

LAST OF THE BUFFALOES.

The Only Remnants of the Once Great Herds Now in Ecological Gardens and Parks.

According to a computation which has just been made up to the number of American bison still in existence, only a little over 1,000 of them are left. These are scattered through private collections, city parks, zoological gardens and a few government preserves. In the neighborhood of 200 of them, it is estimated, are running wild to the west of Great Slave lake, in Canada. Both in Canada and in the United States they are now practically extinct. Fewer of them by far were ever in Canada than were in this country, but in Canada, too, they have virtually disappeared, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

This 1,000 buffaloes are all that are left of the immense herds, numbering many millions, which roamed over the plains between the Mississippi and the Pacific in such numbers as to amaze the earlier explorers, and which were found even east of the Alleghenies by the first white settlers on this continent. Cortez three and three-quarters centuries ago, on his arrival in Mexico, saw images of the animal among the Indians of that locality, though he probably never met any of them alive. Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions in the eight years of wanderings which led them from Florida across America's dark continent to the Gulf of California, three and two-thirds centuries ago, were probably the first of white men who ever set eyes on the American bison. Coronado and his fellow conquistadores a few years later, in their chase after Quivira's golden phantom, saw vast numbers of the "humped-back cows." Spenser, Frenchman and Englishman among the explorers of the great west of the early days saw and have left records of the buffalo.

Lewis and Clark's narrative of their journey from the Mississippi to the Pacific in the early years of the present century is enlivened by many descriptions of the immense herds of buffaloes which they saw. Horace Greeley, in his journey across the plains in 1859, saw great herds of them at many points in his course, one of which he estimated, by the area which it covered, to contain about 1,000,000. They were numerous enough in the later 60's and early 70's in Kansas to delay trains on the Kansas Pacific railroad for an hour and more at a time in crossing the track. Boatmen on the upper Mississippi used to complain, within the past 40 years, that they frequently encountered numbers swimming across the river which compelled them to "tie up" for several hours at a time. The transcontinental railroads, however, ended the days of the buffaloes. Great swarms of hunters were carried out by the railroads across the prairies and plains, and vast numbers of the buffaloes were killed out of sheer wantonness. Next to the Indian himself the buffalo was the most picturesque and distinctive feature of the American landscape in the wilder regions from the earliest days down to a comparatively recent time, but both—the Indian by seclusion in reservations and the buffalo by death—have been overwhelmed by the wave of civilization.

CASTE OF TURKISH WOMEN.

Ottoman Fair Once Always Fear Contamination from Social Inferiors.

A Constantinople correspondent of the London Telegraph writes: "It is not generally known that there exists among Turkish ladies of high class a kind of caste feeling similar to that prevailing among the Hindus. It takes the form of a fear of contamination from the outer world, and is only observed, as far as I know, by those who cannot afford to keep servants in sufficient numbers. Before meals ladies always wash their hands at a tap from which the water runs into a marble basin. They will turn on the tap when they are just going to wash, but when they have finished they let the water run till somebody shuts it off, as to do it themselves would make them unclean. They cannot open or shut a door, as the handle would be unclean, so a slave is generally kept handy for this purpose.

"One of these fastidious ladies was talking to a small niece the other day who had just received a present of a beautiful doll from Paris. The child presently laid the doll on the lady's lap, who was horrified and ordered the child to take it away. As the little girl would not move it, and no servant was near, and the lady was brought from touching a doll that was brought from abroad, the only thing she could think of was to jump up and let the doll fall, which broke to pieces. The same lady will not open a letter coming by post, but a servant opens it and holds it near her for her to read. If her handkerchief falls to the ground it is immediately destroyed or given away, so that she should not use it again. This curious state of exclusiveness or fanaticism exists, I am told, in many of the large harems. Among men it is not practiced."

New Zealand's Finances.

New Zealand's revenue for the last year shows a surplus equal to more than \$3,000,000 over expenditures. The public debt of the colony stands at \$225,715,000, and the financial statement proposes that parliament should authorize another \$4,866,000 loan to be expended chiefly in the extension of railways. The loan will no doubt be authorized.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Danish Proverb.

Beauty without virtue is a rose without fragrance.

MODISH ACCESSORIES.

The Latest Finery for the Ornamentation of Ladies' Winter Costumes.

Gold and silver cords and very narrow flat gimps are insured fashionable favor for the winter. The new trimmings of this description are wholly unlike the garish devices formerly so popular among prevailing millinery styles, many of the new designs being cleverly intermixed with bits of color. These decorations will be sparingly used by fastidious women who have objected to masses of metal as too showy and decided. The imported gold and silver hat garnitures are rich, delicate and artistic, says a fashion exchange.

Stylish young women are again wearing with their shirt waists of soft blue silk, satin or cloth in cream white, old rose, various shades of red and other fashionable colors, the folded stock of our revolutionary ancestors seen in miniatures and larger portraits. The style is repeated not quite literally but effectively in black satin or velvet to wear with every sort of waist. Also in black and white effects and in gay color melanges, with gray, tan, fawn color and similar waists of neutral tones. The ends are rolled and tied in a bow in front above the neck and tied in a bow in front above the neck and tied in a bow in front above the neck and tied in a bow in front above the neck.

A modish little jacket used with many of the principal tailor costumes has rather wide revers, strapped and stitched, turning back from the line of the bust to the shoulders and tapering to a point at the waist. The fronts are shaped with single, very deep darts, and fit the figure snugly; but they are not fastened together. Pretty waistcoats of various kinds are worn with these jackets. The regular French vesting is much used, but there are smart little gilets of soft yellow silk, trimmed with yellow ruckling, and laid in fine lingerie tufts, those of red crepe satin, striped with black velvet ribbon, and white silk and cloth models covered with straps edged with narrow gold braid and trimmed with rows of small gold buttons. The strappings lie perfectly flat and curve gracefully from the shoulders to the folded braided-edged belt.

Handsome Muscovite leas and panne velvet in different color blends are used in decorating a number of the newest French tailor costumes of cloth for demi-dress wear. These combined accessories were noticed on a few special models sent over late last spring, but for the winter their rich, effective qualities have been brought out much more prominently. A touch of pale turquoise blue panne daintily enriches a visiting costume of sage gray, kid-finished cloth, which has the velvety surface of an unpressed suede glove—a line of the velvet showing beyond scalloped and stitched bands of the cloth on skirt and jacket. There is a vest of Russian patterned net over pale blue satin, the revers are of panne velvet, bordered with otter fur, and the folded girdle, narrow just in front where it is held by a turquoise and gold buckle—wider toward the sides and as wide as a corset at the back—is of the blue velvet, with a matching folded scarf from which fall short, straight scarf ends of the lace. The costume is finished with a bolero of the cloth, very short at the back, but reaching the waist on each side of the vest, and having triple jacket fronts, pressed to lie very flat and tapping each other so closely that there is not the least effect of bulkiness.

DECORATIVE LACEMAKING.

A Very Popular Trimming for Dining-Room Pieces as Well as for Toilet Uses.

More than ever before rich, hand-made laces are to be used on the hand-made gowns this winter, and also for household use, says Harper's Bazar. No dining-room outfit is complete without its quota of lace centerpieces and doilies, no collection of wedding presents but includes many such dainty offerings. Among the many new designs for hand-made lace in decorative forms, one of the prettiest of all is a huge butterfly, which can be used in several different ways. It makes an altogether charming arrangement for the toilet for full-dress occasions. Two big butterflies—one at the back and the other in front—over a big ruffle of silk or frill of museline de soie or satin, as the case may be, to give the fly a background, are very effective. Caught on the shoulders with two small butterflies, the effect is very good. An extremely handsome trimming can be made by making the butterflies of black silk rennaissance braid, using a twist in cobweb stitches and the French twist for the wings. Over a white or other light gown the contrast is lovely. These butterflies may be jeweled, shading, for instance, in the ultramarine blues, with topaz eyes; or, when made of the point-lace braids, jeweled in turquoises and pearls. These same butterflies make a very smart bolero, using one fly for the back and one for each front placed lengthwise, the shoulder simply cobwebbed together, a tiny butterfly under the arm holding front and back together.

Herring Casapae.

Cut some small round croissants of bread and fry them a golden brown; spread with fresh boiled or canned salmon. Have ready a sufficient number of soft herring roes, squeeze a little lemon juice over each, dust with white pepper and curl one of the roes round on each croissant. When required place in a baking tin; put a sheet of buttered paper over the top and bake thoroughly hot. Garnish with coraline pepper and a little spring of fried parsley.—Detroit Free Press.

HOMEMADE SAUSAGE.

Some Suggestions Which Will Ensure A Good Article If Closely Followed.

It is not strange that there should be a general prejudice against sausage meat made in wholesale quantity. While the practice, so common in certain parts of Europe, of using the flesh of horses which are fattened after they have passed their usefulness as beasts of burden does not prevail in this country, there is always a temptation to use inferior pork, mutton, veal and beef when sausage meat is made in the bulk. A great deal of poor meat which could not be sold in any other form is undoubtedly disposed of in this way, its ill flavor concealed by abundant spices and flavoring herbs. The sausage meat made by the New England farmer's wife, says the New York Tribune, owes its excellence to the care with which the best trimmings of the pork were sorted out, weighed and seasoned, as much as to any set rule. There is usually a liberal supply of sage and some summer savory in this sausage meat, but no cloves or mace. It is packed in muslin bags, which make rolls of about three inches in diameter, or in pans. The bags are dipped in melted fat after they are filled, and hung out in the cold at once for the fat to harden and form a coating on the outside to preserve the meat from the air. This is a much easier and neater way of packing sausage meat than the familiar way of cleansing the intestinal tubes for the purpose. The cost of the labor in preparing these tubes is greater to-day than the cost of clean muslin bags made for the purpose. To make 15 pounds of sausage meat by the ordinary New England method, select ten pounds of fresh, lean, young pork and five pounds of fresh, clean fat pork. Use the firm fat near the skin of the pig. The intestinal fat is fit for nothing but to be tried out for lard. Chop the lean and fat as fine as you can, add a quarter of a pound of salt and three-quarters of an ounce of summer savory leaves, and an ounce of sage leaves, both pounded fine and sifted. Add, also, one ounce of fresh black pepper. Mix the seasoning thoroughly, and if you have a sausage grinder grind the whole together. If the meat is put in bags, pack it in them and dip them in melted lard, as we have described, but if it is packed in pans or jars, cover it with a layer of melted lard, which should be hardened at once to shut out the air.

Persons who dislike pork in any form often make sausage meat of veal. This is usually made of two-thirds clean, lean veal and one-third beef suet. Some cooks prefer only a quarter suet. Chop the meat fine. Add a scant tablespoonful of salt to every pound of this sausage meat. Season it in the same way and with about the same proportion of herbs and pepper used in pork sausage, or add a tablespoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, powdered sage and pepper to every pound of meat, and omit the summer savory.

HE REMEMBERED HIM.

And the Old Man's Recollection of Him Was Anything But Flattering.

To see one's self as others see him is always interesting, if not flattering. "When I recently went to visit my parents, who live in an agricultural region out west," said a well-known New York newspaper man, relates the Troy Times, "one day met a farmer on whose property I had worked for a time when a boy. My old acquaintance did not seem to recognize me, and, thinking that he had entirely forgotten me, I asked him if he did not remember a neighbor's son, mentioning his name, to whom he gave employment about 20 years ago. 'Yes,' said the farmer, 'I shall never forget him, for he was the worst boy in the community, a boy who was as frisky and chipper as could be when there was no work to do, but who always had a bad pain when there was water to be carried to the harvest hands, or firewood to be fetched in, or the cows to be hunted, or the grindstone to be turned; a boy who was always at work at the rabbit trap, or a machine to hull walnuts, or a sawmill, or something; a boy who had a dam across every stream in this section and a flutter wheel a-going at every dam. That's the only boy I ever knew by the name you've mentioned.' I saw that he hadn't entirely forgotten me, and I asked: 'What do you suppose that boy is doing now?' 'I don't know,' he answered, 'in a meditative way, but I expect he is in jail. He ought to be, anyway, if he is still alive and hasn't reformed.' 'No, he is not in jail,' I said, thinking I would surprise him; 'he is the editor of a newspaper.' 'Well,' answered the old farmer, slowly, after changing his quid of tobacco from his left to his right cheek, 'I ain't a bit astonished to hear it. I always said he would come to something bad, and, to tell the truth, I haven't got much sympathy for him.'"

Care of Floors.

Painted or varnished floors may be kept in good condition by wiping with a damp cloth and then rubbing with a dry woolen cloth. This, of course, is for floors that do not get badly soiled. Kitchen or pantry floors may be washed with skim milk; if very dirty, with soap and water. A scrubbing brush should never be used on a painted or varnished floor.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Potatoes Roasted with Turkey.

Neatly pare even-sized white potatoes and let lay in salted cold water for 30 minutes; wipe dry, dust slightly with pepper, rub with softened butter, lay close to the sides of turkey and bake often and well until well browned.—Ladies' World, New York.

WIT AND WISDOM.

How often people say "I don't care," when they do care.—Aitchison Globe.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart.—Addison.

Beggar—"Ah, kind sir, be charitable!" Citizen—"I will—I won't call a cop."—Judge.

Ambition is the road that leads to fame, but you can't travel over it on a pass.—Chicago Daily News.

Hicks—"What is your favorite dainty?" Wicks—"Pigs' feet." Hicks—"The idea of calling pigs' feet a dainty!"—Sommerville Journal.

"It was a very simple wedding," said the sweet young thing. "I never heard of one that wasn't," snorted the savage bachelor.—Indianapolis Press.

Nellie—"Charlie says I grow more beautiful every time he sees me," Maude—"If that's the case, you ought to have him call twice a day."—The King.

"Alice, I do hope you are not getting to be fond of that young man who lives next door." "But, mamma, you know we are told to love our neighbors. And I do."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Hit Thin.—Jawks (on arrival of dusty cyclist)—"Come a long way?" Cyclist—"Rather." Jawks—"Thought so; your wheels look tired." Cyclist—"They're less tired than when I started this morning." Jawks—"How's that?" Cyclist—"Because some of it's worn off, of course."—Ally Snoper.

KING WHO DIED IN POVERTY.
Corsican Monarch Whose Tombstone Still Stands in a London Churchyard.

The tombstone of a king who died in poverty still stands in the God's acre which surrounds the parish church of St. Anne, Soho, London.

King Theodore of Corsica was born at Metz in 1656. Invited by the general assembly of the Corsicans to become their king, he was duly crowned in 1736, but a few years sufficed to exhaust his personal wealth. After appointing a regency of 30 nobles to manage the state in his absence, he commenced a pilgrimage of solicitation to obtain foreign aid and money to support his rank and style as king of Corsica, says a London paper.

He was more or less hospitably received in several courts, but the prime object of his mission was not achieved. Arriving in England at last, he was referred to the admiral of the Mediterranean fleet, who would aid him by order of the home government. But when King Theodore learned that his landing would be opposed he returned to England.

Having borrowed on the continent where and when opportunity presented itself, he laid himself open to the wiles of the Genoese nollies, who were ever scheming and plotting against him. He was arrested for a debt of 5,000 florins in Amsterdam and thrown into prison, but subsequently released by a subscription being raised by Jews and foreigners to liquidate his debt. A Spanish Jew advanced him 12,000 florins, and in 1738 he unsuccessfully attempted a landing in Corsica.

Back again to England, where he received considerable sympathy and support, he was again seized for debt and cast into the king's bench prison. In prison he affected as regal a state of demeanor as his surroundings allowed and received his various visitors with an amount of pomp and ceremony rather ludicrous and pathetic. Here he remained until he was released on his surrendering his kingdom for the benefit of his creditors. On his release he took a chair to the house of the Portuguese minister, he being away from home, and King Theodore, not having the wherewithal to pay for his conveyance, requested the chairman to carry him to the house of a tailor in Soho, which was done. The man of scissors and cloth paid the fare and gave the pauper king shelter. Theodore was taken ill the next day and died three days later without a sixpence in his pocket.

Horace Walpole, who had done him many acts of kindness during his life, raised a subscription to bury him and composed his epitaph. Smollett describes his person and character in "Ferdinand Count Fathom."

The original mural tablet has been made more imposing by the addition of a many-membered molding. The inscription reads: "Near this place is interred Theodore, king of Corsica, who died in this parish on December 11, 1756, immediately after leaving the king's bench prison, by the benefit of the act of insolvency; in consequence of which he registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors."

"The grave, great teacher, to a level brings Heroes and beggars, galleys slaves and kings. But Theodore this moral learned e'er dead. Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head; Bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread."

Under this monument is one to William Hazlett, who also finds a resting place in the churchyard.

Americans Keeping the Lead.

British railway manufacturers are indignant at the manner in which they have lost the contracts for rebuilding the South African railways. It seems that American has ousted the British contractors. Maj. Girouard, an American, who has absolute charge of the reconstruction and direction of the Transvaal railways, is responsible for this, seeing that he has invited American firms only to submit estimates, etc., for the work. It was American firms also who supplied most of the material for the Soudan railway, which was also under the direction of Maj. Girouard, and built the Atbara bridge.—N. Y. Sun.

DUG LIKE POTATOES.

In This Manner Gold Is Taken by the Miners in Dutch Guiana.

Mr. Edwin A. Daly, a Canadian mining engineer, in New York on his way back to Dutch Guiana, where he makes a comfortable living by digging gold, according to an exchange of that city, says:

"In Dutch Guiana about 500,000 ounces of gold have been declared annually for the last 25 years. Probably the production was five times that amount; the remainder was not declared, and thus escaped the payment of royalty. The successful man has never much trouble with the Dutch officials in this matter. The gold lies from a few inches to a few feet below the surface, and wherever you find water you find gold. It is almost like digging potatoes.

"Labor is provided by West Indian natives. His average production is about eight drachms of gold a day, which, after the payment of royalty, is worth \$3.25.

"There are practically no limitations to the available ground, and it all contains gold. Concessions are easily obtained.

"The great drawback to the white man is malaria. The ground is sickly in its richness, and the place is full of orchids and fever. Americans under 30 do not stand the climate at all.

"Even the seasoned men have to go repeatedly to Barbadoes or some other of the islands, to recuperate.

"While you are away you are not making money, but losing it. The native only works when your eye is upon him. Once when I was ill my production dropped from 3,000 drachms to 200, yet there were just as many men at work, barring myself.

"Yes, an American with a small capital is certain to make a respectable fortune—if he can only keep an eye on the workmen and his own health at the same time.

"The way to be sure of that is to go in partnership. If three men joined, they could arrange that one man was at the gold fields, while another was recruiting, and the third on his way back to relieve the first. They would need a capital of \$10,000 to start with, and they would be able to make \$20,000 a year.

"The essential condition is work. Begin at five o'clock in the morning and finish at five o'clock in the afternoon; don't go in for frills, and leave your dress clothes at home. Turn your hand to anything, from clearing the bush to mending a tool.

"Of course, there have been lucky shots. I have known a short ton of gold (2,000 pounds avoirdupois) taken out of a pit 500 feet by 200 feet by 18 inches deep, and 96 pounds avoirdupois got by one white man and two natives in three days. The nuggets ranged from 10 ounces to 70 ounces. But, leaving luck out of the question, a partnership of three, with \$10,000 as a start, would be able to make over \$5,000 a year each."

"If the thing is so good as this, why are you giving it away?" "Because," said Mr. Daly, "the bulk of the land is still unprospected. There is enough gold for all. And if a new man makes a lucky find, what is to prevent us from going to work next door?"

JAPAN'S NEW MOUNTAIN.

The Emperor Gives a Japanese Name to Mount Morrison in Formosa.

The highest point in the large island of Formosa is Mu Kan-Shan, or Wooded mountain. For many years it has been known to the world by the name of Mount Morrison, after an English captain of one of the early vessels trading to the island. Up to quite recently it was thought that Mount Sylvia, further north in the same range, was the highest mountain of Formosa, but it is now known to be overtaken by Mount Morrison, says the New York Sun.

Since the Japanese took possession of the island as one result of their war with China they have engaged in explorations of the little-known eastern half of it as fast as the troubles in which the hostile population have involved them permitted. Among the Japanese explorers who have been busy in the unknown mountains are Lieut. Saito, and Dr. Honda, who are believed to be the first persons who have succeeded in reaching the heavily forested summit of Morrison.

It is only a few years ago that a geographer wrote of the mountain: "It is said to be 12,850 feet in height, but it is not improbable that this estimate is too high and that the real summit of the range culminates in some other mountain. But these Japanese explorers have determined the height of Mount Morrison to be 13,795 feet, and have established the fact that it is the culminating point of the island."

These interesting facts attracted the attention of the emperor of Japan, who recently expressed the opinion that the highest point of the Japanese empire should no longer bear an English name. The emperor has accordingly decreed that the mountain shall not be officially known in Japan by its English name, but shall hereafter be called Nwittaka-wams, which means New High mountain.

The mountain is not of volcanic origin, as was formerly supposed, but is formed of sedimentary rocks, with granite at the top.

A Rich English County.

Lancashire is the next richest county to London. It is rated at \$24,000,000, against London's \$43,500,000.—N. Y. Sun.

Others Buy What They Need.

A thrifty baker always sells what he kneads himself.—Chicago Daily News.

EACH HAD SUSPICION.

A Story of Two Partners in Business Both of Whom Were Honorable Men.

"My first business venture on my own account, was in—well, never mind the name of the city," said a New Orleans merchant, chatting over old times with some friends at the board of trade, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "The location has nothing to do with the little story I am going to tell you, and, for reasons you will understand in a moment, I don't care to be too specific.

"I was a young chap of 25 at the time, and, getting tired of working for other people, I opened a cotton brokerage office with another ex-clerk, who was considerably my senior in years. We put up an equal amount of capital and agreed to share and share alike in the profits and the hustling. From the very outset everything went remarkably well with us. We both had lots of friends, who took pains to throw business in our hands, and the end of the year showed a very nice little balance of profit. Next year, however, the results weren't quite so good, and I began to have a faint apprehension that I was getting a bit 'the worst of it,' as the saying goes. I heard a vague rumor that my partner was living at a pretty fast gait, and the more I thought about the matter the more dissatisfied and suspicious I became. You know how easily such estrangements will grow upon a firm, and, to make a long story short, I finally went to a detective agency that made a specialty of 'private investigations' and arranged to get a report, as they called it, on my associate. I admit that it was a rather sneaking proceeding, and I felt secretly ashamed of myself for resorting to it, but I argued that it was my duty to know whether he was really in the way of getting into any embarrassing entanglement. Well, in the course of a week or so, the agency made its report, and without going into details, I may say that it completely exploded all the disturbing gossip I had heard. I realized after reading it that I had been doing my partner a great injustice, and of course I was conscience stricken. To make amends I determined to treat him with extra cordiality and at the same time it seemed to me that his own bearing, which had been a little distant, became much more friendly. At any rate, whatever coldness had existed soon passed away and the three years of business association that followed were singularly pleasant. Then he received a flattering offer from Liverpool, and went there to live.

"One day, several months after his departure, I was looking over some old papers and ran across a big envelope marked 'private and confidential.' Thinking it contained something relating to the firm, I tore it open, and what do you think I found?—a report on myself from the same detective agency I had hired to investigate my partner. It seemed that our suspicions had been mutual."

AN INVENTIVE CASHIER.

Has an Ingenious But Very Disagreeable Method of Trapping Suspects.

"I haven't the slightest objection in the world to anyone looking like me," declared the drummer, relates the Detroit Free Press; "furthermore I believe in encouraging inventive genius. But there is a limit, and though so far I have refrained from murdering anyone, I will not be responsible for what may happen in the future.

"My last trip took me out west, and one day, finding myself short of funds, I entered a bank and asked the cashier if he would be kind enough to cash a draft for me, at the same time reaching in my pocket for papers that would identify me. I noticed that he looked at me rather hard, and the next instant I felt the floor give way under my feet, and I shot out of sight with a rapidity that was startling. My next impression was that if I didn't get out of the tank of water that I had fallen into I would be drowned. The idea was a good one and I acted upon it. Then I yelled for help like a good fellow.

"I was in complete darkness, and although I could hear some sort of excitement going on over my head, my cries met with no response. Finally part of the floor above my head was raised 'and an arm holding a gun was thrust through. Then a voice commanded me to get out of that, and I got. I came up fighting mad, only to find myself under arrest and a howling mob outside clamoring to get at me. Well, for a while it was wildly exciting, during which demands and explanations were thrown back and forth until the situation was cleared up sufficiently for me to grasp it.

"It seems that the cashier had mistaken me for a note raiser who had been in the neighborhood, and it further seems that he was of an inventive turn of mind and had arranged a trap door before his window that could be sprung by pressing a spring behind his desk, and thus take care of any man that might attempt to hold him up. Mistaking me for the note raiser, who was badly wanted, he thought it would be a good chance to try his idea and take care of me at the same time until he could call an officer. It worked, as I can testify, and I am thinking of getting the right to hell the patent here in the east."

Two Chinese National Customs.

Foot-binding in China is in obedience to custom merely, and not to law. The same may be said about wearing cues. No gentleman in China would go without a cue any more than a gentleman would wear one in this country. It is not true that Chinese who cut off their cues are executed. They are not punished in any way except by common contempt. Men without cues are in social disgrace.—Chicago Record.