DAILY EXPRESS.

GEO. M. ALLEN, - - - Proprietor.

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The Express does not undertake to return rejected manuscript. No communication will be published unless the full name and place of residence of the writer is furnished, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

It looks as if the pension office was being put in order. It's a pity that the Blacks and Tanners ever were permitted to disarrange things there.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press moves into its biggest of big newspaper buildings to-day. The Pioneer Press is a great newspaper, worthy of the great Northwest and its big success.

The report from the City of Mexico is that Mr. Blaine has made a contract with two Spanish stenograpers to report the proceedings of the Three America's congress, which assembles in Washington after the touring trip is ended. Is Mr. Blaine violating the law against emporting contract labor?

Near friends of Mr. Blaine and his family furnish an explicit denial of the story that he was stricken with paralysis while in Italy in the winter of 1887-8. The story was started by the New York World and the genius who did the work made a most dismal failure in his effort at sensationalism.

The state supreme court has sustained the saloon license law. It has been declared constitutional, City Attorney Taylor and a few other retained legal lights to the contrary notwithstanding. As we understand it the only excuse offered for refusing to pass the $250 license ordinance was a doubt as to the constitutionality of the law. That doubt is removed. Pass the $250 ordinance.

By the way, what has become of the suit to recover the gravel pit? We hope our contemporary, the Gazette, which knew, and definitely assured its readers, that the suit would be brought, has not been carried away from its purpose to have the suit brought by any balloonatic tariff crusade in the country regions. The people of the city were assured that the suit would be brought and the property would be recovered. Why this delay? Why this silence?

We would call the attention of our friends, the enemy, better known as Democrats, to the fact that the pension agent for this district is still holding down an official chair at Indianapolis and expects to continue the task until after December. We do this for the purpose of remarking that if there is anything in the political game that answers to the "laps and slams" of cards that the Democratic-Mugwump press give the Harrison administration credit on the awful score of removing our old friend, long neglected by the Democracy, Two-Wars Manson.

C. O. D.

Why He Wasn't.

Mrs. Watts—What a sweet child your Willie is. He's a perfect little angel I think.

Mrs. Potts—No, not quite. He takes after his father in some of his ways.

Knew the Amount.

Wickwire—Did you ever stop to think of the debt that you owe to woman? Can you realize it?

Yabsley—Easily enough. It is the price of three weeks' board. I don't know when she will realize it, though.

A Good Man.

Drummer—Whose funeral is that?

Native—Ole Bill Willets.

Drummer—He must have been a good man to call forth such a large turn out.

Native—Good man! Now you're shoutin'. He licked durned near everybody in the county in his time.

An Evidence of Erudition.

In a Magazine Office: Assistant Editor—I think we'd better accept this article by Theophilus Podauger on "The American Indian."

Editor-in-Chief—And who is Theophilus Podauger, pray?

Assistant—I don't know, I'm sure. But he must be a great scientist. He spells "Cherokee" with a "ki."

Comparative Curiosity.

A French scientist recently took an innocent and unsuspecting egg, carefully removed a part of the shell and filled up the broken place with a window of glass. Then he put it into an incubator and watched the process of hatching from beginning to end. Talk about women being curious! No truehearted woman would ever permit her curiosity to intrude in such a ruthless fashion into the most sacred walks of life. Fancy the feelings of that poor chicken!

EXCHANGE ECHOES.

Rochester Democrat: The Chicago trial involves something more than the lives of the accused at the bar. It involves the reign of law, which is threatened by secret organizations which usurp to themselves the functions of courts of justice, and assume, within darkness and mystery, to try and condemn to death men who are obnoxious, as a Venetian council might do in mediæval times.

Pittsburg Telegraph: The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have done well in re-electing Mr. Arthur to the presidency of their organization. No man in the country has done so much to prevent labor troubles, and to settle amicably such as came in his field, as Mr. Arthur. He is a man of sound, well-balanced judgment, safe and sensible and conservative in action.

Chicago News: The revival of talk about the chances of Judge Gresham's appointment to the United States supreme bench to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Matthews, has awakened once more the universal voice of admiration for that distinguished jurist. That the entire country, with the exception of certain great corporations, a few personal enemies, and the friends of other possible appointees, desires to see the judge of the Chicago district, made a member of the highest tribunal of the nation is very clear. But no one seems to have much hope that the appointment will be made.

Evansville Journal: No law ever passed by the Indiana legislature has been assailed more bitterly than this. The conduct of certain papers and officials toward it is unaccountable on any theory consistent with an honest regard for the people's interests. Officials have been impeached under more favorable auspices for less flagrant offenses than have been committed by some high Indiana officials in connection with the passage and enforcement of this law. Thanks, however, to the good sense of the masses who patronize the public schools and to the generality of the public officials, the law is now firmly established and in successful operation.

MYSTERIES OF HALLOW-EVE.

Written for the Indianapolis Journal.

All boys and girls know that next Thursday, October 31, will be All-Hallow Even, though most of them corrupt its name to "Hallow-Eve." They know that it is a night of mirth and mystery, specially devoted to mischief, fun, incantations, divinations, charms and spells, but very few of them or their elders understand its real significance, or can tell whence it derives its name.

It is many centuries since the Roman Church, finding it impossible, from the great and constantly increasing multitude of the saints, to set apart a separate day for each one, decreed that November 1st should thenceforward be kept as a day in honor of all the saints, and that it should be known as All Hallowmas or All Saints' day, and that the night of October 31st, immediately preceding it, should thereafter be kept as a vigil, and be known as All Hallow Eve, these occasions being still observed in the Catholic, Episcopal and Lutheran Churches.

From its first origination Hallow Eve has been invested with a peculiarly mystic character. It is an almost universal superstition that supernatural influences then have unusual power: that devils, witches and fairies are abroad; that all spirits are free to roam through space, and that the spiritual element in all living humanity can be detached from corporal restraint and made to read his own future, or to reveal to others what fate may have in store for them. As there is nothing in the church celebration of the ensuing day of All Saints to justify these singular ideas and customs associated with Hallow Eve, and as none of them are of a religious character, we may justly regard them as relics of pagan times.

In all ages and countries Hallow Eve has been deemed, as it still is, the occasion par excellence for divining the answer to that momentous question which absorbs so large a share of the thought of romantic young men and maidens: "Who is to marry whom?" The means employed to gain this much-desired information are as quaint and curious as they are numerous and varied. For this purpose every time and every country—almost every district of every country—has had its own charms and spells, peculiar to itself, and they have furnished an almost inexhaustible theme for folk-poets and compilers of folk-lore.

Those of Scotland have been most graphically described by that greatest of all poets of the people, Robert Burns. In his poem of "Hallowe'en" he has given us a most vivid account of more than half a score of Hallow Eve charms and spells peculiar to the Scottish peasantry.

In a very old book of folk lore, called "Ye True Arts to Reade ye Future," I find the following: "If a maid would know ye name of ye man she is to marry, let her on All Hallow E'en steal out to a lime-kiln and throw therein a clue of blue yarn, still holding to ye other end. Presently ye end in ye kiln will be sharply pulled. Then ye maid must say, 'Who holds?' whereupon ye voice of her future husband will pronounce his name, both ye Christian and ye surname." The only obstacle to the successful performance of this spell is the difficulty of finding an old lime kiln, but as lime kilns will be in great demand among our young women when the important statement made in the above paragraph becomes generally known, and as a demand for any article in this country is speedily met by an abundant supply, the number of lime kilns will soon be largely augmented, to the great delight of anxious, match-making mammas and their dutiful offspring.

Water, nuts and apples bear a prominent part in the spells and charms of Hallow Eve. A quaint old book of charms, published in Edinburgh in 1670, entitled "Old Father Time's Bundle of Faggots Newly Bound Up," declares that an infallible means of getting a view of your future husband or wife is to go to bed on Hallow Eve, with a glass of water, in which a small sliver of wood has been placed, standing on a table by your bedside. In the night you will dream of falling from a bridge into a river, and of being rescued by your future wife or husband, whom you will see as distinctly as though viewed with naked eyes. This charm is thus alluded to by the English poet, Gay:

"Last Hallow-Eve I longed my love to see,
And tried a spell to call her up to me;
With wood and water standing by my side,
I dreamed a dream and saw my own sweet bride."

In connection with this spell I am reminded of a curious circumstance which came under my immediate observation. While visiting my younger brother in Newton, Mass., some years ago, my sister-in-law complained at the breakfast-table, on the morning after Hallow Eve, that she had spent a most wretched night. On my inquiring the cause she stated that she had had a strangely vivid and most singular dream, from which she had awakened with a feeling of the most distressing exhaustion. She dreamed that she was walking along the bank of a river when a gentleman, whose face she saw as plainly and distinctly as she had ever seen anything, and whose features were indelibly imprinted upon her memory, fell from a bridge, erected across the stream. Without a moment's hesitation she plunged into the water, and, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in bringing him safely ashore, whereupon she awoke, feeling as much exhausted as if she had actually passed through such a thrilling experience.

In less than three months from that time my brother sickened and died. His young widow continued to reside in the same place with her two children. Four years later I again paid her a visit, and while a guest at her house I learned that a bachelor friend of mine would be in the neighboring city of Boston on a certain date, and I telegraphed him to visit me at Newton. I met him at the railway station and drove him to my sister-in-law's residence.

It was a beautiful summer evening, and, looking from the carriage as we approached the house, we saw her watering some flowers on the lawn. At sight of her my friend seemed so much agitated that I anxiously inquired the reason of his discomposure and asked if he had ever seen the lady before. He had barely time to answer "Yes, once, and I will tell you all about it when I have an opportunity," before we had alighted and were in her presence. To my amazement she seemed quite as much discomposed as my friend had been.

He subsequently told me that on the very Hallow Eve when my sister-in-law had dreamed the dream above mentioned, he had tried the spell of the glass of water and the splinter of wood recommended by my "Old Father Time's Bundle of Faggots," which I had loaned him, and that he had dreamt of falling off a bridge into the river, and of being rescued by the lady in whose house we then were, and whom he saw in his vision as distinctly as when he beheld her that night on the lawn. I also learned from my sister-in-law that my friend was the very man whom she had dreamed of rescuing on that same Hallow Eve.

The story of this most curious coincidence, which is literally true, exactly as stated, is made complete by the fact that this pair of dreamers were made man and wife before another Hallow Eve.

In a folk-lore book called "Ye Mysteries of ye Witchcraft," which is the oldest in my collection, there is given a charm "by which ye maid may know if ye man she loves be true." To perform this the maid is directed to pluck, at midnight on All Hallow Eve two monthly roses with long stems, naming one for herself and one for herself and the other for her lover. She must then go directly to her sleeping-room, without speaking to any one, and, kneeling beside her bed, must twine the stems of the two roses together, and then repeat the following lines, meanwhile gazing intently upon the rose named for her lover:

Twine, twine and intertwine,
Let my love be wholly mine.
If his heart be kind and true,
Deeper grow his rose's hue.

If her swain be faithful the color of the rose representing him will grow darker and more intense.

Of all the many Hallow Eve spells and charms, associated with nuts, one of the oldest is that which prevails in some of England's northern counties; and which is to the effect that if a young man or woman will go at midnight on Hallow Eve to a walnut tree and walk around it three times, crying out each time, "Let him (or her) that is to be my true love bring me some walnuts," the future wife or husband will be seen in the tree gathering its fruit. The poet Gay thus refers in his "Pastorals" to this custom:

Last Hallow Eve I sought a walnut tree
In hopes my true love's face that I might see;
Three times I called, three time I walked apace,
Then in the tree I saw my true love's face.

A very old Hallow Eve divination, formerly much practiced by English rustics, to tell from what quarter of the compass the future husband or wife will come, is performed by stealing out, unobserved, at midnight, plucking a small lock of hair from one's head and casting it to the breeze. Whatever direction it is blown toward is believed to be the location of the future matrimonial partner. This divination is also mentioned by Gay in his "Pastorals," as follows:

I pluck this lock of hair from out my head,
To tell whence comes the one that I shall wed.
Fly, silken hair, fly all the world around,
Until you reach the spot where my true love is found.

There can be no question that many of the observances of Hallow Eve are derived from those of the old Roman festival of Pomona, when divinations and the consulting of oracles and omens were universally practiced. Lighting bonfires is one of the oldest and most universal of Hallow Eve usages, yet the Germanic and Celtic nations were both accustomed to kindle them on October 31, centuries before they ever heard of the christian religion, and its vigil of All Hallow Eve. It is probable that the boys of these old races indulged, on that date, in the same mischievous practices which now afford so much pleasure to our own youngsters, and no doubt the little sons and daughters of the ancient Romans, Germans and Celts carminated the municipality (or in the vulgar; "painted the town red") quite as extensively as our own children do now by ringing door bells and running away before they can be answered, beating in the panels of front doors with cabbage heads, misplacing signs, gates and fences, and raising Old Nick generally.

A JOCKEY'S MISHAP.

He Suffers the Loss of Speech in a Queer Way.

NEW YORK, October 30.—Dr. King, chief of the medical staff of the Manhattan hospital, yesterday pronounced Jockey Day out of danger. Day was hurt while riding Snapper Garrison's horse, Pocatello, at Jerome park, October 8th. His horse slipped and the horses and their riders piled on top of him. Day was taken to the Manhattan hospital unconscious and Drs. King and Biersoff found he had received a depressed fracture of the skull, and at first thought he could not live.

He remained unconscious for five days, and meantime the physicians raised the fragments of the skull to its proper position by a delicate surgical operation; but Day lost several ounces of his brain during the operation and his speech will be affected for life.

Yesterday he was lying in bed playing with a clock. "How are you feeling?" was asked.

"First, all right," he replied, with a stolid stare.

"He is afflicted with a disease by reason of his injuries, which makes him say one thing when he means to say something else," said the doctor, in explanation of his patient's queer answer.

Dr. King then asked the jockey: "Are you anxious to be out again?"

"Yes, Duster," was the prompt reply.

"He calls me 'duster' for doctor," said the house surgeon. "That is the result of the asphasia."

Dr. King thinks that in time Day will be as good as ever, except for the defect in his speech.

Republicans of Vermillion and Parke.

The Republicans in Vermillion and Park counties, said State Senator Robert B. Sears yesterday, are enjoying life and expressing satisfaction with the way the world is moving. "We have no discontented politicians and are ready for the next campaign," continued the senator. "It is true some of us would like to have had appointments our way, but recognize that while there are many offices there are many more Republicans ready to fill them. There is no break in our line, because we are all Republicans and strong supporters of Harrison's administration. The president's course is right and we will stand by him."—[Indianapolis Journal.

Hog Cholera in Indiana.

The state board of agriculture has advices from many of the northern and northwestern counties, saying that hog cholera is epidemic and that hundreds of hogs are dying daily and the disease is steadily increasing. In Stuben county it has assumed such proportions that some farmers have lost every hog on their farms, and there are but few who have not lost from 50 to 75 per cent. of their stock. It is specially fatal in hogs that have been put up for fattening. No remedies appear to have any effect, and all attempts to stop the spread of the disease have failed.

They Stoop to Corncure.

Some young ladies in Burnett, Wis., have formed a club to discourage the wearing of No. 2 shoes on No. 5 feet. Their motto is: "In this sign we corncure."—[Boston Transcript.

All those suffering from hoarseness, colds, or coughs should try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cts.

JUDGE ELLIOTT NAMED.

Gossip That He May Be Appointed to the Supreme Bench.

Several gentlemen were standing in the lobby of the state capitol building a few days ago, when a small man, about the size of General Mahone, came down from the supreme court chambers and went into Governor Hovey's rooms, writes an Indianapolis correspondent of the New York Times.

"That man may surprise the country some day, and before very long," said one.

"How so?"

"Well, Harrison may take it into his head that he's a good man to go from Indiana to the United States supreme court."

The man thus spoken of was Byron K. Elliott, for many years a justice of the supreme court, and at present chief justice. He was for a while the only Republican on the supreme bench, but the court's political color has changed, until the Democrats are again in the minority. It has been said frequently that if the Miller apparition could be gotten rid of, Judge Elliott would likely receive the president's favorable consideration for the vacancy.

Judge Elliott is a lawyer whose decisions are respected all over the country. In fact, he has done much to lift the standard of Indiana jurisprudence. He is about 62 years of age, was born in Ohio, but attained his majority in this state. His family is an old one, the judge's father being a warm personal friend of General Harrison. The president has a high regard for Judge Elliott, and if the surmises in regard to Miller are not true, President Harrison may spring as big a surprise upon the country as came with Waite's advent. Judge Elliott is a self-made man, and probably one of the best-read men in Indiana. He is a persistant student, and takes the greatest pride in his own work.

Salting Stock.

With some kinds of stock especially, too much salt will often prove very injurious; and when the salt is only given occasionally it will often occur that the animals, being very hungry for salt, will eat more than is best. On the other hand, as a rule, if a supply of salt is kept convenient, the stock will eat what they want, and no more. They are not likely to damage themselves, under ordinary conditions, if boxes are provided, and are kept filled, so that the stock can help themselves to what they want to eat. It is not the quantity they eat, in a given length of time, but rather the large quantity that they will eat at once, when they have been deprived of it, that proves more or less injurious.

There is no class of stock kept upon the farm but that will be benefited by having access to a good supply of salt, and some arrangement should be made so that this can be done. During the season that stock are in the pasture, boxes or troughs may be placed in convenient places, where the stock can go and help themselves.

The advantage in using rock salt is that if placed in boxes or troughs without shelter there is but little if any waste, either by throwing out of the boxes or troughs in eating, or by being washed out by hard rains. A box placed in the center of the hogpen and kept supplied with salt and ashes, will aid materially in keeping the hogs in good health and thrift. Sheep, cattle and horses need a supply all the time; and if it is placed where they can secure a supply readily, they will be found eating a small quantity every day.

As a rule, with the exception of hogs and poultry, the better plan is to give the salt by itself. With poultry, usually the better plan is to season the food.

Consumption of Tea in France.

It will perhaps surprise many to learn that tea is such a small article of necessity in France that the total consumption in 1888 for 38,000,000 of inhabitants was only a little over 1,000,000 pounds, the greater part of which was probably consumed by British, American and Russian visitors and residents. The average per head of the population was thirteen and a half grammes, or less than half an ounce. The use of tea, instead of increasing, is diminishing, as the average per head was fourteen and a half grammes in 1886 and 1887. Coffee, on the other hand, increases in favor, and the consumption has more than quadrupled since 1841, and nearly doubled since 1861. It reached its maximum of 136,000,000 pounds in 1886, and was 134,000,000 pounds, or more than three and a half pounds per head in 1888.

The World's Largest Mansion.

The largest and costliest private mansion in the world is said to be that belonging to Lord Bute, called "Montstuart," and situated near Rothessy. It covers nearly two acres and is built in Gothic style; the walls, turrets and balconies are built of stone. The immense tower in the center of the building is 120 feet high, with a balcony round the top. The halls are constructed entirely of marble and alabaster; all the rooms are finished in mahogany, rosewood and walnut; the fireplaces are all carved marbles of antique designs. The exact cost of this fairy palace is not known, but it has never been estimated at less than £1,900,000.

The Sale of St. Louis Breweries.

ST. LOUIS, MO., October 30.—It is reported on good authority that the deal between the associated brewers, of St. Louis, and the combination of eastern and foreign capitalists, commonly denominated "an English syndicate," has practically been concluded and there remains only the formal signing of papers of transfer to make the sale of all the brewing properties controlled by the association an accomplished fact. The capitalization of the association is $5,250,000. The association includes every brewery in the city except the Anheuser-Busch, Temps and Abert.

Big Local Pension Figures.

The local pension office is the second in importance in the land. This month there are 45,675 pensioners on the roll. In September $1,663,034 94 was paid out. From July 1st, 1888, to July 1st, 1889, this office paid out $8,428,334 28. The increase of 1888 over the preceding year was between $1,600,000 and $1,700,000, and if this increase continues, the office will pay out in 1889 over $10,000,000. Colonel Zollinger's term expires in January, and he will probably hold on until that time.—[Indianapolis News.

General McClellan's Son Married.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 30.—The first society wedding of the season occurred to-day, when Miss Georgiana Heckscher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Heckscher, of New York, was married to Mr. George B. McClellan, of New York, son of the late General McClellan. The ceremony was in All Saints' chapel and was performed by Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York, assisted by the Rev. C. A. L. Richards, of Providence. There was a large attendance of invited guests.

HINTS ON COOKING.

A Variety of Seasonable Receipts that Are Not Difficult to Follow.

New Tomato Soup—Take two quarts of tomatoes, one pound of beef, one onion, one cucumber, and three pints of water, two potatoes and a tablespoonful of chopped celery; boil the meat until it falls to pieces, boil the potatoes and onion and tomatoes together; then mash them through a colander and add to the meat and liquor, adding boiling water until the soup is of the proper consistency; let all boil for about five minutes, add a teaspoonful of flour, cayenne, salt and the celery just before pouring it into the tureen. Serve with croutons.

Scrambled Oysters.—One quart of oysters, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, and flour sufficient to thicken like cream; pour the milk into a spider and heat to boiling; when about to boil add the oysters; as soon as they are boiling add the thickening with salt, white pepper and a tablespoonful of sage and a tablespoonful of tomato sauce; do not let the oysters boil long; remove from the fire and stir in the butter; toast some crackers, place them on a warm platter, moisten them a little with warm milk or water, place on each half cracker a large spoonful of oysters, and pour the cream over and around them.

Veal Croquette—Chop veal very fine, mix a teaspoonful of flour in a half a cupful of milk; melt a tablespoonful of butter and stir the flour and milk in it and let it come to a boil; mix this thoroughly with the meat, form into balls or flat cakes; these can be prepared for breakfast the night before; place them on a platter and sprinkle a little salt and pepper on them and let them remain until morning; then beat one egg with two tablespoonfuls of milk, dip the meat balls in the egg and then in cracker crumbs and fry brown.

Baked Veal Cutlet—Remove all skin from the edge, wash and wipe dry, sprinkle with salt and pepper, place a sheet of white paper in the bottom of a shallow baking tin, butter it well, lay the meat on it, place bits of butter on top of the meat and very thin slices of onion, place in a moderate oven, baste frequently with butter, bake until a nice brown; remove from the pan, place on a hot platter, pour over it a little tomato sauce and garnish with sliced lemon.

Sweet Potatoe Pie.—Take large sweet potatoes and steam them until they are soft, line a deep pie plate with thin crust, slice the potatoes thin, lay them in the dish, sprinkle some flour over them, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half a cupful of water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little nutmeg or any piece to suit taste, bake in a good oven. Sweet potato pies should be eaten warm.

Adulterated China Tea.

The heathen Chinee, who is nothing if not economical, has an ingeniously simple method of eating his cake—or, rather, in the celestial translation, drinking his tea — and having it also. He makes the tea, drinks the delicate first infusion and then dries the leaves again, packs them in those mysteriously-lettered boxes we know and exports them to the Western barbarian, who, he has found out, likes his tea strong and stewed. It is true that the tannic acid apt to come out of the leaf in the second infusion may injure the British stomach. This is not John Chinaman's business; he knows the beauty and profit of adulteration.

The Birdseed Trade.

Birdseed forms a considerable item in the export trade of some of the Moorish ports. Thus from Laraiche last year, in a total export valued at £60,791, the birdseed exported was valued at £5,970, and the quantity was 3,457 quarts. The vice consul at that port states that this seed is never sown apart by Moorish farmers, nor is any special attention paid to its cultivation. It is sown with wheat, and when reaped and threshed it is separated by the countrywomen in sieves. The reason of this practice is that there is a general superstition among the Moors that in very wet seasons the wheat is in part converted into birdseed, and hence they sow the two together.

Mountain Oysters.

What is considered one of the most unaccounted for sights in Utah is a mountain about thirty-five miles northeast of Salt Lake City, occupying an area of about thirty acres, and completely and thickly covered with oyster shells. The mountain is between 300 and 400 feet high, and situated over 4,000 feet higher than Salt Lake City, which is 4,300 feet above the level of the sea.

A Representative Democrat.

It is a mighty cold day when that sterling old Democrat, Chester A. Faulkner, of this state, gets left. He has just been appointed to a position at the senate end of the capitol, which he was holding when appointed chief of the record division of the pension office under General Black. Our recollection is that he was Senator Voorhees' private secretary.—[Evansville Courier.

Her Head Was Level.

"What induced a married woman of your standing," said the newspaper reporter, "to leave such a charming family and elope?"

"Because," sobbed the wretched creature, "I had never had a compliment in my life and I knew if I did something atrocious all the papers would say that I was handsome and attractive."—[Judge.

A Queer Egg.

The most peculiar looking egg we have ever seen was shown us at the city drugstore yesterday. It had a complete tail about two inches long and tapering to a point.—[Eastman (Ga.) Times.

People Read About.

"Who are the brilliantly-dressed military men on the opposite side of the room?" she asked at the ball.

"Those are some of our glittering generalities," replied her editorial escort.—[Judge.

The Friday Superstition.

Two Cincinnati firms were to unite on November 1, but as that day is Friday the consolidation has been postponed until a latter date.

Little Over a Fourth.

Jay Gould holds $20,400,000 of the $80,000,000 of capital stock of the Western Union.

Mr. Charles Raith, watchmaker and jeweler, Baltimore and Mount Sta., Baltimore, Md., indorses Salvation Oil for "rheumatic troubles,"

EXPRESS PACKAGES.

The Father to His Boy.

Come hither, William John, my son, come hither to my knee.
We'll sit and watch the river take its journey to the sea,
And as the water rolls along I fain would talk a while,
Since I have heard thy youthful soul is lately steeped in guile;
They tell me that you want to be a humorist and write
For papers, grinding out your jests at morning, noon, and night;
To tell of candles made of clay and other jokes as dark—
Alas, my son, old Noah sprung such chestnuts in the ark!

You'll tell about the wretched man who long with stovepipes toils,
And say the mother-in-law is fit for stratagems and spoils;
And to the cat that sings at night you columns will devote,
And bubble o'er with humor when you're speaking of the goat
That breaks its fast with circus bills and scraps of rusty tin,
And boil with mirth when speaking of the tramp who's soaked with gin,
And gets a dose of thirty days—oh, William Johnnie, hark!
Old Noah rung the bell on such when sailing in the ark.

Of course, about the sitting hen you'll speak in ecstasy—
That brooding fowl has always been to humorists a glee;
And then the poet with his rhymes who climbs the printer's stair,
And lands upon the sidewalk with a look of full despair;
And looking to the future, son, you well I can descry
Propounding such a thing as this: "What makes the bottle-fly?"
Or telling of the nurse and "cop" a-courting in the park—
Old Noah wept when gags like these were given in the ark.

We'll sit beside the river, son, and watch its rapid flow,
And if you do not change your mind we rapidly shall go
To where there hangs a beaten strap within our humble call,
And I shall gently take it down—shall take it from the wall;
And those who live within three blocks, ere we have done our quarrel
Will think I'm simply pounding in the heading of a barrel;
And if they any questions ask I'll say its just a lark
With one who wants to spring the gags that sounded in the ark. —[Omaha Republican.

An infant in Barnardtown, near Beaver Falls, eats a half dozen raw oysters every night.

The town of Orlando, Fla., has an ordinance forbidding saloons to be less than 200 feet apart.

It costs just $5 to scribble your name on the Eiffel tower. This is what makes Paris so expensive for American touriste.

Mrs. Sarah Hill, of Mercer county, Pennsylvania, is the mother of eighteen children, eleven of whom are living. She is now 80 years old.

It is stated that Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, will become a naturalized Italian citizen and that he will be nominated for senator.

It is estimated that there are six thousand conversions to christianity per day now going on. And there is plenty of material yet left to work on.

A beautiful dusky tint of violet shading to blue is called Yeux Dagmar, after the color of the eyes of the empress of Austria, formerly the Princess Dagmar.

Elder Punkum, an Etna, Me., Adventist, heard a boy blowing one of the new fangled whistles on Friday and thought it was the signal for the consummation of earthly things.

A gourd three and a half feet long is one of the products Annie Lowe (colored), of Marietta, Ga., raised in her garden this year. She has fifteen of these gourds, some of them four feet long.

Time and wedlock wait for no man. A Mauch Chunk juryman was excused that he might go and get married, the lawyers agreeing to continue their case before eleven good men and true.

The United States cruiser Thetis, which has just returned to Sitka, after an extraordinary cruise, is the first steam vessel that ever went to the mouth of the Mackenzie river, in the Arctic ocean.

During the closing day of the Paris exposition the Scottish Highlanders in their national costume have proved the sensation of the hour, and the Spanish toreadors have been invited to take a back seat.

A day or two ago a fine young pheasant came whirling through a window in the kitchen of ex-Sheriff Handlan's residence, in Wheeling. The bird was promptly captured and put where it would do the most good.

One of the oldest men in the public service at Washington is Mr. Lawrenson, of the postoffice department. He has sworn into office all the postmaster generals and their subordinates since Jackson's administration.

The craze for sliding over Niagara falls, says the New York Commercial, has reached such proportions that it has been found necessary to plant signs along the banks of the river requesting visitors to "Please keep off the cataract."

An Indian boy was wading in the Feather river, in California, near the Golden Gate mine, when a large fish carried off the great toe on his left foot. The little boy wants to die, just because his companions will call him "Nine-toe-Jimmy."

A swindler sold a Clinton county, Michigan, farmer a receipt for making his wheat weigh twice as much as it ought to, and signed a contract to divide the money gained by the extra weight with the scientific swindler. The "contract" eventually turned up as a promissory note and the farmer paid $300 for it—and didn't advertise the matter with a brass band either.

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RECEIPT.—One quart of flour; thoroughly mix with it three teaspoons of Royal Baking Powder and a small teaspoon of salt; rub in a piece of butter or lard the size of an egg, and then add one large potato, grated in the flour; after the butter is well mixed, stir in milk and knead to the consistency of soft biscuit dough; break off pieces of dough large enough to close over four quarters of an apple (or other fruit as desired) without rolling, and lay in an earthen dish (or steamer) and steam until the fruit is tender. Bake if preferred.

In all receipts calling for cream of tartar and soda, substitute Royal Baking Powder. Less trouble, never fails, makes more appetizing and wholesome food and is more economical. Royal Baking Powder is specially made for use in the preparation of the finest and most delicate cookery.

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