

THE SHELL GAME'S ORIGIN.

Assertion That It Was Invented in China Centuries Ago—Other Views as to Its Beginning.

"It is a curious thing," said a professor of the ethnological department of a western college, at one of the city clubs the other night, relates the New York Sun, "to trace the origin of some of our gambling games. I was much surprised a few summers ago, while tramping through the forests in the northwest on a shooting and fishing trip, to find the real home of the shell and pea game. We played a few days with the Indians of the Sac and Fox tribe, and were invited one evening to enter a little game of real cards. Some of our party had scooped the Indians of nearly all their ready money, in the white man's proverbially better play, when one of the tribe thought to redeem the honor of his people by calling our attention to what he called the moccasin and ball game. It was a curious modification of the old shell and pea game, and was played by shuffling some baked clay balls about the size of hickory nuts, under overturned moccasins.

"The natural clumsiness of the moccasins made us inclined to bite at the game, but really it resulted in the same disastrous results as with the neat little shells in the hand of the merry-go-round and race track. I was rather astonished to learn the Indians say that the game had been known in their tribe for over 200 years, and had originated with them. One of our party improvised some little wooden cups that did some good service for the trim shells and with some borrowed peas showed the Indians how his pale-faced brothers did practically the same trick, which, of course, was new to them. I am quite convinced that the shell and pea game is a Yankee improvement on the Sac and Foxes' moccasin and clay ball game.

"That explanation is all very well for the pioneer west," said an eastern professor, "but the explanation won't suit the effete east. It might pass muster if it were not for the fact that in my work in archaeology in Rome last winter I had this very matter of gambling thrust persistently under my very nose, and I found the game of the golden cups, played in ancient Rome, was the modern shell and pea game; it was copied by them from the effete Greeks, and was almost identical with the so-called moccasin-experiences with the shell and pea game of degenerate days. Probably in the light of your ethnological Indian discoveries, the French Jesuits, carrying Frodo and Roman gods of vice in the folds of their garments, in the forms of pastimes of recreation and skill, showed your Sac and Foxes the little game some time in the sixteenth century, and the subtle but impudent Indian used his moccasin and the little balls of earth, which could always be obtained whenever he might camp. I suppose the Jesuit game of recreation in time passed to be known as harmless, as Indian after Indian was freed of his law belongings.

"Even your explanation does not cover the ground, in fact, does not go back far enough," said a well-known retired East Indian importer. "The little shell and pea game is really Indian in origin, but it is East Indian. Several years ago, while I was in north India, I saw a shell and pea game played in the street. I thought as the first speaker do might said, that the game was American in origin, but came from the clever wits of the shrewd Yankees at the race track, instead of among Indians. It seems the Indians never really realized the trick's value as a means of gambling. It is a very old form of amusement among the East Indian nation, and is really of Chinese origin.

"A very interesting fact about the matter," said the importer, with a twinkle in his eye, "is that as a matter of pure sport, I showed some boys the gaming propensities of the American people by describing our manner of using the little shells. It delighted and amused them very much, and since then, I am informed that the game is very popular with the folks who practice the gambling in that city. It is known as the 'American game.' So, gentlemen, having been born in St. Louis, you will see that a pioneer westerner did give points not only to the effete east, but to the really very effete east."

Glad He Wasn't Home. Though the Teuton loves his fatherland, he is sometimes very glad to be out of it, as the following story which I heard the other day bears witness to: The other day a young German, a well-known operative singer, meeting some compatriots in a west end cafe, made a few disparaging remarks about the Kaiser. Later he sought quarters in a hotel. Early in the morning he awoke, and for the nonce was puzzled as to his latitude. He remembered that he had said something uncharitable respecting Emperor William, and got into a condition of blue funk, as he thought he was in for a year or two of imprisonment for the offense of lese majeste. Suddenly he heard the "mee-ow" of the milkman, and he jubilantly exclaimed to himself: "Thank Himmel, I am safe; I am in London! Donnerwetter, I fancied I was in Berlin!"—London Household Words.

Concealing Women. The sweet notes of the song rose from the girl's room on the floor below. "I'm saddest when I sing," were the words.

"Most women are," growled the eye on the floor above; "because they can't sing and talk at the same time."—Detroit Free Press.

Contentment. Dobson—If you marry my daughter how long will it be before you call me for aid? Hobson—That depends on how long it is before she strikes me for cash.—Denver News.

PITH AND POINT.

Man's weakness lies in his fancied wisdom.—Chicago Daily News.

Solitude is the real test of a man's companionship.—The Philosopher.

Every man thinks pain hurts him worse than it hurts other people.—Atchison Globe.

"Clara, you know I'm right." "Of course, Clarence. That's what makes me get so mad."—Chicago Record.

"Col. Toper, can you shoot better before or after lunch?" "Eh? Well—ahem! It all depends on the lunch, you know."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Dealer—"This landscape is sheep at \$10. Why, the frame is worth more than that." The Connoisseur—"Yes, if it were not for the picture."—Boston Transcript.

Worth Preserving.—Boroughs—"Sorry to have you waiting so long for that five I owe you, but I'll send you a check to-morrow." Markley—"For goodness' sake, don't!" Boroughs—"Why not?" Markley—"Because I'd be tempted to throw in another five for a frame for it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Ten Cents Saved.—Gazley—"Now that we've engaged my girl is beginning to make me economize. You know I used to take her a pound of 50-cent bonbons every Saturday." Hazley—"Yes, and now she insists on a cheaper sort, eh?" Gazley—"Oh, no. You can get two pounds of the 80-cent kind for \$1.50, so she insists on a two-pound box."—Philadelphia Press.

The Chair Person struck the desk violently with her gavel. "The club," she exclaimed, "are not in order! The act of coughing should come regularly right after the invocation, and it is nothing short of unpatriotic to try to interrupt it at this point." As for the members, they were clearly much mortified to have given occasion for this just rebuke.—Detroit Journal.

BANGOR'S GREAT LOG BOOM.

Maine Lumberman Who Has Handled More Logs Than Any Other Man in the World.

The king of all log navigators is William Conners, of Bangor, who, as rafting contractor at the Bangor boom for more than 30 years, has handled more logs than any other man in the world. He is now 65 and it was 50 years ago that he first took a pole and went to work at the Bangor boom.

The Bangor boom is a great place, says the New York Sun. It is partly above and partly below the great dam at the head of tidewater on the Penobscot, and within the inclosures are sorted and rafted all the logs from the headwater of the river that are intended for manufacture at the Bangor mills. As the mills are from two to five miles distant from the boom at Bangor, and from 15 to 18 miles below the receiving boom at Oldtown, the floating or driving of the logs to them is an important industry, employing many men and occupying every day for six months in the year. In the duldest year 50,000,000 feet of logs are rafted at Bangor boom, and sometimes the amount is as much as 70,000,000 feet.

Formerly all logs were rafted at the mills in lots of 300 or 400 pieces. These rafts were propelled by two men with scull oars, and it was a tedious and difficult job. Sometimes the long rafts would twist like great water snakes and get tangled up with vessels at anchor in the harbor or with steamboats under way. Now the days of the scull-oar men are past and almost forgotten. The rafts are bigger and they are towed by a little steamer which drags 4,000 or 5,000 logs along without any trouble.

There seems to be a popular belief that the log supply on the Penobscot is very nearly exhausted. This is far from the fact. The lumbermen have to go farther than formerly to get their logs, but there are many entire townships in northern Maine that have never felt the logger's ax, while in many others that were cut over years ago the spruce growth has renewed itself. Pine being less prolific than spruce has disappeared rapidly, but although pine has long since ceased to be an important factor in Maine lumbering, there is still a great supply of it in some regions, and Mr. Conners says that there are still just as good and just as big pine trees in Maine as ever there were. As to the spruce becoming exhausted, that alarm was commonly heard 20 years ago, and yet there has been cut since then on Penobscot waters alone 2,292,000,000 feet of spruce out of a total lumber cut of 3,353,141,641 feet. In the coming winter about 200,000,000 feet of logs will be cut on Penobscot waters, the pulp mills alone taking about 80,000,000 feet.

In the so-called flush times there was a great and reckless waste, both of logs and lumber; when a few logs or a few sticks of timber went adrift they were allowed to go—nobody made much effort to recover them. Along the banks of the Penobscot, from Medway to Bangor, are hundreds of frame houses that were built of lumber picked up adrift, but now it is very seldom that a stick of lumber worth saving is picked up in the river. When in times of freshet, as often occurred before the many improvements made along the river in booms and dams, whole rafts or logs of lumber used to break away and go down with the swift current, the owners seldom could tell whether or not they recovered all that belonged to them. But now there is a strict system of marking and accounting; nothing is wasted. The only danger to the spruce is the cutting over many small trees for pulp, but even that can be carried on for generations yet without denuding these forests.

William Conners has been the boom contractor for 35 years, and in that time there have been rafted under his direction about 1,730,000,000 feet of logs, or enough separate pieces. If placed end to end, to reach twice around the world.

THE WORMS TURNED.

Months for Wives Who Ping Household Chastities at Their Husbands.

It was toward the wane of the treacle moon and the first week in which she was trying to do the housework on account of that which comes sooner or later in all homes—the sudden leaving of the servant. The breakfast was late and not quite up to the recipes furnished by his maternal ancestor. In an unguarded moment the young wife remarked to her husband that he had got up on the wrong side of the bed, says the New York Sun.

It was a very odd way of calling him down. He had heard it many a time when his father had neglected to hand out a bouquet because there was more flour than codfish in the favorite morning dish. For a moment the young husband looked at the dregs which floated on top of his coffee and then the boat that he had made to his mother, that no woman should ever boss him, returned. And he spoke as follows, to-wit:

"It is quite likely that the chestnut which you have hung with a woman's uncertainty is truer than you are willing to confess. Since you have been making the beds, for the past week, I have noticed that the section of the bed which you call the wrong side, the same being that upon which I am supposed to wrap what Hittie drapery I get at night, has been unmade. The mattress hangs down, and the coverlets are as garbled as the vine under which in a thoughtless moment I offered you my hand, my name, my fortune. It is a wrong side, as you have denominated it, and in getting out of it after hanging to it all night, I confess that some of the angelic nature which I inherited from the only perfect woman I ever knew has taken flight."

The glassware on the sideboard danced and the dear old motto: "God Bless Our Home," worked by a grandmother of the good old days whose fingers have long been at rest, fell from its hanging.

The moral of this, the first mapping of the chords which bound two loving hearts, is, that every young wife should use a new club on her husband.

P. S.—The old wife might do likewise to her great comfort if she would.

"You may not be conscious of it," remarked another wife whose husband had not bestowed upon the summer jelly which her mother had sent. C. O. D., as many compliments as he formerly put in his letters before they were yoked, "but I must say you are becoming a crank."

He looked at his watch and saw that he had 40 minutes to make the next express. Replacing the chronometer, a present from his father on his wedding day, he fixed up the following choice bit of language:

"A crank! I suppose you think you have fired the fatal arrow. But you haven't. You have simply thrown a doughnut clipped in honey. You have admitted that I am bright, happy; that I am a scintillation; that I am a bon mot; that I am a jeu d'esprit; that I am smart, jocular, jocos, epigrammatic, sparkling, full of point, etc., ad infinitum. My compliments, madam." Then he was gone.

Later she was looking over his library. She turned to the word in one of his books. As she looked over the list of synonyms she bit her lip. Then she looked at the flyleaf and found this inscription, in her own handwriting:

"This Thesaurus presented to my husband on the first anniversary of our marriage."

The point of this, don't give your husband ointment which contains a fly.

WILD TAME GOATS.

A Herd of Milk-White Animals That Makes Its Home in Southwestern Colorado.

In favoring conditions, it takes but a very few years for the most thoroughly domesticated animals to relapse into the wildness of their prehistoric ancestors. Among the San Juan mountains in southwestern Colorado, there lives a herd of milk white goats, whose wildness gives striking illustration of this fact, says Youth's Companion.

Thirty years ago the progenitors of these goats were the pets of old Jules Baullier, a French-Canadian who lived a hermit in these mountains. Here he trapped and hunted, his only companions a pair of wild goats he had bought during one of his infrequent visits to the little town of Durango, in the valley. The goats multiplied rapidly, and in a few years the old Frenchman found himself the shepherd of a numerous flock.

At last he died, and from that day his goats knew no man save as an enemy. They lingered about the lonely cabin for weeks, bleating in bewilderment at their master's long absence. One day a party of hunters came up the trail, and the goats, happy at the thought of human companionship once more, ran to meet them. There was a fusillade of shots, and before the astonished animals learned the meaning of the noise nearly half their number were dead. The survivors fled in terror to the depths of the forest.

Since that day few of them have ever been seen within gunshot of a man. Those who are familiar with the mountains say that not even the Rocky Mountain sheep, which have been wild things from time immemorial, are so shy and wary as the offspring of old Jules Baullier's pets.

A Notable Old Settler. Our notion of a really notable old settler is an old settler who never had a chance to buy the present site of Chicago for ten dollars.—Detroit Journal.

Spot for Real Fishermen. At Kyak, Alaska, are great fishing grounds. Halibut are caught there weighing 350 pounds, cod 42 pounds and salmon 58 pounds.—N. Y. Sun.

TONIC OF GOOD CHEER.

A Smiling Face and a Kindly Manner Do Much to Make Life Sweeter.

What is a sunny temper but "a tallman more powerful than wealth, more precious than rubies?" What is it but "an aroma whose fragrance fills the air with the odors of paradise?"

"I am so full of happiness," said a child, "that I could not be any happier unless I could grow." She bade "Good morning" to her sweet singing bird, and "Good morning" to the sun, then she asked her mother's permission, and softly, reverently, gladly bade "Good morning to God"—and why should she not?

Was it not Goethe who represented a journey that followed the sunshine around the world, forever bathed in light?

"Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches," said Emerson, "and to make knowledge valuable you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom."

"Wonderous is the strength of cheerfulness," said Carlyle; "altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright." "The cheerful man carries with him perpetually, in his presence and personality, an influence that acts upon others as summer warmth on the fields and forests. It wakes up and calls out the best that is in them. It makes them stronger, braver and happier. Such a man makes a little spot of this world a lighter, brighter, warmer place for other people to live in. To meet him in the morning is to get inspiration which makes all the day's tasks and struggles easier. His hearty handshake puts a thrill of new vigor into your veins. After talking with him for a few minutes, you feel an exhilaration of spirits, a quickening of energy, a renewal of zest and interest in living, and are ready for any duty of service."

"Great hearts there are among men," says Hillis of Plymouth pulpit; "they carry a volume of manhood; their presence is sunshine; their coming changes our climate; they oil the bearings of life; their shadows always fall behind them; they make right living easy. Blessed are the happiness-makers; they represent the best forces in civilization."

If refined manners reprove us a little for ill-timed laughter, a smiling face kindled by a smiling heart is always in order. Who can ever forget Emerson's smile? It was a perpetual benediction upon all who knew him. A smile is said to be to the human countenance what sunshine is to the landscape. It is sometimes called the rainbow of the face.

The first prize at a flower show was taken by a pale, sickly little girl, who lived in a close, dark court in the east of London. The judges asked how she could grow it in such a dingy and sunless place. She replied that a little ray of sunlight came into the court; as soon as it appeared in the morning, she put the flower beneath it, and, as it moved, moved the flower, so that she kept it in the sunlight all day.

NOTES OF THE FASHIONS.

Designs and Trimmings of the Latest Gown of the Season.

Oddly cut cloth boleros appear among the season's fancies, showing curious half-sleeves and white satin undersleeves, the flaring Directorate collar lined with satin and edged with panne or plain velvet cut work. Below the jacket shows a corset bodice, ending at the left side in three pointed straps held by cut-steel buckles, reports the New York Post.

New jet trimmings, of very delicate and beautiful design, show effectively on accordion plaited evening and theater waists of black or white chiffon. Bands of the jet start from elaborate shoulder pieces and droop below the bust in loops that swing from glittering jet pendants. The sleeves are smartly finished with matching jet pieces below the elbow, and loops and appliques of the trimming decorate the collar and belt. Pink and tea-rose-yellow chiffon waists are especially made.

The soft, glossy silk, called fleur de sole, uncommonly durable for silk, closely woven, light in weight and lightweight to the touch, is much used for tuckered and shirred fancy waists, dancing toilets and dress trimmings of various kinds.

A dainty Russian blouse waist for theater wear is made of creped satin, in a pinkish-pearl color, like an opal, and tucked around from the shoulder to the belt, which is made of a beautiful shade of turquoise blue velvet. It is cut out around the neck to show a yoke of ecrú silk embroidery, which also forms the collar. Tiny pearl and turquoise buttons fasten the blouse down the left side.

Peach Custard Pudding. Take one cup of fine bread crumbs, one-half cup white sugar, a quart of milk, the beaten yolks of three eggs and the whites of two. Mix the bread and the milk, add the yolks, sugar, and lastly the well-beaten whites; mix all well together and bake till firm and delicately brown. Slice then sufficient fine mellow peaches to thickly cover the top of the pudding, and spread over all a meringue made with the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar beaten to a stiff froth. Place in the oven a minute or two to brown slightly. This pudding may be pleasantly varied by adding two tablespoonfuls of desiccated coconut to the milk before mixing it with the bread.—Home Magazine.

ABOUT ULCERS.

Some Facts Regarding the Cause and Treatment of Annoying Sores.

An ulcer is a sore on the skin or mucous membrane in which the healing process is very slow or wholly at a standstill. It may be due to a number of causes, some constitutional, others local; but even when a local cause seems most evident, there is almost always some constitutional taint present as well. This may be consumption, diabetes, gout, and so forth; or merely a little impurity of the blood resulting from constipation or indigestion. Ulcers in the mouth, on the tongue, or at the union of the cheeks and gums, are very common and exceedingly annoying. They should be treated by frequent rinsing of the mouth with a solution of boric acid or borax, and can usually be prevented in great measure by reducing the sweets and starch food, such as bread, that enter into the diet, says Youth's Companion.

A common seat of ulcers is the shin. Sores occur here especially in the aged or those past middle life, and are commonly due to the presence of varicose veins. These are caused by pressure from tight garters, by congestive disorders of the liver and other abdominal organs, and by any occupations which require standing for many hours a day.

Ulcers of this kind are found more frequently on the left leg than on the right. They sometimes give little trouble, but may be exquisitely painful, and are often most rebellious to treatment, which must be both local and general, corresponding to the local and constitutional causes.

All disorders of the digestion must be corrected as far as possible, and the diet regulated. The food should be nourishing, but not stimulating, and all forms of alcoholic beverages are to be foregone. The patient should keep perfectly quiet, either in bed or with the leg supported on a chair.

The local treatment must be varied according to the necessities of each case. The sore must be kept clean by pouring over it twice a day a stream of boiled (not boiling) water, and in the intervals of washing it should be protected from the air. The leg must be kept snugly bandaged or encased in an elastic stocking, so as to prevent stagnation of the blood and distention of the veins.

A piece of silver foil applied smoothly over the surface of the ulcer and for a little distance beyond its edges, and kept in place by a bandage, often does good. Sometimes, when the extent of ulcerated surface is very large, skin-grafting is necessary in order to start the healing process.

THEY SEE HIS FINISH.

When the Great Duck Hunter Got Home He Must Have Had a Warm Time.

Duck hunting does not necessarily mean ducks. You may chase over thousands of acres of water, work yourself far enough into the bushes to have lost Moses, scan the sky to the horizon, offer a sportsman's invocation, do all that can be done and yet get no ducks. This is especially true when you are having August weather in October and the birds see no reason why they should migrate southward until later in the year, says the Detroit Free Press.

With the opening of the season, the first day in the morning, a party of Detroiters with the latest guns, the choicest ammunition, and all the rest of the necessities as well as the luxuries of a duck exterminating expedition, sailed rapidly forth. With them was one man from the effete east. He could talk duck-shooting, duck-cooking and duck-eating faster than all the rest put together. He converted the idea that he always got ducks when he went after them, and that if any of them got away it was because of a precautionary care to keep out of range.

The man talked so much and so extravagantly that one or two of the newcomers became suspicious. Two days failed to discover the game they were after, and then they took to the open in Lake St. Clair, and solemnly went to knocking down sea gulls at short range. They got a barrel of them, the easterner always shooting in company, so as to lay claim to results. It was no trouble to make him believe them ducks. He was glad to have them turned over to him as the "champion shot." They were packed in ice and shipped east, he taking the next train and keeping track of his goods by wire. Anybody can see his finish.

Stuffed Loaf of Veal. To stuff a loin of veal, pass six ounces of lean veal through a mincing machine with two ounces of fat bacon and pound the meat well; then add by degrees six ounces of panada, also pounded, season with salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg and add two raw eggs. Spread out on a board about five pounds of loin of veal, from which the bones and as much of the fat as possible have been removed. Cover the meat evenly with the farce, scatter the latter thickly with finely minced truffles and champignons and roll it up neatly, tying it in several places to keep it in shape. Roast the veal and baste it well until it is done; let it get cold, then remove the string and coat it thickly with rich brown glaze.—N. Y. Tribune.

Baked Sweet Potato Slices. Peel and slice raw sweet potatoes enough to fill a quart pudding dish three-quarters full. Pour on them one cup of boiling water, one-half cup of sugar, small lump of butter and a little grated lemon peel. Bake in covered dish for 30 minutes, then take off cover and let them brown. Serve with small squares of buttered toast.—Boston Budget.

TREATMENT OF CHINESE.

A Review of Some of the Laws We Have Passed Against the Mongolian.

In view of the present Chinese immigration there is a wide field for reflection upon America's treatment of that nation in the past. Charles F. Holder gives the subject exhaustive consideration in the North American Review.

Our first treaty with China, negotiated in 1844, gave Americans the right of residence at treaty ports. By it Americans obtained extra territorial privileges which, among other things gave them the right to be tried in their consular courts. The insertion of what is known as the "most favored nation clause" was also secured. These were the first concessions obtained from the Chinese, the first clouds on the celestial horizon suggestive of their ultimate undoing; the door once open, the cupidity of the entire commercial world was aroused.

The second treaty was a gentle satire on future events. It began as follows:

"There shall be, as there has always been, peace between the United States of America and the Ta-Tsing empire and between their people respectively. They shall not insult or oppress each other for any trifling cause, so as to produce an estrangement between them."

The third treaty, consummated in 1863, mutually recognized "the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance; and also the mutual advantage of the free migration of their citizens and subjects, respectively, from one country to the other for purposes of curiosity, of trade, or as permanent residents."

At the invitation of our government the Chinese poured into this country in a human river, whose flow never flagged, and in 1867 the Chinese population of the Pacific slope was formidable and portentous. A cry went up, American labor sounded the alarm and the abrogation of the famous Burlingame treaty was demanded. While attempts were being made in this direction the hoodlum element of San Francisco determined to take time by the forelock and Chimmey by the queue, and what was known as the "sand-lot agitation," a protest against the third treaty, was begun. Law and order were counted under foot, and it was manifestly impossible to protect Chinamen in America; hence the modification of the treaty was demanded and received.

The modified treaty allowed the United States to regulate, limit or suspend the coming or residence of the Chinese, whenever such immigration threatened to affect the interests of the country. In 1882 congress passed an act, the first section of which stated:

"That from and after the expiration of 90 days after the passage of this act the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States be, and the same is, hereby suspended for ten years; and during such suspension it shall not be lawful for any Chinese laborers to come, or having no come after the expiration of 90 days, to remain within the United States."

The first effect of this was noticed in China, where the Chinese began to retaliate against Americans, many of whom were obliged to take refuge in consulates, and a general uprising against foreigners was threatened. The records show that three years after the Chinese restriction act was put in force 60,222 Chinese had returned to China, and but 18,704 had entered the United States.

During the election of 1888 a new treaty was prepared and submitted to the Chinese minister and his government, then amended in the senate, and finally, that it might not be too late for its intended effect upon the voters, the democratic party in the senate forced what is known as the "Scott exclusion act" through Cleveland. The act completely demoralized the Chinese in this country, which was the intention. By it 20,000 certificates were declared null and void, 30,000 promises, on the honor of the United States, that the holders should be allowed to return, were ruthlessly broken; and to satisfy the clamor of irresponsible bands of hoodlums led by sand-lot politicians in San Francisco, the whole machinery of the government was prostituted that votes might be secured.

What those who affected to believe that America was following out a well-defined course of aggression called "a long line of abuses" followed. The Geary bill was an extremely harsh measure. It provided that Chinamen who were arrested must prove that they were here previous to the passage of the bill or go to prison for a year, and then be deported. When Chinamen landed and there was any question regarding their right, and a writ of habeas corpus had been applied for to get them ashore, no bail was accepted, and they were thrown into jail—a proceeding which, if applied to citizens of any of the great European powers, would have resulted in war.

The First Outlying Acquisition. Navassa Island—which lies south of Hayti in the Caribbean sea, and can be sighted from the decks of vessels passing from New York to the isthmus—was the only outlying possession of the United States until we acquired Porto Rico and the Philippines. It is covered with phosphates, but was uninhabited until a Baltimore company discovered its riches and sent a gang of men to work the mines. It became a part of the United States by a law of congress, passed many years ago, which extended the sovereignty of our government over any uninhabited territory discovered occupied by our citizens.—Indianapolis News.

Could Take a Shake. Barber (absently)—Jembo, sir. Customer (with shining bald pate)—No?—shin!—Puck.