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CHAS. A. KIRTLAND, Proprietor.

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NO. 2.

A Deal in Wild Lands

Fight for the Musselshell Millions.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"The quick, sharp glance of comprehension Hiram Skiddler shot at him as he spoke.

"As you know," pursued Jerry, "these lands are worth more to me than any one else. I not only want 'em for a range for my cattle, but I think I might sell 'em for two for a price to Col. Whipsaw, one of my neighbors."

"I should think you might," said the merchant, smiling sarcastically.

"Of course you've been very kind to me, Hiram," continued the visitor, "but I'm not going to let these lands go so long for the taxes, but we're both getting old, and if you should die and your estate be divided, there might be no end of trouble, and so I don't want to let these lands go until you've had a chance to get a little from her long journey."

"How much will you give me for my half interest, Jerry?"

"Well, I thought three hundred dollars might strike you as a fair offer, Hiram," replied the visitor, "and so I've brought you the money."

The merchant's sarcastic smile deepened as he looked at the visitor, who looked as if he had taken a considerable slice of the Rocky Mountains had at some time fallen upon it.

"Don't be so fast, Jerry," he said. "You say you have two, and then we'll go to Montana together. Nothing would please me more than to see how you have been living all these fourteen years."

"Jerry waved his hand in nervous impatience.

"All that is very kind, Hiram, and I declared, 'but business is business, and we must get the matter of the land out of my mind before I can take a step with you."

The merchant surveyed him again indignantly, not a little interested by his claims, which looked as if he had taken them from some scarecrow he had encountered in his travels.

"I couldn't think of selling you the lands in this off-handed fashion, Jerry," he then said. "I'll have to look into it before I can give you an answer."

"Nonsense. Let me have the deed now," said Jerry.

"But three hundred dollars, Jerry?" returned the merchant, who could not remember that these lands cost me five thousand. Probably, too, I could make better terms with Colonel Whipsaw than you can. Let's wait."

"No, Hiram," protested Jerry. "There's no time like the present. Give me the deed now, and I'll make the payment five hundred dollars."

"That's more like it," commented the merchant, still wearing his quizzical smile. "I must have a thousand."

"A thousand?" repeated Jerry, catching at the remark as an offer.

"I mean a couple of thousand," amended the merchant. "I couldn't think of taking a cent less. I really couldn't."

"Well, let me have the deed now and give you a thousand," returned the visitor, with evident eagerness. "Oh, yes, I have the money right here, and he added, surprising a peculiar look on his brother's face. "Here it is."

He drew out a large wallet and opened it showing that it was full of greenbacks.

"You surprise me," cried Hiram. "I thought you barely made a living in Montana."

"True. But what is \$2,000?"

"A mere nothing, to be sure. And that's why I won't sell the land for that sum, nor what I think more about it."

"Decide, I should like to see the deed to the property forever, Jerry, if I can't get the sum it originally cost me."

"Do you mean it?"

"Absolutely!"

"Then I shall have to give you the amount, said Jerry. "The fact is, Daisy is about to marry a man named Sam Gadsler, who has nothing, and I want him to have this property for a sheep ranch. Five thousand is the price, and I'll give you the deed, and I'll give you the money."

"Not to-day, Jerry. Give me time to write to Colonel Whipsaw. Let me get his opinion as to what the price ought to be."

"The Colonel's away, Hiram, traveling somewhere in Europe," returned Jerry, giving more and more nervous every moment. "He has been here a whole year, and no one knows when he'll be home again."

"Then I must write to the postmaster Musselshell, or to some other person who is on the spot," protested the merchant. "How do I know that these lands are worthless? May there not be a gold mine upon them?"

He went on in this way until the face of his brother was beet red with indignation, and then thrust under his gaze the letter he had received from Colonel Whipsaw of Rattlesnake Ranch.

"Read that," he said.

Jerry caught it, examining all sorts of colors, and finishing with a howl of consternation.

"And now tell me what this means," commanded Hiram.

"It means that there is gold there," panted Jerry.

"Ah, I thought so! Go on!"

"Just how much I can't say," continued Jerry, retaining the Colonel's letter, "but I am willing to risk \$50,000 upon your half interest."

"I should want cash, Jerry!"

"I have it with me."

"Besides, I should want at least a hundred thousand dollars for the property, Jerry," announced the merchant.

"In fact I won't take a cent less, now that I begin to see what the situation of affairs is." Colonel Whipsaw will not make an arrangement with me for the property if you don't want it. For \$100,000, Jerry, if you say so—"

"Well, I do say it," interrupted the visitor eagerly.

"That's a big pile of money, Jerry."

"Nevertheless, I have it with me, Hiram."

"It doesn't seem possible. Let me see it."

The visitor produced the amount in a not very bulky bag from an inner pocket, with the remark:

"It's yours as soon as you give me the deed."

The assurance served to intensify the two red spots which had been rapidly gathering on the cheeks of Hiram Skiddler. How angry he was that the falsehood of Jerry had induced him to part with his interest in a property now shown by the offender's own actions to be running up into hundreds of thousands.

"I don't have it, sure enough," protested Jerry, after a rapid search.

"I didn't see now, but I knew you were none too good."

"The pot should never call the kettle black," interrupted the merchant, smiling grimly, as he touched a call bell. "The note is to be here to a minute to witness the deed, and I trust you will have decency enough not to insult me in his presence."

A clerk appearing, the merchant gave him an order, and a brief interval of silence succeeded, which was broken by the appearance of a notary.

"A deed to sign and deliver, Mr. Norris," said Hiram Skiddler, without taking the trouble to present his brother to the newcomer. "It's all ready for our signatures."

The document was duly perfected and handed to Jerry, who counted out the \$25,000 agreed upon, and the notary, after a few words in the ear of his client, took his departure.

It would be hard to say which of the two brothers was the most delighted at the transaction. Their mutual expansion was evident.

"And now for the other half of this property, Hiram," said Jerry, gaining his feet and securing the deed in his pocket, with suppressed jubilation. "How do you feel about it?"

"Oh, for all I care," replied the merchant, who was in the act of depositing in his desk the money which had been handed him.

"There are trains every hour or two, do you?"

"Oh, yes; every half hour, I think, at about this time of the day. But why do you ask?"

"Naturally," explained the visitor. "I am going to Ingelheim to see Charley Tower, the husband of our sister Mary, and to buy his interest in those lands, and I'll be home in an hour or two."

"Oh, save your throat, Jerry," interrupted the merchant, with insolent jubilation. "I shall make no attempt to warn Tower of your coming or of your errand, and the fact is he has been dead over a year!"

Jeremiah Skiddler dropped heavily into the chair from which he had arisen.

"Really?" he muttered, seeing the merchant was perfectly serious. "Then I shall have to deal with sister Mary, and that will suit me better; women are so easily wheedled!"

"But sister Mary is dead, too!" continued the merchant, who was now looking at him with the same aspect he would have displayed in mentioning the price of a yard of tape. "She died last week, Jerry!"

"How do you know that?"

"I'll get the deed, Jerry, and let my cashier draw up a new one. Make yourself at home a few moments. I'll be back soon."

Wiping his damp forehead vigorously, he took a little matter of business to his study. His senses were in a whirl. Just what to do he didn't know. Perhaps he would make another attempt to buy Jerry out. He was busy with all sorts of ideas when he reached Jerry's desk, only to find that he was not there.

"Where is Mr. Wynans?" he asked of the first clerk he encountered.

"He got the deed, sir," he said, "and he didn't say where he would return."

"No. That's odd. Have you any idea where he is?"

"Not the slightest, sir. He said, however, this morning that he should not be here longer than to-day."

"Not longer?"

"The deed was handed to him, and he has been out since then. He is supposed to be in Montana, and an awful trouble looked from his eyes."

"Gone?" he gasped. "Where can he be?"

"There's a note on his desk addressed to you, Mr. Skiddler," said the clerk. "I noticed it a moment ago, and should have brought it to you if you hadn't made your appearance just as you did."

"A note?" cried the merchant. "What is it?"

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CHAPTER IV.

THE READING OF JERRY'S BRIEF farrowled into a great commotion in the office of the Musselshell property was for the present beyond his reach.

What a mistake he had made in getting rid of it! At a moderate estimate what a fortune had slipped through his fingers.

Nevertheless, like all men who are wholly unscrupulous, Jerry, Skiddler, who had been a miser, turned a new leaf on which to hang his hopes at that moment of disaster. He instantly accepted the suggestion of his own nature that he would eventually find means, no matter how vile, dishonest, or murderous—in Montana, if not before—to recover the ground he had lost. He would yet be the possessor of the Musselshell property. He would not make all secure the holding of Jerry's deeds before they could be put on record.

"Just how long has Mr. Wynans been gone?" he asked, as soon as he could find voice, thrusting the letter into his pocket.

"He went out at the heels of your niece, sir," answered the clerk who had ushered Elsie into the merchant's presence.

"Ah, he did?"

The fact seemed highly significant to Skiddler, who was aware that Jerry had been a frequent visitor at Ingelheim.

"I'd be speak to her before she left the store?" he continued.

"No, sir. But he watched her in a way which showed that he was following her, and that he intended to speak to her later."

The merchant flushed with disgust.

"I see it all," he muttered, turning on his heel. "They've gone away together. It cost him a keen pang to realize that he had given Elsie the protection of Jerry Wynans by reusing his own."

"Foot that I am," he said to himself, "why didn't I take her to Hilda? A few soft words would have made her my friend, and she would not be in my clutches."

The station was too pressing for him to linger over these stultic regrets, and he hurried back to his brother.

His plan of action was decided upon. "I find my cashier has gone out on business, Jerry," he reported. "We have to draw up the deed ourselves, or go to my lawyer's."

"Oh, we can attend to it," returned Jerry, with anxious preoccupation. "It's no great task."

Stepping to his safe, the merchant produced his deed of the Musselshell property and handed it to his brother.

"Sit near me and read it, Jerry," he said, "and don't read it faster than I can say it."

Taking their places at the desk, the brothers entered upon their labor. Jerry reading the old deed carefully and slowly, while Hiram proceeded to trace the new one.

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SONG OF THE THRUSH.

When greenly blooms the bending wheat,
And tiger-lilies dot the vale,
And faintly scents the meadow sweet,
And time do bring the fowling fall;
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STUMPY.

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It was only the boy who attended to the chores about the hotel, and so he was never invited to play or to go to school or to law tennis, or to substitute in the baseball nine; and he was laughed at a good deal because he had freckles, red hair, and wore clothes a great deal too small for him. His name was Ephraim, but everyone called him "Stumpy," for he was short and rather stout—everyone except Carrie Mowbray, that is Carrie never used his nickname. She said she didn't consider it kind.

"He'd like to be tall, I dare say. So would a great many other people," she said to her cousin Belle Towers, one day on the porch.

"But he is hideous, actually hideous," said Belle.

"Oh, no; you exaggerate. If he didn't have freckles he would hardly be called even plain; and the freckles will wear off in time."

"I doubt it; and then his hair is red and he is awkward, too."

"He'll outgrow his awkwardness, and he can't help having red hair. I've heard you say you'd like to have dark eyes—but you'll never have them. We're obliged to be contented with nature's decrees usually; and you can't deny that Ephraim looks honest. He is amiable, too, and very obliging."

"To hear you talk, Carrie, one would imagine him a paragon. I suppose you found out all these virtues when you were talking to him on the beach yesterday."

"I was simply asking him about the tides."

"You could have asked some one else. You'll make him familiar if you talk to him, Carrie. I've seen that sort of thing happen before. I only hope he'll never have the assurance to speak to me."

"Oh, he has enough good sense to see where he is wanted. He never thrusts himself forward in the least—I've noticed that."

"Well, don't encourage him to talk to you. People of that class are very apt to presume upon any attention, however trivial," and Belle strolled down the steps in the direction of the beach, feeling that Carrie had justly deserved the rebuke she had given her.

Belle did not intend to be either unkind or ungenerous; but, like many other girls, she had an exaggerated idea of her own importance and the aristocracy of wealth. Ephraim found it pretty hard to be at the beach and call of everybody at the Beach House, and he had to grind his teeth sometimes to keep from "answering back" when his orders came in peremptory tones from some young fellow no older than himself.

"But I mean to see it through," he said to his sister, as he sat talking to her one evening in the doorway of their cottage after the labors of the day were over. "You know I have always said that a fellow was a coward who'd give a thing up just because it proved hard. By next summer I can find something else to do, and all I'm going through now won't matter."

"I'm well proud of you, Ephraim," said his sister, as she looked at him with tender eyes. "You're so brave."

Ephraim laughed.

"Don't be proud until you've got something to be proud about," he said.

Ephraim made it a point to take a plunge in the sea every morning on his way to the hotel. He was a fine swimmer, and thoroughly enjoyed his ten minutes in the water. It seemed to tone him up for all day. He had always had the sea to himself at that hour, for he was an early riser from necessity as well as inclination, but on the morning after his talk with Barbara, he had just entered the water, and was only a few yards from shore, when he heard a shout, and, turning around, saw half a dozen of the boys from the hotel on the beach.

"Hors, you follow," called out Percival Peyton, a young man who boasted of his blue blood. "Come out of that."

His tone, more than the command, irritated Ephraim. He turned about again and struck out for deep water without making any reply.

"You insolent young hound, don't you hear me?" called Peyton, the angry blood mounting to his face. "Come out of that. The fellows want to go in."

"Well, you can come in," answered Ephraim. "I'm not in your way. There's plenty of room."

"Yes; what's the use of making a row?" drawled Frank Chapin.

"I'm not making a row," said Peyton, "but I never have gone into the water with the hotel servants, and I don't propose to do it now. This fellow might as well learn his place now as at any time."

"Oh, let him alone; Stumpy is a good sort," said Charles Colwell. "He can outswim you any day, Peyton."

"Not much," said Peyton, who considered himself the best swimmer on the beach.

"Take a pull together and decide it," said Colwell.

"Thank you for the suggestion, but I don't enter any swimming match with a fellow not my social equal," answered Peyton, snobbishly.

Ephraim by this time was an eighth of a mile from the beach. He remained in the water his usual length of time; then came out to find Peyton waiting for him, a very dark frown on his handsome face. The other boys had all gone into the water.

"I'll see that you are properly dealt with for this impertinence," he said, as Ephraim started toward one of the bath houses. "You will hear from this, and very shortly, too."

Ephraim made no rejoinder, but he couldn't help feeling a little uneasy, and almost wished he had obeyed Peyton's order, insulting as it was. The Peytons occupied the best rooms at the hotel, and had the cream of everything.

"If it weren't for Aunt Martha and Barbara, I wouldn't care," the boy fidgeted. "But if I lose my place I'll be hard on them."

At the time he was dressed Ephraim had decided on the hardest task he had ever set himself. He would apologize to Percival Peyton.

He gave himself no time to hesitate, but went straight to the point.

"Mr. Peyton," he said, "perhaps I was wrong not to come out of the water when you told me to. I hope you'll overlook it and not report me to Mr. Springer. I can't afford to lose my place."

"You should have thought of that before," rejoined Peyton, haughtily. "One of the first duties of a servant is to learn his place," and he turned on his heel and walked away.

Ephraim went to his duties at the hotel feeling as if he hated the cold-blooded young aristocrat, and it didn't improve his temper to hear Peyton relating the incident to Belle Towers when they were on the porch together after breakfast, and Ephraim was holding a horse at the block. Belle's rejoinder reached his ears with cruel distinctness.

"The impudence of it," she said. "It all came of Carrie's talking to him. I told her he'd be getting familiar. The next thing we'll know he'll consider himself privileged to go into the water when we girls are in. I hope Mr. Springer will discharge him."

Ephraim's heart swelled with indignation and pain. How these wealthy people despised him! His father had been the captain of the Life Saving Station, and they had lived in comfort as long as he had been spared to them; but he had lost his life one bitter night in the performance of his arduous duties, and dark days had come to the little family. Ephraim, who had been attending school regularly, had been obliged to put his young shoulder to the wheel at once, and he had taken any sort of work he could find. As he heard the conclusion of Belle's speech he wondered what he was going to do in case Mr. Springer acted on Percival Peyton's request. There was Ben Todd who would be only too glad to jump into his place if the chance offered. And the chance did offer. Just before noon Mr. Springer sent for Ephraim, and as soon as the boy saw his face he got ready for the blow that he knew was about to fall.

"Compliment of impudence and disobedience has been lodged against you, Warner," said Mr. Springer, as he turned over the leaves of a ledger on his desk. "I can't have any one here who is obnoxious to my guests. So I won't need you after to-day. I have engaged Todd to take your place."

Ephraim was too much stunned to utter a word in response. He simply nodded and left the office.

Going outside he walked slowly toward the beach, trying to think of the news to his

running excitedly to and fro. He understood at once that some person must be in danger of drowning, and without hesitating a moment he dashed down the board walk, throwing off his coat and shoes as he went. As he reached the beach he saw Mr. Towers, a man of middle age, spring into the water; and far out beyond the breakers saw the objects of his solicitude—two girls, who had ventured two far out and were unable to return against the strong current.

Another instant and Ephraim had dashed into the sea, almost throwing over Percival Peyton in his impetuous eagerness to lose no time, and, being a strong swimmer, he soon overtook and distanced Mr. Towers, and in a few minutes more succeeded in reaching the girl nearest him. It was Belle Towers, and she clung to him desperately. What cared she now that he was freckled, that his hair was red, and his gait awkward? He was the one plank between her and a watery grave, and she held to him with wild despair. With great difficulty Ephraim persuaded her to loosen her grasp, and gave her into the care of her father, who had now reached them.

"Take her in—I'll get the other," he said, and struck out to where Carrie Mowbray was struggling in the water 200 yards from shore. She was just about giving up, her strength having almost failed.

"Courage," he cried, "keep up till I get there; I'll save you."

His words gave her a fresh strength. By a great effort she kept herself from sinking, and the next moment Ephraim had reached her and extended one arm so that she could grasp it.

"Cling to my shoulder," he said.

Carrie obeyed him, and the gallant fellow turned about for shore. He made fair headway for a time, and then, finding the great exertion he was putting forth was overtaxing his strength, and that the girl's weight was burying him deeper and deeper, so that every wave broke over their heads, he spoke again:

"You've got to help me or we'll both drown," he said.

"If you think we can't reach the shore I'll take my hands off," answered the noble girl. "There is no need that we should both go down. Save yourself, and never mind me."

But plain, poor and awkward as he was, Ephraim Warner was not one to desert a woman in deadly peril. He had gone out to save her and he proposed to do it or die in the attempt.

"I won't leave you," he said; and then, with ready resource, told her to grasp one of his shoulders with one hand, and use the other as in swimming. "If you can do this we'll get to the shore all right," he added. "We mustn't drowse if we can help it. Do your best now."

This encouraged Carrie was able to follow his directions implicitly, and under the changed conditions the intrepid swimmer put forth all his remaining strength, and within a few minutes they were within reach of the assistance of those on the shore.

As they all rose from the water and Mrs. Mowbray staggered forward to fold her daughter in her arms, a great shout went up from the excited crowd.

"Three cheers for Ephraim Warner," cried a voice. Instantly it was taken up, and cheer after cheer rang out, while Ephraim, too weak to utter a word, gazed around him for a moment in bewildered astonishment, and then, for the first time in his life, quietly fainted away.

That evening, as Ephraim lay on the old couch in his aunt's little sitting-room, feeling still the effects of his desperate battle with the waves, a shadow darkened the doorway, and, looking up, he saw Percival Peyton standing there.

"I've come down to apologize to you, Warner, for what happened between us this morning," began Peyton. "I thought I ought to do it, you see. I'm not given much to apologies, but I hope I'm not a cad. You're a brave fellow, and I'm proud to know you. Shake hands, and let's call it square."

Ephraim's hand went out at once, and ten minutes later he found himself promising to take a place in the iron works of Peyton & Co., if room could be made for him.

"And I imagine I can fix that all right," young Peyton said, and went away feeling that he had shown himself a gentleman.

This was not all that came to Ephraim through his courageous act. The United States Government, in recognition of his bravery, sent him a gold medal, the highest award that can be made, and when he put it on for Barbara to admire, she almost cried.

"You certainly can't say I haven't a right to be proud of you now, Ephraim," she said.

"Oh, almost any one would have done what I did if he'd known how to swim as well," rejoined honest Ephraim modestly.

But his eyes shone, nevertheless.

as he looked at that gold medal which bore testimony to his bravery.—New York Examiner.

Cost of Hunting in England.

A few years ago the usual estimate for maintaining a thoroughly first-class pack was \$2500 for every day hunted; then it went up to \$3000; and now it will average very close to \$3,500, making an entire cost of \$10,500 for one week's chase of the little red animal, while in the "shires" it will fall but very little short of \$15,000, if, indeed, it will not in some instances run higher.

And all this is a tribute to fashion! The sportsman of the old regime were not so fastidious as to pink and tops, nor required such a retinue of servants. Hunting was the sole incentive, and they had fully as much sport and killed just about as many foxes, even if their hunts were not turned out in such elaborate fashion. Nowadays, however, the master who neglects to put the hunt itself in the best style fails in office quite as much as if he misad giving good sport. The huntsman, two whippers-in, and two second horsemen must all be turned out in pink and leathers, and the huntsman and first whip have two good horses a day; and it takes money, and plenty of it, to support a hunt on this scale. Then there is the servant who goes afoot to dig out the fox when he has gone to earth, and the eight to ten dollars to the gamekeepers for each find on their respective beats. Besides which horses and hounds have frequently to be conveyed by train to distant meets, while there are few hunts that are not obliged to hire covert to save them from falling into the hands of shooting tenants to say nothing of the care and expense of keeping them up once they are rented.

It is not very difficult to see where \$10,000 to \$15,000 per week goes when it is remembered that the basis of all this sport and fashion is the kennels and stables, with their fifty to sixty couple of hounds and thirty to forty head of horses, that must be fed and receive the very best of care from the most capable and trustworthy attendants.—Harper's Magazine.

Habits of a Wounded Bear.

"One of the peculiar characteristics of bears," said D. M. Bronson, of Leadville, Col., last evening, "is that when wounded their first impulse is to bit something. I have spent a good deal of time hunting in the mountains, and have seen this fact illustrated more than once. I remember once shooting at an old she bear, and the ball striking her in the foreleg. Instantly she seized the other leg between her jaws and bit it fiercely. At another time I fired at a bear whose cub was asleep close by. On receiving the shot the old bear, with a ferocious roar, rushed upon the cub and cuffed and bit it several times. On still another occasion I came across two bears, a male and a female, feeding on the slope of a long hill. I went around the hill to get above them, and on looking over the crest saw the male bear not forty yards away. I at once aimed and wounded him. The animal jumped into the air, bit the wound, and then, with a growl of pain, rushed furiously at its companion. She, like a spirited female, resented the assault. The two clinched, rolled over and over, biting and clawing each other for a few minutes and then bolted away into the forest."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Had a Falling Out.

The members of the Pepper Club were so much absorbed in their billiard tournament that they had not noticed the presence of Bluffkins.

"Say, old man," he remarked to Webb, just as the latter had missed a bank shot, "what do you think of the falling out Hawkins and his girl had yesterday?"

"Hadin't heard of it," answered Webb, all interest.

"Well, it's true. Happened at the girl's house."

"Jove! I'm sorry," said Webb, tenderly. "I always liked Hawkins."

"What caused it?"

"The hammock broke down; but neither was hurt."

And Webb swore that if he ever succeeded in luring Bluffkins to the front window there'd be another falling out, with Bluffkins as the droope.—Boston Budget.

Collected Her Wages.

"Did you tell the new girl of our custom, my dear, of deducting the amount of her breakage from her wages at the end of the month?"

"Yes, I did."

"And what did she say?"

"She didn't say anything. She broke six glasses, five plates, and the soup-tureen, packed her valise, and skipped."—Harper's Bazar.

Red Hair of that color because it is supposed to have a larger proportion of sulphur than black hair.

Wigwag—"Why did you call your volume of poems 'Autumn Leaves?'" Scribber—"Because autumn leaves get red."—Philadelphia Record.

Radbourne—"I hear that Oloof has been discharged from the police force. Do you know what for?" Chesney—"Yes. Refusing to accept a bribe."—Brooklyn Life.

Jack—"Isn't your bathing suit rather too loud?" Jess—"I don't know but it is. Only yesterday I was mistaken for a bell buoy."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

One of the funniest things at the stores is the sweet smile a woman gives a man when she wants him to sell her something below cost.—Atechison Globe.

Visitor—"I should think you would be afraid to give your children so much cake." Hostess—"I am. They are my next neighbor's boys."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mrs. White—"Did Mrs. Grey make her entree in good style?" Mrs. Brown—"What are you thinking of? Her cook makes all her entrees."—Boston Transcript.

Wife—"And did Mr. Gay really say I was positively dove-like?" Husband—"Something of that sort. He said you were pigeon-toed. I believe."—Boston Transcript.

Will—"Why do you always call those corks with you when you go to call on your fiancée?" Jack—"Wait, you see, she lives in a flat, and I use them for stopping up the openings between the flats when I am bidding her good night in the vestibule."—New York Herald.

Tuesday, September 25, 1894.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Trains leave New York Station, going East, at 6:30, 11:30 a. m., and 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, 10:30 p. m.

NIANTIC POST OFFICE.

Mails close, going East, at 9:30 a. m., 12:25, 2:25, 4:25, 6:25, 8:25, 10:25 a. m., 12:25, 2:25, 4:25, 6:25, 8:25, 10:25 p. m.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. J. Milner Morris, pastor. Morning services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

THE FRATERNITIES.

Niantic Lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening in Union Hall.

TALK OF THE TOWN.

A large well is being dug on the Comstock place. M. D. Bush has returned from his visit with friends in Boston.

GRUVE BEACH DEPOT BURGLARIZED.

The Grove Beach station on the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., which is situated in the western part of the town, was entered by burglars sometime between 9 and 10:30 o'clock Monday morning.

ODD FACILITY IN REPTILES.

Their Water-Locating Power When Headless. Reptiles and batrachians usually possess what may be termed the water-locating sense.

HIS PHILOSOPHICAL PREFERENCES.

A young man with a good income held a position at a small salary and never gave satisfaction. One day his employer's patience passed the limit.

WIT AND HUMOR.

With a piercing scream from a mouse she sprang to the floor. "What's the matter with you?"

GRANT HAD NO THOUGHT OF RETREAT.

The following story is peculiarly appropriate just now when the Nicaragua canal project is so prominently to the front.

DEATH OF AN AGED LADY.

Mrs. Eliza Coleman Died Very Suddenly at the Bay View House. Mrs. Eliza Coleman, mother of Mrs. C. H. Gates, of the Bay View House,

CONCERNING READY-MADE GOWNS.

Do you purchase your gowns ready made? and, if so, have you ever noticed the peculiar trick of the seamstress?

OFFER HUMAN SACRIFICES.

Business of Certain Provinces Still Follow the Horrible Practice. Very few persons in Europe or elsewhere are aware that human sacrifices still exist in a part of the Russian empire.

NEW ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the list of new advertisers presented this week. They are all well-known firms and worthy of patronage.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following letters unclaimed for at Niantic post-office for the week ending Sept. 25th:

NOTICE.

THE legal voters of the town of East Lyme are requested to meet at the town hall on Monday evening, Sept. 25, 1894, to nominate officers for the ensuing year.

Mrs. C. J. Manwarring is visiting friends in Middletown. Jacob Gates lost a thumb recently while coupling cars at Saybrook Junction.

Somebody lost a table cloth recently, probably the property of a picnicer. It is now at the Charlton House. Rev. E. F. Burr, of Lyme, occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church Sunday, in exchange with Rev. E. G. Stone.

The New London Day is authority for the statement that John W. Coroley finds that his business has improved so steadily in this place that he thinks of giving up his business in Bridgeport and pay all his attention to the trade here. He was in business in Bridgeport before he came here.

The annual town meeting will occur Monday, Oct. 1st. There are several matters of interest to be acted on and there should be a good attendance of voters.

A sign was erected over the door of J. C. Peabody's barber shop last week, which reads: "OFFICE OF CONN. EASTERN NEWS." It is hoped that the people will remember it and hand in any items of interest to Mr. Peabody, which they may know of, thus enabling the paper to give a full representation of town news every week.

Eugene Davis, brother of C. S. Davis, is in town on a visit. He was formerly a resident of Niantic and up to two years ago, had not been in town for 23 years. He is accompanied by his wife, who is sister to Mrs. C. S. Davis, the two brothers having married sisters.

N. Gilmore Post, of Essex, was in town Friday. Mr. Post is an extensive dealer in pianos, organs and sewing machines and has secured considerable trade in this section.

The brigades rifle shoot is to be held at the new rifle range on the State grounds in this place, about the middle of October, and it is quite probable that the brigade staff and the signal corps will enter competing teams.

The following letters unclaimed for at Niantic post-office for the week ending Sept. 25th: Mrs. Susan E. Congdon, Miss Sadie Harris, Mr. Bowman, Sr., M. H. A. Coorles, James J. Congdon, H. G. Chase, Robert Hill, S. P. Hale, William Johnson, John S. Kalling, Mich. Murrore, Chas. Miner, Natalie Capello.

Probably one of the pleasantest routes of travel in New England is the stretch of railroad from Providence to New Haven, the Shore Line route from the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. railroad. In summer it is cool and refreshing, getting a good breeze from the sea as all times, and at other portions of the year the scenery cannot fail to attract the traveler.

The following story is peculiarly appropriate just now when the Nicaragua canal project is so prominently to the front. It was told by Gen. Sherman upon occasion to a representative of the Washington Post and contains the details and difficulties of getting through congress the Nicaragua canal charter.

The greatest aid that the thief taker of to-day has in his possession is the photograph. The thief and outlaw dread the photograph above all things.

All this amounts to nothing. No man can distort his face so, as not to leave a recognizable feature. He cannot change the shape of his nose, his chin, his ears or the general outline of his head.

The statistics of the world have exacted a valuable feature in identification. No two men in the world have ears exactly alike. The ear is a most peculiar and general expression of the face.

A criminal once in the toils and photographed for police purposes may count his career practically ended. Every police and detective agency in the country and every penitentiary ward or prison governor are supplied with copy of it.

The statistics of Guidea (a king of Chaldea whose palace has recently been unearthed), besides their artistic value, had a religious position. They were placed in the temple as an everlasting representation of the king, always to be before the god and remembered by him.

Like a wild bull shall be felled in the fullness of his strength. "As for his throne, may those even whom he has bound captive overthrow it in the dust!"

"Had I a daughter to train," said a woman of the world, "one accomplishment above all should be taught her—to make herself agreeable without descending to make fun of other people."

"I am dreadfully afraid I have been blundered. I know those seams are not going to allow for shrinkage. Oh, dear! why didn't I speak when you were cutting?"

THE legal voters of the town of East Lyme are requested to meet at the town hall on Monday evening, Sept. 25, 1894, to nominate officers for the ensuing year.

With a piercing scream from a mouse she sprang to the floor. "What's the matter with you?" "Well, she sees it on the floor; yet she'll hold it over a man, by Jingo. Who commands an army corps?"

"Did you hunt while you were in the East?" "Not much, except with a belovéd well charged with Persian powder."

Willy Weakly—Caw'n't you find anything that will occupy my mind? Doctor—Sir, the possibilities of microscopy are limitless.

Johnny Muggs—Pop, get me a bicycle, won't you? Pop—Hain't got no money to waste that way. Johnny—Well, git me a bulldog wot I kin train to bite other fellers wot's got bicycles.

"I wish you wouldn't be asking me for money all the time," growled the husband. "I'm not, Hain't got no money to waste that way."

Wearly Smith—Don't I wish I was Jim Corbett, though? Tired Jones—What do you envy a bruiser for? "Hain't there? Read that! His wife buys anything he eats!"

Muggins—Some people are never satisfied to know that certain things are so, but are continually wanting to know the way and wherefore of it.

"I was surprised when I heard that Grabrook had joined the church." "I wasn't! I happened to be present when he and his business partner shook dice to see which member of the firm should join."—Indianapolis Journal.

Curious old man—What brought you to your present desolate condition? "Trampy (indignantly)—No, sir! Yer see, I was a borned lawyer, but me parents unfortunately called me after George Washington an' I can't git no clients."

Officer—What are yer standin' here in the rain for? Convivial Party—I live two blocks up on the street. Officer—Well, why don't you go home, then? Convivial Party (in deep disgust)—What yer take me for—think I'm goin' walk all thatt distance in thiah hard rain?—Puck.

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THE BROWN PAINT COMPANY. HEADQUARTERS FOR PAINTS, OILS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, GLASS. Contracts taken for Painting and Decorating. We make a specialty of.

THE BROWN PAINT CO., (H. A. BROWN, Manager) Cor. State and Bradley Street, NEW LONDON, CONN. Call and inspect our new line of Horse Blankets and Robes.

FURNITURE. A. R. DeWOLF, DEALER IN Lumber and Building Material. Builders' Hardware, Paints, White Lead and Oil, Windows, Doors, etc.

J. L. RAUB, Gunsmith. Buy Your Guns Now! Never Cheaper Nor Better! I have over two tons of ammunition, consisting of Loaded Shells of all regular sizes.

Fine Pianos. Do you want to buy or rent an Instrument? Sewing Machines. I can furnish the best at lowest rates.

School Shoes. Here Are Some Notable Values in School Shoes. These shoes are the best values ever offered for the money.

E. H. WHEELER, No. 5 Main St., NEW LONDON. A few of those Women's Kid Button at 75c still left.

The New Idea Pattern. Ladies' Wrapper. A Perfect Fitting Pattern for Only 10 Cents.

Niantic House. Niantic, Conn. Open all the year. Special attention travelers receive.

Job Printing. If so send your orders to THE NEWS' OFFICE.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Disease is often cured by ocean travel. When a person is hysterical often times a portion of the body has absolutely no feeling.

Species of snakes that are enemies of one another in captivity will coil up into their winter sleep in the same bundle.

Sanctorius, an Italian physiologist, estimates that five-eighths of all the solid and liquid food taken are exhaled by the skin.

The liver secretes a kind of animal sugar. In the hepatic tissue this has been found in the proportion of two parts in a thousand.

Blind persons acquire so great a delicacy of touch at the tips of their fingers that they may really be said to see with their hands.

Lieutenant Boreier, of the French Navy, has invented a compass which does away with a steersman, as the compass steers the vessel itself.

Involuntary muscles are generally pale or nearly white, and are composed of cells or granules about 1-3000th part of an inch in diameter.

Professor John Milne, one of the greatest living authorities on earthquakes, says it is not likely that they ever result from electrical disturbances.

The tensile strength of wrought iron rods varies as the square of the diameter. A one-inch rod will support 7000 pounds and a two-inch rod 28,000 pounds.

Seasoned timber is but little liable to decay under the influence of a dry atmosphere and will resist decomposition for an indefinite period when kept totally submerged in water.

Berlin naturalists are interested over the arrival in the Zoological Garden of three Damara ostriches from South Africa, a species said to have never before been seen in Europe.

Maxim's semi-flying machine, or aeroplane, traveled a distance of 500 feet clear of the track provided for it, and then, lifting the car off the track, landed it and smashed it in a field.

The scientists have decided that the average workman requires daily in his food not less than four ounces of protein, two ounces of fat and sixteen ounces of the carb-hydrates.

A Valorous Bull. The passengers on the express train of the Colorado Midland had a narrow escape the other day. The train was speeding along some eight miles from Colorado Springs, when it came upon a large herd of cattle on the track.

The whistle shrieked forth its warning, and the timorous cows and calves fled every direction, but the old bull, monarch of the herd, turned to defiance, putting down the train as it came down the track at a running pace.

The Professional Touches. A Scotchman went to the lawyer for advice, and detailed the circumstances of the case. "Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, ay, ser!" replied he. "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth. Ye can put the lies into it yourself."—Milwaukee Times.

The orphan and foundling refugees of France have accommodations for 16,700 children, the asylums for 79,500 aged and infirm persons.

Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation Free. Laboratory Birmingham, N. Y.

ABOUT the only European monarch whose life is not insured is the Czar of Russia.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remediation.

The Three Sanative Principles. Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Fig, is a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as a medicine, are permanently injurious.

Dr. Hazzell's Cervical Creep Cure will check an ugly cough at once and prevent its returning to the throat. 50 Cts. A. P. Hazzell, Buffalo, N. Y., M. F. R.

Don't Whine and Cough when Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will cure. It's the only cough medicine that cures. It's the only cough medicine that cures. It's the only cough medicine that cures.

Halle's Cough Cure, the Great Blood Purifier, cures all coughs, cures the throat, and cures the lungs. It's the only cough medicine that cures. It's the only cough medicine that cures. It's the only cough medicine that cures.

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UNCLE SAM'S MONEY

HOW HE MAKES, ISSUES AND CANCELS CURRENCY.

Over \$900,000,000 of His Paper Always Outstanding—Its Manufacture, Checks and Safeguards, and Final Destruction.

MAURICE L. MUEHLEMAN, cashier of the Sub-Treasury, is an expert on Uncle Sam and his money matters.

Mr. Muehleman has been the chief, next below the Assistant Treasurers, in New York for years, and a Sun reporter asked him the other day for an interview as to all the wrinkles as to how our money is made, how much has been issued in a given time, and all of the details of the money-making machine of the United States Government.

Mr. Muehleman replied: "I observe an article going the rounds of the papers relative to the issue and redemption of Bank of England notes. The number of notes cancelled daily is given at 50,000, and it is regarded as quite a large figure.

But Uncle Sam, in the management of his paper money, cancels a good many more notes daily. It is quite probable that the number of notes destroyed daily has reached 900,000, since the average during 1893 was over 190,000, estimating 300 working days to the year.

Our office here in New York alone has sent to Washington as high as 170,000 notes in one day. Of course these notes are replaced by a like or larger number, and so the issue department handles an equal amount of notes.

Under the fiscal year 1894 the number of notes of all kinds issued amounted to over \$6,000,000, of an aggregate value of \$44,000,000. To accomplish this tremendous issue of paper and its redemption when it has done its work among the people requires the labor of many hands and the exercise of great care.

First the paper, like that of the Bank of England note, is of a special kind, and made only for the Government, at the mills of Crane & Co., Pittsfield, Mass. Only clean linen rags are used, and the distinctive fibre is put in as it is made.

For a while this fibre was not used, but it was found advisable to have it restored. A Government representative is stationed at the mill and sees that no paper of this kind is made except for the United States; to do this he has, of course, full supervision. The paper is turned out in sheets of a size to permit the printing of four notes on each.

About 14,000,000 sheets were, therefore, required in the past fiscal year. These are forwarded after count from the mill to the Treasury Department, where they are counted and from time to time delivered to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where the notes are printed from plates kept in the vaults.

The Treasurer of the United States estimates from time to time what denominations and amounts of notes he needs, and the Comptroller of the Currency does the same for the notes of national banks. The paper is then issued to the printers, who receipt for the number of sheets and the plates they are to use.

"From this point onward the sheet begins to be treated somewhat as if it were actually money. The printing register contains an automatic numerical register recording the number of notes printed. A strict count is kept as the sheets pass through the various stages of wetting down, back printing, drying, face printing, pressing, numbering, and delivery to the Treasurer's office, where finally the seal of the Treasury is placed upon the notes, and the four notes are separated, arranged numerically, and put up in packets of 100 notes, these in bundles of 1000, and shipping packages of 4000 notes.

"A general record by the numbers of the notes is kept, showing to which Treasury office or bank they are first issued; but no record of redemptions by numbers is kept, excepting in the case of redemption of fragments.

"The Bureau of Engraving and Printing employs about 1850 people, but a large part of this force is employed on the work of printing internal revenue stamps. It is estimated that the cost of printing notes and stamps is \$25 per 1000 sheets, say two and one-half cents a sheet; for notes the expense is considerably above this, as stamps are printed on only one side. Probably notes cost from four to five cents a sheet, or about one cent apiece.

"The national bank notes are delivered to the Comptroller of the Currency, who turns them over to the banks for signature by the officers and issue. The Government notes when shipped to a Sub-Treasury are paid out in exchange for larger ones or for Government payments; and, when they have become defaced or torn they generally find their way into banks from which the great bulk of old notes are received for redemption.

"As might be inferred, the handling of such a large volume of money is circumscribed by a great many checks and safeguards. The notes when finished are packed and placed in a large vault and held 'in reserve' each kind and denomination being stored separately and packages properly labeled and arranged according to the numbers of the notes. It is desirable that the notes be 'seasoned' six or eight weeks to permit the ink to dry thoroughly. Well-seasoned notes last longer under the same amount of wear and tear than those issued at once.

Of course an accurate record is continually kept of the stock on hand. The daily deliveries by the Printing Bureau and the withdrawals for issue are supervised by the officers representing the several offices interested.

Dr. Wallace, a character well known in New Mexico and Arizona, who has been living in the wilderness of that country for several years past to escape death from consumption, has lately returned within reach of civilization, and tells of some wonderful old ruins which he discovered in the wilderness. They are in canon Chaco, in the north-eastern part of New Mexico. Says he: "I have visited hundreds of ruins in Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, but never saw anything approaching this one in size. The building is of elongated circular form, and stands at the bottom of the canon. The architect made careful measurements, and we took a number of photographs of the ruins. According to the architect, the structure was originally seven stories high and contained 1200 to 1400 rooms. At the bottom we found a number of underground rooms, which are supposed to have been places for holding secret meetings. The building is yet five or six stories high in places and is in a remarkable state of preservation. It will well repay a most careful inspection by scientists, as it is perhaps the largest single ruin to be found on the continent." Dr. Wallace says that he made a long search but failed completely in locating the burying ground of the strange people who lived in the canon. From experience in finding the graves of the extinct race, he is certain that the people were not cremationists and a rich find of pottery and Aztec jewelry will be made some day in the canon. His theory is that the people buried their dead in ovens of the cliffs and sealed up the entrances so skillfully as to avoid detection. He estimates that a city of 80,000 inhabitants centuries ago occupied the great building and its immediate vicinity.—New Orleans Picayune.

An Old Boundary Stone. The old marble monument which has stood on the sea coast near Tia Juna since 1849, marking the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, is in the city undergoing a redressing, to remove the evidence of the work of the relic-hunters, who have chipped the monument until it is almost unrecognizable, says the San Diego (Cal.) Union. After being cut down about two inches all around, it will be relettered and set up again, with a fence of steel pickets around it. The pickets will have sharp points sticking in like a shark's teeth, and the relic-hunter getting in will be likely to stay until some officer can catch him and send him to the penitentiary, as the new statutes provide.

Strictly Business. Food Father—"Mr. Montall has asked me for your hand. Do you want to accept him? He says his adoration for you is unlimited."

Dutiful Daughter—"Very good, papa; but how is his credit?"—New York Herald.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD

DEES AND FRUIT.

Because honey bees sting, people who don't like them and are disliked by them often accuse them of sundry misdoings. Among these it is claimed that bees will sometimes injure ripe fruit. To determine whether this accusation is deserved or not an experiment was tried. A quantity of damaged fruit was placed on a table in the open air, and many bees from neighboring hives were quickly attracted to it. After they had gotten fairly to work upon it the damaged fruit was removed and sound fruit put in its place. In a few minutes the bees had all abandoned the table. Most of the damage charged to bees is done by birds, ants, wasps and hornets, but the honey bee is not able to injure sound fruit.—Courier-Journal.

COLON OF HORSES. "A great deal of importance is attached by expert horse buyers to the color of horses, particularly with regard to their legs," said a Western stockman. "The best horses I have ever known had their feet and legs marked with white. It is proverbial that sorrel and chestnut horses with white upon their legs are good natured, while horses of the same color without a dash of white are often found to be unsafe animals. Many people think that the parti-colored horses belonging to circuses are selected for their oddity, but they are really chosen on account of their gentleness and docility. It is said that a black horse cannot stand the heat, and white horses have been pronounced as unsuited to cold. The physiognomy of horses is also much regarded. If he is full and broad between the eyes, he is supposed to have superior sense and to be easily trained, but if he has a sharp, narrow face, he is careful how much you trust him."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

COLORING BUTTER. There is no deceit or dishonesty in coloring butter, any more than in dyeing silks or woolen cloths to suit the fancy or taste of the purchaser. If people like yellow butter, and they seem to do so, it is a perfectly proper act to supply them with the "painted" butter, as it is sometimes called. It is a mistake to think that the butter of a Jersey cow is always of the high color believed to be a special attribute of these cows. The butter made on fresh grass is the standard color of the best quality, but most of the Jersey butter is colored, even in the summer. A really good cow, however, will yield yellow butter in the winter, when fed on clover hay and corn meal, while corn fodder and bran or oats will give a lighter shade. The best dairymen color their butter, and that at the Chicago test was colored, but it seems a farce that the color of the butter made was counted at ten points in the scale of excellence, when it was artificial. The true test should have been butter uncolored, and this would have been really a test of the animals. The Guernsey cows notably made the best colored butter at Chicago.—New York Times.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Sheep thrive best in a pasture infested with moles, because of the better drainage of the land.

Wax beans may be planted even as late as this month, and will give a supply, if frost does not appear too early in the fall.

Cut back the young raspberry canes when they are three feet high and they will have stronger branches than if cut back when full grown.

For the squash vine borer there is no certain remedy, but for the squash bug use Scotch snuff three parts and insect powder one part, well mixed, and dust the mixture on and around the vines.

The advice of a practical dairyman is to milk a cow with her first and second calves until, at least, within two months of when she is expected to calve; this is the surest and best way of making a persistent milker.

Here is a well tried fly remedy: Mix three quarts of train oil, one quart crude petroleum and one ounce carbolic acid. Apply to the animal with a sponge. An application once in five days will give very satisfactory results.

One dairymen has reached the conclusion that no self-respecting cow will pay more for her feed and care than it is worth. Her milk is her capital, and if you get it you must pay for it, and you get what you pay for and no more.

If short of pasture or fodder or both, sow some rye or oats for fall feed. If an open winter a good field of rye will furnish much feed all winter. If not desired for a grain crop it may be turned under in the spring and corn planted.

Many farmers in the drought-stricken regions are cutting the ruined corn with their harvesters. This is expected to make better feed than ordinary wild hay. The bundles should be well cured in the shock, then stacked in narrow racks near the feeding place.

ROTTEN. Salsify Salad.—Boil the salsify until perfectly tender, drain it out and cut into lengths. Put it on a dish, and pour over it any simple salad dressing, or toss it up lightly with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper and chopped raviolets. Garnish as fancy dictates. Time to boil the salsify, one hour.

Rhubarb Pudding.—Butter a baking dish thickly and cover the bottom with slices of butter bread. Cover with rhubarb cut in short pieces. Sprinkle lightly with sugar, and then put on another layer of bread and butter and proceed thus until the dish is full. Cover closely and bake an hour and a half. Remove cover and brown. Serve with sweet sauce.

Frangipani Tart.—Pound eight macaroons fine; pour sufficient boiling milk over them to form a light batter; add six well-beaten eggs, sweeten a little, pour into a saucepan and stir over the fire until it thickens; add a quarter of a cupful of butter and one teaspoonful of orange extract; or the juice of one orange; line a dish with pastry, add the mixture and bake twenty minutes; just before serving sift powdered sugar over it.

Egg Lemonade.—Separate the whites and yolks of four eggs. Beat the whites and yolks separately until light. Dissolve one cup of sugar in one pint of boiling water and add to the juice of four good-sized lemons. Now turn into about one quart of grated ice, enough to chill it quickly. Stir the yolks of the eggs into the whites, turn them into a pitcher and pour in, at a good height, the lemonade. Pour the mixture from one pitcher to another for a moment, then serve.

Whales in the White Sea. Just about the Arctic circle the whales began to increase in number, and from here until well round the North Cape we frequently saw them blowing. I do not suppose any but an experienced whaler can pronounce upon the species to which a whale belongs unless seen very close. For the most part you only see away in the offing a jet of condensed vapor rising some six or seven feet high, as it seems, when the creature comes to the top and blows. The whalebone whale—the "right" whale—Balaena mysticetus—has now been driven northward of these seas.

Very different is the modern whaler from the craft of a few years back. With her electric lights flashing from the masthead she is quite a pretty sight at night. Her gunpowder harpoons are, too, far more certain than the old hand-thrown harpoon. Yet in a measure they defeat themselves; at least, so the sailors say. It seems that the constant harrying which the whales receive from the fast modern steamers, joined to the noise made by the guns, is largely responsible for the driving away of the whales.

I must tell you one thing, though, for it is rather funny. I always spend a good deal of my time on a ship leaning over the forecastle peak. It is a capital place for observation, as from it you see many birds—divers, for example—before they have taken alarm at the approach of the vessel. Standing there one morning suddenly a fine whale rose right under the bow of the boat. I really thought we must strike it, it was so very close. However, the whale saved himself, rolling slowly down headmost just in time.

His huge back was clean out of the water; it was green, I noticed—just the green of turtle fat. But now for the point. One of the men was standing by me doing something to the anchor chain. As I looked up at him he stood there as if paralyzed—the queerest expression on his face. "What's the matter?" I asked him; "did you see that whale?" "Was that 'ere a whale, sir?" he said, with intense relief; "well, I am blast, I says to myself, I says: 'Mussy! we're running aground!'"—Longman's Magazine.

A Quick-Witted Pupil. Once, during the school-days of the new President of the French Republic, his professor in geography asked him: "Perier, give us the exact position and indicate the latitude of the Gambier group." Casimir-Perier crossed his arms tightly upon his chest, looking very perplexed. One of his neighbors whispered to him a wrong answer; whereupon the professor gave him the exact position of this little group, which belongs to the more important French establishments of Tahiti, and, after a short pause, and with a little point of irony, said: "You ought to know that, Perier, because it is thanks to your grandfather that France acquired the ascendancy in these parts of the world; it was through his efforts and entreaties that the dusky queen of these islands was induced to come to France; and the men of my generation still remember the comical songs which celebrated the event." Perier blushed considerably; but, holding his head still higher, answered the professor with his quick and peculiar diction: "I will most certainly go over this lesson again and try to be more proficient at the next lecture; but, so far as the deeds of my grandfather go, they are so numerous that I am not old enough yet to know them all."—Argonaut.

A Mound Builder's Skeleton. Workmen under Professor Morehead, who is making archeological researches into the Ambos mound near Columbus, Ohio, have discovered a skeleton in a fair state of preservation. The skull and teeth are intact, and their formation indicates the ancient Indian or mound builder. It is one of the oldest skeletons yet found. The skeleton frame was doubled up with the head toward the south. Mr. Morehead covered the skull with shell lac to harden the bone. The bones when found were covered with bowlders from the river bed. A number of flints and spear heads were found near by. Some of the flints were said to be from Licking County and others from Western Kentucky.—New York Press.

Leaves in antiquity were flat, and so prepared that there was no necessity of cutting them. From this fact arises the expression "to break bread."

LADIES' COLUMN

TEACHERS' SALARIES.

At present the average monthly salary paid female teachers in the public schools of the United States is \$36.65, while that allowed to male teachers is \$44.89. Taking an individual State, New Jersey, for instance, the salaries of the female teachers average \$48.63 per month, against \$76.02 paid to male teachers. The School Board of St. Paul has abolished the distinction of sex in the matter of salary. Hereafter remuneration will be regulated wholly by capacity and efficiency. While St. Paul bears the palm in this respect, San Francisco pays her teachers higher salaries on an average than any other city in the country, the maximum salary of primary teachers being \$960 a year.—New York Journal.

BIBS AND FICHUS. There was never a time when so many odd and fanciful little bibs and fichus and scarfs of lace were used for brightening up plain gowns and transforming a low gown into a high one at short notice. The prettiest of the yokes are made of black chiffon, with chiffon ruffles and jet fringe for a finish to the lower edge. The daintiest scarfs are of Liberty tissue in the odd art colors for which the English tissues are noted. These are long and broad, to be tied in big, fluffy bows inside a coat collar. Yokes of pale and dresy colors, collars of velvet, with a bit of white lace, are effective and economical garnitures for plain gowns to make them smart and gay enough for evening wear. New wrist frills for the long leg-o'-mutton sleeves are made of a square of cloth about seven inches each way, with the corners rounded off and a hole cut in the middle for the hand. It is made double and stitched to the sleeve without fullness. If the dress is of two materials, the inside of the frill is of the contrasting color, the outside of the material like the sleeve.—New York Advertiser.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN IN KOREA. One of the best known of the British subjects in Korea at the present time is Mrs. Isabella Bishop, the woman explorer. She left England some time ago, in pursuance of a long cherished project of exploring the Hermit Kingdom. She is traveling alone, and from letters she has written, it appears that she is finding her stay among the Koreans anything but pleasant. She ascended one of the principal rivers in a native sampan, flat-bottomed and drawing when fully loaded only four inches of water, and on this primitive home she lived for a month. She found the interpreter difficult almost insurmountable, and another great problem was how to transport sufficient currency to enable her to pay her way. More than 800 "cash" go to the half-dollar, and \$12 worth was a full load for a pony. As to the Koreans themselves, they are, Mrs. Bishop reports, the most unattractive savages she has ever encountered, and their rudeness and curiosity surpassed anything she had formerly experienced. She pronounces them entirely untrustworthy and lacking in anything like stability of character.—New Orleans Picayune.

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