

VICTIMS OF STRABISMUS.

Recollections of a Man Whose Eyes Were Once at Cross Purposes.

"Watch that waiter," said the doctor, as he indicated by a jerk of his thumb a black-frocked, white-aproned servitor who was pursuing an unsteady course through the maze of tables and chairs at the further end of the restaurant. "Notice the way he carries his head. See how he twists his neck away to avoid looking anyone in the eye. I suppose you think I am going to tell you that the man is a reformed cut-throat or a fugitive New Jersey bank official. But I am not. He is an innocent, moral man, for all that I know to the contrary, but he is terribly afflicted. He needs pity and obscurity. He would be more at home on SeNirk's Island than on Broadway. He is cross-eyed.

"The pathology of this disease," said the physician, as he lighted a cigar and settled himself in his chair for a talk, "is two-fold. It is both moral and medical. The mental, as well as the physical qualities of the victim are influenced by this serious affliction. I know of no disease, deformity or malady which produces such marked effects on a man as strabismus. It is human nature to cover up one's defects, but nothing can hide a pair of cross-eyes. The eyes have been called windows of the soul. They are the most expressive part of the face. They denote a man's passion, his feelings, his sentiments. You always look into a man's eyes when he talks to you. You may never see how he is dressed; but if the expression of his eye is bad, it is seen in a second. And this is not the worst of it. If a limb is so crippled that it attracts your attention the victim may not happen to notice your scrutiny, but if you look into his crooked eyes he detects your glance instantly. It requires more than natural politeness to look a cross-eyed person in the face and not indicate by the slightest sign that his deformity is noticed, and very few people have been able to accomplish the feat. There is a fascination about cross-eyes. Your gaze is drawn to them unconsciously. You can't avoid them. Your curiosity is excited. You are constantly wondering with which eye he is looking at you. The cross-eyed man cannot escape his notoriety. I was cross-eyed myself once, and for years life was a burden to me. On street-cars ill-mannered men would stare at me, girls looked at me and giggled, children would move around directly in front of me and inquire, so as to be heard all over the car, 'Mamma, say, what's the matter with this man's eyes?' I neglected society, walked instead of riding in the cars or stages, and was fast developing into a recluse, when I had my eyes straightened by an operation. I was engaged to be married, when I was beginning my practice, to a beautiful young girl, who entered into all my hopes and ambitions. She was good and generous and so self-sacrificing that she was willing to link herself to a cross-eyed man for life. My affliction broke off the match. We were both at an evening company. It was only a month before the day which was appointed for the wedding. We were sitting in one corner of the room facing another pair of lovers, who were ensconced behind a screen of flowers in the other corner. The band was playing and we were listening. I was thinking about the great happiness in store for me when my dream was rudely disturbed by a young man opposite. He crossed the room, came to my side, and whispered loudly enough to almost drown the band. "If you don't stop staring at that young lady I will flatten your watch chain against your backbone." I tried to explain. I told him I didn't intend to stare at her; that I was looking and thinking only of the fair creature by my own side. But it was no use. He didn't believe me, and my intended was so mortified by the disturbance and confusion that when I offered to release her from her promise she gladly accepted the offer. She married soon afterward a club-footed grocer, and lives around the corner from me, and I have now as straight eyes as she has."—New York Times.

Unwilling to Accuse.

An old negress toiled hard to heed the old motto "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"—Say nothing but good of the dead—in speaking about a neighbor. It shows how one can avoid making a direct statement, and yet actually make it by implication. The Arkansas Traveller says that a gentleman stopped at the old negress's cabin and talked with her concerning the prospects of her crop.

"I did hab fo' or five fine hogs," she said, "but da's dwindling down till I aint got but one now."

"Did somebody steal them?"

"I neber talks 'bout my neighbors, on' I doan like ter say what became of de shoats. I neber makes mischief, I doesn't."

"Did the hogs die?"

"Da muster died; but yer aint agwine ter git me ter say nuthin' agin my neighbors. De man what libed up dar is dead now, and I aint agwine ter say nuthin' agin him. The hogs disappeared away from heah while dat man was libin'; but I aint agwine ter say nuthin' agin him."

"Do you think that he took them?"

"Mister, dat man's dead, and I doan wanter say nuthin' agin him; but, lemme tell yer, while dat man was libin' he was a powerful stumbling-block ter hogs."

How Some People Look Upon Smuggling.

Many people have a notion that there is no moral wrong in smuggling. A few years ago a dealer in laces in Leonard street, New York was found to have been extensively engaged in smuggling. He had made himself liable to pay a penalty of \$10,000. I took him to the District Attorney's office, where he expressed his willingness to pay the cash. He said: "I suppose you think I have committed some moral wrong. I do not think so. I have merely violated a legal restriction of the United States, but committed no moral offense. Your government levies a duty of sixty per cent. to-day and to-morrow takes it off. Morality is not made and unmade in that

way." He paid the \$10,000 and ended it. He represents a large class of people claiming to be honest who do not hesitate to defraud the custom house. Very respectable people have been caught smuggling clothing, and I found one merchant who regularly bought his clothes from a London tailor without paying duty.—Custom Officer in New Sun.

Things in General.

The new game law in Idaho is very strict. No buffalo, deer, elk, antelope, or mountain sheep are to be killed between the first of January and the first of September of each year, and at no other time shall they be killed to obtain their hides or to ship their carcasses out of the territory.

Charles Dudley Warner remarks that August, notwithstanding its robust name, is a sort of flabby, watering-place month. "It is fly time, it is dog-days time, it is flirtation time. It is a period of general listlessness and indecision. It is said to be very difficult in August to make up the mind either to accept him or reject him. And worse still it is apt to be the latter part of the month before he makes up his mind to propose. Indeed, to speak of making up the mind at all in August is nearly absurd, for there is no mind to make up."

At Calaveras, Cal., a short time ago, a Frenchman, while haying, was bitten by a tarantula. It is supposed that in pitching hay into a cart the tarantula fell off the hay into the inside of his shirt, which was unbuttoned at the front at the time. He felt something crawling on his person, but before he could get his hand in to find out what it was the creature had bitten him twice on the left side. He immediately stripped off his shirt and succeeded in killing the dangerous intruder without being nipped again. In less than fifteen seconds from the time he was bitten his whole side turned as black as a piece of coal, and he was unable to walk. His companions took him to the house, near by, and by applying brandy internally and externally, succeeded in saving his life.

Around Gainesville, Fla., the raising and shipping of the turbine squash has become an industry. It finds a ready sale at Boston and is used almost exclusively for making pies. In shape it resembles a turbine wheel, whence it takes its name. It has the color of the pumpkin and looks like a kershaw, but is finer and of a more delicate flavor. The vines bear heavily, and continue bearing until about the first of August. The prices vary from \$4.50 to \$5 per barrel.

Col. E. A. Calkins, of the Milwaukee Sunday Telegraph has been out to Denver, attending the Grand Army reunion. In an interview, he says: "By the way, at the close of the war, I was offered the business and editorial management of a newspaper in Denver, which is now making from \$70,000 to \$80,000 a year, but it was then a ten days' journey by stage from the Missouri river to Denver, and the Pacific railroad appeared like an impracticable dream. So I did not go."

The City of Denver, Col., is so high up in the mountains—7,000 feet above the level of the sea—that housekeepers find difficulty in cooking meat and vegetables by boiling. The atmosphere is so light that water boils at a temperature too low to thoroughly cook some kinds of food. While strangers complain much of the thinness of the atmosphere, old settlers are not much distressed, and children born and raised there seem not to suffer inconvenience in any way. They race up and down the sides of the mountains at full speed without finding any difficulty in breathing. Their lungs are large enough to take in all the air, light as it is, that they require.

Red Fish Lake, on the summit of a mountain range in Idaho, which had an area of several miles and was many fathoms in depth, has dropped through the bottom. It was 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by dense forests, which rendered it a delightful resort in summer for camping, fishing and boating parties. When the departure took place is not known. The surrounding formation is granite and limestone, and an immense fissure has opened, whether caused by separation or settling of the earth's surface or from volcanic action is not known. The bed of the lake is dry, and presents the appearance of a deep gorge or valley on the summit of the mountains. This lake has always contained millions of red fish and been a favorite resort for bear, deer and other game. Where the fish went to is as much a mystery as where the water went.

Grant Would Not Hang Lee.

From the Wilmington, N. C. Star.

We heard some time ago from a Washingtonian a story that is so creditable to Grant that we will give it. We had heard it before, but not in shape calculated to give us confidence in its authenticity. But, as we last heard it, and because of the circumstantiality attending it, we no longer discredit it. After Lincoln's assassination there was a growing sentiment among extreme men in the north that the southern leaders must be punished, and the more famous men hanged. A cabinet meeting was called and it was resolved to hang at least General Lee and some one or two others. Grant, at the head of the army, was sent for, and was told that was the action of the cabinet. He deliberately unbuckled his sword, and laying it upon the table said: "My honor as a soldier and a man is pledged to General Lee, and if you take the step proposed, I at once surrender my sword, resign my commission and go before the American people." This firmness and promptness brought the extreme men to their senses, and the matter was dropped. We are assured that the story is trustworthy and it comes through a channel that entitles it to credence. It is honorable to Grant, and shows him in a much grander light than anything he has ever done as president.

Truth is Mighty and Must Prevail

Is a good old maxim, but no more reliable than the 'oft repeated verdict of visitors that

COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA,

is the Queen City of a magnificent county and the most beautifully located of the many new and prosperous places of North Dakota. It is the

Permanent County Seat of Griggs County, and, though only a few months old, already has a representation in nearly every branch of business and each man enjoying a profitable trade. Plenty of room for more business houses, mechanics or professional men. Cooperstown is not only the

TERMINUS OF THE S. C. & T. M. R. R., but is also Headquarters thereof. In short, the place is, by virtue of its situation

The Central City of the Central County of North Dakota.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER! THE COMMERCIAL CENTER!

THE FINANCIAL CENTER! THE RAILROAD CENTER!

and the outfitting point of settlers for fifty miles to the North and West. The energetic spirit of Cooperstown's citizens, who in most cases have not yet reached the meridian of life, the singleness of purpose and unity of action in pushing her interests, have resulted in giving her an envious reputation for business thrift even this early in her history.

GRIGGS COUNTY

is the acknowledged Eden for settlers and home-seekers. Its soil is unsurpassed; its drainage the very best; its climate salubrious, and its railway advantages par-excellent. Public land in the county is becoming scarcer every day, yet there are still thousands of opportunities for the landless to get homes.

GREAT STRIDES

toward Metropolitan comforts have been made in Cooperstown and the wandering head of the weary traveler can here find rest and entertainment at an

BEAUTIFUL AND ELEGANTLY APPOINTED HOTEL,

erected at a cost of \$21,000. The man who becomes a citizen of Griggs county's thrifty capital can have, without price or waiting, the advantages of

GOOD SCHOOLS AND SPLENDID SOCIETY.

The rapidly growing embryonic city of Cooperstown is surrounded on all sides by the very richest lands in North Dakota. Cooperstown, situated as it is in the very heart of a new and fertile region, must boom to keep pace with the

UNPARALLELED RAPID DEVELOPMENT

of the surrounding country. When you stop and consider the facts you will realize the advantages this new town enjoys. It being the terminus of a railroad, the entire country makes it a

UNIVERSAL TRADING POINT,

a fact demonstrated by the merchants already established and enjoying big trades. Cooperstown is not an experiment but is built on the solid rock of commercial industry. Sound investments can be made in Cooperstown city property or Griggs county farm lands by applying to the

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