THE GOBBLEDY GUDGEON.

A Subject Before the Fairchild House Circle at the Last Meeting.

RAMMONDSPORT, March 14.—At the last session of the Fairchild House Circle no one seemed to have any subject to put forward for treatment. The members had sat in a silence that was unbroken save by the odor of Jake Lapham's cigarette. Once Landlord Ross had absent-mindedly begun humming a strain from "The Old Oaken Bucket," but being unanimously frowned upon he gracefully quit. Once Charley Champlin had audibly wondered whether Canada thistles would be any more plentiful and vigorous here if we annexed Canada, and Kelly Mason had facetiously replied that the question of thistles was a stickler; but the meeting's disapprobation was so quick and so emphatic that even the dog Boy awoke in alarm from his nap behind the stove and hurried out of the room. All evening General Manager Stebbins of the B. and H. Railroad had sat apart, seemingly in deep communion with himself. Suddenly he said, in a dreamy and regretful way:

"It has been a long time since I caught a gobbledy gudgeon."

Bill Hank Ainsworth, the banker, started up, and, it seemed, gazed threateningly at the G. M. of the B. and H. His pose was such that the circle suspected him of being about to launch some withering words at the object of his gaze. But he reconsidered his intention. He thrust his hand viciously down into his hip pocket. He held it there ominously for a moment, and the circle held its breath. He drew forth a red handkerchief and blew a long and resonant blow upon his nose. Then he put the handkerchief back into his pocket and sat down again, shaking his head. The circle let its breath go, and Joe Freidell rapped lustily on the table with his fist, and exclaimed in stentorian tones:

"I move we adjourn!"

The motion was lost, and again the circle sat in silence for a time. Finally the G. M. of the B. and H. spoke once more, this time less dreamily and regretfully.

"The gobbledy gudgeon, gentlemen," said he, "is a study. He is not handsome. In spite of a countenance as open as a four-quart milk pan and a smile as commodious as a turnover pie, the gobbledy gudgeon is not handsome. I lived close neighbors to the gobbledy gudgeon for years, and he and I mingled together much, but I never yet even found him useful. But for all that he is a study. Through him I was permitted once in my boyhood days to come face to face with the working of what must be one of nature's most marvellous jaws. Ah, me! it has been a long time since I caught a gobbledy gudgeon!"

Again Bill Hank Ainsworth arose with his glare and his attitude of threatened eloquence. Again he relented, dived into his hip pocket, found the red handkerchief, blew the clarion blast, put the handkerchief away, and resumed his seat, again Joe Freidell fiercely demanded an adjournment, and again his demand was refused.

"The gobbledy gudgeon, gentlemen——"

"Aw, now, see here!" exclaimed Rocky Griswold, naturalist, interrupting the G. M. of the B. and H. "What is this here gobbledy gudgeon, anyhow? Do you know?"

"Do I know!" said the G. M. of the B. and H. "Why, sir, the gobbledy gudgeon and I were boys together, so to speak, and I think I ought to know what a gobbledy gudgeon is! When a gobbledy gudgeon was started the intention was at first to make of him a fish. They got the head built, and, after looking it over, went to figuring on what the world would think of a fish constructed in architectural consistency with the head, and were seized with remorse. They tried to do the best they could with the head, and then they turned the structure down so that it looked somewhat like an eel and somewhat like a tadpole, but wasn't much of either. So, being neither fish, eel, nor tadpole, all they could do was to call it a gobbledy gudgeon and let it go at that. But they needn't have gone to the trouble of calling it a gobbledy gudgeon at all. Not any one looking at it would know it was a gobbledy gudgeon as soon as ever he saw it.

"If the gobbledy gudgeon bore out the promise of his head he would be as big as a 10-year-old boy before he was a month old, but he drops away abruptly from his shoulders down, like a wedge. An eighteen-inch gobbledy gudgeon has a mouth you can wear for an overshoe. He has only one fin. That is his back fin. It begins half way up his back and never quits until it runs down to his tail and all around it, and then half way up his keel. His tail is as inch wide and is edged and plastic. It feels like wet glue. The gobbledy gudgeon has no horns, like the catfish, but he has a long moustache and a goatee, made of the same material as his tail."

Bill Hank Ainsworth for the third time arose with his glare and his eloquence. His manner was such that it did seem to the circle that his rebuking eloquence could possibly be longer restrained. But once more he compromised on the red handkerchief and the clarion blast and resumed his seat. Joe Freidell got the floor and, this time coarsely, renewed his application for an adjournment.

"Say," said he, "let's adjourn, won't you?"

But the circle was contrary-minded, and the sitting continued.

"Why the gobbledy gudgeon should be especially quartered on the waters of Canandaigua Lake I'm not prepared to say," continued the G. M. of the B. and H., "but he is. Whether he came in with the uncanny and hair-raising Indian legends which have made Canandaigua Lake and its environments their home is for the antiquary to find out, but he is there, and does duty in the nursery there as the bogie man does elsewhere. The fond Canandaigua Lake mother never soothes her babes to sweet silence by referring them to the possible coming of the bogie man. Up on Canandaigua Lake, when the hopeful of the family howls for the frosting on the cake or a piece of the moon, his mother simply calls out:

"'Here, gobbledy gudgeon! Come get Bubby!'

"And Bubby crawls back into himself so far that they have to hold a looking glass to his mouth to find out if he is breathing. But, gentlemen, it was not of the gobbledy gudgeon in abstract that I brought him up to speak, but of him in one particular aspect of the corporeal. I wanted to tell you how he once brought me near to the great heart of nature by demonstrating to me the wondrous working of her immutable laws.

"In my boyhood days I lived on the shores of Canandaigua Lake. I was a born angler. I love it to angle, not only for the pleasure I derived from it, but because the price of whitefish, pickerel, and trout was good and I could sell the fish I caught. The loud-mouthed gobbledy gudgeon was a frequent visitor to my set lines, unwelcome and pestiferous. One day a gobbledy gudgeon of unusual dimension and depth of sigh had attached himself to my set line, and my boyhood companion and myself tossed him ashore with a dull, sickening thud. Tenacity of life is one of the strong points of the gobbledy gudgeon, and an hour later when my comrade and I sought the shore to play a few marbles for keeps, there lay the gobbledy gudgeon asleep, but breathing away as contentedly as a pig along the barn yard fence. We began pegging away at the gobbledy gudgeon with our marbles. I had a glass alley that I thought more of than I did of a pail of live bait. After we had shot against the skin of the gobbledy gudgeon a few times he turned over with a grunt and woke up. As he opened his eyes wearest and first my glass alley, and strong with my glass alley. It hit him plumb in the eye and stuck in the socket. It was the funniest looking sight you ever saw, and I had to howl. But when the gobbledy gudgeon gave three or four shakes of his head and a half dozen flops and landed up the lake, disappearing with my glass alley, I didn't howl so much.

"For weeks and weeks and months after that I examined every gobbledy gudgeon that got on my set line, hoping to get hold of the one that had my alley in his eye, but I didn't get him. I think it was two years after that, one day, when my boyhood companion and I were taking up a line, and my companion suddenly shouted:

"'Here he is! Here's the gobbledy gudgeon that run away with your glass alley!'

"I hurried over to the end of the boat. Sure enough, there was my glass alley. I thought, sticking in one of the gobbledy gudgeon's eyes. But the gobbledy gudgeon wasn't half as big as he was when he went away with the alley two years before.

"'Poor fellow!' I said. 'How it has made him shrink!'

"I stooped down to pick the alley out, but it wouldn't come out. I had to cut it out, and it had taken on such a funny shape at the under side that it was no good, and I had to throw it away after all. The next day I found another small gobbledy gudgeon on my line, and to my utter amazement I had a glass alley just like mine in one eye. I cut it out, but it wasn't any good. Day after day I kept on catching gobbledy gudgeons with glass alleys in one eye. I got worked up about it by and by, and went to an old fisherman and told him the circumstance. 'What do you think he said? He said it was only a hereditary freak. The gobbledy gudgeons, he said, were the offspring of the one that had carried off my glass alley, and they had been so strangely prenatally impressed with my alley's contact with their maternal progenitor, that they had all been born with a glass eye.'

Bill Hank Ainsworth was on his feet in a twinkling. It was plain that the withering eloquence could no longer be repressed, and once more the circle waited with bated breath. Bill Hank took a step forward. He spoke.

"Aw-w-w," said he. "Stub, come off!"

Then he sat down and Joe Freidell got up.

"Now," said he sternly, "I move this meeting adjourn."

And this time the motion went.

A Liberal Agreement.

Families individual members thereof, visitors and persons are entitled to all the privileges of the family commutation tickets sold by the New York Central. —Adv.

MORE BUNGLING BY CONGRESS.

The Bill for a New Mint in Philadelphia Passed Without an Appropriation.

From the Philadelphia Press.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—The officials of the Treasury Department have unanimously reached the conclusion that the bill authorizing a new Mint building in Philadelphia does not carry any appropriation. There is no doubt that the matter was bungled in Congress, and that Senator Cameron is chiefly responsible for this practical defeat of the measure. There is still a bare possibility that the bill may be construed to carry an appropriation, as Secretary Foster has asked the Attorney-General for his opinion on the matter. But this has been done merely to give the friends of the measure every opportunity to save the Mint.

"I have no doubt in my own mind," remarked Secretary Foster to-day, "that the bill makes no appropriation. I have not found any one who holds a different view. The First Comptroller, whose business it is to pass on the matter, is very decided in the view that no appropriation has been made. I shall be very glad indeed if the Attorney-General takes a different view, and, whether he does or not, I will do everything possible to forward the object of the bill. The preliminary work of selecting a site and preparing a plan may be carried out, so as to be ready when the next Congress makes an appropriation."

Attorney-General Miller is out of the city today, and up to the time of closing the Department of Justice Secretary Foster's request had not been received. But one of the Assistant Attorney-Generals, who glanced over the bill, to-night said that he thought no appropriation had been made. "The fact that the bill did make a specific appropriation, and that it was afterward stricken out," remarked this official, "would decide the matter, I think, in any court. The words were stricken out so as to have the appropriation made in another bill. As that was not done, I think it is entirely clear that the bill does not carry an appropriation. Of course, there may be precedents found to the contrary, but I hardly think so."

There is not a member of the Appropriations Committee in the city who does not hold that the bill carries no appropriation. The New York Custom House bill does specifically provide an appropriation for the Custom House in that city, coupled, however, with the proviso that the present building shall be sold for $4,000,000.

Why a similar provision was not put in the Mint bill, in view of the specific requests by Treasury officials that it should be done, is what puzzles many persons.

It appears that the *Press* correspondent was slightly in error in stating to-day that Senator Spooner introduced the bill in the Senate at the request of Mr. Cameron. The agreement was made between the New York and Philadelphia members in the House to put the two bills for the New York Custom House and the Philadelphia Mint through that body. It was then deemed best to have the bill first passed in the Senate. Mr. Darlington, who is a member of the House Committee on Public Buildings, and who reported the bill, went to the Senate to have the bill first put through that body. Mr. Quay, who is a member of the Senate Committee on Public Buildings, was in Florida, and Mr. Cameron could not be found in the city. In that exigency Mr. Darlington asked Mr. Spooner, who is a member of the Senate Committee on Public Buildings, to introduce the measure. Mr. Spooner said that one of the Pennsylvania Senators ought to do it, and that he would not offer the bill without their consent. Mr. Darlington, not being able to find Mr. Cameron, took the responsibility of asking Mr. Spooner to propose the bill for Mr. Cameron, and it so appears in the *Congressional Record*.

Mr. Spooner reported the bill, and when Mr. Cameron came back Mr. Spooner told the Pennsylvania Senator what he had done, and Mr. Cameron thanked him and said that the bill was all right. He got Mr. Spooner to assist him in getting it through the Senate. When it came to the House it was so near the end of the session that Gen. Bingham saw that it would endanger the measure to change it and send it back to the Senate, where a single objection would defeat it. That is how the bill came to be inoperative. If Mr. Cameron or Mr. Quay had been here and attended to business, Philadelphia would have had a new Mint. Whether or not it will have one now is uncertain.

Mr. Dockery, Mr. Holman, and Mr. Sayers, one of whom is likely to be Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the next House, all say that it will be necessary to cut off every appropriation not absolutely necessary, and as they all opposed the new Mint it is clear that it will stand a poor chance of getting any consideration whatever in the next Congress. The people of Philadelphia might as well make up their minds that the new Mint is a thing of the distant future, if it ever materializes.

SHE RAN THE FERRY FORTY YEARS.

And When Beckie Brown Died the Secret of Her Famous Gingerbread Died, Too.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

CARMICHAELS, Pa., March 6.—Beckie Brown, the "ferryman" of Brown's Ferry, near here, who died on the 2d, had worked that ferry forty years single handed and alone. She was the widow of James Brown, who died before the war. In her early days she attended all the ferry, horse power, and she did time peddling gingerbread and spruce beer. She had a secret preparation for her gingerbread that made it famous. She never told her secret to any one, and with Beckie died the gingerbread.

For the past twenty years she has lived alone in a moss-covered cabin just back from the river. She was a great lover of flowers, but her taste rather ran to colors than what others might call beauty. She was exceedingly hospitable, and often entertained friends with a dinner of her own cooking, which was a marvel, and, topped off with her famous gingerbread, it was a dinner never to be forgotten.

Her years of toil and trouble did not go for naught, as she leaves quite a sum of money to her children. In the fall of 1888 masked men broke into her cabin, and, not finding as much money as they expected, tortured the old lady horribly. For the past two years she has made her home with her son, Samuel. She was 85 years of age, and the immediate cause of her death was a heavy fall that crushed and broke her right hip bone.

"Beautiful Words to a Bride."

From the Montgomery Argus.

The following beautiful letter was written several years ago by a gentleman to a bride, on receiving her wedding cards. It is exquisitely fresh and original and full of poetry:

"I am holding some pasteboard in my hands. Three stately pluckings from the bush of ceremony. I am gazing upon a card and a name—a name with which your throbbing heart was lost.

"I am gazing, too, upon a card where the nearer parent tells the world she will be 'at home' one day, and that is nothing new. But there is another card whose mingling there puts a fiery tongue into this speechless pasteboard, enamelling fate on commonplace. It tells us that feeling is maturing into destiny, and that these cards are but the pale heralds of a coming crisis, when a hand that has pressed friends' hands and plucked flowers shall close down on him to whom she shall be friend and flower forever.

"And now can you, who have queened it over so many bended forms, can you come down at last to the frugal diet of a single heart?

"Hitherto you have been a clock, giving your time to all the world. Now you are a watch, buried in one particular bosom, watching only his breast, marking only his hours, and ticking only to the beat of his heart—where time and feeling shall be in unison, until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock, where all hearts are united around that great central heart of all.

"Hoping that calm sunshine may hallow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a signature."

Drifts Eight Feet Deep in City Streets.

From the Lewiston Journal.

A novel and especially unique scene for March is being enacted on Mitchell Hill, in Lewiston, to-day, where breaking out teams are fighting the drifting snows, and as usual the drifting snows drift on. Eight feet deep is the moderate estimate of the drift over which teams climb, and on either side of which houses seems buried in the snow. From miles the north wind brings tribute to this drift, and with a whoop and a shriek they twist the snows into whirlwind and build spirals and arches and caves and hollows. Down on one side Mr. Mitchell's house lies like the house in the snow that Kennan tells about in his first Siberian experience. To see a breaking-out team coming is to see the slow laboring cattle and the tortuous path, and then the wind whistles over the path and it is no more. When the sun mellows this mass of snow they will make a deep cut through it, and that will be at certain stages worth seeing.

Found His Family After Nine Years' Search.

From the Omaha World-Herald.

YANKTON, S. D., March 7.—A. E. Olson, after a search lasting nine years, was reunited to his family here last night. Over nine years ago he left his family at Decorah, Iowa, and came to Yankton. Soon he left going West. His wife, supposing him in Yankton, moved here with her children. Here she learned that a man thought to be her husband was drowned in the Missouri, and she has since mourned him as dead. She located on a farm and accumulated some property. Olson, after a few months in the West, went home to Decorah, but no one could tell the whereabouts of his family, and he began a systematic search, travelling through twenty-two States, moving constantly from place to place for nine years, until the idea occurred to him to visit Yankton.

Speed Indicators for Drivers.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

INDEPENDENCE, March 9.—A fertile brain at Decorah, Iowa, has invented a speed indicator, which is to be fastened to the driver's wrist in such a way that the dial may be seen at all times. A small cord conducts the novel device with the spoky wheel. A driver can tell by glancing at the machine how fast he is going. The indicator also registers the greatest speed at any part of the mile.

IN PARLIAMENTARY STYLE.

An English Reporter's Able Account of What Took Place at a Horse Race.

From the St. Paul Globe.

One of the most amusing accounts of a horse race that ever appeared in a newspaper in St. Paul was written some years ago by a scribe who had just arrived in the city from England and routine parliamentary reporting. His first assignment was a trotting meeting. Horse racing was scarcely in the man's line, but he decided to tackle it anyhow, and the result was something like the following:

"There were five horses to run in the first race. Their names were Jane E., Freddie S., Alvina, Ben McEwen, and Bethune. They were driven in small carts with two wheels, the drivers sitting dangerously near the horses' heels. After two or three attempts to start them fairly Mr. Grattan called them all in front of the stand and spoke as follows:

"'I want you gentlemen to remember that you are scoring with the pole horse. I have cautioned you several times, Mr. Speare, and the next time this thing occurs I shall be compelled to fine you, sir. Now try it again, all of you, and come up slowly.' (Applause.)

"At this juncture the drivers managed to come up evenly and the race was begun. Mr. Jones's gray horse Big Ike turned the corner first, and seemed to be the favorite with the crowd. (Enthusiastic cheering for Big Ike.) As the half-mile point was neared Ben McEwen began to gain on Mr. Jones's horse, and soon passed him, with Alvina and Freddie S. close behind. (Excitement in the grand stand.)

"In the third quarter of the mile Ben McEwen, who had trotted all the way hitherto, began to run, and would certainly have beaten the others but for the extraordinary behavior of his driver, who began to saw at the bit and whip furiously, throwing his horse a dozen lengths behind. Then the driver of Alvina began to whip, and the bay mare passed the rest of them at the three-quarter post. (Cries of 'Alvina wins!' 'Alvina in a walk.')

"Now the driver of Bethune sent his horse up to the front, and the end of the race was between Bethune and Alvina. They seemed to trot together until a few lengths from home, when Bethune ran the rest of the way, getting first under the wire. This is called breaking, so the race was given to Alvina, who had not broken. (Tremendous enthusiasm. Loud cheering for Alvina.) Freddie S. got second money and Bethune third money. Time, 3 minutes 50 seconds. It was exciting."

HIS GRAVE REVEALED IN A DREAM.

How a Father of a Boy in Gray Recovered His Son's Remains.

From the Atlanta Journal.

One of the bloodiest battles fought on Georgia soil during the late war was that of Resaca. Among the many patriotic youths who took arms in defence of Southern independence was the 18-year-old son of Mr. Jethro Jackson of Griffin, Ga., and the brave boy met his death at the battle of Resaca. He was dearly beloved by his comrades, and they gave him a little better burial than usually falls to the lot of those who die upon the field of battle. With rough boards taken from the bridge near by they made him a rude coffin, and tenderly and lovingly placed him under the sod.

The year some time in the spring of 1866 that Mr. Jethro Jackson went to Resaca to look for the grave of his son. He wished to find the remains, and to take them to Griffin and inter them in the family burying ground. The comrades who laid young Jackson to rest gave the father a description of the spot where they had buried his boy, telling him that the rude coffin made from the boards taken from the bridge. After many days of tireless search Mr. Jackson failed to locate his son's grave and returned to his home in Griffin.

A few nights after his return he dreamed that his son came to him and pointed out the spot where his remains lay. The dream was like a vision. He saw his son standing beside his bed and heard him say:

"Father, I am buried under a mound which was thrown up by the Yankees after I was killed. You will know the mound when you see it by the pokeberry bushes growing upon it. Go and take me up and carry me home to mother."

So strong an impression did this dream make upon Mr. Jackson that he returned at once to Resaca, taking with him one of the comrades who had buried his son. The mound was found just as described in the dream, and the pokeberries were growing upon it. An excavation was made, and a few feet below the earth the rough pine coffin was found, and in it were the remains of young Jackson. He was fully identified, not only by the coffin and the shoes, but by the name which was on the clothing.

NEWS FROM THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

An Operator Hears a Press Despatch Ticked Off in the Dazzling Globe.

From the St. Paul Globe.

Shortly after 12 o'clock last night a party of gentlemen were taking lunch at a resort on Wabasha street, when their attention was attracted to a peculiar clicking of the carbons in one of the electric-light globes overhead. The sound was exactly akin to that of a telegraph instrument, and was kept up incessantly for fully fifteen minutes. Comments were passed, but at last the novelty wore off, and the party proceeded to discuss chicken sandwiches.

A few moments later a new customer entered. He was an operator from the Western Union offices, and as he sat waiting for his order to be filled the clicking of the carbons was renewed. The telegrapher started, looked all round him, and then at the electric lights above. After listening intently for a moment to the sounds he drew a tab of paper and a pencil from his pocket and began to write. The others were watching him closely. He wrote for a few minutes, when the clicking again ceased.

"'Big Ike' is said, drawing a long breath, "that beats all the induction I ever heard of in my life."

"What is it?" asked every one in chorus.

"What is it? Why, it's a message of the Associated Press: look here," and the operator exhibited the paper on which he had been writing. It read:

Wires traced to the trains on the North Pennsylvania branch and the thefts located as taking place in Bucks county from trains between New York and Philadelphia. On Monday evening Lewis Hansell, William Cope, and Abraham Culp, brakemen, were arrested and taken to Doylestown, given a preliminary hearing, and bound over for a further hearing to-morrow. The value of the goods taken will amount to many thousands of dollars.

The only explanation that can be offered is that there was a contact at some point between a telegraph and electric light wire.

Martin of Texas Says He Has Saved $17,000.

From the Globe-Democrat.

"They said of me when I first arrived in Washington that I was so green that I blew out the gas before I went to bed at night," said Mr. Martin of Texas. "Well, what of it? But let me state one thing that they can't say of me, viz.: That I am going home dead broke and in debt. And that is more than some of the 'fly' Congressmen who are retired are able to say. I have saved some money. I did. I never allowed my expenses to exceed $50 a month during my four years of service, and you can figure up how much I will take home with me—not counting my experience, which is worth something. I will now turn my attention to rounding up horses, and occasions will try a little law business. Law sharps are plenty in Texas, but I reckon I will get my share of practice."

Red Water in a Tunnel.

From the St. Louis Republic.

When workmen were engaged in the tunnel of the Daniel Webster mine at Virginia City, Nev., at the depth of 300 feet beneath the surface they struck a "flow" of water of very strange character. It boiled up through the floor of the mine, and in the flickering light made by the miners' lamps presented an almost blood-red appearance. After flowing for a few yards down the floor of the tunnel it was again swallowed up by a crack or seam; not, however, until it had turned to a dark blue color and had begun to smell like creosote. Miners who tasted it said it was the most disagreeable dose they had ever taken in their lives. On the skin it left dark brown stains; samples of it taken from the first opening, bottled, and sent to the surface, had a rich-burned sienna color. Exposure to light had the same effect upon it that air had—turned it to a dark blue color.

Suspicion Unanimously Confessed.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The visitor from Hawcreek had been invited to address the Sunday school.

"I am reminded, children," he said, "of the career of a boy who was once no larger than some of the little fellows I see here before me. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home before he was 10 years old, learned to drink, smoke, chew tobacco, play cards, and slip in under the canvas when the circus came around. He went into bad company, frequented livery stables and low barrooms, finally became a pickpocket, then a forger, then a horse thief, and one night, in a fit of drunken madness, he committed a cowardly murder. Children," he continued, impressively, "where do you think that boy is now?"

"He stands before us!" guessed the children, with one voice.

Jerry Sound on Turning the Rascals Out.

From the Chicago Herald.

"If anybody takes Jerry Simpson for a fool," said Mr. Culberson of the House Judiciary Committee, "he will make a great blunder. Yesterday he came around to our committee and asked if we were preparing to make a new Judicial district in Kansas. We told him we were. 'Now, don't do anything of the sort,' said Jerry; 'there's a little scheme in this. You are going to divide a judicial district, the court of which last year had only thirty-five cases to try, not enough to keep one judge busy. This plan to make a new district was brought forward on purpose to give the President a chance to appoint Perkins of our State, who goes out of Congress two weeks from now, to a judgeship. Now, we don't want any such soft things fixed up for the Republicans of our State. We've got those fellows down out there and we want to keep them down."

AS CLEOPATRA.

PROVIDENCE, April 7, 1883.

MY DEAR MADAM: Purely by accident one day in Chicago I bought a pot of your Récamier Cream, and on trying it found it the most delightfully refreshing thing I have ever applied to my skin. Most assuredly you have made a marvellous discovery, and one and all of our sex should heartily thank you. I find it is not only a refreshing, softening article for the skin at night, but for the day use also. Please send me some of the Balm and another jar of the Cream to the Brunswick, Boston, and believe me,

Very thankfully, FANNY DAVENPORT.

To MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

RÉCAMIER CREAM

Is used daily by fashionable women and prominent actresses all over the world. It is the only preparation of its kind whose merits are attested to by physicians. It will preserve your youth, remove all blemishes, and not only make but keep your face smooth and fair. PRICE $1.50 PER JAR.

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☞ Write for Pamphlet containing full list of Récamier Preparations and toilet articles, the choicest and daintiest in the world.

THE GIANT PURSE CRAB.

He Climbs Cocoanut Trees and Cracks the Nuts Against Stones.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

In the Mining Bureau may be seen a very fine specimen of the remarkable large land crab known as the purse crab, or *Birgus latro*, which is well preserved in a glass jar. This is one of the largest species of land crab known. It is sometimes found from 18 to 24 inches in length, when fully matured, and is capable of erecting itself to the height of nearly a foot from the ground, which it readily does if irritated, retreating and exhibiting to the utmost its powers of offence or defence.

It is somewhat allied to the hermit crab, but having the abdomen or tail shorter, yet very large, on the under side of which it carries its eggs in immense quantities. Its under side is soft and membranous, its upper surface covered with strong plates, which overlap one another as in lobsters. The first pair of legs have large and powerful pincers; the second and third pairs of legs are terminated by a single nail; the pair next to them are a little smaller with small pincers; the pair of legs nearest to the abdomen are very small, but terminated by rudimentary pincers.

When teased this crab is so powerful in its first claws and legs as to be able to cling to a stick, and can hold its own weight to be carried for over a half hour before letting go. It can travel about as fast backward as forward if pursued. It is generally of a yellowish-brown color, its limbs being, however, covered with little blackish projections.

It is never found far from the sea, to which it is said it must resort in order to moisten its gills; but it always resides on land, and is generally found in holes under the roots of trees, especially of cocoanut trees, which it prefers and where it accumulates great quantities of the fibres of the cocoanut husks, as if to keep itself warm or for a soft bed. As a general thing the purse crab sleeps in these holes during the daytime and comes out at night. Its food generally consists of cocoanuts, also the nuts of a species of palm known as *pandanus odoratissimus* and other nuts, which it climbs the trees to procure, cutting the cocoanut from the tree with its heavy claws, and after it has cut down two or three it descends and commences to pull the husk from them.

In its manner of dealing with cocoanuts it exhibits a remarkable instinct, as it always begins to tear off the husk at the end where the eyes are. It then makes a hole through these from which the nut would germinate. This is done by striking the fruit with its heavy claw and breaking it sufficiently to admit one of the small legs, by which it scoops out the nut with its small pincers. Sometimes it seizes the nut by one of its great pincers and breaks it against a stone.

The purse crab is found in the mountains and in the more eastern islands of the Indian Ocean, as well as on some of the islands of the South Pacific, more especially the Caroline Islands, which are a low coral group.

Remarkable Ancient Sculptures from Northwest America.

From Nature.

Mr. James Terry has just published descriptions and photographs of some of the most remarkable works of prehistoric man yet discovered on the American continent. They represent three rude, yet bold, characteristic, and even life-like sculptures of simian heads, executed in basalt. One of these belongs to the author, one to Mr. T. Condon, and the third to Prof. O. C. Marsh, who referred to it in his address "On Vertebrate Life in America," in the following terms: "On the Columbia River I have found evidence of the former existence of inhabitants much superior to the Indians at present there, and of which no tradition remains. Among many stone carvings which I saw there were a number of heads which so strongly resembled those of apes that the likeness at once suggests itself. Whence came these sculptures and by whom were they made? Unfortunately we have no detailed information as to the conditions under which these specimens were found, except that 'they would be classed as 'surface finds,' from the fact that the shifting sand dunes, which were largely utilized for burial purposes, are continually bringing them to the surface.' This gives no indication of their antiquity, but is quite compatible with any age which their other characteristics may suggest.

The size of the heads varies from 8 to 10 inches in total height, and from 5¼ to 6½ inches in width. The three are quite different from each other that they appear to represent three distinct animals; and, so far as I can judge, they all differ considerably from the heads of any known anthropoid apes. In particular, the nostrils are much farther from the eyes and much nearer to the mouth than in any of the apes, in this respect they are more human; yet the general form of the head and face, the low and strongly-ridged forehead, and the ridges on the head and cheeks seem to point to a very low type of anthropoid. In a letter to Mr. Terry, Mr. Condon suggests 'that they were copied from the figure head of some Malay proa that may have been wrecked on the coast;' but such a supposition is quite inadmissible, since nothing at all resembling these heads is ever carved on Malay proas, and there is no reason to believe that if such a carving did come into the possession of the natives they would ever think of copying it in stone; while these sculptures were found two hundred miles from the coast on the east side of the Cascade Mountains.

Taking into consideration the enormous antiquity of the stone mortars and human remains found in the auriferous gravels of California, buried under the ancient lava streams and associated with a flora and fauna altogether different from that of any part of America at the present time, Mr. Terry's own conclusion appears the more probable. It is, either that the animals which these carvings represent once existed in the Columbia valley, or that, in the remote past, a migration of natives from some region containing these monkeys reached this valley, and left one of the vivid impressions of their former surroundings in these imperishable sculptures." The latter alternative appears to me, for many reasons, to be highly improbable; and, though the former will seem to many persons to be still more improbable, I am inclined provisionally to accept it.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

Reached for Water, but Found He Had No Hands.

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

SPOKANE FALLS, Feb. 28.—In the Daisy mine, on Big Creek, in the Cœur d'Alenes, Ed Byrne, while smoking a pipe, stooped over a box of giant powder caps and dropped a spark, causing an explosion.

When Byrne regained consciousness he was thirsty, and tried to get a drink of water from a bucket near by, but was horrified to discover that both his hands were gone, that one eye was blown out, and he had three terrible wounds in his abdomen. In spite of these injuries he walked through four feet of snow to his cabin, a mile distant. He is now lying at the point of death at the hospital at Osborne.

He Says that He is 137.

From the Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

CHATTANOOGA, March 6.—The oldest man in Tennessee, if his own figures are reliable, is an inmate of the county workhouse here. His name is Tobe Lewis. He claims to be 137 years of age, and has documentary evidence to show that he is considerably over 100. He says he has been married nine times, and is the father of more than forty children.

Hungarian Government Wines, 9 South William st., N.Y. Guaranteed pure. Send for price list.—Adv.

GREAT HAIRY SPIDERS.

Two Varieties of Tarantulas whose Bite is Almost Certain Death.

From the Florence Companion.

The great spider called the tarantula, whose entire surroundings are so full of interest, is justly an object of dread to man and beast. Latin names for the creature have been bountifully supplied, and it is somewhat difficult to decide which are most deserving. The title of *Mygale Hentzii* seems to fit the Arizona variety tolerably well.

The Mygale sometimes spreads over 6 inches square, but more frequently 4 or 5 inches. The writer has at the present time a stuffed specimen that extends about 6¼ inches. A shaggy coat of hair covers the surface of the great spider. It is supplied with six strong bony legs, and two dangerous pedipalps or strikers, each armed with a sharp sting and poison sac. The strikers are frequently mistaken for two front legs, and from this arises the idea that the creature has stings on its feet. Two powerful projections, resembling jaws, protrude from the head. Under each of these is a curved poison fang, similar to a cat's claw, but longer (exactly like those of a rattlesnake), which may be lifted, extended, and hooked into the victim. A person thus stung (or bitten?) must cut the tarantula away at once, for the spider does not seem willing to unhook its fangs.

There are two varieties in Arizona—the large, black, so-called Texas tarantula, a fierce and quarrelsome species, and a somewhat smaller kind, brown, heavier built, and less aggressive. The hair surrounding the mouth of a tarantula is of a crimson color. The reptile must be turned on its back to see this. The venomous tarantula, in spite of all discussions to the contrary, does build and live in the trap door spider nest. There seems to be a vagrant idea that the trap door spider is harmless, which is certainly erroneous. It uses no web net, easily capturing its prey by extraordinary springs. Those who have seen this arachnidan by daylight can have little idea of its power and fleetness. During the day it moves slowly and clumsily in the dazzling light, but when darkness comes it can move with ease and certainty. Credible accounts have appeared stating that the tarantula can leap sixteen feet. Repeated statements have credited it with leaps of three feet or more. In the year 1870, or near that date, three men disturbed several tarantulas near San Diego. They were immediately attacked by the huge spiders and had to run for their lives, taking refuge in the waters of the bay.

It is almost impossible for one who isn't well informed to locate the tarantula's eyes. The first time the writer looked for them the result was utter failure, and ended in the conviction that the reptile was blind. But it has eyes—six almost invisible specks, no larger than the point of a pin, mounted on a tiny setting that grows out of the back. Two peer forward, two sideways, and two behind. The head and trunk, by the way, are all one piece.

Tarantulas are considered deadly foes to each other, and are seldom found in company. When imprisoned together there is a fight, one succumbs, and is eaten by the victor. Nature has done a service in making the tarantula so hideous and formidable a looking object. Indeed, it is owing to this repulsiveness that no greater number of persons are stung. The sight of the great hairy spider crawling near by will cause a cold, creeping sensation down the back of almost any one.

The Mygale poison is of a fearful nature—more dreaded than that of a rattlesnake—and unless only slightly scratched and heroic measures used, the result is fatal. Many deaths are on record caused by these spiders. The most prolonged suffering was that of a San Diego woman. She had scratched its fangs in her hand during the night. The flesh was cut away with a razor and medical assistance summoned at once. Her life was prolonged for a time, as well as her sufferings. For three months she lingered under the effects, her hands constantly creeping and crawling along the bedding in horrible imitation of the motions of the tarantula.

The Mexicans claim that in Mexico an extract is made from the tarantula and taken internally as medicine. This may be so. Many blood poisons may be taken into the stomach in extreme cases with little ill effect. The bee sting, for instance, is painful, but the same poison gives honey its agreeable flavor. The spider itself, when stung by another, immediately dies, and it may be easily killed by administrations of poisons internally, such as cyanide, &c.; even gelseminum and other fluid extracts are effective.

A tarantula hawk came sailing into the *Companion* office recently. These giant blue wasps, with their fiery wings, are deadly foes to the tarantula, and should be encouraged in every locality. They seem never to rest a moment, with tireless energy fly and walk rapidly along the ground, peering into every crevice and hole and examining every suspicious object, after the tarantula. The fate of the giant spider when discovered by the hawk is certain and attended with fascinating horror.

The winged insect hovers over the victim until it finds a good opportunity to sting. The poison acts in a peculiar manner, the tarantula becoming paralyzed. In this state the eggs of the hawk are laid in the helpless spider, who remains alive to be slowly devoured by the hungry larvæ.

A prepared (stuffed) tarantula was at hand; the hawk was placed in a pasteboard box with the latter. The effect was unexpected. If there ever was such a thing as fear displayed by an insect we beheld it in the superlative degree. The hawk probably don't like the scent of the dead spider, for it made the most violent efforts to get out of reach, until out of pity it was taken from the box and immediately quieted down. We placed this interesting visitor under a goblet to make an examination and to sketch its proportions, but the plan was foiled by the remarkable actions of the insect, which suddenly became angry, and with reckless indifference stabbed itself several times with its poisonous sting, when it immediately folded up its legs, turned over on its back, and in less than a minute was dead. The onlookers were astonished and could not explain the strange suicide.

How to Fold a Coat.

From the Clothier and Furnisher.

How many people know how to fold a coat? Here it is all in a nutshell, with no explanation necessary, except the illustrations:

He Could Come Mighty Near to Telling a Lie, at all the Same.

From the Boston Advertiser.

It is painful to find that the father of his country practised deceit down in Jersey. Elias Boudinot, whose papers are getting printed, reveals this side of Washington's character. He actually played a trick on Sir William Howe, and made him believe he had 12,000 men in his army about Morristown, when he had but 3,000.

It seems that Howe had sent one of his innumerable spies, who were tories in New York and patriots in Philadelphia, to see what was going on about Morristown. The Adjutant-General found out the rogue, and asked General Washington if he would not have him arrested.

No, said the crafty Virginian—and here I quote from Boudinot—"but ordered him to go home and immediately to draw returns from every Brigadier in the army of the number of their brigades, making the army to consist of about 12,000 effective men, &c., &c.—to place those in the proper form on his desk, and then to get introduced to the Spy and invite him to lodge with him.—To endeavor to get him to sup with him alone. About 9 o'clock in the Evening to have an Orderly