M'KENNA SAYS HE IS A FIREBUG.

To Revenge Himself on the Sullivans He Confesses.

Only Received $60 of the $500 Promised Him.

Thomas McKenna, aged thirty-six, a laborer, of 301 East Sixty-first street, is a prisoner at Police Headquarters. By his own confession he is a firebug, and his story has led to the arrest of two other persons, who are now in the Westchester County Jail, charged with being accessories to arson.

McKenna visited Acting Chief Inspector McLaughlin, Tuesday, and said he had a confession to make. According to McKenna he was employed last September by Michael Bernard Sullivan and his wife Kate to burn down the house they occupied in Eastchester, so that they might obtain the insurance upon their furniture. He was to receive $500 for the job, but as they had only paid him $60 he had determined to "peach."

McKenna said he was working in Eastchester last August and became acquainted with the Sullivans, who had rented one of the Halsey cottages on Mill Lane in Eastchester.

One day Mrs. Sullivan sent for him and told him that she would give him $500 if he would set fire to the house. He agreed, and in the latter part of August the arrangements were all completed. He placed in one of the rooms a large basket filled with wood and paper, thoroughly saturated with kerosene, and attached a slow fuse.

In order to prove an alibi he said he and the Sullivans and the children went to a chowder party at "Sailor Jack's," a few miles away. When they arrived there "Sailor Jack" was drunk, the party was a fizzle and Mrs. Sullivan said they could not prove an alibi by anybody there, so McKenna hurried back to the house and extinguished the fuse, which had not yet burned up to the basket.

Sept. 22, McKenna said, the Sullivan's went away to visit some friends. They had previously stored the most valuable part of their furniture in his sister's house. After the Sullivans started he built a fire under the stairs, and when he saw the blaze he ran away.

As he ran he he heard two shots from a gun fired by a neighbor to give an alarm. It frightened him so that he didn't stop until he got to the city.

He saw Mrs. Sullivan the next day, and she gave him $50, and a day or two later, $10 more. McKenna said that the Sullivans' furniture was insured for $3,000, and that although the Sullivans' were paid $2,296.20 by N. A. Stearns, the adjuster of the State of Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company, they had refused to pay him the balance of the $500, which they owed him for firing the house.

After listening to McKenna's remarkable story Inspector McLaughlin notified Sheriff Duffy, of Westchester County. Under Sheriffs Pugsley and Verplank came here and had a talk with McKenna, which resulted in the arrest of the Sullivans yesterday. They will have a hearing before City Judge Attell, of Mount Vernon, this afternoon.

McKenna has a criminal history. According to his own story he was sent to the House of Refuge at the age of fourteen. In 1872 he was sent to Sing Sing for two and a half years for larceny. In 1880 he was sent to Joliet Prison for burglary and prior to that he had served three years in Columbus Penitentiary for burglary. He has also been twice on Blackwell's Island for larceny.

McKenna will be held here for the Westchester authorities.

TOLEDO'S VICTIM OF TRANCE.

"Clay Hopper's Doctors Now Think He Will Fully Recover.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 12.—There were yesterday symptoms of improvement and failure in the case of Clay Hopper, the young man once supposed to be dead, but now known to be in a trance. A slight shock of electricity was administered in the morning, and this seems to have retarded the recovery of the patient.

The circuit of persons with magnetic temperament was again resorted to, and not only was the patient improved but some surprising results were noticed. All in the circuit felt a peculiar sensation, something like a clammy chill. An attendant, whose hands were cold, suddenly grasped Clay's foot, and it jerked as if the patient were startled.

The father stated that the boy was conscious. He had asked him questions and noticed a faint smile in reply. Dr. Dodge and others talked of making a post-mortem examination when it was still believed that the body was dead, and the father says that an expression of unutterable anguish at once spread over the face of the supposed dead.

Last night Clay's pulse could be felt and the eye frequently opened and closed. Dr. Galliver thinks the patient will fully recover from the trance.

Physicians from all over the United States are here, but the father will admit only a few to the chamber. These few fully substantiate all that is made public about the case.

WICKES WON IN TWO ROUNDS.

George Franklin Beaten in a Terrific Fight at Detroit.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

DETROIT, Jan. 12.—George Franklin, of St. Paul (colored), and Joe Wickes, of Detroit, last night fought two desperate rounds at the Michigan Athletic Club for a purse of $200.

After terrific smashes in the face and wind, Franklin clinched. After the break Wickes landed his right in the stomach and got a vicious upper cut. Clinch succeeded clinch, with face and body smashing following fast.

Franklin was not allowed a foul and refused to fight, but amid the wildest excitement time was called and Wickes went to his corner and gave right and left body punches. Franklin then came to the centre and vicious slugging and many clinches followed.

The timekeeper lost his watch, and the round continued until Franklin was chased into his corner, where Wickes caged him at will. Before he could be pulled off Franklin was done, his stomach turned on him, and offers of a purse of $200, win or lose, failed to move him. The fight was awarded to Wickes.

Economites to Give Up the Farm.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

PITTSBURG, Jan. 12.—Farming, stock raising and kindred interests are to be largely abandoned by the Economite Society. It is said that the farming operations of the Society have not been profitable for some time. Feb. 1 some 300 laborers will be discharged. The brickyards, saw-mills and all the manufacturing interests will be operated with renewed vigor and on approved principles.

Ives Challenges Slosson.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—Champion Frank Ives characterizes the sweeping challenge of Slosson as an advertising fake. "Sosson worded it so that I could not possibly accept," said Ives. "If Slosson wants to meet me I will play him two games at 14-inch balk-line, 2,400 points up, 800 points a night, for any kind of money, one of the games to be played here and the others in New York."

Shot His Wife's Hands Off.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 12.—Mrs. Will Crump, colored, seventeen years old, had both hands shot off at the wrist yesterday by her husband, who followed her to her mother's home. The latter was also shot. Mrs. Crump will die.

Capt. Darius Cole Dead.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

DETROIT, Jan. 12.—Capt. Darius Cole, President of the Cole-Star steamship line, and a well-known lake captain of long standing, died at his residence in this city last night after a long illness of neuralgia of the heart. He was seventy-four years of age.

MUST EXPLAIN TO THE MAYOR.

Accounts Commissioners' Report Sent to the Charities Board.

Details of the Alleged Mismanagement on the Island.

Mayor Gilroy this morning forwarded the report of Commissioners of Accounts Wahle and Owen on the management of the Department of Charities and Correction to the commissioners, with a request for explanation.

The report is the same that was made to Mayor Grant, and by Mayor Gilroy returned to Mr. Wahle with instructions to "boil it down."

The main points of the synopsis are as follows:

"We find that the rates of tonnage between Twenty-sixth street and Blackwell's, Hart's, Ward's and Randall's islands are excessive. The rate from Twenty-sixth street to Hart's Island is 40 cents, to Randall's Island 30 cents and to Blackwell's Island 20 cents. The sale of tickets at One Hundred and Fifteenth street is managed carelessly. The system adopted at Twenty-sixth street should be introduced at One Hundred and Fifteenth street.

"In our opinion a showing of but thirty-seven pounds of grease per day, to be sold as refuse from average daily consumption of 11,111 pounds of meat for 1890, is a proof of carelessness.

"We find that the purchase of extras is extravagantly conducted and apparently without warrant. We base the charge upon:

"A. The fact that out of 110 articles in the custody of the storekeeper on Blackwell's Island, 50 were also purchased as extras.

"B. That of 35 kinds of extras purchased for the charity Hospital in 1890, 19 could have been had at the storekeeper's.

"C. That in the year 1890 over $500 worth of delicacies was purchased as extras for officers and employees, for which the city ought not to be compelled to pay.

"D. For the period under investigation the bills for purchased extras were not approved by the Board of Commissioners until weeks after the purchases were made.

"We find that the system of delivering meats to institutions is poor. We cite as an instance the delivery to the Insane Asylum on Ward's Island in 1888 of 98,544 pounds of common beef in excess of the requirements, based upon the census and dietary tables; in 1889, 98,857½ pounds, and in 1890, 95,043½ pounds, making a total of 276,405 pounds delivered to one institution in excess in three years, there were delivered to the same institution in excess during these three years 53,530 pounds of mutton.

"The method of keeping stock books and ledgers at the store-house is simply worthless, owing to the fact that entries are made in the books of produce that is never received there, the storekeepers sole knowledge as to those goods being derived from invoices sent to him.

"The absence at the Central Office of proper books of record of supplies should be remedied. We found there no books of record of the daily quantity of meats, &c., received from contractors.

"The weighing of meat at the Twenty-sixth street dock and the reweighing at the destination, resulting often in the discovery of shortages, and the readiness with which contractors make up the deficiency, although in our opinion not legally bound to do so, should be explained."

The report also charges similar mismanagement of the City Farm at Central Islip, and calls attention to the fact that the cost of pay patients at Bellevue Hospital cost the city twice as much as the patients pay.

TRIED TO BURN HER HOME.

Mrs. Daly, Just Off the Island, Was Found Drunk by Her Husband.

Mrs. Catherine Daly, on the complaint of her husband, John Daly, of 84 Catharine street, was to-day sent to the island for three months by Justice McMahon at the Tombs Court.

Mrs. Daly had been sent up Dec. 6 for six months for drunkenness. Her husband, however, succeeded in getting her released last Tuesday.

When Daly and his son came home last night they found her intoxicated. She had smashed up nearly all the furniture, piled it in the middle of the room and was trying to set it on fire with a kerosene lamp. Had Daly been five minutes later the house would have been ablaze. The Dalys have four children.

SHARP TEA-CHEST THIEVES.

One Got Away, but the Other Is Locked Up.

In the Tombs Court to-day, John Sullivan, of 154 Cherry street, was held for examination on the charge of stealing a chest of tea from a truck at the corner of New Chambers and William streets.

Vincent Jautz was driver of the truck. He saw a man jump on the rear end of the load, seize a tea-chest and run down William street. Jautz chased the thief, who finally dropped his chest of tea and escaped. During Jautz's absence Sullivan made away with another chest.

A policeman saw Sullivan's act, however, and ran after him, capturing him in Park Row and recovering the property.

TRYING TO FREE GARDNER.

Defective Indictment Alleged in the Parkhurst Agent's Case.

Lawyer Jerome's motion to dismiss the indictment against Agent Gardner, of the Parkhurst Society, on the ground that the facts alleged constituted another crime than that charged in the indictment, came up before the Recorder in General Sessions today.

Mr. Jerome submitted a voluminous brief and withdrew his other motion for permission to inspect the minutes of the Grand Jury, and the recorder took the papers, reserving his decision.

Art for the World's Fair.

The reception of works of art submitted for exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition has commenced at the Seventh Regiment Armory and will be continued until the meeting of the Juries of Selection at noon next Monday. As soon as the work of the juries shall have been completed the accepted works will be forwarded to Chicago and installed in the Fine Arts Building.

He Never Came Back.

Charles Sherwood, seventeen years old, a messenger boy employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company, was remanded in the Jefferson Market Court this morning. In October last he is alleged to have answered a call at the Knickerbocker Club and was sent to get a $20 bill changed. Sherwood never returned. He was arrested last night by Special Detective Brennan.

Plainfield's Open Sewer.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Jan. 12.—The residents of this city are anxiously waiting to hear whether the Grand Jury indicts the city authorities for allowing an open sewer to exist in the city, which, it is claimed, is detrimental to public health and likely to cause sickness by overflowing into Green Brook. The sewer is located on Northaven ue. The Grand Jury is now in session at Elizabeth.

Lecture at the Gaelic Society.

Rev. Joseph F. Egan will deliver a lecture this evening at the rooms of the Gaelic Society, the subject being "Archbishop Plunket." After the lecture there will be a "feis" of national songs and music.

Webster's Appeal Goes Over.

Burton C. Webster's appeal from his conviction and sentence for the murder of Charles E. Goodwin, which was to have come up before the General Term for argument to-day, has been adjourned until the February term. No date has been fixed for argument.

LOST IN NEW YORK.

Edward L. Coon Missing Since Last October.

The police are looking for Edward L. Coon, of Johnstown, N. Y., who came to this city Oct. 17 last. His wife and aged mother have heard of him only once since. Shortly after his arrival here he called on his sister-in-law, Mrs. H. Olmstead, 992 Second avenue.

EDWARD L. COON.

Coon was sunstruck last June, the stroke affecting his head to such an extent that he had to be sent to an asylum, from which he was discharged as cured in October.

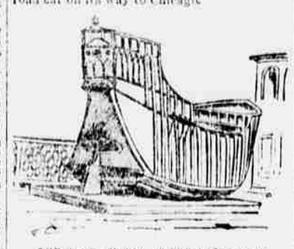
Two days later he came to New York and wrote his wife and mother that they would never see him again, as he was going to New Jersey.

Coon is forty-eight years old, has black eyes and gray-tinged black hair and mustache. When last seen he had on a black Prince Albert coat, black vest and dark striped trousers.

"NEVER CROSSED THE SALTY."

Old Tars Compare the Santa Maria to a Coal Barge.

The model of Columbus's flagship, the Santa Maria, sent to the World's Fair by San Domingo, is now hurrying overland on a railroad car on its way to Chicago.



THE SANTA MARIA AS SHE LOOKS NOW.

The model is an odd-looking kind of a craft, and attracted a great deal of attention from old tars around Erie Basin, where it was brought on the steamer George W. Clyde.

One of the old sailors looked her all over yesterday with a scornful expression on his face.

"Anything like that ever come across the salty?" he said. "Not on yer life. She might have hauled a load of coal from Canarsie, but nothin' like her ever come across th' Lantic. I'm a tellin' yer."

The model is said to be an exact reproduction of the famous ship.

It is built of pine and simply varnished. It is 15 feet in length. A beautiful picture of the Virgin and Christ child is inlaid in the wood at the stern.

CAPT. "KIT" PRINCE'S DEATH.

Found Ill on the Street and Died in the Station-House.

Christopher Prince, once a sea captain, well-known as "Capt. Kit" Prince, died suddenly early this morning in the Mulberry street station-house. He had been found at the corner of Houston and Elizabeth streets by two policemen, to whom he said that he was very ill, and they assisted him to the station. An ambulance was called, but he died before its arrival.

The dead man's body was identified by his brother, Benjamin Prince, of the firm of Prince & Muir, parquet flooring manufacturers, at 512-514 East Ninety-fifth street, who had it removed to an undertaker's to be prepared for burial.

Capt. "Kit" Prince was at one time well to do. He was married and had a son and a daughter. His wife procured a divorce a few years ago and he soon after took to drink. He squandered all his property and latterly became a frequenter of Bowery lodging-houses. His brother provided him with clothes and gave him money regularly twice a week.

The aged parents of the dead man live at Irvington. A letter from his father was found in the dead man's pocket urging him in the most pathetic terms to return.

Capt. "Kit" was about forty-five years old. His death is attributed to heart failure. His son is said to be a student at Columbia college.

POINT AGAINST THE COMBINE.

A Receiver for the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

Although it may not immediately affect the price of coal, consumers in this city are glad that Chancellor McGill, of New Jersey, has decided a point which may help to break the reading combine.

In his opinion on the application for a receiver for the Central Railroad of New Jersey, Chancellor McGill yesterday held that the court had power to appoint a receiver in such cases, and that the Central is responsible for the action of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, which has violated the injunction by arbitrarily fixing the price of coal by combination with the Reading Railroad and Reading Coal and Iron Company.

The chancellor therefore decrees that a receiver shall be appointed to enforce the decree of the court. A Master will first be appointed to take testimony to ascertain whether there has been a change of the status since the case was argued, and the size of the receivership will depend on what is elicited by the Master's report.

Ryan—McInerny.

Mayor Gilroy, Richard Croker and a number of other prominent politicians attended the wedding of Deputy Street Cleaning Commissioner John J. Ryan and Miss Sarah McInerny at St. Paul's church, Madison avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, this afternoon. The bride is the daughter of Police Justice White. After the ceremony a reception took place at Justice White's house, 2 Mount Morris square.

Thoughtful, Timely Charity.

A thoughtful and timely act of charity on the part of Bloomingdale Brothers has just come to light. At the beginning of the present year they sent a large quantity of warm underclothing to be distributed among the inmates of the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island. The distribution was made by Rev. R. Hamilton, the minister of Public Charities.

Church Buildings Burned.

CAMDEN, N. J., Jan. 12.—Fire, shortly after midnight this morning, destroyed the parish building and the Worsingmen's Club building of St John's Protestant Episcopal Church at Broadway and Boyden street. The church was also damaged. Loss estimated above $20,000.

Coming Events.

Ball of the P. J. Donnelly Association at the Uptown Assembly Rooms, Monday evening.

Ball of Company H, Ninth Regiment, at New Manhattan Hall, East Fifty-sixth street, Feb. 10.

Ball, John T. McCall Association, Central Opera House, Third avenue and Sixty-seventh street, next Monday evening.

Lecture, "The Struggle of Existence," the Rev. Dr. J. Silverman, Temple Israel, Harlem, to-morrow evening.

Dinner, Twilight Club, Hotel St. Denis, this evening.

HE KNOWS IT WAS A WHALE.

It Was a Sperm, Too, as Proven by Its Spout.

Veracious Ex-Whaler Brown Saw All This Off the Battery.

Freight Agent Brown's whale has not shown up in the bay to-day, but, as Brown says, he (Brown) is not to blame for that. It was there, "blowing," off pier A at 3.30 yesterday afternoon. Brown says so himself.

"Will you swear to the whale?" demanded an EVENING WORLD reporter of Brown, who was busy filling out a freight check for a truckman on Pennsylvania Railway pier No. 1, at the Battery this forenoon.

"Say, sonny," replied Brown, shifting his quid, laying down his pen and moving out of his little dry-goods box of an office, "I didn't spend the best part of my life whaling on the Pacific coast for nothing, an' I'll swear to the spout.

"If it wasn't a sperm whale a-spouting about 400 feet off the Battery wall, back of Pier A, it wasn't anything else.

"I called the attention of Bill Cleary, the lamp-trimmer, to it, but I couldn't make him see it. Charlie Edwards, who trucks for Phelps, Dodge & Co., he saw it, though. We stood in the side door of the pier and looked across the Iron Steamboat pier and Pier A and we saw her blowing.

"Couldn't swear to the whale, 'cause I didn't see her, but I'll swear that a sperm whale spouted—I counted about seven or eight times—say a minute and a half. She didn't breach, you know; she just came up to get a breath of air.

"I know it was a sperm whale, because she had only one spout, and the water came out and over in a sort of rainbow curve, spurted about ten feet high and ten feet forward. That's the way a sperm spouts. The right whale has two spouts, one higher than the other and straight up.

"I whaled it for years. My father was old Cap'n John W. Brown, of New London, Conn. I did my last whaling voyage eighteen years ago, and I guess I know a whale.

"Whale in a bay like this? Why, there was a little whale, a little finback, about forty foot long, came up in this very slip, dead, a while back. Guess it was about six years ago, or mebbe more than that. As far as that goes, why I was out hump-backin' once."

"What's 'humpbacking?'" for the reporter ventured to ask. Whaleman Brown had paused to stuff his quid again. He gave one pitying, half-disgusted look at the ignorant scribe and replied laconically:

"Hunting humpbacks.

"We were humpbacking out of Callyderas, Chili, in the sum 'alparaiso and we got a cargo of sperm oil right in Panama Bay.

"It weren't the kind of oil we were after, but we came up with a school of sperm whales in the bay and we just stopped and got 'em a-plenty and we filled our cargo of sperm oil.

"Well, the captain went on to San Francisco to sell the oil, the mate took the ship back to the port she hailed from, and I came home. That was my last trip.

"Whales sometimes get lost, like folks. Then they take to shallow water to nurse their calves, or when they're sick. I suppose that little finback got sick, came into the bay and got hilt by one of the tow camers.

"That sperm we saw yesterday probably wandered in here. They're getting skittish nowadays and don't come among folks much, so I suppose the fish has gone out to sea again by the time.

"But I've seen 'em when they wasn't afraid of anything. Why, I saw 'em in a bay smaller than this once. It was off Cape Horn. There wasn't a whaler around anywhere. There must have been seven or eight whales, spouting and playing so nigh that we could have shot 'em if we'd only had a tombgun."

"What's a bomtgun?" the reporter asked, humbly.

This was too much for the veracious whaler. He gave the questioner a crushing glance and buried himself in his books.

Policeman Warren, who has several honorable stripes on his cuff, denies that he saw the whale yesterday, as was reported, and says that he wishes the impression that he had reported the whale to be contradicted. He values his reputation for honesty gained by long years of infallibleness.

Many citizens have been down to the Battery to see that whale to-day, but no eye has been gratified by a sight of the cetacean or its spout.

LEMONS SPOILED BY FUMIGATION

Sulphur Fumes Took All the Acid Out of the Fruit.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 12.—During the latter part of December the Italian steamship Iniziativa arrived here with a load of fine lemons and a large number of Sicilian immigrants.

The lemons brought excellent prices on account of their apparent freshness. In a few days, however, they withered and not a trace of acid could be found in them.

It has been learned that the peculiar loss of juice in the lemons, while they retained their rich color, was due to the fumes of sulphur used to fumigate the ship when she arrived.

"DEVIL DICK" HAD A REST.

"Whoa" Gleason Didn't Drive the Zebra Last Night, as Promised.

"Prof." Gleason put half a dozen vicious horses through a course of sprouts last evening in Madison Square Garden, and an audience of about 500 watched him with interest.

"Devil Dick," the wild zebra from the Cincinnati Zoo, was not even mentioned by the "Professor," though he had promised to drive him in single harness.

Friday night "Prof." Gleason promises to face a kicking, striking, biting stallion of huge proportions in a twenty-foot-foot ring, the stallion to be entirely free from rope or strap.

"I'LL SEE YOU LATER."

The Mercer Street Police Still Waiting to See Cosker.

The Mercer street police are very anxious to find Joseph Cosker, a former driver for A. J. Little & Co., 10 Astor place, who is charged with having stolen $5,000 worth of books while in the firm's employ.

Cosker was arrested in Brooklyn Dec. 20 and turned over to the New York police. While awaiting the disposal of other prisoners in the Mercer street station, Cosker coolly bedded to the sergeant, and, with "I'll see you later," walked out of the station-house.

The Brooklyn police think they have the laugh on their metropolitan brethren.

Spring Beds Are sure To be found In the Boarding Houses that Use The World.

WOMEN'S WORLD FAIR WORK.

A Pavilion of Pampas Grass for Philanthropy.

Schedule Rates for Furnished Rooms Near the Exposition.

Some time ago the World's Fair Directors organized a "Bureau of Public Comfort" for the purpose of finding cheap, desirable and convenient boarding places for Exposition visitors. Major W. M. Kinsson, the chief, has just issued a bulletin, which is expected to correct the impression the citizens at large have regarding exorbitant rates for board and lodgings during the Fair.

The bulletin states that the Board of Directors has no more power to regulate hotel rates than railroad rates, but it has succeeded in securing accommodations for 10,000 visitors in quiet homes in the best sections of the city.

Here are the rates per day for furnished rooms:

Single room, single bed, one person	$1.35
Double room, double bed, one person	2.12
Double room, double bed, two persons	2.70
Double room, two double beds, two persons	3.50
Double room, two double beds, three persons	4.15
Double room, two double beds, four persons	5.50

In addition to this there are two Dormitory associations, one for lone women and the other for families, where stockholders can be lodged at the rate of 40 cents each and non-stockholders at 50 cents. It is estimated by the Bureau of Public Comfort that 100,000 people can be served daily with wholesome, inviting and inexpensive meals within the Exposition grounds, and 30,000 more at the dairy-kitchens, log cabins and dining-halls outside the gates.

Children's Publisher and Poet.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas*, has promised to attend "The Little Folk's Congress of Authors," and tell the children some magazine secrets about Jack in the Pulpit. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has consented to talk to the youngsters about "The Beautiful Land of Nod," which is brought out in a Columbian edition and beautifully illustrated.

Philanthropy and Pampas Grass.

Mrs. Martha Strong lives in California. She is rich, and the object of her ambition is to build and equip a business college for struggling women. She has on her estate a pampas field that yields 1,000,000 plumes a year, which are sold to florists for 25 cents each. Mrs. Strong has petitioned the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair for 25 square feet of space in the Woman's Building on which to erect a pampas grass pavilion, where pampas plumes and bouquets, boxes and baskets of grass weaving will be sold.

Excavated Curiosities.

Mrs. Butler, a member of the Arizona Board of Lady Managers, has contributed a most interesting collection of excavated objects, found in the Indian reservation, to the woman's exhibit. It includes ornaments, pottery, weapons, musical instruments and curious carvings in bone and metal.

The Irish Village.

Mrs. Ernest Hart has been given space for an Irish village where the cottage industries will be exhibited by peasant women and children. They will make lace, embroider linen and weave cotton, woolen and linen cloth on hand looms. An old-fashioned hovel has been raised by Messrs. Peter White, Horace Plunkett and the other Irish gentlemen who represent the Irish Industrial Association, which is reproducing Donegal Castle among other village landmarks. It occurred to the ladies that their interests might be crowded out of the Donegal exhibit, hence the quiet manner in which they went about securing the space allotted to them. The plot is 112x225 feet and is directly in sight of the Woman's Building.

Valuable Shetland Shawl.

A wonderfully made shawl has just been received from a Shetland manufacturer for the woman's exhibit. It is valued at $200, weighs two and one-half ounces; is two and one-half yards square, and contains 11,000 yards of Shetland wool as finely spun as silk. The spinning and weaving is the work of a peasant woman.

Gift of Dormitory Stock.

Mrs. John Downey, of Fresno County, Cal., was made very happy by the receipt of two shares of stock in the Family Dormitory Association. She is seventy years of age, and her husband is a year her senior. For the past three years they have been saving to visit the fair. A touching incident in the struggle reached the ears of Mrs. Haydon and Mrs. Fales, President and Treasurer of the Association, who forwarded as a present $20 worth of stock. This will give the old couple a suit of rooms during the whole Exposition or as long as they may desire to occupy them.

Deaf Mute Training-School.

A most important and interesting feature of the Children's Exhibit at the World's Fair is a department in which the methods of training deaf mutes under school age will be illustrated. The Pennsylvania State Board of World's Fair Commissioners has appropriated $1,000 towards the Children's Building, and $2,500 towards the Deaf Mute Exhibit. The Training Home is in Pennsylvania and a class of thirty little ones will be brought to Chicago, together with their instructors, to illustrate the methods of perhaps the most remarkable and successful institution of its kind in the world.

More Money Is Needed.

The Board of Lady Managers has asked Congress for $65,000 with which to pay salaries, stationery and printing bills and the transportation of special exhibits.

NELL NELSON.

MAGNIFIED BY MIST.

A Field Mouse Enlarged to the Size of a Musk-Ox.

The magnifying power of mist has often been described but perhaps never in a more striking manner than by Mr. Pike in his account of his travels in the "Barren Ground of Northern Canada."

We were traveling in a thick fog and saw an animal, apparently at some distance, bounding along the horizon at a most remarkable pace. All down the line there were cries of "Musk ox!" "Wolf!" Guns were snatched from the sleighs and the dogs charged at a gallop in pursuit of the strange animal.

After a rush of ten yards the quarry disappeared. The first man had put his foot on it and it turned out to be one of the small mice so common in that country.

Holding Out an Inducement.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Mother—Now you have broken my cup. You deserve a whipping; come here.

Tommy—No; I won't come.

Mother—Come, Fritz, till I whip you, and then you shall have a slice of cake.

Our Judges.

[From Puck.]

"Green Bayes has failed abominably in the law. Wonder what he'll do now?"

"Oh, he's all right. He has influence enough to get on the bench."

Annual Sale of *Ladies' Fine Shoes,* *Thursday, Jan. 12th.* at *$3.00.*

Ladies' Dongola Button Boots, patent leather tips, Opera toe.

Ladies' English Walking Button Boots, patent leather tips.

Ladies' Kid Blucher Oxfords, patent leather tips, hand sewed.

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HE KNEW THE COAST.

A Stowaway Saved the Ship and Was Well Rewarded.

A story is told in a southern paper of an Irish sailor who had accumulated £15 at Calcutta, when he received a letter announcing that his poor old mother in Ireland was in sore distress and about to be sent to the work house says *Youth's Companion*.

He wanted to get home, but there were many sailors in port and he could find no employment on any vessel. Finally he determined to secrete himself on board a steamer about to sail and take his chances as a stowaway. He was discovered when the ship was well out at sea and at first was put in irons. Then the £15 were found upon him and the captain seized it, as was his right, for passage money.

"It was an awful night that saw us off the shore of Londonderry," said the old sailor who tells the story. "The steamer had broken her shaft and was drifting upon a dead lee shore. The water was too deep to let go an anchor, even if one could have held, which it couldn't in the gale. Enough head sail had been set to keep the steamer from broaching to, but all hands saw that as things were going she would soon be on the rocks.

"The Irish lad went up to the captain.

"'I was born on this coast, sir, he said, and I know about it. There's a channel off the port bow. We'll soon be off it. Shall I take you in?'

"Do you think you can?' asked the skipper, as he looked hard at the boy. 'It don't make much difference,' he said turning to the mate. 'We're bound to go ashore anyhow.' Then he and the mate talked together for a minute and the captain gave orders for the Irish boy to act as pilot.

"The youngster stood by the wheel and as it seemed to most of us headed the ship for the very spot where the breakers looked the wildest. The big fellow who helped him minded his orders as if he was the captain's self.

"It was a ticklish time for all hands; but all at once the rocks seemed to open in front and the steamer ran through a passage not fifty yards across and soon we were at anchor in smooth water.

"In the morning the skipper said to the boy: 'Here's your £15, my lad, and here's an order on the owners for £100, which they will pay you for saving their ship.'

"The lad got the money, paid his mother's rent and gave her a snug sum for housekeeping, and he and I've been shipmates pretty nigh ever since. He's calling me now," concluded the boatswain, as he left us to go on deck.

Where He Erred.

There was a terrific noise going on inside the house, but the small boy on the stoop outside sat still in serene and unalterable confidence, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

"What's that row going on in there?" asked a policeman, running up excitedly.

"Nothin' much," responded the boy, coolly, just as an extra heavy crash shook the windows.

"Get out, you little rascal!" exclaimed the officer; "I'll go in and see for myself."

"You tetter hadn't," said the boy, warningly.

The officer hesitated. At that moment the door opened and a woman poked her head out.

"Go for the doctor, Johnnie," she said to the boy, and disappeared.

The boy grinned.

"What is it?" asked the puzzled officer.

"Nothin' much, I told you once," said the youngster, getting up to obey the woman's order, "only pa come home about fifteen minutes ago and told ma he could lick anything in the block. That was ma sendin' for the doctor."

Then the boy hurried away, and the officer, shaking his head thoughtfully, walked down to the corner and waited for further developments.

Ills of Railroad Men.

"Something or other is the matter with all these railroad men," said the solemn passenger in the Michigan Central Railroad station as he looked over the folders of the various roads in the racks, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

"So there is with everybody," said his companion.

"But railroad men have specific complaints," he insisted. "Here's one for instance, who is a Pennsylvanian; another has Michigan Centralgia; a third has Erieshi ches; a fourth has G. H. and Debility; a fifth has L. and Entasis; a sixth has C. and O. Odontalgia; a seventh has Atchison, Topeka and Santa Faintness; an eighth has C. B. and Cutaneous trouble; a ninth has Wabashrulness, and so on to the other end of the chapter."

"Um-er," said the other, comprehending the idea, as he laid down a bill to pay for a sleeper, "and none of them is so bad as the Pullmanary complaints of the travelling public."

Then they picked up their bags and boarded a train for the South.

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PERILS OF TWILIGHT.

Why People Are More Liable to Malaria at That Hour.

The special danger of the sunset hour in malarial regions may be owing to the following conditions, says the Chicago *News-Record*:

The microbes or spores concentrate at a level a little above the ground, exactly as one may observe dust of carriages in the road in a thick horizontal layer settle on a warm, moist evening; then there is no lifting by ascending air currents, but a sort of beating down to a low level, and their coherence is caused by the disposition of vapor on the dust particles as the air cools.

Thus over a dried marsh there would be great condensation of microbes or spores which could no longer disperse. They would gather about the height of a man's head just as we see a ground fog in still, moist air after a warm day in Autumn; the organisms were given off while the surface of the ground was warm, and they accumulate a little above it as radiation carries off the heat and cools the lowest stratum of air.

About sunset the earth is still warm and exhales moisture into the air above it, and with the earth-vapor organisms are largely given off. The human body is at that time most susceptible to their action, because the rapid cooling of the skin drives the blood to the inner surfaces of the throat, and these congested inner surfaces favor the inoculation by germs drawn in with the breath.

Later in the night the organisms have largely sunk by their own weight and that of deposited dew, and, moreover, the cooled body is not so much open to the attack of germs remaining in the air.

Peasants Ignorant as Botanists.

Balzac's exquisite wild-flower story, "Le Lys dans la Valle," contains a somewhat perplexing reference to a certain herb, says *Waverley Magazine*, the name and description of which do not agree. The explanation, however, does not lay the novelist open to the charge of carelessness, but, on the contrary, shows how painstaking he was in seeking his "material." His first desire, he says, was to learn the names of all the little herbs we tread upon in country places, along the roadsides, in the meadows, everywhere. He began by asking his own gardener.

"Oh, monsieur," said the gardener, "nothing easier to know than that."

"What is this, then, since it is so easy?"

"Well, some is luzern; this is clover; this is salsifoin"——

"No, no; that isn't what I mean! I want to know what you call these little herbs under my feet. Here, I'll gather a tuft of them."

"Oh, that, monsieur; that is grass."

"Yes, but the name of each kind—long, short, straight, curved, prickly, rough, velvety, dry, damp, dark green, pale green?"

"Well, they are all called grass."

The next day a friend who was a great traveller came to see me, and I said to him:

"You are a botanist and have been all over the world. But do you know the names of the little herbs we have under our feet?"

"Bless me!" he said. "What herbs?"

"These," I said, and put some into his hand.

"The fact is," he returned, after a few minutes' examination, "I don't know any flora but that of Malabar. If we were in India now I could tell you the names of countless little plants; but here"——

"Here you are just as ignorant as I am."

The next day I went to the Jardin des Plantes and questioned one of the most learned professors there.

"Oh, M. de Balzac," he said, "what a thing to ask me! Here we are busy with the larch, tamarisk and other such families. Life is too short to come down to these little herbs. Where are you going to put your story?"

"In Touraine."

"Very good; then the first peasant you meet in Touraine can tell you more than the most learned of us here."

Down I went into Touraine but there I found the peasants just as ignorant as the rest; and so it became impossible for me to describe with accuracy that carpet of verdure which it would have given me such happiness to picture blade by blade.

On Time, Anyhow.

[From Judge.]

Fondick—Well, the new year arrived on time.

Sicketts—Yes; right on the second.

Fondick—You are wrong. It came on the first.

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