

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEEN, PUBLISHER.

FOOTBALL has apparently kicked out its base rival of "the diamond field."

The city of Rutland has been incorporated, and Vermont is wearing a large-sized white marble bouquet in honor of the event.

Jesse Grant, the youngest son of the famous General, is now settled down with his family at Piedmont, Cal., where he has been quite successful in the mining business.

Judge Roger A. Pryor has made a friend of every woman in the country. He has laid down the rule that a man who would kiss a girl and then tell about it should not be believed under oath.

The Sultan of Morocco has 6,000 wives, while the Sultan of Turkey has only 300. The descendant of Ottoman must feel quite lonesome when he contemplates the social condition of the African potentate.

The penitentiary is too good a place for the members of "the coal trust" who are now arranging to reduce the output of coal and freeze the people into accepting their terms. The enforcers of the law are poor sticks if they stand idle while these magnates plot and plan.

A French scientist figures it out that the number of deaths in the entire world in a century amounts to 4,500,000,000. And yet the relatives of John Smith get mad as sore-heeled mules when the rural editor refuses to give him more than a stickful of obituary taffy.

At the top of Pike's Peak the air is so rarefied that cats taken there invariably have fits and die before they get acclimatized. If there were more Pike's Peaks in the country and a few millions of cats were transported to them, blessed sleep would fall on the weary and there would be an immense economy in missiles hurled into back yards.

George T. Kibling, of Norwich, Vt., who was sentenced to sixty-seven years' imprisonment for selling liquor to Dartmouth students, does not seem to be suffering much from his incarceration, seeing that he is around the streets every day, only calling in at the jail every month or so to let them know how he is getting along and to swap cigars and stories.

True hope is based on the energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views or to one particular object. And if at last it should be lost, it has saved itself.

A book which has just been published in Germany, reciting the horrors and hardships of female workers in the factories, and the immoralities resulting therefrom, has aroused the government to appoint a commission to report upon the facts. The book says "cheap wages and cheap goods have done this for the working women of Germany." The book is written by a woman who gives her personal experience as an operative in the factories.

A striking example of honesty in politics was shown in the Probate Court of Philadelphia a few days ago. The late Samuel J. Randall was for years one of the most trusted leaders of the Democratic party in Congress. He was the only Democrat in the State who was certain of re-election to Congress, and, by the way, after the death of Mr. Kelly, was the leader of the protectionists in the House, and yet his widow appeared in court and made oath to the fact that he left nothing in the way of property to account for. He lived simply and died poor, a fact that is the crowning glory of one of the most distinguished of republican statesmen.

A meeting of the National Committee on the International Congress to be held in connection with the Columbian Exposition at Chicago next summer was held at Drexel Institute. Among the members of this committee are William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education; President Gilman, Johns Hopkins University; General Francis A. Walker, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia College; Superintendent Edwin P. Seavor, Boston; Professor E. H. Cook, President National Education Association; Dr. E. O. Lyte, Principal Millersville State Normal School; President James MacAlister, Drexel Institute.

The rumor that the removal of Capt. Irving, of the White Star steamer Teutonic, is due to displeasure of the management of the company with his attempts at "breaking the record," recalls the old days of steamboat-racing on the Ohio and the Mississippi. People like to travel rapidly, but they like also to travel safely, and a reputation for racing hurts the patronage of a ship. It is quite reasonable that it should. There are times when it is the part of the prudent captain to "slow down," even at the risk of bringing his vessel into port behind his schedule. But the racing spirit is incompatible with the

exercise of prudence. Racers are like gamblers, and will risk everything to win.

No possible condition would make everybody rich. So in discussing the inequalities of present social life the fact of inequality does not argue one way or the other in the matter. It is practically true in this country that any young man, however little he may have to begin with, may by industry and saving accumulate a competence. He may not be able to save it after he gets it. That is the trouble with most who complain of poverty. They do not begin to make the small savings on which prosperity depends, or if they do a little prosperity turns their heads, capsize their craft, and in modern phrase puts them "in the soup" again. If it is not always to be so the reform must be made by educating a better race of men and women.

There is little doubt that the determination of the Federal authorities to maintain strict quarantine regulations as to steerage immigrants will meet the approval of all sensible persons. The new modifications by which cabin passengers and Americans returning in the steerage are permitted to land after passing inspection by the local health authorities divest the previously prevailing precautionary regulations of their more burdensome features without unduly relaxing their efficiency. It would be madness to allow our vigilance to wane now, when cholera is reported as spreading in other parts of the world. We have kept it out so far, and should endeavor to do so till the danger has entirely disappeared.

The king is dead, long live the king! The time-honored game of base-ball, like the American buffalo, and nearly everything else mundane, has had its day, and now the "national game," with all its exhilaration and excitement, with its charleyhorses and scores and umpires and extras and daisy cutters, and all its familiar paraphernalia, is a thing of the past, to be buried in the archives of the long ago beyond the hope of resurrection. And foot-ball has come to take its place and the chances are that it will have even a longer lease of life than the sport which it supplants. The one thing in which foot-ball has the vast advantage over the other game is the superior facility with which it turns out gore-covered victims and wrecks of humanity. Like the gladiatorial combats of old, its superiority lies in its bloodthirsty character, and as long as it retains its popularity the young men of the country will have no craving to go to the wars. With rival eleven's nations of Europe may even be persuaded to disband their standing armies and trust their destinies to the foot-ball field in preference to the arbitrament of the sword, on the principle that in the new game there is a much better chance to satisfy the prevalent taste for gore.

The Senatorial investigation of the Homestead riots threw no favorable light upon Pinkertonism as a means of settling labor troubles. The system, on the contrary, seems to be worse than had been popularly supposed. No private citizen should be empowered to employ a band of irresponsible armed men. The fact that such bodies are allowed to march through the country as the retainers of some individual or corporation paying for their services is in itself an insult to the law of the land, which should be able to furnish protection to every citizen by means of the legal authorities. According to the testimony brought out before the committee, it has been proved on various occasions that strikers are enraged and rendered desperate by the presence of agency detectives, while they usually submit with good grace to the authority of the police or the militia. This is very natural, for they look upon the detectives as enemies hired by their employers to intimidate them, while they realize that it is the duty of the legal authorities to protect the rights of all citizens impartially. The testimony also brought out the fact that these companies of private detectives were frequently made up of ruffians, tramps and disreputable characters—men whom it is certainly not wise to arm and send into a region already disquieted and on the verge of an outbreak. In arbitration lies the ultimate hope of settling labor troubles peacefully and satisfactorily, but arbitration becomes impossible the minute an employer opposes his men with a band of Hessians. Pinkertonism is a relic of the middle ages and must go.

There was a certain master of fox-hounds in one of the English shires who was greatly angered by the awkwardness of one of the gentlemen who invariably rode over the hounds. At one of the meets, the M. F. H. rode up to the awkward hunter, and in the most chilling tones said: "Mr. So-and-so, there are two dogs in the pack to-day, Snap and Tatters, which I am especially fond of, and I would esteem it a favor if you would avoid killing or maiming them with your horse's hoofs." "Certainly, my dear fellow," replied Mr. So-and-so; "but, as I do not know them, will you be kind enough to put tags on them for me?"

Will you be kind enough to put tags on them for me?

WOMEN AND WEDDINGS

LIVELY CHAT ON DRESS AND USAGE.

In Illustration of the Wedding Topic Our Correspondent Has Made Sketches from Photographs of Actual Brides—Growing Independence as to Marriage Roles.

Marriage and Modes.

New York correspondence:

DRESS and usage at weddings shall be the subject of this article. One marriage lot may be seen in the initial sketch, and another next below. In these cases, the brides chose to depart from conventional usage, and garb themselves like girls arrayed modestly and becomingly for an evening party. The fabrics were white satin, and the embellishments were in the same color. In the first example the spray on the waist and skirt were embroidered by hand in the finest conceivable manner, making an exceedingly costly toilet, as well as a beautiful one. The shaping of the gown itself was severely plain and simple. This young bride wore no veil, or orange blossoms, or anything else to denote that she was at her own wedding. That was her fancy. The bride of the second picture put on a veil and a wreath of orange blossoms. The illustration shows the dress only, with its widely puffed sleeves, its high bodice, and its trailing skirt embroidered in silk and edged with lace. To a prospective bride, who writes to ask what she shall wear at the altar, in order not to be "the usual sort of thing," I can only reply that nine-tenths of the bridal dresses are still made of white satin or silk. Of course, I mean what are called full dress weddings. But there is a growing independence as to marriage robes, and any girl may indulge her own

by the fundamental idea of the bride as a veiled and modest virgin brought to her husband is likely to evolve a really tasteful and impressive wedding. That which has its chief purpose the "starring," as it were, of the bride is pretty close to vulgarly. The attendants are, as the bride is a sister or a very dear friend she is maid of honor, and bears to the bride the relation that the best man does to the groom. Often all but the sister or friend are dispensed on the bride's side, who has then merely the maid of honor. Users, who are supposed to equal in number the bridesmaids and balance the party, are essential, whether there are any maids or not. They see to seating the people if it is a church wedding, and to disposing the guests at a house wedding. Only after all this is done does the bride appear, and then the ushers are free to take their part in the bridal march or to take their places, as has been arranged.

Whether or not there is a maid of honor, there must be a best man. He is supposed to be on hand, and to know everything the groom forgets, and as the groom probably forgets everything you see how important the best man is. He is more important than the groom. In fact I know of one wedding where the best man, standing of course close to the elbow of the groom during the ceremony, made half the responses owing to the groom's voice going back on him. The best man who knows where the ring is, the best man who takes care of it and nudges the groom when it is time to use it, and it is the best man who knows which is the bride, and keeps the groom from distractedly marrying one of the maids or the mothers. The maid of honor, or the first bridesmaid, performs the same offices for the bride, who is never in the flabby and scared condition the groom is in. From the church the bride and groom go in a carriage to the house of the bride. There is held a brief reception, or, if it is a morning wedding, the usual breakfast. Arrangements are usually made so that there is a train to catch, or they all pretend there is, and the bride slips away as soon as she can to don her traveling gown. For a morning wedding the groom has worn a suit in which he can travel, unless he has been very French and done as the Frenchmen do—a full-dress suit. In that case, his best man drags him off to an apartment provided, and he does not get his traveling coat on wrong side out. Then the two pretend to "slip away," and, of course, they are discovered and that is the time for rice and all that. As to the wedding journey, that is as they please. The English custom is to "borrow" for a week or so, the country house or hunting lodge of a friend, some place only a few hours out of town. It is nothing short of vulgar and unrefined to start a woman off on a long trip on cars or boat after all the excitement and weariness of a formal wedding ceremony. Some people have a craze for starting to Europe. Good gracious! Of course reasonable people expect to lose their illusions in time, but why take the risk of throwing them up it out? And I should think the miseries attendant on a sea voyage would effectually do it.

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SECRETARY TRACY has changed his mind and will let Lieutenant Peary lead another polar expedition, after all. Three objects will be kept in view: To determine definitely the northern coast of Greenland, to ascertain if any land lies to the north of it, and to reach, if possible, the geographical location of the pole. There is a fascination in polar exploration that amounts to positive madness. Now that Lieutenant Peary has been seized with it he will continue to make expeditions until he either finds the pole or leaves his bones somewhere in the north. Unfortunately, the fate of many arctic explorers, as skillful and as intrepid as he, points to the latter result as most probable in his own case.

MONEY and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

is a sure sign of the poetry and imaginative capabilities that go to make up the lovely woman. They all show those minor points of delicate beauty by virtue of which a woman is truly lovely. By the way, I am willing to wager that they all have a smooth, clear skin—the sort of skin that a woman with a well-balanced mind and the good digestion that usually attends such a mind has. And I will wager, too, that their hands are as full of character, as beautifully unbecoming as are their faces.

If you would follow the conventional and never-changing French form of wedding costume let the material be what it may, but your gown must be high-necked and long-sleeved, really high and long, not filled in. You will thus carry out the old-time notion of being a veiled virgin in all ways, and don't depend upon transparent tulle veiling. Here and in England the bride wears a dress as low as her neck permits, and, as the French woman never did, she wears jewelry. The bride is a magnificent pendant of diamonds, the gift of the groom, and a tiara from her father. How often we see such a line in the description of swell weddings. In the form of marching in and the arrangement of the party much latitude is allowed the taste and even fancy of the bride. The fancy that is governed



SECOND BRIDE

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Ocean—Different Circumstances—An Unquestionable Request—Showing Him Off, Etc.

THE OCEAN.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean,
So we understand.

Yet there's something lacking;
Is it quite a sin
If we ask the question:
"Where does the salt come in?"

DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES.
Tommy—Said you could lick me with one hand tied behind you, didn't you? Let me see you do it!
Jimmy—Yes, I guess I did say so; but I ain't got one hand tied behind me just now.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

AN UNQUESTIONABLE REQUEST.
Customer—I'll have to order another pair of shoes, but I'd like to have you make them a little different in shape from the last.
Shoemaker—You can't make 'em that way, man! What's a last for?—[Puck.]

MEN OF LETTERS.
I handle more letters in a day than you do," said a man to one of Uncle Sam's postal employees.
"Indeed! What Post Office do you work in?"
"Don't work in a Post Office at all. I'm a typesetter."—[Truth.]

THE INEVITABLE.
"Have you finished that address of mine on 'Modern Progress'?" asked the great man of his private secretary.
"Yes, sir," replied the brainy hireling.
"Have you put in everything you could think of relating to the subject?"
"Yes, sir; I have made it very exhaustive; I don't think anything further could be said."
"Very well," just say at the beginning that I regret that, owing to the brief time allotted to me, I will be unable to go as fully into the subject as I could wish, and let me have it."

EFFECT OF NATIONALITY.
Layton—Isn't that clock a little fast?
Waite—It shouldn't be surprised; it's a French clock.—[Puck.]

SATISFIED WITH HER LOT.
Little Dick—Don't you wish you was a boy?
Little Dot—No, I am glad I isn't.
Little Dick—Why?
Little Dot—"Cause mamma says I am bad, and I know if I was a boy I'd be a better."

OPPORTUNITIES OF INFORMATION CUT OFF.
"Is there anything going on in the neighborhood?" asked a transient visitor of the postmistress at Perimmonville.
"I really don't know," she replied.
"People is puttin' on style now, an' writin' to each other in letters, 'stead o' usin' postal cards as they used to."—[Judge.]

WENT IN DEEP.
"So you had to stop work at the gas well, eh?"
"Yes; ran out of money."
"How deep did you go?"
"About fifteen thousand."
"What! fifteen thousand feet?"
"Dollars."

PERFECTLY EXPLAINED.
Bagley—Why aren't you wearing an overcoat this cold day?
Brace—On my way here it got such a soaking that I had to take it off.
Bagley—But it isn't raining.
Brace—No; I soaked it myself.—[New York Sun.]

TENDER, BUT NOT LEGAL TENDER.
"I am not wealthy," he said; "but if the devotion of a true and tender heart goes for anything with you, Miss Clara."
"It goes well enough with me, Mr. Spoonbill," interrupted the fair girl with a pensive look on her face, "but how will it go with the grocer?"—[Puck.]

THE ALTERNATIVE.
Old Lady (anxiously)—Does this train stop at New York city?
Brakeman—Well, if it don't, madam, you will see the biggest smash-up you ever see.—[Truth.]

THE REASON.
"Your scalpin reason is rather short, is it not?"
"Yes," when I got it my husband was short."

A SNAPPISH WOMAN.
"Did your wife say yes the first time you proposed to her, Mr. Henpeck?"
"Yes, she snapped at me at once and she has been snapping at me ever since."

WHERE THE TUG COMES.
Little Boy—Don't Quakers ever fight?
Mamma—No, my dear.
Little Boy (after reflection)—I should think it would be awful hard for a real big Quaker to be a Quaker.

PUZZLING.
"It's been puzzling my brain," inadvertently remarked Snodgrass.
"What has?" asked Snively.
"Whether a man with a glass eye ever has a pane in it."—[The Jeweler's Circular.]

TOO SANGUINE.
Policeman (to corner statue)—Move on, now!
Corner Statue—Say, you must 'ink you've discovered perpetual motion.

WORSE AND WORSE.
Van Gilding, Senior—How dare you, sir, talk of love to my daughter?
Charlie—Oh, I—eh—I—really didn't mean it.—[New York Herald.]

A DEITY.
Singleton—Did you know that beautifully dressed lady? I saw you start to bow to her and then stop.
Benedict—Yes; I was afraid she wouldn't deign to recognize me.
"Why, who is she?"
"She's our cook."—[Boston News.]

A WILD YOUTH.
"Goitard is a little wild, isn't he?"
"Wild! I should think so. Why, even the clock in his room is fast."

NOT GUILTY.
Teacher—Johnny Jinks, did you throw that spitball?
Johnny—No, ma'am, I ain't got mine chewed yet.—[Good News.]

A WAIL BEFORE BRACING UP.
Theelous hang low and dark's the day
And ample reason we've to fret.
This year we're in the consomme
And know how 'tis ourselves, you bet!

A SHADY ANSWER.

Hairdresser—What shade will madame have ze hair dyed this time?

Mrs. Tuddles (in a whisper)—Keep it dark.

SHOOTING HIM OFF.
George—I'm afraid Ethel doesn't love me any more.

Jack—What makes you think so?

George—Last night she introduced me to her chaperon.—[New York Weekly.]

LETTING WELL ENOUGH ALONE.
"Where do the flies go in winter?"
"I don't know. I have never tried to find out. I am quite satisfied to know that they go."

A DIFFICULT POST.
Little girl (reading from History of England)—His ability and learning soon raised him to the highest post in the kingdom.

Small girl (sympathetically)—And was he always obliged to stand on a post, Miss Smith?—[Scraps.]

A PARTICULAR QUAKER.
"This is the road to Cork, is it not?" asked a countryman of a Quaker he met.
"Friend," was the reply, "first you tell me a lie and then ask a question."—[Scraps.]

A GREAT WONDER.
Convalescent (looking at his doctor's bill)—Good gracious! have I been as ill as all this, doctor? I wonder I'm alive!

AN ESSENTIAL.
A poem, however wrought,
Be the poet less or greater,
If not fired with a happy thought
Is fired (by the editor) later.

—[New York Herald.]

A BRIGHT BOY.
"Cholly must be a smart man to have accumulated so much money."
"Yas-a! It took his father-in-law thirty-five years to get the same money."

BOTH ALIKE.
Mrs. Somerville—Putnam, did you take luncheon at Winslow's again to-day?
Putnam—Yes, they asked me.

Mrs. Somerville—But they only asked you out of politeness.
Putnam—Well; I only staid out of politeness.—[Puck.]

CHRISTMAS GAMES.
Holiday Entertainment for the Young Folks.

If you are to entertain a large circle of young folks of all ages at Christmas, it will be well to provide yourself beforehand with a list of amusing games. "Fling the Towel." Let the company form a circle, with one of the players in the center. One member of the circle then flings a large towel, aiming to hit some other member. If the player in the middle is adroit enough to intercept it and catches the towel on its way across the ring, he takes the place of the one who threw it, who then takes his hand in the middle. If he fails to do so, it was aimed, he must try to get rid of it by throwing it to another player before the one stationed in the middle can catch it.

The game of "Santa Claus," which is not unlike that called "Donkey," is great fun. Tack upon the wall a big white sheet. Make a large paper Santa Claus; cut off his head, his feet, his arms, legs and back; cut off his ears and nose, cut out his eyes, and paste his body on the sheet. Blindfold each player and give him a portion of the Santa's anatomy, and let him place it where he thinks it should go. You can have a bit of dried mullage on the backs of these bits of paper; so that they can be moistened and stuck to the body. He generally turns out a most peculiar looking saint, with one eye on his heel, another on his thumb, his head where his feet should be, and nothing in the right place. You can have two simple prizes—one for the person who comes nearest being right in the placing of some member, and a booby prize for the one farthest out of the way. We have seen a whole roomful of grown people convulsed with merriment over this game.

"Gossip" is amusement for the older ones. All sit in a circle. One communicates a piece of gossip about some person in the room, and proceeds to tell it to the one next, and so it goes on until the last one is to repeat aloud just what he hears, and the starter gives the original sentence. They are generally just about as far apart as the gossip started at a sewing circle is from the same piece of news when it has made the village rounds.

"Metamorphosis." Let each member of the company be furnished with a sheet of paper and a pencil. Let him draw at the top of the sheet the head of some bird, beast, fish, or human being, and fold down the sheet so as to leave nothing exposed except lines to show on what part of the paper the body is to be placed. He then passes it to his next neighbor, who draws on it a body to suit his own fancy. It is then folded and passed to the next, who must draw legs, two or four. What the papers are examined, some very curious monsters, unknown to natural history, are displayed.

"Apprentice" is not too intellectual for the little ones. One of the players begins by saying, "I have apprenticed my son to a butcher," or dry-goods merchant, or to any tradesman, and gives the initial of the first thing his son sold. The rest must guess what the article sold was, and the one who guesses right must then "prentice" his son.

Do Animals Dream?

Much research and investigation warrants the assertion that man is not the only animal subject to dreams. Horses neigh and rear upon their hind feet while fast asleep; dogs bark and growl and in many other ways exhibit all their characteristic passions. It is highly probable that at such times the remembrance of the chase or of combat is passing through the dogs' minds. Besides the above signs of fleeting pain, anger and excitement, these noble creatures often manifest signs of kindness, playfulness and of almost every other passion. Ruminant animals, such as the sheep and the cow, are believed to be less affected with dreams than those of higher passions which spend their waking hours in scenes of greater excitement. Philosophers and investigators tell us that if we trace the dream faculty still lower in the scale of animal life we shall probably find that the same phenomenon exists; and, judging from analogy, it is only reasonable to reckon dreaming as one of the universal laws—almost as universal as sleep itself.—[St. Louis Republic.]

THE new Mormon temple at Salt Lake City will be opened April 6, 1893. It has been in course of erection for forty years, has cost \$2,500,000 and will be, without doubt, the biggest architectural nightmare in the country.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The work of incendiaries in the United States, which insurance men believe causes great loss every year, has led fire underwriters to attempt to secure the enactment of laws providing for the adequate investigation of the causes of all fires and the prosecution of all persons believed to be incendiaries. The National Board of Fire Underwriters has sent to the Governors of different States a communication calling attention to the need of legislation on this subject, and has also issued a pamphlet containing recommendations of insurance commissioners that laws be enacted requiring investigation of all fires. It shows that the fire waste has increased from \$54,000,000 in 1882 to \$143,000,000 in 1891. The Insurance Commissioner of Colorado, in his report for 1892, says that fully 35 per cent of the fires there are of incendiary origin. The Connecticut Commission on the subject of fire insurance, divided between the companies and the insured, to induce greater care against fires. Copies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire statutes on the subject, and of bills introduced at the last sessions of the New-York and New-Jersey legislatures, are included in the pamphlet.

One of the curious experiences of some of the recent Greenland travelers was to learn after their return that an odd waltz performed by the South Greenland Eskimos was in reality a European dance all the rage last winter in Paris, thence transplanted to Copenhagen, and, by easy transition in a Danish steamer and in the person of a Danish official or perhaps officers, taken to the fjord cut and glacier bordered west coast of Greenland. It is a very old story of going away from home to hear news or to earn something that we should have known from the very association with it; but the incident after all suggests what a compressed little globe this is after all. Paris and Upsalvik, Hammerfest and Melbourne, Cape Barren and Cape Town are so near each other that one can almost touch them; while experience proves that to go to any out of the way place and not find something in common with the locality, is people it is almost as rare as to find a most impossible. Every traveler, even the most casual, is impressed with this; and as for the globe trotters the world to them is but a little back yard geographical patch, in which kingdoms and empires take the place of the long rows of cabbages and turnips.

Not even Heaven itself is sacred to the advertiser, and the Milky Way is about to become a valuable advertising medium. The other night at Ealing, a town half way between London and Windsor, an enterprising genius, rejoicing in the name of Sidney Hodges, succeeded in projecting a large and highly luminous letter on the sky by some means of his own invention, and demonstrated to an interested party of spectators that with the electric light there would be no difficulty on a favorable night in displaying, not only letters, but words and signals in the same fashion. The heavens will soon be telling, besides their own story, of certain people's soap, or liver pills, or porous plasters. To what extent this new branch of advertising enterprise will interfere with the science of astronomy can only be left to the imagination.

CARPAIN C. W. ADAMS, of West Addison, Vt., has raised quite a large portion of the timbers of the flag ship Congress, of General Benedict Arnold's fleet, which was sunk in Lake Champlain, in October, 1776. The timbers, of which there are about thirty feet of the after part of the keel and keelson, with a number of the ribs attached, are of oak, and perfectly sound. The wood, when polished, is very dark and takes a beautiful finish. It will be either worked into canes and other articles, as relics, or kept intact for the World's Fair. Mr. Adams has also several shells and solid shot, grape and musket balls, which he has found near the wreck.

A NUMBER of German dentists have been heavily fined by justices in Prussia and Saxony for advertising themselves as doctors of dentistry on the strength of diplomas received from American colleges. The German laws recognize only four classes of doctors—those of law, theology, philosophy and medicine. Speaking of dentists, it is worth noting that the three dentists of Berlin, Dresden and Leipzig who have the largest and most remunerative practices are respectively Messrs. Sylvester, Jenkins and Young, all natives of Maine. The two last mentioned were formerly residents of Bangor. Sylvester and Jenkins are court dentists.

Professor L. F. Blake, of the University of Kansas, in an article on "Safety from Electricity," in the Electrical World says: "For buildings in cities, except churches and other high structures, rods, I think, are unnecessary. Lightning strikes seldom in the cities compared with the country, one reason being that the many electric wires—telephone and telegraph and electric light—are really safeguards. A building is safer with such wires over it than without. In the country, however, buildings may need protection."

FOUR years ago, it is said, General Harrison went to bed on the night of election before he knew the result. The wife of General Hancock declared that the latter went to bed at 7 o'clock in the evening on election day, 1880, being too tired to wait news. Next morning he awoke at dawn and asked if there were any definite tidings. Upon her reply: "Yes, you are beaten," he turned over and went to sleep again.

A SAN FRANCISCO firm is about to attempt the revival of the whaling in the Antarctic Ocean, which has not been carried on for as many as twenty-five years. A quarter of a century ago the catches of sperm and right whales used to be excellent there, and many of the whalers are now of the opinion that the Southern seas will again afford a profitable field for operations.

THE red glow of the planet Mars has puzzled everybody but a French astrologer, who gives it as his opinion that the vegetation of that far away world is crimson instead of green. He also says that he hasn't the least doubt that there are single flowers on the war god's surface which are as large as the incorporated limits of Paris.

She Cultivates the Cactus.

Mrs. A. B. Nickels, of Laredo, Texas, makes a business of cultivating cacti. She has several acres devoted to these curious plants, of which she has more than a hundred different varieties. In the hot, dry climate of Texas, and in greenhouses are required for this business, and most of the plants are grown out of doors. The little water needed is supplied by irrigating ditches, and an awning protects them, when necessary, from the too great heat of the sun. But few of the cacti are raised from seed