BAD AIR FOR LEGISLATORS.

HYGIENIC DEFECTS OF THE HALL IN WHICH CONGRESS SITS.

A Cheese-paring Policy and Its Harmful Results—Pictures of Some Famous Ancients and Stirring Memories of the Past Furnish a Theme for the Hon. Amos J. Cummings.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—"Mr. Speaker," shouted Martin N. Johnson of North Dakota in the House of Representatives at 2 P. M. on Aug. 30 last, "this box is built, a box within a box, in such a way that it is utterly impossible to open a window or door so as to get air direct from the outside. The air is pumped up through those brass gratings in the floor. Throughout the Fifty-second Congress I often wondered whether the sweepings and the droppings of pieces of paper and of cigar stumps were ever cleaned out of these ducts. On the first day of this Congress it was gratifying to find a new carpet on the floor. There was also some varnish on the wood and polish on the brass gratings of this white sepulchre. But, Mr. Speaker, I found right there in front of your desk in the open area under the grating in the floor, the same appearance of litter, of cigar stumps, of paper, and of dirt and rubbish that had been swept and kicked down for years into these places through which the air must come that we have to breathe; and I thought that I would not keep live stock on my farm in such an unhealthy atmosphere as we are bound to breathe when we sit here."

On Sept. 2 the Hon. Elijah Adams Morse broke forth thus:

"All that the gentleman from North Dakota said the other day about the filthy condition of the ventilators in this House and much more is true, and has a good deal to do with the vile, bad air in this hall. It is the first hall I have ever seen where it is arranged that the fresh air and ventilation should come to us through a spittoon. That is about what these ventilators amount to under the present practice of the House. These ventilators are incubating machines for bacteria. They are incubators for catarrh, consumption, and other diseases. Only yesterday a member of this House told me that he had been out of health ever since he came here, and asserted that he would not be a candidate for reelection if he was obliged to sit in this vile atmosphere. We ought to have some arrangement for closing the top of these ventilators so that they would not be incubating machines to propagate disease."

The ventilators to which these gentlemen refer are simply brass gratings beneath the desks of the members. They run down the main aisle, around the Speaker's desk, and the well in front of it, where the members congregate when exciting scenes occur. They were put there to funnel pure air from the Capitol grounds into the hall of the House in summer and to give warm air in winter. This air is fanned through an airshaft into the ducts. There are eight rows of desks grouped in a semicircle around the triple-banked marble elevation occupied by the Speaker. The rows of seats are in parterre. There are nine aisles between these desks. The brass gratings also run beneath the desks from aisle to aisle. There are metal spittoons at each desk, but they are not used as often as the gratings are used. It is frequently easier for a member to drop a tobacco quid through the grating than to use a spittoon. The latter gets jammed between the chairs and kicked out of reach under the desks, and is frequently upset on the grating. It requires some exertion to bend down and place a spittoon where it will be handy. Old pens, nut shells, bits of tinfoil, butts of cigars, strips of paper, tobacco quids, dust, and dirt of every kind can be seen through the grating. Much of it sifts through them when the hall is swept. The air beneath the gratings is so foul that Dr. Sowers of Washington says that if a good healthy cat was placed at one end of this crescent-shaped duct it would drop dead before it could reach the grating beneath the main aisle of the House. Yet this is the atmosphere breathed by the members.

The House has always had a Committee on Ventilation and Acoustics. For the last ten years it has never made a report concerning ventilation. If old members are to be believed, this system of ventilation has prevailed since 1857. Nothing has been done to remedy the defect.

In the Senate the system is different. The air comes through a vertical grating inserted in the step beneath each row of desks. It cannot be used as a depository for tobacco quids. The real secret of the bad ventilation in the House seems to be parsimoniousness. Any proposition to change it at the expense of several thousand dollars would undoubtedly arouse the economists. These Representatives seem to take real pleasure in tying their own hands, reducing the number of their own employees, and buying their own health while voting full supplies for the Senators. This economical cheeseparing is now at its height. The House has cut down the number of its committee clerks, and it has not as many attendants as it once had, although its membership is greater than ever before.

The great gilt frames surrounding the pictures of Washington and Lafayette, which flank the Speaker's desk, are green and grimy with grease and dirt. The paintings themselves need varnish. Very recently the frames of the pictures in the panelings flanking the dais. The one of Lafayette is probably the most valuable. It was painted by Ary Scheffer, and was brought to this country in 1824 by Lafayette himself. It represents him when he was about sixty years old, in a military uniform with a heavy overcoat. The painting of Washington was made by Vanderlyn. The Capitol guides have a stereotyped story to tell concerning this painter. They say that he was a helper at a blacksmith shop in Kingston, N. Y., when Aaron Burr was travelling that way one day and stopped to have the shoes of his horse reset. He saw a shock-headed boy making charcoal sketches on the door of the shop. The blacksmith gave the boy a bad reputation. He said he was good for nothing, that he could not work out of him. He spent his time in making charcoal sketches, which the smith thought was entirely worthless. Burr asked the boy several questions and was much impressed with his answers. He gave him his card and told him to come to New York to see him if he ever came to New York. He also paid his shoeing bill for him. Months afterward, while Burr was entertaining several gentlemen at dinner at his house in New York, he heard a great noise in the hall outside. He was told that there was a barefooted boy out there making trouble. He had him brought to the table. The boy proved to be the shoeing smith's apprentice. At first Burr did not recognize him, but when the lad identified himself, Burr fed and clothed him. He did more than this. He sent him to Benjamin West, where he developed a taste for painting, and eventually became almost as famous as his master.

There are two paintings by Bierstadt in the panels flanking the Speaker's dais. One represents the settlement of Monterey, Cal., the other the landing of Hendrik Hudson near Peekskill, N. Y. Beyond the latter there is a painting by Brumidi. It depicts Cornwallis visiting Gen. Washington at Yorktown and asking for an armistice. Cornwallis is surrounded by his staff in scarlet coats. Gen. Spinola, in the days of Tom Reed's Congress, always called these gentlemen Hessians, and averred that the Speaker frequently counted them as being present and not voting so as to secure a quorum. There is one vacant panel in the wall. It is in the southeast corner. To fill this fate may have something far more unique in store for the House.

The Hon. Thomas B. Reed advises that the panels beneath the galleries be adorned with the portraits of the Speakers of the House in years gone by. If those already on hand are used, they would make a motley collection. Some are painted in oil and richly framed. Others are crayon photographs. Others are wood cuts with wooden frames, and look as if they had done service in Jersey barrooms fifty years ago. To fill the panels with uniform paintings of the Speakers would cost so much that the economists would stand aghast. Indeed, their groans arise at the mere intimation that once every two years the House is newly carpeted. The wall of the chamber beneath the galleries is dirty, and the frescoes and carvings need attention.

In the leather sofas in the back of the hall and in the clerk's room are little with age and use, and the chairs are patched and crippled. As the member from North Dakota remarked, the chamber itself is simply a "box within a box." The only light received comes through a glass ceiling. This ceiling has the coats of arms of many States in colors. None of the States admitted in the last ten years is represented.

When a person enters the variety theatres in the Bowery or elsewhere he always finds chairs with leather cushions and easy backs. When diplomats, clergymen, ladies, workingmen, and others visit the galleries of the House of Representatives they sit upon hard, uncushioned benches with straight backs, showing a woful lack of paint and comfort. Yet there is gorgeousness in the hall. A great clerk, with projects from the reporters' gallery behind the Speaker, with a dusty American flag in his talons. Then there is a gilded magnificence and a mirrored vista in the Speaker's lobby behind the chamber. His desk is ideal and regal, being made of the purest Italian marble. At its foot sit the stenographers of the House. Above them in the first marble tier are the reading and tally clerks. Surmounting all sits the Speaker in an easy chair, armed with an ivory gavel. There are also free coes in the lobby that might well grace the home of a Vanderbilt or Astor. Yet even this gorgeousness shows a lack of care and attention. The golden eagle has lost his freshness and looks as though he had received the sittings of an ash heap. If alive, he would dash direct for the Potomac in search of a bath. The frescoes need retouching, and the tiled floor in the retiring room ought to be overhauled. Many of the colored tiles are cracked and broken and should be replaced. The bronze stairways, marvels of workmanship years ago, are badly mutilated.

So much for the condition of the hall of the House of Representatives. Observant visitors might overlook what has been described. Their attention is attracted to the members, and very few inspect the hall. The first object to attract their attention outside of the Representatives is the mace of the Sergeant-at-Arms. It always occupies a malachite pedestal at the right of the Speaker when the House is in session. As soon as the Representatives go into the Committee of the Whole the mace is withdrawn from the pedestal. This instrument is a curiosity. The pages call it "The Speaker's goose." It is a Roman fasces surmounted by a silver ball not quite so large as the crown of a derby hat. A silvery eagle is perched upon the ball. When members are turbulent and refuse to come to order on the call of the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-Arms seizes the mace with both hands and carries it among the wrangling groups. They recognize the symbol of authority and silently resume their seats. No one has ever defied the Sergeant-at-Arms when bearing the mace. Even in the most turbulent scenes in the Fifty-first Congress Speaker Reed could always bring the House to order by directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to carry the mace among the members. This mace was made during Monroe's Administration, and has been in service nearly seventy-five years.

Economy in the House is hardly a synonym for cleanliness. It would be easy at a little extra expense to keep the hall bright, healthy, and clean. It is now swept and kept in order by the barbers, the cloak room and other servitors. These men are always in attendance upon the sessions. If the House remains in continuous session for days and nights, the barbers, cloak room attendants, bootblacks, and others are kept at work. When the House adjourns, however, these attendants, unlike the members, cannot go directly to their beds. They are turned into the hall with brooms and mops and are set to work to clear away the litter. They must wash the spittoons, dust the chairs and desks, and do much routine work. And all this for $900 a year.

The Senators have special employees to keep their chamber clean. In their wing of the Capitol everything is neat and in order, presenting the strongest contrast to the wing occupied by the House.

The first speech made in the present hall of the House came from the lips of Sunset Cox. It was his maiden speech, delivered on Dec. 14, 1857. With other members of the House he marched out of the old shadowy chamber into the new hall. Mr. Cox describes it thus:

"The scene is intense and of rare dramatic quality. Around sit the members upon richly covered oaken chairs. Already arrayed upon either side are the sections in mutual animosity. The Republicans take the left of the Speaker and the Democrats the right. James L. Orr of South Carolina, a full, roseate-faced gentleman of large build and ringing metallic voice, is in the chair. James C. Allen of Illinois sits below him in the Clerk's seat. The Rev. Mr. Carruthers offers an appropriate and inspiring prayer. A solemn hush succeeds the invocation. After some legislative routine the members retire to the open space in the rear to await the drawing of seats. A page with bandaged eyes makes the award. One by one the members are seated. Then, by the courtesy of the Chairman of the Printing Committee, Mr. Smith of Tennessee, a young member from Ohio is allowed to take the floor. He addresses the Speaker with timidity and modesty amid many interruptions by Humphrey Marshall, Thomas S. Bocock, Judge Hughes, George W. Jones, and Gen. Quitman, each of whom bristles with points of order against the speaker. But that young member is soon observed by a quiet House. Many listen to him, perhaps to judge of the acoustic qualities of the hall, and some because of the nature of the debate. And then, after a few minutes all become excited. Again and again the shrill tones of Speaker Orr are heard above the uproar. He exclaims: 'This is a motion to print extra copies of the President's message. Debate on the subject is therefore in order, upon which the gentleman from Ohio has the floor.'

Cox's theme was the Lecompton Constitution. The House was in great commotion, and the first opening of the chamber was signalized by as bitter a debate as was ever heard in the years following. A young member was the first speech heard in the Hall of Reprentatives. If one could forecast the future and describe the last speech that will ever be heard in the same hall, it would excite far more interest.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

HENRI'S FLEA EXPERIMENT.

He Tried the Dog and the Cat Species, then Succumbed to an Italian's Perfidy.

Henri was a waiter at an up-town restaurant six months ago when his adroitness and anxiety to please began to attract the attention of patrons of the place. Henri is still a waiter in an up-town restaurant, yet he possesses the secrets of another calling that should earn him a much better livelihood. In his naïve French way, without at all appearing to intrude his private affairs upon them, Henri managed to put his own particular patrons in possession of the facts that led to the shattering of his hopes. En route to this country the Frenchman stopped at London, where he secured employment with the interesting person whose trained fleas are one of the attractions at the metropolis. Henri was as much taken with the performance and the performers as any of the thousands of young and old who watched it during the time he was the showman's attendant.

Indeed, the same qualities that now make him an excellent waiter soon made him almost as clever a manipulator and trainer of fleas as his master. One by one he learned all the secrets, and he at last felt himself sufficiently master of the calling to invest his savings in a duplicate set of the tiny gold coaches, cannon, balancing boards, and other articles necessary to a well-trained troupe of fleas. Armed with these Henri came to America, taking a place as a waiter, to remain merely until such time as he could obtain a stock of fleas and train them, expecting then to reap a harvest of American dollars. Soon after his installation at the restaurant he displayed his golden paraphernalia to one of the regular customers.

"I have catch ze dog flea," he explained. "I have him in ze boutaille—one, two, trois hundard! All ze goods da weather he come now; me zen I begin to train him to draw ze carriage, fire ze cannon, and pearform ze truly wonderful trick."

The next time Henri spoke of his captives was in reply to a question as to the progress they were making.

"Oh, ze dam dog flea, he no so goot," he exclaimed. "When I get him to know me and am prepair to commence vit ze trick he die. First one die, zen anoder, zen two, zen many, zen all die, dough I permit him to feed as much as he like until my arm es so sore I cannot carry on it a napkin. He can only eat ze dog or ze human flea, so I will try no more ze cat flea. He es much bigger, and strong—oh! so strong dat nothings can kill him."

A month later, and Henri again looked sad when asked how his fleas were getting along. With disappointment in every word he told how ze cat flea, he also "die. 'Is dat great difficulté," he went on, "to catch dat dam cat flea. First, I catch de cat, vich es not leetle trouble, den ze flea. Mais, on li est gros et agile! He jump so like ze devil dat I poke more dan I take, four day I spen' all my time to catch him and then he die like ze oder. 'Tis no use; ze dog flea eat ze dog, de cat flea ze cat; I mus' get me ze man flea."

Yet another month and Henri was more disconsolate looking than before. Indeed, the poor fellow had become so distracted breooding over something or other, that his patrons began to fear he was losing interest in their needs. When asked what was the matter, throwing up both hands and assuming an expression of utter despair, he exclaimed:

"Oh! ze flea! dam ze flea, he drive me crazy. All my hope is gone. Now I am to pass all my life as garçon, and my beautiful carriage of gold, an' my cannon and ze rest, he go for nothings! In dis great contrie, vere mone es zo plenty, an' no one but ze trained flea an' me who had ze secret. 'Tis terrible! 'tis terrible!"

Henri's new difficulty promised to be interesting. What had happened? The trouble began, he said, when he decided that he must obtain the only kind of flea that would flourish on human pastures. Another waiter had advised him to connect at the seeper of an Italian boarding house in Mulberry Bend. He did so. Henri offered $10 for 2,000 fleas impounded in a transparent bottle. The Italian jumped at the bargain. As Henri put it he all: "Two thousan'. I get you two million. I jus' lift up ze mattress an' I hold my hand so; den I draw it along so, an' I haf one million."

However, the Italian seems to have promised better than he executed, and day after day when Henri called to see about his fleas he was put off with one excuse and then another. By this time spring had given way to summer, and at one early day, when Henri came to the Italian's, he found the man industriously turning the crank of an ice-cream freezer. The sight was too much for him—to see this man, who had promised so much, thus devoting time to other occupations which might have been spent in assisting Henri in his cherished plans. This is what followed, told in Henri's own words:

"Where es my flea, sair? Where es my flea?" the Frenchman hotly demanded.

"Flea, goods da weather he come now," the Italian answered, hardly taking time to give the distracted Frenchman a glance. "Go awa'! Go awa'! I haf no time ketcha da flea; I mus make da ice cream."

Henri heard and obeyed.

WEIRD DEVICES OF TORTURE

A NOTABLE COLLECTION NOW ON EXHIBITION HERE.

The "Iron Maiden" and Other Inventions of Executioners in Past Ages—An Exhibit from the Royal Castle of Nuremberg.

Many a careless and convivial stranger visiting New York within the next few months will wander into Koster & Bial's old concert hall in Twenty-third street, thinking to see dancing corryphées and to hear silvery voices as he sits sipping more or less invigorating beverages. The sights and sounds that will greet these unwary strangers are of a totally different character, however.

They will see a maid, but one that neither sings nor dances, though she has been before the public for upward of 400 years, always appearing in emotional and sensational parts. She is none other in fact than the celebrated "Iron Maiden," well known in Europe as the "Eiserne Jungfrau," and part of the Earl of Shrewsbury's collection of instruments of torture, which for many years rested in the royal castle of Nuremberg, Germany, and which will be placed on exhibition here to-morrow.

This terror-inspiring machine is perhaps the most renowned of its kind in the world. The maiden is made of what was once strong oak, coated with iron, but she is now beginning to show signs of age. There are two doors leading into the interior hristlines, with long, sharp iron spikes so arranged that when the doors are closed, the sharp prongs force their way into various portions of the victim's body. Two prongs enter the eyes, others pierce the chest, and all of them are so placed as to fairly impale the victim alive, inflicting a death of frightful torture. Persons were condemned to death in the embrace of the Iron Maiden for plots against the governing powers, parricide, religious unbelief, and murder. The maiden's age cannot be exactly determined, but it is known that she was in existence in the early part of the fifteenth century.

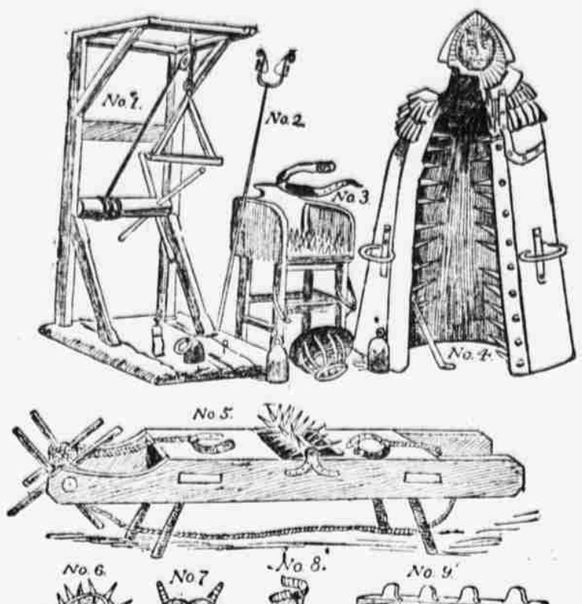
It is believed that the contrivance is purely and peculiarly a relic of old Nuremberg. It is No. 4 in the group of pictures.

The only other instrument of torture, known as the "Maiden," was a peculiar beheading block used in Scotland, upon which a knife fell after the manner of the guillotine. But this was much more merciful, and killed her victims with expedition.

In the collection there are other machines of torture which are equally cruel in their manner of handling victims, though they lack the fascinating smile of the maiden. Take, for instance, the stretching gallows (No. 1) which is called by the tormentors "Fearful Eliza." It is not unlike the gallows of to-day in appearance. At its foot are strong iron rings into which the victim's feet were placed. The hands were then fastened to a triangle, which was raised by means of a windlass until the man was stretched beyond endurance. While in this position he was flayed or else cruelly whipped by the public executioner.

The torture chair (No. 3) does not kill, but it has made many an old Nuremberger wish he had something soft to sit on after resting in it awhile as a penalty for minor offences. It is not unlike the conventional armchair in appearance, except that the legs are much longer.

The seat, however, differs radically, for it is covered with iron spikes an inch long. These spikes are rounded so that they will not draw blood, but they probably felt sharp enough when the victim had sat upon them for an hour or more, especially as he had weights tied to his feet and wore the mailed helmet that goes with the chair.



Then there is "the rack" (No. 5), which is different from any other in the world. It looks like a planing machine in a saw mill, and probably did its work quite as dramatically as does the buzz saw in "blue jeans." The contrivance is about twelve feet long and smooth on top. A spiked roller rests in a depression in it, and by means of a rope and pulleys the victim is dragged over the roller. If his tormentors wanted him to die a lingering death, they laid him on his back, where the muscles saved his vital parts for a time. If they wished to finish him in short order, they dragged him over the roller on his stomach.

Among the other devices of torture, the number of which is too great to permit of detailed descriptions, are the "Spiked Collar" (No. 6), "The Mask" (No. 7), the "Screw Stocks" (No. 9), the "Mailed Mitten" (No. 8), which is put on red hot, the "Witch Catcher" (No. 2), which prods and catches at the same time—as witches could not be touched, and the "Rocking Cradle."

The collection was on exhibition in London and the principal cities of England for three years, and after staying a few months here will visit other American cities, and finally go to Australia. There are over 1,300 pieces in the collection, besides a large number of engravings and paintings illustrating the different methods of torture used in different countries.

DIANA OF THE TIGER JUNGLES.

A Woman Who Has Slain Man-Eaters All Alone with Her Rifle.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Mrs. A. W. Salmon, wife of an officer in the Indian police, enjoys the distinction of being one of the few ladies who have sought for and found a genuine man-eating tiger and laid the king of the jungle low, unaided by hunters of the sterner sex. Mrs. Salmon has had the pleasure of bagging two of these fierce brutes and has also shot a panther and any number of smaller fry, such as jackals and deer. Mrs. Salmon is at present visiting some old friends in San Francisco, and yesterday she told a reporter the story of how she shot and killed a ten-foot man eater up in the Nilgherry Hills in the Madras district.

"I first went to India in 1883, and during the seven years of my stay there I travelled nearly all the time. My husband was continually on the move, and I was always with him when possible. Before I went to India I passed two years in the Western part of the United States, and had learned to use a rifle pretty well, and I often tried my skill on jackals, deer, and such animals as we met on our trips from place to place through the jungle. The hills around the sanitarium are covered with heavy brush and long grass, and, as a rule, are rather free from tigers, but that summer the heat was so great that, like ourselves, the big man eaters sought the hills, and soon after we got settled down the natives began to bring in stories of tigers which had been seen in the vicinity. My favorite weapon was an American Winchester repeating rifle—one of those 44-calibre guns which seem to be favorites with American hunters. Besides this I had a heavier rifle—also a Winchester—and it was with this rifle that I bagged my big tiger.

"During the summer of 1880 a party of my husband's friends, who were spending at the Ootacamund Sanitarium, away up in the Nilgherry Hills, invited us up on a visit, and as the heat in the lower country was simply terrible we gladly accepted the invitation. Little was thought of the stories until one morning when the male members of the party came in and when the little leather pouch in which he carried his letters and his sticks of bells used to scare away wild animals in the jungle were found in the road about eight miles from the sanitarium, the gentlemen began to clean up their guns and fill their cartridge belts. Hunting parties went out, but, in spite of the most thorough search, not a single tiger could be found, and then the excitement began to die down.

"The birthday of one of these gentlemen was celebrated by a picnic on a spot on the banks of the Pykara River, about twelve miles from the sanitarium, where we intended staying a week. The camp, which consisted of seven tents, was set up in the wildest spot imaginable, and we had a very pleasant time until the fourth day, when Capt. Hays, who went out gunning with another gentleman, had the misfortune to fall into a nullah and injure himself so badly that he could not get out. His companion hurried back to camp for assistance and, as the scene of the accident was more than three miles half a mile from the camp, all the gentlemen went out, leaving the ladies in care of a couple of men servants. Thinking that hot water might be required when Capt. Hays was brought to camp, one of the ladies sent Anthony, one of the servants, to the River not much less than two miles away, to fill a water jar. A few moments after the servant had started we were startled by a wild cry for help and then all was quiet again.

"Thinking the man had been attacked by a jackal I seized my heaviest gun and ran down the path two at a time. The low brush hid everything from my sight until I had reached a point about twenty yards from the river, and there I saw something that made me tremble with fear. There on the bank of the river lay poor Anthony, and by his side, licking the blood from his face, was a big tigress. For a few moments the sight fairly froze my blood, and then a sense of personal danger and the thought that I should be the next victim filled my brain. Up to this time I forgot that I had a rifle in my hand, and then came a wild desire to try my skill with the tigress as a target. All thought of what the result would be should I shoot and miss or only wound the big man eater fled from my mind as I saw the terrible brute pick up the body of the servant and after taking a few steps put it down again and roughly lick the blood that flowed from the wounds made by its sharp, cruel teeth.

"As gently as possible I drew back the hammer and raised the rifle to my shoulder, and taking aim directly at the tigress's ear, I pulled the trigger. As the report rang out it seemed to me as if a score of hungry tigers sprang at me from every bush and rock, but this passed away in an instant, and after reloading the rifle I took a look at the tigress. She was still stretched beside the body of the man, but the powerful limbs were motionless, and the head was resting on the man's thigh. That I had killed the animal at the first shot never entered my head, and I sent a couple more shots into its body as fast as I could, but the first shot had settled the business.

"Upon making sure that the animal was dead I turned to walk back to the tents, when I heard the scream of a tiger cat, which seemed to come from some brush a short distance up the river. I am perhaps very foolish to say it, but I don't think a dozen tigers could have frightened me out then, and I at once started toward the spot from where the cries came. At first I could see nothing, but after a close search, during which I took care not to venture too close to the bushes, I caught sight of a half-grown tiger cub crouching in the grass and eying me as if waiting for me to come a little closer. I was then rather too close for comfort, and I quickly raised the rifle and fired. The cub was facing me, and the bullet glanced from its forehead and only partially stunned it. The tiger dropped to the ground flat and then rose to its feet, but instead of coming for me as I expected it to do, it began to walk away. This gave me a good show at its side, and I fired again. The tiger fell, rose, and then tried to rush at me, but its strength was gone, and before it had taken half a dozen steps it sank to the ground and rolled over and died.

"The noise of the shooting was heard by my husband, who hurried back to camp, wondering what was the matter. Learning from the other ladies that I had gone out alone and that the shooting had taken place down near the river, he hurried down to meet me on his way. He was fairly horrified when I pointed to the dead cub and could hardly believe his eyes, but when I told him the mother had killed Anthony, and that her body and that of our poor servant were lying on the bank of the river, he was speechless with surprise. He took me back to camp, and when the other gentlemen arrived with Capt. Hays, and the story of my encounter with the two tigers was told, it was decided to break camp at once and return to the sanitarium.

"Poor Anthony was buried, and the tigers were skinned and the trophies, with heads and claws attached, were sent to Madras and placed on exhibition. The notoriety I gained was anything but pleasant, and made me sorry I had ever learned to handle a rifle.

"After that I got an invitation to join every hunting party got up in that part of the country. Six weeks after I bagged my tigers I, while out with a party got up by the Sultan of Hyderabad, bagged a handsome panther and a spotted deer, and a few days later I received a check for 150 rupees as a bounty for killing the tigers and the panthers."

CONNECTICUT'S ARCTIC VISITOR.

A "Little Auk" Flew and Paddled Down from the North Pole to Astonish the Natives.

STONINGTON, Dec. 9.—Into this ancient ocean borough came a very queer bird the other day, the only one of the kind ever seen in southern Connecticut, a "little auk," also called dovekil, that had strayed away from its home within the Arctic circle. No one here had ever seen such a bird before, but finally a local ornithologist looked into his books and called it by its right name. Thomas W. Palmer's man, who shot the odd-looking visitor on the ocean beach, will have it mounted and set up in his home. It was a fragile waif to have travelled so far. It is about as big as a full blown "snowball" blossom, plump as a pullet, with wee short wings. About its head, neck, and shoulders is a cape of black, glossy feathers, while its breast is as white as snow; its dark wings are tipped with white patches, and its bill is black as a coal. It is well footed, and it haunts the waters of open seas and salt rivers. From the tip of its bill to the end of its tail measures it is about eight inches long.

Mariners who sail the Arctic waters call the little auk the Greenland dove. It especially loves the snowy region invested by the arctic circle, rarely quitting the frost king's dominion, and ornithologists say that Nansen will find some of these trim little northern travellers flitting about the cold king's throne at the peak of the North Pole—provided, of course, that explorer reaches that throne. They say, also, that it is the only bird that reaches the arctic ultima Thule goal where the latitudes get together and are frozen in a hard knot.

The little auk, though its wings are short, travels through the air like a rifle shot; it dives expertly, and swims under water better than a submarine torpedo boat. In Greenland the birds congregate in immense flocks. It is perfectly at home afloat or ashore, and when weary of scafaring it tucks its head under its wing, and "rocked in the cradle of the deep," sleeps as calmly there as does a human babe in its mother's arms. It subsists on fish, marine crustacea, and small crabs. It lays one egg on a ledge of an ocean cliff or amid shingles on a wild desolate northern beach, which is of a pale greenish blue, like the northern sea. The Stonington man's specimen would fetch a big price, if he would sell it.

THE WESTERN UNION.

PRIVATE VS. GOVERNMENT WIRES.

A Comparison of the Telegraph Service Here With That of England.

From the Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean.

Some feeling has been aroused in telegraph circles by reason of recent publications of the Chief Engineer of British Telegraphs, who claimed, after a visit to this country, that the English compared favorably with their American cousins. To learn his views upon the subject, a reporter called yesterday on Col. R. C. Clowry, Vice-President and General Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and Chairman of the Committee on Electricity of the World's Fair.

"Col. Clowry, did you read the telegraphic despatches recently published in which Mr. Preece, the chief engineer of the British telegraphs, is quoted as saying that there was only one branch of electrical industry in which the English compared favorably with their American cousins, that being telegraphy, in which they were certainly ahead?"

"Yes, I read the article you mention."

"I suppose you read the interview with Mr. Preece, published in THE SUN last August?"

"Yes, I read that also."

"What is there to be said in reply to those statements of Mr. Preece?"

"Well, a good deal can be said in reference to the matter. In Mr. Preece's interview in THE SUN, he states that the 'telegraph facilities in England are greater than they are here, for we go to every town and every village, irrespective of the fact that they pay or do not pay, while in the States the places that pay appear to me to be the only ones that receive the attention of the telegraph companies.' In reply to that statement I quote from the annual report of the British Postmaster-General, who says: 'The department has ceased to require the repayment of the capital outlay for telegraph extensions made under guarantee, and the guarantee is now required to cover only the expense of working and maintenance. By act of Parliament the rural sanitary authorities are empowered to undertake guarantees for telegraph offices at places within their districts, and to defray the cost out of the rates. As the result of this concession there has been a considerable extension of the telegraph system in rural districts.' It will be seen by this that the telegraph system of Great Britain is not extended to small towns, except under a guarantee to cover the working and maintenance. The statement of the Postmaster-General is, therefore, a direct contradiction of that of Mr. Preece.

"Under the Western Union system, the telegraph extends to every railway station, great and small, in the United States, without expense to the public, and we are only too glad to extend our lines to other towns not connected with railroads, where, as in Great Britain, the expense of working and maintenance is guaranteed. Notwithstanding the statement of Mr. Preece that the telegraph in England extends to every town and village, it is a fact that there are telegraph offices established at less than one-third of the Post Offices.

"I notice also that, when asked by THE SUN reporter if he considered Government telegraphs a success in England, Mr. Preece said: 'Yes, they are undoubtedly a success in England.' On the other hand, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, in laying before the House of Commons last April the annual budget, said in his speech thereupon 'that the operations of the British Government telegraphs for the fiscal year showed a "bad revenue," and an excess of actual working expenses over receipts of £115,000 ($560,000), to say nothing of the interest on the £10,000,000 ($50,000,000) of money paid for their acquisition. He also said that since the purchase by the Government of the telegraph lines, including the moderate interest they ought to have paid upon their cost, the loss on that transaction had been £2,500,000 ($12,500,000), which result was found on a miscalculation, and for anything that can be seen to the contrary it is a revenue which is going from bad to worse and not likely to improve.' According to these figures the British Government has operated the telegraph system for about twenty-two years at a loss of about $1,000,000 a year. The telegraph is used mostly by bankers, merchants, manufacturers, brokers, and speculators, so that, according to the English press, a large majority of the people who never use the telegraph have to make up this yearly deficit of $1,000,000 in order to afford the parties first named low rates on their messages. But, while for short distances the rates in England are lower than they are here, still, owing to the different methods in vogue in the two countries for counting the number of words in a message in Great Britain the words in the address and signature are counted, while we do not count them; the cost to the average telegraph message is about the same. The long-distance rates on the Continent, and between England and the Continent are much higher than those for similar distances in the United States.

"Regarding the statement in THE SUN article that 'Mr. Preece's development in the Western Union and American Bell Telephone companies rolled up into one, and half a dozen submarine cable companies thrown in, &c., I will merely call attention to the fact that the British telegraph system comprises but about 30,000 miles of line, 70,000 miles of wire, and 8,000 offices, extending over an area of about 120,000 square miles; while the Western Union Telegraph system alone comprises about 180,000 miles of line, 750,000 miles of wire, 8,500 miles of ocean submarine cables, and 22,000 offices, extending over an area of more than 3,000,000 square miles, being, therefore, about quadruple the British Government telegraph system, and extending over an area twenty-four times as great. The capital account of the Postmaster-General of the British Government for telegraph system is $50,000,000, Western Union Telegraph Company's capital account was in proportion to its property in the same ratio it would be over $300,000,000.

"Mr. Preece, in his interview, says that: 'In England the telegraphs belong to the people; they are manipulated in the direction of, and supervised by the people; for every Englishman has the right to complain of any delay or anything wrong, not only through the press, but in the Houses of Parliament, and every complaint of every kind received from any member of the public receives as much attention as though it came through Parliament.'

"Now, an examination into the conditions under which telegraphic business is transacted in the two countries will show that in the United States there is sharp competition, two competing companies having already been in the field some months, and our business men fully appreciate the value of competition as an incentive to prompt and efficient service, knowing that if one company does not give satisfaction they can transfer their patronage to another. Again, as the telegraph service in England is carried on under the control of the people, being amenable under the law to every inhabitant of the country, should errors or unnecessary delays occur in the transmission of messages the public have redress through the courts, and damages recovered therefor, and it is a crime under the law for employees of telegraph companies to divulge or make improper use of the contents of messages. On the other hand, where the Government has a monopoly of the telegraph business, as is the case in England, the public have redress in no competition and no redress whatever for delay or error in the transmission of messages over and above the refunding of the actual tolls paid upon the message, which may possibly be secured after a correspondence more or less protracted, and the Government, having direct control of the telegraphs, exercise an espionage over the contents of all messages transmitted, which would not be tolerated in the people of the United States. Now, I wish to call attention to the fact that the employees of the competing telegraph companies in the United States are, in the main, persons who have been in the business all their lives, the tenure of their positions depending upon their efficiency. But if the telegraph business were monopolized by the Government political influence would be brought to bear upon the party in power would be more apt to be regarded as the gauge of qualification than ability to perform the duties of the position.

"Fourteen years ago Mr. Preece first visited this country, and at that time I understood him to say that there was not an operator in Europe who read by sound, although the sound-reading system had been in vogue in this country for upward of thirty years. On his return to England he stated in a paper read before the society of which he was a member that England was twenty years behind the United States in its telegraphic development, and for this he was severely criticised by some of the English papers. About eight years later Mr. Preece again visited this country and stated that they were making wonderful progress in the direction of introducing the American, or Morse, sound-reading system. He again visited the United States this year and informed me that it would be very difficult to distinguish an English from a Western Union telegraph office, they were so much alike, and that the American, or Morse, sound-reading system was in general use in England. It appears, therefore, that Mr. Preece has introduced the American system in his own country, and in this he has shown great wisdom, as it is, and always has been, very much superior to the European system. If it had not been for Mr. Preece's visits to the United States, and his ability to adopt our system and improvements, I am afraid that the English would still be dragging along with the old-fashioned dial needle instruments, as they are singularly averse to what they call 'American innovations.'

"During the past summer I have met and conversed with representative electricians from nearly all parts of the world, who came here to visit the Exposition. Each of them has inspected the Western Union office and system in Chicago, and in every case has stated distinctly that the progress of telegraphy in the United States was very far in advance of what it was in Europe. Our instruments, switchboards, &c., appear to be a revelation to most of them. Then, again, the United States is the only country in which telegraph lines are operated direct from dynamo current. In Europe they still adhere to the old battery system, in some cases using storage batteries, and the gentlemen who visited me were surprised to see the great advance we have made in this direction. The only European instruments which we have adopted in this country are the English Wheatstone, which we work to advantage on some of our long circuits; while in England they are gradually substituting our Morse system, including the duplex, quadruplex, &c., for their old machinery. In fact, an electric manufacturing company of Chicago is shipping telegraphic instruments to nearly all parts of Europe. It appears to me, therefore, that the United States is very much in advance of all European countries in all branches of electrical industries, the telegraph and telephone included, and, in fact, in all mechanical industries, very nearly all of the great inventions having been made by Americans."

"Have you anything to say in reference to the electrical exhibit at the World's Fair?"

"The electrical exhibit was a very fine one, but no satisfactory exhibit of electrical industries in the United States could be given within the confines of any single building. To appreciate the extent of such industries one should travel all over the country and see the thousands of cities and towns which are lighted by electricity, and furnished with transportation for the people by means of electric street railways, running at a rate of speed varying from five to twenty-five miles an hour. This list which I hand you will give you some figures from which you can form an idea of the extent of exhibits from the different countries, as they appeared in the Electricity building at the World's Fair."

The list shows the following figures:

	Square Miles.
United States occupied	141,807
Germany occupied	24,172
France occupied	20,324
Great Britain occupied	9,011
Russia occupied	5,103
Austria occupied	3,000
Italy occupied	1,000
Other countries, each less than	1,000

WILES OF THE PRESS AGENT.

He of the Theatre Who Tries to Work the Night City Editor for Notices.

This is the plaint of a night city editor, a silent and austere man, much feared by the junior members of the city staff, misunderstood by the seniors, uncommunicative to all. To all, that is, but one man on but one occasion—that was when he made this plaint, and thereby let one fellow man know the secret cross which had turned a once happy nature into a pessimist, had converted a beamish boy into a bilious misanthropist.

That night city editor has been suspected of hating his fellow man for many different reasons, all proved to be far wrong by this plaint. Some of the juniors have argued that he hated his fellow men because he could not exercise over them his otherwise general authority to "cut" or "kill," some fancied that he was shy, and only needed a little jollying to expand, and have offered him cigars—and have themselves for weeks thereafter worn affrighted looks, and taken off their hats to the office boys. Some went insane. The popular theory among the seniors is that a misspelled proper name once escaped his eyes and he has since seen blue, although some adhere to the tradition that he once frightened a junior into a permanent fit for speaking of a "city" instead of a "municipal" court, and has therefore fallen into a gloom of remorse—that the junior was not frightened to death. But why multiply conjectures when facts are available? He has made his plaint, and it explains all.

One night a reporter, having finished his work, was about to leave his office, when that night city editor came to him and said: "Do you suppose you could induce the spirit to move you to write about the theatrical press agents who try to pull newspapers' legs?"

This was unus