"!!!"

"Stand back gentlemen! Clear the track!" shouted the police, and as the cable-car-bound thing crowd surged back, steamer No. 4 came up the street the magnificent machine, the finest gift of the fire department.

But hold. A wheel comes off. The steamer is over turned, and the brave firemen are picked up horribly injured and dead.

An inquest was held and revealed the fact that in oiling the steamer that morning the steward had by accident put in the oil can a little of the neat's-foot oil he had recently used on a box of a hair dressing saloon. The latter smells of rendered fat, and the wheels of the steamer had become full of men who are making the same oil smell-ing. The axles of the wheels, which they need no attention, when as if they had occasional use. Werner's safe cure is the wonderful oil that makes the wheels run so that a tired feeling others in my life they are not affected by it. Let me tell you how it cures so many diseases that he at once begins to use Werner's safe cure. It is the only medicine in the world that will do it. Send for a pamphlet telling all about it. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

DON'T WAIT TILL YOU'RE OLD.

Don't wait till you're old
For your love to be told,
For the little bird nod is capricious;
In young hearts he delights,
And, if robbed of his rights,
May resent it in ways quite mal cious.

He may cause you to pair
With a maid fresh and fair,
Who at least serves for naught but your money,
Or with some ancient coquette,
The old days that were buoyant and sunny,

For first love at least
Is the heyday of youth and of passion;
And the laggard may find,
If to-fo-dne a bullhead,
Both his passion and he quite out of fashion.

Then whisper your vows
Under Youth's budding boughs,
With a world and your future be ore you,
Nor wait till the age
Of Oil can make clear
That a heart may be wooed to adore you.

So uncertain a life
That a well-chosen wife
Should companion one's years of discretion
From the bridal altar's aisle,
Of man's stated estate,
Lest le miss, by delay, the possession.

THE COOK'S DOUBLE.

Jonathan Savage, having bought a house out of town, and comfortably established himself and family therein, found himself in want of a cook.

A young girl applied for the situation.

When questioned by her new mistress, the girl proved respectful and apparently capable.

She stated that she had been brought up as a cook.

She gave her name as Peggy, and declared herself entirely willing to serve.

And having given satisfactory answers to all interrogatories, she took her way to the kitchen, where she set herself zealously to work without delay.

"A perfect treasure," Mrs. Savage declared—"decidedly a perfect treasure."

There was no cause to change their opinion on the next day, nor the next.

On the third night, however, Mr. Savage was surprised, on alighting from the train, to see Peggy in a black straw hat and waterproof cloak standing on the platform.

He addressed her, but she did not answer him.

And he hastened home, wondering what had happened that the "treasure" should have been dismissed so suddenly.

To his surprise, Peggy opened the door for him.

"Well, Peggy, you must have walked, or lost your place," he said, pleasantly.

Peggy made a courtesy, but said nothing.

"I saw you at the station, didn't I?" said Mr. Savage.

"Please, sir, I don't know," said Peggy.

"You've been there?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir."

"Her was doing polite and leaving ing it all to me," said Mr. Savage to himself.

But though he declared that Peggy had not left the house all day he could not help believing that he had not seen her.

That very evening another odd thing happened.

Little Thomas Savage going to look for a lost chicken, came in with a story.

"I thought I saw a ghost, mother," he said. "It was standing by the well, looking over so funny. But just as I was going to run I saw it was Peggy, all wrapped up in somethi g."

"Peggy has been standing just there chopping wood ever since you went out," said the mother, pointing to the kitchen door.

It was no more Peggy than if was a ghost, but the boy persisted in his statement.

He was so obstina e, indeed, that he was sent to bed in some disgrace for contradicting his master.

Mr. Savage slept late next morning, and was aroused by the breakfast bell.

As he hurried down sta rcounting his watch, he saw the door of the servant's room, which opened on the kitchen—the living built over the kitchen—standing slightly ajar.

And as he looked, a dark face, encircled by a night cap peeped out, and a hand, with a white frail about it, pushed it to.

Peggy's face, Peggy's hand, without a doubt.

"Had to get breakfast yourself my dear?" said Mr. Savage, as he took his seat at the table.

"Oh, no," replied his wife. "Why did you think so?"

And at that moment Peggy, in her ordinary dress, walked into the room with a plate in her hand.

"Singular," said Mr. Savage to himself, but made no further explanation.

It was a month since Peggy's entrance into the family, and she had given very satisfaction.

Still it was plain to be seen that something was the matter.

Miss Olivia had come to reside with them, and every one was well, but Mrs. Savage looked anxious.

So did her sister.

So also did Mr. Savage.

The ladies exchanged mysterious glances with each other, and the gentleman often shook his head warningly at his eldest boy, when he had just opened his lips to say something.

Mr. Savage often asked his wife if she would trouble her, and she frequently said:

"Why are you so serious, my dear?"

At last Olivia was found in mysteries in the hall, and matters grew too serious to be kept quiet any longer.

"I must know what it is," said Mrs. Savage.

"Don't tell him," sobbed Olivia.

"I don't see why you should be ashamed of it," said Mrs. Savage.

"You can't help it. It's nerves, I suppose. We'd better send for a doctor."

"I'm not nervous," sobbed Olivia. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"There, now," said Mrs. Savage, "I declare I can't bear it any longer. My dear, pray Livy has taken to ghost seeing, and she's so ashamed of it that she's been imagined something of that sort myself. She thought a woman exactly like Peggy came and crept again, when Peggy is somewhere else, to my certain knowledge, and I've seen the same thing twice. It's an opt cal illusion, I presume; I've read of such things."

Mr. Savage turned pale.

"My dear girls," said he, "Thomas is as bid as you are. I've been threatening to flog the poor fellow if he frightened you with his stories; but he sees Peggy in the garden, in the meadow, in here, there, everywhere. And he speaks to her, and she does not answer. And then he runs home and finds her in the kitchen, or where not, and naturally feels oddly about it. I myself have seen the same thing twice."

"You have!" cried Mrs. Savage.

"You!" screamed Olivia. "Oh, I'm so thankful! I'm not crazy, then."

"Oh, dear, no," said Mr. Savage—"oh, dear, no. You see it is becoming plain to me that a certain old superstition of which I have read is founded on fact. You've heard of people who had doubles. Peggy evidently has a double. The wraith does not speak, you say. That coincides with all the stories on the subject. Yes, that's the solution of the mystery. Peggy has a double."

"But we can't keep such a mysterious girl about the house. It's like hiring a ghost," said Mrs. Savage.

"Suppose we talk to Peggy?" said Mr. Savage.

The proposition met with favor.

Peggy was sent for, and came at once.

"Now, thy good girl, I don't want to frighten you," said Mr. Savage, "but something old has happened. Did you ever have anything singular said to you about yourself—for instance, that you were seen where you never went, you know, or something like that?"

"Oh, yes," said Peggy—"yes, sir, to be sure; I always hear the same story. There's two of me. It scares folks, but I can't help it."

"Don't it frighten you?" asked Mrs. Savage.

"I'm used to it," said Peggy. "Being two of me got me lots of scolding where I was before, 'cause, you see, I can't help where t'other one of me goes, or what it does."

"Indeed, she has a double," said Mr. Savage—"Yes, yes. Very singular—very."

"I'm sorry, Peggy," said Mrs. Savage, "but it frightens my sister very much, and we shall be obliged to part. You've been a good girl, Peggy. I'll pay you a month's wages, but I can't bear ghost-seeing any longer."

"Very well, ma'am," said Peggy. "I'll pack up. You must excuse there being two of me—I can't help it."

"Very singular," said Mr. Savage, "very, very, very!"

Peggy went up stairs to pack her clothes, and came down with her box.

"If you'd like to look over the things, ma'am," said she, "there they are. If there is two of me, why, I'm honest.

Then Peggy slowly proceeded to spread upon the floor her worldly possessions.

"Nothing that ain't mine," she said; "and there's my pocket."

She turned this receptacle inside out, as she spoke, and spread out her hands.

"I'm honest, if there is two of me," she said again. "I can't help that."

"Ma," cried Thomas, just then bursting in at the door, "Peggy is going over the bridge with a big bundle —oh! why, here is Peggy. Oh, my, look."

The three elder folks rushed to the window, and stood solemnly gazing out.

In the room beside them stood Peggy with her black galico dress, pink calico apron and round black hat, and a bundle under her arm.

Over the bridge, slowly, as a phantom should, passed Peggy's double—black dress, pink apron, round hat, bundle and all.

They all saw it at once.

It was plain.

Miss Olivia sunk into a chair, trembling.

Mrs. Savage grasped her husband's arm.

Thomas fairly yelled.

Even the sterner man turned pale.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he quoted, solemnly.

"Yes, sir," said Peggy. "Good morning, all."

Away she went, and to those whom she bade adieu breathed more freely when she had left the house.

"The most curious thing I ever heard of," said Mr. Savage. "I shall write an account of it for the papers, and a letter on the subject to my friend ——, the mesmerist. Most mysterious, indeed."

It was nearly two hour's after Peggy's departure that a stout gentleman rang the door bell.

Mrs. Savage answered it in person. There stood before her the stout gentleman.

"I call, madam," he said, "to make a few inquir es concerning a girl you hired about three weeks a go—a girl named Peggy? I should like my inquiries to be quite private for the present, if you please."

Mrs. Savage instantly summoned her husband and sister.

The parlor doors were closed, and the visitor began:

"I do not wish the girl to suspect anything as yet. If you can keep her from leaving the house you will oblige me."

"She left us this morning," said Mrs. Savage.

"I am very sorry to hear that," said the gentleman. "Pray, may I ask if anything singular occurred during her stay?"

"Sir," said Mr. Savage, "something singular did occur. I presume you hope to investigate the phenomenon?"

"Well, sir," said the other, "I don't call it that, you know. I see you've been taken in, just as the Smith's were. She's a cute girl, that Peggy."

"My dear sir," cried Mr. Savage, "you scientific men doubt everything. Now, it is certain to me that Peggy has a double. I myself—"

"My dear sir," cried the other, "stop a bit. I'm not exactly what you suppose me. I'm a detective. Peggy's double is a dead and dumb twin sister, as like her as two peas, and this ghost dodge is her little game. She smuggles the dumb girl into the house she lives at, and she goes through the closets and trunks. Has the lady made certain that nothing is gone?"

The wraith-seers stared at each other.

Mr. Savage turned red.

The ladies rushed upstairs together.

A few moments' inspection proved to them that they had been robbed.

While Peggy had been exhibiting her bundle the double had walked away with another, containing laces, jewelry, and other small matters, not to speak of Mr. Savage's watch, which he had left on the stand in his room that morning, and the cuckoo clock from the back parlor.

Soap and Sparkle.

Gratitude is not an overpowering passion with the many.

Rumor is a worthless jade. As a rule she tells more lies than truth.

To be able to forget successfully is at times a very comfortable gift.

What an irritating thing snow is! So slow and would be meek, yet so determined.

Young men "engaged" are young men lost, so far as the r being entertaining goes.

Most old families have their skeletons. The more respectable is than otherwise, and pride feels no pain.

Some people, especially relations n-law, are never happy except when making themselves disagreeable.

Women's likes and dislikes are bound and governed by the fact that somebody else likes or dislikes them.

So many young men mope now-a-days. I believe they call it by a liner name, but it really comes to the same thing.

The present generation knows no boys. They are all grown up from their cradles; and girls should not be trusted out of one's sight.

When a fellow is pretty well on in years, and certain portions of him have dropped away, such as hair and teeth, why can't he confess it?

Any young man who keeps philandering after the girls for months together, without coming to the point, ought to be summarily dealt with.

"Child!" she says, indignantly. "I am not a child. I was eighteen last month. How long does one continue to be a child, I wonder?"

Genteel poverty means no carriages, no horses, no box at the opera, one side dress in the year, no society, and gloves made by any one else in the world except Jouvin. .

If there's one thing I hate, it is being in a place where servants are fussing and rattling plates and silver. One is eaten a hunger in anticipation long before he gets it.

I think "Always yours Most Sincerely" very nice indeed. "Yours Sincerely" would be commonplace, and quite nothing; but the "Always" and "Most" make such a difference! —*Henry Cday Lukens, in Arkansaw Traveler.*

Material for the Naturalist.

Some of the finest material for the novelist that can be imagined is to be found in the United States Treasury. There is a bureau called the Divis on of Abandoned Lands and Property that in itself is one of the marvelous things in existence. Its history is fuller of the marvelous than anything ever written. There are $13,000,000 in its charge belonging to people in the South alone. During and at the close of the war there was valuable property of all sorts which fell into hands of the United States and was turned over to the Treasury. Over $12,000,000 of the money charged to that bureau is the pro ceds of cotton taken from plantations all over the South and sold. The money it brought was turned in. The amounts finally become so great that Mr. Chase, then Secretary, created a division that should have especial charge of all this sort of thing. There is one instance where $175,000 worth of cotton was taken from a Sou hern estate, when cotton was worth about $5.00 a bale, and sold. The person to whom it belonged were not rebels, but loyalists. They haven't an idea of where their cotton went to. Their names were on the bales, and it would not be difficult for them to make a case if they knew what to do. But it has been nearly twenty-three years since the money was deposited. And it is hardly probable that they will ever get what is really theirs. All the testimony relating to the case is in the possession of the Government. The agent who took the cotton and the one who sold it are both dead, and the papers would not be able to make their case without some proof which they haven't got.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Serious Objection.

A German Peasant family had made all their arrangements to emigrate to the United States. The night before the family was to take its departure the eldest son, Hans, who was an enormous eater intimated that he did not care to go West.

"Why so?" asked the father.

"Nothing of the kind."

"Why then dost thou not wish to go with us?"

"I've been talking with the school master about it."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He says that when it is twelve o'clock with us in Germany that——"

"That what?"

"When it is twelve o'clock here with us, that in America it is nine o'clock in the evening."

"Well?"

"I don't want to go to a place where I have to wait that long for my dinner," and the poor fellow completely broke down at the sore thought of it. —*Texas Siftings.*

So Chance.

"Got elder here," he asked of a farmer on the market.

"Yes."

"Fresh?"

"Just made yesterday."

"I used to make elder myself."

"Did you?"

"Thousands of barrels. Ten years ago the proportion used to be six gallons of water to every barrel of elder. I wanted to ask you if there had been any change since then."

"Guess not—haven't heard of any," was the candid answer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Young ladies are better out of bachelors' quarters. They are hardly suitable for young unmarried women.

LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

CAREER OF NAW-GAW-NEE, AN INDIAN 90 YEARS OLD.

He Knew Gen. Hull and Lewis Cass, Too—A Bear a Trad tional Endurance—How He Lost His Squaw—Tragic Death of His Sons.

Peter Naw-gaw-nee, of the Chippewa tribe of Indians, is one of the last living links connecting the civilization of the present with the history of the past. A correspondent of the Detroit Journal visited the old man a few days ago at his home in Hartville, Isabella county, by the aid of Judge Bennett and Indian interpreter the following sketch of Naw-gaw-nee's life was drawn from him:

He was the son of Sha-sa-boe (Timber-fallof-boats), a famous Indian chief in the early village of Fe tonville, at what was known to the Indian as "Long Lake," near the site of the present city. He knows this because he was 15 years old when Tecumseh died, and that took place in 1813 he is now a ri- 90 years o. age. She as boe was a noted warrior before Pontiac an participated with him in the siege of Detroit, the massacre on the Wabash, on the Maumee, the river Raisin and Bloody Run. He was present at the first council held by the English in the warfare that followed, and was present at the surrender, and was also active participant in the frontier war after that period. During the siege of Detroit he was wounded and taken prisoner to Canada and was present at the death of that chief.

It was during the bloody scen s of 1812 that the young Naw-gaw-nee began the remarkable career as a warrior and leader of great ingenuity and marvelous endurance and withal a humane one. He was chosen by his people an important mission. Tecumseh, the renowned chief of the Shawnees, had by his prowess and bravery had raised the war whoop and sent around the war belt to all the Indian tribes from the Mississippi to the Ohio to join in a co federacy against the whites. Most of the Indians joined in the scheme, and the death of their leader at the battle of the Thames discouraged the band and destroyed their hopes. It was during the period that Naw-gaw-nee was frequently at Detroit and knew Gen. Hull, Lewis Cass and other prominent men of the time, as well as the names given them by the Indians. He remembers that as a boy he was a fine looking man, a fine specimen of physical manhood, 6 feet 2 inches high, and 30 inches around the waist, and in the prime of life. He was also a famous hunter, and could walk to his wigwam with two deers on his back under the weight of one at each end of a pole, slung on the middle, the latter resting on his forehead. Bear, moose and elk were plenty, and he killed many of them. Along 1830 he made a trip down to the west, passing through Chicago, Milwaukee, Green Bay, and down to Prairie du Chien, up the Wisconsin to his home without a stop trace or white men. What a change in the same three decades!

Once on the passin s of his tribe was wrested from the Chippewas. Gathered in a set Jaw, each of the two chiefs sat on a log, facing each other, and as each was conducted to his seat he was provided with a cooking kettle in his belt, and was smartly old Ji k-Indian fashion. Once they were seated, assuming a grave look came a signal at his rival and each filled in the news and incidents of the time since all had met, and finally the two men were. Then it was the same fun, and so all the tribes till eight and ten in number, when the chi f appeared and stopped the carnage. He spent most of the next year in council, and he treaties at last c me and signed, and often met such a gathering as the one of the governors of the territories of his day. Among the