

GERMAN RED TAPE.

Three Lemons Found in a Freight Car Were Publicly Advertised For Sale.

At Thorn, in West Prussia, just on the Russian frontier, the attention of certain tourists was directed the other day to a crowd of people diligently deciphering an official notice hanging in a conspicuous place in the chief railway station.

According to the regulations in force on the Prussian state railways goods that are "herrnlos" have to be delivered up to the authorities and then duly put up to auction.

ANARCHISTS IN LONDON.

Active Enemies of the Law Who Make England's Capital Head-quarters.

There are in London more than 1,500 anarchists by predilection, but it must not be supposed that these are all active members of the federation.

Then came the days of Ravachol. The compromising papers found in Paris assisted Inspector Melville's staff, and a good many of the hottest anarchists over here were crowded into emigration, principally to the states.

The silly Sipido attack on the king when prince of Wales met with the sternest disapproval at the anarchist headquarters, which, for the information of those who may wish to know, are not many hundred yards from the fire engine station in Southampton row.

My view used to be that, while there could be no objection to teaching a horse to single-foot if it did not spoil his trot, as a matter of fact it did almost always spoil his trot, and that it was therefore best not to teach it.

A curious illustration of the power of corporations is reported from England. From time immemorial it has been established law there that bequests made for the propagation of secular or free-thinking doctrines were subject to confiscation by the king, and thousands of pounds have been thus confiscated.

Pokefish—What is this quotation about a "watched pot?" Fourfish—I don't know, but I can assure you that I never sat in a game where the pot wasn't watched pretty closely.—Philadelphia Press.

SOME TRADE FACTS.

Proportion of South American Commerce Held by United States.

While Trade with Countries on Caribbean Sea Is Fairly Satisfactory That with Countries Farther South Is Very Poor Indeed.

The recent departure from Washington of the special train carrying the United States and numerous other delegates to the approaching Pan-American conference to be held at the City of Mexico lends especial interest to some figures on the commerce of the United States with the territory at the south, which the treasury bureau of statistics has compiled for the convenience of the United States members of that congress.

"The commerce of the United States with the American countries lying south of her borders," says the opening page of this discussion, has long been an object of solicitude to her statesmen, economists and business men.

Up to this point the study of the growth of commerce between the United States and other American countries is fairly satisfactory. Beginning with 32 per cent. of the import trade of Canada, 40 per cent. of that of Mexico, and ranging downward along the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean sea, a fairly satisfactory share of the commerce of those countries is enjoyed by the people of the United States; though it will be conceded that her people have a right to expect a larger share of the commerce of the countries lying so near at hand, especially in view of the fact that our purchases from them are much larger than our sales to them.

Corporations in England. A curious illustration of the power of corporations is reported from England. From time immemorial it has been established law there that bequests made for the propagation of secular or free-thinking doctrines were subject to confiscation by the king, and thousands of pounds have been thus confiscated.

Has Fortune of Her Own Probably. A titled Englishman is going to marry an American girl who has no rich father. She must be really attractive, remarks the Chicago Record-Herald.

Not an Ordinary Passenger. When a woman gets on a train for a long journey, she wishes every one on the train knew that she isn't one of the ordinary passengers who get off at the next station.—Atchison Globe.

Didn't Fease Him. "How much do you ask for this basket of grapes?" asked Mr. Tyte-baker of the suburban grocer. "Twenty-five cents," said the grocer. "I can get grapes down town just like 'em for 25."

They Knew. Dashaway—Did you tell the Briders-leys that I was going to call there last night? Cleverton—Yes. How did you know? "The wedding present I gave them was in the front parlor."—Town and Country.

Time to Plant Him. When a man has gone to seed it is time to plant him.—Chicago Daily News.

THE NEGRO'S ADORATION.

His Natural Love for a Steamboat Far Surpasses His Regard for a Mule.

"The negro's relation to the steamboat is peculiar," said an old steamboat man, "and my experience of 25 years or more on the Mississippi has convinced me that the negro has a much deeper love for the steamboat than he has for anything else on earth, except something that will satisfy his physical craving.

"I have seen negroes at the way landings who actually took great pleasure in handling the ropes used in hoisting the boats to the landing, and they would work like Trojans when it came to hauling the line out, or hauling it in, as we say on the river. And there is another curious fact about the negro and the steamboat. The negro who works on a steamboat believes he is better socially than his less fortunate brethren who are forced to toil along other lines.

Perhaps the most scathing of their observations against trains was that contained in the legend circulated by a monk of the reign of Edward I. "I heard of a proud woman who wore a white dress with a long train, which, trailing behind her, raised a dust even as far as the altar and the apse."

Horae began in western America, says Prof. W. B. Scott, of Princeton, in the form of animals hardly higher than domestic cats, whose remains are found in the Wasatch beds of Eocene time. Later on, in the form of mesohippus, these animals attained the stature of sheep, and showed considerable advances in organization.

As is well known, spiders and several other orders of lowly creatures have no internal skeleton, but are covered with hard integument, which articulate on the outside as our bones do on the inside. As these creatures grow in size they become too big for their clothes, and, splitting them asunder, crawl out with a new and pliable covering, which they may wear for a year or more, when they change once again. It is said to relate, however, that the specimen in the academy in some way got its feet entangled in the old skin and pulled one of its legs off. It was thought by the naturalists that he could get along with seven legs and two leglike palpi until a new leg could be grown—but the grim reaper drew nigh, and the giant spider with his fatal sting was gathered to his fathers.

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Madrid has a law by which habitual drunkards have their heads shaved every four weeks.

Of 32,838 tons of coal weighed by the authorities in London last year only five tons were found to be short weight.

The world's total production of mercury is about 4,000 tons, valued at £220 a ton. Of this Great Britain uses 1,600 tons.

An average of 3,000 lives are lost yearly among British seamen; the French lose 250; the Germans 400, and 1,100 are lost in the United States ships.

A postal card sent from Paris to Paris via Moscow, Vladivostok and San Francisco, made the trip around the world in 40 days, at a cost of two cents.

Germany's navy was born in 1848. It now consists of 194 vessels, 16 being battleships. Three hundred and sixty thousand men enter the German army yearly by conscription.

Berne and Geneva hold the record for cheap telephone service. Four pounds is the subscriber's charge for the first year, £3 12s. for the second and £1 12s. afterwards.

ORIGIN OF THE TRAIN. The Trailing Skirt Was First Introduced into England from Bohemia by a Queen.

England owes the fashion of trailing skirts to the wife of Richard II, who introduced the train from Bohemia, just as she introduced the side-saddle, and what was to all intents and purposes the riding skirt as our grandmothers knew it.

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EDIBLE MUSHROOMS.

How to Distinguish the Good from the Bad—Some Toothsome Recipes.

There is no woodland or old pasture the world over that does not produce one or more varieties of fungi. Though some of these are poisonous and should be avoided, the majority are edible—edible, but seldom eaten. This may sound like a paradox, but every year tons of nutritious fungus food go to waste in our forests and fields, not because their habitat is unknown, but on account of the little value attached to them as foods, says the Washington Star.

Probably the best known of all edible fungi is the meadow mushroom. Whenever crossing a rich pasture one is sure to see small bunches of these white, possibly slightly brownish, caps, strewn about in a hit or miss fashion. While the mushroom is fresh the gills are a beautiful pink color, but as soon as the plant grows old or very dry they turn a deep brown. The white flesh of the cap is inclined to become pink when broken. Meadow mushroom has an enticing fragrance, and is usually fried with butter, though it can be stewed in milk. The latter should be flavored with spice, parsley, sweet herbs, salt and pepper. This mushroom is an agreeable adjunct to soup or meat when cut up into pieces and cooked with the same.

The next best-known species is the fairy ring champignon. This variety also grows in meadows, pastures and along the roadside, but never in woods. Instead of coming up in bunches, the plants form a ring or half circle, hence its common name. The cap is colored bright buff and the gills, which grow very wide apart, are creamy white. It is somewhat tough, and when dried can be kept for years without losing its flavor, which is particularly delicious.

The most occult of mushrooms is the milk-bearing group. Perhaps the choicest member of this genus is Lactarius Deliciosus, which is easily distinguished by the orange or red-colored milk that it exudes on being broken. Strange to say, the bruised parts turn a dull green on exposure to the atmosphere, as does also the milk. The flesh is firm and very juicy. Its habitat is swampy woods especially fir and pine. The flavor resembles that of kidney stew. Baking is perhaps the best process for this mushroom, since the juice can thus be retained. Its greatest use is for making rich sauces.

Though the genus Morchella includes very few species, most authorities say that all are edible. The best of them, however, is Morchella Esculenta, which grows upon a short stem and has a large, hollow cap, deeply pitted. In grassy spots on the borders of fields or raised river banks it may be found in April and May. The numbers may be increased by strewing wood ashes over the ground. After thoroughly washing they should be put into a frying pan with pepper, salt, parsley and a small piece of ham, and cooked not less than one hour, a little broth being poured in occasionally so that the mixture shall never get dry. When done each mushroom should be served with egg on buttered toast.

One fungus has been designated the "poor man's beefsteak," because of the similarity between the taste of it and that of meat. At first a mere rosy pimple that may be found any time during the summer season, it grows from the rotten bark of old oaks, chestnuts and ash trees. In a short time the pimple becomes tongue shaped, assuming a beet-root color. A few days later it changes form again, becoming comparatively broad for its length, a blood-red above, while the lower surface is always somewhat paler and frequently tinged with yellow or pink. In two weeks it reaches maturity, after which it gradually decays. The best way to cook it is by broiling. However, this can be done successfully only when it is young. If cold the juice should be extracted. To secure this very desirable property the fungus has to be sliced thin or macerated, put into a dish with salt, pepper, a little lemon and minced eschallots (a species of onion or garlic) and slowly stewed. Then strain and boil the liquid, which makes an excellent flavor for beef gravy.

Perhaps the most valuable of the edible fungi is the one oftentimes neglected, viz., the giant puff ball. This species is seldom less than ten and frequently more than 20 inches in diameter, by which immense size it may be distinguished from other puff-ball fungi. In form it is somewhat globose; in color, whitish or pale yellowish brown. When immature the inside is a soft, white flesh that changes to a elastic, yellowish brown, cottony, dusty mass of filaments and spores at maturity. Puff balls are found in all parts of our country. The smooth-skinned varieties are most palatable. If the inner flesh is white and pulpy it is in a good condition, but if marked with yellow streaks or spots it should be rejected. The epidermis should be removed and the puff ball cut into slices not over half an inch thick. Dip these in yolk of egg before frying in fresh butter, and while cooking sprinkle in a little salt, pepper and some variety of herbs.

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RAILROAD MEN IN ACCIDENTS.

Freight and Trouble Caused by an Empty Beer Keg—A Collision at a Crossing.

Cleveland Moffett tells in St. Nicholas of the life of locomotive engineers.

There is a place in New York—the very last place one would think of—where stories without end may be heard about locomotives and the men who run them. It is not a place of grime and steam, but a quiet and luxurious club spreading over the top floor of a very tall building on Forty-second street, and here every day at luncheon-time railroad officials gather; superintendents, managers and various heads of departments, men who may have grown prosperous and portly, but are always proud to talk about the boys at the throttle, and recall experiences of their own in certain exciting runs.

In the wide hall near the entrance of this Transportation club is a driving-wheel, green painted, from the De Witt Clinton, the first locomotive that drew a passenger train in the state of New York. It is scarcely larger than a wagon wheel, though it is of iron, and an inscription tells from Albany to Schenectady on August 9, 1831. The walls show many pictures, famous locomotives, scenes of accidents, and there are thrilling memories here in abundance if one have with him some veteran of the road to recall them.

"It is not always the most serious accidents that frighten a man most," remarked a high official of the New York Central, one day, while the rest of us listened. "One of the worst I ever had was on a freight train when there really wasn't anything to be scared about. We had just pulled out of Ottumwa, Ia., one dark night, with a caboose full of passengers when rump—ump—bang—rip! You never heard such a racket. First one end of the car was lifted up off the rails and slammed down again, and then the other end was treated the same way; up and down we went, bump, bump, bump, and smash went a window, and out went the lights. Now what do you suppose it was? Well, it wasn't anything else, but it got us into a pretty all right. We waved a lantern like fury to the engineer ahead, but it seemed an age before he saw it, and we just bumped along, expecting every second to be split into kindling-wood.

"We stopped at last, and found it was a beer keg—yes, sir, an empty beer keg that had got caught under the caboose between the rear axle and the bolster of the truck and had rolled along over the ties with the car balanced on it like a man riding a rail. It wasn't broken, either; no, sir, not a bit; and we had to chisel through every separate hoop before we could get it out. Talk about making things strong! That beer keg was a wonder."

"I had a more exciting experience than that," said another official—he was in the freight-handling department. "It was a long time ago. I remember getting out at a station near Cincinnati for a hurried lunch, and before I knew it the train started. I was up by the engine, and as the drivers began to turn I jumped on the pilot. You see, I had often ridden there, being a railroad man, and the engineer knew me.

"Everything went well for a few miles, and I sat on the bumper enjoying the rush of air, for it was a hot summer's day; but presently, as we swung around a curve, the engine gave a fearful shriek, and just ahead I saw an old white horse on the track. He seemed not to hear the whistle; at all events, he paid no attention to it until we were right on him, and then he was too dazed to do anything. I saw it was too late, and I drew my legs up off the bumper and leaned back against the end of the boiler. I must have made a picture as I crouched there. And the next second—"

"Well!" said somebody. "Well—I think you wouldn't care to hear how things looked the next second. We struck the white horse, and wonder of wonders, it didn't hurt me, but it was an awful experience. I can tell you this: I've never ridden on the pilot of a locomotive since that day, and I never shall again."

The End of Her Dream. "Algie," she said, putting her arms around his neck and looking confidently into his honest, manly face, "if I were to be kidnapped how much ransom would you be willing to pay?"

"My dear," he answered, "I would be willing to pay a million dollars ransom for you."

A sickly pallor overspread her face and she drew away from him as if he had been something evil. When she could speak, at last, she cried: "I heard you say yesterday that you had at least \$1,100,000. And we have been married only two months!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Japanese Feverage. Japan will have to hold her hand soon in the matter of creating peers. No less than 273 have been added to the number since the system was inaugurated. In 1864, when peers were first created, patents were granted to 11 princes—excluding princes of the blood—24 marquises, 73 counts, 321 viscounts and 74 barons. Now the numbers stand: Eleven princes, 24 marquises, 89 counts, 363 viscounts and 281 barons. The total in 1894 was 903; to-day it is 773.—N. Y. Sun.