

Bryan Morning Eagle.

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BRYAN, TEXAS, TUESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1898.

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Ribbons, Velvets, Silks and Satins.

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A Much Mourned Mother.

When Shafter was senior colonel of the army, he was temporarily in charge of some western post and numbered in his command an exceedingly bright, capable fellow whose cleverness was continually getting him the noncommissioned stripes and whose escapades were just as frequently getting him reduced to the ranks. One day this soldier turned up at Shafter's quarters with a long face and applied for leave to attend the funeral of his mother, who had died the previous night, he said, in the town. The request was granted, but later on, in looking over the same records, the colonel discovered that the same man had been granted leave the month before on the identical pretext. Shafter said nothing, but a couple of days afterward encountered the bereaved warrior on parade ground. "Look here, my man," said Peck Bill solemnly, "I want to ask you a question. Were you good to that mother of yours while she was alive?"

"Well, sir—yes, sir—that is, I hope so," stammered the culprit, not knowing what was coming.
"I hope so, too," replied the colonel. "I've heard of mothers dying for their sons, but never of one dying twice in 30 days for one. You may go in mourning for a month—at the guardhouse."
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Eye Massage.

Whenever your organs of sight feel weak, do not claw at them with the knuckles, so to express it. You must not massage your eyes the same way you would the stronger parts of the body. They need help from the hands, but this help must be administered in a very gentle and delicate method.

John Quincy Adams had a way of treating his eyes, which, it is said, preserved their vision to old age, without the help of spectacles.

This was to place his thumb and forefinger each upon an eyelid and gently rub them toward the nose a number of times each day. The action encourages circulation of blood in that locality, does away with the tiny spots that sometimes float before the vision and prevents that flattening of the lens which causes dimness of sight at a certain focus.

It is wonderful how much good can be done the eyes of people of all ages by using this simple exercise 10 or 15 minutes each day.

If you are where it may not be convenient to measure time, as in the dark, it is well to count the number of passes made by the fingers over the eyes until you have reached the number that you have demonstrated by experiment that time will allow.—New York Ledger.

Her First Order.

She was newly married and did not know a little bit about either house-keeping or shopping, and she was giving her very first order. It was a crusher, but the grocer was a clever man and was used to all kinds of orders and could interpret them easily.

"I want ten pounds of paralyzed sugar," she began, with a businesslike air.
"Yes'm. Anything else?"
"Two cans of condensed milk."
"Yes'm."
He set down "pulverized sugar" and "condensed milk."
"Anything more, ma'am?"
"A bag of fresh salt. Be sure it's fresh."
"Yes'm. What next?"
"A pound of desecrated coffee."
He wrote glibly "desecrated coffee."
"Nothing more, ma'am? We have some nice horse radish just in."
"No," she said. "It would be of no use to us. We don't keep a horse."
Then the grocer sat down and fanned himself with a patent washboard, although the temperature was nearly zero.—New York World.

Kirmess.

In some portions of Germany the kirmess, or church mass, formerly danced in honor of the dedication of a church, is now observed with the special character of a harvest home. It marks the close of the year's labors and is celebrated by three days of music, feasting and dancing with partners chosen or allotted, according to degrees of comeliness, at the preceding May festival.

In southern Germany the end of the harvest is marked by the stikle feast. The last sheaf is carried in triumph to the barn and placed on the floor, while the younger couples dance around it. One half of it is then decked with ribbons and hung aloft, while the other half is buried. Its ashes are treasured as a remedy for rheumatism and are sometimes used in making amulets or charms. The peasants leave for Wodan, or "the old one," a few ears of corn and a small number of apples, it being considered unlucky to strip either field or tree entirely bare.—Lippincott's.

Letters and Trade.

The London Daily News notes the affinity between letters and trade. Charles Lamb and Mill used to adorn the old India House. Austin Dobson, Gossie and Cosmo Monkhouse are in the board of trade. Benjamin Kidd and W. M. Rossetti used to be at Scaresnet House. Dante Gabriel Rossetti narrowly escaped at one crisis in his career being a telegraph clerk instead of an artist. The postoffice absorbed for many years the superfluous energies of Anthony Trollope.

His Last Chance.

"Did you ever notice," said Mrs. N.

Peck, "that about half of the pictures in the photographers' windows are of bridal couples? I wonder why they always rush off to a photographer as soon as the knot is tied?"

"I fancy the husband is responsible for it," said Mr. Peck. "He realizes that it is about his last chance to ever look pleasant."—Pearson's Weekly.

Twenty-nine sheep introduced into the Australian colonies in 1788 are now represented by 120,000,000 of the finest wool sheep in the world.

Rubber Band For Headache.

"Departmental headaches are a distinct malady," remarked a well known physician to a reporter, "and it is somewhat of a surprise how many sufferers there are among department clerks from this trouble. The thing seems to grow among them, and they have their headaches as regularly as they have their work."

A simple remedy which is worth trying is to put a rubber band around the head just above the ears. The band should not be tight enough to stop the circulation of the blood. The band known as the string band is generally sufficiently heavy for the purpose. It should be applied just as soon as it is noticed that the headache is setting in and taken off the moment the pain ceases. In many cases the rubber band works nicely, though it affords no relief when the headache is the result of stomach troubles or biliousness.

"I find also that a rubber band twisted about a toe between the corn and the foot is a handy remedy to stop the pain from a jumping corn. Corns are very liable to be troublesome when there is much humidity in the atmosphere. The rubber band seems to temporarily quiet the nerves in the toe, and in this way stop the pain. As in the case of a band around the head, the pressure should not be tight enough to stop the circulation of the blood."—Washington Star.

Argelander's Wit.

As Hansen was Germany's greatest master in mathematical astronomy, so was the venerable Argelander in the observational side of the science, says Professor Simon Newcomb in The Atlantic. He was of the same age as the newly crowned emperor, and the two were playmates at the time Germany was being overrun by the armies of Napoleon. He was held in love and respect by the entire generation of young astronomers, both Germans and foreigners, many of whom were proud to have had him as their preceptor. Among these was Dr. R. A. Gould, who frequently related a story of the astronomer's wit. When with him as a student, he was beardless and had a good head of hair. Returning some years later, he had become bald, but had made up for it by having a full long beard. He entered Argelander's study unannounced. The astronomer looked at him with some surprise, not at first recognizing him.

"Do you not know me, Herr Professor?"
The astronomer looked more closely.
"Mein Gott! It is Gould but his hair struck through."

A Tote of Bulls.

The following remark is by a highland clergyman. In his sermon preached in a small church in Strathpey, after inveighing against slothfulness, he said in closing, "Do you think Adam and Eve went about the garden of Eden with their hands in their pockets?"

Last year, in the north of Ireland, the following came under my observation. In a hotel the porter, for my information and dutifully in furtherance of the interests of his employers, remarked, "If you want a drive, sir, you needn't go out of the hotel," meaning, of course, that carriages formed part of the establishment. Another bull was in a conversation overheard between two workmen. One put the question, "Were you acquainted with So-and-so?" to which the reply was, "No; he was dead before I knew him."

An Irish friend of mine was describing a dinner party he had been at. It was a great success, as two noted talkers were present, each of whom was talking so fast that neither could get in a word.—Spectator.

Tobacco in England.

In regard to the suggestion which is sometimes made that one way to relieve agricultural depression in this country would be for the government to allow and even to encourage the growth of tobacco, it may be interesting to note how long the prohibition has lasted and how sternly it has been enforced. This may be gathered from the following extract:

"Cornet Wakefield with a party of horse marching out of Gloucester upon the last of July to Winchester and Cheltenham to destroy the Tobacco planted in these parts, the Country did rise against them in a great body, to the number of 5 or 600, giving them very reviling and threatening speeches, even to kill them horse and man, if that he and his Soldiers did come on, inasmuch that the tumult being so great, he was constrained to draw off and nothing more done" (Mercurius Politicus, 29 July-5 Aug., 1658).—Notes and Queries.

Smiled In Death's Face.

Surely pathos could go no further than this. A little girl was killed by the engine of a passing train in south Queensland, Australia. Said the driver: "I saw the little child on the track, and the sight was one that almost made my heart stop beating. She was sitting

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- Sauer Krout
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- Maple Syrup
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down playing, it appeared, with one stone. She was not old enough to understand the position she was in. When I blew the whistle, the little tot just turned around, and as the engine drew near her she looked up at me and smiled."—Melbourne Age.

Grant and Porter.

Admiral Porter was forever running into print, and his penchant for this kind of thing was a source of great annoyance to Grant, who was his staunch friend.

"What do you think of Porter as an admiral?" was asked of the general on one occasion.

"Why," replied Grant, with a quiet smile, "he would be the greatest admiral since Nelson if he had never learned to write."—Exchange.

The Future of Travel.

"What is rapid transit, Uncle Chris?"
"Rapid transit? Why, it is electric cars which have to run so fast that they never stop to take on passengers."—Detroit Free Press.

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