his card losses would prevent unless he could dispose of an interest in his ranch. He produced deeds to establish his ownership, and they seemed satisfactory even to the lawyers. Thinking he had a chance to get \$25,000 worth of material for \$14,000, th victim had taken two friends in with him, and by clubbing together they had raised

the necessary amount.

"Really," observed the Englishman when the recital was finished. "I am very sorry for you, but you have unquestionably been swindled. For my part I shall not have the slightest difficulty in establishing my indentity. As to your friend, the bower Market was the proper of t city. As to your friend, the bogus Mr Ashley, he is probably one of my cow-boys, Henry Barnes by name. The description certainly fits that person. He came to the ranch—let me see—about 14 months ago and asked for a place. Now I remember he wasn't much like the other boys, but I needed more help, and I took him on. He may have been in hiding for some crime, for all I know. But on the took him plains we can scarcely go into such matters. He did his work all right, and seemed rather more refined than his companions, though he tried to conceal it. I heard once or twice from my men that he played a very cold

"He does," said Hungry Joe mournfully. "He was an expert penman, now I come to think of it, and he did some work of that sort for me. He was still there when I came

And that's the cuss who got off to Europe with my money, hang him," burst in the defrauded confidence operator, angrily. What's worse, he went away full of champagne, and smelling of my basket of lowers. That man's a d—d swindler, that's

Receipt for a Duel.

[London Family Herald.] In the little town of Rosenburg, west Russia, lived a young and hot-headed lieu-tenant, who one day had a dispute with a clerk in the government service, and sud-denly exclaimed: "You know well enough denly exclaimed: "You know well enough how to handle your pen; but I have at home a pair of sharp swords with which I can write better." The other answered: "Such playthings ought only to be given to children paythings ought only us be given to children who have nething to lose." The lieutenant then challenged han to fight with pistols. "Very well," the clerk replied, "I accept your offer, on one condition. You know I have a wife and children for whom I must care. My income is 4,500 marks. If you will deposit a sum sufficient to yield that interest, I am willing to fight. In that case you must place to my account 90 000 marks." nust place to my account 90,000 marks. But," stammered the astonished officer, have no fortune!" "Ah, sir, those who posess nothing have no right to ask men nust work for others to fight duels!" duel never took place.

Jay Gould's Tomb.

[Philadelphia Times.]
Jay Gould's tomb is almost finished. It is of ample size, being constructed to hold twenty bodies. It is absorate in its work-manship and finish and perfect in all its ap-pointments. The illustrious millionaire blopointments. The liustrious millionaire biographer of himself is now prepared for anything that fate may bring. If he wants to stay at home he has houses, lands and money galore. If he wants to sail the seas he has a yacht ready to leave at a moment's notice. And now if he wants to die at any time or any cray person should blow him wants to And now it he wants to die at any time or any crazy person should blow him up with dynamite or powder he is ready with a tomb warranted to hold the most restless million-aire and to outwit the shrewdest and most in-dustrious ghouls which New York can possibly furnish.

French wit: Greend thoughts come fre the heart, and sometimes from the brain; bad thoughts come from the stomach.

An Albany peanut vender discovers that he loses 400 p outs a day by people taking one as they pass by his corner.

A cheeky circus man cails his trick mule 'because he can do almost any A COUNTRY AUCTION.

A Public Sale of Stock and House hold Goods.

A Gathering of Old Men and Young. Matrons, Maidens and Small Boys ... The Auctioneer

and His Bidders.

[New York Times.]

go west, or is forced by any circumstance to dispose of his farm stock or household goods. The sale is advertised by posters far and wide, the farmer occasionally startling the

village printer by an order of sometimes as many as fifty or even 100 bills, and who has

ever driven through the country in the idle

seasons without noneing out to in wonder"To be sold at Public Auction" in wonderfully big letters over a wood-cut, usually repfully big letters over a transfing to curb

resenting a groom vainly attempting to curb the spirits of a rampant horse, with a

dyspeptic cow, a consumptive sheep, a for-lorn pig, and several destitute chickens in the background. These bills the farmer posts in all the public places in his own and the nearest adjacent towns. One goes to each postoffice; one to the school-house door; to the blacksmith's show two are allotted one

to the blacksmith's shop two are allotted, one for each door and one to be hung inside; one

goes to the tavern and wayside saloon; they

are posted on the pillars of the various bridges, and on the more conspicuous trees and barns along the country highways. And,

the present, no farmer has been known to pass a new bill without reading it, and great

pass a new bill without reading it, and great is the sensation he causes when he brings the news to his "women folks." These sales, for the convenience of all concerned, usually oc-cur after harvesting time in the fall or early

winter, and are attended by young and old

The pilgrim chanced upon one of these interesting events, one day last week, near a sleepy little village that slumbers among the New

Jersey hills within fifty miles of this city. The sale took place from a little old-fashioned white house with several verandas, that

stood in a grove of gorgeously colored ma-ples on a pretty rural road. People get up to breakfast in the country, and the sale began

early. Before morning had fairly begun the farmers began to drive up with their wives

and families from miles away, and before noon the fences on both sides of the road

were lined with all kinds of horses attached to all kinds of vehicles, and a crowd of men

and women, children and babies, was gathered

about the auctioneer or strolling through the house and barn inspecting and crit-

icising and seeking enjoyment generally. The men and the bigger boys soon got together in the barn-yard and discussed the merits or demerits of the stock; the

women pulled over the bedding offered for

sale or examined the carpets, stoves, and furniture; the girls began to coquette with the smaller boys until their elders should turn from the fascinations of the stock-yard, and

the children romped about in everybody's

way, and made nuisances of their dear little selves, as they do everywhere.

The auctioneer, of course, was the most important person on the grounds, and he was

treated with due deference and respect by

everybody, and was fairly worshiped by the

small boys, who formed a row outside of the circle of bidders and admired from afar.

How the sturdy little fellows shrieked at his

experience and vast wisdom when he in

was the best bargain at that price he'd ever

was the best origan at that price he'd ever seen made at any "vandoo" in the state. Not one of those small boys has given over yet the ambition to be an auctioneer when he grows up. Next to the auctioneer

immense note-book, and put down the name

of the buyers with an air of awful profund-ity, and he only it was who dared interrupt

there last hoe fetched. The small boys stood

the long-legged youth who led the horses out and put them through their paces on the roadway, and who pointed out some of the

animals' good points, and even ventured to address the autioneer with familiarity. The small boys had previously considered him a

or even become a horse jockey.

A group of farmers who did the bidding resembled the members of that laborious call-

ing who may be seen any day about the city markets or cattle yards. The farmer is al-

leged to be the one independent and happy

man in this universe, and yet a group of farmers is a picture of cadaverous, tired, and

discouraged men, who accept the primeval

anything save labor and weariness on this

side of the grave. This gathering presented the usual features of toil and care, with one

or two exceptions, that typified the farmer of

with ruddy cheeks and good digestions. They were most of them attired in their San-

day clothes, and the collection of ancient silk hats would have done credit to a St. Patrick's

day procession. They conversed concerning

the probable state of the weather and when

snow enough might be expected for get-

ting out lumber; or discussed Farmer Smith's out crop or the price Farmer Jones got for his wool. The farmers were the

equality, and accepted the numerous negroe and a few Indians who had likewise bee

drawn to the sale, on the same social Mevel.

The auction and the bidding leveled all ranks.

In the afternoon the household goods were disposed of, and it became the ladies' turn to

"How much am I offered for this table?"

cried the gentleman of the hammer. "A walnut extension table! Ten leaves! Good

as new!"
"Do you warrant it to be walnut?" ventured

"Do you warrantitto be walnut?" ventured a pretty young housewife.

"Yes, ma'am," promptly and gallantly replied the auctioneer, "and I'll warrant you can git as good a meal of vittles as anybody wants to eat off it." [Admiring applause and blushes of pretty housewife.]

An interesting and somewhat pathetic incident occurred over the sale of a queer old bureau. The article was knocked down:

"Gone! at \$8.75, to Mr. Barton!"

"Here!" cried a woman's voice sharply.

"That was my bid!"

"Beggin' yer pardon, ma'am," said the auctioneer, "that was Mr. Barton's bid."

"Was that yourbid, neighbor Earton," inquired the woman, anxiously.

"I guas 'twas," replied Neighbor Barton, somewhat abashed at talking before so many

what abashed at talking before so many

The woman burst into tears. "That was

my mother's bursen," she sobbed, "an' I come here on purpose to buy it. I thought that I bid the last on it. I'd made up my mind to have it ever since mother died;" and she turned to leave the house.

Neighbor Barton, in a state of great per-plexity, ran after her. "Here," he cried, "I don't want the bureau; honest. I only bid

themselves. For instance:

foral-stout, hale, and hearty old fellows,

eve that they have long since despaired of

curse and whose appearance leads of

formed Deacon Closefist that the horse

of both sexes from all the country round.

from the time of the first auction

seasons without noticing the posters w

A young man enters the store, and asks for something to do. The employer wrinkleshis forehead, words his eyebrows down on his nose to give him the appearance of being capable of profount thought, and says:

"Yes,"

"Yes," A form of excitement that exceeds in in-tensity even the wild dissipation of the circus, in the farming communities of the eastern and central states, is the periodical "auction sale," which occurs whenever some out-of-luck husbandman decides to sell out and

of Cheap Clerks.

"Well, we are full at present. How much do you expect?"

perturbation of spirit at being obliged to do a

PLAYING MAY AGAINST DECEMBER.

A Dry Goods Merchant's Successful

IR. K. Munkitrick in Puck.1

But there is another scheme for getting cheap clerks that the dry goods merchant essays, generally with great success.

Scheme for Laying in a Fall Stock

"Ten dollars a week." "Ten dollars a week!—\$10 a week!" replies

the merchant, sna ching the young man's sentence and hurling it back at him like a

Yes, sir," says the young man; "\$10 a

Then the merchant lies back in the chair and regards the young man with a patronizing air

"We never give such a salary to young, fresh and inexperienced men. We can get men of 50, with years of experience for the sum you ask. We have no use for boys, because they are wild and more bother than they are worth. What we want are men of years and experience. We will give you \$2

The young man accepts and goes to work. Then a man of about 50 walks in and solicits employment. The merchant lies back in his chair so far that, if he happens to be corpu-lent, he reminds one of the terrapin stretched out in front of a restaurant, with a placard on his under shell informing the pedestrian when he is to be served up. Then the merwhen he is to be served up. Then the chant says, as he did to the young man:

"So you want work?"

"Well, we are full at present. How much do you want?"

"Ten dollars a week." "Ten dollars a week!" says the merchant, a a tone that shows that he is in a condition

bordering on asphyxia.

"Yes, sir," responds the old man, "\$10 per

Then the merchant lies back in his chair so far that he barely escapes going all the way over and sliding along the floor on his spine. over and stiding along the floor on ms spine.

"We never give such a large salary to old men, because they are slow and decrepit, and in their own way. We don't care for old men, because they have old ideas and are way behind the times. For the sum you ask we can think the light control of the sum of the light control of the light care. get bright young men with the light of the get bright young men with the light of the morning of life in their faces. They have new ideas, and are full of vim, and can work five times harder and longer than the fossils who base their claims on an experience that might have been valuable in 1840. What we want are live young men. We will give you \$2

The old man accepts. And this is the way the merchant plays December off against May, and May off against December.

PETROLEUM CHEWING GUM.

A New Industry that Is Eating into the Spruce and Tamarack Gum Trade.

[New York Sun.] "Did you know that nearly three-quarters of the chewing gum that tires the jaws of the rising generation in the United States is

now made from petroleum?" said a manufac turing confectioner to a Sun reporter the jokes, and how they marveled at his large other day. The reporter did not know it. "Oh, yes," said the confectioner. "Petro-leam first knocked the spots off the whale oil business of New England, and now it is clipping into its spruce and tamarack gum industry at a fearful rate. Here's a lump of petroleum we have just received." The confectioner slapped his hand on a large oblong in importance was the assistant, who shone with reflected glory. He carried an block that resembled a piece of marble. "A few days ago," said he, "that came out of the ground in Pennsylvania, a dirty, greenity, and he only it was who dared interrupt the deity's flight of rhetoric to ask what that ish-brown fluid, with a smell that knock an ox down. The oil refiners took it and put it through a lot of chemical proand put it aghast at his audacity. Another important, personage in the eyes of the small boys was

cesses that I don't know anything about, and after taking out a large percentage of kero-sene, a good share of naphtha, considerable penzine, a cart-load or so of tar, and a number of other things with names longer than the alphabet, left us this mass of nice clean address the autioneer with random small boys had previously considered him a commonplace big brother of one of their number, but there was a gulf between them now, and they would not be at all surprised after this if he should go to work in Paterson or some other great, far-away city, and come back wealthy and buy out the village store, back wealthy and buy out the village store, a horse jockey.

more smen we will take this lump, cut it up, much that it is boilers. This piece will weigh 200 pounds. We add thirty pounds of cheap sugar to it, and flavor it with vanilla, wintergreen, peppermint, or any other essential oil. Then we turn it out on a marble table and cut it into all sorts of shapes with dies. After it is wrapped in oil tissue paper and You can imagine that somebody is chewing gum in this country when I tell you that a lump like this one will make 10,000 akes, and we use one up every week. are dozens of manufacturers using almost as

honestly made, is perfectly harmless, and that is more than can be said of some of the guns made from the juices of trees, especially the imported article."

much of the way as we do

The Guillotine To-Day in France. [J. D. Haynie in San Francisco Chronicl By this time it was broad daylight. H appeared quite unconcerned and walked stoutly toward the guillotine. The priest made another attempt, but in vain. The as-sistants quickly seized him by the arms and threw him on a long pine board. He offered not a particle of resistance. They fastened bim tightly to this board with straps—one across his breast, a second across his thighs, the third at his ankles. They then put the aristocrats of the gathering, but they received their "hired men," who, of course could not be kept at home from an suction, on terms of plank in place, pushing it so far forward that the fellow's neck reached the lower somi circular notch of the guillotine. The exe-cutioner stepped down from the platform, and going around to the front, seized Horby the hair and pulled with all his might. eard the fellow cry out with pain. I saw Diebler touch a spring, and then like a flash the sharp knife fell. It cut the neck in two. The head rolled into a basket half filled with do the bidding. Then the auctioneer was in his glory, and he showered compliments upon his fair audience, ad natuream, to all but sawdust, and the eyes were wide open. The body was then unstrapped and thrown in the sket. The execution took precisely two minutes and a half. When the knife fell th crowd rushed in and it was with great diffi-culty they were driven back again.

The executioner's assistants fell to work to clean the instrument. The basket with its sawdust and the bloody remains was placed in the wagon behind the old white and driven to the cemetery. After a tended interment the body was transfe to an undertaker's wagon and taken to the hospital. The head was taken to the dis-secting table, where, by means of electric-ity, all the muscles of the face were 'excited one after the other. At first it was convulsed with a frightful grimace. The eyes opened and shut, and the eyebrows contracted. The face at first assumed the expression of grief and then of rage, so that the jaws dropped together and the teeth were gnashed in fur The muscles of the body were next operated upon. The arms rose and fell, the legs were lternately drawn up and thrown out vio lently, the breast moved up and down as if breath was still in the body. We could plainly hear the air whistling through tho bleeding neck. When the corpse was cold and stiff these experiments were discontin-ued; it was then taken back to the cemetery and buried.

on it for the sake of bidding. You can take it off my hands at what I bid for it an' wo department having abolished the order scome." And the good man went out to the barn and swore a subshired man to ease his whiskers are sprouting all along the line. The British army is in high glee, the war department having abolished the order sub-jecting the soldiers to regular shaving, and