

"LUCKY" BALDWIN.

The Whiteman of Speculation in the Mining Regions. In 1853 a little party of gold seekers with a meager outfit of horses and wagons started for California from the village of Racine, Wis. In command of this adventurous expedition was a young man who took with him his wife and infant daughter. His name was E. J. Baldwin and he made a wise choice in shaking from his restless feet the dust of a tamer civilization. He needed a larger theater of action for his pent-up and surging activities. While trailing through the mountains of Utah the pioneers were attacked by Indians, who were beaten off during a six hour fight in which young Baldwin killed three chiefs. After six months of hardship the party reached Hangtown (later called Placerville), in California. Here Baldwin married and began placer mining. He appears to have been no more than an ordinary red shirted argonaut, meeting the ups and downs of mining luck until the discovery of the Comstock lode at Virginia City. Thither he drifted and discovered that his natural bent was gambling with the mines that other men had opened. Amid a whirlwind of speculation he fought his way with such success that he loaned from the mine in a few months as "Lucky" Baldwin, the man who had cleaned up \$750,000 in the gigantic deals in the stock of the Ophir mines. San Francisco was the Mecca of those lucky sons of fortune who were rearing a great city by the Golden Gate. As a stock and mining speculator "Lucky" Baldwin alone respondent, but he was also a loyal son of San Francisco. He built hotels and theaters and business blocks even while he was amassing that far from conservative community by madly freckled extravagances. In a very brief interval he bought all the Spanish grants he could find near Los Angeles and there spent a million in making this ranch of his not only a splendidly productive property, but also one of the most beautiful estates ever laid out in this or any other country. It was his hobby, his pet, and he planted many of acacias with noble standards and made wonderful tropical gardens, surrounding his home by a paradise of veral beauty.—Ralph D. Lane in Outlook Magazine.

A TROPICAL TERROR.

Most Dreaded of Living Things in Equatorial Africa. Europeans who visit the great equatorial forests of Africa are subject to many terrors, but none perhaps so dangerous as contact with the bushikouya, or great bull ant, which is said to be the most dreaded of living things to be found in that region. It is gluttonous in the extreme. That which it attacks it consumes on the spot, nothing is carried away for further consumption. Elephants, leopards, gazelles, lions, snakes, gorillas, monkeys, even the human aborigines of the districts it infests, fly from any neighborhood in which they know it to be located. According to well accredited reports, those who inspire bull ants travel like locusts, in vast armies, marching in a line two inches or more broad and miles in length. One of these armies has been known to take twelve hours to pass a given point. These ants prefer the shade and, rather than be exposed to the rays of the blazing sun, will burrow tunnels under the surface of the ground and thus travel until they come to the shelter of trees. Any animal which, unaware of the proximity of the bull ant and reposing in the solitude of the veil, happens to be attacked has no chance of escape. It is devoured with irresistible fury, and within a few minutes a tracheated bones marks the spot where it reposed. A great deal of valuable information about this dreaded creature has been published by a French zoologist, M. de Chaillet, who has described a personal encounter with the bull ant. "I remember well the first time I met the bushikouya on a raid. I knew not what was in store for me. I was hunting by myself, when suddenly the forest became alive with the foe. A sudden dread seized me, and I stood still in the hunting path, resting on my gun. Suddenly, as if by magic, I was covered and bitten everywhere. I fled in haste and found refuge in a deep stream, yet even then the strong pinchers of the ants would not give way, and though the bodies were torn off the heads remained. The native tribes, when a man is condemned for witchcraft, generally fasten him to a tree before an herd of these ants. After they have passed a shining skeleton alone is left to tell the tale."

WILES OF THE CHEFS

BANQUET TIDBITS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

"A Cod and a French Cook Can Work Miracles"—The Feast of One. "Chicken" Has Been Known to Satisfy Twelve Hungry Diners. It has almost passed into a proverb that many of the dishes served up in cheap restaurants, where nothing is wasted, are, to put it mildly, mysterious. But, on the other hand, most people who patronize fashionable and more ambitious restaurants are generally content to accept the menu for what it is said to be. This blind trust is somewhat abused, and the amount of "frank" which goes on today in some of the well to do establishments would probably surprise those who are uninitiated in the higher branches of the culinary art. For instance, by the addition of vegetable juice just before being dished up cod cutlets are, at seasons when salmon is very dear, set before customers as salmon cutlets and are, needless to say, charged accordingly. This deception, according to an expert, is wisely practiced not only in better class restaurants, but also in some of the great livers. Another popular trick as practiced by the restaurateur is to serve a veal beef done up overnight in salted bandages, while a skillful chef has very little difficulty in palming off flatfish for sole on epicures who pride themselves on the soundness of their judgment of cooking. On one occasion some time ago a dinner for seventy-five people was ordered at a well known fashionable restaurant in the upper part of New York. A large consignment of salmon had been previously ordered, but to the consternation of the chef, the dinner hour slowly approached and still no salmon arrived. In despair the chef, a Frenchman, decided to "take the bull by the horns" and procure another fish to do duty for the coveted salmon. Accordingly he set to work to turn cod cutlets into salmon cutlets, and this rapid transformation was soon effected by an addition of vegetable juice. The waiters, who naturally were aware of this wholesale deception, were given express orders to report any complaints to the chef at once. However, to the intense delight of the chef, all passed off well, and on hearing that his subterfuge had not been detected he gleefully exclaimed, "Ah, a cod and a French cook can work miracles." Green peas at certain seasons of the year are naturally a luxury quite beyond the reach of the man of average means, while even caterers for fashionable hotels themselves frequently have the greatest difficulty in getting a sufficiently large quantity to meet the demand. However, to fake peas does not offer any great difficulty in times of stress, and by adding vegetable coloring matter yellow peas are quite commonly served up as green peas along with the duck and forcemeat new potatoes, which more often than not come from abroad. Roast veal served with a thick white sauce makes, says a well known chef, a most satisfactory substitute for the breast of chicken, and therefore it does not come altogether as a surprise to learn that the breast of one chicken has been known to satisfy twelve hungry diners. "The staff take good care of the breast of a chicken," was the comment of a waiter who was being for the first time initiated into the mystery of how to feed a dozen people off one chicken. Perhaps the cleverest deception practiced by eminent chefs is the art of manufacturing the lobster patty, so dear to the heart of the epicure. This appetizing dainty would at first sight seem to defy even the most ingenious cookery fakir. However, here again the artful chef has overcome apparently insuperable difficulties, and many toothsome looking lobster patties are thus not always quite what they are said to be. The deception is worked in this way: A common crustacean is boiled and the meat carefully chopped off and put into a mortar, while afterward part of the shell is added. The mixture is then vigorously pounded as fine as possible, and on the addition of flavoring it would tax the powers of the most critical connoisseur to detect any difference between the gastronomic mixture and the genuine lobster patty. "The various deceptions I have told you of," remarked a famous chef to the writer, "are naturally not practiced every day, but are only utilized in times of emergency, and these emergency moments arrive more frequently than the trustful customer would like to believe. I have told you of them, but you must know."—New York Telegraph.

THE IVORY MARKET.

Tusks by the Acre Exhibited at the Big London Dock.

One of the sights of London is the great ivory floor at the London docks, where precious ivory may be seen literally by the acre, for the tusks are laid out in lots on the floor of one of the great warehouses for inspection by intending purchasers. For weeks previous to the actual sale the special staff of the ivory department has been busy preparing the various consignments and arranging them according to the sizes and quality and classing them into the various grades, each of which has some particular use for which it is especially adapted. There is practically no waste in the manufacturing of articles from ivory. The smallest chip is not thrown away, but carefully preserved to be utilized for some purpose. Even the shavings from the turning down of a billiard ball have a market value for use in inland work. Consequently the lots in an ivory sale by no means consist of tusks and sections of tusks alone, but include the residue from many previous sales. Buyers purchase the particular class that they require for their own individual industry and subsequently return what in most other materials would be waste to be resold to manufacturers of a different class of goods. Though there is "no waste," oddly enough the most important consideration, from a buyer's point of view, is "how much waste" will a certain lot produce in the course of transforming it into his own particular line. Thus a lot that would be dear to one would be a gift to another, and vice versa. The most valuable class of ivory is that suitable for making billiard balls. To conform to the requirements the tusk must be perfectly sound and solid, without the slightest suspicion of a crack or flaw, and, moreover, they must measure only a trifle more than the regulation size billiard ball or they will cut to waste, from the manufacturer's point of view. On the arrival of a consignment of unworked elephant ivory from abroad the first preparation for the sale floor consists of a thorough cleaning of the exterior or hollow part of the tusk. This is done by means of wads attached to long sticks. The exact length of the hollow is thereby revealed, and in addition cracks and flaws that cannot be observed on the exterior are at times disclosed. Soundness is the one thing that always every class of buyer: flaws mean waste, waste means resale at a lower figure per pound. THE CONGREGATIONALISTS. They started the first foreign missionary society in the country. They started the first home mission society in the country. They started the most effective city missionary society in the country. They started the greatest Christian young people's movement of this country or any other country. They started the first college in the country. They started the first theological seminary in the country. They started the first religious newspaper in the country. They published the first hymn book in the country. They started the town meeting initiative and referendum. They started the first temperance society in the country. They have given to America the three greatest evangelists it has ever had.—Chicago Advance.

MAORI HOSPITALITY.

Strangers Welcome Extended to a Party of Travelers.

A traveler in New Zealand tells of a native welcome. His party drew near to the central home of the tribe of Maoria. "As we rested beneath the parapets we were startled by a horrible yell, and round the corner of the stockade appeared a ferocious figure, attacked, red painted, befeathered and naked, except for a very brief waist fringe of dangling palm fiber. His eyes rolled till the whites only were seen; then he thrust out a long and snaky tongue and grinned fearfully. Blanking a wooden spear in his hand, he swiftly cast it at us, then turned and rushed toward the village. Just as the spearman turned one of our young men who had rapidly divested himself of all but his waist shawl darted out in pursuit, and we followed at a more dignified pace. The entrance to the village was barred by a body of armed men, crouching still as death, on one knee, each holding a gun, butt on the ground, barrel sloping toward us. We advanced until we were within twenty paces of the warriors. Then all at once, at a wild cry from a chief on the right, they jumped to their feet, leaped high in the air, with their feet doubled under them like deer, and with one voice literally barked out a thundering chorus. This way and that our martial hosts bounded, brandishing their loaded rifles in time to the chant. Halting abruptly, with an earth shaking thud, they fired a volley of ball cartridge over our heads. "Another volley reverberated from hill to hill and the bullets whistled over us. Then the brown warriors fell back and a gayly dressed band of women, with grown leaves wreathed about their brows and waving shawls and leafy boughs, advanced with a gliding sculdance and chanted their ancient welcome song. When the women's song ceased out to the front danced six girls—a group of vividly barbaric, yet not inharmonious, color—appeared in loose crimson roundabouts and short gowns of gorgeously flowered print, their brows bound about with red banderchiefs, which held a white paper mask and white plumes of the rare kauri bird and the iridescent feathers of the long tailed cuckoo, their cheeks dabbed with red and black paint, green and white, and their teeth hanging from their ears. "These barefooted nymphs, hands on hips and heads thrown back, glided into the measure of a dance to the music of a shrill melody, chanted by a white haired, tattooed old lady. Then all at once the chant ended on an unexpected high note and the performers stopped, breathless, and gazing all over with their self-exposed emotions. Broad flat mats were spread out for us on the green, and after speeches of greeting we were treated with pork preserved birds, wild honey and potatoes, in quantity sufficient to have satisfied a starving garrison."—Chicago News.

ZULU WAR TACTICS.

Method of Attack With the Closest Formation.

Zulu military tactics are associated with the name of Shaka, the ruthless Zulu conqueror, who welded into the stock of the Amazulu, the people of the heavens, all the young men of the various tribes he conquered, incorporating them into regiments and thus building up a powerful military nation. Yet it was to Dinghwayo, the wanderer, that the inception was due. This man, the son of the chief of the Umotwa, was driven into exile in consequence of an abortive plot to seize the reins of power. During that exile he lived in Cape Colony and saw the military methods of the British. With instinctive genius he saw how the idea could be adapted to his own nation, and on his return and accession to the chieftainship he divided his people into regiments, distinguishing them by names and by a special color of shield for each regiment, though for a time they retained the umkonto, or throwing assegai, as their chief weapon. He heard the great use made by the British Infantry of their favorite weapon, the bayonet, and so he replaced the umkonto by the izwa, or broad bladed stabbing assegai. The peculiarity of the Zulu tactics has caused it the name of the crescent formation for attack, and it is noteworthy that, broadly speaking, it was the method employed by the Boers in their invasion of Natal and adopted by Lord Roberts in his advance through Orange River Colony, and it was the fear of its success which kept the Boers continually on the run. The best thing with which to compare it is the head of the stag-headed beetle. Horns are thrown out widely on either flank, while the main body forms the head itself. From the main body a small force is detached to engage the enemy while the horns creep around the flanks. This force in the days of Shaka was frequently dispatched with the command, "Go, sons of Zulu, go and return—your death at the hands of their fellows was the fate of those who returned. While this force was holding the enemy the horns carried out their task if possible, and as soon as the two horns had met in the rear of the enemy the head or chest was launched upon the position, and the upshot was that the whole force of the foe tasted the assegai, for in war as in football, never was given or asked.—South African Sun.

"TELL IT TO THE MARINES."

Peppy's Version of the Origin of the Expression by Charles II. The saying, "Tell it to the marines," is traced to Peppy, the author of the famous "Diary," and it is said by him to have originated with Charles II. of England. "It so befell," as the story goes, "that his light hearted majesty, with an exceedingly bored expression on his swarthy face, was strolling in the shade with the ingenious Mr. Peppy, secretary to the admiralty. "I had speech yesterday at Deptford," said Mr. Peppy, "with the captain of the Defiance, who hath lately returned from the Indies and who told me the two most wonderful things that ever I think I did hear in my life." Among the stories told were of fish flying in the air. "Fish flying in the air!" exclaimed his majesty. "Ha, ha! A quaint conceit, which 'twere too good to spoil by keeping." What ho, sir!—he turned and beckoned the colonel, Sir William Killigrew of the newly raised maritime regiment of foot, who was following in close conversation with the Duke of York—"we would discourse with you on a matter touching your own element. What say you, colonel, to a man who swears he hath seen fishes to fly in the air?" "I should say, sire," returned the sea soldier simply, "that the man hath sailed in southern seas, for when your majesty's business carried me thither of late I did frequently observe more flying fish in one hour than the hairs of my head in number." "Old Howley glanced narrowly at the colonel's frank, weathered face. Then, with a laugh, he turned to the secretary. "Mr. Peppy, said he, 'from the very nature of their calling no class of our subjects can have so wide a knowledge of seas and lands as the officers and men of our loyal maritime regiment. Henceforth let your ever cast doubts upon a tale that lacketh likelihood, we will first tell it to the marines.'"—Army and Navy Journal.

THE SCENT OF SICKNESS.

Most Diseases, It is Claimed, Have Their Characteristic Odors. The subtleness of the sense of smell is far greater in many of the lower animals—dogs, for example—than in man, and they employ it in guiding them to their food, in warning them of approaching danger and for other purposes. The sphere of the susceptibility to various odors is more uniform and extended in man, and the sense of smell is capable of great cultivation. Like the other special senses, it may be cultivated by attention and practice. Experts can discriminate qualities of wines, liquors, drugs, etc. Diseases have their characteristic odors. Persons who have visited many different asylums for the insane recognize the same familiar odor of the insane. It is not insane asylums alone, but prisons, jails, workhouses, armies in camp, churches, schools and nearly every household that have characteristic odors. It is when the insane, the prisoners and the soldiers are aggregated in large groups or battalions that their characteristic odor is recognized. Most diseases have their characteristic odors, and by the exercise of the sense of smell they could be utilized in different diagnoses. For example, favus has a mousey odor, rheumatism has a copious sour smelling acid sweat. A person afflicted with pyaemia has a sweet, nauseating breath. The rank, unbearable odor of pus from the middle ear tells the tale of the decay of osseous tissue. In scurvy the odor is putrid, in chronic peritonitis musky, in scrofula like stale beer, in intermittent fever like fresh baked brown bread, in fever animal, in hysteria like violets or pineapple. Measles, diphtheria, typhoid fever, epilepsy, phthisis, etc., have characteristic odors.—Philadelphia Record.

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AN AVARICIOUS WOMAN.

A woman who carried love of money to an incredible extreme was Lady Margaret Jardine, sister of the first Duke of Queensbury. Although her husband was a rich man, Lady Margaret would actually carry foot passengers across the little river Annan for a halfpenny, and whenever there was a fair or market day she would sit on the banks of the stream all day long waiting for customers. She usually wore rags to save her clothes, but on the rare occasions when she visited anywhere she packed up a few decent garments which she slipped on before entering the house, exchanging them for her dirty ones when leaving.—London Queen.

Singular and Plural.

It is a question of taste and fancy whether one should make two bites of a cherry, but we all really make two bites of the word "cherry" when we use it in the singular. The original English version of "cherry" was "cherber" or "chirib," which was mistaken for a plural, so that "cheri" or "chiri" was soon manufactured as a singular. Exactly so has "pea" come into being as a false singular obtained from the supposed plural and true singular "pease." "Sherry" for "sherie" is another case, and "shay" from "chaise," "chines" from "chinese" and "corp" from "corps" are others in vulgar speech. Similarly "riches" is really a singular, of which "richness" was the old plural.—London Graphic.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Keep away from people you dislike and don't talk about them. Put a bag in a parlor and he would break out and wallow in a mudhole. It becomes necessary occasionally for every man to take punishment. When your time comes, don't annoy others with your screams. Isn't it a fact that the most successful men you know are polite men? Then doesn't it follow that if you hope to succeed you must be polite? When you hear a man abused behind his back we do not think, "How unpopular other people are!" but "How we all catch it when we get our turn around." Don't worry if you are not good looking. You look all right to your friends. The best looks on earth won't make you look good to your enemies, and those who are not interested in you don't know how you look.—Atkinson Globe.

Wrong Either Way.

Mr. Jawback has got a new steno-graph. Miss Jawback Brute! I suppose the other wasn't pretty enough for you. Mr. Jawback it's a man Miss Jawback. Unfeeling monster! Trying to make the people think I'm too jealous to let you have a girl, eh?—Cleveland Leader.

Fishing Her Face.

She started, recoiled, and then bent anxiously nearer her mirror. "A wrinkle, as I'm alive!" she exclaimed. She was of a buoyant temper, how ever. "I suppose I'll have to put a good face on it," she said, reaching forth with for the necessary materials.—Puck.

Swill and Skull.

"Skull" and "skull" are really one word in origin, and both at various times have been spelled capriciously with a "c" or a "k." Peppy, the diarist, tells how he went on the Thames at one time "in a scull," at another in a "skuller." The origin of the word is "skulle" or "sculle," a bowl or goblet. While the cranium was obviously bowl-like in shape, a distant resemblance to a bowl was also detected in the scooped-out blade of a "scull" as opposed to the flat blade of an oar proper.

Unnecessary.

"Now, Tommy," said the boy's mother, giving him final instructions, "you must remember how to behave at the party. If you're asked to have something and you want it you must say 'Yes, thank you,' and if you don't want it you must say '—' "You needn't bother about that part of it, ma," interrupted Tommy.

Unnecessary.

"The maneuvering mamma" is practically extinct. The modern daughter has an almost free hand in making her love transactions. The mere love marriage, which was so disturbing a thought to the mother of even twenty years ago, is seldom heard of in May-fair in these altered circumstances, says the London Graphic.

Unworthy of Remembrance.

My dear friend I beg you to lend me 6,000 francs. Then forget me forever. I am not worthy to be remembered.—From a Letter Found by Paris Figaro.

Course.

"Does your boy Josh take after you?" "Some," answered Farmer Cornucopius. "He doesn't like work any more than I do. The only difference is that he has the courage of his convictions."—Washington Star.

An Economical Place.

Short—I say, old man, will you lend me \$5 for an hour? Long No. Go and sit in the park for an hour, then you won't need it.—Chicago News.

Talking Behind Her Back.

"Don't you know, dear," said his wife sweetly, "that it is wrong to talk behind a person's back?" He was trying to button her waist at the time, and really there seemed to be provocation for his remarks.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Broken English.

Teacher—What are the parts of speech? Tommy Tucker—It's it when a man stutters.—Chicago Tribune.

A Lofly Mind.

A lofty mind always thinks nobly. It naturally creates vivid, agreeable and natural fancies and places them in their best light, clothes them with all appropriate adornments, studies others' tastes and clears away from its own thoughts all that is useless and disagreeable.—Rochestercauld.

Judiciously Revised.

Never hit a man when he is up.—Dallas Morning News.