

**YOUNG FOLKS.**

**Nora's Party.**

Nora was going to have a party at last. She had begged for one for three or four years, but at every birthday there was some good reason why a party was impossible. One May time there was some talk of one, and mamma and grandma had said "perhaps," but about that time a little bright-eyed sister had come to Nora, who so completely filled her mind and heart that a party was not even thought of. Then, soon after, Nora had moved away out West with papa and mamma, leaving grandpa and grandma oh, so lonely, in their great house, which seemed so quiet and dull without the silvery voice and pattering feet of their darling. And the little girl, in her pleasant home in Bay City, yearned for the old country home with dear grandpa and grandma, from whom she had never been separated before.

Do you wonder at this when she had her own sweet mamma and baby sister? Well, I do not know, but I strongly suspect that this same baby sister took up a large portion of mamma's attention, and as Miss Nora had been used to being first in everybody's heart she thought she would rather go back to grandpa, in whose home she would always retain her own place. As for grandpa, his heart grew so hungry for his little girl that at last he could bear it no longer, and taking the train he went to Michigan and brought her back to his New York home, where she has been ever since, though mamma and sister Carrie have been to visit her.

This year nothing was to hinder and Nora was to have her party. Such a lot of little folks as were invited, and such a supper as was provided! Nora could not keep still, but danced from one room to another, and asked a dozen questions about everything and nothing.

And would Aunt Jennie come from the city and fetch Glen? And would her own dear mamma get the letter telling her about the party? And would she send her some token in remembrance thereof? And so on, until grandma was devoutly thankful that birthdays came only once a year, and that a party was not a necessary accompaniment.

The hammock was to be hung between two large trees and a grand swing put up between two others; and the long table set out in the shade, just like a picnic. But, alas for human hopes! The day before the party it began to rain. Not little, spiteful drops against the window, and the sun trying hard to shine all the while, but great bucketfuls poured, poured all day; and poor Nora's heart ached with disappointment, for the children lived too far away to come if it rained. And whatever could be done with such quantities of cake, especially with the pyramid cake, in whose manufacture she had taken extra interest.

For was not the largest cake fruit, the next gold, the next silver, the next rose, and all away at the top a lovely candy dog, about which Nora had had much secret wonderment as to whom it would fall? Then the oranges, great golden ones, that grandpa had taken such pains should be sweet, and all the candy. She was sure she should not eat it all if she ate nothing but candy for a month.

She was a sad little girl all day, but at night it cleared a little, and grandpa went down to the post-office and brought back a tiny set of gold earrings, set with a turquoise as blue as Nora's eyes, that mamma had sent to her little daughter, with a loving message such as only mamma can send, and Nora went to bed a little hopeful that the day would be clear.

When morning at last came the weather was very unsatisfactory. It did not rain, certainly; but it was very cloudy, the wind blew hard and cold, and it actually seemed for a while as if it would snow; but evidently remembering that it was the 28th day of May, and that it would not do at all to have a snow storm, it concluded to behave. Toward noon it grew clearer, and when Nora's grandpa returned from the station he brought two aunts and Cousin Glen, who had come out by the morning train. By 1 o'clock the carriages began to arrive with the little people, who looked blue and cold, despite their winter cloaks and bonnets; and though they found a fire in the parlor very comfortable, they brought so much sun shine with them that no one missed the presence of Old Sol, once they were inside the charming old country farmhouse.

What a merry, happy time they had! Games, romps, music, singing and recitation. Margie sang a piece about a funny little girl, who went almost distracted because she could not find her doll, when, lo! it was in her pocket all the time. Jane spoke about a forlorn old lady who by mistake had her baby christened Jehoshaphat when she wanted him named Augustus Percival Guy. Then there was "Pigs in the clover," at which they worked with various degrees of failure. At last Glen triumphantly announced that he had them in; but Nora insisted that they were put in by the brothers of the little girl, who, upon seeing the game at the house of a neighbor, remarked that they "had one just like it."

"And can the boys get the pigs in?" was queried.

"O yes, just as easy and quick," was the reply.

"Can they, indeed?" was the somewhat surprised rejoinder. Whereupon the little maid said in the most artless way imaginable:

"Why, yes; they pick them up with their fingers and put them in."

As Glen did not deny it very decidedly they concluded that if the fingers did not put them in they at least kept them from getting out, so his success did not excite the envy it might otherwise have done.

Cold as it was, they wrapped up warmly and went for a little run,—all but one delicate, lovely girl, sweet and graceful as a lily, who replied when questioned, "My mamma doesn't wish me to." Brave, sweet Flora! Mamma's wishes were all important even when she was absent, and the truthful little soul used no subtler flattery than to think her a baby. Mamma's wish was reason enough.

Hardly knowing which of her presents Nora valued most. A large double slate and colored crayons, from grandpa, promised amusement for many rainy days, and a silk umbrella offered shelter from the sun when it should shine again. Then there were cuff buttons, napkin rings, vase, handkerchiefs and books, with perfumery enough to keep her sweet for a long time.

And the table! Well, I will not say it groined under its load of dainties, because tables never do, you know, only in story books; but I suspect some of the children

wanted to after supper, for they were at the table a whole hour; and if the cake, pickles, cheese, fruit, candy and lemonade did not quarrel dreadfully, when they found themselves in such close quarters in the little stoves, then they were much better bred than they are apt to be under those circumstances.

At last they all went home, each taking a little souvenir of the party—a hand and heart carefully joined—and Nora crept into grandma's arms and said:

"I've had such a happy, happy day, Grandma, 'cause it was not just as I planned. I could not swing, nor have the table out of doors; but we've had the nicest time; and Lulu and Bertha are going to have a party on their birthday, and I can go there, can't I, Grandma?"

And grandma answered, "I shouldn't wonder, dear."

**How He Put His Foot in It.**

Mr. Chugwater (growlingly)—"Samantha, that young Snodgers comes to this house altogether too often to suit me."

Mrs. Chugwater—"He's a decent, civil sort of a young man. I have no objection to his coming."

Mr. Chugwater (raising his voice)—"Well, I have! He may be a good, average young man, but I tell you I don't want him about this house!"

Mrs. Chugwater (placidly)—"I don't see what business it is of yours, Mr. Chug—"

Mr. Chugwater (rising to his feet and bringing his fist down on the table)—"You don't see what business it is of mine? Why, good heavens, madame! Ain't I head of the family?"

Mrs. Chugwater (mildly)—"I suppose you consider yourself such."

Mr. Chugwater (in towering rage)—"I certainly do, madam! And if I say that giggling simpton of a Snodgers isn't the kind of a man I want for a son-in-law it goes, Mrs. Chugwater! It goes in this family!"

Mrs. Chugwater (sweetly)—"It won't go this time, Josiah."

Chugwater (frantically and at the top of his voice)—"You'll see, madam! Tell me which one of the girls he comes to see! Deceive me if you dare, Mrs. Chugwater! Which is the one?"

Mrs. Chugwater (pleasantly)—"He comes to see the hired girl, Josiah."

(Mr. Chugwater takes a large chew of plug tobacco and goes down-town with his hat pulled over his eyes.—[Chicago Herald.]

**Facts About Yourself.**

The average number of teeth is 32.

The weight of the circulating blood is 29 pounds.

The average weight of an adult is 150 pounds and 2 ounces.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

A man breathes about 20 times a minute and 1,200 in an hour.

A man breathes about 18 pints of air in a minute or upward of 7 hogshead a day.

The average weight of the brain of a man is 3½ pounds; of a woman 2 pounds and 11 ounces.

Five hundred and forty pounds, or 1 hogshead and 1½ pints of blood, pass through the heart in one hour.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches; of a Frenchman 5 feet 4 inches; of a Belgian 5 feet 6 inches.

The heart sends nearly 10 pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, and makes four beats while we breath once.

One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface of thirty times greater than the human body.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

**Why They are Popular.**

A Paris correspondent of a New York paper offers a fanciful explanation, colored, of course, by American variety, of the alleged preference of European royalty for ladies of the New World. The correspondent says: It is a curious fact, and one only just beginning to be comprehended in the United States, that Americans of both sexes have, at one time or another, enjoyed far more popularity with royal personages than have any Europeans of a rank below that of the highest aristocracy. A very intelligent explanation has been given of this. In Europe everybody, outside of the charmed circle immediately surrounding kings and queens, stands so much in awe of the sovereign and the royal family that they are formal and constrained in the presence of even the remotest relative of a crowned head. Americans, on the other hand, while rendering all due respect to the prince or princess to whom they have been introduced, are wont to chat with them agreeably and vivaciously as with any other acquaintance, without being struck dumb by the high station of the august personage. One can readily imagine what a pleasant change such bright and unrestrained conversation must be to one whose intercourse with his or her countrymen and women outside the immediate group of personal attendants, is limited to "Yes, your Highness," or "No, your Highness," uttered with bated breath and with an air of intense reverence.

**A Long Way Around, But—**

He—"I suppose it isn't too much to say that you and I have always led our set, Miss Mabel?"

She—"So people appear to think."

He—"And it wouldn't do for us to be the last to adopt a new idea, would it?"

She—"No, indeed!"

He—"Well, have you noticed that everybody seems to be getting married?"—[Boston Times.]

"What is the use of that girl bangin' away on the piano, Maria?" "Practice, John. Practice makes perfect." "Perfect what—pandemonium?"—[Harper's Bazaar.]

Mose Schaumburg, jr.—"Vader, a shentlemen wants to know if dot unshrinkable undershirt don't shrink a lectle, anyway?" Mose Schaumburg, sr.—"Does dot shirt fit him?" "No, it was choost a lectle too big." "Of course it vill shrink. Vy don't you have some heads for piensness?"—[Texas Siftings.]

He (of Boston)—"I am so fond of Bacon. Aren't you?"

She (of New Orleans)—"Oh, yes, I don't think I could ever get tired of bacon, especially with eggs."—[Lowell Citizen.]

**LOVE ENDS AN OLD FEUD.**

**Vendetta Brought to a Close.**

A Cincinnati special says: A report from Pine Springs, Rowan County, Ky., announces the marriage there this morning of Grace Martin and Frank Tolliver, whose families have been engaged in a bloody feud for several years. This union will put an end to the interminable Rowan County war in which so many lives have been sacrificed. The contracting parties are each about 22 years of age and are brother and daughter respectively of the principals in the bloody Rowan County faction fight.

At 7 o'clock this morning the clans commenced gathering—hard-visaged, horny-handed mountaineers, with the keen eyes and erect bearing of the federal Kentuckian. If there was a constraint in the greetings of some as visions of dying faces dear to their hearts flashed before them, these visions of bloodshed soon died away and the two warring factions mixed with hearty cordiality.

A few years ago Craig Tolliver was elected Police Judge of Morehead and since then had complete mastery of the town. There were many indictments against Tolliver for various crimes, yet so terrified were the people they allowed a criminal to hold office and exercise the rights of that office. After the election of Tolliver to the office of Police Judge three good citizens were compelled to flee from Morehead. Their lives, their fortunes, their homes, sons, daughters, and wives were in danger. In the reports of the elections Tolliver received twenty votes, thereby electing him. People who were against him were afraid to go to the polls, and a man who could not sign his name legally was elected to an office which requires knowledge of the law, equity of judgment, and justice in all things. Immediately after taking possession of his office he began the persecution of his enemies. He issued warrants for the arrest of William Logan, aged 24, and his brother John, aged 18, charged with Ku Kluxism. Warrants were placed in the hands of Marshall Mannin to serve. Mannin and Tolliver and posse went to the Logan house to serve the warrants on the two boys. Mannin forced his way in the house and upstairs. Immediately the Logan boys opened fire, riddling him with slugs from a shotgun, killing him instantly. As soon as the two boys made their appearance the posse opened fire upon them. When the smoke cleared away it was seen that the Logan boys lay dead, killed at the first shot. The two men who formed the posse returned to Morehead and gave themselves up.

A year ago last winter Craig Tolliver and four of his gang, which included two of his brothers, were killed by citizens of Morehead under the leadership of Hiram Pigman and Emmet Logan, and since that time the two factions have had no open hostilities. In the vendetta more than twenty people have been killed.

**A Western Weather Prophet.**

The Weather.—Our subscribers have been both surprised and pleased at the way we have hit the weather for the last two weeks. We didn't expect to do so well at the start off, as the only instrument we had was an old horseshoe, a two-foot rule, and a war map of the battle of Gettysburg, but we made no mistake.

Our first prediction was that the following week would be cold, clear, cloudy, warm, and variable, with possibly rain. We hit it even to the variable. She varied from a frost to such a hot night that everybody kicked the quilts off. The rain didn't last but three days, but that was sufficient to let us out.

Our second prediction also hit it pat. We predicted winds, calm, sunshine, clouds, high pressure over the Arctic Ocean, and low pressure around the mouth of the Amazon, with a considerable wobble between here and the Pacific. She wobbled. We got just what we expected, and from this on we are going ahead like a scared jack rabbit hunting for cover. Watch our smoke.—[Arizona Kicker.]

**Another War Scare.**

The latest war report in Europe is to the effect that Russian agents have been quietly investigating the outrages of Turkish officials among the Armenian Christians, and will present so strong a case as to justify Russia before Europe in entering Armenia and assuming the protection of the people there, as she did in Bulgaria in 1878. There is little doubt that Russia has kept a close watch upon all events in the history of Turkish misrule, and is prepared to take her position as the champion of the oppressed Greek Church. That has been her traditional attitude from the inception of the Crimean War, if not before, and in the last war it was eminently successful in keeping the hands of Europe off the contest, until Russia had won the victory. But the fruits of victory were then wrested from her at the Congress of Berlin, and it is doubtful if the same plea will now suffice to permit the extension of Russian power into Asia. Prince Bismarck, who holds the reins of the alliance which stands in Russia's way, is not likely to allow any sentimental considerations of sympathy for oppressed and abused common people to interfere with his chosen policy. That is not the Bismarck method. So long as the Iron Chancellor can maintain his quintuple alliance against the growth of Russian power, the czar will not be permitted to overstep his boundaries on any pretext. That Russia is ready to take possession of Armenia when she can do so safely is beyond question; but such a step is not likely to be taken so long as it means war with Germany, Austria, England, Italy and Turkey combined. The war at present appears to be indefinitely postponed; but so long as the great armaments are kept up the possibility of its outbreak at any time always darkens the horizon.

**He Forgot Something.**

Mr. Lushforth scratched his head reflectively and then remarked:

"I forgot something on my way home, and for the life of me I can't think what it was."

"It wasn't your jag, was it?" said his little boy. "I heard ma say that she supposed you were late for supper because you were bringing your jag home."—[Terre Haute Express.]

**Devoted Admirers Both.**

He (of Boston)—"I am so fond of Bacon. Aren't you?"

She (of New Orleans)—"Oh, yes, I don't think I could ever get tired of bacon, especially with eggs."—[Lowell Citizen.]

**HUMAN SACRIFICES STILL.**

**A Time-honored but Brutal African Custom.**

The world would applaud King Leopold's Congo enterprise if it served no other good end than to diminish the horrors of savagery among the millions who dwell in the great river basin. Even if the work upon which he has lavished an enormous sum of money was not destined to confer lasting benefits upon commerce, it would be his most enduring monument if it helped to stave the terrors of the murderous Arab, to blot out cannibalism, and to suppress the horrid practices of human sacrifices.

A report received in Brussels last week from Mr. Janssens the Governor General of the Congo State, says that eighty chiefs have promised to assist in the work of putting an end to the terrible custom which is helping to depopulate inner Africa—the custom of killing slaves or the wives of deceased persons to be attendants of the dead in the other world.

The practice is widely prevalent in the Congo basin, particularly above Stanley Pool. Stanley wrote several years ago of the horrid scene his lieutenant, Van Gele, witnessed at Equator Station, when fourteen doomed men were decapitated to celebrate the burial of a chief. "Van Gele," he wrote, "wished to save these victims of savage usage, but since money would not buy their liberty he had to content himself with knowing he was as yet helpless." The year of Grace will no doubt come in its own destined time, but it may not be hurried.

It is not merely the love of cruelty and bloodshed that inspires these scenes of outrage. The poor savages fully believe that the sacrifice of human victims is a duty they owe their dead. When Coquilhat told them white men looked with horror upon such scenes they refused to believe him. "Surely," he said, "since you white men are so much richer than we are you must sacrifice many slaves when your great men die." At Equator Station, where fifty Baruki were employed in the labors of the post, the villagers thought the men were slaves. One day, after the death of a chief, the natives innocently applied to the commander of the station for a few of his Baruki, saying they would pay a good price, as they wished to decapitate them during the funeral exercises.

Not a few recent photographs of Upper Congo scenes sent to this country show the roofs of huts adorned with skulls which are almost invariably those of victims of funeral sacrifices. Their bodies, if not eaten, are usually thrown into the river; but the skulls are placed either on the ridge pole of the gable-roofed cabins or on the graves of the men for whom the sacrifices are made. Not only are wives sometimes strangled and thrown into the graves of their husbands, but female slaves now and then fall victims to the executioner's knife. Two white men stood helplessly by some time ago while one of these unfortunates met her doom, not stoically like the men who shared her fate, but with piteous outcries.

Far up the Lulonga River Von Francois fell in with a large canoe load of slaves shackled hand and foot, who were being taken to the Congo for sacrificial purposes. He says that among the Bangala and other Congo tribes the richer and more prominent a man is, the more numerous are the victims who perish at his death; and traders are sent far up the Congo tributaries to buy slaves for sacrifice, because they can be purchased cheaper at a considerable distance from the main river. Coquilhat says that "when the natives were convinced of the reality of our repulsion for sacrifices they looked at us as though we were objects of pity. But the women secretly said to us: 'It is bad.'"

The interests of humanity will be furthered, if through the efforts of the Congo State, the chiefs and important men, who are able to put an end to this horror, are also becoming convinced that "it is bad." It will probably be long before the practice is wholly stamped out, for it is widespread and time-honored; but the natives will have taken one long step toward civilization when they learn the lesson the Congo State is now earnestly inculcating—that human life is sacred, and that he will be made to suffer who ruthlessly sacrifices it.

**The Romanos of a Typographical Error.**

What the Cape May Gasher wrote:

"It is so hot here that we poor girls are almost baked."

As it appeared in print:

"It is so hot here that we poor girls are almost naked."

Editorial Explanation in next issue:

"An unfortunate error of the types, etc. Of course, what our fair correspondent wrote was 'baked.'"

Advertisement in next issue:

"Wanted—A thoroughly reliable proof-reader. Apply at the office of this journal."

**On One Condition.**

Stranger (to drayman, who has just pulled him out of the river)—"My good man, take this dollar, and welcome. That is enough, isn't it?"

Drayman—"It will be, sir, if yez will go and fall in again, an' giv me a chance to make another dollar before the Coroner."

**Indistinct But Reliable.**

Borrowit (in Chinese laundry)—"Why, do you say 'Friday, John, when you mean Friday?"

Chinaman—"I sly Friday 'cause I mean Friday; not like Melioan man, who sly Friday and come to pay me week after next!"

**A Sure Cure.**

Lady Visitor (at office of eminent physician)—"I have called, doctor, to ask if there is any cure for sleep-walking. I have had the habit for years, and lately it has become worse." Dr. Higginson—"It can be cured, madam. Take this prescription, and have it filled at Colde, Steele & Co.'s." "Colde, Steele & Co.'s? Why, that is not a drug store. It is hardware firm." "Yes, madam. The prescription calls for a paper of tacks. Dose: two tablespoonfuls scattered about the floor before retiring."—[New York Weekly.]

**GENERAL NEWS.**

All the police in England number 37,000. The Eiffel Tower Company have now paid to the stock-holders more than the entire outlay.

The Turkish Government proposes to establish a monopoly of lucifer matches, and to erect State factories at Constantinople, Salonica, and Smyrna.

The University of Sydney, New South Wales, will shortly come into the bequest made by the late Mr. J. H. Challis of property amounting to \$1,000,000.

The leading wine merchants of Constantinople are organizing a society with a view to improving the culture of vineyards and the antiquated processes by which wine is still made in Turkey.

One of the important reasons assigned for the retreat of Gen. Boulanger to Jersey is that he may obtain peace and fresh air enough to enable him to complete his great work on "The Art of War."

The success of the Australian wines at the Paris exhibition has quite realized expectations. At the kiosque on the grounds and in one or two shops in the city itself, the wine has been very freely sold.

It is proposed to bring in a bill at the next session of the British Parliament to put a restraint on improvident marriages, the great proportion of such marriages being made by those under 25 years of age.

The monuments of antiquity at Athens are being cleansed from the dirt and rubbish of ages for the approaching royal wedding. In doing this several entire streets of the modern town have had to be pulled down.

In the Italian army the system of siesta prevails under which all troops in the field lie down to sleep for a couple of hours during the heat of the day. The practice is so universally accepted that the hour is fixed in general orders.

The French are now able to put in the field seven armies of a total strength of 1,300,000 men, equipped for a prolonged campaign, and supported by an ample reserve. This is five times the force that Napoleon III. could muster in 1870.

In the entrance to the dining room of one of the finest hotel restaurants of Vienna is the photograph of the unfortunate Prince Rudolph, splendidly framed, and surrounded by the menus of the dinners which the Prince partook of in this establishment.

The present year bids fair to be a memorable champagne vintage. The prices obtained for the grapes by the growers from the shippers were unprecedentedly large, the best growers, such as Bonzy, Ay, and Verzenay, fetching something like sixteen or seventeen hundred francs the cask of 220 litres.

Almost all the Paris journals are urging the Exhibition authorities to organize a series of grand fetes during the last fortnight of the great World's Show, and to charge five or even ten tickets entrance for them. By this means it is hoped the millions of tickets still remaining of those issued with the lottery bonds would be exhausted. It is proposed to utilize the machinery building as a riding school for cavalry.

**A MONSTER COUGAR.**

**Caught in a Trap and Then Shot Dead by a Woman.**

Hanging in front of a Vancouver meat market is a huge cougar which was brought in the other morning from the North Arm by Albert Evans, on whose premises it was found in a trap at an early hour in the morning. Mrs. Evans heard the wallings of the animal, whose right foreleg was in the trap. The enraged animal made great efforts to be released from the trap jaws, which held it a prisoner much against its will. On seeing Mrs. Evans the fury of the animal knew no bounds. It hissed, crouched, and sprang as far as its chain would let it, but all to no avail. Mrs. Evans, fearing trouble if the enraged monster got away from the death grip in which it was held, ran to the house and got a rifle which was loaded already with a cartridge.

With the weapon raised to her shoulder and a "head" taken on the animal's right ear, when within a distance of twenty feet of it she drew the trigger, when the animal fell a quivering mass in the agonies of death. The "drop" was so complete that in a second or so life was extinct. This, indeed, is the act of a courageous woman, determined to protect her own life, that of her family and their live stock. The dead brute weighs about 150 pounds, is close upon seven feet from the tip of its tail to the mouth, in which it is to be observed a mass of huge teeth. It was in fine condition, having evidently fared well on the fatlings of the best flocks of that section. Mr. Evans had the other day killed a young calf, and it is supposed the small of the gore attracted the cougar to the spot. It is not known whether the Government offers reward for the capture of this, the most ferocious of all the wild animals which prowl through our forests and live on our stock whenever it approaches where there are settlements. If not, a liberal reward should be given, for it is a very destructive animal.

**A Cautious Housekeeper.**

Mrs. Browe—"When you send the vegetables home I wish you wouldn't always put the big ones on top."

Grocer—"I—or—I—"

Mrs. Brown—"Oh, I don't blame you in the least. I just spoke of it because the janitor of our flat always scraps off the top of the basket for his own use before he sends up the elevator."

Toronto real estate is assessed at \$122,651,000, whereas that of Montreal is assessed at but \$109,456,000. An ingenious attempt has been made to explain this difference. It is stated that the Toronto assessment is made high for two distinct purposes: first, to make property in the city appear to be extremely valuable; and secondly, to convey the impression that the taxation is light.

The medical men of Ontario have declared by resolution that "in nearly every instance where the presence of typhoid fever or diphtheria suggested the careful investigation of drains or plumbing some serious defect in one or both has been discovered, modern and expensive houses making no exception to the rule." The responsibility resting upon the plumber is therefore considerable. Nor is that of the landlord less. He should see that the cheap and nasty in the way of plumbing is not furnished to the danger of his tenants' lives.