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A BORDER TOWN.

KANSAS AS IT WAS ONLY A SCORE OF YEARS AGO.

How the Beautiful City of the Plains Came to be Founded—The Result of a Quarrel and Fear of Ridicule—Influence of One Man in the Early Sixties.

For years the Western border has been like the Irishman's flea of tradition—extremely hard to locate. One year it is here, and the next further on. The resistless advance of progress is pushing it onward, till, like the Indian, the border is almost pushed out of existence, and has little place except in romance.

Scarce a dozen years ago the greater portion of Kansas was believed to be the abiding place of lawlessness and open to the incursions of Indians, outlaws and other undesirable characters. Now, of the borderland of the last decade there remains scarce a trace. In No Man's Land, the "Neutral Strip," west of the Indian Territory, and south of the western portion of Kansas, without the pale of the law, the exciting days when the desperado reigned still exist. But only for a little while. Soon the march of civilization will supplant the long-haired law-breaker, the white-fingered gambler and the painted wanton with the hard-handed homesteader, the shrewd, quiet business man and the matronly housewife.

The tourist visiting Abilene, with its 10,000 inhabitants, and seeing the prosperous little city, with street cars, water works, electric lights and many other adjuncts of metropolitan life, would with difficulty be made to believe that, not many years ago, that orderly, peace-loving city was the banner "hard" town of the border.

The tales of the "old-timers" sound like pages from the pens of dime novelists.

Early in the "sixties" a little cluster of perhaps half a dozen log-cabins marked the present site of Abilene. Their presence there seemed more due to accident than anything else. From a wagon-train crossing the plains a few families dropped out, owing to quarrels and dissatisfactions. Not caring to return to their starting point and face the ridicule of their former neighbors, they cast about for a suitable location for what they then intended to be only a temporary settlement. They finally made the happy choice of the beautiful stretch of prairie in the Smoky valley, a short distance north of the Smoky Hill river. There they established the nucleus of what to-day is known as the "Beautiful City of the Plains." Then, coming from no one knows where, "Old Man Jones," as he was called, made his appearance and erected a small log building in which he sold groceries and whiskey. This was the humble forerunner of the handsome trade palaces of to-day, several of which rival in architectural beauty those of metropolitan cities many times the size of Abilene.

Now and then a family was added to the little settlement, and, after a while, another store, called the "Pioneer Store," was built. Little activity was shown till the building of the Kansas Pacific railroad, several years later. Then the town began to expand a trifle and take upon itself airs of importance.

To one man is mostly due the lively and prosperous, though wild and wicked days that followed—Joseph G. McCoy, the man who knew more of cattle and cattle interest than any one else on the border. He saw in Abilene the most desirable point in the West for the shipment of the vast herds of cattle driven from Texas and the Indian Territory. He set to work to deflect from numerous other points the entire cattle shipment of the "southern country" and to bring it all to Abilene. He was successful in securing a large portion of it. Circulars, lauding the advantages of Abilene as a shipping point, were liberally distributed in the Indian Territory and Texas, and agents were sent among the "cattle kings." Eastern buyers were informed of the immense number of cattle that would arrive at a certain date. The Eastern papers were full of glowing accounts of the importance of the new cattle capital. Abilene's notoriety soon became wide-spread and new comers arrived in large numbers. Many of them were legitimate buyers, speculators or laborers, but far more were the riff-raff of civilization.

Every day witnessed dozens of new arrivals—human vultures, most of them—and good citizens were soon outnumbered by outlaws, gamblers and "toughs." Saloons, dance-houses and gambling dens sprang up as if by magic, and so numerous were they that the buildings devoted to base and illegal purposes were vastly in the majority over those put to legitimate uses. All this was done in the expectation of the coming of the cattle interests. It was "banking on the futures" with a vengeance.

Soon the cattle began to pour in by thousands, and Abilene sprang into life as in a night. Leadville in its palmiest days, or Beaver City to-day, never witnessed wilder scenes of debauchery and lawlessness than followed. Business men would not bring their wives from their Eastern homes, and good women were sadly in the minority in Abilene. Lawlessness ran riot and waxed intolerant and intolerable. The town seemed practically given over to thugs, gamblers and wantons. Cowboys, with a full cargo of the villainous "valley tan" of the saloons on board, often rode at full speed up and down the streets, yelling, cursing and shooting. If a citizen who was so unfortunate as to be in the street at the time escaped being shot by the wild riders or run over by the equally wild ponies, he congratulated himself for having been born beneath a lucky star. Drunken cowboys and desperadoes often rode in at the open doors of stores or saloons and shot to pieces any breakable articles they happened to see. If the proprietor objected he was treated in the same manner. Street fights were too common to excite more than passive comment.

In spite of all these drawbacks, the cattle interests boomed Abilene far ahead of competing towns. Substantial buildings were erected and there were abundant indications of prosperity on every hand.

In 1870, James B. Hickok, notorious throughout the West, and, in fact, the entire Union, as "Wild Bill," came to Abilene. Whatever may have been his faults, he was a man of unflinching courage. In spite of laudatory articles to the contrary, he was probably as "tough" a citizen as ever entered Abilene, but he proved the salvation of the town and as effectually rid it of the outlaws. What to do with or about him the authorities were at a loss to decide. Soon, however, they took the dilemma by the horns and appointed Wild Bill marshal of Abilene.

Such another cleaning out of law-breakers was rarely ever seen.

When an offense was committed, Wild Bill promptly ordered the offender to leave, and he as promptly left or was shot at sight.

A cowboy on a "tear" was warned to cease his riotous merry-making, and he always did it at once or tumbled from his pony a little later with an ugly hole in his carcass. Was a fight in progress the word that Wild Bill was coming quelled it as speedily as the falling of the roof upon the combatants would have done.

Bill's method was to shoot first and inquire into the matter afterward, and, as an enforcer of border law, he was a success.

Soon outrages upon law and decency were remarkably scarce and personal safety was guaranteed to all. And the entire change in the morals of Abilene was due to this one bold, fearless man.

Then the building of the railroad further into the cattle country caused the cattle trade to depart from Abilene, and, with it, went the remainder of the lawless classes. Finding his occupation gone, Wild Bill departed also. He was afterward killed by the desperado Jack McCall.

Abilene had received such an impetus from the cattle trade that it suffered but a slight relapse of its prosperity, and, a few years later, was booming onward to the enviable position it now occupies.

TOM P. MORGAN.

PERSONAL.

Points of Interest Concerning Notable People of the World.

Mr. James McWhorter Whistler, who is known to his familiar friends as "Jimmy" Whistler, is again threatening us with his 10 P. M. Nocturnes. He is nothing if not eccentric, so he proposes to begin his lectures at *ten o'clock at night*. This is a dangerous experiment, for should he be uninteresting, he will be received with more yawns than applause. By the way, it is not known that Whistler's housekeeper was the model for his picture, the "Woman in White."

Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, although of noble birth, affects the life of a peasant and the trade of a shoemaker. He dresses like a village artisan; his shirt is soiled with mud; his rough boots are covered with clay, and a broad strap encircles his waist; his hair is innocent of brush and comb. He works at his shoemaker's bench part of the day, and spends hours at his desk over those wild, realistic romances which are so wonderful and so depressing.

Appleton Morgan, the founder of and president of the New York Shakspearean Society, is a young man, about forty years old, a lawyer by profession, but a literary man by taste. He is short, five feet three, inclined to be fat, and has all the jollity of Falstaff, without any of that renowned knight's bad qualities. After his favorite hobby, Shakspeare, he is most interested in the New York and Palisade railroad, of which he is the president.

Julian Hawthorne is one of the handsomest literary men now living. His face does not possess that grand, majestic power that distinguished his father, but it is perhaps a countenance which has greater attractions for women. Over a beautifully-shaped heads fall curls of dark brown; his eyes are very fine, and would brighten a far less handsome face; he is tall, graceful and manly in figure; an athlete in strength, he pulls the longest oar, lifts the heaviest dumb-bells, and is the best fencer at the Authors' Club.

The Prince of Wales is short, stout and bald. He recently appeared in the park, at Homburg, in a calico shirt, red cravat, untanned leather shoes and a soft brown hat. He is a very friendly and companionable man, and enjoys a holiday like a jolly schoolboy. He will be known in history as the "Good-natured Prince." The story goes that upon one occasion the prince called upon Tennyson at his home, on the Isle of Wight, and was denied admittance, the poet having given strict orders to his servants to admit no strangers into the house, and they did not recognize the future King of England in the jaunty gentleman wearing a very *negligé* morning suit. The prince retired good-humoredly from the door of the churlish poet.

When the Duke of Buckingham was visiting this country some years since, he happened to be in Philadelphia at the time when the late Mr. J. B. Lippincott gave a dinner in honor of Robert Chambers, the eminent Edinburgh publisher. The duke hearing of the affair expressed to Mr. Lippincott his desire to be present at a genuine Philadelphia "feed." Of course he was invited, and sat down, as he afterward told his host, to the "most elegant entertainment he had ever enjoyed." There were present at the dinner the governor of Pennsylvania, the mayor of Philadelphia and the most distinguished men of the day to the number of 100. When Mr. Lippincott next visited England, the Duke of Buckingham invited Mrs. Lippincott and himself to Stowe, the sumptuous country-seat of the family.

Miss Balch, the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Balch, of Baltimore, was not long since a guest at Arundel Castle, the stately home of the Duke of Norfolk. She distinguished herself by her fearless horsemanship, and received many trophies of the various hunts, and was complimented by the duke "as the straightest rider across country (for a lady) he ever saw." "Diana, the divine huntress," said Lord Yarrington, as he watched her flying figure leading over brook, ditch and fences, through furze bushes, holly thickets, then up the steepest of hills where she would laughingly ask them to "admire the view!" then trot recklessly down again, through growth of trees, to a wide stretch of common, until reaching a stream, which she splashed smilingly through, then to the home road and a rapid trot to the end. Upon one occasion, when "taking up deer," a beautiful animal was entrapped, when the Duke of Norfolk said, "Miss Balch, you shall name this pretty creature." "America!" she quickly replied, amid hearty applause, and showing her loyalty to her native land, despite her flattering adoption in Old England. Miss Balch attended the Queen's drawing-room with her grace the Duchess of Norfolk; her dress (Miss Balch's) was one of Worth's masterpieces—petticoat of white satin, with border of bluets; court train of cherry satin, with border of Marguerites; train lined with cherry plush, white feathers (regulation), arranged with point d'Alencon in hair.

Lillie Woodworth Reese, whose poetical contributions are attracting attention, is a public-school teacher in Baltimore. She does not care for society, but devotes all her leisure hours to reading and writing. Love is the favorite subject of her poetry, but she also writes religious poems. Her poems are generally short and intensely dramatic. Miss Reese is about thirty years old—tall, slender and graceful—a decided blonde, with blue eyes and light brown hair.

Maggie Mitchell is in her sixty-fifth year, having been born in New York in 1823. She made her debut at twenty, and was successful from her first appearance on the stage. Fanny Davenport is thirty-seven, and has been on the stage nearly all her life. Marie Prescott is one of the youngest of the theatrical stars, having been born in Kentucky in 1853, and made her debut when she was twenty-three years old. Dion Boucicault is sixty-four, and should be rich, but he has never saved anything. He is the most popular dramatist of the age, and the oldest now living. His first play, "London Assurance," was brought out at Covent Garden March 4, 1841, and has kept the boards ever since.

PARISIAN POLICE.

HOW THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF AN EVERYDAY MOB.

Their Charge on an Excited Crowd as Seen by an American—Marching With Drums and Muskets to the Scene of a Disturbance—Some Interesting Statistics.

One afternoon while in Paris I was startled by the news of some trouble having arisen on account of the performance of the German opera the *Lohengrin*. Eager to satisfy myself as to the truth of the report, I went out for a stroll. The streets were as crowded as ever, but the people looked rather more pre-occupied than Parisians ordinarily do. Here and there groups had gathered, some of whom were talking, some listening to the stump speech of a would-be statesman. Approaching the boulevards, near the *Place de l'Opera*, I joined such a group, but had hardly been able to understand a few words of the excited conversation which was being carried on when the attention of all was attracted by a noise coming from one of the large streets that give into the boulevard. It was caused by the tramp, tramp of an immense mob, who, brandishing sticks and bludgeons, kept time to the monotonous tune of: "*Nos pendules! Nos pendules!*" (a variation on the cry of "*La lanterne! La lanterne!*" which latter had its origin in the fact of the *Communards* of '71 hanging spies, or people whom they suspected of being spies, at the street lanterns.) When the mob, which may have numbered some three or four thousand, emerged into the square they raised the national song, the *Marseillaise*. Everybody then and there present joined in the song, and at the words: "To arms! citizens!" the crowds became so excited as to make me apprehend serious trouble.

I entered a *cafe*, when suddenly I heard the beat of drums. A chaos ensued. Cries of "The police!" "They send soldiers to kill us!" "Fight them!" "Frenchmen, protest against this tyranny!" were uttered. People ran to and fro. Children shrieked. Women and men, fearing a hand-to-hand fight, sought shelter in the *cafes*, stores and private dwellings, the doorkeepers of which attempted in vain to keep the crowds out. The noise of the drums came nearer. I had been crowded away from the window, but, raising myself a little, I caught a glance of the street—and, sure enough, there they came: one, two, three battalions of police, musket over the shoulder, drums ahead, the officers with drawn swords, and three *maires* (mayors of *arrondissements* in which the city is divided), with their tri-colored sashes around the waist, marching in front of the troops. In the meantime the people were still singing away at the *Marseillaise* and flourishing their sticks as if they were paid for making the most possible noise—which, with some of them at least, was probably the case. The mob had greatly increased in number, and was composed of men and women, most of whom belonged to the lower classes. Still, many silk hats stuck out above the mass of caps, and many a well-dressed woman was conspicuous among the white and blue blouses. Without much parley, and without taking the trouble of lowering their muskets, the police charged the mob, who had assumed an air of defiance. A short but hot scuffle took place, in which blue uniforms and blouses, sticks and muskets got so mixed as to make it impossible to see, at first glance, what party gained the upper hand. However, in a short time, the police caused the mob to disperse. Notwithstanding the muskets of the former were but as many encumbrances, they arrested several of the rioters, after which they fell in line again, and left as orderly and quietly as they had come, leaving a few men at each street corner.

The Parisian police consists of about 9,000 men, including the commissaries, detectives, etc. They wear dark blue uniforms, a *kepi* (cap), and are armed with a sword-bayonet, to which is added a revolver in night-time. They are organized and drilled as soldiers, but never carry their muskets, unless it be on exceptional occasions, like the one described. The French police has ever been more able as a detective than as a preventive force. This may be largely attributed to its having so often been drawn away from its proper field of action. Especially the Napoleons made a political agent of their police force, and used its power to help them carry out their intrigues, thus compelling it to pay more attention to political offenders than to criminals. Since the close of the war of 1870 the police has been repeatedly reorganized. At this day, the Parisian police is divided into five departments. One of these, the *police of the morals*, has for its sole duty the surveillance of dissolute women. But its agents have made themselves unpopular by a wrong and often arbitrary and capricious exercise of their power. In Paris the police "sticks its paw" even in the people's private affairs; for instance, when one gives a ball, a few officers are ordered to watch the entrance of his house. The public places of amusement are under a strict surveillance. At performances at the Grand Opera the entrances to the building are guarded by two *gardes de Paris*. This is the name of a corps of mounted police, whose duties are confined within the city limits, and who are dressed in gorgeous uniforms—blue coat, white leather trousers, patent-leather top boots, gilded cuirass, and helmet. And quite a sight it is to behold two horse-soldiers, both man and beast as motionless as statues among the crowds of carriages. The papers of domestics and the certificates they receive from their employers are provided with a *vise* by the authorities. City ordinances regulate the placing of gas pipes in public and private dwellings. When a fire occurs the officers have the power to compel any passer-by of the male sex, no matter how important his errand, to stop and help at carrying water or working at the hand-engines.

In France, where liberty, equality and fraternity are said to reign, even the use of the streets is not as free as one would wish. Once, on passing the President's palace, I noticed several carriages waiting in its court-yard. From mere curiosity I walked to and from before the entrance, but had hardly done so for five minutes when a police officer accosted me and requested me to "move on." I do not know whether he suspected me of being of a politically dangerous nature, or of harboring within my bosom Anarchistical feelings of hatred against old *Monsieur Grevy*, but I know my American habits revolted (without ostentatious display, of course), and that I told him in English to "go to the d—l." He took it for being French, and thought I had said something about my making a *tour de ville*—a walk about town. So he expressed himself to the effect of this being a good thing to do, for a foreigner, and said it was a reason the more for me to "move on." In short, the French republic has seen Communism and license of every kind, but its people have never known anything like the independence one enjoys in America.

DAN DORE.

HEATHEN AMERICANS.

A Chinaman Applies the Rule to Work the Other Way.

A Chinaman, says the *Christian Advocate*, applied for the position of cook in a family in one of our Western cities. The lady of the house and most of the family were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of the servants. So, when John Chinaman appeared at the door he was asked: "Do you drink whiskey?" "No," said he; "I Clistian man." "Do you play cards?" "No; I Clistian man." He was employed and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well, was honest, upright, correct and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a "progressive euchre" party, and had wines at the table. John Chinaman was called upon to serve the party, and did so with grace and acceptability. But next morning he waited on the lady and said he wished to quit work. "Why, what is the matter?" she inquired. John answered: "I Clistian man; I told you so before, no heathen! No workee for Melican heathen!"

Mozart began composing at an earlier age than anybody else on record. At four he was exhibited as an infant prodigy, and at five he composed concertos. When he was eleven he wrote an opera bouffe.

THE FAMILY KITCHEN.

Seasonable Bills of Fare and Receipts for the Dishes Composing Them.

BY MARION HARLAND.

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BREAKFAST.
Wheaten Grits.
Ham fried in Batter.
Browned Potatoes.
Rice Waffles.
Fruit.
Tea. Coffee.

HAM FRIED IN BATTER.—Cut even slices of cold cooked ham, and pepper them lightly. Make a batter of a cup of milk, two eggs and a scant cup of prepared flour; salt slightly, dip the ham slices in it and fry them in boiling lard or dripping. Drain off the grease and serve on a hot platter.

BROWNED POTATOES.—Boil with the skins on; peel quickly, taking care not to break the potatoes. Lay in a pie-plate, pour half a cupful of strained gravy over them, coat each well with it and brown on the upper grating of the oven. Serve in the pie-dish.

RICE WAFFLES.—Two cups of flour, two cups of cold boiled rice, three cups of sour or buttermilk, three eggs, a teaspoonful of soda and one of salt sifted twice with the flour, a tablespoonful of lard. Melt the lard and beat it well into the rice; add the milk, the eggs whipped light, finally the flour. The batter should not be stiff, so have "a light hand" with flour. Bake in well-greased waffle irons.

LUNCHEON.
Beef Balls.
Corn Cakes.
Potato Salad.
Bread and Butter.
Crackers and Cheese.
Lemon Cream Toast.
Wilbur's Cocoatina.

BEEF BALLS.—Chop cold corned beef evenly and quite fine; put into a saucepan a cup of drawn butter, having for its foundation some of the liquor in which the meat was boiled, flavored by stewing a little chopped onion in it, then straining it out before adding a great spoonful of butter rolled in one of browned flour; while hot stir in two beaten eggs, then the minced beef. Season with pepper only if the beef is well salted; stir all over the fire (there should be about two cupfuls of the chopped meat) until very hot; set away to get cold and stiff; make into round balls about an inch and a half in diameter; roll in beaten egg, then in pounded cracker, and fry in boiling fat. Drain and dish.

CORN CAKES.—Chop the contents of a can of corn (if you cannot get fresh green corn) quite fine; beat into it a tablespoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, three eggs, a cup of milk with two tablespoonfuls of prepared flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper. Mix well and fry on a griddle, as you would buckwheat or flannel cakes. Send in relays to table, as they should be eaten hot.

POTATO SALAD.—Two cups of boiled potato, mealy and white, rubbed through a colander and left to get cold, half a cupful of white cabbage, shredded fine with a sharp knife and criss-cross with the same—chopping would bruise it—two tablespoonfuls of celery shred in the same way, yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, rubbed to a powder; toss all together with a silver fork and pour this dressing over it: Yolks of two eggs, beaten smooth, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of sugar and the same of corn starch, half spoonful each of salt and mustard and a very little cayenne, a liberal half cupful of vinegar; heat the vinegar and pour upon the yolks, sugar, butter and seasoning, well beaten together; wet the corn starch with water and stir into the mixture; cook all, stirring constantly, two minutes, or until it thickens, then whip with a silver fork into the potato salad. Set aside until very cold.

LEMON CREAM TOAST.—Rounds of stale baker's bread, crustless, and cut out with the top of a baking powder box or tin cake cutter; one pint of milk, half cup of sugar, three eggs, grated peel of half a lemon, three tablespoonfuls of prepared flour; make a thin batter of the milk, eggs, sugar and flour, season with lemon peel, dip each round of bread in this, coating both sides, and fry in boiling lard; heap on a hot platter, spreading each piece with a sauce made by whipping a cup of powdered sugar to a cream with the juice of a large lemon and a tablespoonful of warmed butter. Pass cocoatina with it.

DINNER.
Fish Bisque Maigre.
Fricasseed Rabbits.
Potato Croquettes.
Baked Cauliflower.
Peach Pudding.
Peach Sauce.
Fruit. Coffee.

FISH BISQUE MAIGRE.—Three pounds of black bass, halibut, or any other fine white fish; half an onion, three stalks of celery, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, two quarts of boiling water, one cupful of cracker crumbs, a cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt, six Boston crackers. Cut the fish into two-inch pieces and put over the fire with the onion, celery and boiling water. Cook until the fish is tender; take out the pieces with a skimmer; remove the bones and chop the fish fine, strain the liquor left in the pot and return to the fire with the minced fish, parsley and crumbs. Season judiciously; stir to a gentle boil; add the butter, and lastly the milk, which should have been made scalding hot in another vessel. Simmer one minute and pour upon the split crackers, these having been soaked in hot milk, salted, peppered and buttered and arranged as a lining to the tureen. This soup is delicious.

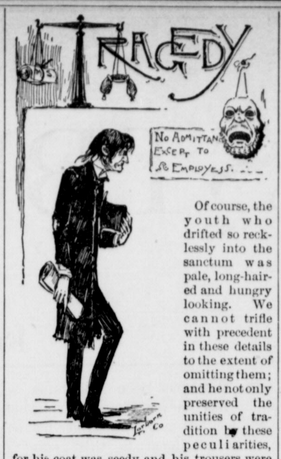
FRICASSEED RABBITS.—Clean carefully and joint a pair of rabbits; roll each piece in salted flour and put in a saucepan, in which are simmering two tablespoonfuls of clarified dripping and one of butter; add a teaspoonful of chopped onion and shake over the fire until the meat is browned lightly; pour in a cupful of boiling water, season with parsley, pepper, salt and a pinch of cloves; cover closely and cook slowly until tender. Take up the meat and keep hot in a chafing dish; strain the gravy, thicken with browned flour, boil up sharply, add the juice of a lemon and a glass of claret; pour upon the rabbits and let it stand over hot water five minutes before sending to table. The fricassee is improved by the addition to the gravy of a half a can of mushrooms.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Boil a dozen potatoes, rub them through a colander or whip them light with two forks; work in, while hot, a tablespoonful of butter, half a cupful of hot milk, a little salt and pepper; stir in a saucepan until smoking hot, beat in two eggs and continue to beat until you have a smooth mass, boiling hot; turn out on a dish and let it get cold; flour your hands, make the mixture into croquettes and roll in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs; fry in plenty of hot lard. Drain off the fat and serve.

BAKED CAULIFLOWER.—Boil tender, but not until it breaks; split down the middle with a sharp knife; lay the cut sides downward in a bake-dish; pour over and about it a large cupful of drawn butter, sift fine crumbs on top and set in the oven until it begins to brown. Serve in the bake-dish. Pass vinegar or cut lemon with it.

PEACH PUDDING.—Open a can of peaches early in the day, drain off the liquor and leave in a cool place for several hours; make a batter of a quart of milk, two cups (even ones) of prepared flour, four eggs, a tablespoonful of melted lard and half a teaspoonful of salt; beat the eggs light, add the milk, the lard, salt, flour and whip together for a minute; lay the drained and wiped peaches in a buttered pudding dish, pour the batter over them and bake, covered, forty-five minutes, in a steady oven, then brown lightly. This pudding is nice when made of "evaporated peaches," soaked previously half an hour in warm water. In this case make wine or brandy sauce.

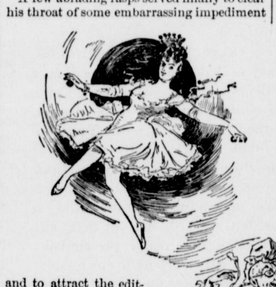
PEACH SAUCE.—Strain the liquor drained from the can and heat it; sweeten with six tablespoonfuls of sugar; stir until hot and clear; add a tablespoonful of butter, a glass of brandy and a pinch of cinnamon. Simmer one minute and pour into a boat.



Of course, the youth who drifted so recklessly into the sanctum was pale, long-haired and hungry looking. We cannot trifle with precedent in these details to the extent of omitting them; and he not only preserved the unities of tradition by these peculiarities, for his coat was seedy and his trousers were frayed at the bottom into the whiskers of genius, while a red-flannel danger signal fluttered out at the sedentary lattice work behind.

A few hairs of unkempt beard fell like Æolian strands to his coat lapels, through which the wind was accustomed to blow with a lyric and melancholy significance.

A few abrading rasps served finally to clear his throat of some embarrassing impediment and to attract the editor's attention, who gazed alternately at the youth and at the sign over the door, bearing the legend, "No admittance except to employees."



"How did you blow in?" he asked finally.

"Door," answered the youth laconically.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the sanctum fiend, eyeing the young man's attenuated proportions critically. "I thought at first the furnace flue was responsible; there is quite a draft from it coming up here. I'll wager a V you have some poetry."

It is a remarkable fact that poets seem to apologize for living almost by the embarrassed acknowledgment they make of such an imputation as the above, nor was the consumptive-looking individual an exception to this general rule, for he produced in a shame-faced manner a roll of MS. which he held toward the editor. "No, thanks; just recovered from a severe bilious attack; but stay, I have five minutes of leisure; read me a line or two."

The poet, astonished at such unusual affability, unrolled a tedious-looking bundle of MS. with trembling hands and began:

"Pray tell how the maidens of age
In the ballet's exertion engage.
Why, they ease wear of toil
With some St. Jacobs Oil.
Then outkick all the rest on the stage."

"Hold on, young fellow!" exclaimed the editor, "what sort of layout is this you're giving me?"

But the bard heeded him not; his enthusiasm had caught the infection of his jingle, and ere the editor had time for further expostulation he continued:

"When twinges and
twitches rheumatic,
Turn even religion erratic:
With 'St. Jacobs' supplied
You can never backslide,
For it prompts a condition
ecstatic."

"Ha!" exclaimed the editor, half rising; "so you come here to sing in praise of 'St. Jacobs Oil?' Well, I'll put you in a condition presently to test its efficacy if you don't let up. Moreover, I—"

"'Alas!' cried a dame, 'and alack,
How my joints with the rheumatiz crack!
Why, I ache like a boil.'
"Try some St. Jacobs Oil
And your troubles will never come back."

The editor had fallen back into his chair in utter astonishment; he gasped for breath. "There he was," he said to himself, "with all his sanctorial dignity, unheeded by a young poet who was obviously oblivious to the dreadful traditions of editorial wrath, and who might for aught he knew, continue his harangue until he was forced in self-defense to—"

"A composer went nearly insane
With the pangs of a horrible pain;
Then St. Jacobs Oil tried
Till the pain he defied
And put glory in ev'ry refrain."

"Ho! without there," cried the editor, with mediæval emphasis. "Send up the profanity editor; my vocabulary cannot measure to the occasion. Come up here—foreman—devil—everybody—"

"Once a lover of Eileen Asthore
Was kicked by her sire from the door.
But on portions contused
He St. Jacobs Oil used,
And he sits just the same as before."

The profanity editor entered at this moment, but before he could start his powers into activity in response to the editorial signal, the poet reeled off another verse of his madrigal:

"Once a singer in reaching a note
Got a very bad sprain in the throat.
Was of wages denied
Till St. Jacobs she tried,
Then her voice reached to octaves remote."

But strange to say the profanity editor, instead of relieving himself in a spasm of lurid expletive, caught the infection of the jingle and commenced to pat upon his knees the nimble rhythm while the "devil" jigged it off upon the entry floor.

"O! where, wails the bard, is a cure
For the aches and the pains we endure?"
"Why the next time you ache,
Then St. Jacobs Oil take;
'Tis a remedy certain and sure."

By this time the editor was reinforced by the foreman, whose dull, prosaic soul thrilled not at the poet's subtle measure; however he hearkened to one verse—

"When the spine is all
tied in a
knot,
And your back
by a spasm
is caught;
Or your pedals will twitch,
From living too rich.
Then St. Jacobs Oil—
Great Scott!!"

The first thing the astonished poet knew the editor had him in his grasp. He could stand it no longer. He was a raving maniac. "Clear the way!" he howled, and carrying the unfortunate poet to the landing he gave him a toss and a parting kick, and down the stairs he went.

He must have struck each particular stair; for down he comes Thud! Thud!! Thud!!! with cruel distinctness, and finally reached the bottom.

"There now," yelled the editor, "I guess you are in a position to prove the virtues of the medicine you sing."

"Thanks for the suggestion," said the poet, as he reached in his pocket and abstracted a bottle therefrom.

He rubbed the bruised parts of his anatomy with some of the bottle's contents, and after a short breathing space started up the stairs toward the astonished editor and commenced to re-read his works.

"Enough," cried the editor, "I yield; here, take this," and he offered the astonished poet a twenty-dollar bill.

The poet took it in his trembling hands, gazed at it long and earnestly, gasped and fell to the floor.

Alas! bruises and kicks could not hurt him. St. Jacobs Oil provided against that. But acceptance of MS.—that settled it.

He was dead.

ODESSA'S THEATRE.

What the New Play-house Will Cost that Municipality.

The new theatre which has just been completed in Odessa will soon be opened to the public. No less than 1,200,000 rubles were spent in its construction, and both inside and out the fittings and decorations are of the most sumptuous kind. The theatre, which has a seating capacity of 2,000, is exceptionally rich in statues, lapis lazuli, marble pillars, mosaic and gilding. As the monthly receipts cannot exceed 60,000 rubles, and as a new opera cannot be put on the stage for less than 40,000 rubles, or a drama under 20,000 rubles, the theatre will cost the Odessa municipality some 100,000 rubles a year, exclusive of the cost of scenery, costumes and lighting, which will be by electricity.

The Homeless Lads.

Dr. Barnardo, the philanthropist of London, has secured 5,000 acres of land in the Northwestern part of the Dominion of Canada, and proposes to make the entire block an industrial farm, where homeless lads of London may be sent. Dr. Barnardo has been singularly successful in reclaiming the little waifs of the British metropolis simply because he has not aimed so much to relieve their more pressing needs, although he has done that, as to give them a training which will enable them to help themselves and become respectable members of society.—*Ex.*

A Process of Welding.

The process of welding invented by Mr. De Banardoz, of Russia, is now applied industrially by the Society for the Electrical Working of Metals. The pieces to be welded are placed upon a cast-iron plate supported by an insulated table and connected with the negative pole of a source of electricity. The positive pole communicates with an electric carbon inserted in an insulating handle. On drawing the point of the carbon along the edges of the metal to be welded the operator closes the circuit. He has then merely to raise the point slightly to produce a voltaic arc whose high temperature melts the two pieces of metal and causes them to unite.—*Exchange.*

The Austrian Repeating Rifle.

In Austria-Hungary the question whether retaining the old bore of eleven millimeters for the new rifles is really profitable is a point to which much importance is attached. Last Sunday a weekly paper was confiscated for having spoken deprecatingly of the new Mannlicher rifles, and now the semi-official *Hungarian Correspondence* says that the difficulties regarding the bore in question are well-nigh overcome. A totally new construction has been found, which may be applied without the use of the new powder. The *Pesther Lloyd* peremptorily asks whether the Mannlicher rifles are to be looked upon as temporary, or whether their introduction has been definitely settled. Questions put in the Hungarian part of the empire usually have a chance of being answered.—*London Daily News.*