

**Too Slow for the Dog.**

A DRUMMER'S STORY ABOUT SOUTHERN RAILWAY SPEED.

There is a fallacy in the North that Southern trains are lamentably slow as regards speed. A New York drummer told a story to a newspaper man the other day in which this idea was illustrated.

"I heard of a drummer," said he, "who got on the train at Atlanta to go to New Orleans. He had a dog that he was very fond of, but the conductor wouldn't let him carry it into the coach.

"I suppose you'll let me tie him to the rear coach, then," said the drummer.

"Oh, yes," said the conductor, derisively, "do that by all means; but," he added, "I shouldn't guarantee that you'd have much dog by the time we got started."

"Oh, that's all right; I'm willing to risk that," he said, and he tied his prized canine to the rear coach. The conductor spoke to the engineer about it, and it was agreed that the train should do some of the swiftest running of its history. It fairly flew until the first station was reached. Then the conductor came around with a smile to where the drummer was sitting and asked about the dog.

"Oh, he's all right," said the drummer, carelessly, and continued reading. The conductor went back and saw that the animal was trotting along behind without effort, the rope hanging slackly. He gave the cue to the engineer, and some magnificent running was the result. A few miles further down the conductor came around to the drummer and said, "Where's your doggie now?" "He's keeping up," said the drummer. The two went back to the rear end, but there was no dog. The rope was trailing along behind. The conductor smiled triumphantly. The drummer laughed easily.

"By jove, he's gnawed his rope and gone on ahead." And sure enough it was true. When the junction was reached there sat the dog patiently waiting for his master.

This is the way some drummers while away the hours.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

**An Exigency.**

There was an old couple—man and wife—in the seat opposite me on a Sixth avenue elevated train, and it was evidently their first ride in the air. The woman was very nervous, and begged to get off at every station, but the old man retorted:

"No, let's stick it out. We've paid our money, and we'll have the benefit of it. I'm a-keepin' my eyes peeled, and I guess there's nuthin' to be skeert about."

He appealed to me to confirm his statements, and, of course, I told him that accidents were very rare, and no one ever gave them a thought. This sort of talk calmed the old woman down, but just as she had settled back and was enjoying the passing sights, an idea suddenly struck her and she sprang up and exclaimed:

"Samuel, I shall git off at the next stop whether you do or not! I don't say the cars will run off or the engine bust up, but suppose we come across a drove of hogs or half a dozen cows on the track!"

"By gum, but I hadn't thought of that!" he replied, and as the train stopped at Chambers street they hurried out of the car with such speed that both fell down and rolled over on the platform.

**Given what He Called For.**

It doesn't pay to be too funny. A man who formerly boarded at a Maine hotel used always to call for "old hen" when he saw chicken on the bill of fare. The table girl and cooks thereupon prepared for him, and whenever chicken was served an old hen also was provided, and this particular boarder always got a generous piece of that. After this order of things had continued for three months without the boarder suspecting the joke, he one day called the waitress to him and told her he was getting sick of old hens, and he'd like to have a taste of chicken. "Very well," was the reply, "you can have it; but you ordered old hen regularly, and as this house always pleases its guests when it is possible, we've been giving you what you ordered."—*Phillips (Me.) Phonograph.*

Out West—Host—I suppose fights are of common occurrence in your town? Col. Longhorn—Yes. There is so much fighting that when a disturbance of some kind is not taking place large crowds gather to see what is the matter.

Mr. and Mrs. Pitts were out driving. "I wonder," said she, "just what the poor horse's feelings are. It must be just horrid to be driven and dragged about without any idea as to where one is going, except as some one directs." "I think I can appreciate his feelings," replied Mr. Pitts. "I imagine that he feels just about as I do when you take me out on a shopping expedition."



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**Cuba's Only Weapon.**

**SWORD IN WAR AND REAPING HOOK IN PEACE.**  
 There is no weapon in peace or war like the machete, which the Cubans are now using in their fight for liberty. Every country has a sword of its own, but Cuba is the one place whose only sword and only instrument of war has been her reaping hook or cane knife. If she frees herself from Spain the most decisive part of the work must be done with the machete. There is not one Cuban in a hundred who knows how to use a gun. The islanders have been denied the use of firearms so long that those who had fallen into possession of guns in the battles of the ten years' rebellion often threw them down when they got into battle and relied chiefly upon their cane knives. The battle of Baira, in which so many Spanish heads were cut off, and which was the bloodiest in Cuban history, was won by cane knives over the best rifles in the hands of the Spaniards. The best cane knives are made in America, and before and since the uprising on the island there has been a great demand for them. Besides, the cane crop in Cuba is now being harvested, and Spain feels that she can crush the uprising more easily if she can cripple the harvest.  
 The mother country has not only taken this opportunity to deprive Cuba of the one weapon and utensil that is necessary both in war and peace, but she has sent an agent to the United States to buy cane knives or machetes, as they are all called in Spanish, with which to train her own Cuban army. But the prospect that the Spanish soldiers will learn how to use this weapon is not half so promising as that the Cubans will learn how to use rifles. A reporter was shown just what a Cuban cane knife will do in the hands of a Cuban who knows how to use one. The dry head of a bullock that had been butchered some days before was placed before him.  
 "Now," said the Cuban, "I will split that head open between the horns with one stroke as if it were so much butter." This he did. The Cuban said he had cut off horses' heads in battles and had more than once seen the ghastly sight of men split down from head to foot with such a weapon. In the national museum in Madrid are a number of gun barrels cut in two by these knives. The great execution of the machete lies in the wonderful skill in handling it. There are three classes of these knives. The first is nothing more nor less than a sword, twenty-eight inches in length, made of the very best spring steel and encased in a leather scabbard. It looks like an ordinary sword, but is much heavier. It is worn by Cuban officers and gentlemen. The next is an overseer's machete, very flexible, and with a slight stroke it will sever a man's head from the body. But the broad, heavy sixteen-inch knife is Cuba's peculiar weapon of offence and defence and her principal agricultural and domestic implement. It is used for nearly every service for which we use a knife, an axe, a cleaver, a pruning hook or a scythe. Forests are cleared with them, and they are about the only tool in a butcher shop. Nowhere else in Spanish America is the machete so generally used. Nearly the whole of Cuba is devoted to the cultivation of cane and tobacco, and every stock of these crops is harvested with the machete. Great skill in handling them is the result.  
 These regular cane knives, on account of their peculiar shape, cannot be worn in a scabbard. They must be worn hanging, exposed from the trunk, and the fact that they can thus be worn at all denotes that the wearer is one of very careful habits, for the blade is always kept as sharp as the very best steel can be made. Absolutely every male Cuban wears one. It is his most highly valued piece of property, and he will do almost anything to secure a good machete. In the mountains of south-eastern Cuba he is at home with his machete. He would not give it for the best rifle or revolver. The undergrowth is too dense for the passage of anything but the machete through the brush. He trims his footpath and waits to spring upon a Spaniard and behead him. And there is nothing that a Spaniard dreads so much in Cuba as the work of these knives. Their stroke is the stroke of death in nearly every instance.  
 The pineal gland is a small body almost in the centre of the human brain. It contains a cavity holding a sandy substance composed of phosphate and carbonate of lime. Its use in the animal economy is absolutely unknown. Fanciful physiologists have conjectured it to be the seat of the soul.  
 Among the Arabs a practice from time immemorial has prevailed of churning by placing the milk in leather skins, which were shaken or beaten until the butter came. The Huns did their churning by tying a bag of milk to a short lariat, the other end of which was fastened to the saddle.