

A Demand For Poetry.

The editor of The Western Wind was feeling breezy, when a visitor, thin in the jaw and long in the hair, entered.

"Good morning," said the editor.

"Good morning, sir," murmured the visitor.

"Anything I can do for you today?" inquired the editor.

"I hope so, sir. I have some poetry here that I"—

"Oho," interrupted the editor. "So you are a poet? Not indigenous to the western soil, I'll bet a broncho. I remember the last one we had out here," and a shade of sadness not akin to pain flitted across the editor's face.

"Yes, sir," murmured the visitor.

"What kind of poetry do you write?" queried the editor.

"Almost any kind, sir, if there is a demand for it."

"Well, there is a demand right now."

"What kind?"

"Obituary poetry. I want about four lines."

"Man or woman, sir, boy or girl, adult or infant?"

"Man."

"What's his name and age, sir?" and the poet got out a pencil about as thin as he was and reached for a sheet of paper not much thicker.

"That's immaterial. You write the poetry, and I'll do the rest," said the editor, and there was something in the tone of the voice which caught the poet low down in the liver, where it was white, and he went out of that office with a swish that sounded like dropping a cat the wrong way of the fur from the top of a 10 story building. —Detroit Free Press.

A Query About "Time."

R. D. W. asks: "Give a history of our time reckoning system. Is it certain that we calculate from the time of the birth of Christ?"

To begin with, I will say that there is not a man living today who can tell exactly why one day is called Saturday, July 1, 1893, or what the calculation is based upon which gives that as a result. There has been so much tinkering with and changing of time reckoning systems that I frankly confess that I hardly know how one would go about even attempting to answer R. D. W.'s puzzler.

It has been clearly established that Christ was not born on Jan. 1 of the year with which the Christian era begins, but some time in the spring (believed to be April 7) in the year A. D. 4! Here is an insurmountable chronological error to begin with. Then, again, others take an entirely different view of the matter (most notably Professor Sattler of Munich) and have proved, to their own satisfaction at least, that we are five years behind in our mode of reckoning instead of being four years ahead, that Christ was born in the year 5 B. C., according to chronological reckonings, which would make this the year of our Lord 1898 instead of 1893! One curious thing is claimed by astronomers, which the editor, being a common mortal, is not able to verify—viz, that we are gradually losing time, and that by the end of the year 12,893 (which is a considerable way in the future) the seasons will be completely reversed. All this is being brought about by what is known as the "precession of the equinoxes."—St. Louis Republic.

Incidents In the Life of a Dog.

Willie is a small, rough haired terrier, a truculent and aggressive character, the terror of tramps, in a skirmish with one of whom he has lost an eye. He rules the

kitchen with a rod of iron, the inmate there admiring and fearing him. Next to tramps Willie hates cats. He has been flogged again and again for chasing the neighbor's Tom. Nothing can stop him rushing at the alien cat, however. But for his own domestic tabby he has tolerance and a certain amount of affection. If another dog were to attack her, dire would be the warfare. A while ago this cat had three kittens; two were taken by the maid and placed in a bucket of water and left to their fate. Before that fate had come Willie perceived them. He snatched them from the bucket one by one and carried them to his kennel.

The maid attempted to get them away, but Willie flew at her with fury and then returned to lick first one and then the other, to shove them up together and lie down near them, and in every way to give the poor, half dead things a chance. This went on for some time, but when at last there was no sign of breath, and he saw that they were hopelessly dead, he marched out of the kennel, shook himself and indicated to the maid that she might now proceed to bury them, that they were past intelligent treatment. He treats the remaining and living kitten with the indifference of the scientific for the normal.—London Spectator.

A Lesson From Life.

Sometimes the simple action of a man will indicate his character. One of Pittsburgh's wealthy old gentlemen was seen walking along the street the other day pointing his cane at some object upon the pavement every now and then. What "caught on" he raised and placed in his hand. He was collecting tiny nails that had fallen from merchandise boxes. He continued until he had gotten a handful. Then picking up a piece of paper from the pavement he wrapped up the nails carefully and pocketed the package. A bystander asked him what sort of a cane he had.

"Oh," said he, "it is nothing but a steel rod covered with leather." "It must be magnetized, for it attracts nails and saves you from stooping." "Not that I know of, unless the placing of leather over the steel has done it," he replied. "I saw you picking up some nails a short time ago." "Yes," interrupted the old man, "I need some of them." Then looking downward he exclaimed, "There's one I missed!" and picked it up with his magnetic servant. Taking the package of nails from his pocket, he placed this last in with the rest. As an instance of frugality this incident is interesting, and as a key to the man's success in life it is perhaps likewise.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Strange Accident.

Of all the curious accidents that ever cost a man his life the strangest was one that occurred in the Madras presidency some 20 years ago. A large party were out shooting and had mortally wounded a tigress. She was, however, still able to charge and had hold of one of the sportsmen before he could fire. When the others got him away, he was still alive, but severely mauled. One of his friends was bending over him when there was a loud report, a bullet whizzed past his ear, and the wounded man sprang to his feet, and crying "I am shot" fell down dead.

He had been killed by his own rifle, which some one had placed undischarged against a bank. It had fallen over, and in so doing had been somehow discharged and shot its unlucky owner, who, so far as subsequent examination could determine, would probably have survived the injuries inflicted by the tigress.—Manchester Times.

Why Lucy Is Afraid of the Office Boy.

Dolphus is not married—he says he thinks the "mahwid state is chock full of trepidations." His chosen companion in life is a tame crow named Lucy. This gentle name seems singularly inappropriate, as Lucy is the blackest and most ill tempered crow that ever cawed.

Her one accomplishment is that she knows how to mail letters. Dolphus taught her to drop letters down the mail chute in the office, and he and Lucy are very proud of this achievement. It nearly brought them to grief one day. The office boy in one of the upper offices is deeply enamored of a pretty typewriter on the floor beneath, and occasionally, so rumor says, indites tender missives to her.

The other day when he was writing he called Lucy to him before the letter was ready to mail. Lucy sat there on his writing table for some time, and the boy seemed in no haste to finish his epistle.

Finally Lucy could stand it no longer and snatched the open page in her beak and flew through the transom to the mail chute in the hall. The open letter was too big to go in. Lucy knew her duty. That letter must go down, so she flew to the elevator shaft and dropped it gently down, then flew away with a triumphant "caw."

The office boy was in despair. He tore madly down stairs only to find that the engineer, who had been oiling the top machinery of the elevator, had caught the letter and was reading it aloud to an interested audience, among which was the office boy's hated rival, the elevator boy.

Lucy fights very shy of the office boy now. Dolphus says Lucy can understand every word he says, so it may be that she understood when the office boy announced that if he caught her he'd wring her neck. —Chicago News-Record.

Women In Electricity.

"Did you know," asked a bright girl the other day, "that Mr. Edison himself vouches for women electricians having greater delicacy of touch and more judgment than men?" Electricity is a fine field for women workers, and one that is constantly enlarging.—New York Times.

Rheumatism may often be cured by cooked celery. The vegetables should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft and the water drunk by the patient. Then serve the celery warm, properly seasoned, with toasted bread.

Of the 200,000,000 natives of India but 2,000,000 can speak English, the language of the rulers. The native courts are conducted in Hindoostanee, and intercourse with the English is carried on by a sort of jargon.

The familiar maxim, "Truth is stranger than fiction," finds apt and ample verification in the truly startling coincidences that are constantly occurring around us.

British manufacturers of agricultural machinery and hardware acknowledge that the United States is in keen competition.

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