

# THE EVENING STAR

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

Price Two Cents.

VOL. VII.

QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

NO. 10.

There is to be a grand international exhibition at Berlin in May of hunting trophies, of all sorts of game, ancient and modern arms, and implements used in hunting.

It will interest our readers to learn that there are in the Sunday-schools of the Christian world 16,447,900 scholars, 1,852,167 teachers, making a grand total of 18,400,157.

The rivalry with which Anglo-Saxon literature is pouring into Japan is illustrated by the fact that 85,000 English and 119,000 American books were imported last year, an increase of nearly 100 per cent.

Inside of two years the tax valuation of California has increased at least \$30,000,000. Population has increased one-half of a million souls. The valuation of Colorado, an irrigation State also, has increased within two years over \$400,000,000.

Scientists assert that the newly discovered cities of Arizona are the same as sought by Cortez and the early Spanish adventurers in their expeditions after gold. The cities are seven in number and show evidences of former civilization and wealth.

There is a great store of gold as well as of coal in Corea, but an entire lack of proper mechanical devices for mining. The production of gold last year was \$9,000,000. The main object of the Corea Embassy to this government is understood to be to interest the citizens of this country in the development of Corea resources.

It is stated that a London firm has just received an order from the Russian Government for a fleet of balloons for war purposes. Each balloon is to carry a car which will accommodate six men, and will cost, with apparatuses, \$3,500. The balloons are being made of a preparation of asbestos, and they will be filled with rarefied air.

Rhode Island is the smallest State in the Union, its extreme length being only 47 miles, and its extreme width 49. Nevertheless it has, according to the State census of 1885, just published, no fewer than 2,393 manufacturing establishments, with a total capital of nearly \$60,000,000, and employing 37,481 men, 21,416 women and 4,409 children under fifteen.

Benjamin Franklin, of the Second Minnesota Volunteers, is the only man on the government pension rolls who sacrificed both hands and feet in the late civil war, and as there is no provision of law applicable to such special cases a bill has been presented to Congress increasing the pension he now receives to \$150 a month. He now receives the pay provided for a soldier or a sailor who has lost both hands or both feet.

This 1,600-foot tower in connection with the French exhibit of 1889, and known by the name of the designer and constructor as Eiffel's tower, has now reached the height of 139 feet. The four arches of the base are now joined, and the great platform for the rooms of the first stage is about to be constructed, so that the work has passed the most laborious stage. Most of the construction will now proceed from the interior.

The reports from France are intensely interesting as concerns the reclamation of sand dunes. These sand hills are found by the sea at high tide and pushed inland by the west wind over vast areas. This inland march of the sand became a cause of terror and the sand dunes were whole departments should become deserts. Villages were obliterated. A tract of hundred miles wide was left without a shrub or plant. These dunes now are covered with valuable forests by the enterprise of French engineers.

"One by one," declares the New York Graphic, "the idols of our youthful fancy are being shattered. The George Washington hatchet has been declared a myth; the story of William Tell and the apple is also apocryphal, and now Sir Robert Ball, the Irish Astronomer Royal, has been at the pains to show that Sir John Moore could not have been buried 'by the struggling moonbeam's misty light,' for he has made careful calculations and finds that at the time the funeral took place the moon must have been long below the horizon."

There is no question, according to the New York Tribune, that the buffalo is well-nigh extinct on the plains. There are a few in Yellowstone Park protected by the Government, but they are likely to be killed at any time. In Texas a herd of about thirty is owned by one ranchman, several other small bunches may be found, but the days when they rambled at large over the country have been numbered. Unless some means of protecting them is adopted within ten years the American Bison must become an extinct species. In Central Park, Director Conklin has several specimens of Buffalo, but the cow is growing old and another one has not been secured. The buffalo will not breed in captivity unless like other domestic animals it has abundant room for feeding and exercise.

**UNREST.**  
The further you journey and wander  
From the sweet simple faith of your youth,  
The more you peer into the ponder  
And search for the root of all truth,  
No matter what secrets uncover  
Their veiled mystic brows in your quest,  
Or close on your aerial sight bowers,  
Still, still shall you walk with unrest.

If you seek for strange things you can find them,  
But the finding shall bring you to grief;  
The dead lock the portals behind them,  
And he who breaks through is a thief.  
The soul with such ill-gotten plunder,  
With its penitence knowledge oppress'd,  
Small grows in unsatisfied wonder  
Along by the shores of unrest.

Though bold hands lift up the thin curtain  
That hides the unknown from our sight,  
Through shadowy paths the way is certain  
Of the new life that follows death's night.  
Though miracles past comprehending  
Shall startle the heart in your breast,  
Still, still will your thirst be unending,  
And your soul will be sad with unrest.

There are truths too sublime and too bold  
To grasp with a mortal mind's touch,  
We are happier far to be lowly;  
Content means not knowing too much.  
Peace dwells not with hearts that are yearning  
To fathom all labyrinth's unguess'd.  
And the soul that is bent on vast learning  
Shall find with its knowledge—unrest.

**CHILD AND CLOWN.**  
A STORY FROM THE FRENCH.  
The child lay on his little white bed, looking at the clock, with eyes made all brighter by fever, straight before him, and with the strange fixedness of the sick, who already perceive what those who are well cannot see. The mother, at the foot of the bed, lifting her fingers so as not to cry out, and watching the progress of the disease over the poor, thin face of her little boy, and the father, a fine fellow, though he was only a workman, held back in a hand, and the first light of the dawn, clear, gentle, the light of a fair morning in June, came into the narrow bedroom on the Rue des Abbesses, where lay dying the little Francois, son of Jacques Legrand and Madeleine Legrand, his wife. He was a boy of seven years, a blonde and rosy little chap, who, three weeks before, had been as lively and as chipper as a sparrow. But a fever had laid him, and they had brought him home one evening from school with his head so heavy and his hands so cold, ever since he had been there on his bed, and sometimes in his delirium he would look at the nicely polished shoes that his mother had carefully set in the corner, and cry out, "Where are my shoes?—my little Francois's shoes. Little Francois will not wear them any more. Little Francois will not go to school again—never."

"The father would cry out: 'Will you be quiet?' and the mother would go and hide her face in her pillow, so that little Francois would not hear her weep. Through the night that had just passed the child had had no delirium, but for two days he had bothered the doctor by a strange sort of despondency, which resembled a surrender to death as if, though but seven years old, the sick boy had always experienced the weariness of life. He lay there, apparently, silent, but his eyes were cast toward the ward and forward on the pillow, and willing to take anything, having no longer a smile on his poor, thin lips, and with his haggard eyes searching, seeing no one knew what far, far away. Then, all of a sudden, he thought of Madeleine, who sat there at the thought. When they wanted him to take his medicine, some s-rup maybe, or a little beef tea, he refused everything.

"No, I don't want anything, Francois!" "You must get him out of this," said the doctor. "This torpor alarms me. You are his parents; you should know your child. Think of something which will amuse him, this little fellow, bring back to earth the mind which has fled among the clouds." And then he went away.

"Think of something?" Oh, yes, be-  
cause a doubt they knew him well their  
Francois, he was good to know, they knew  
how much he was amused, the little fel-  
low, when on Sunday he would forgo the  
hedges, and would come back to  
Paris on his father's shoulder loaded  
with his hatbox. Jacques Legrand had  
bought for Francois all sorts of im-  
ages, and he put them on the child's feet  
and made them dance before the wander-  
ing eyes of the little fellow and all ready  
to cry, tried to make him laugh. "Now,  
you like this broken bridge. Tra-la-  
la. And here is a General. You re-  
member we saw a General once in the  
Bois de Boulogne? If you will take  
your medicine I will buy a real Gen-  
eral for you, with a cloth coat and gold  
epaulettes." Do you want him—the Gen-  
eral? Tell me."

"No," replied the child, in the dry  
voice which fever produces.  
"Do you want a pistol, some marbles,  
a bow and arrows?"  
"No," answered the little voice, almost  
cruel in its distinctness.  
And to all that they said to him, to  
all the jumping jacks, to all the balloons  
that they promised him, the little voice  
—the parents all the while looking at  
each other in despair—answered: "No,  
no!"  
"But what do you want, then, my  
Francois?" asked the mother. "Come,  
now, there must be something that you  
like to me, your mamma." "What is it?"  
Tell to me, your mamma." And she held  
her cheek down on the pillow of the  
sick boy, and she whispered or request  
in his ear, as if there were a secret between  
them. Then the child, rising in his bed  
and stretching out toward something in-  
visible, with a strange accent and in an earnest  
tone, that was at once supplicating and  
imperative: "I want Boum-Boum!"

He did not know what it meant, and  
she was frightened at those queer words,  
which the child now repeated with the  
wildness of a sick person, as if, not  
having dared until then to form a wish,  
dream, he would cling to it with an in-  
vincible obstinacy.  
"Yes, Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum! I  
want Boum-Boum!"  
The mother having yielded in her nervous-  
ness Jacques's hand, and said in a low  
voice, as though she were out of her  
wits: "What does that mean, Jacques?  
Oh, it is all over with him."  
But the father had on his rough face  
a smile that was almost happy. And a  
bewildered smile also—the smile of a  
condemned man who detects a possible  
chance for liberty. Boum-Boum! He  
well remembered the Easter morning  
when he had taken Francois to the cir-  
cus. He had seen the child's eyes  
great burst of joy, his hearty laugh—the  
laugh of an amused youngster—when  
the clown, the splendid clown, all spot-  
ted with gold, with a sparkling, many-  
colored dress on the back of his neck,  
set a big brown butterfly, performed his  
antics in the ring, played tricks on the  
riding master, or held himself motionless  
on the ground, his head down and his  
feet in the air, or threw up to the chan-  
delier his soft felt hat and caught it  
airily on his head, and where the men  
formed a pyramid; and at each trick,  
like the refrain of a song, lighting up  
his big, droop, bright face, the clown ut-  
tered the same cry in a hoarse, mellow  
voice, accompanied sometimes by a roll  
of drums—Boum-Boum!

Boum-Boum! and every time that it  
came round, Boum-Boum! the whole cir-  
cus burst out in bravos, and the little  
one laughed his heart out. Boum-Boum!  
This was Boum-Boum, the clown of the  
circus, the man who entertained a good  
part of the city, that he wanted to see,  
the little Francois, and that he might  
have and might not see, because he  
was there, sick and weak, in his white  
bed.  
That evening Jacques Legrand brought  
to the child a jointed clown with spar-  
gles sewed on all over, that he had  
bought at a high price, the price of four  
of four days' work. But he would have  
given twenty, thirty days, a year's labor  
to bring back a smile to the pale lips  
of the sick boy. The child looked for a  
minute at the toy as it shone on the white  
bedclothes, then, a smile, a smile, a smile.  
"It is not Boum-Boum! I want to see  
Boum-Boum!"  
Ah! if Jacques could have wrapped  
him in his quilt, carried him off, taken  
him to the circus, shown him the clown  
dancing and the other things, he would  
said to him: "There is Boum-Boum!"

He did better than that, this good  
Jacques. He went to the circus, he  
asked for the clown's address, and tim-  
idly, with limbs weakened by emotion,  
he mounted step by step the staircase  
that led to the home of the artist at  
Montmartre. It was very bold what he  
was going to do there, this man Jacques!  
But he had no other way, and he had  
play to recite monologues in the drawing  
rooms of five people. Perhaps the clown  
—oh, if he only would!—may be willing  
to come and say good morning to Fran-  
cois. What mattered it how they re-  
ceived him, Jacques Legrand, at Boum-  
Boum's home?

It was no longer Boum-Boum! It was  
M. Morin, who, in the rooms of an  
artist, among books, engravings, and  
artistic elegance making a choice back-  
ground to his charming, and his wife,  
Jacques in his office like that of a physi-  
cian. Jacques stated, did not recognize  
the clown, and turned his soft hat over  
and over in his hands. The other waited,  
Then the father, who was so bold, it was  
surprising what he had just said, could  
not be done—hard, because he was  
—but in fact it related to the little boy,  
"A fine little boy, monsieur! and so in-  
telligent! Always the first in his class,  
except in arithmetic, which he does not  
understand. A dreamer, this little  
fellow, do you see? Yes, a dreamer.  
And the proof—there, the proof—"  
Jacques hesitated, stammered, and then  
plucked up courage and abruptly said:  
"The proof is that he wants to see you,  
that he thinks only of you, and if you  
were there before him, like a star that he  
would like to have, and if he looked?"  
And the father, whose face was as white  
as paper, with his great ear, stopped, and  
great drops of sweat ran down his face.  
He did not dare to look at the clown,  
who stood there with his eyes fixed on  
the workman.

And what would Boum-Boum say to  
him? Would he come and say, "I like  
you for a fool, but him out of the house!"  
"You live," asked Boum-Boum.  
"Oh, very near. Rue des Abbesses."  
"Very well," said the other. "All  
right, he shall see Boum-Boum!"

When the door opened before the  
clown, Jacques Legrand cried out cheer-  
ingly to his boy: "Now, Francois, be  
satisfied, you see! See, there is Boum-  
Boum!"  
And into the child's face there came a  
happy light. He raised himself in his  
mother's arms and turned his head  
toward the two men, looked for a mo-  
ment to see who was this gentleman in  
the frock coat at his father's side, the  
gentleman whose good, jolly face was  
then smiling on him, and whom he did  
not know; and when they said to him:  
"That is Boum-Boum!" he fell back  
slowly, sedly, with his head turned to  
the pillow and lay there with his eyes  
fixed, his big blue eyes that saw beyond  
the walls of the little bedroom and  
looked for, that were always looking for  
Boum-Boum's spangles and butterfly as  
a lover pursues his dreams.

"No," replied the child, with a voice  
no longer dry, but distressed; "no,  
that is not Boum-Boum!"  
The clown, standing near the little  
bed, bent a profound gaze on the face of  
the sick little man, a grave look, but  
of an infinite sweetness. He shook his  
head, lay out at the anxious father and  
broken down mother and said, smiling:  
"He is right; it is not Boum-Boum!"  
and he went out.

"I shall not see, I shall never see him  
again, Boum-Boum!" now repeated the  
child, who was now to be already  
whispering to the angels. "Perhaps  
Boum-Boum is over there yonder, where  
little Francois will soon go."  
And suddenly—he had not been gone  
half an hour—the door was rudely  
opened and in his black and spangly  
suit, with a yellow topknot on his head,  
a golden butterfly on his breast and  
another on his back, his mouth opened

into an expansive grin, his good face all  
chalked, Boum-Boum, the real Boum-  
Boum, the Boum-Boum of the circus,  
the Boum-Boum of the little Francois,  
Boum-Boum himself appeared. And on  
his little white bed, with a lively ex-  
ultation in his eyes, laughing, crying,  
happy, saved, the child clapped his lit-  
tle thin hands, shouted bravo! and cried  
with all the joyfulness of a seven-year-  
old, bursting out suddenly like a lighted  
rocket: "Boum-Boum! This he, 'tis he,  
'tis he, this time. This is Boum-Boum, sure!  
Hurray for Boum-Boum! Good morn-  
ing, Boum-Boum!"

When the doctor came that day he  
found, at the head of the bed, the clown,  
the little fellow laughing all the time  
and who said to the sick boy, stirring a  
lump of sugar in the bottom of a cup of  
medicine.  
"You know if you do not drink it,  
little Francois, that Boum-Boum will  
not come to see you again."  
"And the child drank it."  
"It's nice!"  
"Very nice," thank you, Boum-Boum."  
"Dear," said the clown to the physi-  
cian, "do not be jealous. It seems to me,  
however, that my antics do him as much  
good as your prescription."  
The father and mother wept, but this  
time they wept for joy and happiness.  
And every day until little Francois was  
able to leave his bed a carriage stopped  
before the workman's home on the Rue  
des Abbesses, and there stepped from it  
a man wrapped in a heavy overcoat with  
the coat turned up, and mounted, dressed  
for the circus and with jolly, chalked  
face.  
"What do I owe you, sir," said Jacques  
Legrand to the clown at the end of his  
visit, when the boy went out for the  
first time, "in fact, you see, I owe you  
something."  
The clown offered to the parents his  
two big hands, the hands of a sweet and  
amiable Hercules. "A good shake of  
your hand," he said, "then I kiss both  
of the child's cheeks, which had recov-  
ered some of their rosy hue, he added,  
laughing: "The permission to print on  
my visiting cards: 'Boum-Boum, acro-  
batic doctor, Physician in Ordinary to  
the Little Francois.'"—Boston Transcript.

**The Gold Beater's Art.**  
"Our trade is a very simple one," said  
the proprietor of a gold-beating establish-  
ment to a New York World reporter.  
"We take a piece of gold bullion, about  
two ounces and a half in weight, which  
we call the book, and melt it in one  
of those little sand crucibles in that fur-  
nace. When liquid we cast it into an  
ingot, which we roll out into a ribbon  
about one inch wide and five hundred  
feet long, and then we draw it out into  
a thread as fine as a hair. The book  
is about four inches square, and the  
square is about four times as large as it  
was at first. The leaves are then cut  
in fours and similarly arranged in a second  
book called a shudder. The third time  
we call the book a finishing book. They  
are then trimmed by the girls in the cut-  
ting department and arranged in the tis-  
sue paper books with which dentists love  
to harrow up nervous women and little  
children."  
"We use the hammer for five minutes  
and then rest for five. This prevents the  
books and the metal from heating, which  
would injure its quality. In beating the  
gold we use an eighteen-pound ham-  
mer on the book, and a one-pounder,  
which is an eight-pounder does duty on  
the final mold."  
"It takes a man at least two years to  
learn to be a good gold-beater. Some  
men can never learn. Their hands refuse  
to do the work, and they are obliged to  
irregularities in the gold. Women do  
not understand. There are 103 gold-beaters  
in New York and not one is a woman;  
but, on the other hand, women monopolize  
the gold cutting. There are 100 in  
the branch of our trade and not one is a  
man."

**A Texas Elopement.**  
About seven years ago in Lamar county  
Tex. a fierce man had occasion to go to the  
southern part of the State, and he took  
his family, which consisted of his wife  
and daughter, an affectionate widow, he  
took his departure. The weeks length-  
ened into months, and finally a year had  
gone by without tidings from Pierce.  
He had only a little over five years ago  
word was received from a friend of the  
family that Dave had died somewhere  
in the lower part of the State.  
Mrs. Pierce mourned the death of her  
husband for a long time. She was then  
satisfied to add to her woe, and she  
wed another. The man she married  
was worthy, and happiness reigned in  
the family until the other day, when the  
man married as dead appeared. On  
the morning of the day, his wife, Mrs.  
Pierce first became blindly enraged and  
threatened vengeance, but finally calmed  
down and called on his wife. The fainter  
at the sight of him, but finally called  
and listened to his explanations. Pierce,  
on going South, suddenly became in-  
sane and was placed in the lunatic asy-  
lum in Austin.

The friend that sent the word to Mrs.  
Pierce thought he was doing a humane  
act, and that she would rather know he  
was dead than to drink him insane.  
After having been cured of his malady  
Pierce returned home with the result as  
stated. Finding his wife married to  
another man, with two or three small  
children, and realizing the unhappiness  
he would cause if he remained and  
claimed his wife, he silently and tear-  
fully turned his back on all that was dear  
to him and bid a last farewell to his  
home.—Chicago Times.

**A Railroad Judgment.**  
A yard employe informs the Harris-  
burg (Penn.) Call that car No. 1315 of  
the Green Line is "the evil one's wagon  
on eight ill-fated wheels." By its own  
knowledge that car has killed six or  
eighteen people who were braking upon  
it, and has maimed half a dozen more.  
He affirms there is a streak of bad luck  
connected with that car, and no one who  
knows anything about it will go near it.  
He would rather take his chances on the  
cow-catcher of an engine all night than  
stay by the brakes of No. 1313. It has  
got a bad name, and railroads have, to  
some extent, become superstitious on  
account of it.

## THE COWBOY OF REALITY.

NOT A COMBINATION OF FORTIE  
KNIVES AND SIX-SHOOTERS.

**Hard-Working Fellows Who are Not  
So Wild as Painted—The Routine  
of the Rancho.**  
A cowboy's accoutrements consists of  
the following articles, which he himself  
furnishes. The articles and prices are  
first class and are possessed by a first-  
class man. Of course they can be ob-  
tained cheaper, but a cowboy's outfit is  
as the apple of his eye, and as a general  
rule, indicates his standing among his  
associates: A saddle, \$125; from four to  
eight pairs of blankets, averaging \$12  
each; one tarpaulin, for the protection  
of the horse in wet weather, \$9; a bit,  
without bridle, \$25; spurs, \$30 a pair;  
raw-hide braided bridle reins, \$8; raw-  
hide riata, \$12; hair laccamoor and hair  
ropes, \$15. Our employers, says a cow-  
boy, rarely buy a cowboy's outfit in New  
York World, furnishes us with food,  
which consists of canned goods of every  
description. As for meat, it is almost  
unnecessary to state that we have the  
choicest parts which the range can af-  
ford. All these supplies are kept in the  
quantity at what is termed the "hemp"  
ranch, over which presides a first-class  
cook, whose services are rewarded by a  
salary ranging from \$50 to \$75 per  
month. Eggs, butter and vegetable pro-  
duce are raised in abundance on the  
ranch, and a neat fit for the gods often  
graces a table surrounded by men whose  
right hands are ever ready to befriend the  
needy and protect the weak—cowboys.  
As much is made from horse legs, the in-  
sides of which are lined with heavy duck  
canvas and whitewashed. Each ranch  
contains from three to seven rooms, de-  
pending, of course upon the magnitude  
of the company. In the winter only one  
and judgment is the purpose by each  
man remaining upon the ranch, and for  
their food from thirty to one hundred  
and fifty tons of hay are annually raised  
for winter food. All other horses are  
used out to "camp" for a living until  
spring. Those remaining on the ranch  
(men who have worked for the different  
ranches, and whose places could not easily  
be filled were they discharged) do but little  
during the winter, only keeping an eye  
on the horses, and making them them-  
selves useful if an occasion should arise  
for them to do so. The question will be  
asked: "How does a cowboy have such  
an expensive outfit on, say, \$75 per  
month?" The answer is that in a great  
measure no money is drawn for three or  
four months, the reason being that even if  
it were it would be of little benefit away  
off in the mountains. The result is that  
it is obtained in a lump, and consequently  
is of vastly more benefit for the time it  
lasts. A cowboy's outfit is worth from  
seven or eight months' accumulation.  
Gambling and whisky are the bane of  
two-thirds of this class of men, and some-  
times lead to sad results. But the pre-  
vailing idea that a cowboy wears long  
hair, carries a whip, and is dressed in  
European garb for decorations, says: "The im-  
perious William is generally seen wearing  
the iron cross and the star of the most  
distinguished Order of the Black Eagle.  
Emporer Francis Joseph, the Emperor  
and the Emperor of the Order of the Golden  
Fleece, it being one of the regulations of  
the order that every knight belonging to  
it must wear it at all times, in state or  
private. A similar regulation compels  
the knights of the Order of St. George  
to wear the cross at all times, and they  
would incur penalties if seen with-  
out it. The ordinary decoration, includ-  
ing the ribbon, is about four inches long  
by three inches wide. To be able to  
wear all these decorations, a cowboy must  
mark or count Moltke, for a lance, and  
four months' labor of this kind their  
services are no longer required, and they  
are given a cheque for their wages and a  
dismissal. They receive the minimum pay  
of \$100 per month. Each of these  
emperors and the royal over-chiefs of  
Europe average fifty grand crosses, with  
their respective appendages. Aside from  
the sovereigns and princes, I should think  
the most decorated man must be either  
Count Andrius, the former Chancellor  
of Austria, or the station-master of—  
a well known watering place. The latter  
receives an average of three minor crosses  
annually, depending mainly on the num-  
ber of sovereigns and princes visiting  
the place; station-master officials, police  
commissioners and others are in many  
instances remunerated for their  
services with crosses very much as the  
gate-keeper of the Castle of Chillon re-  
ceives a shilling from every visiting Eng-  
lishman."

**A Sharper's Outfit.**  
Among the effects of Daniel Thomas  
Doherty, the American who was sen-  
tenced to penal servitude for shooting a  
companion in a dispute over a gambling  
table, were found the elaborate apparatus  
of a professional card sharper. The ar-  
ticles include a logus roll of notes, a  
miniature mirror, the size of a sixpence,  
to enable the player to see the value of  
any card he deals, and half a dozen pairs  
of marked cards in a hand-painted wood-  
en case. This case contains a screw which  
presses the packs so closely together that  
any two cards which are slightly roughed  
other. But the gem of the collection is  
a piece of mechanism designed to hold a  
card concealed in the player's sleeve, and  
to discharge it under cover of his hand  
on his pressing a spring, which he does  
by leaning his elbow on the table. This  
is supplemented by another ingenious  
appliance for a similar purpose, to be  
used in dealing at faro, which while ap-  
parently conceals a physical impossibility  
to deal two cards at once, enables the  
dealer to accomplish this at pleasure by  
tossing a secret spring. The thing is  
beautifully made, and the American  
maker shows his satisfaction with it by  
attaching his name and address.—Lon-  
don World.

**Wearing Decorations Abroad.**  
Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg, an ex-  
cellent writer on the subject of the Euro-  
pean garb for decorations, says: "The im-  
perious William is generally seen wearing  
the iron cross and the star of the most  
distinguished Order of the Black Eagle.  
Emporer Francis Joseph, the Emperor  
and the Emperor of the Order of the Golden  
Fleece, it being one of the regulations of  
the order that every knight belonging to  
it must wear it at all times, in state or  
private. A similar regulation compels  
the knights of the Order of St. George  
to wear the cross at all times, and they  
would incur penalties if seen with-  
out it. The ordinary decoration, includ-  
ing the ribbon, is about four inches long  
by three inches wide. To be able to  
wear all these decorations, a cowboy must  
mark or count Moltke, for a lance, and  
four months' labor of this kind their  
services are no longer required, and they  
are given a cheque for their wages and a  
dismissal. They receive the minimum pay  
of \$100 per month. Each of these  
emperors and the royal over-chiefs of  
Europe average fifty grand crosses, with  
their respective appendages. Aside from  
the sovereigns and princes, I should think  
the most decorated man must be either  
Count Andrius, the former Chancellor  
of Austria, or the station-master of—  
a well known watering place. The latter  
receives an average of three minor crosses  
annually, depending mainly on the num-  
ber of sovereigns and princes visiting  
the place; station-master officials, police  
commissioners and others are in many  
instances remunerated for their  
services with crosses very much as the  
gate-keeper of the Castle of Chillon re-  
ceives a shilling from every visiting Eng-  
lishman."

**Discovers at Pompeii.**  
Excavations at Pompeii have yielded  
abundance recently. Surgical instru-  
ment (mostly of bronze) have been found,  
which appear to have been kept in a  
wooden box; also a small pair of apoth-  
ecary's scales and a small of weights, equi-  
valent to 14, 17.5, 21, 24.9 and 35.8  
grammes respectively. Among various  
domestic utensils may be mentioned a  
noteworthy, a beautiful steppan of  
bronze, the silver tally of which repre-  
sents a head in raised work, and a bronze  
lamp, still containing the wick; finally,  
various glass vessels, terra cotta, gold  
rings and ear pendants. Among the finds  
of coin are a sesterce of Vespasian with  
Fortuna on the reverse and the inscrip-  
tion "Fortuna reducet," and a denar-  
dium of Nero with the temple of Janus  
and the inscription: "Pecunia ubiq-  
parta Janum claudit."—Christiana Work.

**Toned Down.**  
You, mighty smart he upon Courtier.  
A tongue  
A man of words.

**Home Journal.**  
When drowsy dews begin to peep  
Amid the fragrant thorn,  
Before the stars have come to sleep  
"Exchange." Of course, it is an easy  
matter to distinguish the branded cattle,  
but the work of "cutting" out certain  
brands and the calves, and branding the  
latter is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.  
The branding of calves is a simple  
enough matter when done by an expert,  
and three or four cowboys who are ex-  
posed to the lass-entail and drag them  
to the brander's side, and the work of  
branding is no easy task. The cows and  
calves are then run off into a bunch, and  
the beef cattle are separated from them.<