

BOSTON HAS A HOLIDAY.

THE PEOPLE TURN OUT ENMASSE TO SEE THE ELEPHANT.

Huntingdon Avenue is where the big show is encamped—Shooting, the Chutes & New Amusement—Excitement Over the St. Louis Convention.

BOSTON, June 16.—This is a pretty big city until the circus comes to town, and then it is as provincial as a country village. Barnum is here this week, and Huntingdon avenue near the park is like a big fair ground.

The circus this year is bigger and grander than ever, but it is as a whole the same old institution—peanuts, lemonade and all.

The parade was billed to make its appearance yesterday, but the morning was wet, and the wagons were not uncovered. Thousands of people, however, braved pneumonia, and stood along the edges of the sidewalks for hours, and school children had a half holiday.

Huntingdon avenue, which will be Boston's greatest thoroughfare when it is now completed (the widening and grading process has been going on for a year or more) is the great show ground of Boston.

The great summer amusement this season is "Shooting the Chutes" and this too is out on Huntingdon avenue.

"Shooting the Chutes" is new in Boston, but it has been a popular amusement in other cities for a long time.

The chute is a big structure something like a toboggan slide, only it is larger and very much prettier. At the bottom of it is a lake. Flat bottomed boats seating about eight persons go down the chute with lightning rapidity, and striking the water bound over the surface of the lake, with a series of jumps.

Tomorrow is Bunker Hill day, and Charlestown will celebrate. All Boston will make a holiday, but Charlestown will make its great show of the year.

The nomination of a candidate for president of the United States is something something that happens only once in four years, and it is a good thing for the country, and the people that it does not occur oftener.

About the only thing talked about in this country is the national election. Before this appears the nominee of the republican party will probably be known, and then, after a few weeks rest the democrats will have a pow wow at Chicago.

One of the most remarkable features of the republican convention and the agitation for the nomination of McKinley was the advent of a man named Hanna, a Cleveland millionaire, who during the past few weeks has been about the most talked of person in the states.

Hanna is a master of it, and up to the time that Senator Lodge of Massachusetts arrived in St. Louis he seemed to be having everything his own way. Lodge is a man of great force of character, and he is a thorough representative of the East.

The East wants gold to be the monetary standard of the country, while the populists of the west want silver, and the great object of Hanna was to satisfy both. He intended to accomplish this by making a platform that said one thing and could be construed into meaning something else, and in this way satisfy both parties.

Present indications are that the Democratic convention at Chicago will be more interesting than that at St. Louis. Both parties have a New England man as candidate for president, the great difference being that while the Republican nominee is almost sure of spending the next four years in the White House at Washington, the Democratic standard bearer will be expected to lead a forlorn hope.

The Democratic party seems to be in about the same position as the conservatives of Canada. The only man they got who cuts any figure with the people is Grover Cleveland, and the general impression is that he having served eight years as president would be imposing on good nature if he should run for another term.

The wife of a member of the Cabinet brought with her to Washington last fall an old-fashioned colored mammy who is famous for her piety and her cooking, and the dinners she has prepared during the last two seasons have been the delight of the Cabinet circle and the diplomatic corps because they have been so different from the conventional dinners furnished by the fashionable caterers and the French chefs.

WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

A Pious Colored Mammy's Opinion of Some So-called Ministers.

"I's tolled an' I's 'spired in dat dark ole basement kitchen, ober dat good-for-nothin' range, which ain't no place for decent cookin' nobow, 'spacilly for sech as had cook houses all ter themselves, an' I've got de best dinners in de town, case you'se told me so you'seif, Miss Susie, I 'sposin' dat dose torren Ministers what comes hyar so often was gospel men. But las' week I find dey's nothin' but good-for-nothin', worthless, triffin' trash, dat ain't no preacher's talk, an' ain't no better dan infidles. Dey don't preach nowhere, an' dey don't go to no church, an' dey ain't got no religion, an' some of 'em cayn't speak de Christian language. I cayn't cook for no such folks, Miss Susie, no, I cayn't. I b'long to de Lo'd's people, an' I cayn't."

"But, Linda," remonstrated the mistress, "they are ladies and gentlemen, and have done no wrong. If you mistook them for ministers of the gospel it was not their fault. They never pretended to be. They are members of the diplomatic corps, representatives of foreign governments who come here to see the president, and they are called ministers for that reason. I don't want you to go away. I can't get along without you. Now go back to the kitchen and think it over."

"I've don't think it ober, Miss Susie, and I've ras led an' I've prayed, but nobody has no right to call hisself a minister unless he preaches de gospel. Dey is wolves in de sheeps' clothin', and Jesus hab no part with dem furriners and sech."

"But Jesus was a foreigner," responded the mistress. "Jesus did not live in this country. He lived in Turkey and the Turkish Minister is one of those that come here."

Aunt Melinda gazed at her mistress in astonishment. "Is you shoah ob dat?" she exclaimed. "Yes; get your Bible and I will read you about it." So began mummy's lesson in ecclesiastical geography and history, which resulted in mollifying her sentiments, but she will never recover from her disappointment when she discovered that the foreign Ministers at Washington are not gospel men.—Chicago Record.

RIGHT HERE AT HOME.

Of Particular Interest to Women.

MELONEY'S CURE, CAPE BRETON, CO., N. S. May 2, 1896.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO. Rochester, N. Y.; Toronto, Ont. GENTLEMEN,—I consider it my duty to let you know of the good results that attended a course of Warner's Safe Cure taken by me eighteen months ago, as it may come to the notice of some suffering woman afflicted as I was at the change in my own family but to all my friends.

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I know several who have benefited by relief from kidney troubles and acute rheumatism who have taken it on my recommendation. Some time ago I recommended it to a niece of mine who was here visiting me, for night trouble caused by weak kidneys, and when I last heard from her parents she was stout and hearty at her home in Boston. Mrs. J. D. MELONEY.

COLLECTING BIRD SKINS. Some Hints for Those Who Think of Engaging in the Pastime.

B. H. Warren, State Zoologist of Pennsylvania, tells in Bulletin No. 6 how to collect, skin, preserve, and mount birds. The collector having, of course, a permit granted by the State in which he lives, starts out after his birds with the best shotgun he can procure; usually it is a 12-gauge, but a 16 or 20 preferable, and he should have shells loaded with shot of a size for anything from a warbler to an eagle. An auxiliary barrel that will shoot a 32 or 38 calibre shot shell is also useful, and a metal tube five or six inches long to fit into the gun barrel the same as a cartridge, loaded with 22 calibre shot shells, is also useful for small birds like the warblers. Smokeless powder is best for the 32, 38 and 22 calibre shells, because it makes little noise to disturb the other birds in the vicinity.

To carry the specimens a good-sized fish basket is best, each specimen being wrapped in paper carefully, and great care being taken that the tail feathers are not broken. When several large birds are taken it is best to skin but the body, leaving the wings, legs and head whole. Of course, under such circumstances facts about the bird are jotted down in the note book. The note book should be kept in ink, because a pencil mark blurs easily. When a bird is shot it should be picked up by the legs or bill, unless it is a crippled heron, hawk, or owl. The wounded birds are killed by pressing the heart from either side close to the wings. All wounds and openings are stopped with cotton to prevent the plumage being soiled.

To be of value each specimen should be labelled with name, sex, date, and locality, especially in the case of young birds, since an adult can always be identified. The name of the collector, color of the bird's eyes, and contents of its stomach may also be put on the label, besides abbreviations indicating adult (ad.), or immature (g. or yuy.), and the state of plumage, whether nuptial (nupt.) or migratory, "Hornot" means a yearly bird.

The average collector, man or woman, who from a love of nature seeks the fields, will not care to do more than skin the birds, leaving it to some regular taxidermist to mount them. For skinning birds and blowing eggs six instruments are needed, namely a pair of spring forceps, an egg drill, a carulage knife, a pair of surgical scissors, a pair of stout forceps, and a blowpipe to blow the eggs. Any taxidermist will show how to skin a bird far better than words can describe the process. Once secured the bird skin is preserved with common salt, it at a distance from the taxidermist, as in a camp for instance.

The eggs are blown through a single hole in the side, not through the hole in each end after the usual style with hen's eggs. A small circular hole is drilled through the shell, a small wire is inserted to break up the contents, then the blowpipe is inserted, and, with the hole down, a gentle steady blowing insures the cleansing of the egg.

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When Shadows Fall. When shadows fall I need thee more, loved one, than thro' the day, For then 'tis saddened thoughts oppress my heart; Vague fears and tort'ring doubts, dear one, hold sway

When shadows fall The gloom of endless sorrow sweeps around And stars a-throbbing fre-home unhealed wound And crushing, bears me to the very ground, When shadows fall.

When shadows fall Dim ghosts of long ago, with haunting tread, Pass by with grieving eyes of one long dead And touch, regretfully, my low bowed head— When shadows fall.

When shadows fall And this life's little sphere has found its rest, I would, if thou couldst grant my one request, Drift out to meet my God while roiled to thy breast— When shadows fall.

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