# The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor. "INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL." Price Two Cents.

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Over forty suicides were traced directly to baseball last season, and it is believed, asserts the *Detroit Free Press*, that this number can be improved on this year.

The United States has fourteen railroad accidents to every one in Germany. In that country a man's carelessness is punished with a sentence to State Prison.

The Chilian Government has advertised in this country for proposals for the construction of 800 miles of railroad in Chili at an approximate cost of $17,000,000.

The New Haven *News* furnishes figures to prove that the bean crop of this country has failed once in seven years, and advises some genius to invent a substitute.

The French newspaper that pictures an "American gang" fomenting a war between France and Germany to make a market for American products pays a high compliment to American enterprise.

There is a British officer in the Indian army who has killed sixty-four tigers in the last four years and received no particular credit for it as he has disposed of the skins for an average of $20 each.

It is against the law in countries with a monarchical government to put the names of royal persons in a city directory.

The New York *Herald* has discovered, by interviewing fifty Mayors of as many cities, and then by interviewing prominent citizens in each place, that only two of them are popular with the majority.

Chicago has had seven of the National Conventions of the two great political parties, Cincinnati four, Philadelphia two and St. Louis two. New York, Baltimore and Charleston have had one each.

August Burkhart, of St. Louis, has immortalized himself, according to the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. He was drawing a pension of $8 a month for several years, and the other day wrote to the pension agent requesting that his name be stricken from the rolls, as he is now perfectly cured and no longer needs the assistance of the government.

The American hog, which is found to be entirely wholesome and satisfactory to American stomachs, patriotically remarks the Chicago *Times*, does not stand well in the estimation of the effete civilization of the old world. Denmark has joined in the crusade against him, the Government having issued a decree prohibiting the importation of our pork products in any form.

It may be interesting to our readers to learn that every man when he takes up his cards at a game of whist holds one out of 635,013,559,600 possible hands. As for the total number of variations possible among all the players, it is so enormous as almost to exceed belief. Mr. Bobbs calculated that if 1,000,000 men were to be engaged dealing cards at the rate of one deal each minute day and night for 100,000,000 years, they would not then have exhausted all the possible variations of the cards, but only 100,000th part of them.

Owing to the increase of sickness, thought to be due to impure food and poisonous liquors, the Municipal Council of Lima (Peru) ordered an analysis to be made of 245 different articles purchased from almost as many stores. The result showed that 86 were counterfeits and 12 were dangerous to health, 21 were adulterated or were not what they were sold for, 18 were decomposing or so changed as to be unfit for consumption, 46 were impure but not positively dangerous, 32 were imitations fairly passable, while only 32 were really good.

The Chicago *Herald* makes the statement that in 1860 there was not a factory child in all America. In 1880 necessity had dragged 111,000 children out of the schools and for no crime but poverty sentenced them to such lives of underpay and overwork as the ignorant must lead among the better educated. In 1880, 182,000 were sacrificed to the modern Moloch. At the same ratio, 1890 will show an army twice as great as the population of Delaware, 290,000 children educated in the school of the factory, brutified by the bosses, demoralized by incessant labor and contaminated by association without moral restraint!

The *Popular Science Monthly* says that the most extensive forest plantations in the United States, mentioned in the "Report" of the Division of Forestry, are those of the Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad, and of Mr. Hunnewell, near Farlington, Kan., of about 640 acres each, Mr. Burnett Landreth's plantation, of 300 acres, in Virginia; those of the Messrs. Fay and others, along the sea coast of New England, and some of considerable extent in Southern California. Small groves abound in the prairie States, and are found less frequently in the Eastern States, notably in New England. In the aggregate these plantations must amount to a considerable area. Forest commissions or bureaus have been instituted in New York, California, Ohio and Colorado.

### A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

Our orchards laugh with their bloom run over,
A flashing wing like a sail cuts the air;
There's a faint red ripple of sweet-topped clover,
And a liquid note
From a song-bird's throat,
And a dew-drop shine in the morning fair.

There's a plume and flutter of wings that wave,
A fine soft murmur steals through the grass;
A myriad insects hum and quaver,
And toss to and fro
As the wood-nymphs go,
The young brakes curl where their foot-steps pass.

The morns are rich with the hues of roses,
The wine of the winds flows full and free;
When the sun drops down and the daylight closes
We hear the beat
Of the fairies' feet,
As they hang the wands of the willow-tree.

Now Phyllis starts in the morning early,
With her shining bucket and milking-stool;
While her strong hands urge the white stream pearly
She eyes the gate
For a comer late,
Who saunters down in the shadows cool;

Who, sauntering, whistles an idle measure,
Then clears with a bound the brown rails top.
Her eyes shine bright with a greeting pleasure,
But the dun cow's gaze
Is of mild amaze,
When the pearly stream and the whistling stop.

Ah, spring's but once in the year's procession;
She comes with glee and a laughing grace
That wins our hearts in a full possession;
We too are gay
When she smiles this way,
And care slips off when we see her face.
—*Ethel I. Thomson, in Harper's Weekly*

## A BOTTLE OF OIL.

BY H. D. WALDRON.

Wishing to take the night train at the small station of B——, and having nothing to employ my attention about the village, I went early to the station, and was ushered into the waiting-room by the watchman, a stout, good-natured-looking man in the prime of life, who wore, pinned across his breast, an empty sleeve.

As I had an hour or more of leisure before my train would arrive, I passed the time chatting with the watchman, and he told me the story of the adventure in which he lost his arm. I repeat his narrative as nearly as possible in his own words.

Before I was intrusted with the night duties of this station I formed one of a crew of three section men, who had in charge seven miles of track upon our road, some three hundred miles west of here, in the roughest and most lawless part of the Territory.

Our duties were to keep in thorough order the track upon our section, and we were held responsible to the company for anything that would endanger or delay the trains while upon it.

Our section began at Summit Station and ran east seven miles. Thence to Brewster's, the next station east of Summit, and fifteen miles distant from it, was another section eight miles long.

The night duty of a section hand is not pleasant. In rain or shine, snow or sleet, the section must be patrolled by one man—who employs in good weather a light hand car for the purpose—ahead of our Overland Pullman train. This train passed over our section at midnight, and our departure was timed so as to inspect the track immediately ahead of it.

So, taking turns at that duty, we started from Summit at ten o'clock sharp and usually arrived at the "half-way house" about ten minutes ahead of the train. Here we met one of the men from the section east of us, who had started about the same time, and for the same purpose. You see the precaution taken by all well managed roads for the safety of its patrons.

How many of the passengers on the Overland to-night know, or knowing, give a thought to the men who, since darkness settled upon them, have been plunging through the snow—for hand-cars are useless in such weather as this—swinging their lanterns from side to side, examining carefully every cut for fear of falling rocks, every bridge for broken rails, thus enabling them to ride in safety.

As I said before, the men from each section having patrolled fifteen miles of track, meet at a little shanty situated beside the track, just large enough to hold a small stove and a few necessary supplies, and allow the men to enter. Here they stay until the train comes in sight; then outside, and display their two white lights, that the engineer may know all is well. Failure to do this would result in a report to headquarters, and possibly in discharge from the service.

One night it came my turn to run the section. Before starting, it occurred to me that our supply of lantern oil at the half-way house was low, so I procured and filled a quart bottle of lard oil, the kind which is used for the purpose, put it into the inside pocket of my heavy coat, buttoned it snugly about me, and started.

It was a stormy summer's night, as black as ink. My car ran smoothly over the rails, and soon I had traveled about half the distance, and arrived at a bridge crossing Snake River. Here I dismounted from the car, and pushing it ahead of me as I passed, I gave the structure a careful examination, found everything all right, and was about mounting my car again, when I received a violent blow upon the head which stretched me senseless upon the rails.

Recovering consciousness after a few moments, I found myself bound, gagged and lying but a few feet from a gang of masked men, whom I saw, as well as the darkness would permit, at work with bars removing one of the rails just at the entrance of the bridge.

Train wreckers! I had heard a great deal about the desperate character of these ruffians, but was now making my first acquaintance with them.

As they worked they discussed the situation, and how they should dispose of me.

"I tell yer, Sam!" one big fellow exclaimed. "Best way is to tie him across the rails, and let 'em finish him."

"Yes, that's so!" echoed the party. "Dead men tell no tales, and he may have seen our faces."

"I won't listen to such a plan," said one who seemed to exercise some influence over them. "We shall have enough to answer for before this job is finished without killing him. How this nail sticks!" he added, with an oath. "The man who drove these spikes must have meant 'em to stay. Come, mates! He is safe enough, and if we mean business, we must be lively. The train will be here in twenty minutes, and we have no time to lose," and at the rail they all sprang with a will.

Twenty minutes! What could I hope to do to save the train in my condition, with so short a time?

The thought of the terrible wreck which must result if the derailed train struck the bridge made me desperate. Straining at the cords which bound my wrists, I fancied they gave way a little. I remembered the trick of the necromancers who free themselves from their bonds by alternately contracting and expanding their muscles, and I lay in silence, working in a perfect frenzy of excitement until I was able to free my hands. In an instant my knife was out of my pocket, and my feet free.

Without waiting to free myself from the gag, I sprang to my feet, and, at the top of my speed, started down the track in the direction of the approaching train. With a yell which told me I was discovered, the whole gang started in pursuit; but I had some little start of them, and bounded along the ties, bent upon stopping the train at any cost.

In the inky blackness of the night pursuit was difficult. Soon pop! pop! pop! from the revolvers of the gang. They were firing down the track, in the hope of stopping me with a bullet.

As the gag, which I had not removed, hindered my breathing, I was forced to stop for a moment to cut it away. While so engaged, there came a second volley, this time more successful. I was struck in the left arm midway between wrist and elbow. I should have fainted from the shock, together with the rough usage I had previously undergone, but for my determination to keep up.

"Brace up!" I called, as if addressing a companion. "No time for such foolishness now, Tom. Remember the train!"

This I said aloud to myself, for the solitary work of my nightly rounds had given me the habit of talking to myself, for want of another companion.

Setting my teeth hard, I overcame the faintness, staggered to my feet and ran on. I soon noticed that the pursuit had ceased. Either the train robbers thought I was done for, or they had returned to their unfinished work, trusting I should be unable to stop the train.

And now it flashed upon my mind for the first time. How could I accomplish it? Light I had none—my lantern was with the wreckers.

While I was thus deliberating, still running on as fast as my condition would permit, instinctively I felt in my pocket for matches. Ah, the oil! Why had I not thought of that before? Of course! "Of course the oil will stop them, Tom. Spread it on the rails. Their old seventy-ton locomotive can't get no grip on that iron. Smear it thick, cover it well, rub it on with your palm, so—both rails, don't neglect an inch of either. For life, Tom! for life. Think of the men, women and little children upon the train!"

I worked with the desperation of a drowning man. Upon my knees, the bottle under my disabled arm, pouring the oil, by an inclination of my body, into my right hand, and spreading it upon the rails.

In ten minutes the quart of oil was exhausted, and as a result I had both rails for quite a distance very well covered with it.

I had worked backward from the approaching train, and now rose to my feet at the end of my labor and at the terminus of the greased rails.

The train was coming.

Already the rails were singing with vibration as the heavy train approached. Here they come. How awful the sight of a big locomotive, coming straight toward one upon a dark midnight! The great, round eye of the head-light streaming out into the darkness, the roar of the exhaust, the hiss of the steam through the cylinders, together with the rush and roar of the train, make up a terrifying though magnificent sight.

I stood upon the track, waving my hands, far enough away to spring from it before the train could reach me, but so that the head-light would shine upon me, and I could be seen by the engineer. "Now for it," I thought. She strikes the oil—the big, seven-foot driving-wheels spin round as though the engine had been lifted in the air.

Friction, the propelling influence is gone now. She slackens speed. I could see the engineer plainly.

In my excitement I screamed as loud as possible, in vain protest to the engineer, who was pulling the lever which sands the rails.

Shouting is of no avail, they could not hear me.

Had there been sufficient up-grade there the oil would have stopped them quite. As it was, the inertia of the cars composing the train was able to push the engine over, sliding the wheels.

But one resource was left, and I thought of it just in time. I stepped as close to the rails as I dared, and with all my strength hurled the empty bottle at the head light. It struck the glass and shattered it to splinters, and the light instantly went out.

Then came the welcome signal from the whistle for brakes, and I sank down unconscious.

When I recovered, a moment sufficed to tell the story, and, proceeding slowly, we soon came to the scene of the trouble. The rail had been removed and was lying beside the track; but, of course, the would-be wreckers had seen by our careful approach that their plan was spoiled and had decamped.

With the tools always carried upon a train for such purposes, we soon replaced the rail and proceeded.

I was carried to the company's hospital at S——, where skilful surgeons did the best they could for me, but it was found necessary to remove my arm, as you see. And the company thought it best, to avoid my meeting with possible harm from the gang I had foiled, to transfer me to this point.

Now it is time for me to light up the station, for your train will soon be here. A pleasant journey to you, sir, and no mishaps. Good-night.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Making Paper Boxes.

Wonderful is the paper-box making machine that an inventor has just put into running order at a paper box factory in Auburn, Maine. The operator feeds in at one end of the box-maker a squared piece of card board, and in less than three seconds out it comes at the other end, made up into a neat box, the corners neatly framed together and firmly sealed. It promises to revolutionize the paper-box making industry.

In the machine are 500 pieces, and when in operation there are fifty distinct motions, each of which is dependent upon itself, there being no springs about it whatever. It has a capacity of turning out over twenty boxes per minute, from the time the board enters the feeder to the time it is delivered to the first floor above. The machine can easily be adjusted to nearly any size of a pasteboard box. The smallest box that can at present be made is 2½x6 inches, and the largest 8x18 inches. The depth of the box must be under six inches.

The operator starts the machine and takes his station at the back, seated upon a high stool. First he takes about five hundred pieces of pasteboard, of perhaps 3x6 inches. One-half of these he puts in at one side of the box-shaped mold, and the other half at the other side. Then he takes the flat squared sheet of pasteboard, that has been properly fitted, and lays it on the machine table, in a position where the feed roller will drag it into the machine, over the mold. The wheels then start simultaneously, and while one part of the machine is doing its work, another branch, further on, is getting ready to take a turn at the box.

After the pasteboard has been drawn in by the feeders, they at once are elevated out of the way, and the part called the "plunger" comes down and drives the pasteboard, which lies flat over the mold down toward the bottom of the machine. At this stage of the work the sides of the box are formed, and also about a half inch on the end of the sides and bottom is turned up and pasted as the plunger forces it down past the paste rolls. Then comes the end pieces, which are drawn into position by a chain passing under them with a weight attached, so that when two end pieces slip down into the box-mold, the chain urges the rest forward to be in readiness for the next box.

Then, from behind, as it were like a mighty wave, the ends are pressed by the action of the machine at a pressure of about a ton. After this is done, the plunger is raised, clearing itself, as it does other parts of the machinery, from the box, which drops below. Here a wide belt with cleats riveted to it carries the box to the rooms above. All this is done in less that three seconds, or 1200 boxes per hour and 12,000 a day.

The inventor has in view a machine that will make the cover of the box also. This is the first time the machine has been operated in any factory whatever, and proves to be a grand success.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

### The Industries of the Metropolis.

"Some facts that I have learned from the canvass just closed," said a man who had been assisting in the compilation of the New York City Directory to a *World* reporter, "may be interesting as compared with those found in last year's directory. These facts were gleaned from the huge mass of unpublished material at my disposal, and will be found correct in every particular. The leading industry in point of numbers continues to be its saloons, of which the names of 7230 were given in last year's directory. The canvass just closed reveals the fact that 180 new ones have been started. Those who have a 'sweet tooth' will be glad to know that seventy confectioners have started shops, making the number now 1010. There are 893 retail drygoods stores to 780 last year, and the dressmakers have kept up with the procession by increasing their numbers from 1460 to 1690. The butchers and bakers have not been standing still, the former now having 2835 shops as compared with 2732 last year, and the bakers 1200 to 1312. We have now 3020 physicians to cure the ills that flesh is heir to, and 725 druggists to fill their prescriptions. Last year the numbers were respectively 2830 and 720. There are 792 restaurants, 372 hotels and 551 boarding-houses. New York is shaved at 1910 barber-shops, whereas a year ago 1820 sufficed, and it now takes 2112 tailors to clothe us, where before 2050 did the work. Our feet are attended to at 2762 shoe stores, where twelve months ago 2649 did it remarkably well. To teach the young idea there are 610 schools. The newspapers and periodicals have increased from 810 to 980. Of lawyers there are 4512, as compared with last year's 4350, and the grocers have prospered and multiplied from 4820 to 5102. Taken all in all, I think New York has a right to be satisfied with her growth since the close of the last directory year."

### An Unpolishable Diamond.

A remarkable diamond was exhibited at a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences by Mr. George F. Kuntz. It was a compound or multiple of crystal, containing a large number of twinnings. It is of the class termed "extreme durate" by the French. It had been cut into the general shape of a brilliant, and its main face or table was then placed on the polishing wheel. It was kept there for one hundred days, the wheel revolving at the rate of 2800 revolutions per minute. The diamond was held upon the rotating surface at a distance of about fifteen inches from the center. Based on these figures, a calculation showed that the surface passed over by the diamond amounted to 75,000 miles, or nearly three times the circumference of the earth. Yet it was all futile, as the stone would not acquire a polish. The ordinary weight placed on a diamond, while on the wheel, is from two and a quarter to two and a half pounds. This was increased by four and eight pounds without effect, and finally forty pounds were used. The wheel was badly damaged, the diamond plowing into it and throwing scintillations in all directions. The diamond, even under these conditions, could not be given a commercial polish. The wheel had to be replaced.—*Scientific American.*

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

An Unpleasant Coincidence—A Crying Evil—An Indefinite Postponement—Change of Diet.

Miss Caustic—"How persistent Mr. Speck is in his attentions to you, my dear."

Miss Sophy—"Isn't he, though! I really think he is not just right in his mind."

Miss C.—"How discerning you are, my dear. Exactly the same idea occurred to me."—*Judge.*

### A Crying Evil.

Omaha Man—"Been to the Women's Congress at Washington, eh? What is it for?"

Distinguished Female—"To remove the evils which cry aloud."

"Well, it's high time. For my part I can't see why any woman of sense should take a baby to the theatre, anyhow."—*Omaha World.*

### An Indefinite Postponement.

It was a beautiful moonlight night as they left the theatre, and he had resolved to put the important question without further delay, when she said:

"I think we had better take a street car, Mr. Sampson, rather than walk. We will get home so much quicker."

Then they took a street car, and he postponed the important question.—*Bazar.*

### Change of Diet.

Sea Captain (to shipwrecked sailor on raft).—"Ahoy, there!"

Sailor (feebly).—"Ahoy, ahoy!"

Sea Captain—"Are you the only one left?"

Sailor.—"Aye, aye, sir. I finished the last of Bill yesterday."

Sea Captain.—"Shiver me timbers, man! You've got ship biscuit enough there to last a month!"

Sailor.—"Aye, aye, sir; but a man gets tired of eatin' nothin' but ship biscuit."—*Life.*

### A Horse's Accomplishment.

Race horse—"What a hum-drum life you carriage horses lead. Why I am greeted by cheers wherever I appear, and my pedigree has been printed in all the papers."

Carriage horse—"Pooh! Any fool of a horse with long enough ears can run fast. My glory is not in my speed but in my brains."

"Brains, eh?"

"Yes, I've been driven by a women for five years, and haven't let her run me into anything yet."—*Omaha World.*

### "When Seen too Oft."

First Baby.—Fond young mother to proud young father—"Albert, dear, did you hear the sweet precious darling cry his dear little eyes out last night?"

Proud young father—"I thought I heard our angel twitter!"

Second Baby.—She—"Albert, you unfeeling wretch to hear that child screeching all night and never offer to take him!"

He—"Let the little demon howl!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Test of Affection.

Mr. Billington (earnestly)—"Ah, Miss Laura, would that there were something I might do, however difficult, to show the ardent affection—"

Miss Coolington—"There is; but I'm afraid you'll find it too hard."

Mr. Billington—"Oh, name it; I will be only too happy—"

Miss Coolington—"Well, just stop talking nonsense, please."—*Puck.*

### A Good Impression.

"Bobby," cautioned his mother, "the Bishop is to dine with us to-day, and you must be very quiet at the table. I want him to think that you are a good little boy."

Very much impressed, Bobby ate his dinner in silence, until his plate needed replenishing.

"Pa," he said, devoutly, "will you give me some more string beans, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Epoch.*

### A Bit of Bric-a-Brac.

"Young man," said a philanthropist to a very ragged and dirty little urchin, "why don't you go home and wash yourself?"

"Hain't got no chance."

"Doesn't your mother have soap and water?"

"We got water 'nuff an' one piece of soap that a gentlemen give me."

"Well, why don't you use it?"

"'Cause ma's keeping it on the parlor mantle-piece."—*Merchant Traveler.*

### The Man in the Moon.

"I could gaze at the moon for hours, Mr. Sampson," she said in a voice full of sweetness and pneumonia, "I never tire of it."

"Ah," he responded, "would that I were the man in it!"

"Yes," she assented softly.

"And why, Miss Clara?" he asked, getting ready to take her hand.

"Because, Mr. Sampson," she said, shyly veiling her eyes with their long lashes, "you would be four million miles away."—*The Epoch.*

### Uses of Lightning-Rods.

Noted Electrician—"I see you still have that old notion that a lightning-rod is a protection."

Nebraska Farmer—"I have."

"Well, of course, you don't keep up with the electrical progress of the age, and can't be expected——"

"I take half a dozen newspapers and three magazines, including the *Electrical Review*, sir."

"You do! Well, well! Now, sir, if that is the case, will you be kind enough to tell me what you think a lightning-rod on your house protects you from?"

"Lightning rod agents."—*Omaha World.*

### A Pleasant Habit.

Some people have a habit of assenting to everything said to them, without regard to rhyme or reason. "Oh, yes," "Certainly," "No, indeed," "Of course," "Yes, indeed," "You are quite right," and the like. Mrs. Hendricks is one of these pleasant people.

"I think," said Mrs. Hobson, who was making a call, "that little Miss Smith is one of the stupidest girls I ever met, and—"

"Isn't she," interrupted Mrs. Hendricks.

"And so plain—"

"Dreadfully!"

"Now I haven't very much beauty myself, but—"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Hendricks, cordially.—*Bazar.*

### Tested.

"Yes, darling," he said, in tones of deep tenderness, "I would do anything to show my love for you."

"Ah!" sighed the gentle maiden, "that's what all men say when they are striving to win a woman's heart."

"Put me to the proof," he exclaimed, in wild passionate tones, "put me to the proof, test me and see if I fail. Set me a task within the bounds of possibility, and it shall be performed."

"Ah!" she murmured, "if I could only believe you!"

"Put me to the test. Say to me do this or do that, and it shall be done."

"Then I will put you to the test."

"Ah," he exclaimed, exultantly, "you shall behold the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the circumference of my love! What is the test?"

The maiden dropped her snowy lids until the silken lashes rested on the peach bloom of her cheek, a slight smile dimpled the corners of her mouth, and bending over the youth who knelt at her feet, she whispered:

"Marry some other girl!"—*Boston Courier.*

### Oddities of Genius at Work.

Voltaire had in his room sometimes five desks, at which he pursued different tasks.

The great Romancer, Balzac, after a frugal dinner at six or seven o'clock, was called at midnight, when he took a cup of black coffee, or green rather, and extremely strong, and worked till noon.

Pitt never ate but at his own table, which was frugal; only when he had some important affair to discuss he took a little port wine with a spoonful of Peruvian bark.

Addison speaks of an advocate who would never plead a case without having his hand to the end of a thread drawn tightly around one of his thumbs all the time his speech lasted. The wags said it was the thread of his discourse.

Dr. Shapman relates that a celebrated advocate, of London, always applied a blister to his arm whenever he had an important case to plead.

The historian, Mezeray, would work only with a candle, even at midday and midsummer. He never failed to wait on his visitors, even to the street, with a candle in his hand.

Bossuet worked in a cold room, with his head warmly enveloped.

It is said that Schiller, before composing, put his feet in cold water.

Guido Reno, painted with much pomp. He dressed himself magnificently, and had his pupils attend him in silence ranged around him.

Sarti, the musician, composed only in darkness.

Michael Angelo, Leonardo de Vinci, Titian, Rubens, passed from the chisel to the pen or the brush. The change rested them from the preceding work; and thus, during long life, they accomplished marvellous works.

Some persons can think only standing, or in walking the room with swift strides. Some, like Montesquieu, compose in a postchaise.

Buffon wrote in lace ruffles; Alexander Dumas in his shirt sleeves.

Milton composed his "Paradise Lost" on a large armchair, with his head thrown back.

When Fox had eaten heartily he would retire to his study, envelop his head in a napkin soaked in vinegar and water, and work sometimes ten hours in succession.

Jeremy Bentham jotted his ideas on little squares of paper, which he piled upon each other, and this pile of little papers stitched together was the first forms of his manuscripts.

Napoleon had his particular mode of meditation and work. When he was not in council he stayed in his study, talked to himself and sung, or like a child, cut the arms of his chair; then suddenly rousing up, would give the plan of a monument to be erected, or of one of the great military movements which astonished the world.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

### The Cabmen of Cuba.

The Cuban cochero or cabman is such a marvellous contrast to the American hackman that his deserts are beyond the power of my pen. But he is also such an unmitigated nonentity that he deserves ignominy. You pay but 40 cents in Spanish paper, equivalent to only 16 cents in gold, for a "journey" or ride in his little victoria from one point within the city to any other. He seldom overcharges a customer. Whether so or not, the cochero, when unemployed, sleeps on his box, his little nag meanwhile sleeping in the shafts, and when awake he is good-natured, greasy and silent. He does as he is bid and for the rest relies upon your honor, Providence and the police. He seldom rises to the tremendous height of proprietorship, but rents his shabby outfit of a company which has a high-sounding name and is perennially short of fodder. The cochero has no home, eats at the cheap cafe, sleeps in the stable loft or upon his own carriage box and makes love anywhere.—*Philadelphia Times.*

### Tailing the Bull.

The coleadero, or tailing the bull, is a diversion much affected by the young men of Mexico, barring those of effeminate tastes and habits. In this sport there is the chase by a number of riders of a bull let loose from a corral at one end of an inclosed avenue, 200 or 300 yards long. The bull is given a fair start, and the horsemen dash after him, dropping back one by one until only the most forward is left, and he, guiding his horse alongside the flying game, grasps the tail of his bovine excellency, and, dextrously throwing one leg over it endeavors to jerk the animal off his feet, and usually does so. The feat is one of skill rather than strength, and even women have been known to perform it. There is an element of danger, but it is not revolting. There is even a comic strain in the foolish look of the bull as he scrambles to his feet again.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Lying for the truth is bad ... ing for it is not much bette[r] ...

### THE BROOK.

Flowing down the sweet green valleys
By the silver sunlight kissed,
Oft the tarrying brooklets dallies,
'Neath the slowly rising mist.

In the dotted field of daisies,
Like a sky with stars bestrewn,
Where the mellow melting haze is
Of the sultry summer noon.

Through the briery brake and brambles,
Through the bending fern and flowers,
Ever sings it as it rambles,
Sings of sunny summer hours.

Summer hours are swiftly speeding,
Days that will no longer shine,
Mortals, pass ye yo not unheeding
Here this song of mine.

In the thicket there close woven,
Where the woodland hangs o'erhead,
Through the thicket bushes cloven,
Moves it in its mossy bed.

Where above the blossoming branches
Bending, make a cool retreat,
There in ever eddying launches
Sings it bolder songs and sweet.

Earthly summers swift are speeding,
Suns that will no longer shine;
Mortals, pass ye not unheeding
Here this song of mine.
*Bennett Bellman.*

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Stale butter—An aged goat.

Hard to beat—A hard-boiled egg.

Something that should be looked into—a telescope.

A clear skin—Beating a friend out of borrowed money.

Siam is a great place for comfort. There are large quantities of Siam ease there.

Ada—"I had ten offers of marriage last week." Ella—"How monotonous and persistent of Jack."—*Tid-Bits.*

Many otherwise domestic cooks are in the habit of introducing foreign material into plain soup.—*New York News.*

It seems to be the custom nowadays for young men when they get a day off from work to get away off.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

In the spring the old man's fancy turns to things anent his health,
And in liver regulators he invests his surplus wealth.
—*Boston Courier.*

"Mr. B., I wish you would not smoke so much." "Why, the chimney smokes, my dear." "Well, if it does, it doesn't spit over everything."

The Whitehall *Times* says that the mouth is the window of the intellect. The toothache must be a sort of window pane.—*New York Sun.*

Rejoice, good friend, you're not a Roman,
And count your privilege as great;
For well we know in these days no man
Would have patience to write MDCCCLXXXVIII.

Dogs are not allowed to pick their company. That is why you often see a $75 dog out walking with a fifteen cent man.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Here lies a lawyer cold in death
With all paid up that's due him,
He lies at ease in peaceful rest,
For lying's natural to him.
—*Washington Critic.*

Minnie—"Papa, what is Volapuk?" Papa—"Why it's the universal language." Minnie—"But who speaks it?" Papa—"Nobody."—*Binghamton Republican.*

When the teacher asked: "What made the Tower of Pisa lean?" the slangy boy at the foot of the class promptly responded: "Because it was built that way."—*Norristown Herald.*

Here lies a young and simple fool
Who Nature's law defied—
He volunteered to shoe the mule,
And that's just how he died!
—*Sifting.*

"A genteel carver," says a book on etiquette, "always sits when he carves." Carvers who get on the table and have a wrestling match with the chicken are known by some other name.—*Rochester Express.*

"Yes," remarked the second son of an English nobleman who had been sent to an American ranch for refusing to take orders in the established church; "conscience makes cow-herds of us all."—*Baltimore Press.*

Old Wimple (solemnly)—"Young man, to attain success in this world we must be up and doing. Do you ever see the sun rise?" Young Man—"Yes, sir, occasionally." "When?" "On my way home."—*Siftings.*

Goslin—"Yes, Miss Smith, I expect to sail for Europe." Miss Smith (innocently)—"Indeed. What on?" Goslin (embarrassed)—"Well, er—to tell you the truth, Miss Smith, it's on borrowed money."—*Siftings.*

Doctor (who finds a tramp groaning by the roadside)—"What is the matter with you?" Tramp (dolefully)—"My system is all run down." Doctor—"By what?" Tramp—"By a dog."—*Burlington Free Press.*

He—"I see that old Mr. Beatly was buried yesterday." Wife (shocked)—"Why, is old Mr. Beatly dead?" "He (who has just been "sat upon")—"The paper doesn't say whether he is dead or not; simply that he was buried yesterday."—*Life.*

"How hideous Miss B. looked in that new bonnet." "I thought it was very becoming; at least the trimming was very appropriate." "I didn't notice the trimming." "The bonnet was trimmed with ivy leaves. Ivy clings to old ruins."—*New York News.*

In the crush of travel on a North Side cable car last Saturday an accident occurred that came near proving serious. A Polish gripman, while leaning out of the car in front, inadvertently dropped his name and it became entangled in the grip. It was finally dragged out from under the car with the aid of several horses, and the partially disabled coach slowly resumed its travels.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Prisoner," observed the Arkansas Judge, with impressive dignity, "while I have no objection to your addressing me familiarly when you meet me in my saloon, I wish you to understand that this court, when in regular session, to[lerates] no insolent famil[iarity from any]body ..."