

A ROTATION OF COONS.

Maryland Senator's Tale of Hunting Which Illustrates the Tenure of Political Office.

The approach of the November elections, with their consequent change of officers, served to recall a story that Senator McComas, of Maryland, was at one time fond of telling to his democratic compatriots when he was a member of the house of representatives, says the New York Times.

At that time there was considerable dissatisfaction expressed by some of the outgoing incumbents of the snug places which a beneficent democracy had provided for them under the Cleveland administration.

"I can't for the life of me see what you fellows have to complain of. You ought to accept the situation gracefully, not merely because it is inevitable and the fortune of war, but because rotation in office is a universal law of nature observed even by the wildest denizens of the forest."

"A friend of mine went for a week's shooting in the Shenandoah valley, and upon his return he gave me several amusing incidents of his expedition. 'One day,' said he, 'I felt quite tired during the afternoon, and lay down in a little nest among the bushes near a stream with my gun beside me. I had slept for a little while when I was awakened suddenly by a loud thump upon the ground, caused, apparently, by something falling from a considerable height. The sound recurred quite frequently at stated intervals of about half a minute each, and appeared to come from a thick wood at a little distance from the spot where I was lying.'

"My curiosity was thoroughly aroused, so I crept cautiously through the bushes, dragging my gun after me. Presently I discovered the cause of the disturbance. There, right in front of me, stood a tall poplar tree, or, rather, the remains of one, for the top of it had been torn off about 40 feet from the ground, while the diameter of the remainder was about five feet near the roots. From the top of the trunk a large 'coon' looked warily out for a second, and then jumped down with a resounding thud, upon the ground, taking the 40 foot leap quite as a matter of course. Immediately upon reaching the ground the 'coon' made a bee-line for a hole in the roots of the tree, disappeared, and presently emerged again at the top, when he again proceeded to take the flying leap, repeating this curious performance until I grew tired of watching him. This was too much for me, so I skinned him around, got several farmers together, and we all proceeded in a posse comitatus to the spot, with dogs and guns and axes."

A SANITARY COMPROMISE.

Washable Curtains Fabric That May Be Arranged with Charming Effect at the Windows.

When winter winds and storms are raging out of doors nothing gives such a delightfully warm and home-like air to a room as heavy, rich-toned window draperies. But they are full of possibilities of danger, says the Ledger Monthly.

Sunshine is not only one of the most cheery furnishings of a room, but one of the most valuable purifiers, and it should be allowed to penetrate to the farthest corner of every room in daily use.

This is impossible with drawn heavy draperies, or with any fixed arrangement of them. But neither is necessary. Make a compromise with utility, which ought always to be the foundation of beauty. There are any number of inexpensive washable curtain fabrics that give charming effects when simply thrown over a pole and invisibly fastened in loose, graceful folds, or suspended by rings to fall in perpendicular folds to the floor; and either arrangement allows them to be drawn back and forth at will to admit sunshine and fresh air, or shut out the insinuating cold.

Some of the newest cotton colonial tapestries are even more artistic than silk hangings, because they lack the sheen of the latter while equally effective in design and coloring. Other cotton tapestries, tinted Glynis canvas, and figured or plain denim give nearly or quite as handsome effects.

Chicken Jelly.

Cook one chicken in boiling water until tender, remove skin and bones, season with salt, pepper and celery salt to taste, and put into a mold; put the bones back into the liquor and boil until there is about one quart of the liquid left, then add one-quarter of a package of gelatine and the juice of one lemon; salt and pepper to taste. Strain over the chicken in the mold and stand in a cool place to harden. Slice in thin slices and serve with a lemon. —Detroit Free Press.

His Preference.

Mike—Phwat'll yez take, Pat? Pat (just over)—Phwat kin (i) how? "Anything yez want, me boy?" "Faith, thin, O'll take the cash-register."—Judge.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

Tutulla, in the Samoan, and Some of Its Natural Attractions—Status of the People.

Lovely beyond all earthly expression, and forcibly suggestive of romance, is Tutulla to the life of a poet or an artist. An ambrosial dream from which one expects to presently have a rude awakening and discover a more stern and dreary existence; but it is not so. If one happened to be journeying to Paradise and reached Tutulla, he would at once conclude that his journey had ended, writes a correspondent of the Los Angeles Herald.

What a glorious tonic is the harbor of Pago Pago in the early morning; plants bedecked with diamond dew-drops, bending with the softest motion; the stately palms, the birds flitting to and fro singing their thankful hymns to the Creator; the hills, gushing majestically; the sun rising supremely, tingling the picture with its golden light, while the ocean murmurs in pathetic music some melody from its mighty bosom, making the most delightful composite of ecstasy! A picture never to be effaced from one's memory.

The feelings which this spectacle brought forth may perhaps be imagined, but the sight itself is one which no pen could well describe, no brush portray. As a touching piece of music that has struck some hidden chord will ring in the ear long after the sound itself has ceased. Yet still sweeter were many of the scenes. Above us were clouds—orange, golden and purple, of unusually warm and brilliant tints, even for an Australian sky; a scene such as might belong to some giant's palace in fairyland; every ray of the staking sun caught and broken into a thousand prismatic hues by the countless crystals that hung like lusters around the margins of successive basins, or mingling in the blue waters within them with the gorgeous reflections of the glowing clouds above. Lower still, as a foil to this glorious picture, lay the dark waters of the calm harbor, buried in the deep shade which the mountains cast eastward—and motionless, save where the still surface was ruffled by the Samoans as they plied their paddles in the dark, smooth waters, to the tune of their wild and uncouth songs.

The origin of the inhabitants of these islands has never been definitely solved. The plants and the ethnological resemblances of the animals, including the people, all point to the islands of the south and southwest. From research I should say that the nearest approach we can come to is that the inhabitants of all the groups of islands in the eastern Pacific from New Zealand to Hawaii, scattered over a distance of 4,000 miles, may be considered as one race, which is commonly called the Polynesian race; for they all speak dialects of the same language, have the same physical features, the same manners and customs, the same general system of "tabus" and similar traditions and religious rites. They have in common the names of the principal gods, stories of the origin of fire, etc., etc.

The Polynesian language is a member of a large and widely spread family, including those spoken in Micronesia, the Philippine islands, the Malay archipelago and Madagascar. It is thought that the Polynesians originally came from southwestern Asia, but it is positively known that their progenitors were emigrants from the Indian archipelago.

It is fairly well determined that the island of Savaii, in the Samoan group, is the point of departure for all of the Polynesians of the eastern Pacific. It must be ages ago since the first inhabitants came to these islands, as it is stated that human bones are found under the coral reefs and ancient lava flows.

Now to the Samoans themselves—they are divided into practically distinct classes, and the distinction is wide between them. (1) The royal family, which would mean the highest chiefs and their families. (2) The priests and so-called doctors. (3) The poor people. The chiefs were the owners of the land and all its products. They asserted that they owned the fish of the sea, and the people were nothing more nor less than their slaves. The poor people got very little for their labors. The priests and the doctors were in most, if not all, of the islands the brightest and most intellectual, keeping up the legends and constantly studying the stars. Polygamy was practiced by rich and poor alike, but the tie was a mere nothing—if the wife in any way displeased her husband or he became tired of her, he dismissed her as he pleased. But it was the aim of every man to get a wife of noble birth, as she alone can be looked to as the foundation of nobility. Since the flag of the brave and the free has been floating over Samoa vast changes have taken place—houses are going up, roads are being made, customs of a more becoming nature are being inculcated, and ere long the Samoans will be guessing and regard the foreign flag that has come to stay as the sweetest friend they could possibly have.

Tutulla will not be of any great value to America as far as I could learn apart from being a splendid coal-station—but still the unswerving energy of Uncle Sam and his ingenuity can do wonders and maybe turn out quite contradictory to present anticipations and become something more than a coal depot.

When He Realizes It.

Probably a small boy never so thoroughly realizes that fighting is wicked as when he is getting the worst of the encounter.—Chicago Daily News.

A MANILA NEWSPAPER.

Some Interesting Features of a Daily Publication That Circulates in the Philippines.

The sight of a Manila paper, with its editorials and locals, gives one a more realistic idea of that far-off archipelago than the brief telegrams which from time to time reach us of killings, insurrection or cholera, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. It makes one have a better insight into the local life and atmosphere of the country to realize that there is a press there, and that it has the same family features of that in this country. By the last Pacific mail we received several numbers of the Daily Manila, some of eight and others of 12 pages. While the paper and typography are not up to the style of the city daily, the editorial, local matter and advertisements are arranged in a similar way. The reading matter is full of interest, bearing upon local topics, which are freely discussed. The American is thoroughly American, but seems to have an opponent as antagonistic in sentiment, the Libertas, which champions the Filipino interests. The removal of the friars seems to be the subject of special antagonism. Libertas thinks their expulsion a great outrage, while the American defends the Washington programme. The former asks if ever a friar was seen drunk, as Americans are constantly, on the streets of Manila, and the latter denounces it as insulting everything American. It is not unlike Dickens' account of the controversy between the Easton and West Gazette and its youngest rival.

The news from the island of Mindanao, lately so disturbing, is represented as peaceable, and suits and datus are coming into camp daily to pay visits of peace and compliment to the commanding officer. It is even reported that a newspaper is about to be published in Samar, of bloody memory. The cholera statistics show that over 113,000 deaths have occurred in the group of islands since its appearance, a percentage of 75 of the cases reported. It is announced that the board of health and municipal board intend to clean out the slums of Manila, where the cholera is worst, and remove to points beyond the city 64,000 of its inhabitants. The cost is estimated at half a million dollars, and the proposed work includes the widening and straightening of the streets. The native doctors oppose this, as generally every sanitary measure prescribed for the better health of the city. In fact, one can see the outcrop in many ways of the antagonism between the American and home-rule parties.

The local news, though not voluminous, is characteristic. The arrivals at the Hotel Oriente show that quite all are Americans or English-speaking. The cards of eight lawyers and two doctors appear among the advertisements, and the Manila Jockey club announces its approaching opening meeting. Two Japanese, one American and two British steamship lines announce the times for departure of their regular packets, and with it all one can see the evidences of life and commercial activity in the far away city.

It is nearly 400 years since the Philippines, first called St. Lazarus islands, were discovered by Magellan. Spain came into possession of them 50 years later, and held them, with brief intermission, until the late war. This interval occurred in 1762, when Manila was captured by the English but restored two years later upon the payment of \$5,000,000. The history of Spain's occupancy for more than three centuries can be summed up as comprising contests with rebellious tribes, attacks by pirates and reprisals on the part of Spaniards, varied by volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and tornadoes to break the monotony of their general pillage of the natives. It remains to be seen whether the United States will have better fortune than their predecessors and the natives cause to regret or rejoice over their change of masters.

Too Strenuous.

The old man of the sea hailed a passing pedestrian. "I am old and feeble," he said; "let me get a perch on your back across the river, and I will repay you."

So the kind-hearted wayfarer took the old man up and the old man, having been carried across, tied his legs around the wayfarer's neck and told him he'd have to keep on toting indefinitely.

"Oh, I don't know. I am the people, and I have been talking calisthenic exercises lately." Saying which, he heaved the old man into a mud-puddle and dirtied him all up.

Moral—A cinch is never a lead-pipe institution, so long as the dear public totes its dumb-bells.—Baltimore News.

Bears in Captivity.

A bear in captivity or out of it has one habit that is very curious, to say the least; he will sit by the hour, sucking his paw or an old bone or a stick of wood, and all the time make a noise like an automobile running at full speed. His enjoyment of this peculiar form of amusement is undoubted, and his endurance for it seems to be unlimited; he can keep up that queer half whine, half growl for an indefinite length of time. Why does he do it? Merely to attract attention.—Woman's Home Companion.

Curious Street Name.

A remarkable specimen of street naming in Toledo, the ancient capital of Spain, is cited by a correspondent. It is "Calle del Diablo Perenne al Ayuntamiento," or in English, "The Devil Belongs to the Municipal Council-street"—N. Y. Sun.

PITH AND POINT.

"If it is true that the good die young, it is up to the oldest inhabitant to offer an explanation."—Chicago Daily News.

To Be Sure.—"My girl has such lovely red lips." Algy—"Oh! phaw! I'll put mine up against hers any day."—Detroit Free Press.

"You asked her father for her hand?" "Yes." "And he refused you?" "No, he didn't. He said I could have both of 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Smythe—"Well, I shan't be bothered by that bore Jackson for awhile." Browne—"How so?" Smythe—"I lent him two dollars yesterday."—Somerville Journal.

Some people pretend that they do not believe in advertising. People advertise with every breath they draw. The only difference is that some are better advertisers than others.—Acheson Globe.

"She's the worst sort of a gossip." "I never heard her retelling any scandal." "No, she leads you on until you tell it to her by wholesale, and she'll never tell you any in return."—Philadelphia Press.

His Wish.—"Don't you wish you had a million dollars so that you could put on a Shakespearean play in accordance with your ideals?" "No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes; "I wish I had a million dollars so that I wouldn't have to put on Shakespeare at all."—Washington Star.

"Yes," explained the lawyer, "you go through bankruptcy, and it will relieve you of all financial burdens." "So?" said the man who was in trouble. "What becomes of her?" "Her? What do you mean?" "My wife, of course."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE SEASON OF MUST.

Time of Year When New York Citizens of German Origin Renew Memories of the Fatherland.

This is the season of must, one of the several seasons when the inhabitants of the German quarter find special excuse for drinking a drop or two more than upon ordinary occasions. The must of the grape, partly fermented juice of the sweet, cloudy, pungent and fragrant, has been for sale for the last few weeks in all the Wein Stuben of the region south of Fourteenth street and east of Third avenue. Some Germans buy must by the barrel or the half barrel, and take it home, either to drink or to ripen into wine. Others go with their friends to their favorite Wein Stuben to drink must at the bar or at the little tables provided for the convenience of the thirsty. There is an ancient German tradition that must is certainly wholesome and strengthening, and in this tradition is found the excuse for drinking freely.

The must of white grapes is preferred to the red must, but much of the latter is drunk. The cloudy, active, biting liquor has a tang which so completely fermented wine retains. It has something of the wild quality of the fox grape, which smacks so much of the soil in a state of nature. With bread and unsalted butter and a spoonful of fresh ameerace, the normal free lunch of the German Wein Stuben, must is a delicious drink, and one that may easily be imagined to be peculiarly wholesome. It is not often seen in other parts of the town than the German quarter. Here it is announced by placards in the windows of the Wein Stuben or by advertisements in the newspapers. The season of must brings to the public drinking places men who seldom show themselves at such places at other times of the year. Not even the "May Trink" can attract so many Germans, and the bock beer season hardly attracts more.

Large quantities of must are brought to town in October from Ohio and central New York. California must used to be brought to New York, but it does not always arrive in good condition, and is less used here than formerly. European must is imported and sold at three times the price of the American variety, though some even among the Germans prefer the American as less likely to have been treated with matter to arrest fermentation. The European must is brought over in swift ships, and is carried in small, strong casks, hooped with heavy straps of wrought iron. Even under these conditions the casks sometimes burst with their lively contents. In consequence of the large percentage of loss the cost of specially prepared casks, the high freight rates, and the increasing abundance and popularity of American must, the foreign article is less imported than it used to be. It is still kept, however, at special places, whither faithful old fellows come to taste the sweet, stinging liquor, and renew their memories of the fatherland and the wine harvest.

King Edward's Memory.

The king is said never to forget a name or a face. Queen Victoria made it a point in his education that the development of memory be a carefully considered feature. Many persons have been surprised at the king's remembering and singing them out for recognition in the presence of a throng of people. They tell a story in Rome of the king having noticed in a cafe there, while traveling incognito, a restaurant proprietor who had attended him elsewhere. The man, all unconscious of the identity of his patron, so the story runs, slapped the prince, as he then was, upon the back, exclaiming delightedly: "Bless you sir; you're the only man that's put foot in this place who remembers my being at Ostend!"—St. James' Gazette.

Blowing It.

Mickey—I wonder why dat kid dropped a penny in de lung tester? Jimmy—Oh, he likes people to see him blow in his money.—Chicago Daily News.

SONGS THAT STIR THE HEART.

Women Were the Inspiration of Writers of Many of the World-Renowned Melodies.

In a majority of cases the heroines whose graces and virtues form the theme of the song writers have been real women and not creations of the imagination. Which of those girls who have had their love affairs immortalized in verse are the most popular to-day it is hard to say. The revival of the old songs by the minstrels in these latter days shows plainly that they have as strong a hold on the public as when they were first sung. Men and women who have traveled in many lands and listened to everything worth hearing in the way of good music will settle back in their chairs and listen to one of the old songs with an air of contentment never seen on any other occasion.

For the time the white-haired man smells the apple blossoms of the old homestead and is a boy again, and the grave-eyed woman by his side hears the young lover telling his tale as she listens to "Annie Laurie."

It is with a sigh that they both come back to the present as the singer ends. And they are happier for those few moments in which the dear, dead past was a living reality.

Nothing will work this transformation so effectively as the old songs sung when new to women who long since have passed to the other side.

There was Annie Laurie, for instance, Scotland's favorite woman, in song. She was the daughter of a Scottish knight, Sir Robert Laurie, and was born about the year 1683.

William Douglas, of Fingland, one of the noted Scottish family of that name, loved the girl. When he left Scotland to fight in Flanders for fame and fortune she gave him a lock of her hair. In the lonely night watches when thinking of home and the maiden left behind the soldier scribbled the song that became famous. It was the only remembrance the girl had of her lover. He was slain in battle. Tradition says he met death with the lock of Annie Laurie's hair in his hand.

Jane was a typical country lass who lived in her father's cottage in Cambridgehire. Her roguish eye rested with approval upon a neighboring farmer's son, one Edward Fitzball. Passing up the street on one occasion he saw "Pretty Jane" watching him shyly from behind the window curtain, believing herself to be safe from observation. Fitzball continued his walk until he reached the stile marking the boundary of his father's fields. He sat on the stile and mused on Jane's charms. Then suddenly inspiration came, for he was a poet as well as a farmer, and the result was the verses which have delighted the world for years.

Before the ardent lover the rye was in full bloom, and he headed the poem with the title "When the Bloom is on the Rye." Later he went to London and made his mark as a singer. He met the celebrated composer, Sir Henry Bishop, and asked him to set the words of the song to music. Bishop did so, but thought so little of the composition that he threw it into the waste-basket, from which Fitzball rescued it. He sang it that same evening, and it was enthusiastically received. It was afterward renamed and has since been one of the most famous songs in the world.

Jane herself was not so kindly treated by fate. While still young she died of consumption.

NOBODY DANCES NOWADAYS.

Such is the Opinion of an Old-Time Teacher of the Terpsichorean Art.

A man who taught the art of dancing to the grandmothers of the young people of to-day declares that "nobody dances nowadays," says the Chicago Chronicle. "People merely keep time to music, romp through two-steps, hurry through waltzes and fret if anyone suggests a quadrille or lancers. Grace and dignity are utterly out of date. Young women don't know how to courtesy and young men haven't learned how to bow. As for the old-fashioned, finished steps we used to take when we 'balanced' to our partners, why, a man merely shuffles his foot a little these days and runs instead of gliding. I used to think of a field of wheat swaying in the wind when I watched a ballroom full of people dancing the lancers, but now—well, when the two-step made dancing possible for the untrained the death knell of grace was sounded."

"Nobody dances the Virginia reel now except as a graceless romp, and as for the dainty schottisches, the redowas, the polkas, the Varsoviennes of our youth, where are they? The dance is always the index of manners, and in a day when everybody dances the two-step the world has two-step manners. I stopped teaching dancing when the abominable 'racket' came in, but even that required a certain amount of training. 'Dancing in the barn' gave me the shudders, but either of these dances was better than what we have to-day. We shall never be a nation of well-mannered people till dignity and grace are again in favor in the ballroom."

Expedient of Reduced Nobility.

An American who was spending the winter in Naples had taken a flat in a palazzo, the first floor of which was occupied by a noble family in somewhat reduced circumstances. He noticed, to his surprise, that every day he met a servant going up or down the stairs carrying a pair of carriage doors. At last the mystery was explained. The noble family shared a carriage with some other families, but each had its own doors, with the family coat-of-arms, to make their friends believe that they all had carriages.—Chicago Chronicle.

TO DEVELOP THE CHEST.

Simple Exercises Which May Be Indulged in at Home by Young Women.

There is no reason why every young woman should not have a finely-developed, full and deep chest if she will but take a little time each day to secure it. The younger one begins the easier will be the attainment. No expensive apparatus is necessary, but a pair of light wooden dumb-bells that cost but a trifle are desirable, says American Queen.

Any exercise that develops the muscles of the arms will also benefit the chest muscles. Open the windows on otherwise secure fresh air, stand erect with the head up, and starting with the hands at the sides grasping the dumb-bells, raise one hand slowly till the dumb-bell touches the shoulder, repeat, then raise the other hand, alternate and then raise both hands together. Next place the dumb-bells on the chest, thrust one forward twice, then the other, alternate and both together. Third exercise: Place the dumb-bells on the chest, extend one arm outward as far back as it will naturally go twice, the other, alternate, both together. Fourth, rest the dumb-bells lightly on the shoulders, thrust one straight upward twice, the other hand, alternate, both together.

If previously unaccustomed to exercise a very little will tire one, and it is well to pause for rest between each and be careful not to overdo in the beginning. If you have no dumb-bells, hold some light weight in each hand on simply use the fist.

Another good exercise is to place one flat in the other hand down in front of you and raise the flat as high as possible, making it resist the lifting hand as much as possible and keeping the chest well expanded.

Pushing against the wall is another fine exercise for the arms and chest. Stand facing the wall about two feet from it. Place your palms on it about three feet apart and as high as your nose; let your body drop in towards the wall till the chest nearly touches it, the head being held up and back. Then push slowly back to the erect position, and repeat the exercise.

Most important of all exercise for the chest is full and deep breathing. The chest and lungs will never be strong and healthy unless they are used away down to their lowest cells habitually. Out in the open air or at an open window stand erect, close the lips firmly and draw in slowly the deepest breath you can, hold a moment and exhale. Repeat many times and often during the day. Whenever you happen to be out of doors remember to breathe.

It will readily be realized that real breathing cannot be performed if the clothing binds the ribs and muscles closely. Remember that your lungs were given you to use, and that in no other organ does disease so surely and quickly bring desecration.

WINTER COATS AND WRAPS.

Fur and Materials That Are in Favor for Cold Weather Costumes and Garments.

Gray squirrel has again come into favor and is used for wraps, linings, edgings, cape collars and muffs. A novel sight is that of squirrel fur muffs and boas combined with ermine, otter or black martin, reports the New York Post.

Some of the youthful costumes for early winter are made of golden or sable brown, or Russian blue cloth, with strappings of the cloth piped with Scotch plaid by way of trimming. Very often there is a shirt waist on blouse vest of the tartan, with a matching lining in the walking coat.

Many of the Monte Carlo and other winter coats are cut without a collar, much like the top of a man's vest, and in these instances there is always a wide flat fur boa or a stole-fronted pelerine en suite, to protect that portion of the neck left uncovered by the coat. Some of these collarless models are made of cream cloth faced with black velvet bands scalloped at the upper edge. Others have blue cloth facings, and again are pale blue cloth coats with stitched strappings of the same, piped with white cloth, or made wholly of the blue material.

The new shade of pink called La France rose is almost as pink as a carnation blossom. It is at its best in the brocades and satins for evening toilettes, the sheer wools for house gowns, and velvets and pannes for various effective dress accessories and choice millinery.

The newest of the fashionable seal-skin coats are in Louis XV. style. Other fashionable models are in open-fronted Russian-blouse designs, with high collar and rather wide revers of some contrasting fur, with fullness belted in at the waist and with poplin finish below it. The seal-skin box coats are very becoming to a young woman of slender figure.

Silver-pointed fox fur, which is liberally sprinkled with long white hairs, is one of the number of comparatively inexpensive furs which are used this season for trimming costumes of zibeline, camel's hair, boucle cloth and similar shaggy fabrics so much the vogue. The pelts are also used for the broad, flat neck scarfs and director muffs.

Fried Cod Steaks.

Trim the steaks well and flatten; cover each with a coating of oil, in which are lemon juice, a little onion juice, cayenne pepper and salt. At least an hour the fish should stay in this dressing, then lightly drained, dipped in egg, then in crumbs and fried. Or if it is preferred to have it boiled, drain it from the oil and put right on the gridiron over a hot fire.—Boston Budget.