

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

I. W. MCWEEN, - - - - - PUBLISHER.

THE man who invented the pigs-in-clover puzzle has been sent to a lunatic asylum in St. Louis.

AN association of housewives in Philadelphia is to abolish kitchens and establish a co-operative central cooking house.

A YANKEE engineer proposes to build a passenger elevator which will lift tourists to the summit of Mount Blanc. There is nothing on this earth that a Yankee can't do.

THE projected elevated road in Boston will almost graze the Old South Church and the Old State House, and will cross very near above the ground of the famous Boston massacre.

THE human race must have had its origin in the torrid zone, otherwise we could not support the heat which would give an African monkey fits. In very warm weather Sidney Smith used to wish that he could take off his flesh and sit in his bones.

TEN years ago China had almost a monopoly of the English tea market, but now India and Ceylon furnish 50 per cent. of the quantity consumed. The India and Ceylon teas are said to be stronger than the Chinese. Coffee is rapidly superseded by tea as a beverage in England.

THE American college "yell" is something European, and particularly Englishmen, never get used to. Their colleges have no "yell," and the Englishman does not see the fun of it at all. On the contrary, more than one learned professor has endeavored to prove that the yell is an Indian war whoop.

ONE of the points especially noted by military observers during the recent maneuvers abroad, where smokeless powder was used, was that in a clear atmosphere, unobscured by the smoke of battle, all bright accoutrements were seen at a great distance, thus betraying the positions of the various bodies of troops.

THE current number of the *Medical Journal* says that a well, healthy man will suffer more from the prick of a pin than he will from the pain of dissolution in case he dies a natural death. It assures the timid that there is no pain connected with the act of dying, but though the *Journal* is such high authority most of us beg to be excused.

A BOY has committed suicide because there were no other boys in the neighborhood where he lived with whom he could have "some fun." The average boy who spends his waking hours in studying plans whereby he can get into trouble, or in other words, have "some fun," can appreciate how barren the young suicide's life must have been when he had no companions in mischief.

A LAPEER, Mich., man took home two bottles of beer one day last week, and instead of drinking the stuff put the bottles down on the woodpile. By some kind of hocus pocus one of the bottles got into the stove, and the explosion that followed wrecked the stove and scared the man out of a year's growth. The man promptly drank the contents of the other bottle and went out to buy a new stove.

It would be well for the patrons of the electric cars to take notice of the fact that the courts have non-suited a man who was injured by trying to get aboard the car between the regular stopping places and sued the railroad company for damages. The railroad company is held to be blameless, and the plaintiff is censured for his recklessness. People who cannot reach the regular stations of the electric would do well to find some other mode of conveyance or go afoot.

KRUPP, the great German cannon maker, has just given the Emperor a nice little present. The gift is a brass cannon, handsomely ornamented with military designs, and, though a baby compared with many of the prodigious guns turned out at the Krupp works, it yet weighs 4,000 pounds. The Emperor is said to have exclaimed "Great guns!" when he saw it, and he is perhaps, as uncomfortably off as his own as the helpless person who has a number of white elephants on his hands.

THE Mayor, Board of Assessors and Committee on Public Grounds, of Norwich, Conn., have sat down heavily on wheelmen of that city. First, the Mayor issued a notice to the effect that any person riding a bicycle on the sidewalks within the limits of the city would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law; the Committee on Public Grounds ordered them to quit riding in the parks; and the Board of Assessors have decided that their wheels are taxable property and they must pay taxes on them.

A THUNDERBOLT played a very important part in the life of Mrs. D. A. Baker, at her home in Warrenville, a day or two ago, and nearly scared the lady out of her wits at the same time, says the *Hartford Courant*. A rollicking thunderstorm was rolling overhead when suddenly a bolt shot down the big chimney of the old house, glanced off to the kitchen, where Mrs. Baker was busy with household chores, smashed a lot of dishes, and then in a twinkling, whisked a pair of spectacles off the good woman's nose and smashed them

in her lap. Mrs. Baker was not injured in the least.

THE herd of buffaloes that the Government has preserved at Yellowstone National Park as almost the last specimens of the noble species have got loose and wandered away. News of their escape has been sent out in every direction, and an expedition has started in pursuit. But up to this time nothing has been feared as to their whereabouts and their recovery is doubtful. They are likely to be picked off by settlers and hunters, who can get almost a fabulous price for their skins. As the herd comprised the only known buffaloes in a wild state, their loss is a serious one and their slaughter would almost complete the extinction of a once countless race.

A MASSACHUSETTS man has taken out a curious patent for a funeral carriage. It is built like an old country omnibus, with a compartment on the roof for the coffin. There is not much in this notion that is startlingly new, but the patent has been issued specifically for an endless chain and pulley arrangement which lifts the coffin from the hands of the pall-bearers to the place designed for it on the top. About a dozen varieties of air-tight coffins have been patented since January, each being graced with some particular quality. In one the air is pumped out through a small hole after the coffin lid has been closed, and the hole automatically closed by an apparatus inside the air exhausting machine.

ABOUT the only meat the Bolivian Indian indulges in is chalonga or dried mutton, which is prepared in this way: When a sheep has been killed it is laid out flat, frozen, soaked in water and frozen again; after which it is hung up and dried and is then so hard and tough that decay is impossible and no vermin will molest it. To render chalonga edible it must be cut into small bits and boiled a very long time; and in its best estate is about as tender and juicy as sole leather. Bolivian Indians rarely eat fresh meat of any kind and have no fondness for the picanter and peppers so prized by the Spaniards and Cholos. Their greatest delicacy in the line of food is frozen Hema flesh; while coca is considered the first essential of life, and alcohol, or its equivalent, far more necessary than water.

DEAN SWIFT was right when he wrote that apparently ridiculous allusion to the man who was going to supply sunlight from bottled cucumbers. Scientists find that the cucumber is a sort of concentrated extract of sunshine. We have been accustomed to speak of persons of great acerbity as being "sourer than vinegar." According to Dr. Giber of the New York Pasteur Institute, there are sure temperaments in a literal sense. He advances a new theory about temperament, which is based upon the chemical composition of the animal organism. Instead of the old divisions into the sanguine, the nervous, the sympathetic and the bilious temperaments, he argues from observations and experiments that there are three temperaments or constitutions of the animal body—the alkaline, the acid and the neutral—and he holds that a study of these temperaments would enable medical men to gain a better idea of the unequal distribution of maladies, or in other words, the differences of susceptibility to infection.

THE Garter Must Go. An edict has gone forth from the State Normal School at Oswego, New York, forbidding the young ladies there wearing the garters now in vogue. Dr. Mary V. Lee, who has charge of the physical instruction of the young ladies, will see to it that they wear their hosiery suspended by elastic attachments to an undergarment at the waist, or by none at all. The old style, she says, whether worn above or below the knee, hinders free circulation, prevents development, and is injurious. She believes a healthy, active mind should be supported by a healthy bodily development. Dr. Lee first made war on corsets, then she gave her attention to high heeled shoes, and both have been abolished.

AN Ingenious Advertiser's Bold. Some time since a hansom cab was driven at a very rapid pace along the Strand in London, and passers-by observed, to their horror, there were two men inside engaged in an apparently deadly conflict. Fearing that murder was about to be committed, they raised an alarm, and some bold individuals rushed to the horse and brought the animal to a standstill. Thereupon the two persons who, a minute before seemed to be engaged in a life or death struggle, quietly leaned forward and distributed among the crowd some handbills inviting them to go to such and such a theater to witness a certain performance.

A Canard. "What is a canard, my dear?" said Mrs. Littlewit to her husband the other morning at breakfast. "What! don't you know what a canard is?" asked L., scornfully. "Why, the word itself conveys its own meaning." "Does it? Well, I may be stupid, but I really don't see it. Do tell me, dear." "Why, a canard is something one can hardly believe, of course."—*Tufts-Tat*.

ENTOMOLOGISTS state that there is reasonable hope that a scientific plan will be devised whereby whole tribes of noxious insects may be exterminated by the artificial multiplication of their innoxious enemies.

A LAWYER's life can be said to extend over one brief period.

NO MATTER how hard silence falls, it does not break.

TO THE DREGS.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.



HEY took him away from her then—away from his mother. She was dead. With one toil-worn hand thrown wearily over her brown hair, she lay prone on the poor comfortless cot; but she was weary no more. She had toiled to the end of her hard row, and had come finally to the resting place.

The shackles of labor without recompense had fallen off suddenly, and the half-smile lingering on the thin, wasted features told that, groping in the unkind shadows, she had found at last the light shining across the sea.

Death is not always an unkindness. Sometimes the cold, quiet clasp but cools a fevered brain, and soothes a soul longing for its undisturbed repose.

Thus it found the weary mother, and it was well. So they took him—a tiny child—away from the arms, now no longer a shelter to his tender years. He resisted vigorously, clinging to the rigid hand, while he called piteously for mamma, "to wake up." The tears of pain and affright ran down his wan baby cheeks, and his long golden curls swept the dead mother's face as he sobbed on the unanswering bosom.

Had she thought of what might become of her boy? They looked about the scantily furnished room for something, they hardly knew what.

Yes; over there in the corner, on the table, lay a scrap of paper with a pencil by it. They took it up, and by the light of the sullen, gloomy morning read the last wish of the dead woman.

"I have drank the cup of rue to the dregs," she had written, "and although the roses wreathed its brim at first, the thorns bristled thickly when the petals dropped. You will find money in the table-drawer for my funeral expenses; bury me decently. Please find a friend for Bessie—a home, if possible—but a friend at least. He is four years old. His father, if sober, you will find at No. 10 Rum street. You need not send for my husband, however, until I am under the sod, as I do not care to have him near me even in death. I have forgiven him, as far as possible, all the misery and sorrow he has brought on us—his wife and child—but bury me before he comes. I do not expect to live until morning; my heart troubles me. To whoever reads this and finds me, I commend Bessie, poor, motherless Bessie!"

"SADIE MATHERS."

On searching the drawer the money was found back in the corner in a blue china cup, and forthwith they set about arranging for the unfortunate woman's burial.

She evidently had seen better days. In the drawer, besides the money, were a heavy gold ring, a fine gold chain, and an ebony work-box containing a costly locket. On opening the locket the faces of a young man and woman looked up to the beholder, happy and handsome. Between the miniatures reposed a note in a fine, delicate hand, saying: "Our pictures the day we were married. At the back of each you will find mementos of what was once our beautiful home on the Hudson."

With trembling fingers the portraits were removed; beneath one was a lovely specimen of forget-me-not, and the other rested on a rose, withered and scentless, of course, but sacred. The pictures were replaced with a sigh of sympathetic sorrow for the lovely face in the locket, with its happy smile and crown of curling hair. The face on the wretched cot was the same, only it had gone through the vale of sorrows, bathing itself in tears until all the beauty and vivacity had been washed out.

Then there was another face; not a bad face in the main, yet there lurked a sort of dædemonism in the eyes, and an easily-to-go-to-the-bad expression in the handsome face.

Their "beautiful home on the Hudson." And it had come to this? Lord! what adverse currents sweep us out of time occasionally.

In spite of the admonition of the note, it was thought best to send for the husband. He could not grieve her now. And, perhaps, it was only humane consideration, after all, to let him know that "Sadie" was dead.

He came. His face grew white and he trembled when his eyes fell upon the shrouded form of his wife, but he went over and knelt down by her, covering his face with his hands.

"Oh, my God! my punishment is greater than I can bear!" he moaned. "Oh, Sadie! Sadie! if you only could say you forgive me—if you only could; but—never mind."

He got up, and a strange, resolute desperation swept over his countenance. "Where's Bessie?" he asked, in a strained, husky voice.

"With friends," he was answered. "Friends that will always keep him and do well by him?" he asked anxiously.

Having been assured in the affirmative, he drew his hat down over his eyes and went slowly out, shutting the door after him carefully. At evening he came back. "I have seen Bessie," he said, wearily, "and that is all right. Now, let me watch with Sadie. When do you bury her?"

"In the morning, early."

He nodded to this and begged of them to leave him alone with her "an hour or so."

The attendants withdrew to an adjoining apartment and left the penitent husband alone with his dead.

When they returned they found him kneeling by the dead Sadie, with his face buried in the shroud on her bosom. They hesitated to disturb him but finally spoke kindly, saying that it was now past midnight. He did not answer. They touched him gently on his shoulder to arouse him, but he heeded not.

He died! "Died of remorse," said one, but the empty vial on the table labeled "poison" supplemented the speaker, and

told that he, too, had drank of the dregs; but his cup was of sin and remorse, while hers was of pain, privation and sorrow.

This is a sad story, but common enough to the crowded tenement houses of our prosperous, christianized cities, and I can assure the reader that it is a true sketch.

On Exhibition Here.

The several signs at the door announced a grand exhibition of snakes, a fattened woman, wax figures representing the Twelve Disciples and the Last Supper, with rare animals, etc. As we entered the place the lecturer was all ready to begin. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this woman was tabooed by the savages of Borneo. Some call it tattooed and some tabooed, but it all means the same thing. Next to her is a guerilla from Africa. The guerilla is noted for sucking the blood of people when asleep. I don't know whether it's when the guerilla or the people is asleep, and odds is the difference to you."

"This, good people," he continued, passing to the next cage, "is the celebrated buoy constructor, from South America. This reptile is able to crush an ox in his folds. On the left of him is the raccoon, so called from its gait, which is that of a racking horse. Next beyond is a beaver, which secures its name from Beaver Falls, Wis. That animal on the right is called a porcupine, so named from its love of pork, and that on the left is an opossum. The last named creature gets its name from the Grecian word opo, the Latin word pos, and the Hebrew word sum."

He then posed before the wax figures, and went on: "This is John, that one Hercules, that one Mark, that one Cicero, and so on; all good men except Judas 'Scarrot. Each figure is an exact reproduction of the celebrated painting by Nero, and virtue is its own reward."

An old gentleman with spectacles hung in our rear as we went out, and said to the lecturer:

"Aren't you mistaken about Hercules?"

"No, sir."

"Sure you ain't?"

"Look a here, old man!" exclaimed the lecturer, as he squared off, "I've been in the show business for twenty odd years, and if you think you know the ropes better than I do you can take command."

"Oh, no, no, no! You are doubtless right—quite right—and of course you know your business. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Oh, well, never mind. It struck me as a little queer, but I guess it's all right—all right. It was because I am rather rusty on such matters, probably. Very entertaining, very, and I shall call again."—*New York Sun*.

Badge-Wearing the Latest Fad. "I just met a very distinguished man on Broadway," said an English tourist lately landed to me the other day. "He was a member of some order or other. I'm not sure whether it was French or Italian. I think he belongs to more than one."

Ten minutes later I met this distinguished man, and his orders were neither French nor German. He was a member of the Barbers' Protective Association, an East Side athletic club, and a dancing coterie.

This mistake on the part of the British tourist calls to mind the fact that one man out of ten that are met on any of the upper thoroughfares wears badges of some sort or other. Most of the badges are small, and some are rich and costly in design, and as a rule they are worn on the left lapel of the coat where a boutonniere usually appears.

When the reader remembers that there are in this country over 5,000 secret societies, some large and prosperous, but most of which are confined to the town which gave them birth, and that most of the members wear some distinctive badge, this wonderful growth in the badge-wearing fad is not really so wonderful after all.

Yesterday I met on Sixth avenue a tall man with a military air, who would have been taken for a field marshal at least in any foreign city. I analyzed the badges that covered his waistcoat like the rounds of the "Jacob's ladder" that national guardsmen wear. The list was as follows:

Masonic—Blue Lodge, Chapter, Council, Commandery, Lodge of Perfection, Temple of Mecca. Knights of Pythias. Order of Foresters. Ancient Order of American Workmen. Legion of Honor. Grand Army of the Republic. Ninth Regiment, National Guards.

That was all, but as each order had its badge, and as each badge was worn, the waistcoat looked like the breast of the Prince of Wales in his dress parade costume.

Of course few badge wearers go to this extreme, but enough of them have their special vanities to make the fad a marked one in New York City.—*New York Herald*.

He Enjoyed the Pass.

Great men do not always write in the grand manner, but Crowfoot, the Blackfoot chief, was not wanting in this respect.

He received a perpetual pass over the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and in acknowledgment of his thanks sent the following letter:

"Great Chief of the Railway: I salute you, O, Chief. O, great, I am pleased with railroad key, opening road free to me. The chains and rich covering of your name writing, its wonderful power to open the road, show the greatness of your chiefness. I have done. Crowfoot."

JUDGE—The last time you were here for stealing didn't you promise to reform if I'd let you go? Prisoner—I am reforming, Judge. I used to steal every day, and now I steal only twice a week. If you let me go a little while longer I think I'll be cured.

"No, THANK YOU, Cleopatra," quoth Antony that happy Sunday afternoon at dinner. "I'll not partake of that delicacy. It was a Roman punch that killed my good friend Cæsar."

BAGGAGE SMASHERS.

Kate Thorn Gives Her Experience with That Class of People.

Almost everybody who travels complains of how dreadfully baggage is smashed up. A new trunk, they say, which costs twenty dollars, will be done to death in making a trip from Washington to Quebec, and home, by the way of the great lakes.

A friend of ours, who is a great traveler, and who is generally accompanied by a couple of Saratogas, tells us that she never enjoys the scenery anywhere, because she is worrying so about her trunks. In her experience she has had dozens of them broken open, and the contents scattered, and is always expecting such a catastrophe.

All travelers indulge in gloomy forebodings of that kind, to some extent. The only really independent traveler is the Boston drummer, and there are about twenty of him on every train, and he occupies two seats, and carries his luggage—three boxes and two bags—in his hand.

Of course, a great deal of blame is attached to the railway officials who handle the luggage. We have heard them called almost anything except decent men. Everybody feels at liberty to show them up, and then if they venture to say anything in return, they are reported to the company for insolence and disrespectful conduct.

Now a "baggage smasher" is a man with a man's feelings.

He isn't a Samson, or a California pack-horse, or a Virginia mule.

No matter how good his will may be, he cannot move a meeting house.

He cannot take a trunk which weighs two hundred and carry it in his arms as he would his first baby, even if it be filled with rare old china and geological specimens mixed up together. And when, after drawing in a full breath and setting back his cap and bracing himself, he manages to lift one of these trunks to a level with the truck, he cannot let it down easy, but has to let it go, and it goes down with a bang!

And unless he be a Hercules how is he going to help it?

Just consider the number of trunks and heavy packages a baggage master has to handle in the course of a day in a large city like New York or Chicago, and think what his muscles must be done to do it! Think of his back-bone!

We look at him sometimes and we fall to speculating on how he does it! On how he manages to keep on doing it? We should think that when he went home at night, if he ever does go home, he would be too tired to hug his wife and split the kindling wood.

What is the remedy?

We don't propose any. It would be useless if we did. Nobody would adopt it. A woman would rather have her trunks burst open on every trip than to go anywhere without the stereotyped quantity of lingerie, the morning and evening and dinner dresses, and the boots and shoes, and bonnets and parasols, and toilet fixings, and new novels deemed necessary for a week's stay anywhere. The fact of it is, the dear creatures must have the things, and they fill up big trunks, and the baggage smashers have got to grin and bear it or quit the business.

And if they turn the trunks end over end, and upset the liquid pearl over the morning slippers, and spill the liquid rouge over the hundred-dollar silk dress, who is to blame? The trunks have to be got into the baggage van somehow, and we defy any mortal man to get them there without turning them over a good many times.

The woman who has independence enough to travel with nothing by way of baggage but a handbag, and we know a few such women, is happy.

She is at liberty to enjoy the moving panorama which presents itself from the car window. She doesn't trouble herself about that trunk! She is not at the mercy of any official in blue uniform, with a gilt band on his hat.

And in closing, we extend our hearty sympathy to baggage smashers, all over the country, and when we get in to Congress we will use our influence to limit the weight of one parcel of baggage to fifty pounds, even if we have to put our bonnets, and petticoats, and things up in a dozen parcels.—*New York Weekly*.

The Kissing Girl.

No maiden in the world resents an affront with more injured vigor than the kissing girl. She has a code of morals all her own; she knows with minute accuracy when it is infringed upon. She is pretty and wholesome-looking, otherwise she would never become a kissing girl for lack of material upon which to ply her art. She is young; likewise unsophisticated. Nor are her kisses to be bought; favor rests upon their gift, for all kisses worth having go by favor.

If she were less unconventional she would be naughty. As it is, she is unaware that the spirit of propriety—a powerful genius in its way—sustains a rude shock with every kiss she gives or takes. Her complacency is her safeguard. Fragile barrier that it is, it stands her in rare good service, protecting her from further folly if rude impulse strives to break it down.

She is an American production, the kissing girl, like Indian maize or the domesticated turkey. You will find her nowhere in Europe—not in America, for that matter, save in that form of middle-class life that knows nothing of social distinctions—a life in its way so independent of conventional superiorities that even if it would accept or recognize them its charm and individuality would be broken thereby.

At her best, the kissing girl is found in certain church societies, where she is quick to express her opinion of a sermon's merit or raise her sweet voice in sacred song. As a rule she means no harm, and nine times out of ten she does no harm, but, all the same, it will be a matter of congratulation when this peculiarly American product becomes a thing of the past.

In France an extensive series of investigations has led to the conclusion that the sardines of commerce are young fish not yet arrived at maturity, and as a rule size is no clue to the state of development.

TWO STRANGERS IN A DUEL.

A Story of a Meeting on the Field of Honor in the Days Before the War.

"I have seen one duel in my life," he said. "I do not believe in dueling, of course, but since that duel I have not had the horror of it which I felt before. It did not seem like murder; it did not seem even brutal to me."

"I was in New Orleans and was sitting late one night in the hotel corridor, interested in a discussion ably conducted on both sides. It was on that subject which then hung on every man's lips. Both men were handsome, middle-aged and refined looking. The conversation became more and more heated until one of the men said sternly: 'You have insulted my State and me, sir.'"

"I have spoken what I believe to be the truth," said the other man calmly; 'and I cannot change my sentiment.'"

"Then you offer to give me satisfaction?" said the other.

"In what way?"

"As gentlemen give satisfaction."

"I do not fight duels," said the other, paling slightly.

"Not when you have insulted a man?"

"No."

"You are not a coward," answered the other. "That is plain to see. I ask you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction."

"The man from the North looked at him steadily."

"I cannot kill a man," he said.

"The other gave him a look which was almost one of appeal."

"If you do not give me satisfaction," he said, "retract, and I see you will not do that, I shall feel like a bound."

"Very well," answered the other, simply, "when shall it be?"

"As soon as possible."

"The Southerner excused himself to find a second. The Northern man turned to me."

"I am a stranger here," he said. "Will you act as my second?"

"I don't believe in duels," I answered, feeling ashamed to refuse him.

"No more do I," he replied, coldly.

"I hesitated and consented. The four of us were driven below the city. I shall not forget the place where the duel was fought. We turned into a plantation at a point of the road where stood a majestic pecan tree, which seemed to bow gravely as the wind rustled softly through its branches and the trailing moss swayed gently. The distance was paced off by the second of my new friend's adversary, for I absolutely useless."

"For some reason my principal took off his coat and waistcoat, and the other man did the same thing. They both seemed at their ease. In the grayness of the morning the white of their shirts was beautifully clear and pleasing. They took their positions quietly. No one had spoken a word since we had entered the field. My friend raised his hand and looked carefully at his revolver."

"Gentlemen," he said, calmly, "I have never shot at a man in my life. This is not of my doing."

"I looked at the Southern duelist. His face whitened at this, but he was cool and graceful in his bearing."

"I forgot my principles. There was nothing brutal, uncivilized or cruel in this. It was beautiful. The calmness of the scene was exquisite. Both men faced each other as if they were paying compliments. There was a grace about their posture which charmed me. At that moment it seemed to me that to kill a man in so delicate a way was the refinement of courtesy."

"Gentlemen, are you ready? One!"

Two white-sleeved arms was all that I saw. I did not hear the rest, not even the shots. I saw the arms go slowly, straighten out sharply, something like released springs, and the Southern man was in the damp grass, a bright stain on his white shirt. My friend was leaning over him, peering anxiously into the wounded man's face. When I ran up the one who was shot was very white.

"Henry," he said to his second, "take every care of this gentleman's safety," and he fainted.

"Perhaps this was one of the most remarkable duels ever fought. I am unwilling second, did not know the name of the principal whom I assisted. I did not even know the cause of the duel. Each principal was ignorant of the name of the other. The only two men who knew each other were the Southern man and his second. But I, who believed dueling to be murder, found it, when forced to play a part in a duel, a fascinating picture, the like of which I have never before or since seen."—*New York Tribune*.

Typographical Blunders.

Sir Arthur Helps was, I think, oversensitive to adverse criticism, of which he had perhaps not enough to allow him to grow callous to it, and the least misprints in his own books or articles annoyed him exceedingly. There was a passage from his "Organization in Daily Life," in which, speaking of vultures gathering to their prey, he had used the Virgilian phrase "obscene birds," which had been printed "obscure birds." The mistake was not noticed by any of several persons who read the proofs in succession, and I remember that his gratitude was quite effusive when his attention was called to the word just as the book was being sent to press.

After all, the blunder was not a serious one, and was nothing like that of the lady traveler who wrote that the "whole wilderness was filled with erratic blocks," and who, failing to revise her proofs, found that the printers had taken on themselves to correct her geological expression, and that she was made to assert that the "whole wilderness was filled with erotic blacks."—*The Academy*.

His Picnic.

Employer—James, it's all right for you to take a day off now and then, but there's no use of lying about it.

Colored porter—Lyn, sah?

Employer—You told me you were going to your uncle's funeral yesterday, but I hear you went to a picnic.

Colored porter—Well, sah, I did go black-berrin'—*America*.