

TOBACCO AND WEATHER.

Dampness Has Unfavorable Effect on the Weed in Its Various Forms.

"Did you ever think about the influence of the weather on the tobacco in its various forms?" asked a man in a cigar stand, relating the New Orleans Times-Democrat's "My attention was called to the matter but a few minutes ago by a customer who came in to register a complaint. He was wroth because the cigars he has bought for the past few days have not smoked as well as usual, and he evidently thought I had switched the brand on him. It never occurred to him that meteorological conditions might have something to do with the cigars. It happens that I smoked the same brand the customer generally buys, and I could understand that his complaint was well grounded. "I explained to him that the damp weather which we have experienced for the past few days was responsible for the condition of his cigars. You see, we have had an unusually heavy rainfall. During such time in this section of the country it is impossible to keep our stock of cigars and tobacco dry enough. Because of the peculiar conditions here in this respect the walls of buildings sweat, as we are in the habit of saying. That is, they become wet and remain in this condition until the weather breaks—until the sun comes out to dry the dampness. How does it affect cigars? They become damp and soft, and have the appearance of being new, or green, to adopt the technique of the trade. They do not burn well, smoke in an uneven sort of way, and, as a rule, if I may judge from my own experience, it is necessary to throw one-half of them away. There is one thing which I cannot explain, and that is the change which takes place in the flavor of the cigars. But the flavor is unquestionably changed. Cigars that have a delightful flavor under ordinary conditions become strong and offensive to the taste and frequently burn and blister the tongue. That's why it is necessary to throw them away before they are smoked to the tip. This is what the weather does for cigars. To some extent it has the same influence on chewing tobacco, and not infrequently we have to throw tobacco away because it sours. Customers do not stop to think about these things as a rule, and often they will quit a place because they think the cigar man is giving them the worst of it."

NIGHT BLINDNESS.

Believed to Be an Exhausting of the Power of Vision by Too Great Light.

This is an interesting subject from several points of view. The common misapplication of its scientific name is of interest to philologists; "moon-blink," its popular name among sailors, is of interest to the student of superstitions, and it is interesting in itself to the medical man. It was called by most of the Greek writers nyctalopia (from nyx, night, alaos, blind, and opsis, vision), meaning night-blindness; but most medical writers of the present day call it hemeralopia, deriving it from emera, day, and opsis, vision. The meaning of this word is really day vision, and so by contrast night-blindness. The result of this confusion is that no one knows what a writer means by hemeralopia or nyctalopia without further definition, for the terms are devoid of scientific precision, says Youth's Companion. Night-blindness is a condition in which vision is perfect, or fairly so, in daylight, but fails with the setting of the sun, and is not restored under ordinary conditions of artificial illumination. The sufferer from night-blindness can usually see the light of a candle or lamp when he looks directly at it, but he cannot read, even when the light is thrown directly upon the page. Usually, however, he sees well in a room lighted brilliantly with electricity, the degree of illumination then approaching that of sunlight. The cause of night-blindness is believed to be an exhausting of the power of vision by too great light, for it occurs mainly among soldiers and sailors in the tropics, who are exposed for many hours to the glare of the sun, and among arctic explorers, whose eyes are dazzled by reflection from the snow. On shipboard it is often associated with scurvy, and persons who are depressed physically or mentally, or in any other way "run down," are more likely to suffer than the strong. Sailors have a superstition that the trouble is due to imprudence in sleeping on deck in the moonlight, and this belief is embodied in the term "moon-blink," by which they call it. The tropical moon is probably as guiltless in this respect as it is in the production of insanity, except that it might act as the sun does, although of course in a minor degree, in dazzling an already weakened eye. The only treatment for night-blindness is keeping away from bright light, or protecting the eyes with goggles or a bandage until the exhausted retina has recovered its tone.

Door of Hope.

Rancid Rufus—A lady told me yesterday to apply to the Door of Hope. What does that mean? Moldy Mullins—Dat means de kitchen door, of course. You can't never hope to git nuthin' by ringin' de door bell 'round at de front.—Kansas City Journal.

The Reason.

His Honor the Mayor: Why do you transfer every once in a while so many of your men to the suburbs? Police Commissioner: We believe in the old adage, "Too many cooks spoil the policeman."—Detroit Free Press.

FIGHT WITH A COUGAR.

Desperate Encounter of a Hunter and His Dog with a Dangerous Foe.

The northwest has probably furnished more cougar fights and encounters with wild animals than any other part of the United States. A successful cougar fight is never a dull reminiscence, particularly when a human being gets his cougar. James McGinnis, who came from the Red river in northwest Canada, to the wilds of Cow creek, in southern Oregon, a few years back, had a very interesting cougar fight in the Cascade mountains. McGinnis was an experienced (Canadian) stock and raised on the frontier, and is now living on the south half of the Colville Indian reservation in Washington. In his days of vigorous manhood he was a large, muscular, powerful man about six feet tall and weighed about 175 pounds, without carrying much fatty tissue, says Forest and Stream. Shortly before his encounter with this cougar he had been thrown from a wild horse that he was breaking and received some injuries which required some medical treatment. To secure his medicine, he had to travel perhaps five or six miles to the doctor. On his first trip he noticed many cougar signs along the trail which he had to travel. On his second visit to the drug store he concluded to carry his rifle, and well for him that he did, or he should not now be living to tell about his cougar battle, nor would he be able to show in evidence the four long cougar teeth taken from the mouth of his vanquished wild antagonist. McGinnis' faithful old dog also was along and was no small factor in the final struggle. The cougar first attacked the dog, which made its escape in considerable terror. The savage brute then jumped at McGinnis, whose big rifle was rather heavy, and his aim was rather hurried. In this way the bullet only grazed the cougar's head and intensified its rage. While McGinnis was endeavoring to eject the spent cartridge, the mechanism of the rifle failed to work, and before he could get it out the big cougar was at close quarters with him, tearing his clothes and clawing away at him. By a well-directed blow of his fist under the jaw of the cougar he succeeded in turning the animal away from him a little way, and at this juncture of affairs the old dog, which Mac was lustily calling, had recovered his courage and got a hold of the cougar by the ear, and then they had some diversion of their own. While the dog and cougar were engaged the hunter managed to get another cartridge in his rifle, and by the time the beast had disposed of the faithful old dog he again attacked McGinnis. So enraged was the cougar that it came right up with its mouth open, and so closely that McGinnis shoved the rifle barrel into his mouth and blew its head off. The cougar, in biting the rifle, took the silver bead off the barrel. The animal was an old female and measured eight feet from tip to tip. Mac has the four cougar tearing teeth as trophies of his very serious but victorious encounter with a bad and hungry cougar.

SOCIAL LIFE IN COLLEGE.

An Important Factor in the Success of Young Men Starting Out in Life.

It is doubtful if the educational value of the living together of young men at college is fully realized in America. During the last few years this matter has been strongly impressed upon me, says Samuel H. Ranck, in the Reformed Church Review. As editor of a college obituary record I have carefully studied the lives of a good many hundreds of college men, successes and failures alike for the men were taken as they died and the sources of information in almost every instance were the people who actually knew them. The men who succeeded, who were able to accomplish things and live reasonably happy lives, were often men of the most ordinary ability, but they knew how to deal with their fellows. The men who failed were of two kinds; those who had failed from a lack of self-mastery—from laziness or vice—and those who failed through their inability to get along with their fellowmen. The latter were by far the more numerous and their cases were usually the most pathetic, for the hardship that ensued to themselves and families was the greatest; and, moreover, one could not help but feel that somehow they did not deserve it. To me the most striking thing in the study of the lives of these college men is the fact that few of the latter type of failures were members of the college fraternities or similar social organizations while in college. The fraternity men who failed, failed because they could not master themselves. There can be no doubt that these social organizations in our American colleges, especially where there are no dormitories, develop in young men a marked ability to associate successfully with their fellows—one of the first requisites for getting work in any department of life. It may be added that this conclusion has been reached without prejudice, for I myself never belonged to a college fraternity.

A Born Painter.

Burton—Talk about talent! I'd have you to know, sir, that I am a born painter. Stumkins—Of course, you are not to be blamed for being born a painter; but I really think you are culpable in sticking to the business.—Boston Transcript.

TO BECOME SELF-RELIANT.

Delicacy of Feeling Should Not Be Fostered to the Extent of Self-Admiration.

It may be a surprise to many of you to discover that over-sensitiveness is really to a great extent self-love and undue self-importance. If we did not consider ourselves first, we should not expect so much attention and deference from others, says American Queen. Sensitiveness is a misery to the persons afflicted with it. Offense is taken when it is not intended and you are apt to imagine yourself neglected or abused when there was no cause whatever for such uncomplaisance. It is all very well to have a delicacy of feeling, but it should not be fostered and pampered until you begin to consider yourself really superior and afraid of contamination with the world. Ask yourself if the offense and mortification felt are not really within your own breast, rather than in the actions of others. It is not possible that you can never be mistaken, and that the world has conspired to make and keep you miserable, you must realize this. If you have taken offense once without cause, does it not follow that you may do it again and again? When you find yourself once mistaken, remember the experience and profit by it in future. Try hard to overcome the constitutional self-consciousness that is at the bottom of it all. Do not demand of others more than you give. For instance, two girls are dear friends. We shall call them Julia and Annie. Now Julia is the sensitive one and she really makes Annie unhappy by imposing in so many ways upon her affection. If she has a new hat Annie must promptly notice and admire it. If Annie makes a new friend Julia is jealous and weeps because she considers herself supplanted in the affections of her dearest friend. And so it goes from one grievance to another until one is always "on pins and needles" for fear of offending, and the other is always suffering from imaginary slights. It can be readily seen that such friendship lacks in the one essential—confidence—without which true friendship is really impossible. If you will adopt the simple remedy of thinking more of the comfort and happiness of your friend, you will be very much surprised at the results. Try it and see for yourself. Remember that you are not infallible, and even if you should entertain such an impression you cannot expect others to share your opinion. It is an undeniable fact that the person who demands so much deference is the very one who does not show it. She does not because she is self-centered and fails to realize that other people may be quite as important as herself. Forget yourself, take things more lightly and be self-reliant and self-respecting.

NOTES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Odds and Ends of Domestic Lore Picked Up from Household Authorities.

Damask dinner cloths and napkins should have a hem a trifle less than a quarter of an inch wide; this should be hand sewed and very neatly done. An excellent effect is given to white or cream woodwork if after the enamel paint is put on the wood is thoroughly rubbed with powdered pumice stone. A butler's trick for polishing fine glass is to dust it over with a bag in which is a little powdered indigo or other blue. Afterwards rub hard with a chamois. Do not polish new wood until it shows signs of actual deterioration of tone. Too frequent application of oil results sooner or later in a gummy surface unpleasing to the eye and the touch. Rub the surface every day with a soft dry cloth. For carved pieces a soft brush with long hairs will be found necessary. The successful cooking of dried fruits is only attained by long soaking and slow cooking. Wash the fruit well and soak in cold water overnight. Take out the fruit, add sugar and boil the water, skimming carefully. Put the fruit back into the water and simmer until tender. Dried fruit cooked in this way bears no resemblance to the tough, messy dish which is usually served. A box or small cupboard containing a supply of cleaning fluids and materials will be found a source of comfort in the household. Ammonia, gasoline and a small bottle of chloroform, than which there is nothing better for cleaning silk and delicate materials, will do for liquids. French chalk and pipeclay should be included, and this will suffice for all practical purposes, although many people have their own favorite preparations which they will always have on hand. It goes without saying that the cleaning cupboard should be placed out of reach of children, and away from all danger of fire. Every closet door used to have its cretonne shoe bag, but in these advanced days boot trees have taken its place, the shoes being kept in shape longer than when they were carelessly thrust into a pocket. The bag has other uses, however. Mittens, rubbers, clean dust cloths, a ball of string, numerous small things which one would wish to have close at hand, are conveniently kept in door pockets. The trouble is that they are too apt to become receptacles for all sorts of rubbish. The domestic science experts who propose to abolish the kitchen pantry, and whose motto is: "Everything in sight," would probably object to them on this score.

HOW NEW YORK KEEPS CLEAN.

Eighteen Hundred "White Wings" Do Their Shovel and Broom Work Night and Day.

If the test of good housekeeping were according to New York would be the best housekeeper in the world. Her broom is as active by night as by day, says Woman's Home Companion. It is an army which this ceaselessly busy housewife employs. Thirty-three hundred men are included in her cohorts of cleanliness. Of these a small proportion belong to her executive and clerical force—are commissioners and deputy commissioners, superintendents and the like—but the most of them are those technically known as broom-men, colloquially as "White Wings." To the public mind they represent the whole New York street cleaning department. There are 45 sections into which the city is divided for the purpose of being made clean. In each section is the section house from which the workers start each day. "White Wings" reports here at his designated hour. Downtown, where cleaning the streets is done at night, the hour may be quite late; up in the residential part of the city, where the idea prevails that all disagreeable work should be done before the inhabitants are abroad to see it, the hour is quite early. At the appointed time, whatever it is, "White Wings" answers his name in the roll call, and starts forth armed with the apparatus of order. This consists of a broom, a shovel, a can mounted on wheels, both of these propelled much in the fashion of a wheelbarrow. The dirt is swept into piles, and conveyed into these receptacles—the can, by the way, has been gradually superseding the bag. Before long the cart which collects the street refuse comes along—a big, awkward receptacle swung lower in the back than in the front—and into this the refuse is passed, to be carried to the dumps. "White Wings"—there are 1,800 of him on the force—receives two dollars a day for a working day of eight hours, which may be one reason why New York's gigantic housecleaning is done with less disturbance than the individual housewife's little spring job. He is obliged to furnish his own uniform, indeed two of them, for it is the rule of the department that it must be changed on Mondays and Thursdays. The uniform costs its owner one dollar and 25 cents. The two, together with the buttons, the belt and helmet—all of which go to making the broom-man so picturesque a figure—cost him somewhere over \$4.50.

HUSTLE ILLUSTRATED.

An Old Employee Learns Why a Young Man Was Advanced Beyond Him in Position.

Some of the elderly men who are trudging along at the same gait as ever in the harness, where they are employed at the same salary they received 25 years ago, may benefit by the following incident, which occurred lately in a downtown store, says the New York Sun. A young man who came into the place less than two years ago was advanced over a man who had been there 30 years. The latter went to the proprietor and complained that such treatment as he had received, after all his years of service, was unjust. The proprietor, without pretending to notice the complaint, asked: "What is that noise in the street?" "The old employe replied that he did not know, and waited. "Better see what it is," said the proprietor. The old employe went out and returned with the information that the noise was made by wagons. "How many wagons?" asked the proprietor. The old employe said he hadn't counted them. "Better find out," said the proprietor. The old employe went out again, and returned with the information that there were eight. "What was the cause of the noise?" asked the proprietor. The old employe said he didn't know, and the proprietor suggested that he had better ascertain. The old employe went out the third time, and returned with the information that the teamsters were hurrying to load their wagons with goods. The proprietor then touched the bell on his desk, which summoned the young man who had been advanced. The proprietor asked him: "What is that noise in the street?" "I will see," replied the young man, who went out and returned a few moments later with the following report: "There are eight wagons out there, and the teamsters are hurrying to load them with goods." The proprietor turned to the old employe and said: "Do you understand now why this young man was advanced over you?" The old employe understood, but his knowledge came too late.

Retribution.

James, four years old, had been naughty to the point of evoking a whipping from his long-suffering mother, and all day long a desire for revenge rankled in his little bosom. At length bedtime came, and kneeling beside her, he implored a blessing for each member of the family individually, she alone being conspicuous by her absence. Then, rising from his devout posture, the little suppliant fixed a keenly triumphant look upon her face, saying, as he turned to climb into bed: "I suppose you noticed you wasn't in it?"—Harper's Magazine.

A RELIC OF PIONEER DAYS.

The Old Stone House at Germantown, N. Y., and the Romance of Its History.

A local newspaper learns that "the old stone house at Germantown is to have a new roof," but by neglecting to state that it is now more than 150 years since the first roof was put on, the newspaper missed the making of a really interesting item, says the New York Sun. The old stone house at Germantown was the very advance guard of civilization on the southern border of New York at the time of the French and Indian war, during which and until the close of the revolutionary war, it was a fort. It is of record that an Indian trader named Haynes was living at this fort as early as 1760, and that a daughter of his married a Capt. Abram Westfall, who was quartered there during the revolution, but the record does not deal with the romance and tragedy of the courtship of the captain and the trader's daughter. The story is that the trader's daughter had another lover, one De Witt, and that she favored him over Capt. Westfall. One day the girl, accompanied by the favored wooer, went blackberrying upon the thickly grown flatland that lay between the fort and the Delaware river. Moved by jealousy, Capt. Westfall followed them. When they had come near the river bank a lurking Indian sprang upon them from a thicket. The girl's lover fled. The Indian seized the swooning girl and bore her hurriedly toward his canoe. Capt. Westfall, who had come opportunely upon the scene, pursued the Indian, overtook him as he was pushing his canoe adrift, the girl lying unconscious in it, and brought back the captive and her captor's scalp. A wedding in the fort soon followed. The trader's daughter became the captain's bride. The lover who abandoned the girl to the Indian turned tory, so the story goes, and joined the Indian Chief Brant's band of Indians and Tories that raided the Minisink settlement a year later. When the news of the Minisink massacre was received at the fort, Capt. Westfall hurriedly gathered together all the men he could collect and went forth to offer resistance to the raiders, who were advancing up the valley toward the fort. Guided by the traitor lover, Brant and his marauders sought another route, avoided Westfall's men and approached the fort undiscovered except by a Negro slave who had remained with the captain's wife and her newborn baby. The slave had time to give his mistress warning and succeeded in getting her in safety to the mountains with her child. Brant's Indians and Tories attacked the fort, pulled down one end of it, set fire to the upper story, which was built of logs, and hastened on up the Delaware valley to be overtaken by Gen. Hathorne's militia on the Delaware highlands, where was fought the bloody battle of Minisink, so disastrous to the Americans. Among those killed of Brant's men was the recent lover of Capt. Westfall's bride. The breach made in the old stone fort by Brant's band was not repaired until 1793, when the wall was relaid with the stones that had originally formed it, and the log upper story was replaced by a stone one. With that exception the building is the same as it was when first erected a century and a half ago. It has been in turn fort, tavern, store and dwelling house. The village of Port Jervis has grown up around it. It is now a tenement house.

PRACTICAL ADVICE.

Why Some Young Brides and Bridegrooms Are Not Quite as Happy as They Should Be.

The first year of married life is undoubtedly one of the most critical through which young people have to pass. It should, of course, be the happiest. Still, instead, there are always obstacles in the way of perfect married happiness, where two inexperienced young people are concerned, which, if not met in a proper manner, are liable to bring tears and a troubled look to the face of the young housewife, and a careworn expression to that of her husband. Engaged young people always assure each other that their married life is going to be one long, sweet honeymoon. They fail to understand why it should be otherwise. After the wedding little failings and faults, little outbreaks of irritation and bad temper, all of which had been until now carefully concealed, come to light on both sides. These instantly dispel the dreams of blissful harmony in which they had fully expected to live until the end of their days. The young husband does not turn out to be the paragon which his bride always considered he was, while she, on her part, is not exactly so amiable, enchanting and attentive as he had supposed. Many girls get married with the idea that they are going to lead an ideal existence, free from all care and worry, although it would be unfair to say that a girl's troubles only commence at married life, yet more often than not she meets with difficulties which she never imagined for one moment would fall to her lot. Every young bride and bridegroom who wishes to be truly happy should settle down in the new home should endeavor to thoroughly understand each other's weak points, and look at life in a practical, as well as a romantic manner.—Chicago American.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

An eight-year-old girl runs a restaurant in Denver.

A Bangor (Me.) man, who is said to be otherwise sane, has an American flag in his front yard. Dr. John H. Bennett, a Boston oculist, once saw Virchow, then 70 years of age, at a ball at two o'clock after a hard day at a medical congress. "It does not trouble me," Virchow explained. "If I can sleep about three hours in an easy chair I feel quite refreshed." Ten portrait statues of heroic size are to adorn the colonnade of the industries building at the St. Louis exposition. Ten great inventors have been selected as the subjects of these statues. They are Howe, Fulton, Bessemer, Chickering, Clark, Ericsson, Watts, Colt, Hoe and Goodyear. President Roosevelt's autograph cut in glass with a diamond is a unique souvenir which will soon become the possession of the Northwestern university. The pane of glass with the signature inscribed will be given the figure of greatest prominence in the huge fireplace in University hall. The signature possesses a few more extravagant irregularities of penmanship than ever came from the president's pen, but it is so notably rugged that the university will prize it. Born of slave parents in Mexico, Mo.; educated in the common schools of Missouri and Illinois, school teacher in the south for several years among his own people, with a scientific education at Knox college, Galesburg, and a law course at Bloomington, Ill.; editor of a weekly paper published in the interest of his race, judge advocate in the United States army in Cuba, is the record made by Rev. Mr. Jameson, pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal church at Madison, Wis., the first colored man to officiate as chaplain of the legislature of Wisconsin. A traveling salesman stopped at the great Roach shipyards near Philadelphia, and having completed his business telephoned for a hack. In a few moments a carriage drove up and he stepped into it, followed by John B. Roach, president of the company, who looked somewhat surprised as he said: "Home" to the driver. "Take me to the Sixth street station," said the drummer, and the shipbuilder did not object. As they drew up at the depot Mr. Roach said, with a gleam of surprise: "I suppose I may now drive home in my own carriage." He handed the salesman his card and was blocked away before that individual mustered up sufficient courage to gasp: "Well, I'll be hanged."

UNDERGROUND FARO BANK.

Subterranean Monte Carlo That Was Run in a Montana Mining Shaft.

There is a mining shaft not far from the original town site of Butte that has been used for purposes other than mining, if all of the reports are true. This wonderful shaft is 300 feet deep, and has not been used as a means of locating ore or waste since 1861, but there has been a fire in the boilers and the cage has made frequent trips from the 100-foot level to the top, and on each trip a number of men have ridden in the cage. The men were not mining, and the boilers were not kept hot for the purpose of making steam with which to run the engine, so that it might do its share toward developing the great mineral resources of this great mining district. The steam was used to run the cage so that the men who had occasion to visit the 100-foot level might make trips as often as they pleased, says the Anaconda Standard. It all came about in this way: When the law prohibiting gambling was in full force in this city a year ago, the gambling spirit ran high and recklessly over the city. An enterprising man opened a gambling place in a wide chamber on the 100-foot level not far from the shaft referred to. In this underground room were faro tables, a roulette wheel, and a crap game. Poker was played in back rooms about town. The story goes that the enterprising gambler "leased the mine," employed a competent hoisting engineer, and "went to work" developing the property, and it is said confidently that the man made the mine pay a large dividend every month, until the games began to be recognized as good things for somebody up town. Then the subterranean Monte Carlo went out of existence. The faro tables, being old and battered, were not taken out of the mine, and the roulette wheel, after being used for three months in a damp place, warped and twisted out of shape after being exposed to the light of day, and it was sent to the scrap heap. The crap table and the dice are still in the mine, it is said, and that is the story of the rich mine that was "worked" by a gambler last year. The Rewards of Talent. "And how is your son John doing?" "Very well, indeed, thank you. He has just had a call to an eastern parish where he is to receive a salary of \$800. We are very proud of John's success." "You must be. And your son Jim, where is he?" "Jim is the lawyer, you know. He is doing very nicely. He has been practicing only three years, and last year he received in fees nearly \$900. We think he's doing remarkably well." "And your third son, Jasper. Is he doing well, too?" "Why, yes, Jasper is under contract for 40 weeks at \$500 a week to do a monologue turn in vaudeville."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.