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Latest local anasthetics, or nitrous oxide gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth. TERMS CASH.

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THE POOR BOY.

His face was a picture of beauty and health,
And his cheeks were as red as the rose.
His eyes were as bright
As the stars of night,
But he didn't wear very good clothes.
Two little brown curls found a hole in his hat,
While others hid under its brim.
While the people passed by,
Never turning an eye
On a poor little fellow like him.

His little red hands hung down by his side
As he looked in the window to see
All the beautiful toys
That would please little boys
More blest and more happy than he.
His father was dead and his mother was poor,
And the crowd kept on hurrying by.
Then he picked up a sack,
Threw it over his back,
And he left with a tear in his eye.

He thought of his mother in bed at home sick,
And his feelings he tried to control
As he stopped here and there
On the street everywhere
To pick up a stray lump of coal.
A gentleman gave him a quarter to go
And purchase some nice little toy,
And the heart that was sad
In the breast of that lad
Never beat in a happier boy.

He lifted the rim of his little brown hat
And thanked him, the proudest of boys,
But he never went back
To that store with his sack
To invest it in purchasing toys
No! not on he went to the river in haste,
With a feeling of joy in his soul.
No toys had he bought.
For that little boy thought
Of his mother and spent it for coal.
—Will S. Hays in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

LOVE OF A WEALTHY MINER.

Romantic Elopement from California of a Grizzled Gold Hunter.

"Do you see that man just going toward the elevator entrance—the one with that buxom looking woman on his arm?" asked Clerk Cunningham at the Palmer house a few days ago, pointing out a man apparently about 50 years old, who was the picture of health, and the good looking woman of 38, who was affectionately clinging to his arm.

"Didn't they look happy?" continued the clerk, after the man and woman had passed from view. "And they are happy, too. Do you know what that is? Not Well, it's a clear case of elopement of the old Spanish style—ladder and all that sort of thing, you know. As he and his wife are going away this evening for the Pacific coast I'll tell you all about it. He is Charles A. Miller, of Anaheim, Cal. He and his wife have been here two days, and the first time I saw him I knew he was tickled to death about something, and which he was just aching to tell. So when he came down from breakfast to smoke his cigar in the foyer I told him I wished I could appear as happy as he did all the time. That started him. He leaned on the desk and opened his heart. His wife's maiden name was Alice Leland and she lived in Jamestown, Cal.—my jovial friend called it Jimtown—and that is where he met his fate. A bachelor of 58, who had made his fortune in the gold mines, you would think would be too tough to make any impression upon, but it wasn't so. He said he felt like a schoolboy, only more so.

"Miss Leland was not averse to her elderly lover, but her folks had always been so anxious to keep her at home that every young man who had shown any disposition to care for her was given to understand that his presence was not wanted. This was the case with Miller. The old folks immediately forbade him the house.

"Alice was determined to have the man she loved, however, and as her younger sister favored the match clandestine meetings were arranged and the day of elopement was fixed, and the lover got a team and carriage, and at 10 o'clock at night Alice climbed down a ladder and they drove to Sonora, four miles away, where at half-past 11 the couple were married, the preacher and his wife getting out of their beds to light the church, where the ceremony was performed. After the knot was tied they drove to Stockton, thirty miles distant, which was the nearest railroad station, and came east to visit relatives in Toledo, O., and Chicago.

"He is a wealthy mine owner, having gone to California from his native state, Ohio, twenty years ago. He was fortunate enough to locate a rich claim, and he told me he took $30,000 worth of gold in one day, and got his money for it through the Wells-Fargo Express company. He hasn't worked in the mines for years, but he still has large interests in them. He says he intends to spend the remainder of his happy days on a large orange farm he owns in Alabama."—Chicago Tribune.

Does Honesty Pay?

"It doesn't pay to be honest," said a guest of the Fifth Avenue hotel last night, and when I suggested that honest men were rewarded by their conscious uprightness he replied: "That is all well enough in sentiment, but I was thinking of the hall boy whom I saw rewarded recently with a dollar bill for finding a five hundred dollar diamond bracelet that a lady had dropped in the gutter in front of the hotel. She declared that she had lost it in the house, and was almost ready to swear that the elevator boy had stolen it. The hall boy went searching through the halls and out into the street, where he found it in the gutter—and she gave him a dollar.

"Then on Saturday John Cox, who carries the hotel mail, was given $100 for returning $10,000 worth of diamonds, which he found in a bag in the street, to their owner. If the finder had kept the diamonds for forty-eight hours he would have seen $1,000 reward offered for their recovery, but he was honest, returned them at once and got his reward, principally in his consciousness, as you call it. It is small wonder that there are not more dishonest men when you see such occurrences."—New York Press.

All in Their Eye.

Before the railroads and street cars were in use in India there were seven different castes in cities like Bombay who could not ride in the same vehicle with each other. This has all been knocked in the head, and the only struggle between them is to get the best seat.—Detroit Free Press.

Gen. Butler's Court Methods.

Gen. Butler's peculiar methods of fighting a case are very well known. He has changed little, even in his later days, in this respect. "I object, your honor," has been said by him probably more times than by any other man, living or dead. His life in fighting court cases has been one great objection, so to speak, in this respect. Just at the moment when he becomes snugly composed in his chair, and his eyelids drop down over his eyes as if he were asleep, the objection is liable to come. With it his massive frame begins slowly, painfully slowly, to arise from the chair. It totters over to the judge's desk, braces itself, and then the judge hears the reason for the objection, and quite frequently the jury do too, for Gen. Butler has always been a firm believer in the enlightenment of juries, even when the opposing counsel thinks only the evidence is fit for their ears.

And when any papers are entered in a case by an opposing counsel the general's objections are all the fiercer. A paper thus introduced never had a closer scrutiny than that afforded it by the general. He never wears glasses, even in his old age, consequently a close application is necessary, and the paper is drawn from side to side with both hands, as close to his face as his nose will allow.—Boston Advertiser.

No Menace from China.

The Chinese, like the French, are too much attached to their own country to seek to establish themselves in colonies abroad. If the aim of Chinese emigrants were to make a home in foreign lands they would contrive to take their women with them. Their only idea of home life is connected with the land of their fathers. Thither they intend to return when they acquire the means of living, and thither their bones are always carried when they die beyond the seas. This peculiarity, if taken alone, is enough to avert from any part of our western world the danger of being swamped by an influx of Chinese settlers.

The first Chinese arrived at San Francisco shortly after the discovery of gold in 1849. California pioneers tell how they were feasted at a public banquet, and how the mayor in a formal address bid them tell their countrymen to follow. Since that date the population of our country has grown from 24,000,000 to 65,000,000; and while Europe has given us many millions, China has contributed the paltry contingent of 60,000—scarcely enough to people a third class city. In view of all these facts where is the ground of alarm?—President Martin, of China, in Forum.

How Sawdust Kills Salmon.

It has been proved without a doubt that the promiscuous dumping of sawdust into the river is very detrimental to the salmon. Salmon, after leaving the ocean to spawn, never eat anything while in the river. On opening thousands of them it is found that they have nothing in their stomachs and intestines. Nature has provided for the abnormal abstinence from food by giving them an extra amount of fat as a reserve to draw upon, which is consumed while on their way to the spawning grounds.

In examining fish that have been killed by sawdust, it is found that the fine particles of wood that have been swallowed in the water lodge in the gullet and abdominal cavities and clog them up, instantly killing the fish. The greater percentage of fat found in Columbia river fish over those of any other river is accounted for on the ground that the much longer distance the fish have to travel, over those of salmon on other rivers, before reaching the spawning grounds, makes this wise provision of nature a very necessary requisite in the life of a fish.—Tacoma (Wash.) News.

The Original Santa Claus.

St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children, was bishop of Myra, and died about A. D. 326. He was fond of children and young people, and many charitable deeds in their behalf are recorded of him. He is the recognized patron of the Christmas season; but Santa Claus, or Knecht Rupert, is a product of Germany, where it was formerly the custom for the parents of a village to put all the gifts designed for their children into the hands of a man who, disguised in long robes, a mask and a monstrous wig, went from house to house, rapped, was admitted, and severely questioned the parents as to the behavior of the little ones during the past year, judiciously leading the questioning up to a point where the intended present could be appropriately introduced. The fiction of his descent through the chimney accounted for his absence when the annual round of this masked personage ceased to be made.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Prayer Among the Mongols.

On the tops of all the houses were little prayer wheels turned by the force of the wind, a simple arrangement like an anemometer placed on them catching the air and so keeping them in motion. In the hands of most of the old men and women were bronze or brass prayer wheels, which they kept continually turning, while, not satisfied with this mechanical way of acquiring merit, they mumbled the popular formula, "Om mani peme hum," the well known invocation to Avalokiteshwarai, the would be saviour of the world.—W. Woodville Rockhill in Century.

Therpsichorean.

"Do you think it is wicked to dance?"

"Not on a good floor."—Epoch.

An After Dinner Speech.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—I thank you. Nothing but a morbid regard for the truth deters me from saying that this is the proudest moment of my life!" With which laconic acknowledgment of the toast to his health he sat down, wearied with the nightly iteration of the same formality to which an official position condemned him.—All the Year Round.

FIRST WORK OF A GREAT ARTIST.

Meeting of Lorenzo de Medici and the Young Boy Michael Angelo.

One afternoon the Duke Lorenzo de Medici, in walking through the garden, came upon young Michael Angelo, who was busily chiseling his first piece of sculpture. The duke saw in the stone the face of a faun which the boy was copying from an antique mask, but which, with his usual impatience of imitation, he was changing so as to show the open lips and teeth. "How is it," said the duke, drawing closer, "that you have given your faun a complete set of teeth? Don't you know that such an old fellow was sure to have lost some of them?" Michael Angelo at once saw the justice of the criticism. Artists are not always ready to receive adverse criticism.

Michael Angelo himself was quick tempered and hard to move. A hot word to one of his boy companions on a certain occasion brought so severe a blow in the face that all truthful portraits of Michael Angelo have since had to show him with a broken nose. But the duke's criticism was kindly given, and was plainly warranted, and the young sculptor could hardly wait until the duke walked on before beginning the correction. When the duke saw the faun's face again he found some of the teeth gone and the empty sockets skillfully chiseled out.

Delighted with this evidence of the lad's willingness to seize and act upon a suggestion, and impressed anew by his artistic skill, the duke made inquiries, learned that Michael Angelo had borrowed stone and tools on his own account in his eagerness to begin sculpture (he was first set at drawing from the statuary) and ended by sending for the boy's father. The result of the consultation was that the duke took Michael Angelo under his own special patronage and protection, and was so well pleased after he had done it that no favor seemed too great to bestow upon the energetic young artist. Michael Angelo, then only 15, not only received a key to the Garden of Sculpture and an apartment in the Medici palace itself, but had a place at the duke's table. In fact a real attachment grew up between Michael Angelo and the duke, who frequently called the boy to his own rooms, when he would open a cabinet of gems and intaglios, seek his young visitor's opinions and enter into long and confidential talks.—Alexander Black in St. Nicholas.

The Bible by Heart.

One kind of retentive memory may be considered as the result of sheer work, a determination toward one particular achievement without reference either to cultivation or to memory on other subjects. This is frequently shown by persons in human life in regard to the Bible. An old beggar man at Stirling, known fifty years ago as "Blind Alick," afforded an instance of this. He knew the whole of the Bible by heart, insomuch that if a sentence was read to him he could name the book, chapter and verse, or if the book, chapter and verse were named he could give the exact words.

A gentleman, to test him, repeated the verse, purposely making one verbal inaccuracy. Alick hesitated, named the place where the passage could be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman asked him to repeat the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of the Book of Numbers. Alick almost instantly replied: "There is no such a verse. That chapter has only eighty-nine verses." Gassendi acquired by heart 6,000 Latin verses, and in order to give his memory exercise he was in the habit daily of reciting 600 verses from different languages.—Spare Moments.

How to Saddle a Horse.

"There is only one way to put a saddle on a horse," says Col. Kearney. "I learned it when I was a member of the Texas rangers. It's a little thing, but it is worth knowing. I used to put my blanket on, and it would look smooth and nice. Then I would put the saddle on and mount. After riding a few miles I would find the saddle slipping farther and farther back, and would find it necessary finally to dismount and cinch up again. One day a cowboy said, 'Let me fix that saddle for you.' I got off, and he put the blanket on just as I had done and then the saddle. Then he put his hand under the saddle and blanket, and lifted them up, and let them settle back into place. I found that when this was done the saddle would stick for a forty mile ride."—Kansas City Times.

Hats and Elevators.

The question of taking one's hat off in the elevator may be readily disposed of when one takes into consideration the fact that the elevator is merely a means of passage from one portion of a building to another, as in the staircase or hallway. One does not go about with one's hat in one's hand in the corridor of a hotel or mounting the stairs of a business building. The lifting of the hat in the elevator is a custom of English derivation—but if it is against reason and common sense it need not perforce receive sanction here. Besides in England the elevator is a "lift," and perhaps the male passenger unconsciously lifts his hat in sympathy with that nomenclature.—Clothier and Furnisher.

His Experience.

Optimus—What do you think the most obvious tendency of modern poetry?

Pessimus—The waste basket.—St. Joseph News.

Farm Notes.

Few materials equal good sound corn for fattening animals, especially in winter.

A quart of kerosene, costing almost nothing, will save many valuable tools from becoming rusty. Simply apply it with a paint brush. It will do no harm to any kind of implement.

Corncobs abound largely in potash, hence every one of them should be carefully saved and used as fuel, the ashes to be scattered in the orchard.

Guns of Gold and a Carpet of Gems.

W. S. Caine writes us from India of his visit to the Maharajah of Baroda: "We were taken to the old palace, in the heart of the city, to see the treasure room. Two huge cheetahs, carefully muzzled, used for hunting bucks, were on the palace steps. The regalia of Baroda is valued at £3,000,000. We were first shown the jewels worn by the Maharajah on state occasions.

"These consist of a gorgeous collar of 500 diamonds, some of them as big as walnuts, arranged in five rows, surrouded by a top and bottom row of emeralds of the same size. The pendant is a famous diamond called 'The Star of the Deccan,' an aigrette to match is worn in the turban, then followed strings of pearls of perfect roundness, graduated from the size of a pea to that of a large marble, wondrous rings, necklaces, clusters of sapphires and rubies as big as grapes.

"The greatest marvel of all is a carpet, about 10x6 feet, made entirely of strings of pure and colored pearls, with great central and corner circles of diamonds. This carpet took three years to make, and cost £300,000. This was one of Khande Rao's mad freaks, and was intended to be sent to Mecca to please a Mohammedan lady who had fascinated him; but such a thing being done by a Hindoo prince was too serious, and it never left Baroda.

"We were also taken to see two guns, weighing 280 pounds each, of solid gold, with two companions of silver, the ammunition wagons, bullock harness and ramrods all being silver."—Trader.

His Working Clothes.

Billy Brown, a tall, athletic Irishman, was summoned to appear at a trial in London as a witness. The case being against his employer, the prosecuting counsel hoped to get some damaging evidence from him. Billy's daily employment was that of a carpenter, and he entered the witness box in his ordinary work-a-day costume, very dirty and rather ragged.

The opposition counsel did all in his power to confuse "Mr. Brown," but that gentleman was not so easily thrown off his guard. During the examination he was asked if the clothes he appeared in were his best.

"Ah, sure, indeed and they are not, sir," said he.

"Oh, then you have better clothes which you appear in on a Sunday?"

"It's moighty thrue, sir."

"A white waistcoat, gray coat, knee breeches and smart ribbons?"

"You've met me somewhere," said Billy.

"No," replied the barrister, "I have not, but since you confess you have better clothes, are you not ashamed to appear in court in that disgraceful state?"

"Not at all," said Billy, pointing to the judge, "sure his lordship's in his working dress, and I'm in mine."

"Stand down, Mr. Brown," was the barrister's natural order after this.—Youth's Companion.

Value of Creeds Rightly Used.

Creeds, notwithstanding their stifling tendency, are necessary, at least in this world, to the preservation of truth. They serve as receptacles for its custody, vehicles for its propagation. Viewed in this light, the world owes an incalculable debt to such profound systematizers as Athanasius and Augustine and Calvin. In fact, constructed as we are, we cannot do without forms. What skin is to wine, that creed is to truth.

If, then, on the one hand, truth cannot do without creed, and if, on the other hand, truth tends to burst creed, and creed to strangle truth, what are we to do? Simply this: put new wine into fresh skins. In other words, recognize the principle of growth and adjust creed to it. Let us not, then, stereotype our conceptions of truth. Let us give our conceptions chance to grow.—Rev. George D. Boardman in Forum.

Wholesale Desertion.

In the old imperial city the national guard drew up on parade, the officer marched in front, the guard, numbering thirty men, followed in line, and thus they proceeded down the main street. Suddenly the guard turned down a little side street, but the officer gravely marched straight on till he came to a turning, when he flourished his sword and commanded:

"To the right about—march!"

Here he unexpectedly found the whole of his men in front of him.

"Potz Funken, where do you come from?" he inquired in surprise.

"Through St. Mary's lane," was the reply; "it's a shorter road."—Die gute alte Zeit.

Conjurer and Peasant.

Conjurer—You see, ladies and gentlemen, the dollar has vanished. We shall soon find out where it has gone. You, honest countryman, over there, just put your hand in your coat pocket! I bet you'll find the dollar.

Peasant—No; I've only got two marks and eighty pfennig!

"Impossible. You must have the dollar!"

"No, I haven't! That was a dollar you put in my pocket a while ago, but I've been out to have a drink since then." Tableau.—Generalanzeiger.

Gen. Wade Hampton's father was probably the largest slaveholder in the south before the war. His plantations were situated principally in Mississippi. Wade Hampton inherited these estates, and was very wealthy before the outbreak of hostilities, but since the close of the war he has depended to a large extent upon his salary as a public official.

Coarse fodder and other rough foods may be used with advantage, but something better must be given also. It is a variety of food that keeps an animal in health and profit.

Hogs must be kept clean and out of the mud, as many evils are caused by filth and cold. Keep them clean and warm now when the nights are getting long and cold.

Make it a rule not to overfeed. See that every trough is clean before you feed again.

A FEAST IN ZULULAND.

The Killing of the Cattle for the Occasion an Exciting Event.

A dozen magnificent long horned cattle were run into the kraal, and several stalwart warriors followed them in, assegais in hand. Crowding the cattle in a bunch up against the wall, each warrior singled out a victim, and with a mighty thrust plunged the keen, bright blade into the animal's heart. Generally speaking, the one swift, sure stroke was sufficient, but in two or three cases the stricken animals avoided the death thrust, and, goaded to madness by the deep wound, made matters exceedingly lively for the Zulus for the next few minutes, chasing them frantically about the kraal until some well hurled assegai brought them to earth. One big steer, horned like a Texan, kept his feet, and fought until a dozen assegai blades were hurled in his body, and in his blind rushing he knocked over a couple of men and ripped one very badly up the thigh.

The whole affair was as exciting as a Spanish bull fight. When they were all killed the crowd, who had been enjoying the fun from the kraal wall, hopped into the arena and assisted in the work of skinning and cutting up. As many as could get around an animal assisted, and one could scarcely imagine a more barbarous spectacle than a horde of Zulus skinning and dissecting a dozen cows. The blood was allowed to remain in the flesh, and men, women and children were seen carrying off the huge pieces of red, quivering flesh slung over their shoulders, with the blood trickling down their sleek, dark skins to their heels. Children besmeared their faces and bodies for fun, and about each carcass a group of tall, black warriors hacked and slashed, like the savages they were. While the women boiled the beef in big iron kettles, obtained from Natal, the warriors engaged in a big dance.

You can never quite catch the spirit of a Zulu dance by merely hearing it described, any more than you can realize the exhilaration of wine without trying it. The warriors turned out about 300 strong on this occasion, and the dance took place on a level bit of ground outside the kraal. The whole community was gathered in a black mass, squatting in irregular ranks on the grass to see the dance. After the beeves had all been cut up the warriors retired to their huts. Then very shortly they came straggling out again, one by one, the blood washed off, and their bodies decorated with all the gewgaws of war. Many wore kilts of Zanzibar cat tails or the tails of wolves and foxes, and round their calves and biceps were ornaments of bead and of leopard skin. On each warrior's head was a discus of black mimosa gum, polished until it looked like a circlet of jet. With ox hide shields and bright assegais they trooped into the kraal until all were assembled.

Then forming into ranks as natural as a company of grenadiers, they marched out unto the dancing ground, singing a strange, weird chant in accompaniment to the rattle of assegai on shield and measured tramp of feet. One could see at a glance now that every Zulu is a warrior born. Here they were, the veriest savages to all intent, naked as animals, yet playing soldier with a bearing and precision of movement that European troops, with all their scientific training, could hardly hope to beat. Forward they stepped, then filing off into semicircle, two deep they stood, proud and erect, the most splendid specimens of martial manhood I ever saw, their black eyes glistening with suppressed fire, their chests heaving and muscles twitching.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Rooster Swam Away.

It is not often that a rooster has any particular desire to take a bath, but a Port Orange (N. J.) bird showed that, under the pressure of necessity, he could swim like a duck. He was chased by a dog to the edge of the Morris canal, and, seeing no other mode of escape, he jumped in. The dog followed, but the rooster, using both wings and feet as propellers, forged rapidly through the water. The canal is very broad at that place, and he looked over his shoulder several times to see whether his pursuer was gaining on him or not. He was clearly the faster swimmer of the two, and when he struggled up the opposite bank the dog was a bad second. The triumphant rooster stood upon the shore, crooked his neck, and crowed until he couldn't see, and while thus indulging in self-laudation the dog landed and almost succeeded in catching him by the tail. He had hardly time to save himself by fluttering into a tree.—New York Sun.

The Uneconomical Fire Grate.

The uneconomical open grate, so habitual in England, is the product of an abundance of fuel. We have not yet learned, either in the cottage or the mansion, to use, as the Germans, Russians and Americans do, a stove of porcelain or metal which, on a wonderfully small consumption of coal, radiates sufficient heat from its large surface to make a barn tropical. With or without fire clay backings, it is next to impossible to heat rooms for large audiences from open fireplaces.—London Tit-Bits.

Not Uninformed Herself.

They were riding up town in a Sixth avenue L train, he and she. She was sedate and demure, and scarcely raised her eyes when he spoke to her.

He called her attention to various points of interest along the road, and just before the train reached Twentieth street he nudged her with his elbow.

"There, do you see that tree in the back yard of that brown looking house? Well, a man of the name"——

"Yes, yes," she murmured. "I know, I know. There is where the broker killed himself one night. I never come by here with anybody without hearing something about it, but I think it's getting to be something of a chestnut, don't you?"

"Wonder if we'll have much snow this winter?" he asked, looking up at the sky.—New York Evening Sun.

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