

# The Queenstown News.

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"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL"

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It has been recently shown by statistics that the difference between the wages of men and women in this city who do the same work is from \$1 to \$12 a week in favor of the men.

The New York Herald thinks "it is more than probable that De Lesseps' Panama ditch, if it is ever finished, will not be big enough to hold all the poor fellows who have died while digging it."

Dr. Grass, of Geneva, Switzerland, has lately experimented with himself in hanging. His experiments established that the sensations were only warmth and a burning in the head, without convulsions. Of course his experiments didn't go very far.

During the last season on the great lakes, it is estimated, more than two hundred lives were lost and \$2,500,000 worth of property destroyed. Seventy-six steamers, forty-three schooners, six tow barges, and eight tugboats were lost or damaged.

Indiana is proud because she claims to be the first State to adopt a daily weather service. The headquarters are to be at Indianapolis, from which one hundred telegrams will be sent out each morning early, giving the probabilities for twenty-four hours in advance.

Saxony and Thuringia are the home and paradise of dolls. The annual production of dolls' stockings alone in Saxony is 35,000 dozen. Thousands of shoemakers find constant employment in making doll's shoes. The export of dolls to England, France and America is very large, and increasing every year.

The *Electrician Review* says that the usefulness of the lightning-rod is becoming so generally understood that the agents find their vocations trying one. Fewer and fewer rods are manufactured each year, and "the day will come when a lightning-rod on a house will be regarded as a man's door."

San Francisco has more representatives in the United States Senate than any other city in the country. The California Senators, Stanford and Hearst, have residences in San Francisco, as have also the Nevada Senators, Stewart and Jones. Stewart practices law at the San Francisco bar, and Jones is a member of the San Francisco Exchange.

Alabama is going ahead fast, a corollary to the reports of a correspondent, who writes that in ten years the State has increased her taxable property from \$125,000,000 to \$215,000,000; and in the past year Jefferson County, of which Birmingham is the county seat, has increased \$23,000,000 in tax value. The total increase in the State for the year was \$1,997,703.

Albert M. Thompson has arrived in this country and is going to study medicine in the Medical College of Indiana. The interest of this announcement is in the fact that he is a full-blooded very negro, the son of Dowanna, King of the Upper Perona County, and Sandyman, Queen of Jarbaca. His African name is Momora. He is twenty years old and well-educated, having studied at Cape Mount, West Africa.

Cremation is rapidly pushing to the front in Europe. The new crematory at Stockholm, Sweden, burned its first body, that of the late rector of the Likhrensningssocieteten (cremation society) Kjellerstedt, on October 15. From that day to December 6 nineteen corpses were incinerated. A crematory is in course of erection at Zurich, Switzerland. Another is to be built at Basel on the same plan. At Hamburg, Germany, the erection of a crematory will commence next spring. The cremation society at Berlin has secured the ground for a crematory.

The Albany *Argus* says that a crusade against cigarette smoking has been inaugurated along the Hudson River, and what is termed "a moral boycott" is the instrument used to bring about the desired result. Physicians say the number of cases of serious illness traceable to the pernicious effects of cigarette smoking is very large, and that it is high time to call a halt. Results of the crusade can be seen in Kingston, Poughkeepsie, Newburg, etc., where signs are displayed: "No Cigarettes Sold to Boys Here." The movement is being warmly indorsed by clergymen, educators and others.

Bush Otter, a young Sioux, is the only full-blooded Indian who was ever employed by an Executive Department of the United States Government. The Geological Survey has for some time past employed Otter, who is well educated, to prepare for publication a series of Indian legends which he learned in his father's wigwam when a child. Otter repaired to Hedgesville, W. Va., last summer to pursue his literary work in that quiet town. There he met a charming white girl with whom he fell in love. His pay of \$40 a month did not seem sufficient to him in the light of contemplated matrimony and he struck for higher wages. The Geological Bureau refused to raise his salary and Otter became a man of leisure.

**MY LIFE.**  
O life, my life!  
Child of the deep, unmatchable night!  
Thou child of terror, child of joy and light,  
Of peace and strife,  
O thou, my life!  
O life, my life!  
Begot in passion, and in sorrow born!  
By warring doubts bewildered and torn—  
With tumult rife  
Art thou, my life!  
O life, my life!  
By shadows vainly vexed, by shadows joyed!  
Vain haunts outstretching toward the un-  
swerving void.  
With silence rife  
Art thou, my life!  
Hicmar North Boyesen, in Independent.

**ARMSTRONG'S LESSON.**  
In the early days of California—the olden days of gold, or the golden days of old, as you please—in a certain miner's camp on Yuba River there lived a queer fellow named Armstrong. He was an honest miner, not dishonestly, materially from his fellows, excepting that he had a curious habit of talking to himself. From the simple reason that he departed from the common custom in this one particular, he was called "crazy" by the other miners. To call all persons "crazy" who do not follow the customs of the majority is a constant habit with men. But day after day Armstrong worked away with his pick and shovel, caring nothing for the remarks of his neighbors, and seeming to wish for no partner in his toils or rest save the invisible personage whom he always addressed in the second person singular, and with whom he was almost in close and earnest conversation. The drift of his talk while at work would be as follows:

"Father tough you k, Armstrong—rich dirt, though—glib \$4 a pound—no time to waste—pitch it, sir—lugged if I don't wish I was in the States. This mining's mighty hard work. Nonsense, Armstrong, what a fool you are to be talking that way, with three ounces a day digging out your feet, and nothing to do but just to dig it out."  
This conversation would be duly punctuated with strokes of the pick and lifts of the loaded shovel. And so the days would pass along, and Armstrong worked and slept and talked with his invisible partner. Well, it happened in the course of time that the class of human vampire commonly called gamblers made their appearance at the camp where Armstrong had his working. As he was not above following the lead of his fellows, he paid the newcomers a visit. It is the old story. After watching the game awhile he concluded it was the simplest thing in the world. So he tried his luck and brought \$100. Now, any new experience would set Armstrong to work thinking and talking to himself worse than ever. It was so this time. "Now, Armstrong," he said, as he hesitated about going to work the next morning, "that is the easiest \$100 you ever made in your life. What's the use of your going into a hole in the ground to dig for three ounces a day? The fact is, Armstrong, you are sharp. You are not made for this away your pick and shovel, but for a mine, like a born gentleman, and go to some business that suits your talent."

Armstrong was not long in putting the matter to rest, and he went to work. He felt the diggings and he dug in the clothes. He looked like another man, but he was still the same Armstrong, nevertheless. He was not long in finding an opportunity to try a new profession. Walking forth in his new outfit he had just concluded a long talk with himself about his bright prospects when he halted in front of a large tent with a sign over it that read "Miner's Rest." Armstrong went in. It did not seem to him that he remained very long but it was long enough to work a wonderful revolution in his feelings. When he came out he was a changed man—that is to say, he was a changed man, lost his new prospect, lost his conceit—lost everything but his new clothes and habit of talking to himself. It is useless to say that he was mad. Armstrong was very mad, but there was no one to be mad but Armstrong himself, as he himself was in for a rough lecture.

"Now, Armstrong, you are a nice specimen—you fool—you talk—you don't know what you're doing. I don't respect all of the hard thing he said. Like King Richard, he 'found within himself no pity for himself.'"  
But mere words were not sufficient. It was time for action. But Armstrong was not one of those who would slouch, hanging or any other form of suicide. He was altogether too original, as well as too sensible for that. Yet he was resolved on something real and practical in the way of reformatory punishment. He felt the need of a well-earned decree of bankruptcy that should render the future as complete as possible, and prevent a similar course in the future.

So the broken firm of "Armstrong & Self" went forth in meditation long and deep. Some of his thoughts were long and too deep for utterance. But finally he stood by the dusty road along which the great freight wagons were hauling supplies to the mining camps up the Sacramento. One of these wagons, drawn by six yoke of oxen, was just passing. Snap, snap, snap, in slow irregular succession, came the keen, stinging reports of the wolverine whip. "Lang! g'lang! grimed driver, as he swung his whip and cast a sidelong glance at the broken firm, wondering 'What all them store clothes was a doin' for.'"  
Now, when Armstrong was taken with an idea. So he shouted to driver to know if he might be allowed to walk in the road behind the wagon.

"Get in and ride," said the driver.  
"No," said Armstrong; "I wish to walk."  
"Then walk, you crazy fool," was the accommodating response, as the driver swung his whip.  
"Then came the tug of war. Greek never met Greek more fiercely than did the two contending spirits composing the firm of Armstrong & Self at that particular moment."  
"How, Armstrong," said the furious head of the firm.

In the middle of that road, sir, and walk in that dust behind that wagon."  
"What, with those clothes on? Why, it is fifteen miles, and dusty all the way."  
"No matter," said Armstrong; "you squander your money on three-card monte; I'll teach you a lesson."  
"G'lang! g'lang!" drawled the driver, he looked over his shoulder with a curious mingling of pity, contempt and wonder on his dusty face. More and more spitefully snapped the swinging whip as the slow-paced oxen toiled mile after mile under the heat of a September sun. And there in the road trudged Armstrong behind the wagon, slowly, wearily, thoughtfully, but not silently. He was a man who always spoke his thoughts.

"This serves you right, Armstrong. Any man who will fill his money away at three-card monte deserves to walk in the dust."  
"It will spoil these clothes."  
"Well, don't you deserve it?"  
"Yes, any man who squanders all his dust away at three-card monte deserves to have dust in his eyes—and alkali dust at that."  
"The dust chokes me."  
"All right, any man who will buck at monte deserves to be choked. Keep the road, sir—the middle of the road—close up to the wagon. Do you think you will ever buck at monte again, Armstrong?"  
And so the poor culprit, self-accused, self-condemned, coughed and sneezed and choked and walked and talked, mile after mile, hour after hour, while the great wagon groaned and creaked, the driver lashed and swung his whip, the patient oxen gave their shoulder the yoke, and the golden sun of September sank wearily toward the west. The shadows of evening were beginning to fall when the wagon halted at the place called Packer's Post, on the Yuba.

"Here we rest," sighed Armstrong, just above his breath, as he looked at the stream. "No you don't," answered the leader of the firm. "You buck your money away at monte and talk about rest. Now, Armstrong, go right down the bank, sir, into the river." As the command was peremptory and a sign of obedience seemed the safest, Armstrong obeyed without parley and down he went, over his head and ears, store clothes and all, into the cold mountain stream. It was a long time that he remained in the water and under the water. He would never come to the surface every little while to take a breath. It was impossible for Armstrong to bear talking. "Oh, yes," he would say as he came up and snuffed the water from his nose, "you'll buck your money away at three-card monte, will you? How do you like the water cure?"  
"Well, of course, duly punctuated by irregular plunges and catchings of the breath."

It happened that the man who kept the shanty hotel at Packer's Post had a woman for a wife. She, being a kind-hearted creature, besought her lord to go down and "help the poor crazy man out of the water."  
"Bah," said the ox driver, "he ain't a crazy man; he's a fool. He walked behind my wagon and talked to himself all the way from Scrabble-town."

Thereupon arose a lengthy discussion about the difference between a crazy man and a fool. But after a while the lord and the ox driver went down to the bank and agreed to go Armstrong's security as if he were coming out of the water. So he came out and went up to the house.  
"Will you have a cup of tea or coffee?" said the woman, kindly.  
"Yes, madam," said Armstrong. "I will take both."  
"It's a crazy, sure as can be," said the woman. But she brought the two cups as ordered. "Sjik and sugar?" she inquired, kindly as before.  
"No, madam, mustard and red pepper," answered Armstrong.  
"I do believe he is a fool," said the woman, as she went for the pepper and mustard.

Armstrong, with deliberate coolness, put a spoonful of red pepper into the tea and a spoonful of mustard into the coffee. Then he poured the two together into tin cups. Then the old conflict raged again, and high above the din of rattling tin cups and pewter spoons, sounded the stern commands: "Armstrong, drink it, or I'll drink it down." A momentary hesitation and a few desperate gulps and it was down. "Oh, yes," said our hero, as his throat burned and the tears ran down his eyes, "you buck your money away at three-card monte, do you?"  
Now, the Thompsonian law, as described, very nearly ended the battle with poor Armstrong. He was silent for quite a time, and everybody else was silent. After a while the landlord ventured to suggest that a bed could be provided if it was desired. "No," said Armstrong. "I'll sleep on the floor. You see, stranger," said he, eyeing the landlord with a peculiar expression, "this fool has been squandering gold dust at monte, three card monte, and does not deserve to sleep in a bed."

So Armstrong ended the day's battle by going to bed on the floor. Then came the dreams. He first dreamed that he was sleeping on nice North Pole and had in his head in the tropics, while at the same time in Yuba were ground-slicing in his mach. Next, he dreamed that he had swallowed Mount Shasta for supper, and that the old mountain had suddenly become an active volcano, and was vomiting acres and acres of hot lava.  
Then the scenes shifted, and he seemed to have found his final abode in a place of vile smells and fierce flames, politely called the antipodes of heaven. And while he writhed and groined, a sleepless agony a fork-tail fiend was saying to him in a mocking voice: "You buck your money away at three-card monte, you—hey?"  
But even this troubled sleep was broken by the last, and Armstrong arose. When he looked at himself in the broken looking-glass that hung on the wall he thought his face bore traces of wisdom that he never saw there before. So he said: "I think you have learned a lesson, Armstrong. You can go back to your mining now, sir, and leave monte alone."  
Time showed that he was right. His lesson was a great one. The miners looked at him and said: "He's a real one."

They continued their old ways, making money fast and spending it foolishly—even going to monte dealers. But the Armstrong firm was never broken in that way but once. After that, whenever he saw one of the peculiar signs—"Robbers' Roost," "Fleecers' Den," or "Fools' Last Chance," Armstrong would shake his head with a knowing air and say to himself as he passed along: "Oh, yes, Armstrong, you've been there; you know all about that; you don't buck your money away at three-card monte—not much.—Overlook Monthly.

**Some of Last Year's Inventions.**  
According to the New York Sun, here are some of the inventions made during 1887:  
A small, round rubber mat, with little spikes all over it, on which the cashier drops the silver change, and from which the customer easily picks it.  
A cheese cutter, consisting of a swing knife by which the grocer can, with certainty, cut ten ounces from the cheese whenever the customer orders half a pound.  
A balloon which carries a lightning rod high in air over a tall tank.  
A cigar setting machine that drops out an all Havana, clips the end off, and exposes a match and a piece of sandpaper.  
A device which makes a red lead ink dropped in a slit in the side of the machine.  
A nose protector (Idaho invention), by which a wooden pad is snugly carried on the end of the nose in cold weather.  
A rubber funnel which works like a machine, in which brush is rapidly revolved in a non-rotating handle. The whirling brush brings the shine into one-tenth of the time of the old vibratory elbow method.  
A rubber funnel which may be fitted to the head, for the purpose of keeping close all the hair while the barber shampoos a customer. A tube hangs down behind, so as to carry away the suds, while a hose for flushing out the hair, a funnel and a battery in the stock, and cartridges which have coils of platinum wire where the cap is. Pressing the trigger connects the coil with the battery.  
A combined rocking chair and cradle (in California).

An air pump to force oil from a tank on a ship over a stormy sea.  
A fan rotated by the wheels of a baby carriage to keep the flies off the baby.  
A chair with legs like a chair, but with comfortable chairs within.  
A device which will prevent the most restless individual from kicking the cloth of a table.  
It is the invention of a Chicago woman.  
A combined kitchen ventilator and clock wheel, being a device for connecting the ventilator wheels commonly placed in windows with the family clock (in California).

**Bismarck at Home.**  
A German paper publishes some interesting details of the daily life of Prince Bismarck. Everybody knows, says our contemporary, that the Prince hardly ever rests before noon, unless he goes to attend an important reception, but that he only goes to bed after working till 2 A. M., every night. In the Chancellor's bedroom a lamp is kept burning all the night, and messages often require his personal attention before he goes to bed. In the morning, in consideration of the late hours kept by the Prince, supper is served late in the evening, and seldom finished before midnight. Prince Bismarck, at the Bismarck Count and Countess Hantzar park, almost every meal, regularly leaving the palace at 10:45 P. M., when a second-class cab always takes them home. Bismarck is a very early riser, always a great feast and holiday for the servants. The house, in the kitchen a barrel of wine is provided by Princess Bismarck, two hands are in attendance, and the servants' families appear on the scene. The Prince distributes sweets to the little guests, and pleasant relations between master and servant are also evident from the fact that the Princess always gives six Easter eggs to each of the servants. The doorman, a Sergeant and eight constables. If the Prince is away from home four constables go with him and four remain at the house, and all of them are entitled to a salary. The Prince's personal valet, at Berlin, at Friedrichsruh, or at Varzin. It was at Varzin where Bismarck's large dog Sultan was poisoned. The Princess declared at the time that she would make provision for life for anyone who could point out the poisoner. Sultan was more intelligent than the dog, and Tyras is more faithful of the two, and will take food out of the hand of any member of Prince Bismarck's family, but never from a servant, as one of the footmen has learned to his regret. It is well known that at Berlin the Chancellor is rarely seen, and only some of the inhabitants of the Vor Scapale have the privilege of seeing him sometimes walking in his grounds.

**Brain Development.**  
The man who possessed the heaviest brain yet weighed was an American blacksmith, who does not seem to have been otherwise remarkable, even for the excellence of his iron work. One day, however, though great pains had been taken to ascertain the brain weight of celebrated men, not one record exists of the brain-weight of famous women. The brain of George Eliot was specially remarkable. The following passage occurs in her life: "Mr. Bray, an enthusiastic believer in phrenology, was so much struck with the grand proportions of her head that he took Maria Evans with him to London to have a cast taken. He thought that after that of Napoleon's head showed the largest development, from brow to ear, of any person recorded."—*Woman's World.*

**Prairie Dog Towns.**  
There is a chain of prairie dog towns along the Texas and Pacific Railroad for a distance of 100 miles; some of the villages cover five acres of ground. It is said that it is almost impossible to kill one of the dogs and get his body, so quickly does he dive into his hole at the explosion of a gun. A Daringing their way with water will not drive them out.

**A FLORAL WONDERLAND.**  
UNIQUE EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE GARDENING AT TOKIO.  
Extraordinary Designs in Chrysanthemums—A Walking Flower Piece—A Floral Murderer.  
A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, writing from Japan, gives the following minute description of the wonderful exhibition of floral art to be seen in the suburban garden of Tokio, which are doubtless far and away the finest gardens in the world.  
There is nothing in all Tokio more unique, picturesque, Japanese and unusual than the collection of florists' gardens on a hillside. No one goes to Dango zaka except in the chrysanthemum season, and the little community tend, prune, dwarf and cultivate their plants with peace until the chrysanthemums begin to bloom. Then Dango zaka becomes a gay fair. Banners, flags, pennants, lanterns and gorgeous posters fill the sides of the steep, narrow street, holiday crowds trudge up and down, and every garden entrance an eloquent hammer down with all the trappings of checked instantly at will by touching a small steel lever at the side of the hammer. The Emperor of Germany was amazed when he saw the thing done at Krupp's works, on the occasion of one of the royal visits to that famous establishment. It is related that the Emperor took from his pocket an expensive gold watch and laid it upon the bed plate of the great hammer. The engineer told the Emperor that he would bring the hammer down with all the trappings of a fraction of an inch of the surface of the time piece. The Emperor was awed by the engineer's dexterous skill.  
"You may keep the watch," he said.  
"That is the most amazing thing I ever saw."  
Uncle Sam's employe in the Washington Navy Yard tries a more thrilling experiment than the engineer in Krupp's works did. When Americans go to Washington to see the sights, and he wants to show how perfect his control of the enormous hammer is, he puts his finger on the bed plate and holds it there without wincing when the great hammer falls. Then he stops the fall dramatically just in time to save the digit. Everybody who sees the experiment and recovers from the start it gives declares that it is a tremendous piece of nerve as well as of skill on the part of the engineer.—*New York Sun.*

**A House Full of Clocks.**  
New Hampshire—A crank on clocks," said Mr. Fred Richardson, the artist, "I spent a night in his house not long ago, and I don't intend to spend another night there. I am a light sleeper, and when I am awakened I have a hard time to get back to sleep. Well, at 12 o'clock that night I was awakened by the loud, lezy stroke of an old-fashioned, tall clock in the hall. It struck 12 times, and I thought it would never quit and let me go to sleep. I had just swooned off in the direction of sleep when a nasty little clock, with a busy, whanging knocker, pelted off 12 more. In a few minutes the soothing stroke of another clock crept up through my bedroom door from the parlor. I might have gone to sleep under the influence, but in a few moments more the loud, angling voice of another clock in some part of the house drew all my attention to my eyes. In sheer desperation I lay and counted clock after clock, until 15 of them had each struck 12, and then, just as I had concluded that was the end of the procession of noise, the big father clock of all—the one in the hall—struck 1, and the rest followed its example.  
In the morning I discovered that the 15 clocks were set just five minutes apart.  
"What do you keep your clocks all set different by?" I asked.  
"Well," said my uncle, "when I wake up at night I like to know what time it is. Now, as I have my clocks arranged, if one of them strikes every five minutes, I don't have to wait long to find out whether it is time to get up."  
"He knew the voice of every clock in the house, and knew just what time it was whenever any one of them struck."—*Chicago Times.*

**Presidential State Dinners.**  
President Arthur's most ordinary state dinners cost him \$10 a plate, and he spent \$5,000 and more on the nine state dinners which he gave in 1883. Arthur had many fine ones, and the cost of his wine was equal to one-third the cost of the whole dinner. At Grant's big dinners there were six wine glasses at each plate, and in the middle of the dinner a frozen punch was served. Jefferson spent \$1,000 on wines while he was President, and Washington always had wines at his dinners. Jackson treated his guests to punch, and as for Hayes, his Roman punch was watched for by the drinkers at his dinner tables. John Tyler's brandy cost his dinner table, and James Buchanan fed his dogs on tenderloin steaks. Hayes spent a good deal while he was in the White House, and his dinners cost him at least \$15 for each guest. Cleveland's dinners cannot cost less than \$10 a plate, and the dinner of last night must have cost between \$300 and \$500.—*New York World.*

**A Novel Cure For Scarlet Fever.**  
In his early life Dr. Richardson knew a gentleman—the late Dr. Pinckney—who had a novel way of treating scarlet fever. Whenever any one of his pupils—he was a schoolmaster—was seized with the disease he had the youth outside the playground, and clothing him warmly, had him walked about until the perspiration streamed from every pore. This effected, the sufferer was taken indoors, put into a warm bed, charged with warm fluids and made still to perspire. The patient usually fell into a gentle sleep and in nearly every case was virtually cured at once.—*Gloucester Herald.*

**The Period of Life Lengthening.**  
If twenty per cent. of the newspaper paragraphs concerning people over a century old are true, it would certainly seem as if the average length of life was increasing. Every day there is a record of some new centenarian, until it has ceased to be a particular distinction to be five score, and nobody is regarded as really old who was not born before the Declaration of Independence was signed.—*Boston Herald.*

**THE AESTHETIC OWL.**  
The owl sits perched on the hemlock tree As wide awake as an owl can be. The sky is clear and the air is still, And his boots to the night as long as he will. Oh! the light of the sun is no light for him, Give him the moon and the starlight dim, For all the hours of the garish day Deep in the thicket he thinks away. To wit! to whom! there's another that, From the mist of the forest the cry breaks out: It comes from the heart of the doleful oak And he knows full well the voice that speaks. 'Tis the signal shout that his mate has made. Away! it is time for their nightly raid. Softly and slow through the ploom they go, Winging their way over field and wood. While their eyeballs stare with a fensish glare At the thought of blood. Wee to the mouse that is out of his hole, One squeak and the victim is swallowed whole. And straggling and raw in that ravenous maw He lies by the side of the delving mole. The little monsters are all at rest In leafy covert or cosy nest. Not a thought or care or dream of fear, Though their deadly foe is hovering near. One blow and the sharp beak drips with gore. And the hapless minstrel sings no more. Favage of heart with a show of sense, Made up of feathers and sheer pretence, Light-baking creature, moping and dull, Mere glimmerings of thought in his ruddy scull; What title has he to wisdom's crest? Out on the last! he's a fraud at best. But when at last he has met his fate, Like many a spoiler men call great, Aloft and mounted his praise is heard, And aesthetes say: "What a lovely bird!"—*Horsford Contract.*

**HUMOR OF THE DAY.**  
Some acrobats are fresh, and somewhat. (Circus cketts go with this.)  
The difference between an epicure and an anarchist is that one's a mighty diner and the other's a dynamiter.—*Washington City.*  
At the museum—Mrs. N.—"My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo; and this is his wife, Apollonaris.—*Life.*  
The man who says "I told you so," At each mischance has been laid low. We know that he'd get killed; you know That we have often told you so.—*Tid-Bits.*  
There are a lot of men in this world who are born to rule, but the least of the laws are such a pack of ignoramus that they can't be made to realize it.—*Mr. Archibald's Travels.*  
An all-round place has placed the following placard over his coal-bin: "Not to be used except in case of fire." The cook's relatives are in consternation.—*Baltimore Free Press.*  
Mrs. Chargepleas—"Good morning, Mr. Takeemness. I should like to see something in the way of a small check." Mr. Takeemness (fervently)—"So should I."—*Idem.*  
Very Sick Husband (to weeping wife)—"It may come out all right, but my dear, so don't cry." Weeping Wife—"I can't help it, John. You know how easily I am moved to tears."—*New York Sun.*  
A Mud river Indian was mistaken for a deer the other day and shot. As they were about to fire, he declared that all the pain was assuaged by the violence of somebody had some use for him.—*Tid-Bits.*  
Country Minister (to deacon)—"Deacon, you have a reputation of knowing so ching about horses. I've got an animal that belongs to me. What do you do in such a case?" Deacon—"I sell him."—*Idem.*  
There is one thing a woman can do which a man cannot, and that is to set a hen. All the softer parts of her nature vanish in the contemplation and performance of the act.—*Somebody's* very Byzantine possibilities.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*  
"Joseph," said the merchant to the bright young man with the best of reference, "the book-keeper tells me you have lost the key of the safe, and he cannot get at the book." "Yes, sir, one of them; you gave me two." "Yes, I had; please make, in case of accident. And the other one?" "Oh, sir, I took good care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know." "And is the other all right?" "Yes, sir, I put it where there was no danger of its being lost. It is in the safe, sir."—*Boston Transcript.*

**A Sceptic as to Hydrophobia.**  
Recent alleged cases of death by hydrophobia moves C. J. Peshall, who is one of the greatest authorities living on canine lore, to again lift his voice against a belief in the existence of the much dreaded disease.  
"I do not believe," he says, "there is any such disease as rabies. Dogs, like other animals, must pay the debt of nature and die from disease. A dog's brain cannot be affected from a disease, and when so affected the animal may even bite his own master, but if the wound is properly treated by a physician no bad effect will follow. History teaches us that for thousands of years the dog has been domesticated and has become the almost constant companion of man. That man has made the most extensive use of this animal is every day, and I now think it is time we should begin to give the dog his dues, and do justice to him and his race."—*Graphic.*

**Treatment of Owls.**  
A rural friend of mine, who enjoys trifling with old superstitions, has a pair of owls which he keeps on his piazza summer and winter. He enjoys the strange noises which they make at night, and instead of attributing them to weird influences, assumes that they are due to hunger or indigestion on the part of the birds of wisdom. At all events, he claims that by supplying the owls with raw meat and taking a ginger they relapse into silence for the night.—*Boston Post.*