

### Got Even With the Mate.

An old citizen, a gentleman of high social and official standing in St. Joseph, told the *Gazette* a story of the famous Missouri Governor, Bob Stewart, which, true to the letter, proves that fact is stranger than fiction:

"I was coming up the Missouri river when I was a boy," said the ex-Governor, "and I was working my way on a steamboat, sah. At a point where we had to wood up I didn't carry as big a load as some of the roustabouts, nor move with that agility, sah, that the others did, for I was not strong, sah, and had been tenderly raised. The mate became enraged at my slow movements on the gangplank, and he gave me a kick and sent me ashore, sah, and confiscated my buffalo robe as payment for my passage to that point. I never saw that mate again until I had been inaugurated as Governor of this great Commonwealth of Missouri, sah.

"One day wandering through the wards and districts of the penitentiary I saw that mate working at a forge. He had been sent there, sah, for killing, in a passion, a man under his command. I know him instantly, sah, and I directed the Warden to send the man to the gubernatorial mansion in the garb of a gentleman. When the man arrived I took him into my private office and asked him if he recognized me, sah. He replied that he did. Said I, 'Sah, do you remember one time at such and such a place, sah, of kicking a boy and sending him ashore, who had been working in your gang?'"

"The man said, 'No sah, I don't remember it, but it is very likely that I did it, sah.'"

"Well, sah," says I, "I am that boy, sah, and here is your pardon, sah. I always thought I would get even with you, sah."

"The tears came to the old man's eyes, and he said, 'Well, governor, to be a mate in those days a man had to be a dog, sah.'"

"You played well your part, sah," I said, "now leave here, sah, and don't let me see you again, sah."

"As he made his exit I gave him an able-bodied kick, sah, and little Bob Stewart had got even with that big steamboat mate, sah.

"Sounds like a romance, don't it, sah? Yes, sah. But every word is true, I need barely say, sah."

### The Largest Opium-Den in China.

A writer in the North China *Herald* describes the Nan-jin-tsin, the greatest opium den in China. It is situated in the French concession to Shanghai, within a stone's throw of the wall of the native city, within which no opium-shops are supposed to exist. The throngs visiting it represent all stations of life, from the coolie to the wealthy merchant or the small mandarin. It is with difficulty that one gets inside through the crowds of people hanging around the door. Those who have not the requisite number of copper cash to procure the baneful pipe watch with horrible wistfulness each of the more affluent pass in with a nervous, hurried step, or totter out wearing that peculiar dazed expression which comes after the smoker's craving has been satisfied and his transient pleasure has passed away. One requires a strong stomach to stand the sickening fumes with which the air inside is thickened. The clouds of smoke, the dim light from the numerous colored lamps, the numbers of reclining forms with distorted faces bent over the small flames at which the pipes are lighted cause the novice a sickening sensation.

But as soon as the eye becomes accustomed to the scene it is noticed that the place is got up on an expensive scale. In the center of the lower room hangs one of the finest of Chinese lamps, the ceiling is of richly-carved wood, while the painted walls are thickly inlaid with a peculiarly marked marble, which gives the idea of unfinished landscape sketches. Numerous doors on all sides lead to the smokers' apartments. In the outer portion of the building stands a counter covered with little boxes of the drug ready for smoking, which a dozen assistants are kept busy handing out to the servants who wait upon the habitués of the place. The average daily receipts are said to be about £200. The smoking apartments are divided into four classes. In the cheapest are coolies, who pay about fourpence for their smoke. In the dearest the smoke costs about sevenpence. The drug supplied in each class is much the same both in quality and quantity; it is the difference in the

pipes that regulates the price. The best kinds are made of ivory, the stem being often inlaid with stones and rendered more costly by reason of elaborate carving; the cheapest kinds are made simply of hard wood.

The rooms also are furnished according to class. In the most expensive the lounge upon which the smoker reclines is of fine velvet, with pillows of the same material; the frames of each couch are inlaid with mother-of-pearl and jade, and the whole air of these rooms is one of sensuous luxury. There is also a number of private rooms. In the poorer section will be seen many wearers of the tattered yellow and gray robes of Buddhist and Taoist priests. Women form a fair proportion of the smokers. The common belief is that the opium sleep is attended by a mild, pleasurable delirium, with brief glimpses of Elysium, but this is the exception, not the rule. People smoke to satisfy the craving begotten of previous indulgence. There is accommodation for 150 smokers at a time, and there is seldom a vacancy very long. The stream of smokers goes on from early morning till midnight, when the place closes, the clouds of smoke go up incessantly all day long.

### Her Special Butter Dish.

A young lady told me of a scientific experiment she has been trying. Her boarding-house is a very fashionable and exclusive and excellent one, but of late the perversities of the butler have been trying. Butter sometimes has a way of being perverse, and this usually in August, when it should be the best, just as children are very likely to appear at their very worst when they should behave the best. Now, some one had told this young lady that if cream were buried in the earth for twenty-four hours it would then be found to have become butter of a superior quality and flavor. She longed to test the truth of this statement, and, confessing her ambition to Mrs. Daniel Merriman, she was made a present of a bag of cream from the Bigelow farm. She told me, with the minuteness indispensable to the description of scientific procedures, that the bag was of white cloth, of strong and firm material, and that the cream, of course, being from the Bigelow farm, was of lovely richness, of the sort usually described as being "thick enough to cut with a knife." She made the excavation in the ground, of the necessary size, and deposited her cream and covered it up. After twenty-four hours she unearthed it and it was a ball of golden, hard, delicious butter, wanting only salt to make it perfect, and this she added with her own fair hands. There were no traces of buttermilk; it had all been absorbed through the pores of the cloth into the earth. It is improbable that the young lady will go on making butter after this manner, but her method may indicate that there is shortly to be a revolution in the art of butter-making. The new way has to recommend it a great saving of labor, and, one would say, of care as well. In these wonderful days it is impossible to prophesy what great and momentous results may come from such a happening as this.—*Boston Herald*.

Dry salt applied every day and brushed into the roots will make the hair silky and cause it to grow. Do not continue but a year or two at longest, as it is a strong tonic.

### Watches For Blind People.

"This is one of the cutest things in the watch line that has yet appeared," said Jeweler Charles S. Crossman, holding up one of the new Swiss watches designed for the use of the blind. "The old raised figure watches were clumsy and blind people were constantly bending or breaking the watch hands by touching them. In this watch a small peg is set in the center of each figure. When the hour hand is approaching a certain hour the peg for that hour drops when the quarter before it is passed. The person feels the peg is down, and then counts back to twelve. He can then tell the time within a few minutes, and by practice he can become so expert as to tell the time almost exactly. They have been in use about six months and there is a steady and growing demand for them."—*New York Evening Sun*.

The flag that floated over the Marshall house in Alexandria, Va., in 1861, and was indirectly the cause of the death of Jackson and Ellsworth, is now in the state capital at Albany.

### The Rattlesnake's Awful Eye.

Never seeing a snake charm a bird or a tual, I concluded it was a negro superstitious on or fancy, devoid of fact. So I continued to think until a few days ago when a farmer friend of mine, living four miles south of Abilene, told me what he had lately witnessed. He said he was riding along on a prairie, and saw a prairie dog within a few feet of him, which refused to scamper to his hole, as prairie dogs usually do when approached by man; on the contrary, he sat as if transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous, shuddering motion as if anxious to get away. My friend thought this was strange, and while considering the spectacle, he presently saw a large rattlesnake coiled up under some bushes, his head uplifted, about six or seven feet from the dog, which still heeded him not, but looked steadily upon the snake. He dismounted, took the dog by the head and thrust him off, when the snake, which had up to that moment remained quiet, immediately swelled with rage, and began sounding his rattles. The prairie dog for some time seemed benumbed, hardly capable of motion, but grew better, and finally got into his hole. My friend then killed the rattler. Now, was this a case of charming? If not, what was it? My friend who told me this is named John Irving McClure, a farmer, well known to me, a good and truthful man.

And to one who is familiar with the eyes of rattlesnakes it does not seem unreasonable that they should have such power. If you will examine the eye of one who is cold in death, you will perceive that it has an extremely malignant and terrible expression. When he is alive and excited I know of nothing in all nature so dreadful as the appearance of a rattlesnake's eye. It is enough to strike not only birds and little animals, but men with night-mare. I have on several occasions examined them closely with strong glasses, and feel with all force what I state, and I will tell you that there are few men on the face of the earth who can look upon an agitated rattlesnake through a good glass—bringing him apparently within a foot or two of the eye—and stand it more than a moment.—*Forest and Stream*.

### The Railroad Man's Dinner Pail.

There are very few railroad men who are not obliged at some time or other to carry a dinner pail. For the ethics of time tables are past explaining. No one, unless it be the dapper young gentleman in the general office, can tell why what has always been the morning train from Mill Valley should suddenly veer about, and become the night train up from Hill Top. And everybody connected with the train from conductor to water-boy, must immediately change his abode, regardless of the little homo this one has just purchased, or the church with which that one has just united, or the children's schooling, or the place where the baby is buried. For the trains are for the service of the public, and however kind and helpful the officials may be individually, it is not possible for them to consider the private interests of the employes in making up schedules of time. And as all these removals and changes cannot be accomplished in a day or a week, it will be seen that the dinner pail is a necessary utensil in every well regulated railroad family. And when the vast number of these families and the house-keeping, good, bad, or indifferent they must necessarily do, is considered, it will be seen that a railroad man's dinner pail represents a great deal. Then, in addition to the many regular trains, both passenger and freight, which are supposed to keep tolerably regular hours barring calamity, there are also many irregular trains, construction, gravel, snow plow, etc., which slip in between the others, lying by when they must, and going on when they can, only keeping out of the way, so that it is a matter of wonder that dyspepsia has not marked every railroad man for his own, long ago.

There is the man who gets his breakfast and supper in one town, his dinner in another, and lodges in a third. Then there is the man who "runs spare," that is may be called upon to fill any temporary vacancy in his branch of the service. And when his wife has within a few weeks changed her meal hours to accommodate every train on the road, when her breakfast has ranged from five to nine, her dinner from eleven to two, and her tea hour from five to half-past ten, she may be forgiven for thinking that her

housekeeping is growing chaotic, and feeling a wild desire to grasp something steady until her brain stops whirling. Do you say that good housekeeping is quite impossible under such circumstances? Housekeeping of some sort must be done, nevertheless, and as long as the dinner pail is brought in by its lawful owner, walking upright, and he is not borne in helpless, the wife has a welcome for it and him, let the hours be never so irregular.

It is even possible, and sometimes necessary, to pack a dinner pail with sufficient food to last from Saturday night until Monday morning. And to any young wife who has this to do, let me whisper a word right here that has not very much to do with your husband's dinner pail, but a great deal to do with the happiness of your home. Do not salt the food with tears because you must stay alone; they will make it bitter when it most needs to be sweet. And when you shut your husband out on Saturday night do not let the last glimpse he has of you be obscured by a vision of a pocket handkerchief whose needs to see a cheerful face. Keep all that out of sight until he is fairly gone, no matter what paroxysms of loneliness you give way to immediately afterwards.—*H. Annette Poole, in Good Housekeeping*.

### In Ancient Attire.

Until the end of the eighteenth century it is doubtful which sex went to the greatest extreme in the matter of dress; certainly they kept very much in the same line, and no change appears to have been too ridiculous or too extravagant for adoption, says St. James's *Gazette*. High-heeled shoes, muffs, and fans were common to all.

The modern exquisite, armed with eye-glass and dressed strictly à la mode, can bear no comparison with the beau who in the reign of Charles II. paraded the streets singing, their faces spotted with patches and with love-locks, the ends of which were tied with large bows of silk hanging on their shoulders. At their knees were bunches of ribbons of all colors, while their boot-tops were turned down as low as the spurs, in order to show the fine lace with which they were lined.

No less remarkable was the first-rate exquisite of the reign of James II. He carried about with him a large comb of ivory or tortoise shell, and with this he combed his peruke (an article of attire then newly introduced from France) while in conversation or at the opera, doubtless with the same air as the modern gallant twirls his mustache.

Who would imagine that Raleigh, when he spread his cloak over the miry spot which the virgin queen desired to cross, could have been clothed in aught but doublet and hose, with high ruff, short cloak thrown over one shoulder, and a long rapier hanging by his side? And what would have become of the renowned Falstaff were he attired in a court suit of the present day?

Without the grandeur of silk and satin, or the glitter of innumerable jewels, these historical characters would sink almost into insignificance.

Nothing could be more recklessly extravagant than the dress of such as George Villiers, who at one time ordered twenty-seven suits of clothes richly ornamented with lace, gold, silver, and jewels. One of these is said to have been of white velvet, thickly incrustated with diamonds valued at £80,000, and these were fastened so loosely that he could by a slight movement shake them off, to the great delight of those in his immediate neighborhood. Nor did his extravagance stop here. In his richly decorated cap was an enormous feather almost covered with diamonds, as were also his belt and sword.

Raleigh also proved himself lavish as regards his dress. The shoes alone which he wore on special occasions were covered with diamonds valued at nearly £80,000, while rubies, pearls, and diamonds glittered on every part of his costume.

A suit of armor which he possessed was made of solid silver, and in many other instances this love of show was observable in him.

Among the nobility each seemed to vie with the other for precedence in the value of their attire, and some are even spoken of as having had their horses shod with silver.

The ladies also exhibited their love of grandeur, and we hear of a lady who appeared at the marriage of Elizabeth of Bohemia, "like a comet, all crimson velvet and beaten gold, the embroidery with which her dress was covered being valued at £50,000 per yard."