

## MORE ABOUT CHRIS PAGE.

An Anecdote Which Fully Supplements Last Week's Story.

"It was not my privilege to be a pupil of the famous Chris Page, the fighting schoolmaster," said a state of Maine man, but I saw him display his qualities once under circumstances that caused me to remember him gratefully. It happened several years after the war that my business took me into northern Maine, and I was stopping for the night at a country hotel situated on a leading route to the lumber woods. It was in the autumn, and after supper I sat down in the office to enjoy the blazing open fire. The prohibition law seemed not to have reached that remote district, for there was a bar in full operation in a side room. A half dozen rough men, who appeared to be lumbermen on their way into the woods, were in the office, and their frequent visits to the bar had made them boisterous. They had considerable horseplay among themselves, but, for the most part, were civil enough to other guests of the house. There was one exception, a big, muscular fellow wearing a red shirt, who was out for trouble and meant to be bad. Seated quietly in a corner by the fire was a tall, lanky man, dressed in ministerial black, with a quizzical, smooth-shaven face, who occasionally exchanged a remark with the landlord.

"A dapper little drummer travelling for a Boston house arrived late, with his wife, and after supper the two went into the parlor, which opened upon the office, to wait while the landlord got their room ready for them. The red-shirted man was talking profanely and so loud that his voice reached the parlor, and the husband closed the door between them. Immediately the big fellow kicked the door open and threatened to annihilate the small drummer if he ventured to close it again. At this point I noticed that the tall man in the chimney corner was looking glum, but he said nothing. As soon as possible the little drummer got his wife out of the room into the hallway, and they were passing up stairs, when the big fellow, catching sight of them, made a remark insulting to both and started towards the husband. He had made but a step when up got the tall man. "Stop there, my friend!" he said in a tone drawing but full of business. "Don't go any further or say another word in that lady's hearing."

"The big fellow turned in astonishment, then doubled his fists and ground his teeth.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Do you want anything of me?"

"He took a step toward the tall man, and in an instant he caught a straight right-hander in the neck that sent him down on the floor. But he was hard, and meant fight. He got upon his feet, and made a rush for his antagonist, and for a few minutes there was a fight so lively that the two men seemed to fill the office. I climbed upon the wood box, and the other spectator got behind the counter or dodged about. But it was soon evident that the man in the red shirt was getting all the punishment. As the two fought rough and tumble, the tall man was so lithe and clever that his heavier opponent could not land a blow on him or force him to a clinch but was hammered all over the room. There were some attempts made to separate them, but one peacemaker went down in a heap, owing to a tap on the jaw from the tall man's elbow, and the landlord, crying peace, was sent smashing through the door into his own parlor, and brought up on the floor in the middle of the room, where he sat still and waited.

"The fight ended by Red Shirt getting jammed in a corner, where he held his head down and devoted all his efforts to saving his face. The tall man hit him two or three times where he pleased, and then asked: "Will you fight?"

"Do you think you'll insult the next lady and gentleman that happen to come to a hotel where you are disgracing yourself?"

"There was no answer, and the tall man gave him a thumping blow in the face. "You think you will, then?" he said. Thump, thump, came two more blows.

"I'll be—!" I ever do," roared the fellow, with a suddenness and sincerity that were funny.

"Those are sentiments I approve," said the tall man. "How do you think you'd like a drink after your exercise? Come up, all hands, to the bar and drink with Chris Page to the future well doing of a reformed sinner."

"The devil!" muttered the big man, as he mopped his nose and blinked ruefully out of a pair of swollen eyes. "You licked my brother once. Why didn't you say who you were in the first place and save us two all this trouble?"

## Magnetism in Man.

Every watchmaker knows that the human frame is an excellent magnet. A man will carry a watch for years, and be proud of its accuracy; then he will fall ill, the watch will lie on the mantelpiece or on the chest of drawers, and will develop great inaccuracy and unreliability. The only explanation given is that the absence of magnetism upsets the time-keeper, and the best proof of this is that when the man recovers and takes his watch it soon gets right again. No two men appear to have the same magnetism in their frames, and it is seldom that two can use the same watch satisfactorily.

## Preparing Beef Extracts.

If beef extracts are put into hot water instead of being brought to a boil with the water, it will very much lessen the disagreeable odor that attaches to these extracts.

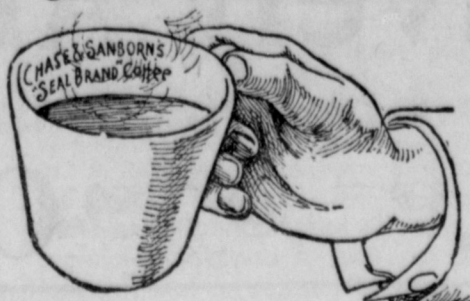
Nature dreads death, yet man by his disregard of the laws of health, courts its coming. A course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will speedily overcome the evil effects arising from an abuse of nature's laws.

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## A CLOWN FOR FIVE MINUTES.

He Made a Big "Hit" With Audience and Manager, and It Cost Him \$800.

There sat in a fashionable restaurant one night recently a man of iron gray hair and dignified bearing, who, if appearances could be relied upon, had never in his life done anything ridiculous. He was so dignified that he was almost stately. Portly, pink of complexion and erect, he was a picture of the gentleman of ease. And yet this man at one period in his life was a clown in the circus. Twenty-five years ago he lived in Norfolk. His father, a wealthy Virginian, owned a steamboat and steamboat line. When it had closed its business there it engaged a steamboat to take it farther south. The boat stopped at several places, but everywhere, as they would say now, the show was a "frost." When the end of the water route was reached the circus owed the boat \$800 and had not a dollar to pay. On the boat, to look after the interests of the steamship company, was the son of the owner of the line. He telegraphed to his father, explaining the situation.

"Let the circus go on," was the answer, "but go with it. Collect on account whenever you can."

So the young man—the same who, 25 years later, made so good an appearance in a fashionable New York restaurant—became a stroller with a circus. He was with it to make a collection on account, but there was nothing to collect. Business got worse; everybody, even the would-be collector, went broke, and still the circus wandered on.

The young Virginian, who was at first regarded as a persecuting demon, to make himself less objectionable to the circus people began to offer his services in various ways. He collected tickets, sold them and made himself generally agreeable. One evening in a little town "way down south in Dixie" a clown fell ill. It was necessary to have two clowns, for one said all his funny things to a second. A circus without a clown is worse than "Hamlet" with the sweet prince eliminated, and so the manager went to the young Virginian.

"You'll have to be second clown to-night," he said. "There will be nothing for you to do. We'll paint you, chalk you and make you up."

So second clown the son of Norfolk prepared to be.

The two clowns were accustomed to make their entrance by turning a double somersault off a springboard, landing in the ring. When the time came on that evening, the Virginian made a sudden resolve. In his boyhood he had turned hand-springs and somersaults. He would try it again. The first clown—the real article—made his entrance in approved style. Then came the substitute. He ran out boldly on the board and sprang. He was shot high into the air, thrown over and over, and came down with a terrific thud flat on his back. Slowly he arose, staggering weakly around the ring, on his face that look of comical agony which a man wears, who has had the wind knocked out of him. He was greeted with a storm of applause. The spectators thought that that was his part—that he was a trick clown. They shouted, clapped their hands and howled with delight. Painfully bowing, he staggered out of the ring and then threw himself to the ground, gasping for get back his breath. Outside, in the ring, the crowd was roaring for him to appear again. The ringmaster came to him.

"They're crazy over you," he said. "You'll have to do that again for them."

"Heavens!" groaned the new clown, clasping his stomach. "Do that again? See here, you owe us \$800. Let me off from doing that again, and we'll call it square."

Glory All Around.

Uncle Gideon Goodwin fifty years ago was one of the "characters" of the town. At that time the methodists tried to gather at the houses to hold their prayer meetings, and as Gideon was a devout worshipper of that creed he was a regular attendant. One night the meeting was held at the house of Harlow Harden, and Gideon was there. In those days excitement ran high, and just as the enthusiasm of the assemblage was wrought to the highest pitch "Uncle Harden," as he was always called, arose to his feet and lifting up his hands, shouted, in a voice full of fervor: "Glory to Gideon!"

Hardly had the chorus of amens, which the utterance called forth, died away, when Goodwin, who thought that the praise was meant for him, and was bound to return the compliment, jumped up and said: "Glory to you, too, Uncle Harden."

"Wants 'em Bad."

A little story is told in the Life of General Houston, the American Confederate general, which illustrates the familiar way in which military orders were expressed sometimes during the Civil War. In a certain battle a Confederate commander stood upon a hill-top gloomily watching the Union battery, which was making havoc of his troops. At the foot of the hill, on the other side, was his last body of reserves; by his side stood his aide-de-camp, in shirt-sleeves.

"Tom," said the general, quietly, without turning his head, but his lips quivering. "I want them guns—want 'em bad."

The aide nodded, turned his horse, and dashed down hill to the reserve.

"Boys," he shouted, jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards the hill-top, "there's a poor old gent up there, and he says he wants them guns—wants 'em bad. Shall we get 'em for him?"

The "poor old gent" got the guns and the victory.

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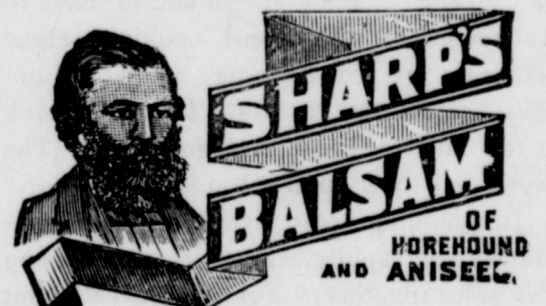
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## USING UP DEAD HORSES.

Every Part of the Animal is Made Into Some Useful Article.

In France when a horse reaches the age of from twenty to thirty it is destined for a chemical factory; it is first relieved of its hair, which is used to stuff cushions and saddles; then it is skinned, and the hoofs serve to make combs.

Next the carcass is placed in a cylinder and cooked by steam at a pressure of three atmospheres; a cock is opened which lets the steam run off; then the remains are cut up, the leg bones are sold to make knife handles, and the coarser—the ribs and the head—are made into animal black and glue.

The first are calcined in cylinders, and the vapors when condensed, form the chief source of carbonate of ammonia, which constitutes the base of nearly all the ammoniacal salts.

There is an animal oil yielded, which makes a capital insecticide and a vermifuge.

The bones, to make glue, are dissolved in muriatic acid, which takes the phosphate the lime away; the soft element, retaining the shape of the bone, is dissolved in boiling water, cast into squares and dried on nets.

The phosphate of lime, acted upon by sulphuric acid and calcined with carbon, produces phosphorus for our lucifer matches.

The remaining flesh is distilled to obtain the carbonate of ammonia; the resulting mass is pounded up with potash, then mixed with old nails and iron of every description; the whole is calcined, and yields magnificent yellow crystals—prussiate of potash, with which tissues are dyed and Prussian blue and iron transformed into steel; it also forms cyanide of potassium and prussic acid, the two most terrible poisons known in chemistry.

## A Roland for Her Oliver.

A merchant having lost his only child decided to give up his country residence and to live in apartments in town for a time. With this object in view he commenced to look round for suitable rooms. These he found at a house where, according to the landlady, children were strongly objected to. Having settled all the details with the woman, he mentioned a date on which they would arrive, and left. On the day in question a cab, the most noticeable thing about which was a mail-cart perched on top, pulled up at the door of the house in question. Jumping from the cab the gentleman ran up to the front door, intending to apprise the inmates of their arrival. This proved unnecessary, for the landlady, angry and red-faced met him at the door with a demand to know why he had brought children when she had expressly stated her objection.

"But my dear woman," calmly replied he, "whatever makes you think that I have any children?"

"People don't usually have mail-carts if they haven't a family!" replied the woman, whose rage was rapidly getting the best of her.

"Ah! no," replied the merchant, who now perceived that they had very nearly landed themselves into the home of a virgin; "neither do they; but never mind; that mail-cart I am going to present to one of my nephews; and as I only came to say that I did not intend to occupy your rooms, that cannot matter."

"Why not; why are you not going to do as you agreed?" inquired the woman, who now saw plainly that she had made a mistake.

"Because," replied the man as he proceeded to move off; "I see you have a pipe-rack in the hall, and I could not allow my wife to associate with a woman who smokes. Good morning!"

## Couldn't Afford It.

Paul Lacroix, a French writer and bibliophile, was at one time seriously out of health, and took refuge in Italy. He had lodgings in Rome, when one day, the proprietor of the house mounted the stairs, rapped at the door, and came in. Lacroix was just then in a coughing paroxysm.

"Signor," began the householder, "who is responsible for you?"

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished Frenchman.

"If you should die, who would pay the expenses?"

"I hope not to die yet a while," answered Lacroix; "besides, I am not very ambitious. A modest burial would suit me."

"But who will pay me?"

"Why, man, I pay you myself every week."

"No, no. I am speaking of this bed, this arm-chair, this table, this carpet—everything in the chamber. Everything will have to be burned after the death of a consumptive."

"My dear sir," said Lacroix, "I am not rich enough to die in Rome; I will go to Naples."

The next day, indeed, he set out for Southern Italy. But he lived for many years to tell the story of his banishment from the Holy City.

## Delicate Criticism.

A lady performer at the Grand Opera, Paris, who is very beautiful, but an indifferent singer, and consequently affords a greater treat to the eyes than to the ears of the public, received one morning a splendid bouquet from a frequenter of the opera, who always occupied a front seat in one of the boxes near the stage, and who had often given her unmistakable signs of his disple