

RENEWING HIS LEGS.

A MAIMED SOLDIER GETS A NEW LIMB EVERY FIVE YEARS.

Or He May Have Its Equivalent in Money. Many Scared Veterans Take Advantage of the Latter Provision—In Fact the Vast Majority Prefer the Money.

A law passed by congress in 1870 declared that every soldier or sailor who had lost a limb, or the use of it, in the service of this country should be supplied with an artificial one to replace it once every five years, at the government's expense. Or, it was provided that if the beneficiary did not wish to take the limb he should be paid its cash value instead.

Now, an artificial limb is a pretty costly thing, and many an old soldier prefers to stump around on a wooden peg and put his \$75 in his pocket. That is the amount given as "commutation," so called, for a leg; \$50 being the amount paid for an arm.

It must be remembered that the law covers not merely limbs lost but also limbs rendered useless. A man whose hand has been disabled by a contraction of the fingers, resulting from disease or injury incidental to service, is entitled to an artificial arm; if his foot has been amputated above the ankle he is entitled to a whole artificial leg.

Of course there are many more old soldiers who have disabled limbs than have lost them, and they necessarily draw the money. Thus you will find that out of 18,000 veterans who receive this bounty from the government every five years only about 800 call for actual arms and legs, the rest accepting cash instead.

Perhaps as many as 400 more prefer to go without the artificial legs they need as a measure of economy, using stumps or crutches instead. The one armed men take their checks nearly every time. When the law was first passed nearly as many arms were called for as legs, but the cripples soon discovered by experiment that, while an artificial leg is a most useful piece of mechanism and a fair substitute for the real article, the best false arm is hardly more than a thing for ornamental purposes.

So it came about that there have been few applications for arms since, ninety-nine legs being made at government expense for every arm. The average leg of the best quality lasts about eight years, and those of the veterans who use them are mostly accustomed to make them do for ten years.

HOW LEGS ARE MADE. Since the war, which necessarily created an enlarged demand for artificial limbs, there has been vast improvement in their manufacture. Legs are made so admirably now that one can walk with artificial limbs so well as to exhibit very little difficulty in the gait. Willow or basswood is the material used. The lumber is most carefully selected, and cut into blocks eight inches square and four feet long. Holes are drilled through these blocks lengthwise with an auger, and they are allowed to season for three years. Then they are ready for use.

The block is carved and sandpapered into shape, as exactly like a real leg as possible. Next it is hollowed out to the desired thickness, after which it is covered with kid and the surface rendered waterproof by a coating of a peculiar varnish. The lower part of the limb is connected with the upper by an ingenious knee joint, and the whole interior of the leg is filled with mechanism in which a spiral spring plays an important part.

A veteran is entitled by law to one limb or its equivalent in money for each amputation suffered, so that some old soldiers who have no limbs left that are worth getting for use get four new ones every five or \$350 if they prefer. Out of all the men 83 per cent. are ampu-

tated because of war, and only 10 per cent. on account of disease, 81 per cent. of the cases being due to railways, which are thus seen to occasion the loss of almost as many as battle.

It should not be forgotten to mention that not merely the veterans of the war, but all soldiers and sailors, and civilians as well, who lose a limb or the use of it in the service of the United States are entitled to the bounty described once in five years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Word for the Dude.

I am moved to say a word in defense of the dude. The primal meaning of the word was intended to convey the idea of a forceless, rapid, useless nonentity, of less account in the world than foam, and as superfluous as a second handle to a teacup. But more and more the word is becoming estranged from its original import. It is getting to be quite the thing to revile a young man for wearing clean linen and maintaining a courteous demeanor. The very fact that he is a gentleman both in apparel and conduct is enough to let loose all the dogs of ridicule upon him.

Ride in any street car, full of tobacco spitting, mannerless boors, and see how the sneer goes round if there appears in their midst a gentleman who wears gloves, is exceedingly polite and refrains from the everlasting expletion! If he is faultlessly attired the last straw is added to forbearance, and he is stigmatized as a "dude." A pretty pass we have come to when all the pleasant attributes of courtesy, consideration, cleanliness and civility are at a discount in public places, and only the riotous, rough and elbowing, pushing, inconsiderate boors are held high in popular estimation.

Cleanliness is not incompatible with mankind, neither is it necessary to chew tobacco, go unshaven and unkempt to prove yourself a son of Mars or a descendant of Thor. Brawn of muscle and brawn of brain are enviable possessions, but they need the setting of innate good breeding and wholesome personal appearance to make them effective, just as the finest picture that ever was painted is greatly enhanced in value by a setting and a frame.—Chicago Herald.

The Smile and the Laugh.

"The chief characteristic that I notice in my friends after a long separation from them," remarked a gentleman recently, "is that they laugh less than they used to."

"Do you not consider that encouraging?" asked a lady present. "Is it not a sign of increased sense that people grow more serious as they grow older?" "I—I hadn't thought of that," said the first speaker hesitatingly. "I simply thought that they had grown sadder."

"Sadder and wiser" have not been wedded for nothing in time honored proverb," laughed the lady. "I had thought of my aged contemporaries hertofore as only to be pitied. I shall think of them after this as also to be congratulated," admitted her friend.

Probably there is nothing more absurd in a small way than the spectacle presented to the disinterested looker on by your smiling man as he appears in public, walking up the aisle of a church or riding in a car. However sweet and amiable the spirit signified by his perennially simple the simplicity of mind argued by such a "wearing of one's heart upon his sleeve" is too patent to be agreeable. The habitual smile or laughter, whatever else he may be, can never be a man of deep thought nor of any other depth, unless, perhaps, a hypocritical Shakespearean villain.—Chris-Gen. Blank's Appeal.

Speaking of heroes recalls a good story that is current in political circles. At a congressional convention up in the state there was a number of candidates. As is the custom, each man was called upon to make a speech. Each, save one, made a modest address, and when Gen. Blank was presented the convention was quite enthusiastic. "Put it mildly, general, put it mildly," a friend whispered as Gen. Blank came forward.

"Gentlemen of the convention," said Gen. Blank as he faced the crowd of delegates and laid his hand over his heart, "you behold in me a veteran of three wars. I served the country during the rebellion. When I laid down my arms I fought in the cause of prohibition. I have fought for my country, my principles and my God," he said solemnly, "and gentlemen of the convention," he added, expanding his chest and rolling his eyes in a frenzy that was said to be fine, "you see before you a patriot. Oh, God!" he exclaimed as he patted his chest, "what a record! What a hero!"

The silence was intense, and it was about to be broken by cheers and applause when a newspaper reporter on the stage said in a loud voice, which was heard distinctly all over the hall, "Oh, heavens! what an ass!" The convention broke into laughter that was long continued. Gen. Blank did not get the nomination.—Cincinnati Commercial.

A Wonderful Cannon.

In process of construction at the gun factory in Watervliet is a 10-inch gun, which, when completed, will be one of the greatest caliber and most wonderful in its design ever made in this country. This huge gun will be built according to Capt. Crozier's latest design of wire winding. Capt. Crozier is located in the ordnance department at Washington, and the present gun is the fourth of its kind in existence. The work of boring the gun has been completed, and it will be placed in the lathe preparatory to commencing the wire winding.

The square wire to be used will be of steel, as is also the gun proper, a tenth of an inch in thickness and will be wound from the breech to the muzzle the entire length. To produce the desired work a dynamo has been placed in the gun factory, which will be utilized to weld the ends of the wire by electricity. When completed it is expected that this gun will throw a 680 pound projectile from twelve to fifteen miles, the greatest distance yet accomplished. The weight of the powder charge will be about 280 pounds, and the penetration will be, it is expected, about twenty-four inches in armor plate.—Albany Argus.

A Belfast Youth's Experiment.

One of our young men asked his father for the horse the other evening to go to Northport. But the old gentleman allowed that he and his wife would go themselves, and soon after did go, leaving behind a mad young man. But he finally hit upon the idea of harnessing up the cow. This he did into the best buggy. The cow was very docile until he tried to drive her. When she felt the weight of the wagon attached to her she gave one bellow full of fright, and with tail over her back she ran kicking and plunging through the garden, tramping the vegetables and knocking down bean poles, the young man clinging on to the seat, howling for some one to stop her.

But nothing could stop her. Finally a stone wall got in her track and she cleared it in grand shape; but the buggy, young man and harness were so badly mixed up that a neighbor who came to the rescue could not tell one from the other. The cow has not yet been seen, but the ruin she left behind will forever be a monument to her wrath. The buggy was carried to the barn in a bushel basket and the young man on a stretcher.—Belfast (Me.) Age.

Oarsmen at Harvard.

I noticed the other day in the papers an item about Harvard college which, if not an error, is a striking indication of the growth and magnitude of the athletic spirit there. It was to the effect that eighty members of the freshman class are candidates for their class crew. What a change is this from a period even so late as fifteen or twenty years ago, when (at least so I understand from the graduates of about that period) a dozen men would be about the number of freshmen who had this commendable ambition. Of course the classes have grown since then, but in nothing like a similar proportion. I, for one, am not alarmed by the athletic tendencies of the modern student. I have seen so many intellectual men hampered all their lives by want of vigor, and so many commonplace men succeed by dint of nervous energy and nervous composure, to say that I don't care how much time the boys spend in cultivating their muscles and their physique.—Boston Post.

No Change.

W. W. Welling, stamp clerk at the postoffice, is very popular with the public, and his return to duty after a few weeks' absence recently was hailed with satisfaction by many. Mr. Welling has an impediment in his speech. Shortly after his return a well known business man came to the window for some stamps. Mr. Welling tore off a sheet and threw out the change in his usual brisk manner.

"Well, I see your right hand hasn't forgotten its cunning," remarked the patron.

Full Fare for the Corpse.

On a train from Aurora to Chicago the other day a strange incident occurred. A poor man, accompanied by three children, was bringing the corpse of his wife to the city. He was provided with a ten-trip ticket, and said he had been told by the station authorities at Aurora that the fare for himself and children and the body of the wife could be punched from the trip ticket. The conductor insisted upon full fare for the corpse, and intimated that if he did not get it he would have to put the body off. A disinterested passenger thought the man had sufficient sorrow without being compelled to argue with the conductor, and paid the fare.—Philadelphia

SECOND HAND SHOES.

Nearly everything is sold at second hand in New York. It is easy to understand why there is a market for finery, for pianos, for jewelry and for clothing, for which prices are high and vary a great deal, but shoes are sold so cheaply when new that trade in shoes at second hand should be small. Yet it is a fact that there is a very large trade in second hand boots and shoes, mostly shoes, because boots are worn by few at present. The second hand shoe stores are in basements in the poorest quarters of the city.

They are generally in the neighborhood of second hand clothing stores, but are distinct from them. Sometimes, however, bargains in second hand shoes are to be found in second hand clothing stores, but they are odd pairs and an assortment is seldom supplied. On the east side and in the First ward are many second hand shoe stores, and in the bend at Sixth Avenue and Carmine street is quite a colony. Many of them are kept by Hebrews and almost invariably the proprietor is a cobbler, who occupies his time mending shoes, either for his own customers or some other shop. All sorts and sizes of shoes, representing the fashions of the past ten years or longer, may be found for all ages and both sexes. They are kept cleanly blacked.

Many of these shoes are from ash barrels and garbage boxes, having been discarded as past the worth of mending. About the 1st of May there is a harvest of old shoes, thrown out by tidy housekeepers and picked up by the ragpickers, who send them to the second hand shops. Many men buy cheap shoes purposely, because they do not like to wear shoes a long time. They discard them without half soling. As long as shoes are repairable on the uppers they are of service to the second hand men, who patiently patch and mend them and make them worth selling.

Some of the second hand shops are patronized by Hebrews, others by Italians, and some by colored people. Many servants get shoes from their employers and have them mended, thereby getting better articles than they could afford to buy new.

The prices of these second hand shoes are low. It is almost a rule that the price shall be only a trifle more than the cost of mending. Twenty-five cents a pair is not an unusual price. A dollar a pair is a large price. The cost of shoes is one of the heaviest burdens to poor families. Old clothes may be handed down from one generation to another, or made over, but the shoes require cash outlay all the time, and the amount of shoe leather that can be stamped out by healthy youngsters is appalling.

There is a steady trade in second hand shoes among peddlers. They eagerly bargain for old shoes as they travel through the country. Many of the best shoes in second hand shops are bought by colored people who are inclined to be particular about their footwear. In the best second hand stores may be found spoiled fancy shoes for women, relics of the stage, or the cast off finery of the rich. Such shoes often reappear in east side ball rooms. Most of the customers of the second hand shoe shops are thrifty persons who have fair incomes but are saving money for some purpose, and do not disdain to economize by buying second hand articles.—New York Sun.

If We Only Knew!

How few people know when to stop. If the preacher knew when to stop preaching how much more satisfactory the result of his sermon might be. If the genial fellow knew just when to stop telling his good stories how much keener their relish would be. If the moralizer knew just when to stop moralizing how much longer the flavor of his philosophy would endure. If the friend knew when to keep still how grateful his silence would be. If the candid creature who so glibly tells of our foibles knew when to hold his tongue how much less strong our impulse to slap him would be.

If the high liver knew when to stop eating how much less sure dyspepsia would be. If the popular guest knew when to withdraw how much more regretfully we should see him go. If the politician knew when to retire into private life how much whiter his record would be. If we all knew just when to die, and could opportunely bring the sweat about how much truer our epitaphs would be. The court fool who prayed, "O God, be merciful to me, a fool!" prayed deeper than he knew, and the man who prays, "O God, teach me to know when I have said enough," prays deeper still.—Chicago Herald.

The balloon proposed for polar exploration is 99 feet in diameter and 500,000 cubic feet in volume. The journey is to be begun from Spitzbergen, and with a favorable wind is expected to last four or five days.

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN.



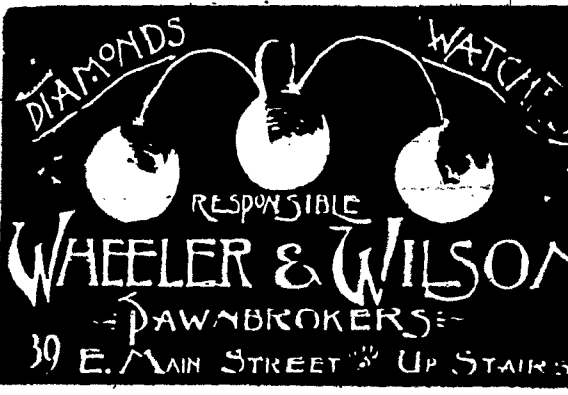
THIS BOY HAVING HEARD SO MUCH OF THE SUPERIOR QUALITIES OF WHALEN'S SHIELD CHEWING TOBACCO, OVER ALL OTHER BRANDS, CAN NO LONGER RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO ROB ONE OF OUR GERMAN-AMERICAN CITIZENS OF HIS CHEWING TOBACCO.

SMOKE THE

White Dove Cigar,

Manufactured by GUINAN & BROWN, 11 Bartlett Street.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS DEALERS



W. Foster Kelly, ARCHITECT,

8 and 9 Osburn House Block.

FRED. FRANK,

Hair Dressing and Shaving Parlor, 10 NORTH AVENUE.

Near Franklin Street.

One Price Beck.

Boots & Shoes,

126 EAST MAIN ST. OPP. WHEATCORN HOUSE. All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

Louis Ernst & Son,

Mechanics' Tools, Builders' Hardware, Manufacturers' Supplies.

129 AND 131 EAST MAIN ST.

Two Doors East of So. St. PAUL ST.

The Rochester Sanitary Excavating Co.

—CLEANS— Vaults, Cesspools, Cellars

And removes all offensive matter with neatness and dispatch. Prompt Service and Reasonable Rates.

Office, 116 Hudson St. P. O. Box 172.

Aman's Soda Mint Alternative for Dyspepsia

AMAN'S COUGH SYRUP.

Aman's Worm Powders.

HENRY AMAN,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

157 North Clinton Street.

LEWIS FRENCH,

Veterinary Surgeon,

Treats all Diseases of Horses, and practices in all departments of clinical Surgery. Special shoeing to remedy defects in horses.

5 Caledonia Avenue, cor. West Ave. Residence, Boulevard 4th, house from city line

ADOLPH BEQUE,

Caterer,

Specialty of Ice Cream and Fancy Cakes. Caterer for Weddings and Parties. Telephone, 713.

189 EAST AVENUE.

That is this my... I shall be the... And tells the

MY A

We were... I had been... I had been... I had been...

I had been... I had been... I had been... I had been...

I had been... I had been... I had been... I had been...

I had been... I had been... I had been... I had been...

I had been... I had been... I had been... I had been...

I had been... I had been... I had been... I had been...

I had been... I had been... I had been... I had been...

I had been... I had been... I had been... I had been...

I had been... I had been... I had been... I had been...

I had been... I had been... I had been... I had been...

I had been... I had been... I had been... I had been...