

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEN, PUBLISHER.

AN ENJOYABLE SPORT.

INFORMATION ABOUT SKATE-SAILING.

An Art Which Originated in Standing with Your Back to the Wind and Allowing Old Boreas to Bowl You Along.

Condensed Instruction.

The practice of skate-sailing is an outcome of the old custom of standing with your back to the wind and allowing old Boreas to bowl you

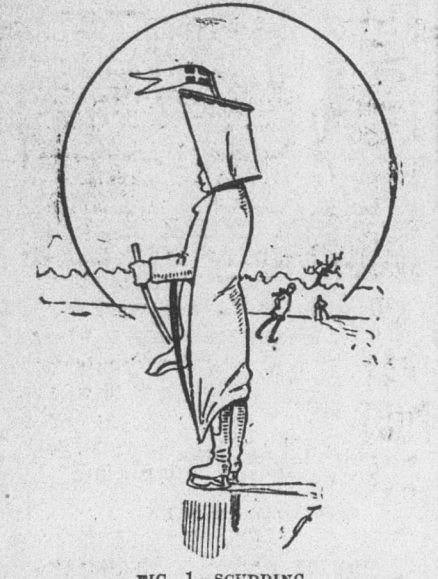


FIG. 1—SCUDDING.

along, in lieu of any muscular exertion on your own part. It has been remarked in the long books which describe skate-sailing that somebody ought to have discovered this art before, because it is so simple. But there are many valuable inventions in this world which, though quite simple, have remained a long time



FIG. 2—PORT TACK.

bottled up, and probably a great many more will be made through some accident. Ice yachting is a sport of very recent adoption, and it is essentially the same as skate-sailing. Those who know how to sail a catboat would have very little trouble in learning the theory, though there is considerable difficulty in getting the knack of the sails. The best way

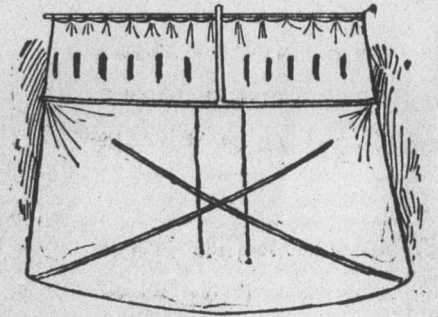


FIG. 3—BACK OF SAIL.

to learn thoroughly is to begin by holding your coat or umbrella open and then with the wind at your back allow yourself to be propelled forward. Next try to deviate your course slightly to the right or left, holding the coat or umbrella at the

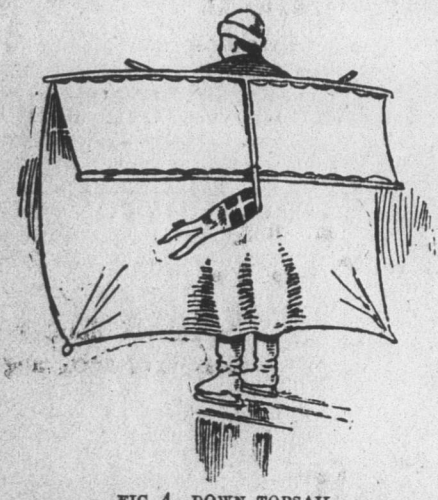


FIG. 4—DOWN TOPSAIL.

same angle as before, with respect to the direction of the wind. After you have done this you will find yourself at the other end of the pond with no means of getting back, apparently, except by the vigorous use of your legs and that in the face of a brisk



FIG. 5—STARBOARD TACK.

breeze. Here is where the science comes in.

In order to get back you will have to discard your coat and umbrella and adopt a sail, so that you may tack. There are many different kinds of

sails employed. The one represented in the picture is much used in the Danish islands, and a brief description is given. The frame consists of

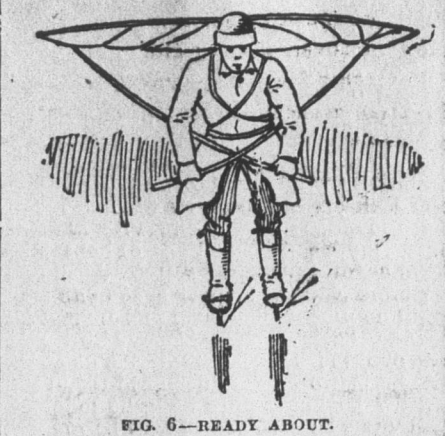


FIG. 6—READY ABOUT.

five bamboo rods, to which the sail is attached, as shown in Fig. 3. The sail should be made of cotton duck. The top is about 4 feet 10 inches across, the center 6 feet 2 inches, and the bottom, along the straight line from corner to corner, 7 feet. The total height is 7 feet, of which 2 feet is the depth of the top sail. The manner of putting the apparatus together is shown very well in the cuts. In running before the wind, as you did in going across the pond, you simply hold the spars as shown in Fig. 1. When your course is at right angles to that of the wind, or against it, it is necessary to point the sail more or less in the direction from which the wind comes. By facing or turning the line of the sails to an angle of about 45 degrees to the right from the direction of the wind, and holding the sail about half as much "off," you will be enabled to tack, or work your way in a zigzag fashion gradually back to the point from which you started. This tacking is very well shown in Figs 2 and 5.

Skate-sailing is a very pleasant sport for a lazy man. It requires very little exertion, and, at the same time, affords all the exhilaration of a fast drive or a yacht race. The sport has not been widely adopted in this immediate vicinity, though it is very popular in Canada and is quite extensively in vogue in the New England States.

Cheers for the Captain's Wife.

A veteran sailor, Captain Eastwick, declares that of all the women with whom he was ever at sea, he never met more than one who could refrain from asking questions in moments of extreme peril and urgency. That one was his wife, and elsewhere in his autobiography he pays another tribute to her courageous disposition. He had just ridden out a gale with much difficulty in the Indian Ocean, when he was sighted by two Dutch brigs of war, which immediately gave chase. He ordered all sail spread, but his ship was insufficiently manned and much precious time was lost.

It was morning, and my wife had come on deck, and stood with my glass in hand looking at the two brigs, while I had myself taken the wheel, so as to spare every man for the urgent work aloft. Every minute I glanced back over my shoulder to see the position of the enemy. They had every stitch of canvas spread, and were sailing three feet for our two.

A great feeling of despondency came over me as I saw this and thought of my young wife standing there in front of me and of the fate that might be in store for her. And then, to increase the danger, the brigs opened fire, and a shot came skipping after us, but fell short.

In a few minutes more they fired again, and now it was evident that we should soon be in range, and I called to my wife to go below. But she refused to do so. Another shot came closer to us than any previous one, and I shouted to my crew up aloft to redouble their exertions; but they, unable to cope with the work in hand, answered that they wanted help.

There was only myself left who could aid them, and I dared not leave the wheel. We were sailing close to the wind, and any deviation from our course might throw all sails aback, and be our ruin.

My wife perceived my extremity. During the voyage she had three or four times, by way of amusement, taken a short trick at the wheel. This gave her confidence for the occasion, and without a moment's hesitation she ran to my side.

"Give me the wheel, Robert," she cried, "and you go help!" I will do my best to keep her head up.

There was no time to remonstrate, and indeed her assistance came like aid from heaven. With a blessing for her pluck I handed the helm over to her, and darted up the shrouds.

As soon as the crew saw what had occurred, the noble example seemed to animate them with new vigor, and when I joined them, and was able to assist as well as direct, we managed to complete the bending on the foresail.

The shots from the Dutchmen were coming fast and thick now, but hope was in their hearts. Sail by sail we got a splendid spread of canvas on the Endeavor, and as each fresh one began to draw, we first held our own, and then gradually left our enemy behind; and when, after an hour's work, I returned to deck, we were practically out of danger.

Then one of the men took off his cap and called for three cheers for the Captain's wife, and never, I think, did any lady at sea receive such a compliment as burst from the throats of those rough men, whose best instincts had been appealed to by the brave deed they thus spontaneously applauded.

An Uncomplimentary Doctor.

Hartford girls are renowned for their beauty. It must be admitted that there are a few plain women in town, but they were born elsewhere. One of the latter, who is really painfully homely, called on a physician who is as plain in his speech as his patient is in respect to her face. He tried to cheer her; her ailment was a trifling matter, he said. "Oh, Doctor!" she groaned, "I feel worse than I look." "Then, my dear young lady, I fear there is no hope for you," Hartford Post.

The theater deadhead is opposed on principle to an income tax.—Boston Transcript.

WOMEN'S WORK.

The Close Relation of Her Household Work to Health.

She was a woman of mild and inoffensive appearance. It did not seem possible that she could hurt a fly. For years she and her husband had labored to earn a home. Now it was half paid for. The faithful wife had risen early in the morning to get her "man's" breakfast; religiously washed, dressed, and spanked the children. She had kept the house neat and tidy, and had sat up until late at night to repair many an unfortunate rent, and "piece out" many an unpleasing garment. Her life had seemed a hard, toilsome one, but the hope of a home free from debt spurred her on. At last the blow came! Her lord and master came home and announced that he had joined a strike, and would work no longer for a shop that did not employ "union" labor. Then it was that the little woman arose in her might. "John Henry," said she, "for seven years I have worked sixteen hours a day for board and lodging, with a new dress once a year. You have worked eight hours a day, and partly paid for our home, and had plenty of cigars and beer. You strike! I strike too. Either you go to work in the morning or I'll go home to my mother." John Henry was thunderstruck. A woman strike! Why it's preposterous! But here was the cold fact; John Henry faced it, succumbed to fate, and went to work. But, suppose my gentle reader, suppose the women were all to strike, what would become of us? We give it up. In order that, like the good Sunday-school books, our story may have a moral, I will say something about "women's work and women's health."

It is a popular saying that a perfectly sound woman is a rarity. So it would seem. But, why is this? In the first place, women dress unhealthfully. They contract the waist too much. A perfectly healthy woman ought to breathe as deeply as a man. Can most women do it? We think not. They rest the weight of the clothes upon the hips; they wear thin shoes with paper soles, and often have cold feet, with a congestion of blood about the trunk. We like to see pretty feet; but we really wonder how many lives pretty feet cost in these United States! What of woman's household work? In the first place, it is monotonous work. No man would ever endure it. So little change of scene or faces, with day after day the same endless toil, with the same apparently barren results. Most women become invalids, not so much from overwork as from nerve tire. We hear a great deal about the poor workingman nowadays; but who thinks of the workingman's wife? Then, too, think of the farmer's wife, and, above all, of her environment. We once examined a poor woman for lunacy. As we entered the house, and found a miserable rag carpet upon the floor, and upon the dingy walls, besides the usual chromo of some cheerful deathbed scene, we noticed the picture of a cemetery, with an unhappy individual under a weeping willow, shedding tears over a dismal tombstone. Near this was framed a memorial, in a black border, of some dear departed. A framed marriage certificate made the collection very appropriate and complete. The woman's solitary diversion was saving pennies and attending the country prayer meeting. We dined with them. Our bill of fare consisted of some tough, stringy, boiled beef, some soggy boiled potatoes, a heavy dark material called bread, and some celluloid pie. With such surroundings—a bad family history—living on innutritious, ill-cooked food, could any woman help becoming insane? We think not. How shall we prevent the ill effects of women's work? 1. By intermittent periods of rest. Every woman should provide herself with a lounge upon which she can throw herself at intervals during the day, and permit no amount of prospective work to interfere with her daily rest. 2. Women need exercise. Even after a hard day's work, let her take a long walk in the open air. Women need more variety in their work. The introduction of lawn tennis as a popular game will produce a generation of stronger women. For healthy women, horseback riding is unsurpassed as an exercise. Dancing in moderation, is likewise excellent. Rowing is an admirable stimulant of the circulation, and, strange as it may seem, the homely art of sweeping is not to be despised. When you take a walk, have an object. Take up the long-neglected study of botany, geology or photography. Have some charitable work, and don't watch your little aches and pains. 3. Dress sensibly. Your husband will give you more than you ever look so sweet and lovable as when you wear your tea-gowns. You don't need to appear slovenly. The most artistic dress is that which shows the true shape of the human form, without exaggeration or distortion, and is far more healthful.—Health Record.

Many Captured British Flag.

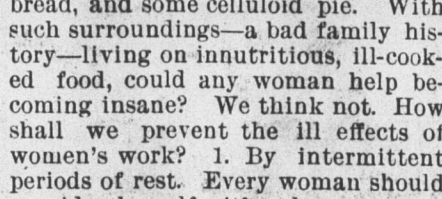
It is asserted that there are in the Naval Institute Hall at the Annapolis, Md., academy, more British flags captured in war than at any one place in the world. The collection was first moved to the naval school by order of President Polk on February 9, 1840. They are well preserved, being closed up in cases made for the purpose. Among the many might be mentioned the following: Ensign of the Reindeer, captured June 28, 1814, by Captain Johnson Blakely, of the Wasp; ensigns of the Cyane and Levant, captured February 20, 1815, by Captain Charles Stewart, of the Constitution; ensign of the Java, captured December 29, 1812, by Captain William Bainbridge, of the Constellation, now at Annapolis; ensign of the Boxer, captured during the war of 1812, by Captain William Barrows, of the brig Enterprise, now at the academy, besides a large number of other English flags, and several others taken from the Chinese, Koreans, Mexicans, French and Confederates.—The Collector.

Encouraging Matrimony.

In Norway there is a premium on marriages by giving married people a discount. Thus a man and a wife can travel for a fare and a half, a schedule of rates much more satisfying to everyone than "children half price," and much more reasonable. It is suggested that this privilege be liable to abuse. A prudent man might prolong his courtship indefinitely at reduced rates. This, however, could be easily prevented by obliging married people to carry their certificates about with them, as they could easily do, in red morocco cases, like commutation tickets on railroads.

High Enough Anyway.

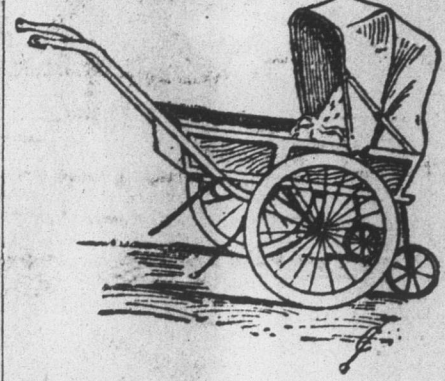
The Eiffel tower is eight inches shorter in winter than in summer.



THE LATEST IN DISC WHEELS.

ful and fearful variety of tires and the reaction in favor of ordinaries. There are very few of the old-fashioned tires to be seen, but superior as the new kinds are they look very ungainly. Besides some of the new inventions the pre-historic bone-shaker would look elegant. Every possible accessory to a cycle is exhibited—seats to be affixed to safeties, so that babies may accompany father in his rides without fear of falling off, errand boys' boxes, patent pedals and handles, the latest thing in saddles, bells, lamps and brakes, suitable clothing for cyclists, glue for tires, some tires, cyclometers, spick and

span spanners, and other necessary tools; oils for lighting and cleaning purposes, chain, covers, mud shields, and so on ad infinitum. A baby carriage with pneumatic tires is indeed a novelty. One would think that the average nurse could push a baby carriage fast enough at present, and that it could scarcely be likely that anxious mothers would vie with community the prospect of their darlings being bounced out by an unexpected



THE PNEUMATIC TIRE BABY CARRIAGE.

bound of the india rubber wheels. However, the invention may have its use. A divided skirt for cycling will perhaps commend itself to ladies.

The Old Lady.

One to seldom sees a genuine old lady nowadays. The devices of the perriquet, the complexion specialties of the beauty doctor, the dress aids and skill of the modern modiste, all tend to keep the sweet, motherly creature with snowy hair and old-world courtliness of manner in the background. Frequently one wonders what sort of memories the little folks of to-day will have of the grandmother who looks as young and dresses as gay as her daughter, and insists on the children calling her auntie. In comparison with this extremely frivolous elderly person we think of our own grandmother, who long years ago was laid to rest in the country burying ground. How sweet and aristocratic were the silvery locks surmounted by the cap of real lace. No French twists and false front pieces at variance with the color of her hair for this dear old lady, who wore gowns becoming to her years, and whose face, with its wrinkles unhidden or filled in by some time destroyer of modern invention, looked out upon the world from eyes long used to spectacles which she was not ashamed to wear. There was more of dignified beauty in the growing old of such a woman than in the vain strivings after a vanished youth, which lead so many women to dress like their own young daughters; to accept every device toward the artificial reproduction of faded charms, and which leaves in the world to-day so few of those lovely, womanly women who have no desire to ape the manners and dress of the young, and who possess a dignity and loveliness that the pitiful struggler after departed days will never possess.—Philadelphia Times.

Why He Was Polite.

"I was coming West over the Wabash the other day, and had for fellow-passengers a Missouri stock raiser, his wife, and a Boston exquisite deeply enamored of his own shape," said O. N. Hargood to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man.

"The Missourian was a big, burly fellow with a four days' growth of beard and the tan of forty summers on his face, but his wife was young and very pretty. The Boston irresistible took a seat facing her and strove in various ways to attract her attention. The husband caught on to his capers, and bought a copy of an illustrated humorous paper, which he handed him. This amused him for a time but he soon resumed his occupation of staring at the lady."

"Then the husband sent him the morning paper. He read the baseball news through, readjusted his cravat, and resumed his old tactics. The Missourian then invited him into the smoker to enjoy a Key West with him. As they puffed the fragrant weeds the exquisite's curiosity cropped out. He was eager to know if he had smashed the entire family."

"I say," he began, "I can't see why you show me so much attention, don'tcherknow. You must like me pretty well for a new acquaintance."

"Like you!" blurted out the Missourian. "You blankety-blanked fallow-faced dude! I find it cheaper to buy base-ball literature and cigars to amuse you than to unscrew your neck for gawking at my wife."

Gen. Sherman and His Friend.

Gen. Sir John Bisset, C. C. B., an English soldier who has long enjoyed the Queen's favor and who is known on this side of the water from his command of the troops in Canada, was an old-time friend of the late Gen. Sherman. Their intimate acquaintance grew out of a visit Gen. Sherman made to Gibraltar during Grant's administration at the time Gen. Bisset was Governor of that stronghold. At the close of the visit the hero of the march to the sea gave his host an American rifle elegantly mounted in silver, and Sir John on his part for years thereafter sent Gen. Sherman a brace of English pheasants every winter, timing the departure of the game so that it should arrive in New York in season for old Tecumseh's Christmas dinner.

The last present of the kind reached New York while Sherman was on his death bed, too ill to eat the game, but he had the birds placed on his bed to be looked at and admired. The letter acknowledging the receipt of the game, written at the General's direction, put a melancholy end to the long correspondence between the two friends. Gen. Bisset is now a handsome old gentleman with silvery hair but soldierly bearing, and is quartered at Folkestone.—New York World.

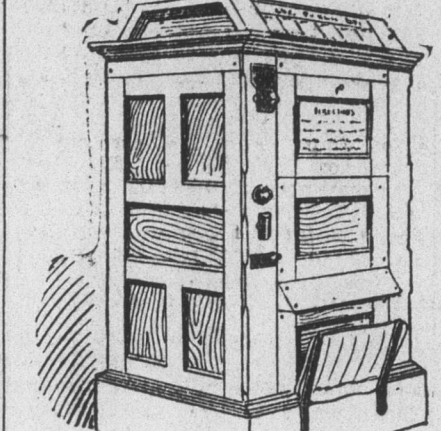
His Motives Were Selfish Ones.

A Bostonian, who often gives money anonymously to various altruistic enterprises, was asked by a lady the other day to put his name down for a certain large sum he had contributed, says a Boston paper. "It is very noble and unselfish of you not to wish to trumpet your generosity abroad," she said, "but I think people ought to know." "Noble, unselfish! Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed. "Why, my dear woman, I keep dark out of pure selfishness. I don't want all the charities in town to pounce down on me at one fell swoop!"

AUTOMATIC NEWSDEALER.

Don Drop Your Nickel in the Slot and Get Your Copy of the Morning News.

One of the latest pieces of automatic machinery invented for practical purposes is the automatic newspaper seller now being manufactured extensively in Ohio. The picture shows the machine as it will appear in hotels, depots, and other public places, where it is expected it will largely do away with the enterprising and interesting newsboy. It is not possible to describe the mechanism, but its ingenuity can be imagined when it is known that it will sell any size and weight of paper from the forty-page Sunday blanket sheet to the four-page penny daily, and will return proper change when the price is under a nickel. It can also be set to make change for any coin, and it cannot be cheated. If the buyer sets it for change for a half dollar and then puts in a quarter instead, the machine outbats the would-be sharp by returning no change at all. While it is not expected that it will supplant the newsboys, it will, undoubtedly greatly lessen their number. It is easily loaded and unloaded,



NEWSPAPER SELLING MACHINE.

and one boy can manage fifty for a morning and the same number for an evening paper. The saving in commissions over the newsboy is very large, and is expected to cost 100 per cent. annually on the cost of the machine, which is \$50. The first machine put in operation paid for itself in three months.

San Francisco's Samson.

Edward T. Berry has been a piano mover in this city continuously the seventeen years past, says the San Francisco Examiner. Berry is a big man, standing six feet, stocking cad, and weighing 260 pounds. He is so well proportioned as not to appear heavy. He is a native son, having been born forty-two years ago in Del Norte County, near where Rogue River meets with the sea. Del Norte was a wilderness then, and Berry grew up a sportsman and an angler, pursuits which made him strong of limb and sound of mind. When a youth he went in for athletics somewhat, and was the premier wrestler of Northern California until he was apprenticed to a tanner and currier. That trade did not suit him, and he tried horse training, a profession in which his strength first became noticeable. Teaming followed, and as one of its most lucrative branches Berry took up the moving of fine furniture. His daily work is to move from fifteen to twenty pianos up and down stairs, sometimes several flights. Berry manages one end of the piano, while two men can barely handle the other. The strong man also takes the lower end in going up stairways, often being compelled to sustain the whole weight of instruments of the "grand" form, which weigh between 1,200 and 1,500 pounds. He estimates his daily lifts of dead weight to be fifty, and the weight lifted each time to average 1,000 pounds. As the weights must be sustained for a length of time, the feat becomes more remarkable. That so many years of service at such tasking labor has not broken him down Berry believes is due to the fact that he has always been regular in his habits, sleeping long hours and refraining from drinking. He claims nothing for himself as to strength, but along Kearney street and among expressmen generally he is considered the Samson of the profession. Berry has never tested his strength to the uttermost, but thinks that with suitable harness he might lift a ton and a half. Without such aids he would not care to lift more than 1,500 pounds, and would avoid such a lift if possible.

Chicago to Jackson Park during the coming Exposition, and accordingly, a large whaleback was launched for this purpose recently at West Superior, Wis. It is called the Christopher Columbus and will carry 5,000 passengers. The vessel is 302 feet long, has a beam of 42 feet, a depth of 25. It has a screw 14 feet in diameter and will, it is said, attain a speed of 20 miles an hour. The Columbus is finely fitted up and has every convenience for the comfort of passengers. It will make the trip of seven miles from Chicago to the fair grounds in half an hour.

At the Altar.

Marriage is always a serious business, but not infrequently it has ludicrous accompaniments. An English paper relates that a widower, no longer young, gave the clergyman who officiated at his second marriage a good deal of trouble by his stupidity. He seemed to be possessed by some spirit of contrariety.

When told to give his right hand he gave his left. When the minister said, "Say this after me," he immediately replied, "Say this after me." Then, when the words "I do" were repeated were given to him, he was stolidly silent.

At last he seemed to be aware that the minister was somewhat disturbed, and in the middle of the service he upset the reverend gentleman's gravity by volunteering this apology: "You see, sir, it's so long since I married before that you must excuse my forgetting these things."

At another time, a couple who had been married by the civil process—by an officer of the law, that is to say—were taken with a desire to be married again in church, as the law allows. The minister, in the course of the ceremony, asked the usual question: "John, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

"Why, sir," said the astonished groom to the more astonished minister, "I told you I was married two years ago!"

Apples Are Good.

Apples are a splendid nerve tonic. German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, lecithin, of the brain and spinal cord. Also the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, those addicted to eliminate from the body noxious matter, which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles.

ADVERSE TO ANY CHANGE.

Chinese from Their Infancy Learn to Ignore Any Such Thing as a New Dress.

It seems to make no particular difference to a Chinese how long he remains in one position. He will write all day like an automaton. If he is a handicraftsman he will stand in one place from dawn till dusk, eyeing, working away at his weaving, his gold beating or whatever it may be, and do it every day, without any variation in the monotony and apparently no special consciousness that there is any monotony to be varied. In the same way, says a writer in the Melbourne Leader, Chinese school children are subjected to an amount of confinement, unrelied by any recesses or change of work, which would soon drive Western pupils to the verge of insanity. The very infants in arms, instead of squirming and wriggling as our children begin to do as soon as they are born, lie as impassive as so many mud gods. And at a more advanced age, when Western children would vie with the monkey in its wildest antics, Chinese children will often stand, sit or squat in the same posture for a great length of time.

In the item of sleep the Chinese establishes the same differences between himself and the Occidental as in the directions already specified. Generally speaking, he is able to sleep anywhere. None of the trifling disturbances which drive us to despair annoy him. With a brick for a pillow he can lie down on his bed of stalks, mud bricks or rattan, and sleep the sleep of the just, with no reference to the rest of creation. He does not want his room darkened nor does he require others to be still. The "infant crying in the night" may continue to cry for all he cares, for it does not disturb him.

In some regions the entire population seem to fall asleep, as by a common instinct (like that of the hibernating bear) during the first two hours of summer afternoons, and they do this with regularity, no matter where they may be. At two hours after noon the universe at such seasons is as still as two hours after midnight. In the case of most working people at least and also in that of many others, position in sleep is of no consequence. It would be easy to raise in China an army of 1,000,000—nay, of 10,000,000—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows with head downward like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside.

The same freedom from tyranny of nerves is exhibited in the Chinese endurance of physical pain. Those who have any acquaintance with the operations in hospitals in China, know how common, or rather universal, it is for the patients to bear without flinching a degree of pain from which the stoutest of us would shrink in terror.

The Christopher Columbus.

About two years ago a new variety of vessel called whaleback began to be used for traffic on our great lakes. The vessels received their names from their likeness to the whale. They are round-decked and flat-bottomed and but little of the bulk is above the water. The peculiar advantages of the whaleback seemed to make it desirable as a means for the transportation of passengers from

What Becomes of the Messenger Boy?

It is the question going the rounds. Some of them grow up to be preachers, and are noted for their slow delivery.—Detroit Journal.

FOND MAMMA.

"My son is studying biology now," Mrs. Storker. "Biology? Oh, I wish my daughter could study that; it might teach her how to shop!"—Princeton Tiger.

MORRISON ESSEX.

I'm going to let his wife know of his action with the girls. Franklin Furness—Are you going to tell her? Morrison Essex. No, I'm going to tell my wife.—Puck.

MISS PLANE.

I think I would have made a successful politician. I never forget a face. Miss Bute—Wouldn't you be happier, dear, if you could forget your own?—Indianapolis Journal.

He Had Come for Her in a Buggy.

She objects to the turnout—"You are very particular; you put on more airs than a music-box!" She—"Well, I don't go with a crank, anyway!"—Quips.

LAWYER (to kicking client).

"Well, have you at last decided to take my advice and pay this bill of mine?" Client—"Y-e-s." Lawyer—"Very well; (to clerk) John, add \$5 to Mr. Smith's bill for further advice."—Puck.

YOUNG MR. PERKINS.

(to little Dolly, who has just been shown off before company)—"Well, don't you think I'm nice, Dolly?" Dolly (to her mother)—"Is this where I tell the truth or where I act polite?"—Chicago News-Record.

A DUBLIN NEWSPAPER.

has an advertisement possibly more truthful than intended: "Wanted, a gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees that it will be profitable to the undertaker."—Medical Times.

"How is my wagon getting along?"

asked the butcher. "You've had it six weeks." "All ready but the wheels. They're not tired yet," returned the wagon maker. "Well, they ought to be, they've been waiting so long," said the butcher.—Harper's Bazar.

He's a Freak.

A young man in Scott County, Kentucky, felt a severe pain in his left shoulder and arms some two years ago, and for months he suffered intensely. Then the affected parts began to change color and become dark brown, while the pain decreased. At last the shoulder and arm were covered with a thick growth of soft, brown hair an inch long, the pain ceased entirely, and now the young man is twice as strong in his left arm as he is in his right.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent World Artists of Our Own Day.

A sprinkling of Spice.

He began, "Is it cold enough for—" and then froze up.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A MUSSULMAN is not as a matter of course a vender of oysters.—Lowell Courier.

JAGSON says that our boon companions can be relied upon because they are our fast friends.—Elmira Gazette.

A RICH ST. LOUIS girl is about to marry an Indian. In fact, fortune seems to favor the brave.—Yonkers Statesman.

A MAN who has lost collars in a laundry refers to the institution as a big iron and steal syndicate.—Washington Star.

A TOPEKA's promises are deemed unreliable, notwithstanding the fact that he is conceded to be a full-filler.—Boston Courier.

"I ALWAYS found Hamlet easy," said the old tragedian, "but I had to hump myself to do justice to Richard the Third."—Puck.

He (anxiously)—"You are not your own dear self to-night, sweetheart." She (passively)—"No, darling—I am yours."—Funny Folks.

ONE could stand some men "going off in a flight of eloquence" if it would only take them out of hearing.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"THE air seems fresher in winter than it does in summer." "Yes, it's kept on ice most of the time, you know."—Washington Star.

A SECOND STREET dry goods dealer advertises the strange fact that his stock of handkerchiefs is not to be sneezed at.—Philadelphia Record.

SOME of our theatrical managers might do well to emulate the example of the heavens in the matter of shooting stars.—Boston Transcript.

"I'LL be awful glad when pawswears on smokin' again," said Tommy. "This is the fourth lickin' I've got in three days."—Indianapolis Journal.

WHAT makes the bicycle popular with many, rich or poor, is that after trying to ride on one they feel they are better off.—Philadelphia Times.

"Oh, George! you careless creature; here's another rent in your overcoat." "Oh, darn the rent! I'll wear my other coat this evening."—Philadelphia Record.

SPARK—Why do trolley men on electric cars wear rubber gloves? Flash—Because they are not conductors. (The Clothiers and Haberdashers' Weekly).

MISS DE VERE—I can trace my ancestors back to the Reformation. Juggins—That's nothing. I can trace back to ancestors beyond reformation.—Taps.

A CHICAGO woman was chloroformed and robbed at Fort Scott the other night. Kansas always endeavors to make her visitors feel at home.—Kansas City Journal.

"I SEE," said one real estate dealer to another, "that you still have a vacant house in your new row." "Yes," was the reply; "it is last, but not leased."—Washington Star.

BOSTON GIRL—"Has our modern culture penetrated to the far West?" Chicago Girl—"You just ought to see one of our bean bag sofas."—Street & Smith's Good News.

MR. RAPPE—"A woman has to live a year in Chicago before she can get a divorce." Mrs. De Smith—"Yes, it comes high, but it's worth it."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

WHAT becomes of the messenger boy? It is the question going the rounds. Some of them grow up to be preachers, and are noted for their slow delivery.—Detroit Journal.

FOND MAMMA—"My son is studying biology now." Mrs. Storker. "Biology? Oh, I wish my daughter could study that; it might teach her