













TELLS GOOD STORIES.

The Cause of Congressman Allen's Great Popularity.

Whenever He Opens His Mouth His Colleagues Expect to Hear Something of His Idea of Late Financial Legislation.

[Special Washington Letter.] Congressman John Allen, of the First Mississippi district, is regarded as one of the brightest, wittiest and most entertaining orators in the house of representatives.



"TELL HIM TO DRAW ON ME."

Mr. Allen has a large stock of fresh stories on hand and he always takes great pleasure in entertaining his listeners by telling them. While they are convulsed with laughter, his face is as calm and serene as the countenance of a philosopher or professor of theology.

While the house, during its last session, had under consideration what was known as the seigniorage bill, Mr. Allen spoke in favor of that measure, but digressed to make a few remarks concerning a speech which Abraham S. Hewitt, of New York, had delivered at a banquet, in the course of which Mr. Hewitt had severely criticized the people of the south.

This bright saying elicited applause and laughter, which continued for some little time. Mr. Allen then referred to a speech which had been made in Baltimore by Congressman Patterson, of Tennessee, in reply to ex-Mayor Hewitt, in which Col. Patterson had made a number of very intemperate and heated assertions.

"Being aware of the influence surrounding a banquet, if I did not know of the abstemious habits of my friend from Tennessee, I would have thought on reading his speech that he had gotten somewhat under the influence that affected another Tennesseean that a traveling man told me about meeting once in Tennessee.

This traveling man was sitting on a counter talking to a merchant about selling him goods; he and the merchant got into a general conversation, and among other things he said to the merchant: 'I used to sell these goods down in Kaufman county, Tex.'

"At this, a seedy, ragged, hard-looking fellow who was sitting on the same counter, said: 'My friend, did you say you had lived in Kaufman county, Tex?'"

"Yes, sir." "Did you ever know a man out there by the name of John F. Williams?"

"Oh, yes; I used to sell John goods." "Well, sir, he is my brother." "Ah! I am glad to meet you."

companions, one feels by the time the speaking begins like telling the rest of the world to draw on him. Therefore, I, on my own motion, would never quote a banquet speech on anybody because I do not think it is exactly the fair thing."

Another good story is told by the witty Mississippi statesman. He was elected to the Fiftieth congress by a slim majority over his opponent, and it was with much difficulty that he captured the election and maintained his seat in the house.

During the first session of the Fiftieth congress Mr. Allen concluded that he would spend the Christmas holidays at Tupelo. Several days after he had been home while walking about the house he sprained his ankle. One day when he was hobbling about the streets of the town helping himself along with the aid of a cane he was met by an old maid, a friend of the family, who seemed very anxious about his welfare and inquired of him why he was limping about in that way.

"Oh!" replied Allen, "I got lame running for congress at the last election." During the extra session of the recent congress which was called by President Cleveland for the purpose of repealing the Sherman silver purchasing act, Congressman Allen made a strong speech on the monetary question. In conclusion he said that the condition of the country under existing legislation and the proposed bill reminded him of the story told of the farmer who went away for a visit and took his family with him to see his relatives in the city.

"The affairs of the farm," said he, "were left in the hand of their trusty overseer, Uncle Eben, who was charged particularly by the farmer on his departure that Uncle Eben must let him hear often as to how things were going. Daily letters were sent telling how prosperous the crops were and one day Uncle Eben wrote as follows: 'Everything is all fine as usual. The horse, Frank, has been sick with the glanders. I gave him the medicine as directed and he is now well of the disease, but he is dying of the remedy.'"

Mr. Allen said that that was the precise condition in which the country was lingering. It had recovered from the results of the operation of the Sherman law, but was suffering from the remedy which was being given by the legislators in the house.

At a banquet of the Gridiron club one evening speaking to the toast "Our Flag," Mr. Allen said: "When I was a boy our flag was different from the flag under which I now loyally live. It was a confederate flag, and I was a young confederate soldier. It was conceded by everybody in the rebel armies that I was the bravest private soldier in the ranks. On one occasion when a battle was raging, I charged a whole regiment of Yankees and was mowing them"

down with my saber just as Samson once mowed down the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. I had them piled knee deep around me when Gen. Lee rode up to me in person and said: 'For Heaven's sake, John, stay your arm. Do not turn back now, for you are such a horrible butchery.' I never qualified before anybody in my life, but out of respect to Gen. Lee I desisted and the battle went on."

"At the battle of Missionary Ridge I was on the skirmish line with Bill Jones, who had always been the bully of the crowd of boys at school. But Bill got scared that day. The Yankees kept crawling closer and closer to us, and the bullets came very fast and thick, so Bill and I laid down behind a half dozen rails which we tore out of a fence. Bill said that I was not a man of family and asked me to lift my head over the fence and see how close the Yankees were getting. I replied: 'I ain't got no family yet, Bill, but I have hopes; and I'll keep my head close to the ground.' Just then the Yankees sent a big shower of bullets over us and into those rails when a brown thrush in a tall tree above began to sing. Bill was trembling with excitement and fear, and while lying on his back, he looked up at the brown thrush, and with a quivering voice, said: 'Oh, birdie, birdie. If I had your wings I would not stay here and sing while the Yankees are shooting so hard.' You can see that Bill was something of a coward, but I never got scared at bullets or cannon balls, or anything else during the war."

Three Days in a Cave. The sensations of a man lost in a cave are indescribable. Two young men in Tennessee recently found a cave in Lookout mountain and started to explore it. The cave was a disappointment, nothing but narrow passages, and after going some five miles they started to return, when their candles went out, evidently on account of some noxious gas. Then an anxious search revealed the horrible fact that they had used all their matches. They had blazed their way from the entrance with chalk-marks, but in the dark these were useless as a guide, and there was nothing to do but wait, in the hope that they would be missed and searched for. Three days and nights they waited, and when rescued they were in an almost idiotic state of mind from cold, hunger and fear.

Not Equal to It. "You haven't read my last poem, have you?" "No; I'm too weak yet. Wait till I recover."—Atlanta Constitution.

What He Wanted. Mrs. Brooks—Count Tedout is furious against his wife—Miss Gottrow—persecutes her dreadfully everywhere she goes. Mr. Rivers (in surprise)—Why, she secured her direct divorce all right. Mrs. Brooks—Yes, but he wants all my money.—Puck.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Breakfast Potatoes.—Cook thin slices of peeled potatoes in so little salted water that it will be evaporated when the potatoes are done, add pepper, butter, a little sweet cream and more salt if necessary. Serve hot.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Bread-Crumb Cakes.—Make a nice and delicate breakfast dish. The crumbs should be rolled fine and well soaked in warm milk. When soft, mix into a batter by the addition of flour, more milk and one or two beaten eggs. Add salt and baking powder, beat thoroughly, bake brown and serve with maple syrup.—Country Gentleman.

—Cottage Pudding.—Beat together well, two eggs and one-half cupful of sugar. Add three tablespoonfuls of soft butter, and beat again. Add one cupful of milk, alternating with two cupfuls of flour, into which has been mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a round or square tin pan. Serve with egg sauce or strawberry sauce.—Good Housekeeping.

—Stair Carpets.—Slips of paper should always be placed over the edges of the stairs under the carpet. This will diminish the friction between the carpet and the boards beneath it. The strips should be in length within an inch or two of the width of the carpet, and four or five inches in breadth. This simple expedient will preserve the carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips.—Leeds Mercury.

—Lemon Cake.—Four cups of flour, five eggs, three cups sugar, one cup of butter, one of milk, one teaspoonful soda, the peel and juice of two lemons. Mix the sugar and butter, grate the lemons and squeeze the juice on the sugar. Add the eggs, then the flour and milk, first one, then the other, putting in slowly. Dissolve the soda in the milk. Use the same sized cup in measuring.—Mrs. Homer Foot, in Home.

—Pudding Sauce.—One pint of water made into a smooth starch with a heaping tablespoon flour. Cook ten minutes, strain if necessary, sweeten to taste, and pour on it one tablespoon butter and juice of a lemon or other flavoring. If lemon is not used, add one tablespoon vinegar. This can be made richer by using more butter and sugar; stir them to a cream with the flouring, then add the starch.—Prairie Farmer.

—Halibut.—Cut very fine two pounds of uncooked halibut; put it in a bowl and pound with a wooden masher, adding gradually the unbeaten whites of three eggs, and then one gill of cream, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, ready-made smoking hot oil. Dip each quenelle in beaten egg and drop it in the hot oil. When it is of a nice brown, remove, place on a paper to drain, then serve. Each must be taken from the beaten egg and dropped carefully at once into the oil.—Western Rural.

—Creamed Codfish.—Remove the bones and skin and flake a cupful of the fish. Put it into a sauce-pan, cover with cold water and set it on the back of the stove where it will keep warm, but not boiling, till softened. If very salt the water will have to be changed, covering it the second time with warm water. Drain thoroughly in a sieve. Put a generous tablespoonful of butter into a sauce-pan, when melted add one tablespoonful of flour, stir till smooth, but not brown, gradually add one cup of rich milk, stir till smooth, then add the fish; let it heat thoroughly and then add the well-beaten yolks of three or four eggs. Let it cook till it thickens, stirring constantly.—Boston Budget.

THE STORY OF A CLIPPER.

She Sailed Like a Witch and Engaged in More Trades Than One. A young Swede came to this country in 1851 with some money and the intention of building a craft to be fitted up for passengers to the world's fair in London. For this purpose he located himself at Portsmouth, contracted with ship builders who had ship yards at Elliot, just opposite Portsmouth, for a ship of about a thousand tons, with extensive cabin arrangements for passengers. The model of a ship was that of an extreme clipper. When nearly completed the projector fell short of money. Masts, spars and sails had all been contracted for, and were in a state of forwardness. The mechanics concluded to complete the ship, and put her in the hands of Gov. Goodwin, of Portsmouth, for sale, each contractor to take his pro rata of his contract.

When completed, the ship, under mechanics' lien, was transferred to the governor, brought to Boston, purchased by Sampson & Tappan, named the Nightingale, and under the command of a Captain Dumaesque sailed for Australia with a cargo valued at \$125,000. From there she proceeded to China, where she took the highest freight of the season, \$5 per ton for London. To test her merits, Messrs. Sampson & Tappan, published in the London Times a challenge to the British merchant fleet to race from the Downs to China and back for \$40,000, a distance of nearly 30,000 miles. But no one could be found to accept the challenge. She was afterwards sold to a Salem house, who sent her to Rio Janeiro, where she was sold and sent to the coast of Africa as a slaver, was captured by a United States cruiser, the slaves liberated and the vessel sent home. She was subsequently used by the government during the war, and after the close of the war, was sold and put in the California trade. The Nightingale made the shortest known run from the equator to Melbourne, 25 days, her whole passage from New York was 68 days.—Proceedings of Boston Society.

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