

VALUABLE AID TO TRAVELERS. The Woman's Rest Tour Association of Boston exists for the purpose of enabling women who means are moderate to travel intelligently, and to get the best and most out of their wanderings, whether for rest or information. The annual fee of \$1 entitles its members to a trustworthy schedule of expenses, to a list of good lodging houses on the Continent and in England, and to various books published throughout the year giving valuable suggestions. Though this is its first year, the association has 350 members.—[New York Post.

GOWNS FOR THE EXPOSITION.

It is not advisable to make cotton gowns for wear in Chicago, for very often there are not five days in a whole summer there when they could be worn. A better choice would be a soft white wool—crepe, or challis. A white serge, with a blazer or jacket and silk blouse, would be comfortable and cool-looking; and if further change be desired, add a heliotrope crepe or a silk-and-wool novelty goods, and a pretty silk, one of the satin-striped tiffetas or a changeable surrah. These can be made as elaborate as fancy dictates.—[Demorest.

SEEKING MRS. CLEVELAND.

Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the President, sees a few people by appointment. In fact, any one can meet her who takes the trouble to send a note requesting the favor. The secretary, who has charge of the matter, answers the letter, appointing a time for the visitor to call. Care is taken that many engagements for one day are not arranged so as to bring a crowd together. Each person is shown into the receiving-room gradually so that every one has a chance to converse a few moments with the President's wife before the next guest is announced. These appointments are generally made between the hours of 12 and 1.—[New York World.

BRUNETTES AND BLONDES.

The brunette type is becoming more numerous in England and on the Continent. This is sad news for the blonde. Mr. Gladstone, who observes most things, said some years ago that light-haired people were far less numerous than in his youth. This statement was borne out by the results of the statistical inquiry undertaken by Dr. Beddoe, who examined 726 women and found that 369 were brunettes and 357 blondes. Carrying the inquiry a step further, Dr. Beddoe learned that 78.5 per cent. of the brunettes had husbands, while only 68 per cent. of the blondes were married. From this it appears that in England a brunette has ten chances of being wedded to the nine chances of the blonde; and Dr. Beddoe went on to argue that "the English are becoming darker because the men persist in selecting the dark-haired women as wives." The same thing is happening in Germany, in France, in Switzerland and elsewhere on the Continent.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

BRIDAL GOWN OF A FUTURE DUCHESS.

At the wedding of Lord Arthur Grosvenor, who will one day be the Duke of Westminster, to Miss Sheffield in London, the bridemaids were all dressed in bengaline, with short skirts and large, coarse, brown straw hats, lined with Malmaison pink velvet, bows, lined with pink. The bride's dress was a rich ivory satin with a deep flounce of old Flemish lace in front falling over a fringe of orange flowers held by three rouleaux of satin, and small bows of the latter with orange blossoms placed at short intervals along the heading. Above this, near the waist, there was a narrow flounce. The bodice had zouave fronts, tastefully trimmed in the same lace and trails of orange flowers. The sleeves were slashed at the top with lace and finished at the wrist with a puffing of satin and orange buds. A long, square court train fell from the shoulders, trimmed with lace in deep points and ornamented with trails of orange blossoms. A coronet of orange blossoms with a long tulle veil surmounted this costume, and the jewels worn were a diamond and pearl necklace with pendant pearls.—[New York Press.

FASHION NOTES.

Nespolitan straw hats will again be worn this summer. The leading color for outdoor wear is undoubtedly purple. Kid gloves with gannetlets of the finest lace have appeared. Yokes will still be worn, and they are nearly always of velvet. What is called "white wool greening" is a new material for evening dresses. The fancy in jewelry is the making over of old-fashioned earrings into stickpins. Among the newer things is the Egyptian bangle of silver, from which miniature mummies hang. Plain materials are employed more largely than they would otherwise be, because of the many beautiful trimmings. Cuffs worn outside the sleeves are among the new fancies, with grade in lace, linen, or silk. The new ing gowns match.

# The Franklin Press.

By W. A. CURTIS.

FRANKLIN, MACON CO., N. C. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1893.

VOLUME VII NO. 37.

**A Death and a Life.**  
Fair young Hannah,  
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooed;  
Hale and clever,  
For a willing heart and hand he wooed.  
My-day skies are all aglow,  
And the waves are laughing so!  
For her wedding  
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.  
May is passing;  
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coot.  
Hannah shudders,  
For the mild southwest mischief brews.  
Round the rocks of Marblehead,  
Outward bound, a schooner sped.  
Silent, lone some,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.  
Sailing away!  
Losing the breath of the shores in May,  
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,  
Over the sea slope vast and gray!  
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are  
blind.  
For a vision comes on the rising wind  
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind.  
And a heart that throbs through the fog  
bank dim,  
Thinking of him.

Far into night  
He watches the gleam of the lessening light  
Fixed on the dangerous island height.  
That bars the harbor but loves from sight.  
And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the  
tale  
Of how they weathered the southwest gale,  
To brighten the cheek that had grown so  
pale.  
With a wakaful night among spectres grim—  
Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-yo!  
Here's the bank where the fishermen go.  
Over the schooner's side they throw  
Tackle and bait to the depths below.  
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,  
When his ripples curl to the light land  
breeze,  
Something that stir like his apple trees,  
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,  
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,  
And the rain through the slit sails tear and  
pour!  
"Steady!" wail from the Cape Ann shore,  
Then bark to the Beverly bells once more!  
And each man worked with the will of ten;  
While up in the rigging, now and then,  
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,  
Turned to the black horizon's rim,  
Scowling on him.

Into his brain  
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,  
Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that  
strain,  
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain—  
Never again shall he walk at ease  
Under the blossoming apple trees  
That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,  
While soft eyes float where the sea gulls  
sail.

Gazing with him,  
How they went down  
Never was known in the still old town.  
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,  
With the look of despair that was half a  
frown,  
Faced his fate in the furious night—  
Faced the mad willows with hunger white,  
Just within half of the beacon light  
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,  
Waiting for him.

Beverly bids  
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!  
His was the anguish a moment tells—  
The passionate sorrow darts quickly knells.  
But the wearing wash of a life's work he  
left for the desolate heart to know,  
Whose tides with the dull years come and  
go.  
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,  
Thinking of him.

Poor little Hannah,  
Sitting at the window binding shoes,  
Faded, wrinkled,  
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse,  
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,  
When the bloom was on the tree;  
Spring and Winter,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor  
Passing nod or answer will refuse  
To her whisper.  
"Is there from the fishers any news?"  
Oh, her heart's strait with one  
On an endless voyage gone!  
Night and morning,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.  
From Newfoundland  
Not a sail returning will she lose,  
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,  
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"  
Old with watching,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty Winters  
Bleach and tear the ragged shere she views.  
Twenty seasons—  
Never one has brought her any news.  
Still her dim eyes silently  
Chase the white sails o'er the sea.  
Hopeless, faithful,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

By Lucy Larcom.

**SAVED BY A CALF.**  
"The whole course of my life was  
changed, and my love's young dream  
destroyed in less than a minute by a  
calf, and a fortunate thing it was for  
me," said the wife of a prominent  
citizen of Lyncoming county, Penn.,  
now visiting friends in this city. "My  
father was the leading business man  
in a bustling lumber village, and there  
were three girls of us, a sister older  
and one younger than I. Father was  
kind and indulgent, but very level  
headed, and had been a widower for  
some years. When I was 18 a good-  
looking young chap fr m somewhere  
down the Susquehanna came to clerk  
in father's store. I was a romantic  
girl, and fell in love with the good-  
looking clerk, or, as I thought I did, and  
fell in love with me. That going  
to see to me then, was the

"Father wasn't long in discovering  
the very tender relations that had  
come to exist between me and his  
self-assertive young clerk, and he  
called me to him one day and told me  
that he was sorry to see that I was such  
a silly girl, and that I must get over  
it at once, and then informed my  
brave and steadfast idol that at the  
end of the month he could go back  
home. Of course my heart was  
broken. Life had lost all its charm.  
I felt I was the victim of a stern and  
unsympathetic parent's cruel will and  
I wished that I were dead.

"Now, although this lover of mine  
was clerking in my father's store for  
\$20 a month and his board, his father  
was a rich lumberman, and he was the  
only son. When I was at the height  
of my misery over the paternal inter-  
ference that had ruffled the course of  
my true love, as I think I was in the  
habit of calling it, my idol and I met  
one evening, quite by chance, of  
course, at the house of a neighbor of  
ours, and what did my brave knight  
propose but an elopement, and what  
did my romantic fool do but prompt  
me to agree to the proposition on the  
spot.

"There was a railroad station eight  
miles distant. The train for any-  
where left that station at 7 o'clock  
every evening. All we had to do was  
to drive to the station, get the train,  
ride to the county seat, only an hour's  
ride, get married, and be happy ever  
after. We fixed on a certain night—  
this was along toward the middle of  
December—and got everything ready  
for the elopement. It was a good  
hour-and-a-half drive to the station  
over the sort of road we had to travel  
on, and so we were obliged to take an  
early start. The winter had been  
very mild. There was no snow. It  
was just beginning to get dark when I  
stole to where my valiant lover was  
waiting for me with a horse and  
wagon. I knew that the chances were  
all in favor of my level-headed father  
discovering the whole plot before we  
could reach the station, and I was  
sure that he would be on our track  
with a horse a good deal faster than  
the one we had to depend on. But I  
had no fear that he would over-  
haul us.

"Before we had gone one-quarter of  
the way night had set in for good,  
but there was a moon, and that helped  
us along amazingly. We had got  
within a mile of the station and had  
good reason to believe we were safe,  
when suddenly the horse stopped, with  
a snort of terror, reared up, and tried  
to turn in the road. A cut with the  
whip straightened him up, but he kept  
on snorting and showing evidences of  
terror. I looked up the road and dis-  
covered the cause of all this. An im-  
mense bear stood on its haunches at  
one side of the road growling and  
snarling and showing a disposition to  
advance upon us. When my brave  
lover saw the savage beast he rose up  
in the wagon, gave a yell, and gasped:  
"Oh! Jennie, let's go back!"

"I forgot all about the bear. I  
gazed in amazement at my gallant  
knight. He was as pale as a sheet.  
The lines hung loose in his hands. I  
seized them, jerked them away from  
him, took the whip, and as I held the  
horse from turning round, ordered  
the cowardly youth out of the wagon.  
He crawled out of the back end of the  
wagon, and tore down the road as fast  
as his legs could carry him.

"Then I whipped the horse with all  
my might, and he sprang forward and  
whizzed the wagon past the growling  
bear so close that it almost knocked  
the ugly beast over. I drove on to  
the station, had the horse put out, and  
went in the little hotel there to wait  
for father. My love's young dream  
was gone as if it had never been. Ten  
minutes after I reached the station the  
train came and went. Ten minutes  
later father came leaning on horseback  
up to the door. I met him.

"Father," said I, "I've been saved  
by a calf."  
"Then I told him all about the ad-  
venture on the road."  
"Saved by a calf!" he exclaimed,  
"You mean saved by a bear."  
"Not at all," I replied. "If Jerry  
hadn't been a calf, and the biggest  
kind of a calf, that bear wouldn't have  
been any more than a stump in my  
way. I was saved by a calf, I tell  
you, and I want to go home!"

"My gallant lover was never seen  
around our neighborhood again, and  
somebody or other, rather always  
seemed to think more of me after that  
than he ever had before."—[New  
York Sun.

**One of Nature's Economies.**  
Birds with long legs always have  
short tails. Writers on the flight of  
birds have shown that the only use of  
a bird's tail is to serve as a rudder  
during the act of flight. When birds  
are provided with long legs they are  
stretched directly behind them as the  
bird is flying and so act as a rudder.  
Nature is economical in her long-  
legged birds, and their legs are their  
rudder.

**The Carnival in Rio De Janeiro.**  
There are two totally distinct sea-  
sons at Rio, when the town presents  
an altogether different appearance; the  
summer, which lasts from October to  
April, and the winter, from May to  
September. In the summer, which is  
the autumn and winter in Europe,  
when the sun pours down into the  
narrow streets, Rio is anything but an  
agreeable place. The heat has driven  
away the rich and leisured classes,  
the great merchants, the diplomatic  
corps; in fact, all of any position or  
favored position hasten to the suburbs  
on the breezy heights overlooking the  
city, or to the little country towns in  
the neighborhood, such as Petropolis  
and Theropolis, whilst others take  
refuge on the islands of the bay.

The town becomes a perfect cañon;  
but this does not prevent a great ex-  
citement over the Carnival, which is  
an institution to which the Fluminen-  
ses, or river folk, are particularly de-  
voted. This relic of the old heathen  
Saturnalia is fast disappearing from  
Europe; and now that Italy is a united  
kingdom, it is no longer properly kept  
up even in its former headquarters,  
Rome and Venice.

At Rio, however, Carnival-time is  
livelier than ever, and there are so-  
cieties for celebrating it in grand  
style. Shrove-Tuesday is kept in a  
most characteristic manner, and is dis-  
tinguished not only by the richness of  
the costumes and the originality of the  
vehicles in the processions, but by the  
absurdity of the caricatures in what  
may justly be termed an open air re-  
view of the chief events of the pre-  
ceding year.

In the time of the empire the  
ministers of Dom Pedro defrayed the  
expenses of the Carnival, and though  
a republic has now been established,  
the old customs are kept up, and the  
revolution are spared no more than  
were their predecessors; moreover,  
like them, they are the first to laugh  
at the ridiculous caricatures of them-  
selves and their actions in these witty  
exhibitions, in which full scope is af-  
forded to the imaginations of the  
popular poets of Rio.—[Harper's  
Weekly.

**What Bad Roads Cost the Country.**  
The Board of Trade in a Tennessee  
town, in a recent memorial to the Leg-  
islature, demonstrated that bad roads  
were costing the people of that common-  
wealth more than \$7,000,000 annually.  
Professor W. W. Carson of the Univer-  
sity of Tennessee, after careful in-  
vestigation, found the average cost of  
hauling to the Knoxville market by  
wagon to be \$7.50 per ton—aggregat-  
ing \$1,250,000 a year on the total  
tonnage hauled. He maintained that  
this hauling could have been done for  
half the sum over good dirt roads, and  
for one-sixth of it over good macadam  
roads, saving \$1,000,000 annually.

Professor Richard T. Ely of the  
Johns Hopkins University and Secretary  
of the American Economic Associa-  
tion, affirmed that poor roads cost  
this country over \$20 a horse, and  
Professor Jenks of Knox College, Ill.,  
thinks \$15 a horse a low estimate for  
the loss. From papers calculated by  
Professor Carson for an agricultural  
experiment station it is shown that on  
gravel a horse will draw one and a  
half times the load, and on macadam  
over three times the load he can draw  
on a dirt road.

As to the cost of bad roads in the  
United States, Judge Justice says: "I  
have made a careful computation from  
such data as I have been able to obtain  
of the cost of bad roads, and I find  
they tax what is understood to be  
agricultural products fully \$135,000,-  
000 annually. I think it a moderate  
estimate to put the other contributions  
to bad roads by the remaining traffic  
of the country at an equal amount,  
making a total of \$270,000,000."

**A Bumble Bee Chased by a Humming  
Bird.**  
An observer writes that he is satis-  
fied that there is just as much rivalry  
between humming birds and bees in  
their quest for honey as there is be-  
tween members of the human race in  
their struggle for the good things of  
life, and describes a recent quarrel  
that he saw in a Portland, (Mo.)  
garden, where a humming bird with  
an angry dash expressed its disap-  
proval of the presence of a big bumble  
bee in the same tree. The usually  
pugnacious bee incontinently fled,  
but he did not leave the tree. He  
dashed back and forth among the  
branches and white blossoms, and the  
humming bird in close pursuit.

Where will you find another pair  
that could dodge and dart equal to  
these? They were like flashes of  
light, yet the pursuer followed the  
track of the pursued, turning when  
the bee turned. In short, the bird and  
the bee controlled the movements of  
his eyes. The chase was all over in  
half the time that it has taken to tell  
it, but the excitement of a pack of  
hounds after a fox was no greater.  
Jennie was born and  
reared in the  
Table Rocks, and  
once captured

## "GRAND OLD MAN."

Simple and Regular Life of  
Premier Gladstone.

Plain Food at His Meals and  
Plenty of Sleep.

Mr. Gladstone is in the best of  
health, sleeps remarkably well and, so  
far from having shown signs of de-  
creasing vitality through an inability  
to maintain the appetite for food, the  
right honorable gentleman enjoys his  
meals with the zest of a young man.  
When he rises he invariably takes a  
tepid bath, and every morning before  
breakfast while at Biarritz he attended  
church, and since his return to London  
has frequently taken a little walk in  
the grounds of Downing street. His  
first meal usually consists of hard-  
boiled egg, a slice of tongue, with tea  
and toast. After breakfast he devotes  
himself to his correspondence, and for  
several hours is busy with his private  
secretary and receiving such political  
callers as may arrive.

For luncheon Mr. Gladstone takes  
cold meat, milk pudding and cheese.  
At 5 o'clock, if disengaged, he has  
afternoon tea. His dinners are se-  
lected to his taste. He takes soup,  
fish (if it is to his fancy), but usually  
dines off one dish, which he selects  
and does not depart from. He is very  
fond of rice pudding and prunes and  
raisins, and upon either of these, but  
more especially the former, he would,  
if the etiquette of the dinner table  
permitted it, make an entire meal. He  
does not drink coffee because it is  
seldom made to his liking, and, being  
stringent, keeps him awake.

While at Biarritz a rule was made  
that Mr. Gladstone should be left alone  
at 10 o'clock every night. This rule  
is likely to be adhered to still, and the  
other evening, while the guest of a  
friend, he left at a quarter past 10 and  
was in bed fifteen minutes later. Mr.  
Gladstone has, with very rare excep-  
tions, always slept well, and for some  
time was in the habit of remaining in  
bed until noon. This was when he  
felt fatigued or desired; to think out  
some matter which specially engaged  
him. But at Biarritz he never lay in  
bed but once, and that was two days  
before the time fixed for his departure,  
when he was attacked by a cold in the  
head, and reverted to his old rule,  
kept his bed for twenty-four hours  
and thus regained his usual health.

Since the right honorable gentleman  
returned to London he has risen early,  
and is as vigorous and hearty as his  
friends could wish. Mr. Gladstone  
lives very plainly, his regimen being  
guided by authority, but his appetite  
in London is good. On one occasion  
at Biarritz he was asked how he slept,  
to which he replied gayly: "Well, I  
have done my nine hours."

His memory is as keen as ever and  
at the Biarritz dinner table, as when  
he dines at home or with friends in  
London, he was the life of the party.  
On one occasion, when Mr. Tollemache  
was present, there was a discussion  
about classics and Mr. Gladstone  
quoted, not single lines of Greek, but  
whole passages. On the voyage from  
Calais the channel was very stormy  
and Mr. Gladstone lay down, but did  
not suffer from seasickness. The re-  
ports of his ill health and lessened vi-  
tality have caused the Downing street  
post bag to be unusually heavy and a  
great deal of ill-afforded time has con-  
sequently been expended in refuting  
these idle inventions.—[St. James  
Gazette.

**The Last of Her Race.**  
Old Jennie, the last representative  
of the famous River Indians now liv-  
ing in this country and quite advanced  
in years, is making a burial robe,  
after the custom of the distinguished  
members of her tribe, in which to be  
laid away when the summons shall  
come and she shall pass to the happy  
hunting grounds, where the white  
man is not and firewater is unknown.  
The groundwork is of fine buckskin  
and is superbly decorated with the  
various kinds of money used by the  
tribe for generations past and richly  
ornamented in a pleasing and skillful  
manner with jewels, pebbles, beads  
and other valuables used and aduired  
by the tribe in the past.

The robe when completed will weigh  
fully 50 pounds, and as a relic or re-  
minder of the peculiar customs and  
practices of a nation of people now  
practically blighted from existence is  
most valuable and should be preserved.  
With this commendable purpose in  
view Mrs. Rowena Nichols, who has  
been employed by the world's fair  
committee to paint the Table Rocks,  
has procured a number of skeletons of  
this interesting subject and will paint  
a life-size picture of old Jennie  
wrapped in her gorgeous ceremonies,  
and thus happily preserve a sacred  
relic about to pass forever into ob-  
livion.

Jennie was born and  
reared in the  
Table Rocks, and  
once captured

grievous outrages and nameless  
wrongs perpetrated upon her people  
and their consequent annihilation from  
the face of the earth would touch the  
stoutest heart with sympathy and al-  
most make one wish he could face  
again the brawny braves who fought  
and died for this fair heritage, and  
for which sad fate old Jennie's heart  
goes out in bitter wails. This paint-  
ing will be a valuable object lesson  
indicating the fast fleeting cycles of  
time and the rapid mutations of human  
customs and usages and will serve as  
a most fitting companion piece to the  
Table Rocks, where Jennie was born  
and grew up, chiefly on war-whoops  
and canas, clad only in the free raw  
material of innocence and a copper  
complexion, happy in her native sim-  
plicity and blissfully ignorant of  
modern civilization.—[Jacksonville  
(Fla.) Times.

**The Acids of Fruits.**  
George W. Johnson, in his Chem-  
istry of the World, says in describing  
the "vegetable food of the world":  
"The grateful acid of the rhubarb  
leaf arises from the malic acid and  
binoxalate of potash which it contains;  
the acidity of the lemon, orange, and  
other species of the genus Citrus is  
caused by the abundance of citric acid  
which their juice contains; that of the  
cherry, plum, apple, and pear, from  
the malic acid in their pulp; that of  
gooseberries and currants, black, red  
and white, from a mixture of malic  
and citric acids; that of the grape  
from a mixture of malic and tartaric  
acids; that of the mango from citric  
acid and a very fugitive essential oil;  
that of the tamarind from a mixture  
of citric, malic, and tartaric acids;  
the flavor of asparagus from aspartic  
acid, found also in the root of the  
marshmallow; and that of the cucum-  
ber from a peculiar poisonous ingredi-  
ent called fungin, which is found in  
all fungi, and is the cause of the  
cucumber being offensive to some  
stomachs.

It will be observed that rhubarb is  
the only fruit which contains binoxal-  
ate of potash in conjunction with an  
acid. It is this ingredient which is  
found in all fungi, and is the cause of  
the cucumber being offensive to some  
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Can't Stop "Tipping."  
"I see," remarked a well-known  
man about town the other day, "that  
we are in the midst of another of those  
periodic outbreaks against tipping, but  
it won't make a bit of difference; tip-  
ping will go on just the same. Some  
few people will conceive the notion  
that as a matter of principle they  
ought to refrain from tipping and they  
will try it for a few days and then  
will conclude that for the sake of their  
own peace of mind they'd better tip.  
They'll continue confirmed 'tappers'  
for the rest of their days."

"The fact is it requires more cour-  
age to rebel against the tipping sys-  
tem than it does to revolt against al-  
most any other social custom. I know  
whereof I speak, for I've been there,  
and I'll just tell you how it works.  
When you withhold the usual tip you  
become painfully aware that the wait-  
er thinks you are 'rightfully mean.'  
You would like to explain to him that  
you are only making a noble and he-  
roic fight for principle, but of course  
that is out of the question. Now,  
nothing hurts a man's pride so much  
as to feel that somebody thinks him  
mean. He could better endure being  
thought a gambler or a duce-steerer,  
or a man who didn't pay his debts.  
You become afraid to look that waiter  
in the face. Next time you dine some-  
where else and again incur the odium  
of undeserved contempt. You don't  
get hardened to it; you hate it worse  
each time, and after it has gone on  
three or four days you just say to  
yourself, 'Hang it—or something  
else—(this thing has got to stop. I  
can't stand having people think I am  
mean when I know I ain't; devil take  
the principle of the thing.' Then you  
resume tipping and are happy once  
more."—[New York Herald.

**May Displace Gunpowder.**  
A commission of German artillery  
experts has been testing at the Jüter-  
borg a new explosive which is intended  
to replace, ultimately, gunpowder in  
the German army. The explosive is  
a brown, fatty substance of the con-  
sistency of frozen oil when exposed to  
ordinary temperature. It retains this  
consistency up to 112 degrees  
Fahrenheit. A shock or a spark does  
not get it off. When used in guns the  
explosion is obtained through contact  
with another chemical compound.  
The explosion is almost unaccompanied  
by smoke and the detonation is incon-  
siderable. The recoil is very slight,  
even when the heaviest charges have  
been used. The explosive does not  
heat the weapons sufficiently to cause  
difficulty in the way of rapid firing,  
and cartridges once used are easily re-  
filled. For the present rifle, model of  
1886, the new compound is not avail-  
able, but if future tests be as satisfac-  
tory as the recent ones it will be in-  
troduced generally in the artillery  
branch of the service. Four models  
of new army rifles having many ad-  
vantages over the rifle now in use,  
have passed successfully the trials of  
the small arms inspectors. The in-  
ventor of all four is Mr. Weiss of the  
Gera dynamite factory.—[Chicago  
Herald.

**Queer Diet of a Dog.**  
Mr. Thomas Morgan, of Kentish  
Town, wondered for a long time why  
his garden remained desolate, notwith-  
standing all the pains and seeds he  
lavished upon it, and why his neigh-  
bor's dog was always so plump and  
fat, until he discovered the cause and  
effect to be that the animal was inordi-  
nately fond of tulips, hyacinths, or-  
chids, and other flowers, and was in  
the habit of visiting the floricultural  
preserves and eating up all the blooms  
he could reach. He did not care about  
grass or boxwood, or any of the com-  
mon sorts, but the moment he saw  
Mr. Morgan plant a black tulip or a  
rare orchid his eyes sparkled with  
the feast in store, and the moment  
the plant blossomed he devour-  
ed it, stalk and all. For three  
years this went on. The dog was  
insatiable. He was a kind of walking  
botanical garden, and still had always  
an appetite for more. Mr. Morgan  
dared not kill the dog, because he  
might be held liable for its value,  
which, of course, would not be taken  
at his own appraisal, so he sued  
Mr. Hall, its owner, in the Bloomsbury  
County Court, for the damage done to  
the garden.—[London Telegraph.

**Whale-Oil Crullers.**  
Somebody mentioned crullers, "Well,  
I reckon you never tasted real crullers,"  
said an old follower of the sea. "In  
the days when whales were plentiful  
and great rivalry existed between the  
New Bedford sailors it was customary  
for the captain of a vessel to offer his  
crew a barrel of flower, about twenty  
pounds of sugar and a barrel of oil  
out of the first whale caught. How  
that prize used to make the old salts  
work! And when they got the whale  
the cook was called in and there were  
crullers all you couldn't rest. Never  
tasted whale-oil crullers, you say?  
Then you never will. The whale busi-  
ness is almost done for. Whales are  
getting scarce every year. They had  
a great deal of whale-oil, and man has nearly  
eaten them."—[New York Tri-  
bune.

**Because She Lied About Age.**  
In our own country concealment of  
age is regarded as a harmless fiction,  
and the practice is supposed to be  
rather prevalent among women who  
are more than twenty-five and under  
seventy five. In Austria a more  
serious view is taken of this offense.  
By a recent decree of their courts  
a marriage was annulled on the  
ground of showing that the bride had  
not stated her exact number of years

**No Australian Ballot Then.**  
Those were the days when the  
county judge, with a list of the voters  
in his hand, his "good gray head that  
all men knew" lifted above the voters,  
stood and called out:  
"Affirm Jones!"  
"Here, your Honor!"  
"Whom do you vote for the next  
year of the United States?"  
"Whom do you vote for?"

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