NO APPLE TAVERN.

Name Title Given to a Hotel in New York by the Through Its Owner's Wrath.

It is doubtful if there is any commercial traveling man running between Chicago and New York who has not heard of the "Red Apple tavern," of Erie, but it is equally doubtful if more than one traveling man in a hundred knows how it got the name. Before it was given its second baptism the hotel was known as the Reed House. Old Colonel Ellsworth was the proprietor, and though a good hearted man when you caught him right, his penchant for fixed off as a tangent frequently precluded a possibility of any one getting a word in edgewise. His ranting at such times would have given old Parson painters, while the independence he manifested Thomas Jefferson could have equaled.

Why, while in such trances, aberrations or whatever you prefer to call them, he would become so distended with his confidence in his ability to run the hotel himself as to feel warranted in discharging the entire bell boy, porter, clerk and other employes in the office. It was just after he had, during one of these spells, swept the office force of assistance that John Sylan, the driver, arrived in the city and put up at the hotel. The weather was straight from Tophet and Sylan wanted a room on the top floor where the air at night was fresh and pure. So the old colonel was compelled to pull himself up five long pairs of stairs—there was no elevator in the house—show Sylan his room. Then he stumbled down.

Sylan divested himself of his coat, vest and collar, plunged his hands into the water and reached for the soap. There was none, so he punched the annunciator. By the time the colonel down to the office had just recovered his breath, lost in his descent and descent, and felt in anything but a mood for promptly responding to the call. So Sylan, after waiting a reasonable time, punched again, and then again, until, after getting into a perspiration with the exercise, the landlord, mad as a wet hen, appeared:

"What are you making all this noise about?" he queried.

"I want some soap," said Sylan, rather astonished at the asperity of his host.

"Well, there ain't no use in making such a row about a piece of soap," says the colonel. A hot argument followed, ending in the colonel fetching the soap. By the time he had once more reached the office door Sylan had finished washing, only to discover that there was no towel in the room. Then he thumped the bell again and again, the old man appearing after a delay longer than the first. He was madder too. He fairly mutined with rage. Of course another red hot argument followed, and then the colonel fetched a towel. By the time Sylan had finished his toilet the incident had softened into an amusing reminiscence. But not so with the colonel. When Sylan appeared, opened up on him in the most vigorous fashion.

When Sylan recovered from his amazement he walked up to the colonel and vowed that he had a mind to whack the hotel out of him, and would do so but for his gray hairs. This ended the argument, and Sylan went out, related the affair to his acquaintances, and invited them around to see it break out afresh upon his return to the hotel. They did so, and when, upon Sylan's entering the corridor, they saw the colonel reach under his desk, and, putting his hand behind his back, approach his guest, they smiled in anticipation of the jolliest kind of a row. Their hopes were dashed, however, for instead of a bludgeon or a revolver they saw in the colonel's hand as he brought it before him and extended it to Sylan a large red apple. Sylan was more astonished than had the colonel hit him. But there was no mistaking the smile of repentance and remorse on the colonel's face, so he took the peace offering, and with the assistance of his acquaintances rechristened the hotel there and then the "Red Apple tavern."—Chicago Hotel Reporter.

A Pony's Grief.

I had a pair of ponies, bought by me almost as colts, and never separated for an hour for seven years. One of them, Ali, died. During his illness the cow, wonder and efforts to rouse him of his stable companion were touching to behold. They were both loose in a very large box, where they habitually lived together, and the one in health, Odo, was constantly whinnying over his sick friend, licking him, and trying to induce him to eat hay, which he brought to him in his teeth.

When Ali was really dead, and responded to his caresses no more, Odo's grief was poignant and piteous. It lasted longer than most brothers would evince. Five months have gone by, but he has not forgotten. When I take him his sugar he neighs wistfully, and looks about for his dead comrade. This is not fiction; it is plain fact. It is pure mental pain, pain of the affections and regret. He wants his friend, not material, but he mourns his lost friend.—Guida in Animals' Guardian.

The Asteroids.

The asteroids, which are sometimes called planetoids also, are small planets which move around the sun in the space between the orbit of Mars and that of Jupiter. A new asteroid is discovered every few months, so that no body except a professional astronomer can "keep track" of their number. So far as we can recollect, the latest one found is numbered 201. The largest of the asteroids—Vesta—is only about 320 miles in diameter. Mercury, the smallest of the planets, has a diameter about ten times as great as this.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Merion boy has plenty of play, though he cares little for hoops or balls, tops, kites or marbles. Unless he is unusually poor he has a horse and saddle of his own, especially if he lives in the country; and no matter how poor he may be, he has a donkey, or can borrow one in five minutes.

AFRICAN HAIR DRESSING.

The Queer Ways That Some Lady Macoupins Do Fix Their Dark Hair.

A finished wanderer, such as befits the climate, may in a brief manner be stated as the general characteristic of African dress. What little they wear is, however, in many cases peculiar enough to merit a few words, and is sometimes considered with an extraordinary fervor for improving on nature by disturbing their otherwise not particularly handsome countenances. Among the Mangunjas, for example, it is the head upon which the greatest elaboration is bestowed.

The most favorite form of dressing the hair is to take a couple of pieces of wet, pliable bile and shape them into the form of an ox buffalo horns, after which they are allowed to dry. They are then fastened to each side of the forehead and the hair trained over them and plastered into position by means of grease and clay. Two horns are the favorite ornament, but sometimes only one is used; in the latter case the wearer looks like a black lineal unicorn.

Others vary this style of hair dressing by twisting up a number of locks all over the head into the shape of miniature horns, so as to cause a porcupine-like appearance in the director of this extraordinary style of headdress. Pigtails, so far as their short "wool" will allow, are also in vogue among some of this tribe. The women, as might be expected, are also by no means without fastidiousness in dress and ornamenting their hair. Here this is quite overshadowed by another effort at beautifying in which they excel, namely, in wearing the "pelele" or ring of ivory, metal or bamboo, which is of considerable size, in their upper lip, the orifice for its reception being gradually enlarged from early girlhood until it can receive the full sized ring, which, among the Mangunja belles, constitutes the acme of female loveliness made perfect.

The wearing of this hideous ornament alters the whole appearance of the face and renders it impossible for the women to pronounce the labial letters. Hence a woman in this tribe speaks differently from the men. Some of the women even tattoo, but owing to the darkness of their skin the mode of decoration cannot get shown to advantage and is not very popular. It is not pleasant to record of a nation so fond of dress that they seemed to be entirely unconscious that in civilized eyes cleanliness is a virtue which ranks even higher than tattooing.—People of the World.

"Arabs as Guides.

It is not a little singular that the Arabs of the desert are far inferior to the natives of America in the family of finding their way through woods or over plains. They are apt to be near sighted at the best, and often have the additional misfortune of diseased eyes. In her account of the "Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates" Lady Blunt speaks of this incapacity of Arab guides.

We were no sooner out of the wady and on the tableland again than we found ourselves in a thick fog, which would have obliged us to stop if we had been without a compass. By the compass we determined the direction, and then kept to it by the wind, which blew from behind upon our right ears.

It is curious how little faculty the Arabs have of finding their way. Their course seems to be directed entirely by what I believe sailors call "rule of thumb." Once out of their own district they are incapable of pursuing a straight line by the sun, or the wind, or by any natural instinct. They travel from landmark to landmark, and almost always in a zigzag, which costs them many a mile.

Turning a Suicide to Account.

"If you don't consent I'll kill myself tonight," he said recklessly.

The fair girl shuddered. "Wait a week—three days before taking the step."

"I will," he answered, for in this request he saw more than a sign of hope.

"Because, you know," she continued, "I have a friend who makes life insurance deals, and I feel you love me too well to refuse to allow him at my request to make a little something out of your dispossing of yourself."—Philadelphia Times.

One of Many.

There drifted into Chicago the other day a man of unusual ability, although no stranger would have suspected it. His garments were ragged and soiled, his hair was full of hog and agricultural products, for he had lately been sleeping in barns, and his stomach was a dreary void, but he was cheerful and not at all discouraged. He discoursed freely in five languages, is an artist, musician and writer of power. He has had many good situations, but never for long. So soon as he has drawn a week's wages he is inclined to exclaim with Monte Cristo, "The world is mine," and work becomes onerous to him. He loves to talk of a mythical fight; at the high priced restaurants he orders pricey viands, and slumbers at night in the finest couch in town.

This goes on until the money is exhausted, and then he goes to the railroad yards, travels mostly along from die to die in the direction of some other city. He is waxing older every day; there are gray hairs on his head, and his joints creak when he rises in the morning. Soon, full soon, his blood will be thin and his back bent, and some fine day his carcass will be gathered up from some frame corner and deposited in a potter grave, and the records will tell in one line the story of a good life thrown away. He is only one in a long procession of able youths who are jogging merrily along the same thoroughfare.—Chicago Globe.

Pity and Punishment.

A curious custom was observed by an earnest and determined Richmond mother in ending a brood of six boys, whom a dying husband had left to her care and whom she raised to honorable manhood on a mixed diet of prayer and flogging.

She was an exceedingly pious woman, and so strict a member of the Presbyterian church that Dr. Breckenridge or some other observant preacher called her the "she elder." When the boys went caught in some ugly scrape requiring her attention she would look them up in the attic in the old northern house, where they lived, and just before night the "old lady" would invite her apprentices, armed with Bible, hymn book and a bunch of tough switches.

She proceeded to read a chapter from the Bible; this was followed by the singing of a hymn, and then a long prayer suitable to the occasion, and then would begin the "business meeting." The whipping was proportioned to the "old lady's" state of color and to the offenses charged, but always severe and to the extent of the durability of the rods employed.—Lexington (Ky.) Gazette.

One Man Likes Whistling Boys.

If ever in the course of human events heaven blesses me with an heir of the small boy class I shall teach him to whistle early. In his young career and encourage him to warble merrily away throughout the sunshine and the shade of youth and age. I never see a youngster with his hands shoved down in his pants pockets, his head thrown back, his cheeks swelled out like a pair of bellows and his puckered lips piping a jolly tune, that I don't say that boy down as an innocent hearted lad who wouldn't do anything more harmful than rob a watermelon patch or such. He wouldn't tell a malicious lie or do a cruelly wicked.

These are the works of the sly youngster with the averted eye and the soft tread, who is afraid to whistle lest he make a noise and attract attention. The whistling boy never makes the footpad or the cutthroat, though he may never be president. I can't help having my suspicions about a man who never learned to whistle in his youth. In nine cases out of ten he has a falsetto voice and a bad digestion, and his ideas on many points of morality are questionable.—Louisville Post.

Book Carriage.

A contrivance called a book carriage and protector is intended for use in the library and in the ordinary bookcase. As a rule the lower edges and corners of the binding of books are worn by being drawn across the shelf. The body or leaves of the book also settle down on the shelf level with the binding, thereby pulling forward and bending the backs, and eventually disfiguring the book. Thus when books are constantly in use rebinding is often necessary and constitutes quite an item of expense. The book carriage is devised to obviate all this trouble, and is constructed of wood, and of various sizes, so as to hold different sizes of books.

The bottom of the carriage is provided with rollers to facilitate the pulling out of a book, and is so shaped that the edge of the binding rests upon the carriage. An upper layer of wood holds up the body or leaves of the book. When a book is needed the back in front is grasped, a pull given and the carriage with a book thereon is at hand. Considerable shelf space may be saved by the device, as a small space between the top of the book and the bottom of the shelf will suffice.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Finger Nail Sixteen Feet Long.

The question of whether Chinese finger nails will come into general use as articles of jewelry is one which interests shell and precious stone dealers. The Chinese judge their gentlemen as Americans do their fellows—by their long finger nails. A reporter has seen among the heirlooms of a heavy weight merchant in Chinatown a nail which attained the great length of thirteen inches, and the Chinaman's grandfather was reported by the merchant to have raised one sixteen inches long on the index finger of his left hand. The merchant at that time said there was nothing wonderful about that, as he knew a Chinese priest who had a nail on the little finger of his left hand which was sixteen feet and some inches in length, and the priest was then but 68 years of age.—San Francisco Letter.

A Pleasant Forgiveness.

Mamma—Mary me! Don't take so much candy.

Little Tot—But you said I would have some candy for taking that medicine.

"Of course, but so much will make you sick again."

"Well, then, I can take some more medicine and have some more candy, can't I?—Good News.

Origin of the Name America.

The origin of the name "America" has recently been discussed by the Geographical Society of Berlin. Some held that it comes from a range of mountains in Central America called by the native Americ, and that Vespucci was not called Amerigo, as it is not a name in the saint calendar of Italy. They asserted that he changed his name from Alberigo to Amerigo after the latter was coming into use as a name for the western world. Signor Gerli, however, has proven that Alberigo is the Florentine language is identical with Amerigo, and a letter of Vespucci, dated 1500, found recently in the archives of the Duke of Gonzaga at Mantua, shows that he sometimes subscribed himself Amerigo. Moreover the natives call the mountains Amerique, not Amerique, so that the question may be considered settled in favor of the personal name.—Exchange.

One Letter Wrong.

A transposition of letters in the same word sometimes produces the most ludicrous results. In "The Still Hour," which was written by Professor Phelps, is the line, "The stillness of the hour is the stillness of a dead calm at sea." A large number was printed and disposed of before it was discovered that "hour" had been printed for "calm."—Providence Journal.

CAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IS THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

IT IS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT HAS BEEN RECOMMENDED OVER THIRTY YEARS BY PHYSICIANS. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTION AND IMITATIONS.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, on the 6th day of February, 1891, in the matter of the estate of Hans Christian Jensen, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, subject to confirmation of said court, on the 23rd day of April, 1891, at 12 o'clock, at the law office of Smith & Hoyt, in the Constitution Building, in said county, in the city and county of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, all the right, title and interest of said deceased at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest which the said estate has to possess by reason of said deceased, or by operation of law or otherwise, acquired by said deceased in and to the following described real estate, situate in said county of Salt Lake, to wit: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,