Vol. XVII.

W. F. MARSHALL,

Gastonia, N. C., October 8, 1896.

(But to Atmost)

No 41

MODERN HOSPITALITY.

done with them.

There never was a woman yet who set a special day to be at home who didn't leng to go out on that very day. She either gets an invitation to lunch with a friend, somebody she really wants to see, there's a matines she would like to go to, or else there is that special little bit of shopping that can be done better on that marticular.

ple can do to be at home."

This usually finishes up the average woman. She calls her castaway con-acience, sticks to her bond, but never has the pleasure of seeing the Mil-lionaires, the Dashes or the Critics again that season.

THE WAYS OF SOCIETY. It was a social somebody that said that afternoon tea was a sort of a game in which the elevernees of a hostess was pitted against the elevernees of the guests. This is to say, the visitors go hoping to meet other pleasant people. The hostess realizes that all her pleasant people must not be permitted to flock togsther, but must be carefully mixed with the stapid element, so that they may go away and say what a good time they had, what a their was to visit at, and what clever people you do meet at her teas! After fiving a life in which afternoon teas has played a consploutious part, I was like to say to her who is as yet young in the game, don't drink it unless you are very well acquainted with the establishment in which it is heaven. It was a social somebody that said that afternoon tea was a sort of a game in which the eleverness of a hostess was pitted against the eleverness of the guests. This is to say, the visitors drink it anless you are very well acquainted with the establishment in which it is brawed. There are too of the old riddle: "Where are all women like all cate, beautiful?" "In ways of making afternoon tea. By the bye; do you remember that Colley Cibber said that no woman knew how to make tea unless he had taught her? Colley Cibber never came to America. The usual way of making tea is thus: You buy a tea which your grocer assures you is put up especially for afternoon use; it is in lovely Japanese paper, bright of color, and having mysterious looking characters in gilt upon it, which the grocer, a direct descendant of Ananias and Bapphira, assures you is the Japanese for truly 12, and not 1 o'clock. You want your 12, and not 1 o'clock. You want your sures you is the Japanese for truly good ton, but if you can read Japa-nese you'll discover that it is a prediction of what will become of anybody who is foolish suough to drink the concection made from these leaves. Fortunately the broken nerves that would result if this ten were taken strong do not afflot you, sluce afternoon ten is a beverage to which the word "strength"

MYSTERLIES OF A TEA. Having your tea, you engage your good looking sister, or cousin, or friend, to make it for you. The tea, proper, or improper, has been dumped into a silver caddy, which has no cover; now, if that tea had ever presented an aroma, it would have given it forth to the air by being so badly taken care of. But it had nothing to lose. In addition, there is a teapot with an alcohol lamp tuder it; when the water is lukewarm, the young woman who has phpwarm, the young woman who has been throwing test by the teaspoonful into the teaspool, lands on six teaspoolfuls of tea, two quarts of tepid water, and during the afternoon she reflie the pot a number of times without adding pot a number of times without adding any more tea, and never in the beginning, does she trouble herself as to any advantage to be derived from beiling water. The tea doesn't poison you, doesn't affect you in any way, but it is pot tea, and it's a shape to give such a miserable mixture such a good name. The vermatility of the girl who serves the tea is charming. She will sake you if you will have Russian tea, and if you may "Yes," she will pour, from the same tempot, a light-colored

from the same teapot, a light-colored field into a champagne glass, then she will add a slice of lemon, and this makes it Russian. The same teapot is a cup with sugar and cream added becomes "Roglish breakfast," and I have no doubt if you sak her for the kind that was used in the land of the to whom you wish to offer an entertainfrom the same tempot and served eithse in a whicky gives or in a socia tem.

bler. To her way of thinking it is the cop or glass that differentiates. There

MODERN HOSPITALITY.

BAB! DWELLS ON THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF THE LATCHSTRING.

Calicer of Ye-Day and There of Other Bays—The Vicinstinders of a Woman's "Jour"—Cheverwess of Meet and Gaest—Afterises Tea-Souves irs at Functions—The Pashion in Brawing-Become.

St. Louis Republic.

As soon as one gets back to town, realizes exactly how shabby one's establishment looks, how many of one's govern beed more than the average "daing over" then some perverse sprite pope up and says: "How are you going to entertain your friends this have gone by one entertained one's friends just as a fancy took her. Some dropped in, had a blue of lunchenow with you, shared your afternoon bee, or appeared informally with the dessert after dinner, announcing that they had come for a social game of carde. We law changed all that. And I don't think we have changed it for the better. Nowadays, one has to make up one's unind, which is always an effort, whether one is going to stay in a certain day every week, or whether one is going to bave two or three, four or six, eight or teo,, special day which will wipp out the whole visiting list and be over with it. That's a beautiful spirit of hospitality! To want to wipe out all of one's friends and be done with them.

There never was a woman yet who set a special day to be at home who set a special day to be at home who didn't leng to go oct on that very day. She either gets an invitation to lunch in the content of the table are not to be dragged in with the given the real distributed among the guests. This deeire to carry same-thing away scribuled among the guests. This deeire to carry same-thing away scribuled among the guests. This deeire to carry same-thing away scribuled among the guests. This deeire to carry same-thing away scribuled among the guests. This deeire to carry same-thing away scribuled among the guests. This deeire to carry same-thing away scribuled among the guests. This deeire to carry same-thing away scribuled among the guests. a vulgar streak, but it is just as strong in Mrs. Blueblood and Mrs. Millionaire as it is in Mrs. Shoddy and Mrs. Poverty. There have been times when some brave woman has limited her some brave woman has limited her souvenir to a flower—a great rose or a stately lily—but she has always, regretted it. Women long for some rub-bishy plees of china, tied up with ribbon and filled with miserable little sweets, hard as bullets, and calculated that special little bit of shopping that can be done better on that particular day than on any other. If the afore-said general woman is conscientious, sticks to her word as if it were a bond given to the ancient Shylock, then, as cortain as fate, nobody drops in that day. If the throws her conscience to the winds, anapa her fingers at her bond, she hears, when she comes home that the Militonaires, and Dashes and the Critics all called, and her maid tells of hearing Mrs. Critic say, as she went down the ball:

"For my part, when people take the trouble to call upon people who live in a flat which has no elsvator and to come on the very day that one is come on the very day that one is asked to, it's as a little as the flat people can do to be at home."

The average man doesn't know wha to do with a souvenir: he rather likes a flower to stick in his buttonbole, but, when it comes to carrying anything in the shape of china or glass or silver, he

proper hour for a breakfast is half-past 19, and not 1 o'clock. You want your proper hour for a breakfast is half-past 12, and not 1 o'clock. You want your table to have the lightness and the brightness of the early sunshine; it must not partake of the graudeur and dignity of the dinacr-table. Your fruit must be fresh—well, as fresh as if it had really come from the Southern land where it is born. Then, your oysters must be plump, but never hinting in size that they belong to the tribe which Thackeray compared to young babes, and which, when he ate them, made him realize what it was to be a cannibal. After this, have a cutlet, or a bird with some green salad, and then a fancy omelet. The coffee must be like amber, the rolls as white as the gown worn by a debutants and as light as her heart, while the butter must be the color of the sunshins, and taste of the cream used for making it. You can make your breakfast more elaborate if you like.

The most perfect breakfast I ever ate consisted of, first, strawbergies, then

ate if you like.

The most perfect breakfast I ever ate consisted of, first, strawberries, then batterial with grape fruit said, and then a sweet, which I have forgotten, as I didn't eat any. But everything was perfectly cooked, daintily served, and the breakfast itself was given in honor of a man who announced that he honor of a man who announced that he would only out brown bread and oatmeal, so each one of these dishes was the piece de resistance. You see, a breakfast pasy douglet of little or much, but the dishes served must be perfect. but the dishes seryed most be perfect. You may offer nothing more than graces, rolls and coffee, but the purple and white of your grapes must contrast artistically as they list on the dish best suited to them, with their own leaves around them, while the rolls and coffee must be white and dark lists and around are many description. dark light and strong as such demands.
And yet we baven't made up our
minds how we will entertain this winter. My advice is to wait and me what ment. Then, too, one must give a lit-tle thought, quite too often, to the danth and weight of one's purse; and

some purses will be lighter and some will be heavier after the election.

There is a slang phrase that always makes me laugh. In it there's a deal of generosity—it is this: "If you know a good thing—a good story, and I shove along the news to whoever wants to read it. It is called "A Vagabond Gentleman," It is written by Colonel Carter of Carterville—no, I don't mean that; I mean by Hopkinson. Smith, who wrote "Colonel Carter."

When you read it and laugh over it and joy over it, do what I have done—shove it along. Slang? Of course it's and one would be an awful prig if occasionally see didn't drop into slang. I may have weaknesses, I don't deny them. I may be wicked; I have suspected it; but there is nobody living who can say that priggistness is a fault belonging to

Ban.

BEFORM AND REPORMERS.

BILL ARP BUMINATES ABOUT THESE SUBJECTS.

Colonel Griffin's Miley's to Hefren Mine—along the Interest and Dix—em—on vanity and Intelegrance—No vanity and Intelegrance—No vanity and Intelegrance—No vanity and Intelegrance—Smith and poy over it, do what I have done—shove it along. Slang? Of course it's and poy over it, do what I have done—shove it along. Slang? Of course it's and one would be an awful prig if occasionally see didn't drop into slang. I may have weaknesses, I don't deny to charity, but bis obief delight was to reconcile those who were at enmity and make peace between nabors. He worked dilignathy along this line for several years and was called the peacemaker, but in course of time he seemed to

HRYAN TO THE POPULISTS.

The Democratic Nominee Accepts the Populist Nomination, Saying This is a Time When all Advection of Bimetalitem Should Unite.

metalitam Should Unite.

St. Louis, Oct. 5—Hon. Wm. J. Bryan's letter accepting the Populist nomination, has been given out here and is as follows:

Lincoln, Nah., October 3, 1896.—
Hon. William Allen, Chairman, and Others, Members of the Notification Committee of the People's Party, Gentlemen: The nomination of the people's party for the presidency of the United States has been tendered me in such a generous spirit, and upon such honorable terms, that I am able to accept the same without departing from the platform adopted by the national convention at Chicago.

I fully appreciate the breadth of the patriotism which has actuated the members of the people's party who, in order to consolidate the sentiment in favor of bimettallism, have been willing to go outside of party lines and support as their candidate one already named by the democratic party, and also by the silver party. I also appreciate the fact that while during all the years since 1873 a large majority of the democratic party and a considerable

ciate the fact that while during all the years since 1873 a large majority of the democratic party and a considerable minority of the republican party have been consistent advocates of the free coinage of silver, at the present ratio, yet since the organisation of the people's party its members have ensulmously supported such coinage as the only means of restoring blootallism. PROPLE'S PARTY'S WORK FOR PRES

By persistently pointing out the disastrous effects of a gold standard and protesting against each successive step toward financial bonders, the people's party has exerted an important influence in awakening the public to a realization of the nation's political peril. In a time like this, when a great political perty is attempting to surrender the right to laginate for ourselves upon the financial question, and is seeking to bind the American people to a foreign monetary system, it behooves us as loyers of our country and friends of American institutions to lay aside for the present such differences as may exist among us on minor questions, in order that our strength may be united in a supreme effort to wreat the government from the hands of these who imagine that the nation's finances are only secured when controlled by a few financiera, and that national honor can only be maintained by showing acquiescences. SILVER. of the United States, which foreign white, has been creditors, political or prospective, may desire to force upon us.

CO-OPERATION FOR THE SAKE OF HIMETALLIEN.

It is a cause of congratulation that we have in this campaign not only the support of the democrate, populists and republicans who have all along believed in independent himetallism, but also the active co-operation of those democrate and republicans who have heretofore waited for international bimetallism now join with us rather than trougt the destinies of the nation in the hands of those who are bolding out the delugive hope of foreign ald while they labor secretly for the permanent cetablishment of the single gold standard.

While difficulties have always arisen in the settlement of details of any plan of concernation had recognized and the further from home it travels the despert it settles in the public mind.

Intolerance is the base of society, both in church and state. I was reading to-day some bitter things against women riding bloycles, and in the same paper a temperate sensible saticle in all she said. I can see nothing immodest in a girl riding if she is modestly dressed in skirts and denorts here.

While difficulties have always arisen in the settlement of details of any plan of co-operation between distinct political organization. I am sure that the advocates of bimetallism are so intensely in earnest that they will be able to devike some mans by which the free silver vote may be consentrated upon one electoral ticket in each state. To secure this result, charity towards the opinions of others and liberality on the part of all is personner. towards the opinions of others and liberality on the part of all is necessary, but homest and sincere friends who are working towards a common result always find it possible to agree upon just and equitable terms. The American people have proved equal to every emergency which has arisen in the past and I am confident that in the present emergency there will be no antagonism between the various regiments of the loss great army which is marching to

Take his Best Pante Off.

But Ary is Atlanta Constitution.

One time there was a generous, bighearted man by the name of Colonel Griffin living at Galessville, Ga., and his heart's desire was to see peace on earth and good will among men. His hand was open as the day to charity, but his chief delight was to reconcile those who were at enselty and make peace between nebors. He worked diligently along this line for several years and was called the peacemaker, but in course of time he seemed to lose his influence, and if he succeeded in smothering a quarrel it broke out again. Politicist got rampant and church members got at outs, and it took a good deal of his time visiting around and pleading for peace. At last he pondered over the matter and, like old Rip Van Winkle, he "swurs off." "I can't do it, judge," he sadly confessed to his old friend, Judge Lumphin, "I can't do it. I thought I could reform manking; but I can't. They get worse instead of better. Society is like a mill dam. It is always springing a leak, and as feat as you stop one hole it breaks out at another. Nothing but the grace of God can keep peace among the people, and even that does not seem to circulate in this region, and so I have quit."

The judge comforted him and told him not to despair, but Griffin retired

The judge comforted him and told The judge comforted him and told him not to despair, but Griffin retired from the contest a sadder and a wiser man. The strife and slander and buckbiting went on, and it took pence warrants to keep the peace. He one man can reform society, and with many reformers it is soon reforming thereselves.

man can reform society, and with many reformers it is soon reforming themselves.

Henry Ward Beecher was a great preacher and a reformer of social conduct, but he fell from grace just as dolomon did. Most of these reformers are in earnest, but they are oranks and are righteous overmuch. Parkhurst brought schism and discord in his church by excessive zeel. Tom Dixon is doing the same thing by dabbling into politics. A respectable minority of his members are silver Democrats, and his pelpit talk has insulted them. When a preacher assumes to know it all he loses his influence. Humility is the best credential a man of Ged can have. Vanity and conceit may not be sina, but they are traits that nobody forgives. Political preachers may get office, but they make encemies and that is a bad sign. Drawing crowds and creating a sensation is one thing, but saving souls through the power of the to a realization of the nation's political peril. In a time like this, when a great political party is attempting to a surrender the right to legislate for ourselves upon the financial question, and is seeking to bind the American people to a foreign monetary system, it behooves us as lovers of our country and friends of American institutions to lay aside for the present such differences as may exist among us on minor questions, in order that our strength may be united in a suprement from the hands of these who imagine that the nation's finances are only secured when countrolled by a few financiers, and that national honor can only be maintained by showing acquieceones in any political polity, however destructive to the Interests of the special of the United States, which foreign or the United States, which foreign white, has been defrauded of his vote the creditors, political or prospective, may desire to force upon us.

OC-UPERATION FOR THE SAKE OF the the officials of part of a scheme

by a woman—a lady—and I concurred in all she said. I can see nothing immodest in a girl riding if she is modestly dressed in skirts and deports herself modestly. A fast girl will be fast, whether she rides in skirts or bloemers, or don't rides in skirts or bloemers, or don't rides in skirts or bloemers, or don't rides at all. There is more immodesty in promiseness surf lathing and in the round daness of the ballroom than in riding the bike, even in bloomers. A few years ago I was shocked at the idea of any decent girl riding the wheel, but my prejudices have passed away. It now meems a graceful thing to do, and I admire the poetry of their motion. My wife is in love with the wheel, and says that if she could call back forty or fifty years she would have one. This had been on their wheels, and one moonlight night she remarked that if there was nobody to see her she would go down to the their wheels and one moonlight night surgeously there will be no antagonian between the various regiments of the configuration of the configuration more dangerous to repel an levasion more dangerous to our welfare than an army with ban-pers.

Acknowledging with gratitude your expression of confidence and good will, I am very truly yours.

W. J. Bey am.

"I had choule diarriness for ten years," says 1. W. Kichlein, a justice of the peace at doubt Restod, Pt. "No reinedy afforded my real yelles and made out lithe half to let my choler down. Pretty acon the boys came out on the verands and I heard ber laughting and telling them have the druggles, to try Chamberlain's a pound just to see her she would go down to the ten his detail." You couldn't ride if you would into it one shouldn't ride if you would into you cannot not be that about it. Now, there," and I departed those coasts and walked out in the half to let my choler down. Pretty acon the boys came out on the verands and I heard ber laughting and telling these laws and will and made off like I was fanning the process. It was fanning the whole and the second the disease in the army and given up all hope of recovery. It will cost you but 25 cents to try it, and the one twenty-dree cent in the quadricycle, but this double spinning wheel bankess don't said an old man with a very high center of gravity. It doesn't quit a woman of the try it, and the one twenty-dree cent have been and one of the precious and telling the process.

It cured me and for a year I have had no return of the trauble." It has also out the army and given up all hope of recovery. It will cost you but 25 cents to try it, and the one twenty-dree cent had a price if you wouldn't ride if you wouldn't fathers! Horrible dictu is the set of you couldn't ride if you wouldn't fathers! How he if you couldn't ride if you wouldn't fathers! How the life if chop wood and roll the unicycle and ride in the quadricycle, but this double spioning wheel business don't suit an old man with a very high center of gravity. It doesn't suit a gravity of that kind, either. But after all, the biffs is ritthet an expensive toy. The high eay that a good one will last about

two years, and in the meantime the repairs will average a few dollars a year, and so I don's see that it is any cheeper in the long run than a horse. But the price is entirely too high. A man who knows told me that the actual cast of a hundred-dollar bits was about \$35. I know a broker who seld forty-two in three months and his comsion was \$17 on each and a bonus of \$300 extra when his sales amounted to \$3,000. Our people are buying thousands of them, and our money just pours into their hopper like it always does for everything they make and put at us. If it is not a Chicago exposition it is semething else, and they keep us poor all the time. But Cobe says: "That's all right, major, for everything is adopted, and the world is obleged to have poor folks to keep rich folks in money. If there wasent any chickens there wouldest be any hawks. If there wasent any girls there wendent be any hops to fool 'em," and if there wasent any girls there wouldest be and he shifted his tobaco to the other jaw.

But I can still work around the house and the garden. The flower pit was dilapidated, and my wife called my attention to it several times. And so yesterday I repaired the broken glass and then got my can of red paint and gave the sash a new coat. It looks floe and I was proud of it, and lexuriated in advance upon the praise she would bestow upon me, but when I came into her august presence she discovered some paint on my pants and vost. "Was there ever such a man in this world; painting in his best clothes —the only deout pants you have got," and she looked sfar off and eighed. "Wall," she continued, "take them off right now before the paint dries and let me work on them. I never can get you to change your clothes were deamer than ever. "What makes you do that way?" he said. "Why, my dear, I thought I could paint and not get a drop on my clothes, and I feel se much like a gentlemen with my best clothes on that I hat to take them off, but I won't do so any more." In course of time she got over it, and I got some a drop on

At one period in the history of racing—say 30 or 40 years ago—there was a class of rich men ("plungers" they were called) who lost and won immense sums. Sir Joseph Hawley was one of the most fatnous and suc cessful; the Marquis of Hastin had the most riotons and tragio ca reer; the late Sir Robert Peel was one of the most recent survivors But the days of gigantic turf specu tation by individuals are over.
bet is seldom taken in thousands and even in connection with the biggest races for an owner to "put on \$5,000 among several bookmakers would be considered very heavy business. Such things were nothing

tion. Reminiscences of those days were stirred for a moment eight or nine years ago, when a person known as the Jubilee Plunger managed to rid himself of a quarter of a million of But the vastly greater proportion of the enormous alream of money which flows backward and forward in connection with the race cours and its doings today is previded from the pockets of "all sorts and conditions of men." It comes from the sporting aristocrat, the idle man of means, the merchant, the doctor, the shop assistant, the artisan, the actor, the farmer, the barber, the waiter, the cabman and ove boy who sells newspapers in the street. And not from one sex only, for that the pession for betting has ramifloations among all olmes of women is only too wall established. and if female bookmakers are not to be seen on the course itself they can be found in all large cities. Women who bet are poteriously the most repkiess and infatuated of all gam-blers.—Chambers' Journal.

Esture's Memorial to Murdered Pauple. In 1875 a miserly old lady was found dead in a ferico corner a few miles south of Blaiso, France. When found, she was lying flat on her found, she was lying flat on her back, with one arm around her head, grusping a sun boppes. Since that time, 2t fears ego, not a spear of grass has grown on the spot where her body lay. The outlines of the form, limbs, etc., are as plain as though they had been made by a margin lying down in spear on he person lying down in snow or in

person lying down in snow or in plastic clay.

Just peok of the great firitish muselim, London, there is a little plot of ground knewn the world over an "the field of the forty footsteps." The old legand concerning the place is to the effect that two brothers, in the tapped the Pulco of Monmouth's goldlion, took different sides, and that they supposed in a deadly duel on this little plot of ground. They steed off 20 steps from a certain line, and at the word met at that line and killed onch other with line and killed cach other with ine and killed onch other with knives. The deimpressions made by their feet while advapping were over after war, burn of grass and were still pointed cut 125 years ago, at the time when the let was covered by a large stone building, solt, Louis Republic.

Republic

THINGS SAID BY PARROTS.

Stories School as Front That the Mirds
Enew West They Were Starting.
The old idea that parrots did not
understand what they said seems to
have been exploded by stories of isstances where the birds have used
phrases exactly edapted to the circumstances. There is the story of a
parrot whose feethers had been
singed before it was reconsed from a
burning building. The parrot said:
"That was d——d hot."

A sailor sold a talking parrot to a
prescher. It talked asilor talk in a
way that distressed its owner, who
consulted a friend and was told that
the way to break the bird of the
habit of swearing was to threak it
soundly. The threahing was duly
administered. When the bird got
its tengue untwisted its first remark
was:

"That was a h—1 of a cyclone."

A bird that had been hung out in a tree was forgotten, when a thunder shower came up and drenched it. The bird ant atlent for awhile, but the rain kept falling faster and faster. The hird began to acream:

"It's wet, wet. Gee, but it's wet. Bains like all creation!"

When a record sets because it.

Rains like all creation!"

When a parrot gets hungry, it will, if alone, become nervous, working from one end of its pench to the other and back again, looking about as if it wondered where all of the folks were. Then it begins to meditate out lond:

"Polly's hungry, draudful Where's Polly's hungry, draudful Where's Polly's hungry, draudful Where's Polly's hungry, draudful where's Polly's threty. It's hot Polly wants a cracker." Then, should some one stir in an adjoining room, the bird screams its "Polly wants a cracker," adding "quick" to it sometimes.

In a Brooklyn house there is a parrot. One day the catoanse in and looked at the bird, licking its chops to think how good the brant would taste. Just then the mistress of the house came in, and, seeing the out, drove it out, saying:

rove it out, saying:
"Soat! Get out. You'll eat Polly."
The bird ant with its head cooked

n one side, silent. A couple of days later the est got into the room unnoticed by any one but the hird. Suddenly the parrot gave a yell, and then said:

"Oat eat Polly ! Get out! Get out! -0-B-\$!

The soat was long drawn out and was repeated with a jerk. The mis-tress get there just in time to see the cat leap at the bird. When the two were separated the bird said:
"Polly's eat. Polly's eat. Cat eat
Polly. Boe-hoo!" It had heard the
children ory and imitated the voice

as nearly as it could.—Now York Truly a Wise Eleph

"Speakin about mimals, to my experience the elephant is the smart-est of the whole osboodle," said the ex-canvasman. "I remember back in 1856, when I was with Barrum. ole Emp'ror abowed one day be could read." "Oh, come off." "I won's come off neither. An I'll prove it to you in about two min-ates. Well, as I was sayin, the ole fellow got into a scrap with the royal Bengal tiger, as 'fore we could got 'em superated he got his trunk purty badly clawed up. After the scrimmage was over, Emp'ror he breaks loose as starts down the street on a dead ran. 'He's goin wild,' somehody hollers. 'Don't you believe it,' says I. Now, where do you suppose that there electrons do you suppose that there elephant went to?" "Went straight to the went to?" "Went straight to the surgeon's, I suppose. Hay, ean't you get up a better yarn'— "Naw. He didn't go to no surgeon's, neither. He went straight to a little port, mantesu shop which had the sign out that said, "Trunks rope" of while you wait. ' Of course he had made 6 mishas, but what do you expect of a poor dumb brute?"—New York Mail and Express.

"Don's you dare touch me or I'll report you," ejeculated an inste woman whom the car conductor had seized by the arm just as she was about to stop off before the car had come to a standatill.

"All right, ma'am, go ahead and report. Here's my number. But if I had let you get off you might have broken a log, and I'd have been assented, and you'd have send the company.

The woman gave the conductor a withering look when she stopped on the payement and hurried away grumbling.

"Not one woman in two over gets." "Don't you dare touch me or I'll

WONDERFUL STREAMS.

One of the most curious rivers that have come to the knowledge of mus is the Webbs Shebayli of customs Africa, a deep and rapid stream, abounding in strange fish and forections orcooliles. Although it flows for hundreds of miles through fertile lands, the immense volume of water never reaches the sea. A short distance north of the equator the river is lost in a desert region a few miles from the lindian cossus.

Home of the more resent explorers of Alaska and British America claims that the Minsianippi can no longer be regarded as the largest river on the North American continent. This distinction is claimed for the great Yuhon river. According to Ivan Patroff, who spent over two years in Alaska collecting materials for the last consus, the Yukon empties into Norton sound about one-third more water than the Minsiasippi pours into the guit of Mexico. The Yukon hasin comprises the larger part of northern Alaska, and 600 miles from its month the river is a mile in width. Many centuries before it was discovered by white men it very likely served as a water highway into the interior for tribes whom we believe to have crossed from Asia to the American continent. The Yukon river is over 2,000 miles in length.

Travelers report that in Algeria

Travelure report that in Algeria there exists a small stream which the chemistry of anture has turned into ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one of which is very strongly impregnated with from while the other, meandering through a peat marsh, imhibes large quantities of gallio soid, which forms the small yet wonderful stream.

The Rio de Vinegra, in Colombia, is a stream the waters of which, by admixture with supplurie soid, become so sour that the river has been

come so some that the river has been appropriately samed the Biode Vinagre river.

The Orange or Garish river, in southern Africa, rises in the mountainty of the contract of

Orange Free State. The length of this stream is 1,000 miles. Its banks abound in various rich copper over in this stream are many varioties of fish, which are found until the rive passes through a rocky region con mining copper, below which the wa-ter is said to be poisonous, almost instantly killing the fish that was

ter is said to be poisonous almost instantly killing the fish that was tare near it.

Another remarkable river is the Indus, a great stroam in Hindusta. It rises in Tibet, and its course is a wonderful one. On reaching the Bust, its most northern point, is turne southward, losting itself in the kills, and reappears at Taket, in Koltism. The Indus is 1,700 miles in length: After receiving the vaters of many tributaries its channel grows narrow, and here it divides into many channels, come of which haver return to the parent streem. It abounds in fish and crocodiles.

That diameted river, the Gauges, is erretio in its course, like the Hoang Ho. It is prominent both in the religion and geography of India. It varies not only from season to season, but from your to year, and frequently exchanges old passages for new ones. It has been said that the Ganges delivers into the sea every year 543,000,000 tons of mud, sand other solid matter,—Pirindelphia Press.

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