

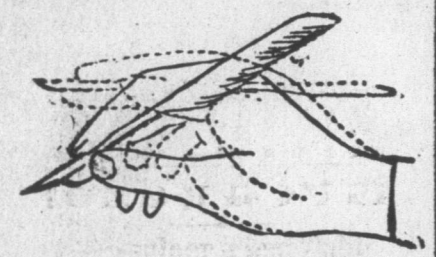
MAKE LEGS AND ARMS

PEOPLE WHO SUBSTITUTE ARTIFICIAL FOR THE REAL.

The Industry, Owing to the Activity of Railroads, Buzz-Saws, and Fourths of July, Grows Yearly—Limb Closely Counterfeit Nature.

Triumph of This Art. OLD BEN BATTLE, whose melancholy fate is sung by Tom Hood, might have found the means of retaining the affections of his Nellie Gray if he had lived in the year 1886. When Ben went off to the wars it is narrated that "a cannon ball took off his legs, so he laid down his arms." Upon his return to England the heartless Nellie looked upon him with disdain.

"Before you had those timber toes Your love I did allow;



ACTION OF HAND IN WRITING.

But then, you know, you stand upon Another footing now."

And poor Ben was so overcome by Nellie Gray's unkindness that, bold as he was, he lost all hope, and "round his melancholy neck a rope he found entwined."

"One end he tied around a beam And then removed his pegs; And, as his legs were off, of course He soon was off his legs."

All of these tragic occurrences might have been entirely prevented if the gallant Ben had been where he could visit one of the little workshops where wooden legs are whittled out. Had he taken such a precaution Nellie Gray might not have suspected that he had left his legs "in Badajos breaches." For artificial limbs are made so perfectly in these days that they do almost as well as the originals.

Few persons have any idea to what an extent men are mended up after they have been mutilated by accidents. To see all the appliances that are used for piecing out the human anatomy a person would naturally suppose that it is not such a serious thing after all to lose a leg or an arm, an eye or a mouthful of teeth, or to become involuntarily bald or noseless or earless. All such trifling deficiencies can be easily supplied, and the patching can be so cunningly done



IN THE LEG FACTORY.

that only a narrow observer can detect the artificial from the genuine. The business of making artificial legs, arms, fingers, ears and noses, or, according to the generic classification of the trade, "artificial limbs," has grown



ELASTIC RUBBER FOOT.

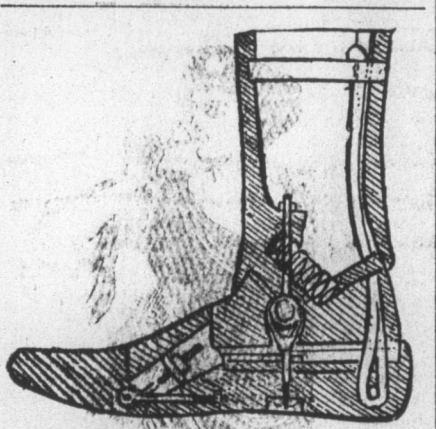
to an extent which natural limbed people little realize. Seemingly the day isn't many morrows distant when simply the vital parts of some men—and women—will be strutting up and down this earth disguised as perfect and complete human beings, all as the result of the now swiftly soaring genius of body-part making. And the pitied unfortunate who have been able to take advantage of the result of this soaring will be able to tire out an infinite number of fellow beings who have missed the cruelty of buzz-saw, thrashing machine, and railway catastrophes. There's many a man to-day gracefully walking the streets whose real legs and feet, arms and hands were long ago left in the amputating chamber of horrors. So wonderfully far is this marvelous spirit of practical counterfeiting of human parts being developed that after all the mechanic may outdistance the alchemist toward the solving of perpetual life for mankind.

The making of artificial limbs has, in fact, become a fine art and a by no means inconsiderable industry. Every surgical instrument maker provides them. If not actually a manufacturer, and most of them retain men for altering and repairing. Many of them have the work done on the premises, a portion of it being performed by artists working at their own homes and receiving their orders from various employ-

ers in the trade. One curious fact is that this unique handicraft is often hereditary.

Much exquisite craftsmanship is exhibited in the making of the leg of the more expensive sort. The craft has derived its knowledge, of course, from surgery, so that the study of a limb is a study in anatomy. The action of the knee and the movement of the numerous joints in the foot are simulated by the skillful use of finely-tempered elastic cords. The movements of the natural joints are reproduced so faithfully that a very inappreciable halt, indeed, is all that can be observed in the gait of the wearer of a high-class artificial leg. The mechanism of a foot and leg is called upon to perform limited operations, but the operations demanded of the hand are almost infinite; and, however perfectly the wrist and finger joints may be imitated, they remain utterly inert unless supplied with and directed by a continuous impulse from without. Opening and closing the fingers is all that can be effected by simple pressure against another object or a general movement of the entire arm. A serviceable substitute for an arm and hand must, therefore, be sought for on other than an anatomical basis. To meet the case some very handsome and exceedingly ingenious contrivances are to be seen. One consists of a sheath, or "socket," as it is technically called, made of English willow, canvas, and leather, and lined with some warm fabric, into which the stump of the severed forearm is to be inserted, and the weight of which is distributed, by means of straps passing through a band on the upper arm and thence crosswise round the chest. A hollow screw or a catch-spring is let into the end of this socket, by means of which any one of a number of "tools" can at will be attached, and with which the owner can subvert the more common purposes of daily life.

One of the commonest expressions heard regarding a person with an artificial lower limb is, "He's got a cork leg," the idea conveyed being that the person has an artificial limb made out of cork—at least so far as the knowl-



MECHANISM OF ARTIFICIAL FOOT.

edge of the manufacturers now living and the records of inventions now extant are concerned. The expression originated in this country by the shipmen here of a stock of artificial legs made in Cork, Ireland, early in the present century. Were, however, the



IN THE LEG FACTORY.

finer grades of artificial limbs produced to-day made solely of cork, they could scarcely be lighter. As it is they are made of English willow, steel, rawhide, and car-spring rubber, and weigh only 2½ to 4 pounds. They cost from \$40 to \$125, according to the purse and fastidiousness of the buyer, and are usually warranted for five years. The upper portion of the thigh socket is shaped and fitted to the stump so accurately that a bearing is obtained upon all sides alike, thus evenly distributing the weight of the body. In order to give additional strength and prevent their splitting or being damaged by water, these legs are covered with calfskin rawhide, so tightly and neatly drawn on as to resemble the natural limb. This rawhide is then covered with a black-colored waterproof cement which forms a hard, glassy surface, so they can be wiped off with a damp cloth without injury. The best artificial limbs will easily sustain a weight of from 400 to 500 pounds.

There must be just a little mechanism as possible in order to lessen the chance of a hitch somewhere and the consequent mortification to the wearer. Every joint is tightened to a nicety. The wire springs, two on either side of the ankle joint, impart a natural and elastic motion to the ankle, no matter whether the foot be turned up or down are covered with buckskin to prevent squeaking. The lower one of these



KNIFE AND FORK FOR ONE-ARMED PEOPLE.

springs serves to bring the toes back to a natural position after they have been bent upwards either in stepping on the toe or an uneven surface. By an arrangement of the cords and springs the leg can be moved backwards or forwards on the ankle joint, while the foot remains flat upon the floor. This movement enables the foot to accommodate itself to any position it may be placed in when walking. By covering the bot-

tom of this artificial foot with soft sponge rubber the step cannot, from its sound, be distinguished from that of the natural limb.

It is far more difficult to construct an arm than a leg, owing to the manifold uses required. Manufacturers generally are inclined to furnish arms that are much too complicated, particularly for the laboring classes. The arm is constructed much after the principle of the leg, and is manufactured principally from leather and steel. It is held firmly on the stump by an improved form of shoulder cap so constructed that in carrying an object the weight is thrown wholly on the shoulder. Strong bands pass across to and connect with a smaller piece that encircles the opposite shoulder, passing under the arm, at which point it is well padded. The elbow may be swung freely or set at any angle. To accomplish the latter a small button is pressed after the limb has been fixed, when it will remain in that position until released. Movements of the fingers are effected by a pad on the inside of the arm. By pressing the arm against the side this pad is forced close to the arm, thus by a connecting of springs operating the fingers of the hand. The hand is manufactured so it will close by springs and be opened by the pad, or vice versa. For business men who wish an appliance for holding papers or documents an apparatus is constructed that is worked by the pad mechanism or a system of attachments. Such an arm can be fitted to those having three inches or more of stump, and provided it retain a healthy degree of force and rigidity it will enable the wearer to raise his hand to his mouth or forehead, and to take his hat off his head. These arms are made very stout, and can do service in carrying heavy valises, baskets, bundles, etc., together with holding the lines in driving. The hands are constructed with or without wrist movement, as desired, owing to the class of work that will be required of them.

The fact that a person can write with an artificial hand and arm furnishes a subject for thought that has been dwelt upon by the wisest, most thoughtful of men with only the result of utter bafflement. The fingers of an artificial hand are capable of but two general motions or actions—namely, that of closing upon the pen and of releasing it. Not at all are the artificial fingers capable of a single one of the many delicate and often almost imperceptible movements performed by the natural fingers, hand, and wrist every time a word, however short, is written. Any trick connection, whatever, between the three or four inches of stub of arm and the—after all—clumsy imitation of the human arm, hand and fingers, is totally impossible. And yet that man writes the moment he takes up the pen in the artificial fingers. This matter has now become so common among the craft as to attract no more attention.

The railroads every year for artificial limb makers, while the other multiplying agencies—sawmills, other mills, mines, factories, the Fourth of July, etc.—bring the number up to something frightful to everybody except, possibly, those engaged in this artificial business.

Two of the supremely triumphant instances of artificial limb furnishing are in Chicago. Whenever the weather is fine and the pavements in good condition people residing on Grand boulevard may frequently see an unusually pretty, dashing young lady riding a wheel, generally at high speed, along the driveway. If now and then the bugles get too thick to suit her comfort she springs from her wheel and dashes aside to the walk with all the grace and agility of the best of them. She has worn an artificial leg from the thigh down for nearly three years. A member of the firm that furnished it is ready at any time to wager \$1,000 that no person can pick the young lady out in a party of young ladies walking or riding wheels. The other case is that of the son of a retired banker living on the North Side. A number of years ago the young man lost both hands and both feet by having them frozen. Artificial substitutes with marvelous capacity for action were procured for him—though in Europe. He is a fine horseman, and seldom a day passes that he is not seen alone behind a high spirited pair of steppers as ever rolled a road wagon along Lake Shore drive. He is a member of two or three clubs, frequents the theaters, and attends many receptions. He lifts his hat, removes his overcoat, uses his handkerchief and lights a cigar.

The making of artificial noses and ears has also become a good business within the last few years. A nose is first



RIDING A WHEEL WITH ARTIFICIAL LEG.

molded to the proper shape in papier-mache, and then it is waxed and varnished to the tint of the complexion of the noseless person. Ordinarily it is fastened on by means of a pair of spectacles, to the nose-piece of which it is firmly attached. In some cases, however, where the remaining stump is large enough, it is clamped in place and the spectacles are not necessary. An ear is made in much the same way, but it is far more difficult to attach. Most frequently small springs fitting into the ear are used, but they are likely to end too seriously impair the hearing. Other physical deficiencies are remedied by wigs, false teeth and glass eyes. The last are made most exclusively in Thuringia, Germany, and the workmen are marvelously expert.

She—I'm afraid that it is not me that you're after, but that it is my money that you want. How foolish in you to say that. You know very well I can't get your money without first getting you.—Boston Transcript.

REVEALED IN A DREAM.

How a Doctor Diagnosed a Case and Cured His Patient.

One of the most unaccountable adventures in the phenomena of the lives of the physicians ever recorded was related by Dr. Charles Bockman, of Astoria, L. I., at a meeting of the American Medical Society in this city Tuesday afternoon. The scientific men present were much interested in the strange freak of nature the practitioner disclosed. They believe it new and valuable evidence regarding the much-discussed opinions on the conditions of a mind or brain in sleep, which is also a subject of strong human interest.

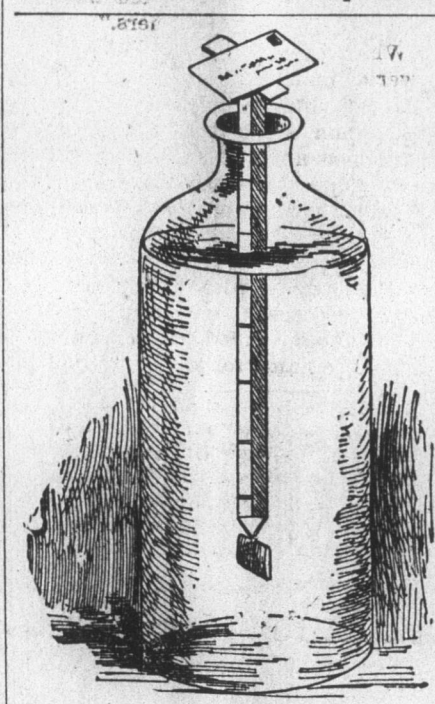
"It seems to me," said Dr. Bockman, after introducing the subject to his listeners in a formal manner, "that it is a truly remarkable occurrence when a physician makes a clear diagnosis of a mysterious malady in dreamland. Yet I have done so—and done so to my utter amazement. When, purely characteristic instinct, I examined into my dream and found it as a spokesman of fact, I was stricken speechless, but since I have come to the conclusion that the phenomenon is not mysterious or even strange, I was called to attend a little baby suffering the most rigid spasmodic convulsions, the cause for which I found impossible to discover. I first saw the poor little infant on Sunday and by Tuesday had become perfectly nonplussed as to what to do for it, further than to administer temporary relief. I thought of nothing else than the poor little one's sufferings all day Monday, and retired that night with the child's remarkable symptoms mentally photographed on my mind.

"Tuesday morning when I arose I had been to see the little patient in a dream; had discovered the trouble and conceived a simple treatment for its cure, which I had administered with entire success. Upon calling at Mrs. Lockwood's, the child's mother, this morning, I stepped to the corner of the room in which the cradle stood, and raising the infant's foot observed the little rose-colored spot I had seen in my dream. In an instant, almost before I knew what I was doing, I drew a slender pointed lancet from my pocket and quickly punctured the spot, when out came a needle three-fourths of an inch long, head first."—New York Morning Journal.

TO WEIGH LETTERS.

A Broomstick, a Water Jar, and a Few Marks the Only Requisite.

A very good scale for weighing letters may be made by anyone without expense. Get the handle of a worn-out broom and cut off about 15 inches of it. Four water into a wide-mouthed jar until it is nearly full, and having attached a weight to one end of the stick and tacked a square of cardboard to the other, the latter to serve as a platform,



A HOME-MADE SCALE.

plunge the stick into the water, as shown in the cut.

The weight should be heavy enough to keep about three-fourths of the stick under water. Having done all this, get a half-ounce, an ounce and a two-ounce weight (you may borrow them from your druggist), and placing them, one at a time, upon the platform of your scale, carefully mark on the stick the water level in each case.

High Postage. The following were the rates of postage in this country in the year 1800: Every letter composed of a single sheet of paper conveyed not exceeding 40 miles, 8 cents; over 40 miles and not exceeding 150 miles, 12½ cents; over 150 and not exceeding 300 miles, 17 cents; over 300 miles and not exceeding 500 miles, 20 cents; over 500 miles, 25 cents. Every letter composed of two pieces of paper, double those rates; every letter composed of three pieces of paper, triple those rates; every letter composed of four pieces of paper weighing one ounce, quadruple those rates, and at the rate of four single letters for each ounce any letter or packet may weigh, every ship letter originally received at an office for delivery, with 6 cents.—New York Tribune.

Lace and Lacemaking.

Brussels was the favorite lace at the court of the first empire, and when Napoleon and the Empress Marie Louise made their first entry into the Belgian capital they gave large orders for lace of the richest sort. The city gave to the Empress a collection of its finest laces, also a curtain of Brussels point for draping the cradle of the King of Rome.

Lacemaking is a great source of national wealth to Belgium, over 300,000 women being thus employed. Lacemaking forms a part of female education since the mandate of Charles V. to that effect, and there are 1,500 lace schools in Brussels. The thread used in Brussels lace is of extraordinary fineness. The finest quality is spun in dark underground rooms, for contact with air causes the thread to break. A fragment of lace in the collection at the World's Fair was worked with the needle upon muslin, leaving a few meshes unfinished. It is an heirloom of the Bonaparte family of Baltimore. Napoleon III. was a great lover of lace. The flounce in the tulle of Eugenie, Empress of the French, was valued at 50,000 francs and took forty women eighteen months to complete. The Duchess of York is a great admirer and connoisseur of lace, using the pillow herself. One notable piece sent

by her belonged to a descendant of Lord Anne Hamilton, who was the grandson of Queen Anne. Another specimen of historic interest was an apron given by Queen Elizabeth to Lord Fairfax; still others, a gown manufactured for Queen Adelaide, and Princess Charlotte's christening robe. In the year of the great famine in Ireland, 1847, when thousands of children were left orphans in the hands of the landed proprietors, the Irish ladies at once bethought themselves of occupations whereby they could be made to gain their livelihood. Lady De Vere was first to teach the mistress of a school on her own estate the art of lacemaking. Irish point and Carick-macross, Limerick, and Honiton laces are great favorites with Queen Victoria and her daughters.—New York Churchman.

IMPROVED WATER MOTOR.

For Conveniently Utilizing the Current-Force of Any Stream.

This useful device consists of a number of wheels fixed upon a common shaft, the width of the stream determining how many wheels may be used. On the sides of the wheels are gates that swing outwardly to increase the resistance of the wheel, and consequently its power. When the wheel is not in gear the gates close into recesses provided for them. The gates on one



NEW WATER MOTOR.

side of a wheel are connected with each other by chains, so that when one swings open it pulls the next one open.

Opposite to the gates are holes that prevent excessive suction and permit the current to enter and assist in turning the wheel, but the holes on the end wheels have their outer sides partially covered by deflectors. The motor is well adapted to being placed in a stream where the force of the current is the only power. It is illustrated and described in the Scientific American.

A Dangerous Ice-Chest.

The northern fishing vessels are accustomed to rely for their supply of ice upon the icebergs themselves—a dangerous, if convenient, resource. An iceberg is an uncertain quantity, and very narrow escapes are related by the crews returned from the fisheries. The schooner Elwood lately arrived from Alaska with twenty tons of halibut packed in ice. She sailed from Seattle northward, and went to the Muir Glacier for ice.

A big iceberg was encountered while passing through icy Straits, and selected for service. Thirty tons of ice were whittled off the berg and transferred to the schooner during the day. As the tide fell, the berg began to roll, the reef forming a pivot on which it revolved. Then suddenly the vessel listed heavily to starboard, and it was discovered that it had been anchored over a spur of the iceberg. Night was coming and the situation grew more dangerous.

The crew were ordered into the boats. Resting on their oars at a safe distance, all hands watched the schooner, expecting every moment to see it roll over and disappear. As the tide fell, a small peak of ice showed itself on the other side of the vessel, and it was found that the berg had caught and hemmed the schooner in.

For three-quarters of an hour the fate of the schooner hung in the balance; then without any apparent reason, she plunged suddenly forward into the sea, came right side up, and anchored out of reach of the foe.

The Bible and Big Sleeves.



THE BIBLE AND BIG SLEEVES.

"Thus saith the Lord: Woe to the women who sew pillows on all arm-holes."—Ezekiel, xviii, 13.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Made Good His Statement. In his class at Yale, says Dr. Snipe, was a student who climbed street lamp posts and removed street signs for his room ornamentation. The chief of police at New Haven happened by accident one day to see the signs in his room, and after informing him that the fine for thus removing such articles was \$5 per sign, inquired how many he had. The youth replied, "Forty." The chief said if he would return them the mischief would be overlooked. On hunting up the signs the student discovered that he had but thirty-two, and that night he stole eight more in order to return, as he did next day, precisely forty signs.

It is much easier to pass a good resolution than to enact it.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

This world would land in glory yet And make a lively stir. If in these days we could forget The mad thermometer!

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Wife—It must be bedtime. Husband—Hardly; the baby hasn't waked up yet.—Life.

"El, Jimmy, wot's de matter?" "Back's blistered." "Swimmin' or lickin'?" "Both."—Chicago Record.

"They say Hamsby is generous to a fault." "Yes, he is, if it happens to be one of his own faults."—Buffalo Express.

Host—Never shall I forget the time when I first drew this sword. Chorus—When was that? Host—At a raffle.—Firefly.

Young Man (in periodical store)—I want a Fireside Companion. Lady Clerk (archly)—How would I do?—Texas Siftings.

A—I hear that your friend X has gone to South America. Was it upon his physician's advice? B—No; his lawyer's.—Tid-Bits.

The summer girl is great on changing her suit. She goes seaward with diamonds and returns home with hearts.—Yonkers Statesman.

Belle—Mr. Jolyer is such a nice man. He said I had a voice like a bird. Nell—Yes; he told me you sang like an owl.—Philadelphia Record.

Jagson—I see that your pretty typewriter is gone. What's the matter? Hogson—Married. Jagson—The girl? Hogson—No; I.—Syracuse Post.

"Isn't he rather fast?" asked the anxious mother. "Yes, mamma, in one sense of the word. I don't think he can get away."—Indianapolis Journal.

How to make the new dress: Take the material for two skirts and make the sleeves, then take the material for one sleeve and make the skirt.—Nashville American.

Oh, sweetly tender was her look, Her hair was bright as gold; I bought three copies of her book, And then her glance grew cold. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Patient—The heat is so oppressive, doctor, I feel like committing suicide. Doctor—Oh, that would never do. As I said before, my friend, what you need is a change.—Life.

"That woman dispenses a great deal of social lemonade." "What do you mean?" "Simply that she is always saying sour things in a sweet way."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Papa!" "What is it, Johnny?" "I read a poem in my school reader which spoke of 'dogs of high degree.'" "Well?" "Papa, does that mean skye terriers?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Nibbs—What a perfect poem the count's rich wife is! Dibbs—Yes; the count is the only man I know of who can make poetry pay him thirty thousand a year.—New York World.

Won't some inventor, sage or mentor, Find that chief of boons, The wear-resisting, long-persisting, Non-bagging pantaloons? —New York Recorder.

She—Oh, my! there's something gone down my back! He—It's one of those thundering bugs, I suppose. "No; I guess it's one of those lightning bugs, George."—Yonkers Statesman.

Cawker—"Barlow made a rash prediction just now." Cums—"What did he say?" Cawker—"He said that the time would come when it would be respectable to be honest."—Judge.

She—Do you know, Harry, father has forbidden you the house? He—Forbidden me the house? I never asked him for his house. His daughter is good enough for me.—Boston Transcript.

"Have you the 'Relics of By-Gone Days'?" asked the young lady, entering a book store. "Yes," replied the polite clerk, with a bow, "we have some of last year's calendars."—Yonkers Statesman.

If a bicycle's known as a "bike," A tricycle must be a "trike," And when winter comes round It will doubtless be found That an icye goes as an "ike." —Washington Star.

Lea (sadly)—I don't know what to do with that son of mine. He's been two years at the medical college, and still keeps at the foot of his class. Perrins (promptly)—Make a chiroprapist of him. —Puck.

"Yes," said the girl who was chewing gum, "it is simply awful the way the poor people do suffer this frightful weather. How I pity them! And the worst of it is, of course, that one's hair simply won't stay in curl."—New York Recorder.

Naughty Deacon.

Madge—"Have you seen much of Mrs. Giddiwin of late, deacon?" Deacon—"Well, what I haven't seen of her at the opera I saw when she was bicycling down the avenue against a stiff breeze yesterday."—New York World.

Magistrate—And why did you roam about in the streets during the night? Defendant—I was afraid to go home. Magistrate—Are you married? Defendant (fervently)—Oh, your worship, I suppose you know what it is, too.—Tid-Bit.

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Mrs. McSwat—The reason I object to your spending so much time at that club of yours, Billiger, is that I am sure it is nothing but a resort for loafers. Mr. McSwat—Great Scott, Maria! What's any club?—Chicago Tribune.

MONKEY HAD A SPREE.

Performed Some Acts That Were Not on the Circus Program.

An incident not on the bills occurred during Ringling Brothers' circus performance the other day. During a number on the program in which the several rings and stages of the show are used by a series of trained animal acts, a troupe of monkeys were performing in the ring, when a tall young Vermont, with just enough of mountain dew under his belt to make him rather numerous, threw a half-plum bottle of liquor into the arena. Paddy-Roski, one of the performing monkeys, no sooner saw the bottle than he ran away from his trainer, snatched it from the ground, and, with the quick instinct of the "eaters of everything," or the "bandarlog" as Rudyard Kipling calls them, pulled the cork, and, before he could be prevented, poured the fiery liquid down his throat.

The liquor took an almost immediate effect, and Paddy-Roski had a high old time and performed some pranks that were even more amusing than those on the program. He leered cunningly at his companions, tottered about the ring, and refused to take his position among the other monkeys, at the same time jibbering and chattering in a way that only needed words to make an intelligent drunk.

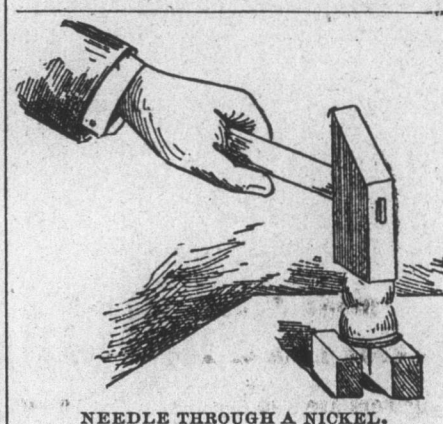
Professor Andres tried every means known to the monkey trainers' art to subdue the hilarious Paddy-Roski, but to no purpose. From his gleeful state he soon merged into one of anger and proceeded to do up the other members of the monkey tribe in regular pugilistic style. One of the attendants secured a small net, and throwing it over the intoxicated monkey secured him and carried him into the dressing-room.

As Paddy-Roski vanished behind the dressing-room he let out a yell that would have done credit to a Kansas farmer full of "boot-leg whisky."—Boston Herald.

PIERCING A NICKEL.

An Interesting and Instructive Experiment with a Needle and Coin.

We know that steel is much harder than nickel or silver, but a steel needle is so very slender that it seems impossible to force it through a coin. The feat, however, is very simple and may easily be accomplished. The first thing is to insert a needle in a cork so that the point barely comes through. If



NEEDLE THROUGH A NICKEL.

the large end of the needle project at the upper end of the cork, snap it off with a pair of shears, so that it may flush with the surface of the cork.

Place a nickel upon two blocks of wood, as shown in the cut, and put the cork on it, with the sharp end of the needle down, of course. Give the cork a quick, sharp blow with a hammer, and the needle, being unable to bend owing to the support given it by the cork, will easily go through the nickel. A silver quarter may be readily used in place of the nickel.—Philadelphia Times.

NORTHWESTERN HOSPITALITY.

What an Eastern Traveler Learned in the Montana Mountains.

"The people of the East," said John P. Miller, who had just returned from a trip through the West, "do not know what broad, open-hearted hospitality means. It takes the experience of a trip through the Northwest to learn how much one man can do for another. I never saw anything like it. The mere fact that I came from Washington in itself was frequently the open sesame to everything. If I knew someone who knew someone else, and he in turn knew the man I was talking to, there was nothing in the town too good for me. One gentleman to whom I was introduced out in a Montana town did not think it too much trouble to drive me around to several places which I had to visit, and yet he and I were total strangers until we were introduced an hour before. A hotel-keeper, who happened to hear that I wanted to meet a prominent citizen of the town, sent three of his bellboys out to hunt up the man and bring him to the hotel. I could tell instance after instance of the hospitality of the Western people, and I am willing to bet that my experience could not be duplicated in the East if I were to travel for a thousand years."—Washington Post.

Too True.

An Oil City gentleman, who is fond of fishing for trout, had nearly finished a long day's tramp on a stream strewn with cut poles, bait-boxes, and other evidences of the native angler. He had ignored an occasional sign tacked to a tree of "No fishing on this stream." The day was nearly over and he was nearing the mouth of the stream, when he was halted by a resident of a neighboring farm-house. "Hello, cap'n?" "Well?" "Ye been fishin' up here?" "Yes." "Can ye tell?" "Yes." "Did ye see that sign tellin' ye there's no fishin' up here?" "Yes, and it's true, too." A light seemed to break upon the farmer's understanding, and he grunted and faced about for home.

Needn't Wait for Him.

Whistler, the eccentric artist, had been invited to attend a wedding, and had promised to attend the ceremony. When the wedding party reached the church, Whistler was nowhere to be seen, but a telegram bearing his signature was handed to the groom. It read: "Am unavoidably detained. Can't get to the church in time. Don't wait."

Mrs. McSwat—The reason I object to your spending so much time at that club of yours, Billiger, is that I am sure it is nothing but a resort for loafers. Mr. McSwat—Great Scott, Maria! What's any club?—Chicago Tribune.