



Manchester Enterprise

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The Story Teller

DER EAVESDROPPER.

Who isn't dot movent der pebble goes. Und into sometimes pus her nose To get some gossip to expose.

Who isn't dot abtals her sister's letter. Und reads it, when she must know pedder? It was his woman - I had met her.

Who isn't dot der window go. Thone er sister has a bean, Und strikes der vint - I know 'em so!

Who isn't dot drooling key-hole peeps To see what's going on, and keeps Von eye wide open when she sleeps?

Who isn't dot full of gullie. Und makes disturbance der old vilas? Vot you don't know - well, I should siumier.

BLUE BLOOD.

Plankington vs. Randolph - A Mystery Explained.

"Anne Randolph, Chicago, Ill.," was her signature upon the register of the Thousand Island House, written July 2, 1883. She did not explain how she came by the name, or who had borne it before her, why she came at all, or why she came alone, above all why she wore a flannel dress with an air of satisfaction that proclaimed flannel to be a matter of choice, in no way hampered by necessity.

The Plankingtons, brother and sister, were also sojourners at the Thousand Island House. Their very bad complexions were supposed to be due to the blueness of the Plankington blood. People said it was a real mercy their skins were not purple, considering their ancestors; their cards were as good as patents of nobility wherever bestowed in New York.

He did not tell this to Irene, who would have found it incomprehensible, but he said enough to lead her to say: "Tudor, be wary. If she came straight from Dublin, and was marked 'dynasty,' she is a dangerous woman, and a danger to have her labeled Chicago. I don't like the way this girl goes off every morning. Last summer, my dear Tudor, I blushed to tell you that a really respectable young woman became interested in a guide in the Adirondacks. He had handsome eyes and told stories and insinuated himself, I suppose. The family took the very warmest means of curing her infatuation, though it was a cruel way. They invited him to Boston and gave a dinner-party. He came. He gobbled his soup - imagine a more awful situation, if you can. They said that when he passed his plate full of gravy on his potato, her face expressed mortal agony, but that she didn't seem to suffer much when he ate his salad with a teaspoon. Poor thing, I suppose she was beyond the suffering point. However, this young woman takes a different guide every day, so it can't be that, but she carries such a queer-shaped box with her. I shall certainly investigate the matter to-morrow."

"Better leave that to me, Irene. I can ask so that she won't be offended, twist it into a compliment or something." When Anne Randolph the next morning, after an eight o'clock breakfast, started on her usual expedition, provided with a boat, an oarsman and the mysterious box, Tudor Plankington exhibited symptoms of a desire to accompany her. She would not permit him, however, and as the ultimate occasion merely stopped to exchange a few words with him on the wharf. "Tell me where you go?" he asked. "On the blue St. Lawrence," she answered, unconcernedly. "Yes, but where?" he persisted. "All among the islands," she quoted, gravely.

"Let me ask you one question more." "One more, yes," she answered, but held a finger warningly. "Do you fish?" He stammered forth the question in desperation, knowing very well that she had not brought home the smallest specimen. She had seated herself in the boat by this time, and turned her head to answer him. "No," she said, "I leave that to knights and had with a sword, one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and even if I should have luck worth bragging about and capture a fifteen or twenty-five pounder, we should not be very evenly matched. I have a fondness for fair play, myself."

WASTE PLACES.

The Russian explorer Prejevalsky said after his recent journey in northern Tibet that an enormous amount of animal life was supported by the scanty herbage growing on these bleak, half-sterile plains that form the highest plateau in the world, some thirteen thousand feet above the sea. He said the wild yaks here must number millions, and that a full grown yak weighs from sixteen hundred to eighteen hundred pounds. Nature's chemistry evolves these great masses of flesh from the poor herbage of a region so lofty that its lakes are frozen over until nearly June, though they are six hundred miles nearer the equator than we are.

Explorers tell us that not only does animal life abound, but that man can live in some of the most desolate parts of the globe. It is a mistake to suppose that the Sahara desert is merely a useless sandy waste. Much of it lacks not so much cultivable land as it does watered areas blossom again. The Mussulman sect known as the Senousians has for years been digging wells, irrigating the land, and turning many hundreds of barren acres into gardens. Twenty-four years ago it planted its headquarters in the desert near the western border of Egypt, built reservoirs, began planting, erected canals, and now a population of eight thousand people live at Jarabub, where the soil has been restored to fertility by their labors. There are large areas in the Sahara that need only rain or irrigation to cover them with verdure.

Through these regions pass the caravan routes, along which the fifty thousand camels engaged in the Saharan commerce bear their burdens of salt and ostriches, and he has counted in this desert twenty-two lions in a troop, and has seen two hundred ostriches in one flock. Beasts and birds find sustenance in this region where only a few bushman hunters live. Far northeast of them on the semi-arid steppes of Korodan and Darfil, millions of sheep and camels exist on the scanty pasturage of that desert region.

The earliest Arctic explorers found in the little Spitzbergen archipelago, where it is believed, no human being had ever lived - herds of reindeer upturning the snow with their hoofs and noses to get at the lichens on which they fed. Many reindeer live as far north as Lilloet Island, and several and Polar's expeditions. Musk oxen, or their traces, have been found along the shores of the great frozen sea as far north as explorers have attained. Lockwood, far north of the supposed limits of animal life, found traces of this wonderful quadruped, which grows fat on the tender shoots of the Arctic moss and lichens.

Of all parts of the earth the Antarctic regions alone are comparatively destitute of life. Few species of living things in the vegetable or animal kingdom can endure the rigor of the South Polar region. No terrestrial quadruped inhabits the land within the Antarctic circle, and what sea animals are there are limited to the ice. Summer in the Arctic regions, with its abundant life on land and in the air and sea, presents an animated and cheerful scene compared with the utter desolation that reigns perpetually in Antarctic waters. - N. Y. Sun.

UNCLE LEVI.

The Knowledge of Human Nature Required by the Pawnbroker. In following a false trail yesterday an American reporter had occasion to visit several pawnbrokers' establishments, in one of which he undertook to get at some facts bearing upon this mysterious calling. He had a hard time of it. In answer to a question he put to a proprietor he got a knowing wink, and the object of his inquiry walked to the front of his narrow shop and wrote down the name of a customer who had just redeemed some trifle.

"No, sir," with a strong accent on the "sir," "I don't give away my business. I have built this business up by dealing on the square, and it ain't square to tell you what I know about pawnbrokers." "You run a jewelry show in connection with your other business, don't you?" "No, I don't. But there you go. I say I won't say nothin'."

The reporter sat down, nevertheless, on a stool at the end of the counter, and cast an injured look at the owner, and he did not want to give any man's business away, and wasn't going to do it. "Of course, as a man of business, you must protect your customers," he submitted. "That's just it, you see. Why, my customers have so much confidence in me they won't so much as take a trifle from me, and I know how to keep 'em that I make my pile every year and say nothing about it. But I could tell you things you wouldn't hardly believe, but I ain't going to do it, though, so you needn't ask it."

WOMEN'S NOSES.

The Arrangement of Hair and Bonnets Should Depend on Nasal Configuration. Before deciding as to the arrangement of the hair, the nose should be carefully interrogated. If that feature be Roman, or what a learned author describes as "cognitive" - i. e., long and curved inward to the point - the hair should be somewhat pronounced in its arrangement. It should be rather massive, or else the large nose will, by force of contrast, make the head look meager. If the nose be Greek, an approach, carefully guarded from being too realistic to the classic knot, may be ventured upon. The varieties of the Anglo-Saxon nose, some of them quite childish in their want of decision and firmness of outline, are too numerous to be specially commented upon, but should be treated variously, according as they approach the aquiline, the Greek or the snub varieties. This last requires a rather coquettish arrangement of the hair.

The silly young women who have of late gone about the world with their heads cropped as close as those of boys will now regret the rashness that robbed them of their locks. For the catogan is coming again. The hair is to be worn curled in front, then simply brushed back, rather than ribboned, and the catogan needs a very special neatness to commend it, and if again adopted here as it now is in Paris, it will be well for its patrons to bear in mind that when ruffled or disarranged, the queue will lose all resemblance to the exquisitely neat little appendage of the name as worn by our ancestors.

It will have its effect upon the shape of the fashionable bonnet, if it becomes general, and will necessitate a lowering of the crown at the back. This portion of the popular headgear has become smaller and smaller, while in hats, on the contrary, there is sometimes an enormous preponderance of crown over brim. In the shape known as the Tam O'Shanter this is notably the case, and there was never, perhaps, in the whole history of headgear a form that more readily lends itself to the ridiculous than this when seen upon any save the youngest and freshest of faces. A middle-aged woman, with a hard-set color in her cheeks, who should be so utterly blind to the fitness of things (and there have been such instances) as to don a Tam O'Shanter, or a hat of those phenomena which make one desire the revival of sumptuary laws, if the style of hair-dressing ought to be dependent in a great degree upon the shape of the nose, that of the bonnet or hat should, to be consistent, be so too. There is a very thin variety of the nasal organ, inclined to redness along the ridge, which looks almost enough to carve with, that requires extremely delicate treatment in the matter of coiffure. The effect of the nose itself is painfully meager, and this must be counteracted by a sort of amplitude in the arrangement of the locks and in the trimmings of the bonnet. But then, on the other hand, these must not be too ample, or they will produce a contrast so evident as to be practically repugnant to the nose for its thinness. The other extreme of a very fleshy nose demands a certain severity in the bonnet, but the outlines of the latter must not be too rigid, else they will throw into disagreeable prominence the inclination of the nose toward spreading and width. So far as regards form. With respect to color, it is another matter. It is one of the most difficult tasks of the hair-milliner to deal with a nose that remains obstinately red despite all the waters and washes devised for such cases. It is a sad thing to see a bunch of poppies in a bonnet, and to note that their rosy tint is precisely that of the most prominent feature in the face. Yet even this is less startling than it would be were the hair-dresser dark and unrelieved by the French feature. The nostrils are faintly touched with pink, and yet no color spreads further than these, even when the rest of the complexion is sensitively subject to sudden change. Such is the relief the modiste of all difficulties, so far as color is concerned. - London Daily News.

Some twenty odd years ago a resident of this valley sold his wife for a jug of whisky; a few days later he was presented with the wife of a man who had grown tired of her. The first woman mentioned was afterwards traded again for a cow. All hands then settled down to business and have lived in this country ever since. They accumulated a nice property, and their descendants are among the most respected people in this county. - Liverpool (Cal.) Review.

Mr. E. Matthews, of Jackson County, has a colored man living on his place who was left in the Cherokee Nation, in Twenty-nine-mile Stretch, sold twice by John A. Murrell, and shot at three times by the Confederate soldiers. He is now the father of forty-nine children and is ninety years old. He can play as much in a day as any man. - Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

How Cameos Are Cut.

"Cameos are cut in this country as well as in Europe," said a Baltimore street jeweler yesterday. "The finest American work, which, of course, is not by any means equal to the best foreign work, is done in New York, and a little of it in Philadelphia. That Americans should turn out work equal to that of the best foreign artists is scarcely to be expected, since cameo-cutting was almost unknown here thirty years ago, whereas in Europe some families in Florence, Rome, Paris, or Naples have pursued it as a calling for half a dozen generations. Cameos are not as extensively worn as formerly - these fashions come and go - but a great many persons still wear them because they are heirlooms or relics of some departed ancestor. A cameo is where the image on the stone is raised above the surface; where it is cut in the stone it is known as intaglio. The stones used for this purpose are the onyx, sardonyx, bloodstone, and agate. The latter is the hardest stone to cut. The onyx consists of several layers, and the cameo is obtained by cutting the figure out of the upper layer, when it appears as a raised medallion upon the lower one. It is the easiest stone to work on."

The art of ancient cameo-cutting was entirely lost during the middle ages, and only reappeared during the renaissance. The Romans, in my opinion, excelled the Greeks in this branch of art; but the moderns have never approached the ancients in accuracy of design or finish. Look at this head of Augustus Cæsar, cut on a species of agate harder than any we know anything about. That sort of work could not be done now. It was found in Rome, and is now in the British museum, a few years ago near the capitol, and, though not much larger than a quarter of a dollar, is worth \$75. The sunken portions of the face, the whites of the eyes, the hollows of the cheeks, are polished. That could not be done by any cameo-cutter alive to-day. It is positive proof that the cameo is an antique. The finest specimens of cameo-cutting in the world are the classic figures cut on what is called the Mactan vase in the British museum. The base is cut out of a single agate, and is seven inches high by two and a half in width. - Baltimore Herald.

The Way General Grant Did.

While Garfield lay dead at Elberon, and Mrs. Garfield was beginning to seal the sorrow that had come upon her, there were in the city a number of men with a distinguished party Chester Arthur, who had become the President; Police Commissioner French, Colonel George Bliss and General Grant and his son Fred. When the special train rolled back to Jersey City the gentlemen on the inside waited patiently until they might get into their carriage to cross the ferry and ride away up town. One personage in fine attire also waited with the party, standing for the time on a rear platform. This watcher's manner was haughty, and the lofty poise of his head seemed to imply that he felt very much at ease with this world. A New York newspaper reporter, assigned to meet the train, approached this gentleman with a casual inquiry and was most pronouncedly snubbed. "Go home," he snarled, "I am not a reporter, and I am not interested in a lot of bizzard reporters, a quoth the gentleman with an extraordinary emphasis on the 'wa.' After disposing of this nice little sentiment the gentleman's haughtiness increased visibly. He wasn't quite satisfied with the gentlemanly exhibition he had already made of himself, but broke out again with: "We don't want you around here, anyway. Skip!"

Just at this moment the car door was thrown open, a compact figure stepped out on the platform on his way to the ferry boat. He heard the agreeable remarks of the austere gentleman, and he turned around half in surprise, half in shame, and then, as he recognized the reporter, he genially extended his hand toward him and called out: "I come along with me, my boy, and I'll tell you the way General Grant did."

Things.

A notorious Thug chief was Feringhea, who was arrested at Sangur in 1880. The most atrocious scoundrel confessed to so many murders that his statements were in a great measure disbelieved, especially with regard to the strangling of three parties of travelers by himself and his comrades some years before. At his request the ground at three different spots which he confidently pointed out was dug up. It was then covered with grass and bushes of old growth, but on reaching a certain depth the skeletons were found just as Feringhea had said. At the beginning of the present century there were supposed to be 10,000 Thugs in all India, who annually murdered 30,000 people. Between the years 1826 and 1837 more than 1,900 were hanged or imprisoned in Bombay, Madras and Bengal. Thugs is considered there to have received its death blow, and to have become within 10 years afterward quite extinct. But ancient customs die hard in the East, and it is not impossible that in the remote parts of India, especially in the native principalities, it may linger even yet.

Of the thousands of persons who disappear annually in India, there are many of whom their friends probably know that they were and are not. Wild beasts they suppose have destroyed them; but it may be that on some lonely road they have encountered a savage more crafty and relentless than even the year a cat or hooded snake. - All the Year Around.

Moore Wheeler, an aged resident of Birmingham, died Wednesday in the same chair in which his father and grandfather died. The great-grandfather of the deceased during his lifetime paid a visit to England, the home of his childhood, at least in those days of several months' duration. Returning home on the Sabbath Day he was with his father and mother, and against the law of the land provided, "kissed his wife at the foot of his cottage and was actually expelled from two of the nearest taverns."

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