TAILORS IN A TEMPER.

They Rose In Riot Against a Play That Satirized Their Art.

In 1769 Samuel Foote, the English dramatist, had produced in London a burlesque, the author of which has never been discovered, entitled "The Tailors—A Tragedy For Warm Weather." Dowton, the actor, announced the revival of this piece for his benefit. As the title implies, it was a satire upon the sartorial craft, and upon the bills being issued an indignation meeting was convened by the knights of the needle, who vowed to oppose the performance by might and main.

Menacing letters were sent to Dowton telling him that 7,000 tailors would attend to his piece, and one, who signed himself "Death," added that 10,000 men could be found if necessary. These threats were laughed at by the actors, but when night came it was discovered that the craft were in earnest and that with few exceptions they had contrived to secure every seat in the house, while a mob without still squeezed for admission. The moment Dowton appeared upon the stage there was a hideous uproar, and some one threw a pair of shears at him.

Not a word would the rioters listen to, nor would they accept any compromise in the way of changing the piece. Within howled and hissed without intermission hundreds of exasperated tailors; outside howled and bellowed thousands of raging tailors, who attempted to storm the house. So formidable did the riot wax that a magistrate had to be sent for and special constables called out, but these were helpless against overwhelming odds, so a troop of life guards was ultimately summoned, who, after making sixteen prisoners, put the rest to flight.

Conture and His Dainty Pupil.

An old pupil of Conture told how the master came into his schoolroom one day when the model was in exceptionally good condition, the light especially fine and the circumstances of the seance altogether auspicious. As he entered one of the students got up and went to the tub of water in the corner, leaving all the rest buried in their work. "What are you going to do?" asked Conture roughly. The student showed his hands, which had some paint on them, and replied that he was going to wash them. Conture dabbed his thumb in some paint on the palette of the nearest student and made a smear on the dainty pupil's forehead. "You'd better wash your face, too," he said. The face washing was the last act of the students when they had finished their work for the day. The dainty pupil took the hint to heart, apologized and sat down at his easel without visiting the tub. If he had not done so he would never have entered the school again.

Pressed to Death.

An English court has sentenced a woman to imprisonment because she refused to speak during a trial. The old penalty for remaining mute under similar conditions was being pressed to death. The form of sentence set forth, "The prisoner shall be laid in some low, dark house, where he shall lie naked on the earth, and one arm shall be drawn to one quarter of the house with a cord and the other arm to another quarter, and in the same manner let it be done with his legs, and let there be laid upon his body iron and stone, as much as he can bear—or more." There the man had to lie. On the following day he was given three morsels of bread without water, on the following water, but no bread. And this was his diet until he died.

Mexico's Fans.

In Mexico fans were used long before the conquest, and when Montezuma heard that the Spaniards had landed and were about to visit him, he sent for goldsmiths and lapidaries and ordered, among other gifts which were to be offered to Cortes, two feather fans ornamented with a sun and moon of highly polished gold. Like the Japanese and other ancient nations, the Aztecs evidently considered the fan an emblem of authority, for they generally placed it in the hands of Ometeuctli, god of paradise, and of Totec, the military disciple of Quetzalcohuatl.

Puzzled Grant.

Grant and Sherman were discussing the plans of a campaign when a third general, a brigadier, entered the tent—a good soldier, but notorious for his carelessness as to his personal appearance. The brigadier finished his errand and went out. General Grant pulled upon his cigar for a few minutes in silence and then said, "Sherman, I wonder whom that man gets to wear his shirts the first week."

Notice of Teachers' Examination

The next regular examinations for Teachers' life diplomas, state and first grade certificates will be given in the court room in Sisseton, from Thursday to Saturday, February 27 28, and March 1st. Beginning at the hour of 8:30 o'clock on Thursday morning.

Bonnie Andrews,
(35-36) County Supt.

Advertising in the Standard brings results.

GRAPHITE AND ITS USES.

Mexico Supplies the Finest Brand of This Transformed Coal.

In the central part of the Mexican state of Sonora, twenty miles from the mining town of La Colorada, is one of the most desolate spots on earth. A few rude shacks give sign of human occupancy, and there are other evidences to show that mining operations are going on. Here and there are huge heaps of some intensely black stuff.

One soon discovers, however, that the black stuff is graphite—not only that, but it is from this source that the world gets most of the material for its best pencils.

The stuff, oddly enough, is obtained from coal beds which in places have turned into graphite. In fact, the same beds are actually being mined in other spots for coal. Geologists say that the metamorphosis was brought about by a plutonic agency—granite "dikes" pushing their way up from molten hot strata down below and changing the coal into graphite, which today is soft and friable enough to be dug out with pickax and shovel.

On being brought to the surface it is spread out in the hot sun to dry, and then thrown into piles to await shipment. Mules not much larger than St. Bernard dogs haul it to La Colorada, whence it is forwarded by rail to Michigan for treatment.

Water is so scarce in the graphite producing locality that it is doled out in kerosene cans, ten gallons a day to each family. There is not enough of it for reckless washing, so that the miners look like negroes.

The famous Siberian graphite is hard to get out, transportation facilities in that part of the world being poor, and even the best German graphite has to be floated in water and settled no fewer than ninety times in order to rid it of its impurity. But the graphite from Sonora demands no such elaborate treatment. Velvety soft and smooth to the touch, lumps of it are easily crushed in the hand. After being ground it is "air floated"—that is to say, exposed to a gentle blast of air. The heavy particles (grit) settle first and are thus separated out. What remains are particles almost infinitely small, like soot.

The graphite thus refined is mixed with clay in certain proportions for making pencils. A good deal of clay is used for hard pencil leads, less of it for soft. The more clay the harder the pencil. The pencil with a big lead, extremely soft, such as carpenters use, has only enough clay to hold the particles of graphite together.

The largest use of graphite, however, is for a lubricant. It is also employed extensively in the mixing of paints to give "body." The familiar shiny look of gunpowder is given by graphite, which furnishes a coating for the individual grains and prevents them from sticking together. Other uses of graphite are in electrotyping and manufacture of stove polish.

For high temperature crucibles the only suitable graphite is that obtained from Ceylon, which has an unusual structure, being fibrous. Mixed with clay for a binder, its fibers interlock, and with expansion and contraction they work in and out, so that the crucible does not break when heated or cooled. Such crucibles are made from an inch high to sizes big enough to hold gallons.—St. Louis Republic.

Platonic Love.

"Pa, what's platonic love?"

"It's generally a bunch of trouble in disguise."—Exchange

England's "Fiery Dragons."

In the year 1532 various parts of Great Britain were visited by a remarkable meteorological phenomenon, which the old authors refer to as "the visitation of the fire drakes or dragons." The author of "Contemplation of Mysteries" says, "In ye letter parte of ye yeare (1532) ye fieri dragons appeared flying by flocks or companies in ye ayre, having swines' snowtes, and sometimes were they seene foure hundred flying togither." In speaking of the fire dragons in another portion of his work he says, "Common people thinke fire drakes to be spirits which watch over hidden treasure, but the philosophers affirm them to be ye result of poisonous vapors which are spontaneously lighted in ye ayre."

Advice For the Minister.

In preaching the minister had been rather long winded when the young bride remembered that she had left the dinner in the gas range without regulating the flame. She hastily wrote a note and slipped it to her husband, who was an usher. He, thinking it was intended for the minister, calmly walked up and laid it on the pulpit.

The minister paused in the midst of his sermon and took the note with a smile which changed into a terrific frown as he read:

"Please hurry home and shut off the gas."

About the Way.

A young man about to get married asked his father how he got on so well with his wife. The old man considered for a moment or two, and then he said:

"It's like this, John. If your wife is a good woman let her have her own way, and if she's a bad one she'll take it."—London Telegraph

REPAID THE LOAN.

At Least That Was What the Old Time Highwayman Called It.

The fourth Earl Stanhope when on his way homeward late one dark night was held up by the most gentlemanly of highwaymen, who preferred his request for money or the nobleman's life in quite the nicest way. It happened that Lord Stanhope had not any money with him and was disinclined to yield the alternative.

"Your watch, then," suggested the gentleman at the opposite end of the pistol. The watch, the earl explained, was dear to him. He valued it at 100 guineas and would not surrender it. "What I will do," he said, "is to bring and deposit in this tree the worth of the watch in money, and you can call and get it tomorrow night."

"Done, my lord," said the highwayman.

The law knew nothing about this arrangement, and the earl did as he had promised. He placed the 100 guineas where the highwayman might at his leisure collect it. And there, so far as he knew, the matter ended.

Years afterward he attended a great banquet in the city and found himself pleasantly entertained by an extremely well known man whose signature was good for a sum in several figures. Next day came to Lord Stanhope a letter inclosing the sum of 100 guineas. Accompanying it was a note begging his acceptance of a loan granted some years previously to the man who now forwarded it.

That loan, said the letter, had enabled the sender to gain a new start in life, to make a fortune and to renew acquaintance at dinner on the previous night with his lordship. The city magnate and the highwayman of earlier days were one and the same.—London Standard.

A Plant That Coughs.

All have read of carnivorous plants, of laughing plants and of plants that weep, but who has heard of a plant that coughs? There is the authority of a French botanist, however, for the statement that a plant in various tropical regions actually possesses the power to cough in the most approved manner. The fruit of this plant resembles the common broad bean. It appears that the coughing plant is something of a crank, that it easily works itself into a rage and that it has a curious horror of all dust. As soon as a few grains of dust are deposited on its leaves the air chambers that cover their faces and are the respiratory organs of the plant become filled with gas, swell and end by driving out the gas with a slight explosion and a sound that resembles so much the cough of a child suffering from a cold as to carry a most uncanny sensation to the one beholding the phenomenon. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Origin of "Firewater."

The first whisky or intoxicant of inferior quality was distilled in England and brought to America in large barrels, but in transporting it overland it was found more convenient to divide it into small kegs. The traders soon became aware of the fact that by diluting the whisky with water more furs could be obtained. This was practiced for some time, but the Indians learned that good whisky poured on a fire would cause it to flame up, whereas had the whisky been diluted the fire would be quenched. It was by this simple experiment that the term "firewater" became a common word among the Indians. A chief who had experienced the bad effects of whisky among his people said it was most certainly distilled from the hearts of wildcats and the tongues of women from the effects it produced.

Cheeky, Indeed.

"I hear," said Lou to his friend Dick, whom he happened to meet one morning, "that Maude has broken her engagement with you."

"Yes," answered Dick; "it's true."

"Well, I'm sorry, old man. Why did she break it?"

"Why, merely because I stole a kiss," said Dick.

"What!" cried Lou. "Why, she must be crazy to object to having her fiance steal a kiss from her."

"Well," explained Dick, "the trouble was I didn't steal it from her."—Lippincott's.

Metaphysics.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was a classmate of Dr. Clarke at Harvard, and, according to the reminiscences of the latter, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table was as witty then as later. One day the two were talking of metaphysics, when the bright tongued little great man exclaimed: "I'll tell you, James, what I think metaphysics is like. It is like a man splitting a log. When it is done he has two more to split!"