

INDIAN TRADING.

The Way to Beat the Red Man Down in His Prices.

"Few white men know how to trade with an Indian," remarked a Denver man who has made a study of Indians for ten years past. "I once met an Indian with a magnificent mountain lion skin. He was willing to part with the skin, but his price was too high. I offered him \$12.50, but he indignantly refused. Later, on the same day, after I had learned to trade with an Indian, I bought the skin for \$1.50.

"The secret of trading with the Indian is to appear indifferent. The most successful trader is the one who goes with a supply of the same article he is most desirous of buying. The Indian sees that the stranger has had experience, and negotiations are carried on upon a strictly business basis. An Indian refused \$10 for a bow and arrow. It was bought for \$1 by a man who carried several bows and arrows in his hand. This wily individual leased the supply from a store in order to impress his copper-colored friends, and he succeeded.

"The Indian," said the speaker, telling of traits of character he has observed in his red friends, "is one of the most faithful followers in the world if he has confidence in you. If he takes a liking to you, there is nothing you can ask he will not do. If he dislikes you, the less you have to do with that Indian the better." — Rocky Mountain News.

A Knockout.

A young lawyer was engaged in a case not long ago when a witness was put in the box to testify to the reputation of the place in question.

This witness, a stage driver, in answer to a query as to the reputation of the place, replied, "A poor shop."

The lawyer inquired, "You say it has the reputation of being a 'poor shop'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whom did you hear say it was a 'poor shop'?"

The witness did not recollect any one he had heard say so.

"What?" said the lawyer. "You have sworn this place has the reputation of being a poor shop and yet cannot tell of any one who ever heard say so?"

The witness was staggered for a moment at the words of the lawyer. The lawyer was feeling triumphant when the witness gathered himself together and quietly remarked, addressing the lawyer:

"Well, you have the reputation of being a poor lawyer, but I have never heard any one say so."

His Innocent Client.

This story is told of a celebrated North Carolina lawyer who was practicing in a backwoods mountain district.

While he was waiting for his case to be reached the trial of a notorious highway robber, who had been caught red handed, was called. The prisoner had no counsel, and the presiding judge requested the distinguished lawyer to defend him. The trial lasted two days and, to the court's astonishment, the jury returned a verdict of acquittal. As the prisoner was about to be discharged, the lawyer stepped up to the judge and requested a few words in private.

"What is it?" asked the court.

"I would ask your honor," replied the lawyer, "to have the prisoner detained in jail tonight. I have to cross a lonely field on my way home and the rascal happens to know that I have money about me."

Cold Feet.

Cold feet are a sign of disordered circulation. Continual warming with artificial heat is but temporizing with the evil, and the difficulty should be overcome by proper dressing when that is in fault and by foot and ankle exercises. The latter can be taken at frequent intervals during the day, and they will assist in stimulating the circulation of the blood. Point the toes down to the extreme limit till you feel the muscles strain over the ankles and work the feet up and down eight or ten times; then devitalize them and shake them from the ankle, as one does the hand with a loose wrist. Sufferers from cold feet in bed can quickly warm them by this exercise, and it will bring relief and comfort during a long ride.

Johnnie's Suggestion.

Johnnie, a bright boy of 12, while being dressed for school, observing his little coat much the worse for wear and having more mended places than he admired, turned to his mother and asked her:

"Mother, is father rich?"

"Yes; very rich, Johnnie. He's worth \$2,500,000."

"How, mother?"

"Oh, he values you at \$1,000,000, me at \$1,000,000 and the baby at \$500,000."

Johnnie, after thinking a moment, said:

"Mother, hadn't you better tell father to sell the baby and buy us some clothes?"

Natural.

Mrs. Hatterson—The ladies of the parish got up a baby show for the benefit of the hospital.

Mrs. Chatterton—Was it a success?

"Oh, a howling success!"

Why He Grieves.

"She may have a temper, but she is interesting. Did she ever get over the death of her first husband?"

"Yes; but her second husband is inconsolable."

Worth While.

She—I should like to know what good your college education did you?

He—Well, it taught me to owe a lot of money without being annoyed by it.

AN ALASKAN LANDSLIDE.

Rather Leisurely, but Eats Up Groves and Fills River Beds.

All the morning as we chopped spongy cottonwood, blew out our lungs over the fire and flipped water from the blankets a dull roar which we thought the river swelled by the rain was growing louder, louder. I said, "I guess a moraine choked pond on the glacier has broken through." And just then Jack stepped out from under the soaked tarpaulin.

"Look at that, Bobbie, look at that!" I heard him shouting. Outside he was pointing across the stream. A landslide was roaring down a gully from the very top of the Rainbow hills. It was a stupendous sight. We looked at it silently and then said, both at once, "I thought an avalanche was sudden."

This thing wiggled like a huge snake down a sheer 3,000 feet of rock. The roar seemed forever to increase. Dust and smoke trailed from this thing, and enormous boulders skipped solemnly from side to side of its path like pebbles. Water mingled with it, and when it reached the terrace it was a black stream, viscous and heavy.

Jack bet it wouldn't cross the half mile of flat to the river, but in a moment we saw boulders shooting out over the terrace and aspen groves fall as if laid with a scythe. A caucous fan ate out to the bank and gravelly sloped over like lumpy paint, cutting deep channels down to the river—Outing.

A Place For His Boy.

Sol Smith Russell, who saw humor in many commonplace happenings, used frequently to tell of meeting an old farmer at a railway station in a small New York town whose philosophy was particularly pat, even though his deductions were hardly complimentary to the actor, says the Chicago Tribune.

Russell and his companion were awaiting the train when the old gentleman walked up, eyed the star a minute or two and asked:

"Be you the fellow that cut up capers at Parker's hall last night?"

"My company and I gave a performance there last evening, yes," replied Russell politely.

"I thought so. I was there, and I had to laugh sometimes. I wanted to tell you about my boy. He's just your way—ain't no good for work. Won't stick to anything, but wants to play clown and crack jokes all the time. He's got a job at the hub factory, but all he does is to keep the men a-laughin' when they order beer."

You order take him 'long with your troupe, for he's the derndest fool I ever seen!"

Stewed Apples.

To stew apples so each quarter is unbroken and so clear one can almost see through it is an art, and yet it is a simple thing to do if one only knows how.

Put apples very thin, cut them in quarters and remove the cores and seeds. As fast as you can peel and quarter them drop the apples in a saucepan in which you have already placed cold water to the depth of two inches. When the apples are all in, put the saucepan over a slow fire, cover it till the water reaches the boiling point, then remove the cover and let the apples simmer almost imperceptibly till you can pierce them easily with a broom splint; then sprinkle the sugar over them and let them just simmer until it is all melted. Remove the saucepan from the fire and let it stand where the apples will get cold before turning them into a dish for the table.

SPOILING A SCENE.

An Incident That Ended Mary Anderson's Straining After Realism.

Did you ever hear Mary Anderson's pet story of how she was cured of her love of realism?

In a big drama in which this great actress once took part the heroine in a scene of intense emotion is made to exclaim, "Hark, I hear the wheels of carriages!"

Now, it was easy enough to obtain the effect of wheels on gravel, but no resource of the stage mechanism was adequate to imitate the stamping of the feet of horses as they were drawn up at the door. Every device was exhausted when a bright idea occurred to the actress herself. It was that a donkey should be hired to trot up and down behind the scenes on gravel laid for the occasion. This was done, and at rehearsal all went well. The illusion was perfect.

The first night came. The heroine gave the cue. The wheels were heard, but they stopped, and the rest was silence. A pause, and again the actress spoke her words. A terrible snuffling began and then "Hee-haw, hee-haw," in stentorian tones from the back of the stage as the indignant donkey protested vigorously against his ill treatment by energetic carpenters and supers. It was one of the most serious situations of the play, yet audience and actors joined in paroxysms of mirth until the tears were streaming down their cheeks.

Kindness Brought Tears.

Mother—Oh, you cruel boy! You are making your brother cry.

Algonon—No, mummy! I'm not. I'm only sharing my cod liver oil with him, wot you said was so nice.

Some of the people who think they were born to command do not discover their mistake until they get married.

Prick.

Desperation.

Customer (wildly)—I want some soothing sirup, quick!

Druggist—What size bottle?

Customer—Bottle! I want a keg! It's twinal!

A PLATE OF SOUP.

Its Effect Upon General Scott's Presidential Aspirations.

Serving dinners in courses is comparatively a modern fashion, first introduced in diplomatic circles in Washington and imitated from France. Up to the date of President Polk's administration the course dinner among Americans had made no further progress than that of serving fish and soup separately. Soup was regarded as such a foreign frippery that a note written by General Winfield Scott, in which he explained that he was "just sitting down to a lasty plate of soup," covered him with such ridicule as to materially contribute to his defeat as a candidate of the presidency.

Soup in the early days of the republic was considered as food for invalids or poor people only. Later, when the social splendors of the court of the Empress Eugenie attracted rich Americans in flocks to Paris, French table manners and customs pushed the old English dinner fashions to the wall. It is doubtful, however, if soup ever found a place on the dinner table of the wealthy Maryland or Virginia planter, unless green turtle, which was really a stew, might be so called.

The object of an old time dinner party was to eat, whereas that of the course dinner is to delight the eye rather than the palate, and yet who will say that the sight of a well filled dinner table where an array of silver covered dishes gives forth a bouquet of appetizing odors fails to make an agreeable impression on all the senses?

Lost in Her Own Room.

"Talking about being lost," says the girl who has been visiting her grandparents in the old family homestead—"I have been lost in the city and lost in the country, but never was there anything so horrible as being lost in my own room. It was a very queer room I had at grandmamma's anyway—one of those rooms from which a flight of stairs leads down; rooms such as are only to be seen in old houses. It blew up cold the first night I was in the house, and I got up to close the window. The room, of course, was pitch dark. In getting back from the window to the bed I lost myself. I had not the slightest idea in what direction to turn, and I knew that if I was not careful I should go down those awful stairs. There was nothing to do but sit down on the floor and howl for some one to come and find me, and that was just what I did. If grandpa and grandmamma had not been unusually normal individuals, I should have frightened them to death. As it was, they only thought I had a nightmare, brought candles and located me and showed me my way to bed again."

The End of the World.

Dr. M. W. Meyer, a German scientist, in an interesting volume under the above title explains a "new theory" as to how this event will probably come about. Indeed he carries his argument still further and finally extinguishes all the energy of the universe. All of the present satellites—moons, etc.—will eventually be drawn in by the force of gravitation and become a part of their planets. These in turn will be absorbed by the sun. A series of collisions will then commence between the various suns which will finally result in one enormous sun and solar system. "And so growing in grandeur, but diminishing in number, the final catastrophe will come when there are no more suns to produce collisions (and heat) and one huge body cooled to the zero of space, void of available energy, will mark the final outcome of cosmic motion."

Cotton and Flax.

Cotton was used for making garments in India at a date so remote that it cannot even be guessed at. The fact is mentioned by Aristotle. The first seeds were brought to this country in 1621. In 1636 the culture is mentioned in the records of South Carolina. In 1736 the culture was general along the eastern coast of Maryland, and in 1776 we heard of it as far north as Cape May. The use of flax for making clothing is nearly as ancient as that of cotton and perhaps more so, plants of soft and flexible fiber having been without doubt among the first vegetable productions of the ancient world and their practical value discovered soon after the invention of weaving.

Wind Shots.

Two striking instances of the effects of "wind shots," or the currents of air caused by the enemy's cannon balls, are given in the "Autobiography of Sir Henry Smith." On one occasion his horse fell as if stoned dead, but he was not hurt at all. On another occasion an officer was "knocked down by the wind of a shot and his face as black as if he had been two hours in a pugilistic ring."

Big Trees of Florida.

It is difficult even to guess at the age of the ancient live oaks, but some of them must number centuries, and the oldest and greatest of them all is a monarch of the forest, with its outer branches sweeping the ground in a circle 120 feet across, with limbs as great as ordinary trunks of trees and bearing a garden of aerial ferns and air plants upon their bark. This venerable tree is supposed to be the largest live oak in Florida. Enormous grapevine trunks rise sinuously from the ground and lose themselves amid the quarter acre of foliage that crowns this tree. The saplings that once gave them support have disappeared long years ago, their only record being the angles and curves of grapevine stem to which they lent their transient aid to climbing skyward.

TWILIGHT IN IRELAND.

It Is Different From That Seen In Any Other Country.

The interior of a typical Irish cabin is a sorry sight. The floor is of stone, uncovered except for a few rag mats. The furniture is of the poorest, and sometimes it is homemade; tables improvised from boxes, chairs from barrels, and the beds more like stalls for cattle, with their straw mattresses and bundle of rags for clothing. A slow, dull fire of peat gives a cheerless warmth to the room. What few dishes there are belonging to the family are arranged on the mantelpiece. Strips of bacon, dried cod and herbs hang from the ceiling.

After a frugal meal Pat will take his evening promenade. It is between supper time and going to bed that the Irish most enjoy themselves. An Irish twilight is different from any other; indeed, it is without a rival. It seems as if there the sun were loath to set, casting its rays over the Emerald Isle many hours after it had disappeared elsewhere. In that delicious moment, just before it finds its final resting place for the night, it is most enchanting. Over everything is an unspeakable spell of peace and quiet, and a warm glow casts into shadow unsightly objects and surrounds them with a mystic halo of golden light. It radiates into the hearts of Ireland's humblest inhabitants, and they saunter forth, rich and poor alike, mingling in a throng of living, moving humanity.

London Theaters of Long Ago.

A writer in London Truth says that in the early part of the eighteenth century the London theaters opened at 6 o'clock, and as it was therefore difficult for playgoers to arrive punctually and obtain seats many of them sent footmen or hired men from the streets to secure places for them. These sat in the seats until those who had sent them came, and the custom prevailed until 1765, when the system now in force was adopted. "A footman used to be sent early to take places and keep them by the simple but effective plan of sitting on them till his masters and mistresses arrived. Such a practice would now be considered an intolerable nuisance, but people in those days were much less particular, and appear to have thought nothing of sitting for an act or two cheek by jowl with a dunkey or, worse, with a vagabond picked up in the street." An allusion to the custom occurs in Fielding's "Miss Lucy in Town," act 1, scene 2, and Pepys in his "Diary" occasionally mentions having hired a boy in the streets to occupy a seat for him.

Japan Once Joined to China.

Japan consists of a group of "fleshtoon islands," forming a long curve, with its concavity toward the mainland, and many of their peculiarities are due to their upheaval by subterranean forces, of which they are still one of the most active seats. They were undoubtedly connected with China and with the land to the north of this at no very remote period, geologically speaking, and therefore, like Great Britain and Ireland, are scientifically classified as "recent continental islands." The proofs of this are twofold—first, they are connected with Asia by a submarine bank less than a hundred fathoms beneath the surface, and this is believed to be, as in such cases, a submerged land tract; second, the animals of Japan are closely similar to those of China, the only plausible explanation of this being that formerly there was a land connection.

Queer Japanese Custom.

In some villages in Japan robbers are tried and convicted by ballot. Whenever a robbery is committed the ruler of the hamlet summons the entire male population and requests them to write on a slip of paper the name of the person they suspect as having committed the crime. The one receiving the largest number of ballots is declared duly "elected" and is accordingly hanged. This system, like all others, has its peculiar advantages. It insures the punishment of somebody for every robbery committed, whereas under the system in vogue in most civilized countries in nine cases out of ten no punishment is inflicted on anybody for the crime. Of course they may not "elect" the guilty person, but dispose of some other character equally bad.

Old Violins.

The old time viol was the first instrument of its kind and furnished the plan for the modern violin, which, however, is 700 years old. It is said that Charles II. introduced it into England. One of the finest makers of violins was Stradivarius of Cremona, who existed in the early part of the eighteenth century. Violins made by him are worth thousands of dollars now and are highly esteemed by collectors and performers.

Hypocrites.

"I despise a hypocrite," says Boggs. "So do I," says Cloggs. "Now, take Knoggs, for example. He's the biggest hypocrite on earth. I despise that man."

"But you appear to be his best friend."

"Oh, yes; I try to appear friendly to ward him. It pays better in the end."

Impediments.

Swiggs—Somehow I have failed to meet with any success in my undertakings.

Briggs—That's easily accounted for.

Swiggs—Well, what's the answer?

Briggs—Too many bars in your way.

Assurance Pays.

Sitphen—Dr. Skillings gets \$5 for every consultation. That's what comes to a man who thoroughly learns his profession.

Wiffer—And Dr. Kwacker gets \$10. That's what comes of cultivating a supline cheek.

THE POLITE NEW YORKER.

His Action Proved That Gallantry Is Not a Lost Art.

"Don't tell me any more that New Yorkers are not polite," chirruped the young man who "takes a powerful sight of notice" to the old man who reads as he rides as the pair left an elevated train. "Saw something a little while ago that convinces me there are others besides blanket Indians on the Manhattan reservation."

"What was it?" queried the man who reads and sees nothing unless perchance it be a vacant seat spotted afar off over the top of his newspaper.

"You didn't notice it? Of course you didn't. You were too busy forgetting the fact that there were women in the aisle of the car. It happened between Ninety-third and Eighty-first streets, and it almost made me feel that the days of chivalry had returned. An old woman was holding on a strap and standing in front of a dapper chap with a blouse face."

"Step up farther in the center of the car!" shouted the guard, and the old lady was about to obey when the dapper head opened and its owner gallantly said:

"Don't move, madam. I get off at Fifty-third street and Eighth avenue, and if you'll wait you can have my seat."

"Such gallantry on an elevated train in New York almost brought moisture to my eyes, and if I had had a baseball bat I am quite sure that I could not have restrained myself from bringing moisture to that part of the blouse face which on the gridiron is usually protected by a rubber guard."

Shout Breaks a Glass.

Every one knows that windows will rattle when a loud noise is made in a room, but very few persons know that a glass can be broken by shouting into it.

Any ordinary glass which has a clear tone will do for this trick, and the exact nature of its tone can readily be ascertained by passing a moistened finger around its rim. This point being settled, the performer should hold the glass in front of his mouth and shout into it in a tone about an octave higher than that of the glass. The result will be that the glass will break immediately, and for the reason that it will not have strength enough to resist the force exerted against it by the waves of air.

The thinner the glass is the more easily it will be broken.

The Heat of Lava.

The lava streams from the eruption of Vesuvius in 1858 were so hot twelve years later that steam issued from their cracks and crevices. Those that flowed from Etna in 1737 were found to be steaming hot just below the crust as late as 1840. The volcano Jorullo, in Mexico, poured forth in 1759 lava that eighty-seven years later gave off columns of steaming vapor. In 1780 it was found that a stick thrust into the crevices instantly ignited, although no discomfort was experienced in walking on the hardened crust.

Aisatian Eggs Woven.

A favorite trick of Aisatian market-women is to place six or eight adolescent eggs in a small basket and to declare that those are all the absolutely fresh ones they have. The victim buys them, thinking that if the woman were dishonest she would have offered more "fresh eggs." Afterward the market woman takes six or more out of a larger basket which is carefully covered over.

Two Double Roles.

Joey—Uncle Joe, what is an optimist and a pessimist?

Uncle Joe—An optimist, Joey, is a man who can act happy when he feels miserable, and a pessimist is a man who can act miserable when he feels happy.

Thorough Work.

Mrs. Youngwife—A friend has sent me a basket of quinces, and I don't know how to use them.

Mrs. Oldwife—Nothing is simpler. Pare and core them, make preserves of the best pieces, marmalade of the others, and jelly of the cores and peelings.

Mrs. Youngwife—Well, I declare! And what shall I make of the basket they came in?

The Giraffe.

The children had written compositions on the giraffe. They were reading them aloud to the class. At last the time came for little Willie to read his. It was as follows: "The giraffe is a dumb animal and cannot express itself by any sound because its neck is so long its voice gets tired on its way to its mouth."

Little Latitude.

"I suppose a man has to be pretty careful in order to hold his job," said the talkative passenger.

"Yes," assented the conductor sadly. "If I knock a fare down, the company kicks, and if I knock a passenger down he reports me."

Artistic Improvement.

Hicks—That picture of D'Auber's that you bought at the exhibition looks better in your study than it did there somehow.

Wicks—Yes. I have hung it the other side up.

The higher a man's character the less he need concern himself about his reputation.

A Supposition.

"Yes," said the wise guy, "I am thoroughly convinced that honesty is the best policy."

"I suppose you have reached that conclusion after having tried both," murmured the simple mug.

THE FER-DE-LANCE.

His Terrible Bite Often Causes Death In a Few Moments.

The terrible fer-de-lance will strike again and again and is the cause of great mortality where he exists, causing death often in a few moments. Over the whole earth there is none to compare with him except the notorious cobra of India. Although not a water snake, he is fond of the river and flat lands in its vicinity, seldom being met with in the hills. This denizen of the reedy swamp and sedgy river banks is found over the whole north of the South American continent as well as in the islands of Trinidad, St. Lucia and Martinique. He is truly the evil genius of the two latter, where deaths from his bite form a high percentage every year.

In Martinique especially it is necessary oftentimes in some districts to burn the cornfields so as to destroy these snakes before the negroes dare enter to cut the canes. On one estate thirty-seven fer-de-lances were killed on a piece of ground containing eleven acres.

Of a dull yellowish or clay tinted ground color, he is ringed with irregular, blackish bands, narrowing toward the back and broadening downward. This arrangement of coloring makes him extremely difficult to discern on the flat alluvial lands where the sun baked clay, mixed with the blackened color of sticks rotten and water soaked, makes a carpet of a color with his coat. He is from five to seven feet in length, as thick as a man's wrist, with a fat triangular head.

An Odd Barometer.

A common leech makes a good barometer. Fill a tumbler half full with water, put the leech into it and tie a piece of muslin over the top to keep the leech from getting out. All you have to do to find out what sort of weather we are going to have is to watch the little animal.

For example, when the day is to be fine the leech will remain at the bottom of the glass, coiled up in spiral shape and quite motionless. If rain may be expected, it will creep to the top of the glass and stay there until it clears off.

If the leech twists itself and is very restless, there is going to be a wind-storm. If it keeps out of the water for several days, look out for a thunder-storm.

The indications for frosty weather are the same as for fine and for snow the same as for rain. In fact, a leech is almost as good a forecaster as the weather man himself.

A Comedy of Errors.

When Baron Haussmann went to Constantinople on a visit to Abdul Aziz, who was then sultan, he had an interview with the grand vizier, who did not know a word of French. At the beginning of the interview the old long Turkish pipes were brought in, and then Baron Haussmann began making a very long speech in French. The grand vizier could not understand a word, but listened most attentively till he noticed that his pipe had gone out and clapped his hand for a servant to come and relight it. Haussmann, thinking he was applauding, rushed toward him with outstretched hand, intending to shake hands and thank him. The grand vizier, seeing his hand put forth, shook it warily and said "Goodby," under the impression it was Haussmann's intention to leave, and quitted the room.

The "Ear of Dionysius."

A cunningly constructed prison cavern, consisting of a large chamber connected with one of smaller dimensions, situated near Syracuse, Italy, has gone into legendary history with the title of the "Ear of Dionysius." The smaller chamber was unknown to the prisoners kept in this underground dungeon, and the tyrant by whose name it is known had a habit of secreting himself there to listen to the conversation of the convicts, who were mostly political offenders. An ingenious device constructed at the smaller end of the larger chamber transmitted the sounds through the partition, thus enabling the suspicious ruler to hear even the whispered conversations of his "suspects."

Something to Shoot.

The other day a solitary sportsman, his gun under his arm, was wandering down a country lane in Inverness-shire when he met a small boy making for the school.

"I say, my boy," he remarked, "is there anything to shoot down here?"

The boy looked around for a moment and then answered with eagerness: "Aye, there's a skulmeister coult' owre the bill!"—London Answers.

A Bold Scotchman.

The late czar of Russia was one night playing a game of whist at Homburg, and the Prince of Wales and several of his friends were of the party. Among those friends was Sir James Macintosh, a well known bon vivant of the eighties and nineties. Sir James was one of those blunt, downright, rough spoken Scotchmen who didn't know fear of God or man.

In the midst of the game Sir James called out to the czar, "You've revoked." Everybody's blood ran cold. The Prince of Wales kicked the Scotchman under the table, and the czar, blushing and confused, exclaimed in bewilderment: "Revoked! Why, I never did such a thing in my life!" But Sir James persisted, and the monarch was proved to be in the wrong, whereupon Sir James replied to the observation of the czar, "I dare say you've often revoked, your majesty, but this is the first time you were ever