

STEER-SHOOTING MATCH.

Favorite Pastime of Missouri and Arkansas Farmers That Has Been Done Away With.

The continued advance in the price of live stock, especially beef cattle, during the last six or seven years has almost, if not entirely, eliminated the mistaken shooting match, which was for many years prior to the beginning of that epoch a favorite pastime for the farmers of southeastern Missouri and northeastern Arkansas.

Less than ten years ago every neighborhood in the Ozark mountains had its regular Saturday afternoon "steer shooting match," and nothing short of an extraordinarily inclement condition of the weather could keep the farmers, eager for a trial at marksmanship, indoors.

The "match" generally began about two o'clock in the afternoon, the owner of the steer being on hand with the animal, so that they might be assured that the prize would be ready for the winner.

The first step taken was to buy a "number," or, in other words, the right to contest for a prize. If there were a large number of marksmen on hand, as was nearly always the case, the numbers were sold at a very low figure—as low as was considered just to the man who furnished the beef.

But each man used his own peculiar target, which consisted of some design cut from white paper and nailed to a board. However, each marksman had his own opinion as to the best design for target practice, some using the form of a star, some a diamond, and others using only a square piece of paper.

WOMEN DIAMOND CUTTERS.

Diamond cutting is an occupation for which women are well fitted on account of their natural dexterity and love of the artistic. The reasons there for are not more employed at it in this city are twofold: it requires a three years' apprenticeship to learn the trade, and it is not every firm that will take on girl learners, reports the New York Times.

There is no attraction in diamond cutting for the girl who goes to work as a maid-shift from the time she leaves school until she gets married, for the wages paid while learning are less than those that obtain in many places requiring only nominal skill.

The firms that receive girl apprentices have had to adopt rules and regulations to protect themselves from triflers. The usual method is for the parents to sign a three years' agreement and furnish a \$200 bond as a guarantee of the performance of this agreement. For the first six months no wages are paid. After that the girls are paid two dollars a week for one year, which sum is doubled for the succeeding year.

The amount of water within the crust of the earth is enormous, amounting to 365,000,000,000,000 cubic yards. This vast accumulation, if placed upon the earth, would cover its entire surface to a uniform depth of from 3,000 to 3,500 feet.—Science.

ANTIQUITY OF RHEUMATISM.

Evidence of the Disease Has Been Found in the Fossil Remains of Man.

Some months ago a farmer near Lansing, Mich., dug up the fossilized remains of a human being, evidently a woman. Recently Prof. Williston and Prof. Upham, of the University of Chicago, made a thorough examination of the figure and reached the conclusion that the woman fell into the Missouri river (then 40 feet higher than now) and was drowned 12,000 years ago.

The speculations and conclusions of the scientists are important, since they prove the existence of human beings on this continent at a more remote period than is indicated by the relics of the earliest of the buried cities of Asia, where man is supposed to have had his first habitat, after he lost his tail and ceased to live in the tops of coconut trees.

Perhaps the most impressive discovery is that the bones of the fossil show that she was "pestered by rheumatism." It has been assumed that Noah was troubled by painful joints, owing to the dampness of the ark, and it has been a matter of reproach to the medical profession that during the 60 or 70 centuries from the flood down to this day it has been unable to discover a remedy for this universal and painful malady.

THE SUPREME COURT.

How Its Decisions Have Affected the Life of Our Great Republic.

Its decisions have always been in harmony with and sustaining the proposition that this republic is a nation acting directly upon all its citizens, with the attributes and authority of a nation, and not a mere league or confederacy of states, writes Justice Brewer, in Scribner's Monthly.

The importance of this cannot be overestimated, and will be appreciated by all who compare the weakness of the old confederacy with the strength and vigor of the republic under the present constitution.

In the light of our marvelous development and the wondrous growth of this republic to the first place in the family of nations, one may well pause to consider what would have been our history if the decisions of the supreme court had been adverse to this rule of nationality.

Suppose that the court had held that, because the constitution did not in terms grant the power to charter corporations, congress could not charter a national bank, where would have been our great financial system? Suppose it had ruled that a state might impose a license on every importer from foreign nations; that it had supreme authority over all the navigable waters within its limits; that the courts could take from the custody of the United States officials any person arrested for an alleged violation of federal law, and that there was no power in the supreme court to review the judgments of state courts adverse to rights claimed under the federal constitution (and the questions presented in these cases were, under the strict language of the constitution debatable), where would have been the vigor and strength which exists in our national government, and which have been among the strongest supports of national progress?

Reflections such as these will give some idea of how much the supreme court has by its decisions affected the life of the republic.

World's Largest Parish.

The largest parish in the world is that under the control of Bishop Tugwell, of western equatorial Africa. The area is estimated at 700,000 square miles, and is as large as the United Kingdom, Holland, Belgium, France and Germany combined.

Water in the Earth. The amount of water within the crust of the earth is enormous, amounting to 365,000,000,000,000 cubic yards.

A Poor Army. The Moushik sultan's army is a wonderful affair. It fights by making a noise rather than by killing the enemy. The army consists of 25,000 men. Some are armed with discarded British Martini-Henrys; others with home-made imitations of the Martini-Henry, which jam and refuse to fire; while others have the old flint-lock muzzle-loader, which is of doubtful habits.—London Mail.

STORY OF A BUTTONHOOK.

An American Woman's Hunt in Hong-Kong for the Useful Little Article.

A friend who was paying a Denver woman an informal visit saw upon her toilet table, among the cut glass scent bottles and silver backed brushes, a common shoe buttonhook.

With a rough wooden handle like a carpenter's awl, it seemed much out of place among the luxurious furnishings scattered about, so the visitor suggested that it must have a history, says the Denver Times.

"It has," was the reply, "and such a time as I had finding it! I got it in Hong-Kong, in the Chinese quarter. The one I had become so bent that it was useless, and I never could button my boots with a hairpin.

"Whenever we halted my head coolie called out the proprietor. I put out my boot of monstrous size, in their opinion—and went through the form of buttoning it. The man understood instantly, but always shook his head and sent me on to the next place.

"I will do nothing of the sort," I broke in, "and I'm not going to take one-eighth of one glance at the collection, either. I'm a patient man, but I want you to go out of here, and quick. The gall of you people, anyhow, prowling into a man's office when he hasn't any more than got down to his business a little after 9 o'clock in the morning, and springing such rot as a collection of old matters on him on your way!"

SHIPPING FISH EGGS.

Put Up in Packages Which Protect Them in Transportation to Any Distance.

Fish eggs are packed for shipment in small, square, shallow-slatted trays, designed for the purpose, says the New York Sun. Over the bottom of the tray is spread one thickness of cotton flannel with the flannel side up, upon which is a single layer of eggs.

Other trays, similarly packed, are then stacked up, one above another, making what is called a nest of trays. To the straight side of a cube of trays thus formed, slats are lightly nailed to keep the trays together.

The nest of trays is then placed in a box that is big enough to leave under the nest and all around it a space of three or four inches. This space is packed with moss or some other material which cushions the nest of trays against jarring or disturbance, but whose primary purpose is to make around the eggs a wall that will help to keep them at a uniform temperature.

The box in which the nest of trays is thus packed has rope-handles on the outside near the top, by which it can be conveniently lifted. Fish eggs thus packed can be shipped any distance with entire safety, requiring only that the ice in the hopper shall be renewed on occasion.

How often that may be required depends on the distance, the latitude and the temperature. Such a package containing a lot of 20,000 lake trout eggs received last week at the New York aquarium from Duluth, Minn., reached here with a little ice still left in the hopper.

In such packages fish eggs are shipped in entire safety across the continent and in either direction across the Atlantic.

Natural Query. "Say!" the man who had never before attended a concert remarked as the cornet soloist began his number, "who's the feller wavin' the little stick?"

"Sh!" replied his neighbor, "that's the conductor of music."

"Oh! and is the feller with the horn the motorman?" Philadelphia Press.

BOOK AGENT GOT EVEN.

Threatened with Violence by the Husband, He Retaliates by Seizing Book on the Wife.

"There are slews and slathers of schemes for getting revenge," said a Washington business man who has his sign docketed "No Agents or Peddlers" signs tacked up around his office, relates the Star, "but the way a fellow took to get even with me yesterday for a bit of warm talk that I was obliged to hand out to him beats anything that has come my way down to date."

"The chap was a book agent who came into my office the other morning not much later than 15 minutes after I had reached my desk. I was busy with my morning's mail, and when he unhitched the leather covering around his 'attack' of sample copies of 'Photogravures of the Old Masters,' I simply nodded in the direction of one of those 'No Agents or Peddlers' signs, and supposed that he would take the hint and mosey out. But he didn't mosey. He was a tall, heavy-set, healthy-looking individual who appeared as if he might be able to take care of himself pretty well in a scrap, and no doubt he had fallen into the habit of presuming upon his appearance of physical ability.

"Well, the fellow seemed to regard my conversation as just so much mere airy persiflage. 'But I know,' he put in, 'that if you take but one glance at this magnificent collection of perfect reproductions of the old masters, you will change—'

"I will do nothing of the sort," I broke in, "and I'm not going to take one-eighth of one glance at the collection, either. I'm a patient man, but I want you to go out of here, and quick. The gall of you people, anyhow, prowling into a man's office when he hasn't any more than got down to his business a little after 9 o'clock in the morning, and springing such rot as a collection of old matters on him on your way!"

"Well, that fellow smiled right in my teeth in a way that clearly showed that he considered that I was delivering myself of the usual handiwork under the circumstances, and then he proceeded:

"But, sir, I hate to deprive you of the opportunity to look over this superb volume before you have given yourself the chance to reflect upon the extraordinary offer which I am making. I am the only representative of the firm publishing this work to cover the District of Columbia territory, and I shall perhaps not remain here for more than a week or so—I shall certainly not get down this way again. As you will see this volume embodies the most famous works of the most eminent of the old masters, and it comprises nearly 600 pages of explanatory matter, most of it written by the most notable art critics of Europe, and—"

"Oh, Mike—and Pat!" I yelled, rushing to the office door as if to summon a couple of porters of the proportions of piano movers—only employ one porter, and he's rather an anaemic-looking colored man—and then the book agent tilted his hat to me with a flourish and disappeared through the other door.

"My wife greeted me at the door when I came home that evening with an unusually gracious manner that I can usually detect the meaning of—it generally means that she's made a purchase that's not down on the little schedule."

"Well, what is it you've blown yourself to this time?" I said to her. "You might as well tell me now, and show it to me after dinner."

"Oh, but I know you won't be cross about this," said my wife, in a tone of unusual confidence under the circumstances. "It's that beautiful book that you sent that young man up to show me—I never knew before, by the way, that you were partial to reproductions of the old masters. But it is such a handsome volume, and it really seems cheap at \$15, don't you think?"

"Then she raced into the library and brought forth the book to show me. I was too stupefied to say anything for five minutes, but then I gradually became able to get to the bottom of the scheme. There wasn't much to it. The husky book agent whom I had turned down had slyly picked up one of my business envelopes on his way out. Then he had looked up my house number in the directory, raced up to the house, showed my wife the envelope and told her that he had seen me and that I was vastly interested in the book, but that if my wife wished to purchase it to tell her that it would be all right—and she had bought it, delighted at my growing artistic taste," as she put it. He more than squared it up with me for the installment of inflated conversation which I bestowed upon him, but wait till the next book agent drops in here, that's all."

Who Could Blame It? His face wears a pained look, observed the magistrate, as the tramp slouched forward in the grasp of a brawny policeman.—Huron Times.

THE TREASURY SAFE.

Careful Watch Kept on the Government's Money Vaults.

An Old Watchman's Account of the Only Place to Rob Them That Ever Came to Public Knowledge.

Not a dollar has ever been taken from the United States treasury by force, but some of the older watchmen tell stories of attempted filchings of the nation's wealthy robbers and bandits. Why these attempts have never carried to success is said to be due to the fact that the robbers lost their nerve.

"Perhaps the nearest approach to looting the vaults of the treasury was the time Martin Broadfoot had his plans perfected," said an old watchman, who had been on duty at the treasury for many years, according to the Detroit Free Press. "This was back in the eighties, and the plan was to get into the building by means of the great sewer which runs under and near the treasury, known as the Fifteenth street sewer, and which grows larger as it enters the Potomac, about three-quarters of a mile from the white house. Broadfoot planned to develop after his arrest, was to get into the building, crack the safe, and place the money in large rubber bags and float them down the sewer to the Potomac, where his pals would be in waiting. These bags were found in his room, when he was arrested, and secret service men had often seen him walking along the shores of the Potomac near where the big sewer empties. This sewer is about nine feet in diameter, where it passes the treasury. A man could easily make his way up the sewer, through a stream of water, which under normal conditions is only about 12 inches deep. By entering the sewer at the river, the journey to the treasury could easily be made by keeping a sharp lookout. When the man or men in the sewer reached the Fifteenth street sewer nothing would separate them from the gold coin and bullion except about 15 feet of earth and a not too secure stone wall. It was Broadfoot's scheme to dig his way through this obstruction and set the earth float or wash down the sewer. It would not have taken a man more than two weeks, working only at night, to have made an opening large enough for a man to crawl through. Of course Broadfoot knew the exact location of the vaults, and when he once reached them he would have had no trouble in getting the gold coin and bullion. It was evidently his purpose to fill the rubber bags with the precious stuff and float them down the sewer to the river where they could be looked after by his confederates."

"I believe that this was the only really well-laid plot ever made to loot the treasury, and just why Broadfoot was never given a trial I have never been able to learn. He was an intelligent man, and suspicion was first aroused against him by his frequent visits to the money rooms and vaults, and by the questions he asked watchmen and messengers as to the hours of duty, when the time locks closed and what time they opened, and such questions. That he could have successfully carried out his plan so far as getting into the building and the vaults are concerned there is no question in my mind, for men have been in the sewer and conducted work, who say that it would have been easy work. The most difficult part of the job would have been in getting away with the money and bullion, for it would have required hard work to secure it and get away. About the only chance would have been to bury it somewhere in Virginia; for if it had been placed on boats it would have been easy to recover it."

The watch force of the treasury is perfectly organized and the least infraction of rules means a lay-off or discharge. The men seem to realize that heavy responsibilities rest upon them and they are careful almost to a fault. The watch is divided into three reliefs. The tour of duty lasts for eight hours. The midnight watch is considered the most important of the three on account of the nocturnal preference of burglars.

Men Gloomy at Breakfast.

"Our business wouldn't be so disagreeable if we didn't have to serve breakfast to men," said a waiter in one of the better cafes one morning recently. "See that fellow over there? Well, naturally, he's one of the best fellows that eats here, and at dinner he is a prince and never grows at anything, but at breakfast he always has a kick coming. It's the same way with nearly all men. They act as if they had got out of bed backward. In the morning they are nearly all of them cross, hard to please. It isn't the same with women. The reverse is true of them. If they find fault at all, it is generally at dinner. Most women are as sweet-tempered in the morning as in the evening. If the men were as consistent, we would not have half so hard a time of it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

All from a Farthing.

A Dublin workman has produced a novelty in the shape of a kettle, cup, saucer and spoon made out of a farthing. He hammered the bronze coin till he had obtained a very thin sheet of metal, from which he fashioned a complete and workable kettle, with a swing handle, removable lid, etc., together with a cup, saucer and spoon. He can boil water in the miniature utensil and pour it through the spout. The weight of the kettle, cup, saucer and spoon is 40 grains. The weight of a farthing is 48 grains.—Chicago Post.

FASHION IS TO BE TALL.

Methods of the Season's Couturiers to Accentuate Slenderness of Wearers.

It is the fashion to be tall; therefore tall women are proud of every inch of their superb measure, and all short women are eager to look tall.

It is the fashion to be slender; so slender women gladly accentuate their slenderness, and the well-rounded sister does all she can to compress and elongate herself, says a fashion authority.

All this accounts for the fact that the rage for stoles and scarfs is spreading like wild fire. They have the magic to make women appear as tall and slender as is possible.

Such favored tall women. They did not do justice to stout or plump women. The stole allows every woman to have individuality, a privilege that the ruff frowned upon, insisting upon the same great masses of fluff for all, the same effect in the back, with collar entirely covered and hair covered almost to the hat line.

The stole keeps out of the way of woman's contour. We have brushed aside choking ruffles and frills, and the New York woman, dressed for the street, now has a collar, a neck, a chin line. Her hair in evidence and her shoulder line asserts its grace.

The scarf, the fichu, the stoles, and all of the new cape effects forbid a swaggering walk. They are the adornment of the feminine woman, and the quality things drape snugly over the shoulders will look woefully out of place if the arms below them swing in golf measure. The fashions of this season are aristocratic. Women must cultivate the manner and poise of earlier days.

Every woman must have a stole, and the cry is "Only let mine be different from my neighbor," but the variety seems endless, and each woman should be able to find something unique.

The ruff-checked wax ladies in the shop windows are, at present, driving real women to covetousness by wearing with careless ostentation the latest nothing, the pure white ocre-cream, white lace, foles and capes. Even the saleswomen show a certain tinge of awe as they look up the beautiful things, naming the fibers and showing how several styles of lace are often combined. If the shopper's face lengthens at the price, she is shown indications of a loveliness that is consoling.

The lace stole is shaped into a flat, round collar, or shoulder cape, with long stole fronts, that taper toward the waist, and then gradually flare again into rounded ends. When two pieces are combined the body of the stole will be of one, with inset motifs of the other; as, for instance, a Brocade inset with flit.

While the lace capes without stole fronts do not give the long effect of stole or scarf, they are also worn with the latter, because they will serve much the same purpose in the wardrobe; but they are not so universally becoming. Let the stout woman beware! These capes are collared and made in one piece. Fitting closely over the shoulders, then flare slightly, ending just below the shoulders, or at the elbow.

The power cape of most of these capes is straight around, although some have that quaint dip in the back that is one of the features of spring styles.

SOME SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Home Treatment for Spring Ailments That Are Easy to Administer.

A most efficient remedy for diphtheria is the juice of the pineapple. The corrosive nature of the fluid cuts away the mucus and gives speedy relief, says American Queen.

The importance of lavender as a restorative cannot be overestimated. For tired-out nerves, irritability and irregular flushings, it is not to be excelled. Two or three teaspoonfuls of the tincture in a cupful of hot water with a slice of lemon is almost magical in its effects, and restores a woman to her normal self in a very few minutes.

It has been said that apples were the food of the gods. They are indeed an excellent tonic, if eaten regularly. Many people attribute their good health to eating one or two a day.

Too much exercise is exhausting to the system, and wastes vitality, and if persisted in shortens life. Of course, the other extreme is equally bad. A failure to exercise the muscles regularly has a degenerating effect on the system, by preventing proper nutrition and circulation, and also by causing accumulations of fat.

Burns and scalds should be treated with glycerine and flour. Tie up the affected part with a linen bandage to exclude the air. Cotton wool is better than linen for this purpose, and should be kept in the house for emergencies.

Buttermilk Cream. To a pint of sifted flour add quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix thoroughly by sifting; then rub in three ounces of butter and mix to a paste with sufficient buttermilk to make a soft, smooth dough. Roll out about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut into squares; then cut these squares in half diagonally. Bake quickly in a good oven; break open while hot, and butter.—Washington Star.

Would Get Careless. Sonbrette: Your pres-agent is very flattering. Why not marry him? Leading Lady Oh, no. Then he might stop saying such pretty things about me.—Chicago Daily News.