

The Democratic Sentinel

J. W. McEWEN, Publisher.

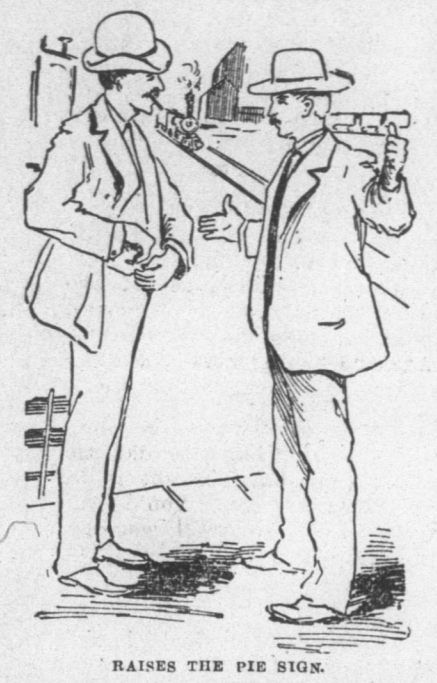
RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

WORK IS HARD TO GET

HOW EMPLOYMENT EVADED ONE WHO SOUGHT IT.

Traveled Fifty Thousand Miles Looking for Labor—From the Mississippi to the Pacific and Then to the Atlantic—in a "Side-door" Pullman.

It is a wide country, but a man seeking work may apply for it in every town in the United States between Bangor and Benicia and not find it, says a writer in a Chicago



RAISES THE PIE SIGN.

paper. Of course, employment may be found at once, but the chances are the other way. Herewith is given a specimen case. A railroad reached Chicago four days ago without money enough to pay for a meal. The stranger had been working in one of the railroad yards at East St. Louis until the hard times of '93 had thrown him out of work, and since that time had been, to use a phrase common among railroad men, "jumping sideways" all over the country.

He was educated and intelligent, and had kept his eyes open during his trips in search of, as he termed it, "an office." He carried a very creditable letter of recommendation from Chesapeake and Ohio officials for a long term of service on the trains and in the yards of that railroad. In the story he told many points of interest, chief of which is the fact that since he started on his so-far fruitless search for work he has been in every State and Territory in the United States, has compassed a journey of 50,000 miles by rail on a capital so slender that it would have given a professional tramp the blues. Here is his story in his own words:

"I lost my job in East St. Louis a year ago last June through a little law trouble. I fought the case because it was an endeavor made by a 'shark' lawyer to steal my wages, but in the end I lost both the law case and the job. I succeeded in proving to the superintendent the fact that I was right in fighting the case, and he recalled the order for my discharge, but I found out that my reinstatement meant the laying off of a man who had a family, so I told him to keep the job. I could hustle for one easier than he could for a half-dozen, and I thought if I tried I could find a job somewhere. Now I believe that I overestimated my ability as a hustler, for while I have had clothes to wear and have staved off starvation, I am still short on the job.

"I had sunk my small capital in getting my experience of the law as she is writ, and had it not been for a friend I would have left the 'Queen city of Egypt' broke. The friend lent me \$5, however, and I started west.

"I tried Kansas City, but it was full of railroad men waiting for business to pick up, so I kept on west to Denver. There were no signs of any improvement there, but the boys said: 'Keep on west; you'll catch on in the mountains sure.' So I decided to keep on. I went up to Cheyenne and got there at midnight, put up my last dollar for lodging and breakfast and in the morning hit the superintendent for a job, but was told there were enough idle railroad men in Cheyenne to stock the division if need be. I was just a little blue. I was a toss-up which way to go, so I struck out for the west coast.

Surprise was expressed at his undertaking such a journey under such conditions. The railroad laughed and said: "It is no trouble to do



IN A NEW ENGLAND HAY FIELD.

that in the west if you belong to anything. As far as traveling is concerned the local lodges of the railroad organizations all have contracts with the companies that, in addition to fixing the rate of pay, provide for the transportation of brothers who may be traveling looking for work. The west is almost perfectly organized, and a man will hardly get into a town before he is 'flagged' (giving the halting sign) by some of the boys, and they never let him go hungry.

Host the Pie Sign.

"If they are a little slow and the distance between meals gets too long for comfort the stranger can hold the 'pie sign' (distress signal), and if

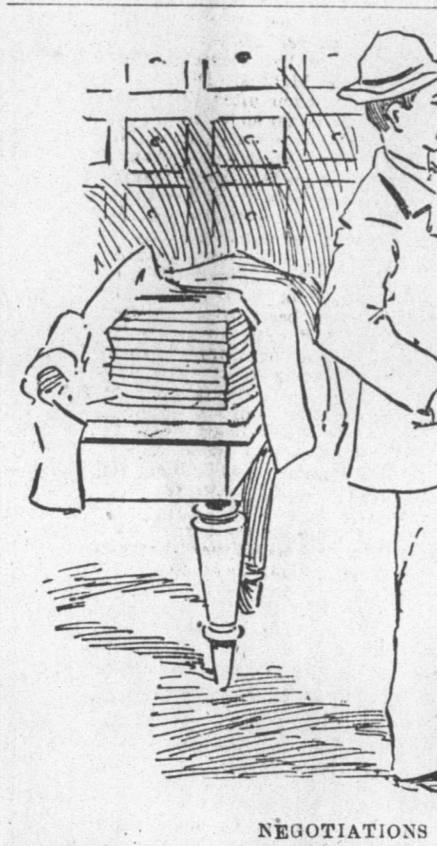
there is a brother in the crowd it brings him forward.

"From Cheyenne I went to Ogden, Utah, where I struck the Central Pacific, and over that straight to the Golden Gate. I found that there was no show for work on any of the divisions on the way, so I kept right along. Sacramento, Oakland and San Francisco were as bad as any of the places I had been in. The railroad men were hanging together and hoping for better times, but it was trying business, as most of the men at work, and they were few enough, were holding up from one to three idle brothers, hoping that in the near future business might revive and there be work enough for all. I saw plainly there was no use staying in any of these places, so I went down to Los Angeles on the Southern Pacific. The conditions there were no better. Railroad business in the West was completely paralyzed. I couldn't go any further west, so I started back east over the Southern Pacific, eventually landing in New Orleans after having interviewed every superintendent and trainmaster between the two points on the subject of work.

"I came up over the Louisville & Nashville to Cincinnati, and from there made side trips into Kentucky, West Virginia, and Ohio, to points where I thought there might be work, but it was 'no go,' and I was getting awfully tired traveling in the way I had for the last three months. "I started out over the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, intending to go through to Toledo, but at Hamilton, O., I ran across an old friend, and I stopped off to see him. I told him my story, and he laid off a few days to let me make a stake. I worked two weeks, and with the proceeds got me a cheap suit of clothes and a pair of shoes, but I was broke again when I started for Toledo.

"There was no chance for work there, so I went to Detroit, from there to Saginaw, and from the latter place up through Northern Michigan, across the Soo, and after a trip across Wisconsin arrived in St. Paul. I could find no encouragement either in St. Paul or Minneapolis, and just because I did not know which way to go I started west again over the Northern Pacific.

"I tried Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, Ore., but the search was in vain. The winter had set in, and the unemployed were almost starving



NEGOTIATIONS FOR CLOTHES.

and freezing to death in the big cities. In San Francisco I saw men wearing the insignia of the railroad orders working on the streets. They would have been glad to get away from the coast, but they had families and could not raise the money to move them; neither could they let their dear ones starve.

"I tried Los Angeles again, but it was worse than before; so I started out over the Santa Fe to Kansas City.

"I steered clear of Chicago, because almost every day I met squads of travelers, who, like myself, were railroad men, and they all said the city was overrun with unemployed men. "I got to Kansas City in January and the people of that good city were on a continual hustle to keep their own unemployed from starving. I stayed one day with a friend and the next started over the Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham for Birmingham, Ala., determined to try the Eastern South. I did try it. I went over Alabama, Florida, and Georgia like a deputy marshal with a search warrant, and at last in March struck what looked like a regular job in the yards of the Georgia Southern and Florida Railway at Macon, Ga. They were handling an immense traffic in early vegetables. The job lasted twenty-three days; then came the worst freeze that country had ever experienced at that season of the year, and the vegetable trade was nil—likewise my job.

"I squared up, got another suit of clothes, and started again. I went to Atlanta, and from there to Norfolk, Va., across North and South Carolina. From Norfolk to Washington by way of Richmond. From Washington I went to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, staying a few days in each place, but not long enough to affiliate with any of the 'commonweal' armies that were tramping over that country then.

In New England Hay Fields.

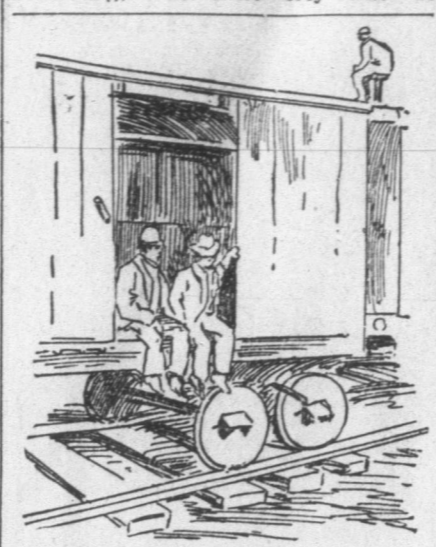
"From Boston I went all over the New England States, but with the single exception of a week in a hay field near Boston, couldn't find a thing to do.

"The railroad men in the Eastern States are a 'cold' lot, mostly natives who have never been outside the State they were born in, and who look on a traveling railroad man as they do a common tramp. I nearly starved out there, and you can tell all inquirers I'll never go East again.

"The night I started from Boston there were two 'Brotherhood' engineers and an O. R. C. man (Order Railway Conductors), who had been trying all day to get out over the 'Fitchburg' railway. We all wanted to come West, and we finally got out,

but it was in a side-door Pullman—a box car.

"We got through to Rotterdam junction, New York, and from there over the New York Central to Buffalo, where I left them and went through Western Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh, but that city was no



THE SIDE-DOOR PULLMAN.

good, so I came on here over the Panhandle.

"I started a year ago last June, and since then have been in every State and Territory of Uncle Sam's domain. I have ridden over somewhere near 200 railroads, have made applications for work in the offices of over 600 superintendents and trainmasters, and if I could have traveled in one direction all the time I would now have been fairly started on my third lap around the globe. I have tried to keep clean and so far I haven't starved, though I should like to think of the many meals I have 'run by,' and I have not slept in a bed for over two months now; haven't had my clothes off only when I could strike a river where I could take a bath. In my riding part of it has been on passes, part on 'card' or letters, and in a few instances, through the East, a box car."

Curious Census Lessons.

Slowly the public is getting some intelligible ideas from the census compilation of four years ago. The clerks have at last figured out that there were then just 7,992,973 "home families" in the United States, which means probably that there were that many groups of persons living together. Of these almost five-eighths—



NEGOTIATIONS FOR CLOTHES.

in exact figures, 4,767,179—were on farms and the remainder in cities. It thus appears that the country and the city population grouped in families is as five to three. Another statement is that the number of persons in a family is on an average less than five, so that the persons forming parts of the families are only about two-thirds of the total population. The other third, or about 2,000,000 persons, seem to be, therefore, living independently of family ties.

This is a rather curious showing. One-third of the entire population consists, presumably, of boarders, or of inmates of charitable and correctional institutions. As our paupers and criminals are not more numerous than those of other countries, the natural inference is that the habit of living in boarding-houses or hotels is far more prevalent than it is anywhere else.

Another thing that is surprising in these census figures of ours is, that we have fewer houses in proportion to population than the French have, for instance. In the United States the average is about five and a half persons to a house, while in France it is only four and three quarters, and yet the latter country is far more densely populated than even our oldest settled States along the North Atlantic coast.

The tendency is, however, toward fewer inhabitants to a house in this country. The decrease has been exceedingly slow but it has been fairly steady. In 1850 we had nearly six persons to a house, so that there has been a reduction of about half a person since then. On the principle of the fewer persons under the same roof the higher the grade of civilization, we are justified in congratulating ourselves on this fact.

Hard Times in Spain.

Great distress is prevalent among the laboring classes of Spain. Many hundreds of unemployed workmen are walking the streets of Madrid, Cadiz and other cities in the vain search for work. One day recently 4,000 men went in a body to the government office in Madrid asking for relief in the shape of work for themselves and families. The government was able to do but little for them. Brigandage has greatly increased, and its spread is attributed to the distress among the rural population.

Skillful Jewelers.

The jewelry found recently in an excavation near one of the pyramids of old Memphis, Egypt, exhibits about as much skill in working gold and precious stones as now exists, although the articles found were made 4,300 years ago. The figures cut in amethyst and cornelian are described as exquisite and anatomically correct.

MURDERER CASEY'S DOVE.

A Snow-White Bird That Had an Affection for Bad Men.

"I can recall a strange incident that has never found its way into print," said a member of the New York congressional delegation. "It happened in Long Island, in the Queens County Jail, and, to say the least, is tinged with strangeness. Patrick Casey, a Long Island City policeman, was an inmate of the jail, under the sentence of death for the deliberate murder of Sgt. Cumisky. The present representative in Congress from the First Congressional District, New York, James W. Covert, was Casey's counsel, and succeeded in having the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. On the day Casey was sentenced to death a pure-white dove flew in the courtroom window and alighted on his shoulder.

"The dove refused to be moved, accompanied Casey back to his cell, and became his constant companion. At the same time Charles Rugg, the notorious negro murderer, was also an inmate of the jail, awaiting trial for the murder of Mrs. Lydia Maybee and her daughter. Just previous to the day set for his trial Rugg escaped from the jail, but two days later was captured and returned to the jail. The day of his capture was the day set for Casey's removal to Sing Sing to serve out his life sentence. As he was being taken from the jail and while in the sheriff's office being prepared for his journey Rugg was led in by his captors. All this time the dove had been perched on Casey's shoulder, but as soon as Rugg was led in the dove flew from Casey's shoulder over to Rugg's, alighting on his shoulder, cooling as if it had found a long-lost friend.

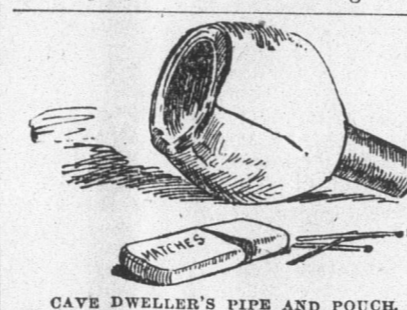
"All efforts on the part of Casey to call it back again were in vain, and as Rugg was led back to the cell from which he escaped the dove went with him. It remained with him up to the morning of the execution. On that morning, as Rugg marched up to the scaffold, the dove was perched on his shoulder and remained there until the black cap was drawn over his face. As soon as that was done the dove flew out of one of the jail windows, and was never seen around the jail again."

RARE RELIC FOUND.

Pipe of Onyx Once Smoked by a Cave Dweller in Utah.

This pipe was found in San Juan County, Utah, during recent explorations of the caves and cliff houses of Utah and Arizona. It was incased in a neatly tanned deer skin, which served as a pouch. This also contained some of the original smoking material, which consists of the inner bark of the red willow and leaves of the kinkikink plant, both of which grow in great abundance in the canyons of southern Utah. The bowl is egg-shaped, being 1 1/2 inches in diameter and 2 1/2 inches long, is composed of Mexican onyx, and highly polished. The cavity of the bowl is lined with a black mineral cement and contains the ashes of the last puff the smoker enjoyed. The stem is 3/4 of an inch in diameter and 1 1/2 inches in length, and is composed of jet highly polished and cemented to the bowl with pinon gum.

The pipe was excavated from a depth of four feet beside the head of a remarkably well-preserved male mummy. The pipe was undoubtedly his property during life. How it was used is a mystery, as the lips of the smoker and the hot ashes in the bowl would come into close contact, and his mouth would seem to be burned. It is evident that the pipe had to be held in an upright position while being used. The Navajo Indians, who once occupied the country where this pipe was found, are unable to give any information concerning it, and know nothing of its



CAVE DWELLER'S PIPE AND POUCH.

history or origin. This remarkable specimen is now on exhibition in the archaeological collection in the State University of Utah.

EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

An Interesting Little Personage the Only Wife of the Mikado.

An interesting little personage is the Empress of Japan, who is the only wife of the Mikado, though many imagine he has a dozen or more. The Empress is 41 years of age, one year younger than her husband. She is not so tall as American women, is slender and very straight. For the last sixteen years she has worn European dress. She is very fair, with rosy cheeks, large eyes, mouth, even without her imperial rank she would be a beauty. She is immensely interested in the education of the gentler sex and in charitable works of all kinds. She is a fine scholar of both polite literature and music, and plays the piano well. Her poems have been set to music and used as imperial songs. She is the founder of the Red Cross Society in Japan, frequently visits the hospitals, and gives to each patient as much consolation and care as if she were a simple white-capped nurse of the Red Cross.

Snail Eating.

We shall never, in all likelihood, grow to share the French taste for edible snail, though the big escargot is common enough in many parts of England, where tradition says they were introduced by the Romans, and still live on round the sites of their villas. The escargot is really at its best when taken in the vineyards at the end of March and the beginning of April. They live on the shoots of the vines, and during the winter bury themselves in the ground, during which time, like the souls hung up to air in hades, they are purged of

all gross humors before they return to enjoy themselves in the Elysian fields in spring.

Cooking the snails is not an easy matter. They are drawn from the shell, which is then carefully scrubbed and washed. Their heads are cut off, and they are well soaked in salt and water, then returned to the shell, which is stopped with parsley butter and laid to simmer in a hot dish over the fire. An enthusiast sent the writer some dozens, taken at the right season, from his vineyard in Burgundy, with a few bottles of red and white wine (Corton) made from the juice of the grapes from the vines on which they had fed, in order, as he said, that "the snails when eaten might find themselves en pays de connaissance." The combination was excellent, and, though there may be two opinions about the flavor of the escargot, there is no doubt that both in taste and substance it is an edible unlike any other known. The Wiltshire people, especially the population of Swindon, eat the large garden snails as a common dainty.—The Spectator.

NOW SHE WEARS SOCKS.

The Latest Fad in France—Long Stockings Given Away.

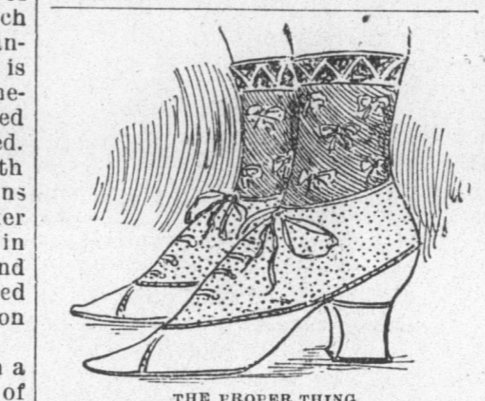
The latest danger which woman's relentless foe threatens her is the fad. In Paris, according to a highly fashionable authority who has recently



SOCKS FOR LITTLE ONES.

returned from there, the long stocking is doomed. Every one wears socks. Boys and girls in short trousers and skirts display a waste of pink flesh between the top of the sock and the bottom of their garments. There is, of course, not this same display in the case of the grown-up wearers of the sock, but there are sufficient other disadvantages to make up for this.

The agonies of the woman who is wearing these things for the first time are untold. If, in a moment of absorption in other things she forgets the fact that she has discarded stockings, she is promptly recalled to a sense of her loss by the keen discomfort of her feelings. She cannot, for an instant, remember what is the



THE PROPER THING.

matter with her and the sickening conviction that her garter has slipped is the first explanation that occurs to her. Then she remembers and her horror passes, but the discomfort remains.

Of course, socks are chilly. Of course, they make the wearer keenly uncomfortable. She shreds a windy day as she would a deluge. A step to a carriage or from a train assumes a proportion which horrifies her. But she has the gratifying consciousness that she is wearing what fashion demands, and that is sufficient to sustain most women in almost any emergency.

Startling Visitor.

A case of ball lightning has been observed in the Oderberg postoffice, Prussia. During a violent thunderstorm a telegraph post about 1,600 yards from the office was struck by lightning, and at this moment three clerks round a table in the office saw a few inches above the table, a ball of fire as large as a man's fist, of blinding brilliance, which immediately exploded with a loud crack, but did no damage. One observer said that the ball descended from the ceiling and rebounded from the table.

The value of the timber annually destroyed by fire on this continent is estimated at from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000. In the alchemy of nature nothing can be lost, and in distant epochs or eons, this may be recovered; but practically it wipes out that amount of wealth from the world with no compensation. Cut down and worked into the thousand utilities for man's comfort and convenience, or to keep him warm, cook his food and run his machinery, its original value, by means of his skill, is returned to him fourfold; but to be burned up in the heat of summer, with nothing to show but a heap of ashes, and to carry with it houses, farms, implements, crops and even the very soil, which it renders unproductive, is, humanly speaking, an absolute loss. Were it not destroyed it would shelter, or warm thousands of human beings, and administer in scores of ways to their varied wants. In consequence of this destruction, sooner or later they must give more of their labor to securing the shelter, warmth, fuel and the like which these abolished forests have furnished them.

Therefore, from the indirect loss caused by alternate flood and drought, which the loss of timber aggravates, there is a direct and remediless wiping out of so much natural wealth in a highly available form. Europe has so learned the lesson of the value of timber that Germany at least expends a large sum annually in preserving its forests by strict watching, scientific culture and careful cutting. They have discovered that the people cannot afford the loss of valuable timber and that the expense of preserving it is a very small percentage of the gain.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE should not be held personally responsible for the numerous "Uncle Tom" companies now devastating the country.

THE SCIENCE OF CURVES.

Which All Pitchers Must Master to Be of Use to Their Teams.

It is pretty generally admitted that the pitcher is the most important player on the diamond, says the New York World. To be a good pitcher requires not only perfect control of the ball in all methods of its straight delivery, but the ability to toss it in puzzling curves which lead to so many strikeouts.

Arthur Cummings, of the old Star team, the first ball player to make practical use of the curves. He experimented and practiced for a long time before he could explain the apparent anomaly of a ball thrown from the hand changing its direction horizontally during the course of its flight. Scientists have found many theories trying to explain why this is so. The one generally accepted as correct is simple. If one side of a ball can be made to pass through the air with greater rapidity than the other side there is greater friction produced by the atmosphere on the side moving most rapidly. This retarding effect drags the ball to one side and produces the so-called curve. To curve a ball, therefore, it is only necessary to make one side travel faster than the other. This is accomplished by twisting the hand sharply at the moment of delivery, allowing the ball to roll off the fingers instead of being released from all points at the same moment.

To produce the in-curve grasp the ball firmly between the thumb and first two fingers, the remaining fingers being doubled in the hand. Throw the ball at a height equal to the shoulder. At the instant of release twist the fingers sharply toward the body, allowing the ball to roll off their ends. The firm hold on the ball in throwing this "shoot" permits both greater speed and greater accuracy than in almost any other delivery.

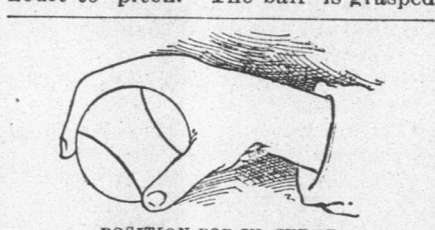
For the out-curve secure the ball in the hand by pressing it firmly between the fingers and base of the thumb. In delivering the ball to the batsman throw the arm forward midway between the shoulder and waist, the palm of the hand up. At the moment of releasing the ball turn or twist the hand quickly to the left, allowing the ball to roll off the side of the first finger. Although this is the easiest of all curves to pitch, it is the most difficult to control. Only practice will make perfect in this. As great speed as possible should be used, for a swift ball changing direction only a few feet from the batsman is much more difficult to hit than one traveling slowly and curving half a dozen yards from the home plate. For an up-shoot the ball is grasped in the same manner as for the in-curve. In throwing, however, the hand is brought down palm



POSITION FOR OUT-CURVE.

forward, perpendicularly in front of the body, the ball rolling off the end of the fingers as the hand is twisted suddenly downward.

Very few but professional players ever master the drop curve. Almost all amateurs throw instead the "out-drop," which, as its name indicates, is a curve half way between the out and the drop. This is not at all difficult to pitch. The ball is grasped



POSITION FOR IN-CURVE.

as for the out-curve, but in throwing the hand passes diagonally across the body from a little above the right shoulder to about the height of the belt on the left side. The ball is released when directly in front of the home plate.

New Marine Device.

In heavy weather a steam tug will sometimes lose its tow, a sudden strain on the hawser breaking the same, and the sea being too rough to make it practicable to get a new line to the liberated craft. In order to lessen that danger several American tug boats have adopted a device called the Shaw & Spiegel towing machine. Its essential feature is an elastic steam cushion. The hawser is made fast to a drum, which unwinds a little when the strain abruptly increases, but when the strain stops revolving. If the pull lessens the drum automatically takes up the slack.

Aquatic Spiders.

The "raft spider," found in Terra del Fuego, is a most extraordinary insect. It derives its name from the fact that it constructs a raft of matted leaves and pieces of wood, which it uses to pursue its prey on the water. Raft spiders travel in fours. They make their oars out of twigs and generally row a thirty-two stroke, although they have been known at times to increase the speed to thirty-six.

The Busy Bee.

The bee works harder than most people would believe. There are about sixty flower tubes in every head of clover, and only a tiny morsel of honey in each. In order to get enough sugar for a load, the bee must visit about 6,000 different flowers, and each bee must make, on an average, twenty trips a day.

He Made a Rainbow.

Prof. Tyndall is said to have been the first man to ever attempt to produce an artificial rainbow—this in 1833.

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 Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spice.
A MILD REBUKE.—He—"How many conquests have you made this summer?" She—"I never talk shop."—Harper's Bazar.

"Don't you think Binkies has a very breezy manner?" "If you refer to the delight he takes in airing his opinions, I do."—Washington Star.

"That organ-grinder left out a portion of the tune." "That's all right. We're even. The dime I gave him had a hole in it."—Washington Star.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—What is charity? Boy.—It's a feeling folks used to have before tramps got so thick.—Good News.

"I was not aware that you knew him," said Tom Snack to an Irish friend the other day. "Knew him!" he exclaimed. "I knew him when his father was a boy!"—Tid-Bits.

ENGROSSED.—"I wonder if it is true that the Browns are keeping two servants instead of one." "I guess so. I don't see Mrs. Brown go out any more."—Truth.

AT A PRIZE-SHOOTING.—Rifeman (after repeated misses).—"Donner wetter!" If those rascally fellows haven't gone and stuck up the target in the wrong place again."—Unsere Gesellschaft.

WHEN WE SAW THE GOOD MAN standing with the twins in his arms and singing "Let Cares Like a Wild Deluge Come" we knew the great religious convention was a spiritual success.—Plain Dealer.

WIFE.—I must go to the doctor; I fear I've got dropsy. I weigh 250 pounds. Husband.—Where were you weighed? Wife.—On your coal scales. Husband.—Then, don't worry; your weight is normal.—Truth.

In the White Mountains: "By Jove, what a superb view there is from here!" said Wilkins. "Yes," said Dawkins. "Tell me one of your jokes now, will you? I fancy I could see it up here."—Harper's Bazar.

ENFANT TERRIBLE.—Proud Father (to friend).—"This is my youngest boy. Frank, this is Mr. Jackson." Frank (brightly).—"Is that the man who mamma said yesterday had more money than brains?"—Truth.

MRS. SMYTHE.—"There is one thing about the outlook I don't like," Mrs. Jenkins.—"What is it?" Mrs. Smythe.—"The United States Senate may be abolished before we become eligible to membership."—Brooklyn Life.

BINAWAY.—And young Blower, the fellow who was always boasting that he would yet do something to arouse the country; what ever became of him? Stedman.—Manufacturing alarm clocks the last we heard.—Buffalo Courier.

In the Adirondacks: "If you should lose your way in these woods, Jack, what would you do?" "Walk straight ahead," said Jack. "The world is round, and I'd be sure to get back home that way sooner or later."—Harper's Young People.

"JAMES, have you poured the American champagne into the imported bottles?" "Ez shure ez me name is Moike, mum." "Well, you can put the cobwebs on the bottles now, and then practice your English accent for the rest of the afternoon."—Truth.

"You don't seem to think that was a very good story I just told you," he said in a disappointed tone. "Oh, yes, indeed I do," replied the Boston girl, reassuringly. "But I was just trying to think when that was probably translated from the Greek."—Detroit Free Press.

"JENNIE," said Mr. Younghusband, "each of these clothes-bags has got a hole in the bottom of it." "What clothes-bags?" "We haven't any clothes-bags." "Why, what's this? I been putting my collars and cuffs in all this week?" "Why, George! That's the sleeve to my ball-dress!"—Harper's Bazar.

"The sins of the father," etc.: Tommy (studying his lesson).—"I say, pa, where does the Merimac rise, and into what sea does it empty?" Pa.—"I don't know, my son." Tommy.—"You don't know? And to-morrow the teacher will lick me on account of your ignorance."—Harlem Life.

MR. MEEKER.—It grieves me sorely, my son, to learn that you tell untruths. Take Washington, for example. He never found it necessary to lie. Junior Meeker.—I know it, father, but in his day there wasn't anything to lie about. He never tried to trade an air-gun for a bicycle.—Boston Courier.

MADE IT manifest: "Yes," said the eminent tregymman. "I nearly left the pulpit once to emcey-ize it in a mercantile business, but the Lord wished me to continue his work." "How did you know He did?" "My congregation offered me \$8,000 a year—and that was \$2,000 more than I was offered in business."—Brooklyn Life.

In all policies of life insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country filled up his father's age, "if living," 112 years, and his mother's 102. The agent was amazed at this, and fancied he had secured an excellent customer, but feeling somewhat dubious, he remarked that the applicant came of a very long-lived family. "Oh, you say sir," replied he, "my parents died many years ago, but if living" would be aged as there put down."—Tid-Bits.

Not Good for Kid Gloves.

In Paris elephant skins are tanned. The process is the ordinary one except that a very powerful extract of tannin is used. When the glantskin is taken from the vat it is nearly an inch and three-quarters thick. The tanned skin of the elephant, like that of the alligator, is used in the making of various fancy articles, and brings a high price, a small elephant-leather valise costing \$300 to \$400, and cigar cases and card cases not less than \$60 to \$80.

THE best way to manage a quarrel is to stop quarrelling.