DAKOTA MENTION.

Condensed Happenings Throughout Both North and South Dakota.

The postoffice at Beatrice has been discontinued, as has also the mail route from Iroquois to that office.

Joseph Vanis' dwelling-house, near Wessington Springs, was entirely destroyed by fire.

A farmer named Holton, living just south of Webster, and his little daughter were seriously bitten by a mad dog.

There is a well defined rumor that the Northern Pacific elevators are soon to pass into the control of eastern capitalists.

This is a beastly country, anyhow. The corn is growing so fast that it cracks so people can't sleep on account of the noise.

Bismarck is endeavoring to secure Congressman Wm. M. Springer and Charles S. Baker to orate there on the Fourth of July.

One hundred and twenty Russians arrived in Dakota during the past week direct from Europe. They will locate on lands near Eureka.

A drink crazed prisoner in the Sioux Falls city jail set the building on fire four times in one night and narrowly escaped cremation.

Edward Cosgrove, confined in jail at Wahpeton for the murder of Miss Cody in Sargent county last winter, committed suicide by hanging.

Frank Downs, formerly of the Sioux Falls Argus-Leader composing-rooms, but at present engaged in detective work in that city, has just fallen heir to $36,000.

The Baileys, an aged musical couple, are making a tour of the territory. They propose singing for temperance in every county before the October election.

Over fifty Sioux Falls Knights Templar have signified their intention of attending the triennial conclave, which meets in Washington in October.

The Plankinton Beacon wants Huron and Plankinton business men to interest themselves jointly in securing the extension of the Manitoba road from Huron to Wheeler.

Bishop Walker, at Bismarck, on a recent Sunday, preached to four governors of Dakota, one live governor—Mellette—and three ex-governors—Pierce, Ordway and Church.

The editor of the Lead City Herald gleefully announces that he proposes to eat three meals a day and wash his front windows now that the type founders' trust is "busted."

The Hitchcock creamery now uses the milk of 600 cows and expects to secure 600 more. The power used in running the creamery comes from an artesian well.

All the farmers' alliances hold secret meeting this week to consider a proposition to obtain binding twine for 5 cents a pound cheaper than any other offer they have had this year.

The foundry machine shops and creamery for Rapid City are now secured. What comes next? It is not a good time to stop reaching out for desirable institutions, says the Journal.

John Foley, seventeen years of age, was killed at Walker's saw mill at Grand Forks. He was struck over the heart by a flying piece of lath. He walked to the door, sat down and died.

Kimball boasts of the most modest young lady of South Dakota; she has had two bookcases constructed in which to keep her library, so as to keep the works of male and female authors separate.

Sheriff Van Horn arrested Buck Antelope, a Sioux Indian at Chamberlain, for Stealing clothing. This is one of the worst Indians on the reservation and the authorities have been after him for a time.

Mad dogs are getting in their work. J. G. Haller and daughter, who were bitten at Webster, have been sent to Rockford, Ill., for treatment. Another dog went mad and bit a farmer living two miles north of town.

The Consolidated Tank Line company has bought seven acres of land in Sioux Falls. The property is on the Milwaukee road. The company will build its cooper shops, stables and warerooms on this property. Work will begin at once. The cooper shops will employ twenty-five men.

Lake Thompson, about eighteen miles north of Howard, in Kingsbury county, in places eight or nine feet in depth has recently gone dry. About ten days ago a waterspout sucked up the contents of the lake and since then the lake bed has been perfectly dry.

The members of the constitutional convention will receive $4 per day for their services and a mileage of 15 cents for each mile necessarily traveled in going to and returning from Sioux Falls. The presiding officer and chief clerk will receive $6 and other clerks $5 per diem. Twenty thousand dollars is appropriated for the expense of the meeting.

W. H. and Henry Meyers, of Rapid City, have sold to Gen. Boyle and Judge Pope, of St. Louis, the Gold Safe group of mines in Grizzly gulch for $25,000. The same capitalists also purchased of Meyers, Cook & Rogers the Grizzly Bear group, in the same locality, for $25,000. The latter property includes a twenty stamp mill and a valuable site and water right.

Charles Little, of Fairwater, was driving a young team south from the village, when it ran away, on the hill just this side of the village. They ran into a telephone pole, smashing the wagon and stopping them. Little was thrown violently into a pile of stones. His head was badly bruised, a shoulder blade broken, and he received severe internal injuries, resulting in frequent vomiting of blood.

At Grand Forks the house of Attorney Bosard was entered by burglars, and watches and jewelry stolen. They then entered the house of County Auditor Anderson. He discovered one at the bureau, and, jumping out of bed, grappled with him. The burglar fired, barely missing Anderson's head. The auditor shot and the burglar returned the fire. No arrests. The house of Secretary Richardson was also tried.

* * *

SINCE the termination of the dynamite patent in 1881, there has been immense industry in the invention of high explosives, and there are now more than 300 varieties. A dynamite cartridge one foot in length takes only 1-24,000 of a second to explode.

FISHING IN NEW JERSEY.

I Am Lured to the Land of Applejack and Fed Upon Pie—Billy Button Tries to Snare Farmer Shakes' Patent Self-Acting Trout and is Himself Ensnared.

I had never been fishing and didn't know a trout from a bologna sausage, except by the taste, and I told Billy Button so when he asked me to go with him.

"Never mind, Howdy," said he, "you'll be useful when we come back."

I didn't know what he meant by that, and he would give no explanation except that he had read some of my stories.

We went down into New Jersey. It was a beautiful day, and Billy was glad of it, because I could carry everything without getting overheated. Billy is very considerate of my feelings. Oh, how balmy it was. The trees were green, and the mosquitoes, too, were not yet ripe. We found a little babbling brooklet. It passed modestly through the meadows quite unnoticed because it was water, whereas if it had been applejack the banks would have been thronged—at least that was the way a local philosopher accounted for the facts.

HE HAD BEEN FISHING AHEAD OF US.

Billy Button was a great fisherman as he told me many times before we began to fish, and once or twice afterwards. We proceeded along the banks of the brooklet. It was much damper on the banks than it was in the middle of the stream, but Billy did not mind it, because he had a nice pair of rubber boots on that fastened almost up to his neck. I had an old pair which Billy had kindly loaned me, and though as I have said the banks were wetter than the stream it is a melancholy fact that the insides of Billy's old boots were wetter than either. They had an attraction for moisture, and I could hear it rushing in with a dull, sickening sizzle every time I lifted up my feet.

Although the stream was in the main so shallow that an American-built trout could not sail in it with his center board down, there were places here and there where it was deeper. I know, for I stepped into several of them. Billy said that the trout lived in these pools. I did not doubt his word, but it seemed strange to me that a trout who could have had the whole Atlantic ocean to swim in should chose to live in a place where he couldn't turn around without knocking something down; but Billy is a fisherman, and he ought to know.

We wandered up the stream and Billy cast his line into the quiet pools, when I didn't fall into them before he got a chance. I usually cast my line, too, but it went into the branch of a tree, and then I crawled out and rescued it at the peril of my life. But I caught as much as Billy did; in fact, I caught more, for he couldn't even hook snags. He began to explain to me that certain atmospheric conditions combined with the absence of fish could foil the efforts of the most skillful angler.

In the course of a few hours of arduous toil we arrived at a little clearing, on the edge of which was an unprepossessing rustic just adding a good-sized trout to a fat string. Billy looked at the string and greeted the aged fisherman reverently.

"So it was you boys that I heard behind me, was it?" he said. "Well, well; you didn't catch nothin' I see. Reckon I must have pulled the trout out'n their holes just ahead of you."

It was painfully evident that he had, and Billy's face showed how deeply delighted he was at the idea.

DOWNING THE PIE.

"You going up any further?" asked Billy.

"No. I ain't goin' no further," said the Jerseyman.

We continued on our way. It was just as much fun up there as it had been lower down, and no more. We didn't get a bite. Then we came back again, and I fell into all the holes I had discovered on my way up, and several new ones. About 3:30 p. m. we reached a farm house. By this time we were both hungry enough to eat anything we could bite, for I had lost our lunch early in the day. The owner of the farm house presented his card. It was engraved on the barn door in yellow paint:

James M. Shakes.

I did not know whether the middle initial stood for mosquitoes or malaria, but I knocked at the door of the house, and inquired for Mr. Shakes. His son Jimmie came out, and presently the old man appeared. He was the same venerable gentleman who had pulled all the trout out of the brook ahead of us.

"Oh; got back a'ready," said he cheerfully.

"How long did you think we'd be?" said Billy.

"Well, if you'd kept on up stream till you caught anything you might not have got back till next week," said Mr. Shakes, "because there aint no trout further up than where I stopped, and ain't never been any. Couldn't say why, but it's a fact."

"Why didn't you tell us so, you old heathen?" said I.

"I clean forgot it," he replied placidly. "Be ye hungry?"

"We could eat hay!"

"Well, I haint got none, but mother's baked a pie. We've only got this one in the house, but I'll let ye have it for a dollar, and then Jimmy 'll take ye down to the pond. There's trout in there that I can't get nohow but perhaps you can catch him."

"Well, I should say so," said Billy brightening up. "Just bring out our pie and I'll show you a few points about fishing."

We ate the pie, and then Jimmy took us down to the pond. It was a muddy little hole that Jimmy had made by damming a branch of the stream. There was a little sluice gate at the end by which the water could be let out. It didn't look like a good fishing ground. Any high-minded trout would have got out and walked, sooner than live there. Billy said as much when he saw it.

WHY THAT TROUT WOULD NOT BITE.

"But there's a trout in it," said old Shakes, "a big one, too; I saw him this afternoon."

"I don't believe it," said Billy, and he walked up to the pond. Then he ducked down on the ground in a hurry. "Yes, there is, too, by thunder," he whispered: "I saw him, myself, right in the middle."

Then he got out his line and made a graceful and scientific cast. But the trout didn't rise. He tried it several times, but the surface of the pond was unstirred except by his fly.

"You might try grasshoppers," suggested little Jimmy; "the trout around these parts is powerful found of grasshoppers."

Billy sent me to catch one, and I roamed all over four quarter sections without finding any. When I came back old Shakes consoled me by saying that they were rather scarce at that time of the year. Then Billy suggested worms, and I went out behind the barn and dug up a rare and beautiful collection. Billy wouldn't try one till the trout had got over his scare at the fly.

Meanwhile we were getting hungry again, and old Shakes went to the house and found one more pie which we bought for a dollar and a half. After that was gone he found another with which he consented to part for the sum of two dollars. He said it was positively the last pie in that part of New Jersey.

Then Billy tried his worms after creeping up to the edge of the pond, and satisfying himself that the trout had not got away.

"Darned if he isn't in the same place," said Billy. "He's the most aggravating trout I ever did see."

He continued to be as aggravating as before, for he wouldn't rise for the worms. Old Shakes said he didn't like the bait, and I suggested that we might put on some pie if wasn't to expensive. This reminded the old man that perhaps "mother" had found another. So he went up to the house and got it. We bought it for three dollars to keep him good natured. Then Billy said that the sun was too high to catch trout, but if we waited till evening we could have better luck. We went up to the house and waited. At the end of two hours we tried it again.

"I'll catch that trout," said Billy, "if I have to camp out here for a week."

"Pies would be about two thousand dollars apiece by the end of that time," I ventured to say, by way of remonstrance.

"Don't you worry," said Billy. "The sun's got low now, and he'll bite at anything. I'll have him out here in a jiffy."

We approached the pond. Something had evidently happened to it in our absence. There was no pond there; only the hole through which a thin stream trickled. Little Jimmie Shakes had pulled up the sluice gate, and let the water out. The sight of it made Billy swear. He said it was a mean advantage to take of a fisherman. Then he said something worse—a great deal worse. I could hardly blame him on a closer investigation, for in the middle of what had been the pond arose a stiff piece of wire planted in the bottom, and impaled upon it was the trout. He had been dead for some time, and his calmness was accounted for. It was evidently a scheme to sell pie, which little Jimmie had curtailed in its operation, because he was anxious to see some fun. He was doubled up in the grass making a noise that would have developed into a laugh in a more healthful climate than that of New Jersey.

"Say," called old man Shakes from the house, "ma's just found another pie, and—"

Billy interrupted him very suddenly but the venerable fakir did not go where Billy told him to—at least not immediately.

HOWARD FIELDING.

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* * *

IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

Hallucinations of Unfortunates Condemned to Life Incarceration.

In an asylum for the insane. The lusterless light of a dying day falls through the high, narrow, iron-barred windows into a long, gloomy corridor.

With the tirelessness of a caged tiger, says the Philadelphia American, a few men, most of whom are barefoot, afflicted with a milder type of dementia, pace the floor and gibber to themselves.

Ranged on either side of the corridor are cells, and here and there can be discerned a pair of wild eyes glaring sullenly through the small apertures in the door.

The weird notes of a flute fill the air. The tune is impromptu, and is well adapted to the discorded fancy of the players.

Now its sounds are low and pathetic, such as to make tender-hearted women weep, and now it is shrill and exultant a wild series of high-pitched trills.

The music ceases, and the player, casting aside his instrument, with a grating, meaningless laugh, hastens down the corridor with a desperate energy.

When he arrives at the other end he has forgotten his errand, and he slowly retraces his steps to obey the next capricious dictates of his imbecile mind.

The reporter, conducted by a keeper, ascends to the floor above.

The cell nearest the stairway is tenanted by a dark-featured man, who clutches at the bars of the door with a fury that threatens to snap them like so many match sticks.

There is no danger, however.

"This," said the keeper, "is one of our most violent patients. He is a German, and was educated in Heidelberg. His story is rather romantic. Upon the completion of his scholastic career he made a tour of the continent. While at Nice he saved the daughter of some nobleman from death. He fell deeply in love with her.

"She returned his affection, and they were engaged to be married. Before that event could be consummated the girl was taken ill with a malignant fever and died. Her death deeply affected the man before you, and at the solicitation of friends he left Nice. He wandered from place to place, finally coming to this country. Being in opulent circumstances, and rendered insensible to every thing good and pure by the untimely death of his betrothed, he plunged into dissipation in the wildest form, which eventually made him a mental and physical wreck."

During this conversation the insane man gave utterance to exclamations of an incoherent character, and as soon as the keeper had ceased, burst into a passionate recital. He fancied that he had cast his affiancied into a flaming pit and that her death shriek still rang in his ears.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, wildly. "They think she is dead, but she didn't, ha! ha! ha! I killed her. Yes, killed her. Oh, my, but wasn't it a fine night for such a devil's deed? The darkness was frightful. Lightning blazed forth with demoniacal fury from the heavens. The thunder made the earth quiver like a reed in the blast. All the imps of Patala were out."

The maniac paused in his excessive frenzy and dashed from his distorted face the great beads of perspiration that trickled from his forehead, and continued in the same wild manner:

"I stole her when she was asleep, and fled like some arch-demon from the blackest abyss of Hades with her, out—out into the night. She, ha, ha, ho, ho, struggled like some frightened bird. But what good did it do? I—I had her. On we went, through the fierce nocturnal storm, until we came to a plateau. A blazing pit yawned before us. Oh, how merrily the yellow and blue-tongued flames curled up, The air was filled with an infernal din—whoops, agonized screams, yells and laughter. Saturnalian demons played with gleaming rods of flame on shining death heads, and serpents hissed in their ambuscades. I held the one I loved aloft, and with arms of iron hurled her into the pit. Her cry—that of a lost soul—still haunts me."

And the maniac sank exhausted to the floor.

"It seems strange," said the keeper, as the twain descended the stairs, "that a man afflicted so violently with insanity can talk so coherently at times. That man's imagination is as powerful and wonderful as was Poe's."

* * *

Fashion's Changes.

Mr. De Style—"Why, my dear, I'm glad to see you so composed. When I left this morning you were weeping and wailing and tearing your hair, because Fido was sick."

Mrs. De Style—"Well, you see, just after you left Mrs. Tiptop came in and told me that dogs of Fido's breed were going out of fashion. So I dried my tears and kicked him out."—New York Weekly.

* * *

He Had Them.

Harper's Bazar: "Now about your lineage?"

"Oh, I've had everything—father, mother, two sets of grandparents, four sets of—"

"That 'll do; you can join the Four Hundred's circus as one of the clowns."

* * *

Comparisons Are Odious.

Epoch: "You must stop this smoking during business hours," said the head clerk.

"What's the matter?" inquired one of the boys.

"The boss says he can't appreciate his five-cent cigar when you clerks are puffing your Henry Clays."

* * *

Quickly Corrected.

Harper's Bazar: Mrs. Cumso (to door maid)—Has Mr. Cumso returned yet?

Maid—No, ma'am, he hasn't arriv.

Mrs. Cumso (rebukingly)—He hasn't arriv!

Maid—Beg pardon, ma'am. He hasn't arrove.

FOR THE FARMER.

The thermometer and the barometor should be used by all farmers. After having used them awhile they will be considered indispensable adjuncts to the farm.

Wood ashes are excellent on the flower beds. Roses need an application of them now. All kinds of flowers will be benefited by superphosphate and ashes at this season.

After each rain the ground should be cultivated lightly to prevent evaporation of moisture. The loose dirt serves as a covering and shields the earth from the direct effects of drying winds and the heat of the sun.

Weeds make excellent green manure if turned under. A rank growth of weeds indicate fertile land, but such land can be exhausted by removing a regular crop. It will pay, therefore, to turn the weeds under and let them rot in the ground.

The white butterfly is the parent of the cabbage worm. If a careful lookout is given when they first appear, and the butterflies destroyed, which is not as difficult as supposed, there would be a saving of labor and loss of plants.

Land that has grown much clover seed is not good for a strawberry patch. It is good for almost any other farm crop for which clover is valuable manure. But among strawberries clover is one of the worst of weeds, and for this reason it is not best to sow gypsum or land plaster on the strawberrry patch lest it cause too great an intrusion of clover.

Mr. J. K. Brown, New York Dairy Commissioner, remarks that dairying has been carried on in a very wasteful way, and that no manufacturer could stand the competition of his rivals if he should allow his business to run as slack as dairymen run theirs. "Manufacturers are literally compelled to know all about the capacity of the machines they use, but New York State farmers are keeping herds, onehalf of which never give milk enough to pay a profit on their keeping. No other business will permit such a drain."

When cream is thick and ropy and will not churn it is because of the presence of an excess albumen, which is like the white of an egg. This also prevents the escape of the air, gathered by churning, as is denoted by the swelling of the cream, which becomes frothy. Two low temperature sometimes operates in this way, while a too high temperature makes a butter too soft and porous. It is well to raise the temperature of the cream somewhat higher than the churning point, and let it lower to it, as fat is a bad conductor and does not heat as soon as the fluids in the cream.

Horse Dentistry.

More trouble and lack of condition are caused by ulcerated and irregular teeth than is generally supposed. Such teeth should be promptly removed with forceps. There is no reason to doubt that a horse with ulcerated teeth suffers as intensely from toothache as a human subject. Irregular growth or fractures of the enamel on the outer edges make the teeth so rough as to injure the inside of the cheek, sometimes causing ulcers. In other cases some of the grinders grow more slowly than others and fail to meet those in the opposite jaw, causing what is called "quidding," or imperfect mastication of the food. The remedy is to file the teeth into the proper shape. Horse dentistry is now recognized as an important branch of veterinary practice.

Whole Wheat for Poultry.

The low prices of wheat for several years past has been partly compensated to farmers by inducing them to test its value for feeding. It is, all things taken into account, the king of grains. It gives the elements of sustaining life more fully than any other food. In the albuminoids wheat is especially rich, and it is this that adapts it so well to feeding hens for egg-production. It is hardly possible for wheat to become so dear that farmers cannot afford to exchange it for eggs, always much dearer in price. On the farm the shrunken and imperfect wheat should be fed to the hens. It does not need grinding. Fowls have a grinding apparatus of their own, and do better when it is given due exercise than when grain is crushed into meal before feeding to them.—American Cultivator.

Fodder Corn.

The planting of fodder corn for late feeding is increasing in popularity of late years, in addition to the crops grown for ensilaging. It is an important crop to farmers who keep stock to any extent and should not be neglected by stockmen. To have a succession it is a good plan to plant every week or two after commencing. Some farmers who make but one planting or sowing defer it to long. It will not usually attain sufficient growth to be at its best for either Fall or Winter feeding when put in as late as July 10, yet it can be nearly full growh for Fall feeding, and if the pastures are scanty, and hay not too plenty, a field of it will prove a great addition to the feed for milch cows, and save many dollars' worth of hay and much shrinkage of milk. The corn may be planted in drills or sown broadcast, but drilling is preferred by the majority of good farmers,

Why Cattle are Salted,

Why do farmers salt their cattle? Not every farmer, remarks the American Dairyman, knows why he does it, unless it is becaues the stock like it, and then goes on to say: A moment's thought will show where the advantage lies. As soon as the food enters the stomach, the natural tendency is at once for fermentation to begin, and their arises a contest between this tendency and the digestive powers, And if these powers are vigorous, and the process of fermentation is checked or intercepted, then no bad results will follow, the food will be digested, and salt will not be needed, though at any time this will assist in the process of digestion. Salt keeps food from decaying until it can be digested and assimilated, and prolongs the time to allow the digestive organs to complete their work; and food is taken in excess, as often happens when stock is in pasture, salt given frequently will be of much advantage. And further, salt is a preventive of worms, When fermentation sets in, the conditions presented are favorable to the enistence of worms in the intestinal canals, and and may possibly be engendered by the process. Consenquently it should be a rule with stockmen to keep salt before their cattle, or within reach when they need it, and the cattle will obey the demands of nature, and supply the want as needed.

Touched The Old Man's Heart.

Nebraska State Journal.

Once upon a time an old man called his three sons to him in the dusk of the evening, and in a faltering voice said to them: "My boys, in a little while you will have no father. I am standing on the shore of the river of death and soon I must launch my boat upon it. Now, I have as you know, a splendid farm, upon which one man can thrive, but as there are three of you I have been sorely preplexed as to which should have it. I have therefore decided to give each of you two dollars that you must spend tomorrow, and to the one making the wisest purchase shall the farm be given. Come to me tomorrow evening at this time and tell me how you have each expended your money. Now, goodnight, and heaven bless you all." On the the following evening the three sons assembled before their father. "Reginald," said the latter to the eldest, "what did you purchase with your two dollars?" Father," returned the son, "I pondered long that I might make wise use of the money, and at last I bought a pair of strong shoes." "Well done, well done; the journey through life is rugged and hard, and the thorns are thick upon the way. You have shown prudence and forethought, and I love you the better for it. And what did you buy, Augustus?" "I too thought long and deeply," responded the second son, "that I might not purchase anything trivial or foolish. Since the cap that I wear is worn and ragged, I bought a hat with a wide brim, which I show to you, my father." The old man regarded him with a glance of pride and affection, and said: "You too have done well, Augustus; often in the world the brow is fevered and the sun rays beat fiercely upon the aching head, and your hat will comfort you. I rejoice that my sons are so filled with wisdom. And you Theophilus, what did you buy?" "My father," anwered Theophilus, "I didn't ponder worth a cent. As soon as I left you last evening I blew in my stuff for five tickets to the base-ball games.' With tears of joy streaming down his furrowed face, the venerable man embraced Theophilus, and murmured in a voice hoarse with emotion: "Had I a farm as large as Texas, with a wind-mill on it, it would be yours!" And then Reginald and Augustus moved sadly away into the gathering gloom and while the one tried to keep the flies off himself with his hat, the other kicked himself severely with his boots.

Health and Beauty.

Ladies' Home Companion.

To be beautiful, a woman must be healthy; the delicacy which comes from physical weakness is not an element of beauty. The grace of perfect form is the result of sound bone and flesh; health strengthens the muscles, and the proper conditions of the stomach and lungs is of great importance—on the perfect circulation of the blood and its freedom from all impurities depends the beauty of the complexion. The skin must be kept healthy by frequent bathing and proper diet, as well as plenty of exercise in the open air. The English are wont to say the paleness and sallow tinge of the American girl's complexion is due to insufficient nourishment, the want of strengthening food. A French author of note says: "A train of exact and rigid observation has demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen repels to a distance, and for a considerable length of time, the external appearance of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles, and as it is certain in physiology that it is depression of the muscles that causes wrinkles, those enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, other things being equal, those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger than those who do not understand that science." Our dry atmosphere, it is true, is somewhat unfavorable to clearness and brilliancy of our complexion, and our climate is more or less exhausting to the constitution of women, yet with care and attention to certain rules any woman not actually diseased may have good health, and with it some degree of beauty. Bathing is one of the first requirments, as it produces a healthful condition of the skin. Therefore, the daily bath, with a walk of an hour or more in the open air (not the exercise of housework), and a plentiful supply of good, well-cooked, nourishing food—plain food, not pies, puddings and sweet-meats—will add not only to a woman's attractive appearance, but improve mind, body and soul, for health, happiness and virtue go hand in hand.

House Furnishing

There are many gloomy rooms which throw a chill over a person upon entering them that might be made pleasant and homelike with taste and ingenuity, says the Farmers Voice. Rooms that are naturally dark can be lightened by having the woodwork and paper in light tints, and the decorations in warm, rich colors. Light brussels carpets show soil less and require less sweeping, consequently they last longer than dark ones. Good ingrain carpets are more satisfactory and look better when old than three-ply or other wool carpets. Pretty book shelves of antique oak, curled maple, or cherry, with curtains of pongee or China silk of some bright color, add much to a living-room, and as useful as ornamental. For a library or sitting-room it is well to have a good-sized table, double if possible, and use the lower shelf for newspapers and books. Rattan furniture is light, pretty, and comfortable, besides being inexpensive. Draw in bright ribbons and fasten on a "head rest" or roll, which can be made of China silk or plush.

Here and there over a picture or easel should be a fancy scarf or "throw," as they are now called. They are easily made of bolting cloth or silk, and can be hemstitched, embroidered, or left plain, with only fancy ornaments on the ends. Picture frames for the library should be of antique oak or some other equally pretty wood, while those for the parlor should be varied, gilt, bronze, etc, A pretty water-color flower piece has a lovely frame of pure white, which sets off the rich coloring of the flowers perfectly. A brass plaque, which has a pretty moonlight scene on it, is framed in rich, red plush with a narrow bronze molding, around the outside. In window draperies for the parlors soft silken curtains are the prettiest, or those of lace or fine lawns.

An eminent divine says: "A pretty well-ordered home preaches its own sermon, and wields a more powerful influence than either sword or pen."

The latest variation of the Irish peasant cloak is the accordion cloak, which is merely a velvet collar, into which is sewn five straight breadths of double or ten of single-width goods, accordion plaited, and long enough to reach the foot of the skirt.

EDISON'S FIRST BANK CHECK.

He Was Very Much Afraid of Being Held Up and Robbed in Wall Street.

The other day a smooth faced man, wearing handsome clothes and displaying a soiled collar and a necktie all awry, and shoes that never experienced the skillful manipulations of a bootblack, and finger nails that never experienced a manicure, leaned his elbow on a Washington counter and talked in the jolliest way to a circle of newspaper friends. He looked like a tramp, but he really is one of the most famous men in the world, and his name is known in every part of the globe. Of course he is an Ohio man. His name is Thomas Alva Edison, and he was once a peanut boy and news butcher on a jerkwater railroad in tne Buckeye state. During a little luncheon Edison, between hearty drinks of beer his favorite beverage, told in his quaint way the story of his first acquaintance with any large sum of money. It was in the days when he was struggling along with his early inventions, and didn't have big capitalists to back him. In fact, he didn't have any bank account himself, and hardly knew what one was. Bank checks were things he never had occasion to use, and had about as much idea of their value as the man in the moon.

Edison had finally sold his patent on the gold and stock indicator to the Western Union Telegraph company for $40,000, and was coming over to New York to get his money. He had heard of Wall street and its bulls and bears, and had been told that it was full of "sharks," who would fleece a man very quick. So he made up his mind that Wall street was a very dangerous place, and that if ever he had occasion to go there he would be lucky if he got away without losing his overcoat and umbrella.

At that time Gen. Lefferts was president of the Western Union. One morning Edison came into the company's general offices to close up the sale of his patent. After a few preliminaries he was given a check for $40,000.

He looked at it curiously for a moment or two, and appeared to be puzzled what to do with it. He knew he had sold a patent to the Western Union company for $40,000, but he did not see any money. Observing his perplexity, Gen. Lefferts told him that if he would go to the Bank of America, in Wall street, he would get the check cashed. "So I started," said Edison, "after carefully folding up the check and went toward Wall street. So uncertain was I in regard to that way of doing business that I thought while on the way that if any man should come up to me and offer me two crisp thousand dollar bills for that piece of paper, I should give him up the check very quick."

On arriving at the Bank of America he hesitated about entering, fearing still that something might be wrong. At last, however, he mustered up courage and determined to try it. He knew that Gen. Lefferts had told him he would get his money here, so braced ahead and half tremblingly shoved his check out to the cashier.

The latter scutinized it closely, gave Edison a piercing glance, and said something which Edison could not understand, as he was hard of hearing.

That was enough. He was now more than ever convinced that his "check" wasn't worth $40,000, and again thought as he rushed out of the bank with it that any man who would give him $2,000 could walk away with the check.

He hurried back to the Western Union and said he couldn't get any money. Gen. Lefferts then sent a man with him to indentify him. He said. "This man is Mr. Thomas A. Edison, to whose order the check is drawn."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Edison," said the cashier, very obsequiously; "how would you like your $40,000 —in what shape?"

"Oh, any way to suit the bank, it doesn't make any difference to me so long as I get my money."

Edison was given $40,000 in large bills. After dividing the roll into two wads of $20,000 each, he stuffed one into each trousers pocket, buttoned up his coat as tightly as possible, and made a break to get out of Wall street as quick as he could. The next day Edison began work on his first laboratory in New York.—F. D. Mussey in Cincinnati Commercial.

Contented.

"Our content is our best having," says Shakespeare; but it is only the few who really know what the word means. There is an old lady, however. living in a quiet New England town, who is actually a contented woman. One day she was sitting in the porch, placidly knitting, when a book agent appeared. After finishing the business part of his interview, and inducing her to subscribe for "Scenes from Joppa." in twelve numbers, he remarked;

"Nice farm you've got here."

"Yes, we think so," said the old lady, taking up her knitting again.

"Must be lonesome in winter though."

"Oh, no, not too lonesome; I don't like to have it so lively you can't hear yourself think."

"I guess the wind whistles some through these trees, about the time of the equinoctial."

"Maybe it does, I won't say it don't; but it only makes me thankful we've got enough fire wood."

"How is it about books? I don't suppose you have a library in town?"

"Well, no, not to call a library," said she cautiously, not wishing to hear her native place disparaged; "but there's books in circulation. Mis' Miles has got 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and I've got 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' So once a year we swap.'

"Have any lectures or concerts?"

"Husband says there's good speakin' in caucus, some of it real violent; and it you want to hear singin', sir, you, just come to our Sunday school. Sometimes it fairly makes the tears come into my eyes to hear them little creatur's tune up."

"Well, well," said the book agent, "I've seen a good many folks that call themselves contented, but I don't think any one of 'em could come up to you. Shut up in this lonesome place, and making the best of it too! Why, I don't suppose you ever travel!"

"Oh yes," said the old lady, primly, not too well pleased at hearing herself praised at the expense of her beloved town, "we travel as much as most folks. Last summer we went six miles to camp meeting. and two years ago we went to Boston—and that's forty-five miles, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

* * *

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Wall of Flies,

The Perisians have a proverb to the effect that "a small fly is multiplied by millions, he is undoubtedly a brave man who will attempt combating such a host. Fort Tel-el-Kebir, on the day after the battle there, in 1882, presented a remarkable gathering of flies

The fort seemed to be covered with a dark pall. At about 150 yards distant from this dark mass, I heard a loud, humming noise, and I approached nearer, the sound increased in volume, until it became a roar. It came from a wall of flies, one mile long, ten yards high and forty yards wide; this pall represented a line of dead and unburied Egyptians.

To go round the flank of the fly wall was out of the question, so I put spurs to my pony and urged him through. The brute several times refused to stir, frightened by the hum and noise. At last, I managed to get him "head on," and never shall I forget my passages through those forty yards of flies. They presented such a firm front that I could feel a pressure, heavy enough to compel me instinctively to grip the saddle closer with my knees.

I had to close mouth and eyes, and it was no easy matter to endure the stench emanating from the mass. My pony was so terrified that I could not stop him until we had got far beyond the black mass, and into the clear desert air again.

I looked behind me, now and again, as I continued my journey, and there, in the blazing sun, hung the same dark pall.—St. James' Gazette.

A Bath of State.

The queen of Madagascar has taken her yearly bath. This annual cleaning up was observed with great pomp. The French papers report that the queen was clothed all in scarlet and seated upon a red velvet throne; a corner of the room was railed off with red curtains and behind this was rolled a great bath tub set on wheels. A solemn procession filed through, bearing the water for the bath, materials for the fire to heat it, made directly under the bath tub itself, the towels, soap, perfume and various toilet appurtenances. As soon as the water was sufficiently heated the fire was put out, prayers were said and a hymn sung imploring that the queen suffer no harm from her daring act, and then, as she disappeared behind the curtain, a salvo of artillery was fired and the drums beat to announce to the excited multitudes outside that the important part of the ceremony was taking place. At the end of a brief fifteen minutes the queen reappeared, somewhat paler in hue, but gorgeously arrayed and wearing all the crown jewels. In her hand she carried an ox horn tipped and bound with silver, full of water taken from the bath just previous to her entrance to it. Bearing this and accompanied by the prime minister, she marched to the palace portal, where she dipped a branch into the water and sprinkled the spectators as they pass along, which gave them the satisfaction of feeling that they have in a measure shared in the dangers which the queen as the head of the nation had boldly confronted.—New York Telegram.

The Man With Two Stomachs.

New York Sun.

The New York fire department has in its ranks a member who could make a bigger salary in a dime museum than at life saving were he willing to go on exhibition. He is one of the best-known members, too, and a Bennett medallist. He has what is best described as a double stomach, some sort of an internal sack or pouch in addition to the regular stomach, into which, he can, at will, direct anything that he swallows. Whatever goes into this sack he can retain there as long as he pleases and then bring up again unharmed. In this way he can swallow coins, pebbles, or any small trifles, and regain possession of them again at will. He declares that this power has been of great use to him at times when he was the bearer of important secret dispatches through a hostile country. He enclosed them in a round silver case that he had made, swallowed them whenever necessary, and defied his searchers. He has been examined by well-known doctors, who say that this internal arrangement of his is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature ever known. He has had offers of large sums if he would will his body to some medical institute when he died. He says that he discovered the peculiarity about his stomach when a boy, by swallowing pebbles and bringing them up again to the admiring awe of his companions.

A Solid Bank.

An old fellow in a Wisconsin town who has been running a private bank for some years was recently requested to publish some sort of a statement. So he posted the following on the door of his bank: "Notice—This 'ere bank has got $50,000 behind her. She don't owe noboddy a cussed cent. Good paper discounted, as heretofore, and nobody proposes to cut sticks for Mexico or Canada."—Brooklyn Eagle.

IN SPITE of all efforts to prevent ticket scalping, and in spite of the cast iron agreements among railroad officials, the scalpers seem to have an abundance of bona fida tickets, good on nearly all the roads. It is believed that many of the passenger agents are still selling the tickets at a big commission to the scalpers.

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Primitive Telegraphs

As is well known the Indians of our continent use rising smoke to give signals to distant friends. A small fire is started, and, as soon as it burns fairly well, grass and leaves are heaped on top of it. Thus a large column of steam and smoke rises. By covering the fire with a blanket the rising of the smoke is interrupted at regular intervals, and the successive clouds are used for conveying messages. Explorations in the Congo basin have shown that the system of drum signals prevails throughout central Africa. The Bakuba use large wooden drum, on which different tones are produced with two drum sticks. Sometimes the natives "converse" in this way for hours, and from the energy displayed by the drummers and the rapidity of the successive blows, it seemed that the conversation was very animated. The same use of drums is found in New Guinea. From the rhythm and rapidity of the blows the natives know at once whether an attack, a death, or a festival is announced. The same tribe use columns of smoke or (at night) fires to convey messages to distant friends. The latter are also used in Australia. Columns of smoke of different forms are used for signals by the inhabitants of Cape York and the neighboring islands. In Victoria hollow trees are filled with fresh leaves which are lighted. The signals thus made are understood by their friends. In eastern Australia the move of a traveler were made known by columns of smoke, and so was the discovery of a whale in Portland bay.—Science.

An Old Teacher.

While on a railroad train recently with Judge James J. Lindley, an instance of the old gentleman's ready wit occurred. A young man, a stranger to the entire party introduced himself, and it came out that he was from Cynthiana, Ky., near where Lindley was born and lived for many years, teaching school, among other things. In talking over country history they became quite well acquainted, and the young Kentuckian mentioned his father's name. "I knew him well; he used to go to school under me," said the judge. "You hardly look old enough to have been my father's school teacher. The old gentleman is now 72 years old," said the young man in reply. The laugh twitted him on his age. When the young man left the car for a few minutes the Judge said: "I did not want to hurt the young man's feelings, but the fact is a great many people down that way didn't learn to read until after the war was over."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

False Messiahs.

The man out West who is pretending to be a new Messiah, and has got into trouble on that account, is not the first of his kind. There have been at least three other claimants Messiahship within the past few years. One of them appeared in Australia, where he met with poor success. Another of them, who appeared in Southern Russia, was a woman named Gabacrewicz, who pretend to perform miracles, and created a prodigious sensation among the peasantry, until the government sent her to prison. Still another, who appeared in Arabia among the Bedouing, some of whom believed in him, was a Jew, who came forth from the desert, where he had spent many years in mortifying the flesh, and who was a wonder worker until found out. Our Western pretender is not a novelty in his line. Other Messiahs of the kind have turned up now and then in many countries during the past two thousand years.—Sun.

The Northern Pacific secures the Great Northwest Central railway of Manitoba.

A Tower, Minn., man kills his sister-in-law's traducer.

Have you ever tried Dobbin's Electric Soap? It don't cost much for you to get one bar of your grocer, and see for yourself why it is praised by so many, after 24 years steady sale. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

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The liquor license at Jamestown, N. D., is to be $1,600 after July 1.

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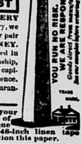

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