

BALDUR, THE GOOD.

"Before Christianity was brought to Denmark," said the old Danish housewife, "the people believed in strange goddesses, who were called the Asar. Many stories were told about them and their doings, but the best of all is that of Baldur the Good."

"He had been very happy until he began to dream that he was about to be killed, and he told his fears to the Asar, who held a congress to decide what to do, and how to ward off the danger that threatened him."

"Where would this danger come from? From fire or water or iron? From bird or beast or flower? At last they decided to wait on Baldur's mother, old Frigga, and get her to beg of all things not to harm her beloved son."

"The mother was glad to be sent on such a mission, though to compass it she must go all around the world."

"So she started on her journey, and the first she came to was Fire."

"Fire, Fire," said she, "I am Frigga, the mother of Baldur the Good. He dreams dreams and sees visions, and they portend him danger and me sorrow. Will thou take an oath, oh, Fire, not to harm Baldur the Good?"

"Fire listened and answered: 'I can be fierce and cruel but will not harm Baldur the Good.'"

"Then Frigga thanked him, and went to Steel."

"Oh! Steel," she said, "I am Frigga, the mother of Baldur the Good. He dreams dreams and sees visions, and they portend him danger and me sorrow. Will thou take an oath, oh, Steel, not to harm Baldur the Good?"

"Steel listened and answered: 'I can be sharp and dangerous, but will spare Baldur the Good.'"

"Then Frigga went to Water."

"Oh, Water," she said, "will thou take an oath to me to spare Baldur the Good? I, his mother, Frigga, implore you."

"And Water replied: 'I can be cold and I can destroy, but I will spare Baldur the Good.'"

"And so old Frigga went to all the metals, to all the trees, to all the flowers, to poisons, to snakes, to wild beasts of the forest, to volcanoes, to thunder and lightning, to the earthquakes, until she had seen them all; and they all took the oaths, and Frigga returned to her son and told the Asar that he was safe, for everything that could do harm had promised to spare Baldur."

"All were convinced and happy but Baldur, who still dreamt dreams of ill-omen."

"So, to convince him that nothing could harm him, the Asar led Baldur the Good to a great hall, and there tested all the things that had vowed to spare him. They shot at him. They threw stones at him. They cast him into flames. Nothing touched him. So all were laughing and merry, while Frigga sat at her door, resting. And up the road came an old woman, very feeble and poor, as it seemed who said to Frigga: 'Welcome, after thy journey.'"

"And Frigga did not know her for a wicked and cruel Asar, who hated Baldur the Good."

"I am returned, good gossip," Frigga said, "and I have done my work well. Nothing harms my Baldur. They have tested the faith of all things and I am happy. I rest, as you see, after going around the world."

"Cannot steel or flame hurt him?" asked the old woman.

"Not they," said Frigga. "Oh, I did my work well! All things have sworn, even birds and beasts, and the snakes and bugs. I begged an oath of everything but a little green wither of mistletoe that grows close down here; an innocent young thing, not worth offering an oath to—not old enough or big enough."

"The wicked old Asar wanted to hear no more, but went her way, looked for the wither of mistletoe, found it, and went to where the Asar were collected, amusing themselves with proofs of the safety of Baldur the Good. She dared not enter, but she saw at the door a young brother of Baldur's who was blind."

"Why are they all throwing things at Baldur? Why do they fire at him?" she asked. "Do they wish to kill him?"

"No," said the youth. "They rejoice that all things have taken an oath not to harm my brother, Baldur the Good. They are testing the oaths. All keep them."

"Why do you not join them?" asked the old woman.

"I am blind," said the boy. "I might hit some one else, or be hit myself."

"Poor child!" said the cruel old Asa. "But take part in the sport. Here I have a little innocent green wither, a pretty bit of mistletoe. Throw it over the heads of the others at Baldur the Good, so that you may say you also rejoiced and tested the oaths of all things not to harm him."

"The boy laughed and held out his hand."

"The wicked Asar laid the mistletoe in it."

"Cast it," she said.

"The boy hurled it merrily through the air. It struck Baldur the good just above the heart and pierced it. Yes, the little wither passed straight through him, and his life blood began to flow."

"It is as I dreamed," he cried, and Baldur the Good was dead."

Mr. Dozier, of St. Louis, the baker, has been rolling the French bread as a sweet morsel under his tongue ever since he arrived in Paris, and wondering "how in thunder they make it so crisp and put that glaze on it."

"I went into the bakery to-day and found out all about it," he now declares, "his face beaming with happiness: 'and I'll make bread just like it in America. It is simply a matter of allowing a spray to fall upon the dough as it goes into the oven.'"

A thug some time ago made his confession to an English officer. He had committed 700 murders, but plaintively said: "Ah, sir, if I had not been a prisoner twelve years the number would have reached a thousand."

The divided skirt is becoming more popular in London every day. It is only worn beneath the ordinary skirt.

How Bowser Shaved Himself.

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know how much time the average man consumes per week in getting shaved?" queried Mr. Bowser, as he entered the house the other evening with a parcel under his arm.

"I do not."

"Well, I figure at an hour and a half, to say nothing of the expense. One also runs many risks by shaving in a public place."

"Yes."

"And I shall hereafter shave myself. I can do it in seven or eight minutes, at a cost of less than two cents, and I run no risk of having my throat cut by some lunatic."

"Well, I hope you'll make a success of it, but—"

"There you go! Did I ever attempt anything you didn't discourage?"

"But you know you tried it twice, and gave it up, and threw your outfit away in disgust."

"And why? Because some one used my razors to cut kindling wood!"

"Mr. Bowser!"

"At least it appeared that way to me, and I got a lame arm and went off on a visit, and there were several other reasons. From this time forward I shall shave myself, and I shall begin after supper."

After supper he prepared himself with three towels and a quart of hot water, and went up stairs to begin operations.

I crept softly up and took a seat on the landing just as Mr. Bowser had removed coat and vest and collar, and was mixing the lather. While he was soaping his face, I heard him growl several times, and afterwards ascertained that it was caused by his jabbing the brush into his mouth and eyes by mistake. About one-half of the lather was deposited on his shirt front before he got through. He was just seventeen minutes getting ready for the razor, and when he took it up I heard him chuckle:

"This thing handles mighty awkward; if that fellow has gone and sold me a left-handed razor I'll prosecute him to the last ditch!"

He held it in various positions to get "the hang," and when he finally got it he made a careful motion along his right cheek. To his great delight he didn't cut his head off. On the contrary he shaved off a whole spoonful of lather, and I heard him chuckle:

"Egad! But I'm getting there with both feet! No barber could beat that!"

Mr. Bowser wears a mustache, and is proud of it. At the third or fourth scrape along his cheek one end of the mustache got in the way of the razor, and a share of it was carried overboard, so to speak.

"By thunder," gasped Mr. Bowser, as he regarded the damage, and he carefully washed all the lather off that side to closer inspect the calamity. Investigation proved that the damage was not beyond repair, and he renewed the lather and went ahead.

In the course of the next fifteen minutes Mr. Bowser must have removed as many as two hairs from his face, and he uttered fully 100 sighs and grunts. He tried the razor in his right hand and in his left, and in every conceivable position, and he brushed on the lather until a hoe would scarcely have scraped it off.

"You see," I heard him saying to himself, "a fellow has to fool around awhile to get confidence in himself. I expected it would take about half an hour this time, but inside of a week I'll make a clean shave inside of five minutes. There—that's a good job."

He wet a towel and wiped the lather off his face and took a look in the glass. The result astonished him. So far as he could see he had not removed a single beard. He had scraped off the lather, but the beard was still there. He growled away for a while, and then mixed a fresh lot of lather and brushed it on, and, after satisfying himself that the razor's edge was all right by cutting a hair he pulled from his head, he laid it against his chin. He gradually turned it up and began to scrape, and I heard him softly saying:

"Now, then, I've got the real hang of it. I was carrying it too flat. There's a trick."

Two things suddenly happened. He cut the left corner of his moustache off and gashed his chin at the same stroke, and the next instant he bounded into the hall and shouted for me.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, as I rose up.

"Look here! I'm fatally wounded!" he cried, as he danced around the hall.

"Let me see. Why, it's nothing but a slight cut. Let me wash the lather off."

It was a lively cut, and it bled freely for a quarter of an hour, during which time Mr. Bowser did a great deal of sighing and groaning and forgot about his moustache. When I had plastered up the cut he returned to the glass, and discovered that his moustache was lopsided, and wheeled on him to exclaim:

"Look at it! Look at that, Mrs. Bowser!"

"Yes, you haggled your moustache. I'll get the shears and trim it off."

"Never! Keep right away from me! Mrs. Bowser, your plot has been discovered!"

"Don't be so foolish, Mr. Bowser. I told you you couldn't shave yourself."

"It is all as plain as day now!" he continued, as he upset the lather cup and walked through its contents; "you probably figured that I'd cut my throat. You were setting at the head of the stairs to catch my death rattle!"

"Did I tell you to bring home that razor? Didn't I try to discourage you from shaving?"

He turned from me without a reply, and I went down stairs. He came down after about half an hour. He had been obliged to sacrifice a third of his moustache to get it in proper shape again, and the lather which had gotten into his eyes gave him the appearance of having wept for a week.

"It's too bad," I said, breaking a long and embarrassing silence.

"Oh, it is, is it?" he sneered in reply. "Too bad that I'm not lying a headless corpse up stairs and you figuring on my life insurance!"

"Well, it's no use to talk to you, Mr. Bowser."

"Not a bit, Mrs. Bowser. You had a plan; I checked it. You stand revealed in your true light as a would-be Borgia, or worse. This is the last straw, Mrs. Bowser—the very last. In the morning we will talk business."

But when morning came he didn't have a word to say. I found his shaving outfit in the side yard, where he had thrown it from the window, and the girl is now using the razor to peel potatoes.

—Detroit Free Press.

INTERESTING SCIENTIFIC POINTS.

Zoologists, whose study it is to compare the structure of different animals, tell us that the butterfly and lobster are so nearly alike that the former might be called the lobster of the air and the latter the butterfly of the sea.

Human life is increasing in length all over the world as sanitary conditions are better understood. In England 200 years ago the mortality was one in thirty-three each year; now it is only one in sixty.

There are stars in the sky that are rushing directly towards each other at the rate of fifty miles a second, but seem no nearer each other than they did 300 years ago. This shows how enormously distant they are.

In Zambesi, in Central Africa, mosquitoes are so large that the inhabitants tame them and yoke them to a plough and compel them to perform manual labor. They sing cheerfully at their toil and are fed on cheap captives. (N. B.—This item is intended to be read only by Jerseymen.)

Snow is not white. This may seem a strange assertion, but it is true. In a room entirely dark snow is perfectly black! It is composed of crystals which seem white by the manner in which they reflect light.

The celebrated cliff builders whose ruined homes are still found in caves along the sides of the Colorado canyon, built some stately mansions. One, now in ruins in Chaco canyon, was four stories high and 600 feet long, and must have been as imposing as any building in this country except the capitol at Washington.

Brehm asserts that wild baboons were caught in Africa by being made drunk on rum exposed in pans in the woods. "On the following morning they were very cross and dismal; they held their heads with both hands and wore a most pitiable expression." A man ape in the London zoological garden has learned to smoke.

Edison's tasimeter is so sensitive that it will measure the heat of a star more than a thousand million miles away. It will detect the heat of the hand 748 feet distant.

The mound builders, the predecessors of the American Indians, were a civilized and commercial race. They dressed in woven cloth, and had a wide trade. Copper from the Superior mines was exchanged for staples from the Atlantic and Gulf States. There is a mound at Cahokia, Ill., 600 feet square and 100 feet high.

The long clam has no head. That curious flexible muscle which he sticks up through the sand is not a head, but merely a pump with which he feeds himself. It possesses two canals or tubes, through one of which the clam draws in water, which, after depositing whatever nutriment it contains, is expelled through the other.

Geologically America is the oldest continent, older than Europe, Asia, or Africa. The first earth that appeared above the surface of the molten globe is the Laurentian ridge of granite stretching from Newfoundland to Lake Superior.

A patient German professor reports that he has numbered the hairs of the head, with the following average: Blonde head, 140,000 hairs; brown, 109,440; black, 102,963; red, 88,750. A woman's hair weighs fourteen ounces.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

Miss Ottilie Thomas, stenographer and typewriter, is said to be the only American girl who had charge of an exhibit at the Paris exposition.

There are 815 women who have obtained the LL. D. degree of St. Andrew's university since 1887, and there are more candidates this year than ever before.

There are many more applicants for admission to Smith College for Women at Northampton, Mass., than can be accommodated. It is a melancholy fact that nearly all the professors of the gentle sex at this college are unmarried.

Most of the "station masters" on the Rothbury Loop line of the North British railway, Northumberland, are women. They are called "collectors" and are not compelled to wear any uniforms. It is said that they do their work well and are quite reliable.

The number of female students at Vassar college is larger than usual, and every room is occupied. The gymnasium is a favorite resort for the students. The professors of both sexes are as busy as bees in all departments.

In order to encourage the study of literature in Newham college Mrs. Frank Darwin has offered two prizes, one for essays on the history of English poetry from Dryden to Shelley, and the other on the rise and development of the English novel from 1746 to 1839.

Tennyson is famous not alone for his poetry on the Isle of Wight; the excellence of his dairy produce also distinguishes him. This part of his establishment is under the management of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, and is considered one of the finest dairies on the island, being celebrated for the superior quality of the milk, cream, and butter it sends to market.

A woman feeding her hens with patient care is said to have made the beginnings of the great menhaden industry in Maine. Mrs. Bartlett, about half a century ago, down in Blue Hill bay, was one day boiling some menhaden for her hens, when she found a quantity of oil rising to the top of the water in the pot. She skimmed it off, boiled it up, and, with unusual enterprise, got aboard the old sloop that plied between Boston and the east coast, and took the strange oil among the dealers of the "Hub."

A man named E. P. Phillips examined it and offered to buy all she could bring him. She went home happy and all summer the old gentlemen Bartlett fished and the old lady Bartlett tried to oil the oil. In the fall they had enough oil to bring them several thousand dollars. This was the beginning of an industry that yields some years 50,000 barrels of oil, and is second only to the whale fishery.

A Toss-Up for a Nomination.

Judge Elijah Robinson, of Louisiana, Mo., is at the Midland, says the Kansas City Times. Judge Robinson is one of the best-known politicians in Central Missouri. He has twice made the race for the Democratic nomination for congress in the seventh congressional district, and each time missed it by but a scratch. Two years ago the fight for the nomination was a red hot though a friendly one. Judge Robinson, of Pike, and Richard Norton, of Lincoln, were the foremost candidates, and before the day of the convention rolled around these two had distanced the rest of the crowd, and it was evident that one or the other would win. It is the unexpected that always occurs in that district, and this fact kept every man in the race, and when the nominating convention met in the little town of Warrenton, August 26, every candidate was in the field and the fun began. Buttons were pulled off and button holes pulled out until the delegates were a careworn and unhappy-looking crowd.

The balloting was begun. Ballots to the number of 200 were taken. A deadlock was on, and for two days the opposing forces battled. After the first day it narrowed down to Robinson and Norton. There were sixty-six votes in the convention. Thirty-four would nominate. Each could get thirty-three votes, but the thirty-fourth persisted in vacillating.

The second day of the convention, so the story goes, Norton and Robinson met by appointment in the parlor of one of the hotels. Mutual friends were present, the doors were locked, and it was proposed to settle the matter.

"How shall it be done?" asked Robinson.

"Flip a dollar," replied Norton.

"Agreed," was the answer.

"Heads or tails?" asked Norton.

"Tails," shouted Robinson, as the coin went spinning toward the ceiling. Tails it was and Robinson took the coin.

"I'll take heads," said Norton. The coin came down with the goddess uppermost. It was horse and horse and the excitement was intense. A seat in congress was pending on the next throw. Not a man spoke as Norton picked up the coin for the final throw.

"Tails again," said Robinson, as Norton nervously flipped the dollar.

The calm face of the goddess again came down last and Norton had won. The two shook hands and went back to the hall, where the weary delegates were voting on about the six hundredth ballot. The tip was given; on the next ballot the deadlock was broken and Norton nominated. He was elected by about 2,500 majority. Judge Robinson, who lost a seat in congress by the chance flip of a dollar, is prominently mentioned as a candidate again two years hence.

A PARISIAN JOKE.

The many acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, prominent members of the First Baptist church of this city, says the Minneapolis Journal, are telling an amusing story in which the two were the chief characters. The scene is laid in gay Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds recently made a lengthy European trip. While in Paris, they were patrons of a fashionable hotel. Several months before leaving for the tour abroad Mrs. Reynolds assiduously applied all her energies to studying the French language. She was an unusually apt scholar. When the time for leaving home came Mrs. Reynolds' teacher congratulated her upon the rapid manner in which she had mastered the language, and Mrs. Reynolds personally believed she was proficient enough to cope with the Parisians in their own tongue when the great metropolis should be reached.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds spent many a pleasant day in Paris, and only have in remembrance one brief half day of agonizing misery. It happened this way: In Parisian hotels the attaches are suave and obliging. One afternoon Mr. Reynolds journeyed down town alone. When Mrs. Reynolds found herself ready to leave her apartments, she turned to the bright-eyed waiting maid, and with the best French at her command, told the girl to tell her husband, when he returned to the room, that she had gone down into the public parlor, where she would wait for him.

"Oui, madame, replied the girl with a knowing smile and a low courtesy. It was evident the girl had had such commands given her before.

Mrs. Reynolds passed down to the public parlor. She waited a full hour for her husband, and by this time became very nervous over his non-appearance. She went up stairs and went out upon the veranda. When nearly opposite her apartments she heard strange sounds from within. Passing quickly to the window, she was thunderstruck to see her husband pacing the floor at a lively gait, gesticulating wildly with his hands, and muttering savagely. Ever and anon he would try the door. It would not open. Mrs. Reynolds ran to his assistance; opened the door; the girl was found and then followed general explanations. Mrs. Reynolds French had tripped her up, so to speak. The girl understood her to say she should lock her husband in when he returned, and she obeyed orders. Both Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds afterward enjoyed the joke longly.

Thereafter, however, Mrs. Reynolds insisted that the language of her forefathers was good enough for her.

Saved a Life.

Solomon Isackson—Haf you heard the news, Shabac, do I hat saved dose lifes of Rheuben Cohen dis morning airt? "Nein, mein frend, how vas dot?" "He fell off de dock end couldn't swim."

"Und you slumped in und heiliped him out?"

"Ach, du lieber! I schreams: 'Come out und I pay you dot ten dollar I owe you,' und he climbs dot water out like a dook."

He Had Degenerated.

"My dear sister, you should make a point of blushing when the duke speaks to you."

"But I can not."

"Then the duke is not the man he used to be."

—[Pick-Me-Up.]

HE FOUGHT AT WINCHESTER.

An Old Rebel Soldier Found Warm Friends When Arraigned as a Prisoner.

In the case of the State vs. John Stuart, indictment for larceny, the prisoner appeared in the court-room, scuffling along, scarcely able to walk. He wore a solid check shirt, a very much-worn suit, and a battered hat.

Appearing as State witnesses were two well-dressed sleek-looking men, who were determined to send the old man to the penitentiary.

"Has the prisoner any counsel?" asked Judge Phillips.

"I have none," answered Stuart. "I am a poor man and unable to pay an attorney."

The judge saw by the man's looks that his was an unusual case, and said: "Well, go on and tell your story."

"Well, sir, I was in the confederate army, and at the battle of Winchester I was shot through both hips. Since then it has been exceedingly hard for me to support myself. I went to work for this man last year upon his word to board and clothe me, and to pay me what my services were worth. During that time he paid me 10 cents with which I bought tobacco. At the end of eight months he refused to pay me any money and refused to give me any clothes, saying my services were worthless. Then I went into his wardrobe, took a suit of clothes to hide my nakedness and left. He had me indicted for larceny, and I have been in jail ever since."

As the old man finished a murmur of indignation was heard throughout the court-room.

"You say you were shot at Winchester?" asked Judge Phillips, who was himself an officer in the splendid and memorable charge.

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in the second charge to the left on the other side of the town?"

The prisoner's face brightened.

"Yes," he said, "I was there—Rhodes' division—and was shot while crossing the ravine just below the hill."

The judge was satisfied then that the old veteran was telling the truth, but to be certain he called the State's witness.

While the witness was giving in his testimony, which was to the effect that the old man's story was about right, but that he refused to pay him anything because his services were worthless, Stuart leaned over to Solicitor Settle. "Mr. Settle," he said, "your father and I were friends. I lived in Rockingham county, and your father persuaded me to enlist in his company. I received my wounds while following him. Since then it has been hard for me to keep out of the poor-house."

By this time Judge Phillips, and Solicitor Settle, and everybody else in the court-room, were satisfied that the old soldier had been pitilessly persecuted, and the faces of the onlookers showed the deepest pity and sympathy for the unfortunate man and the blackest indignation for his employer.

"Mr. Solicitor," said the judge, "change your bill of indictment from larceny to trespass."

This was willingly done by Mr. Settle.

"Now," he continued, "judgment is suspended and the prisoner discharged."

Scarcely had the last word been spoken before every man in the room applauded, and great tears were rolling down the cheeks of strong men. As the old man who, half an hour before had been friendless, hobbled out of the court-room, hundreds of men drew around him to shake his hand. Our townsman, W. B. Glen, volunteered to secure him a pension. Mr. Hollyfield, offered him a position as miller, and in less than five minutes a purse was made up to buy the old soldier a suit of clothes. —[Leesburgh Mirror.]

Bluffed on a Sure Thing.

There were two of the men in our gang of Pennsylvania oil-well diggers and blasters who were constantly fooling with the nitro-glycerine, says a writer in the New York Sun. They would take chances to make your hair stand on end, and the trouble was they imperiled the safety of many others. One of their favorite pastimes was to get out after noon-day lunch and toss a two-pound can of the stuff as far as they could heave it. I more than once saw them stand fifty feet apart, and on three or four occasions saw the can miss their clutch and fall to the earth. Our foreman and all the other men did a great deal of swearing over this foolishness, and once the men were discharged for it, but they were taken back after a time, and as we grew more used to the stuff we took more chances.

One day the men got out with their can, and as the fun was about to begin our foreman said:

"Boys that nonsense will be the death of you yet."

"Bet you ten to five it won't!" replied one of them.

"Yes, and I'll bet you ten to one it won't!" bluffed the other as he shook his wallet at the foreman.

The latter failed to cover, and as he sauntered off down the hill I followed him. We had walked about 200 feet when we were suddenly lifted up and thrown flat to the earth, and then followed a crash which seemed to have rocked the continent. As soon as we could get up we ran back to the derrick, or where the derrick was. It had disappeared, as well as our shanty, and on the site was a hole into which you could have dumped a cottage. Not the slightest scrap of the two can tossers could be found, and the foreman and I stood for several minutes staring into the cavity.

Then he suddenly slapped his leg, waved his hand in disgust, and growled:

"What a two-story fool I was not to take those bets!"

A Fine Field.

Mrs. Brown—I don't see what fun you can find in watching a lot of girls play such a stupid game as croquet.

Brown—No, nor anybody else. The fun is in watching the quarrel. —[Epoch.]

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TIME TABLE.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Standard time 10 minutes slower than city time.

VANDALIA LINE.

LEAVE FOR THE WEST—1:42 a. m.; 10:18 a. m.; 2:15 p. m.; 9:04 p. m.
LEAVE FOR THE EAST—1:30 a. m.; 1:51 a. m.; 7:15 a. m.; 12:42 p. m.; 2:00 p. m.

ARRIVE FROM THE EAST—1:30 a. m