

BURIED THE HATCHET.

The Unique Performance of Two White on Rival Lovers.

Louis James tells an amusing story, the origin of which dates back to the war.

Mr. James' father was an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, and consequently young James, at the time of the war, was deeply imbued with patriotism, and enlisted. In the same company with the well-known tragedian was a young fellow of his own age named Drake. The two became fast friends, and remained so during all the hardships that had to be endured during the long campaign.

It so happened that they both met a certain young lady, and, like young men will foolishly do, they both fell in love with her, and, as they couldn't both marry her, and were not in the stage of the Damon and Pythias friendship, they quarreled very bitterly. The young woman, as is generally the case, rejected both the soldiers.

At the close of the war James joined McCauley's stock company in Louisville, and in the lapse of time lost track of his enemy and the sweetheart of his soldier days.

About 25 years had passed, and Louis James became a well-known figure in the theatrical world. When he was in Denver the last time a card was handed him in his dressing-room at the Tabor opera house with the name "Judge Drake" neatly engraved upon it.

The actor said he didn't know any such person, although the gentleman sent an additional message that he was an old friend. Finally, however, Mr. James recalled in the name the young man with whom he had quarreled, and requested him to come in. They greeted each other warmly, and, between the acts of Julius Caesar, talked over old times.

Drake had studied law after the war, and now holds a prominent position on the Colorado bench. The two men shook hands over their respective successes and finally touched upon the source of their enmity.

"I have a mission to perform," said Judge Drake, "in which I desire your assistance," exhibiting as he spoke a silver hatchet. "I want you to join me in burying it."

They made an engagement for the next day at dusk. The judge called for the actor, and, in the former's private carriage, the two reconciled veterans, with the little silver hatchet placed cozily between them, drove to a quiet place just outside the town, dug a hole, and, with solemn incantations, they "buried the hatchet" and shook hands over the grave.—N.Y. Telegram.

ABOUT KITE-FLYING.

Story of Two Hungry and Nearly Penniless Actors.

Statement of H. H. Clayton on Its Meteorological Value.

One of the most noticeable movements of the present time in popular science is kite flying, while its practice as a pastime is having a large increase. Its interest to our reader, however, is almost wholly in its scientific aspect.

To the question: What is really the use of all this practice with kites? Mr. H. H. Clayton, superintendent of Blue Hill Observatory (in the suburbs of Boston), once replied nearly as follows: "We are living in an atmosphere of which we practically know very little. Our position is like that of crabs at the bottom of the sea. It is expected that such knowledge will be gained in these aerial explorations as will enable the meteorologist to predict hot and cold waves and the various kinds of storms more accurately and much earlier than has been done heretofore. The observations have already become serviceable in this direction, while the knowledge gained has modified opinions found in the text-books."

Truly there are mountain tops three, four, and nearly six miles high, but these are remote or inaccessible; besides, the atmosphere enveloping them is mainly the same stratum which rests upon the surface of the earth elsewhere, only a little rarefied, chilled, and broken in upon slightly in storms, when the stratum is shallow, by the more rapidly flowing stratum next above; so that usually what may be found on the mountain peaks is merely the crest of a billow of the lower atmosphere.—George J. Varney, in Popular Science Monthly.

Bad Ether Way.

Gladys—Don't go, George! Don't leave me! Don't run the risk of losing your life and leaving me to mourn for you all the rest of my days. How can I endure the anxiety, knowing that you are in danger?

George—There, darling, don't worry. It's all right. I'm going into the commissary department.

Gladys—Oh, George! That's even worse! How can I ever marry a cook?

—Chicago Daily News.

One Glance Sufficient.

"How did you know you were going to be discharged the minute you saw the boss, when you came in so late this morning?"

"Don't you suppose I could tell? I saw 'fire' in his eye."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Then He Started.

Harry—May I kiss you when I get ready to go?

Mabel—Oh, I'm afraid I shall be so old by that time that you won't care to.—Chicago Daily News.

A SPIRAL RAILWAY.

To Be Erected at the Pan-American Exposition at Niagara Falls.

It is intended, says the Electrical Engineer, that a great spiral railway, operated by electric power from Niagara falls, shall be to the proposed Pan-American exposition—to be held on Cayuga island, Niagara falls—what the Ferris wheel was to the world's fair at Chicago, and what the Eiffel tower was to the last Paris exposition. General plans for this conception have been made and the details are being worked out. The basis for the railway is to be a huge circular tower of steel framework, 500 feet high, around which, like the thread of a screw, the spiral railway will run, supported on powerful brackets securely joined to the framework of the tower. The tower will have a diameter of 80 feet at the bottom, and have a diameter of 80 feet at the top, and the taper will be 30 feet to the 400 feet level, giving a diameter at that point of 50 feet. Around this tower the railway will run, rising 40 feet to the complete circle, thus passing ten times around the tower in reaching the 400-foot level, where there will be a platform, which will be the terminus of the line. A ratchet rail will be used for the cars to make the climb, on the same principle as the ascent of the Mount Washington and Pike's Peak roads. The grade of the road will be from 17 to 25 per cent. Positive devices will be used to assure safety, and it is expected that passengers on the spiral railway will be better protected than those on the electric or steam railway trains. When the passengers are ready for the trips they will be seated facing outward, away from the tower, and thus the view will grow better and broader as the car ascends. Far away into Canada, up the river to Lake Erie, down to Lake Ontario, across one of the most beautiful sections of the country to be found in the world, the eye will range with delight. The cars will never meet or pass except on opposite sides of the tower, the two tracks being erected on parallel but independent spirals. At night the whole structure will be outlined in electric lights. Up and down the cars will move, glittering with incandescent lamps, while from the top of the tower a powerful starlight will illuminate the falls, rapids and exposition grounds. Above this still a great glass globe will shine with light from within. The idea was conceived by George A. Ricker, chief engineer of the Gorge road at Niagara.

ABOUT SMOKING.

MEMORY TOTALLY GONE.

Strange Effect Produced by a Blow on the Head with a Baseball.

Samuel M. Smith, of Philadelphia, Pa., was an ardent enthusiast of baseball and attended every game for years. He was a machinist by trade and a first-class workman. On that day a hot liner came up in the stand and struck him full in the head. He was removed from the grounds in an insensible condition, and it was at first thought that his skull had been fractured. A diagnosis, however, by the physicians of the hospital showed that this was not the case, but that an operation would be necessary to remove a blood clot that had gathered. This Smith refused to undergo, and returned to his work in tolerable health, but with rapidly failing memory.

He had to overhaul a number of engines daily. If he left an engine for only five minutes he would forget which one it was, and in the vain endeavor to find it would start to work on something else. Often he would go on a locomotive in perfect repair and start to take it to pieces, under the delusion that it was the one he had started on. This went on for a long time and caused so many annoyances and delays to the railroad company that he was dropped. He had friends who secured him a position on a street railroad as a conductor, and this he found even worse. On leaving the sheds on a trip he could not recall a street on the way downtown. The same complication occurred when he tried to return home after a day's work. Many a night he has wandered around for hours, unable to recall the road to his residence.

Smith, who suffers no pain, cannot be convinced that he needs treatment, but he has been persuaded to undergo an operation, which involves no less than the removal of a part of the brain, and which the surgeons are hopeful of performing successfully.

ABOUT SMOKING.

A Few Rules That It Would Do Well to Follow.

Generallarzt Scholer publishes in the Centralblatt zu Gesundheitspflege a collection of "Hints to Smokers," which are founded, as the doctor states, upon his professional observations for many years of mouth, teeth, stomach, lungs, heart and skin of the devotees of tobacco.

The first and foremost rule is never to smoke before breakfast, nor, as a rule, when the stomach is empty; this custom is the worst possible foe of digestion. Never smoke during any exertion of great physical energy, as dancing, running, cycling, mountain climbing or rowing, and especially if in a contest. Never follow "the bad custom of the French and the Russians," by allowing the smoke to pass through the nose; never inhale it through the nose.

Keep the smoke as far as possible from the eyes and nose; the longer the pipe the better; the use of a short pipe during work is to be avoided. A pipe is the most wholesome form of smoking, a cigar the next, a cigarette the worst. Always throw away your cigar when you have smoked four-fifths of it; the last end of it is the most hurtful, in cauda venenum, the poison lurks in the tail.

Sais dans l'affaire ci-dessous.

Conditions—Comptant sur les lieux.

FRANK MARQUEZ.
Sheriff Civil de la Paroisse d'Orléans.
Carroll & Carroll, avocat pour le plaignant.
13 mai—14 15 20 27—juin 3 10 16

ROBBED OF HIS GLASS EYE.

The story goes that Billy Rice and Maj. Bill Foote came in together. Billy Rice had 45 cents. He went to a restaurant on Dearborn street to get something to eat. Bill Foote went over to State street to find a friend, but the friend was out, so he came back and joined Billy Rice at the restaurant. Billy had ordered a sirloin steak, the price of which was 35 cents, and a cup of coffee, the price of which being five cents. Bill Foote sat at the same table and watched him begin at his steak.

"How much money did you say you had, Billy?" he asked.

"I'll have five cents after I pay for this steak and coffee."

Foote promptly rapped on the table and motioned to a waiter.

"When the waiter came up he said:

"Bring me a nice hot plate and a cup of coffee."—Chicago Record.

Turniptown Financing.

A citizen of Washington, who had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes several years ago, and who has since replaced that useful member with one of the glass variety, met with an unusual experience recently. While returning from work he happened to fall asleep in a street car, and it was not until the end of the route was reached that he regained consciousness. Upon waking he appeared to miss something, and after considerable confusion on his part he happened to put his hand to his eye, when, to his consternation, he discovered that the artificial member was missing. A search failed to reveal its whereabouts, and a report was made to the police, who finally found it in a pawn shop. Some one had stolen his glass eye while he slept and pawned it.—Washington Post.

Feel Is the Test.

Watts—There is no such thing as telling the quality of whisky by the taste these days, is there?

Lushforth—No. The only test is the feel.

The feel?

"Yes, I think he is."

"Much loud?"

"Loud enough to be heard five or six feet, I guess."

"That's good! Arrest him for disturbing the peace, and I'll give him \$7.50 and all costs."—Atlanta Journal.

Then He Started.

Harry—May I kiss you when I get ready to go?

Mabel—Oh, I'm afraid I shall be so old by that time that you won't care to.—Chicago Daily News.

Gladys—Don't you suppose I could tell? I saw 'fire' in his eye."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

How did you know you were going to be discharged the minute you saw the boss, when you came in so late this morning?"

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