TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Twelve Persons Instantly Killed and Many Injured by a Collision on the Nickel-Plate Railroad Between a Freight and an Excursion Train Near Silver Creek, N. Y.—Partial List of the Victims.

BUFFALO, N. Y. Sept. 14.—A dispatch from Silver Creek, N. Y., to the *Commercial-Advertiser* says: A Niagara Falls excursion train on the Nickel-Plate road, under the management of J. W. Butler, excursion agent, collided with a local freight train in the cut on the curve just east of here, at eleven o'clock this morning. Lewis Brewer was engineer on the excursion train, drawn by engine 159, and Wm. Harris was engineer of the freight train, drawn by engine No. 6. Both engineers and firemen saved themselves by jumping. The excursion train consisted of one baggage car, one smoker and eleven coaches. Only those in the smoking-car were hurt, it being completely telescoped by the baggage-car. Only a partial list of the killed can be given at present. Several are mangled beyond recognition.

The list of persons killed in the collision is as follows:

W. W. Loomis, of Erie, Pa.
Henry Gedhardt and son, J. F. Gedhardt, of Pittsburgh.
Stephen Cameron, Mayor of Waterford, Pa.
John Suder, Pittsburgh.
David Sharp, Erie.
W. W. Rostatter, Erie.
Charles Hirsch, Erie.
Mr. Lypher, Erie.
Wm. Reynolds, Dunkirk, N. Y.
Aaron Parkhurst, Mayville.
John Meyers, of Erie.

Two bodies have not been identified. One is thought to be that of a son of Mr. Loomis.

The wounded, so far as has been ascertained, are:

Henry Huyck, of Steritina, Pa., both legs crushed very seriously.
Sam Tracy, of Erie, head and shoulders injured.
William Zimmerly, of Erie, badly hurt.
Louis Linse, of Erie, badly hurt.
Martin Rostatter, of Erie, shoulder and leg injured.
Edwin W. Marble, No. 320 East Eighteenth street, Erie; legs broken.
Archie Campbell, of Erie, seriously injured.
Charles Schender, of Erie, head and shoulder injured severely.
Charles Diller, of Erie, right leg broken and head cut.
J. P. Herrington, of Erie, badly injured.
Joseph Tapper of Summit, Pa., badly bruised.
Phil. O. Linter, residence unknown, legs crushed.
Mr. Coburn of Titusville, injured slightly.

The accident seems to have been caused by a misunderstanding of telegraphic orders.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 15.—There are various causes given for the fatal wreck. Engineer William Harris of the freight train is blamed. It is said he had orders to meet the excursion at Irving. He failed to obey the instructions, and was running at full speed when the collision occurred. The trainmen will not talk regarding who is to blame. A gentleman who was on the train says the frieght train had orders to go to Silver Creek, and the passenger train to Irving, which is this side, and it was these orders that caused the collision.

The passenger and excursion train consisted of fourteen coaches. The excitement on the train among those who escaped was intense. The scenes in the smoking car can hardly be described. The first warning given was a slight jar caused by the heavy pressure of the air-brakes. Some of the passengers braced themselves in their seats, seemingly apprehensive of danger. Then came the terrible shock, followed by the smashing of windows and the roof of the car, and all was a mass of bleeding and struggling humanity; men were locked in each other's arms covered with blood, while underneath them and on all sides lay the poor unfortunates who were instantly killed and crushed out of all human resemblance. The sight was a terrible one, and it required the stoutest nerves to induce one to take a second look. The wounded crawled out of the debris and were assisted to neighboring houses. People brought bedding, etc., on which to lay the dead and dying, and all that could then be done was to wait until help, which had been immediately sent for, arrived.

Mrs. J. H. Sigel, of Erie, Pa., a passenger on the ill-fated excursion train, was on her way to Buffalo. She arrived here safely yesterday afternoon. In an interview she said: "I was in the first coach, next to the smoking car. The passenger train was a large one, and carried a large number of excursionists, as well as regular passengers. The first we knew of the collision was a terrific crash like an explosion. Nobody was hurt except those in the smoking-car. The sight was so horrible that I could not look at it. Not a single car was thrown from the track, but the smoker was completely telescoped. It was a miracle that our car was not crushed also. It was a narrow escape. One young man in the smoker saved himself by dropping on the floor, and escaped with a few bruises. I did not learn the cause of the accident, but we were going very slow, while the freight was coming at a high rate of speed. We were just one coach length off the trestle when the collision occurred. The people of Silver Creek were very kind, and did all in their power. The ladies turned out and sent up bedding, etc., for the wounded. Some of them were taken to different houses, and one of the coaches was turned into a hospital."

The Oleomargarine Stamps.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—The designs of the three oleomargarine stamps have been finally adopted. The export stamp represents an ocean steamer; the special tax stamp has a picture of the treasury building, and the manufacturers' stamp has a vignette representing a farmer and a machine with emblems of their trade leaning upon an American shield.

Murdered for Her Money.

GENEVA, Ill., Sept. 15.—Last night the house of Mrs. Buckmire, an aged German woman, was discovered to be on fire, and all attempts to extinguish it were fruitless. Mrs. Buckmire's body was found lying in her chicken-house a few yards away, with a cloth tied tightly around her throat, indicating that she had been strangled to death. It is believed she was murdered for the purpose of robbery, and that the perpetrator set fire to the house to destroy all traces of his crime. Mrs. Buckmire was known to have saved considerable money.

A Michigan Convict's Escape.

JACKSON, Mich., Sept. 15.—Cornelius Kane, recently sent to the State prison here from Detroit for ten years for larceny, is called the "Great Escaper," it being almost impossible to keep him confined in an ordinary jail. Since his commitment he has been employed in the box factory. He had managed to make a box large enough to hold him, and yesterday locked himself in it. Jos. Bulmer, a fellow-prisoner, who has been trusted to haul cinders out of the jail yard, placed the box on his cart, covered it with cinders and drove out on the commons, where he dumped his load. Both prisoners escaped.

THE SEA SERPENT.

The Monster of the Deep Again Manifests His Presence—Seen in the North River by Lieutenant Foster, of the United States Steamer Minnesota, and Others, Who, Presumably, Were Sober.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—The sea serpent has appeared in the North river just off Twenty-seventh street, unless Lieutenant Foster of the man-of-war Minnesota and a number of other persons have been deceived by some log. It was morning, and the Lieutenant's watch said nine o'clock. The surface of the water was smooth, and Foster, who stood on the Twenty-seventh street pier, had a fair view up and down the river. Suddenly a big object of a dirty gray color, one hundred yards from the end of the pier, attracted his attention. Lieutenant Foster vouches that his vision was perfectly clear and accurate at the moment. Consequently, when he saw the big object suddenly twist itself lazily and leisurely proceed up the river, he was convinced that his first idea that the object was simply a log was an idea that wasn't up to the occasion. Then he thought it was a water snake escaped from some museum, until he recollected that it was thirty feet long and nearly eighteen inches through at the thickest part; then he knew that it was the sea serpent. He shouted to some longshoremen to look at it and yelled up to Quartermaster Haine on the deck of the man-of-war to get the binocular and see what he could make out of it. Meanwhile the streak of gray went up the stream at the rate of two miles an hour, while the longshoremen gazed upon it with admiration. Quartermaster Haine brought his big marine glass to bear on the object, and followed it along until it had navigated as far as the Twenty-ninth street pier. Just then a steam tug came snorting up behind it. The gray object, according to the lookers on, seemed much frightened at this and slid down under the water out of the way and didn't appear again, although Foster and the longshoremen waited long and anxiously for a second free exhibition.

"I know these sea serpent stories are hard to believe," said Lieutenant Foster yesterday, "but I believe in the sea serpent because I saw it myself, and there were plenty of trustworthy eyes to corroborate my own. It wasn't a porpoise, because there would have been fins to it. Its body wasn't scaly either, but smooth and slimy, of a dark slate color. From the quantity of it that I saw I should judge that it must have been fully sixty feet long. We couldn't see the head or tail ourselves, but there was a commotion in the water about where the head and tail ought to have been. The body was round and tapering, and probably eighteen inches in diameter in its stoutest part."

A longshoreman said he saw the head, which was like that of a snake.

HELP NEEDED.

A Suggestion to the Grand Army of the Republic Which Might be Acted Upon With Honor to Them and Incalculable Benefit to the Stricken Charlestonians.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 16.—General S. W. Crawford, who came here from Philadelphia on Sunday, has sent the following letter to Governor Fairchild, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic:

Ex-Governor Fairchild, Commander-in-Chief, Grand Army of the Republic:

DEAR SIR—Nothing could have been more opportune than your visit to this afflicted city. I have been here for several days, and my object in coming was to ascertain by personal inspection the immediate need of the community, and what should be the immediate remedy. The indomitable spirit of the people has already shown itself in the activity of the relief committees, and they have now reached a point where the question of food and shelter is entirely under their own control, but there is another condition of things pressing upon the community with such weight as to render immediate relief not only advisable, but imperative. There is a large class of people who, by the calamity, have been rendered houseless and homeless, with no prospects of any restoration without efficient help. They are small property owners to whom their little dwellings were their all, and upon whom the weight of the shock has fallen with its principal force. Often incumbered with mortgages, these structures can not be repaired without help. My knowledge of and my association with these people have given me abundant opportunity to learn these facts, and I have been greatly impressed with the immediate necessity of relief to them. Funds must be raised by voluntary contributions to assist this class, and thus by relieving them a class above them is free to restore their own injured property, which they are able and willing to do. The great organization which you represent could do nothing more in accordance with their principles and practice than to assist in this great Christian effort. Very truly yours,

S. W. CRAWFORD,
Brevet Major-General, U. S. A.

P. S.—Let me say, too, that the contribution made will be under the control of the Mayor, attested by gentlemen whose names are a guarantee of their appropriate use.

S. W. C.

Charleston, September 14, 1886.

A LAND MONSTER.

An Ophidian of Enormous Proportions Said to be Playing Havoc With Small Stock in Massachusetts—Preparing for a Hunt.

BOSTON, Sept. 16.—A special to an afternoon paper from Clinton, Mass., says: The interest in the sea serpent in this vicinity has suddenly been extinguished by the appearance in the immediate neighborhood of an enormous land snake which is playing havoc with live stock. The most extravagant stories have been told within the past few days of the serpent's size. The length given varies from twenty-five to forty-five feet, and its circumference from that of a two-gallon jug up to the size of a barrel.

It is believed to be the same reptile that escaped from a traveling menagerie some four years ago, and was never heard of afterward. The lost serpent was a magnificent boa, some twenty-five feet long. The serpent that is now causing excitement has been seen by several people, and nightly sheep and calves disappear, it is believed through the instrumentality of the monster. Bands of hunters have started out from Clinton, Charleston, Southbridge and Dudley to kill the serpent, but they are badly frightened at the prospect of meeting it. The serpent haunts the locality known as the Dismal Swamps to the northeast of Southbridge.

An Unfounded Report.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—The published report about Appointment Clerk Higgins, of the Treasury Department, that he is to be made chief of the Secret Service in place of Chief Brooks, seems to be without foundation. Assistant Secretary Fairchild denies it, and Mr. Higgins says it is not true. Mr. Fairchild said, when asked about the matter, that he wondered at the papers publishing such silly things. Mr. Brooks, chief of the Secret Service, resigned some time ago by request, but his resignation has not yet been accepted.

Cholera Horrors in Austria.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—Cholera is gaining ground in Austria. It is worst at Lyle, a village near Agram. Of the 900 inhabitants of the village ninety have been stricken and twenty-eight of them died almost immediately. The people distrust the doctors and conceal the sick as long as possible. Doctors are frequently stoned in the streets. In one house a mother and her daughter were found half naked on the bare floor, writhing in the agony of death, and in another room lay the body of the father, upon which had been thrown the corpse of a son. The villagers are too much frightened to help one another.

A HEAVY STORM.

Indiana, Missouri, Michigan and Illinois Swept by a Severe Storm of Wind and Rain—A Perfect God-Send to Some Localities, But a Besom of Destruction in Others—The Storm Assumes Cyclonic Character in Indiana.

In Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 17.—The railroad wires centering in this city from Decatur and Montezuma have been blown down, and no accurate information can be had. Rumors are to the effect that a cyclone has swept over these places, partially destroying Montezuma and inflicting severe loss upon the surrounding country. Efforts to communicate with Montezuma were futile, as all wires were down. The nearest approach by wire to the town was Bloomingsport, five miles from Montezuma. West of that there is trouble of some kind, but its nature could not be ascertained. The telegraph reporter at Hilisdale, near Montezuma, says no serious damage has been done at Montezuma. A cyclone struck the I., D. & S. passenger train on the Wabash bridge, just south of Hillsdale, and it backed down to the Montezuma depot. Quite a panic occurred among the passengers, but no one was hurt. The wind was very strong for two or three minutes. Several roofs were blown off.

A Terre Haute special says: A cyclone struck this city at about 11:45 and did considerable damage. The wind had a rotary motion and the clouds every appearance of a cyclone formation. The storm came from the southwest. But few persons noticed the rapidly approaching clouds. The wind struck the city with a roar and soon the streets were filled with flying dust and dirt and various light material. So far as reported no one was seriously injured. Kidder Bros.' flouring mill, near the river, was unroofed; also Conant's flouring mill, Nichols' cooper-shop, the county jail and an old ice-house, all of which are in the same vicinity. The storm traveled in a northeast direction, but apparently changed its course somewhat to the south when about in the center of the city. It unroofed R. L. Ball's stove store and J. A. Toot's seed store on Wabash avenue, near Third street. At Fifth and Ohio streets a building owned by the Demings was unroofed, a brick addition to Johnson's liquor house was unroofed and part of the wall blown down. The interior was considerably damaged by the heavy rain which followed the cyclone of about two minutes' duration. J. R. Duncan's paper house and the Washington hotel were also unroofed. The Masonic hall, in McKee block, was unroofed and the frescoing ruined besides other injuries to the hall. A circus had all its tents blown down. There is a long list of minor casualties and a number of miraculous escapes from serious injury are reported.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., Sept. 17.—A rain and wind storm, which for severity has never been here before swept over the city yesterday morning. After a steady downpour for several hours the wind became stronger, and at ten o'clock attained the velocity of a cyclone. Large trees, sheds, outhouses, lumber piles, etc., were leveled. The wind capsized a small fishing smack which was four miles out on the lake, and its occupants, Christopher Kimball and Fred Adlits, had a narrow escape from drowning. After clinging to the bottom of their boat for three hours they were rescued by a tug which went out to search for them. The sufferings of the men in the cold water, with the heavy rain beating down upon them, were terrible. The storm also played havoc with the telegraph and telephone lines, cutting off nearly all communication. The damage to the surrounding country was also great.

In Michigan.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 17.—A terrific windstorm swept over Southeastern Michigan yesterday, of which but meager reports have been received as yet. At Howell the storm came from the east and extended over a large scope of territory. The hurricane was six miles wide, coming from the east, and laid low many buildings. In the eastern part of that city John Smith's house was blown down, and his son Fred, aged twenty, was crushed to death, being flattened by falling timbers. In several instances barns were totally wrecked, or blown away, while horses and cattle were left uninjured on the site of the buildings. Many trees were blown down. The storm was the severest ever suffered at Howell.

Flat Rock reports the storm having divided, going north and south. But little damage was done in that town, but a hurricane was reported from south of that place.

From Adrian comes a similar report. Houses were damaged, trees blown down and fences demolished. Heavy damage is rumored from the country round about Adrian, but the wires are working badly and definite reports are not obtainable.

In Missouri.

CALIFORNIA, Mo., Sept. 17.—This section was treated to a splendid rain yesterday. This is remarkable only from the fact that it ends a drought lasting eighty-two days, the most severe known here for many years. Cisterns were all dry and mills closed down for lack of water. Corn was so dwarfed as to be but half a crop; the grass was burned up and forest trees casting leaves as if in late fall, though we have had no frost. This rain comes just in time to insure success for the county fair, which meets here next Tuesday, and to fit ground for plowing for wheat.

FAYETTE, Mo., Sept. 17.—The heaviest rain since June fell here to-day. It began raining about five o'clock this morning and continued almost incessantly for twelve hours. Had it remained dry two weeks longer farmers would have had to feed their stock, as the pastures were rapidly drying up and the meadows dying. This will revive everything, though, and fall pasturage will be good.

In Illinois.

ILLIOPOLIS, Ill., Sept. 17.—A violent storm struck this city last evening, doing great damage to buildings, standing corn and orchards. The roof was blown from the Masonic Hall and thousands of window lights were broken by the hail-stones, some of which were as large as hen's eggs.

CERRO GORDO, Ill., Sept. 17.—Yesterday was remarkable for its heavy rains, the first for many weeks. Hundreds of farmers were without stock water, the wells and small streams having been completely dried up from the continued drought, and it seemed as though a water famine was at hand.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Sept. 17.—A heavy rain and wind storm passed over this section yesterday afternoon, doing much damage to fences and trees, bridges, etc.

TOLONO, Ill., Sept 17.—A destructive cyclone swept over Tolono yesterday afternoon. News' livery stable was cut in two, the east end being torn to pieces. One of the timbers was hurled through the side of the *Herald* building, two hundred yards away. The Methodist church, just being completed at Savoy, was demolished, and a large hay-press at the same place is wrecked. The damage through the country is very severe, but incessant rain prevents the receipt of particulars.

NEW ILLUMINANT.

The Wonderful Light-Giving Powers of the Metal Magnesium.

"Do you know," said a chemist to a reporter, "that the metal magnesium is being introduced into the United States as an illuminant as a substitute for all other lights?" The listener disclaimed any knowledge on the subject.

"Its successful introduction," continued the speaker, "will depend altogether upon the cost of its production, nothing but its high cost preventing its practical use. A few years ago it was sold at forty dollars a pound. Now, by a new process, German, it can be sold at eight dollars a pound, and there is little doubt that before long it will be produced even more cheaply."

Here the chemist took out a shining piece of what looked like a strip of watch-spring, which he ignited. As it burned it produced a powerfully brilliant light, more intense even than electricity.

"Its use will not be attended with danger like electricity, and it can be arranged so that even the remote country church or dancing hall can have it, as well as the dwellers in the great cities. It can be placed in a lamp, arranged with clock-work movements to feed a ribbon of the metal regularly. It has a white vapor, oxide of magnesium, given off by the metal in burning, which will require a smoke-bell when burned in-doors."

The chemist ignited another piece of the watch-spring, which glowed like the sun itself.

"It is said," he continued, "that a magnesium lamp of one thousand candle power throws enough light to distinguish a vessel nine miles distant. A wire the size of this equals the light of seventy-five stearine candles. This would make the cost of magnesium little more than gas, while no expensive works or street mains are required for its use, making its introduction for lighting towns and villages a very simple matter indeed. I predict that within five years the magnesium light will be as familiar a sight in many places in Indiana as the electric light is to-day in Indianapolis."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

COST OF MILK.

Interesting Experience With Various Foods and With Combinations of Foods.

Those who keep but one or two cows in the cities, villages, and at suburban homes are as much interested in the cost of the production of milk as the farmer or dairyman who feeds many. A series of careful experiments have been made at the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station to determine the cost of making milk from various foods. These were bran, shorts, corn-meal, (the refuse from glucose factories), hay, corn fodder and corn ensilage. A synopsis of the published results shows that in feeding bran or shorts, cornmeal and gluten-meal, three and a quarter pounds' weight of each were used. Two of the foods were also combined, making six and a half pounds to feed each cow daily, and at times a combination of three kinds was used, making nine and three-quarters pounds' feed daily to each cow. The remaining food was either hay, dry-corn fodder or corn ensilage. The highest amount of hay eaten by any cow in one day was twenty pounds, and of ensilage fifty-five pounds. The apparent bulk of the ensilage over the hay, as shown by weight, may be understood when it is remembered that the hay is dry while ensilage is juicy. The highest cost of milk per quart was from a liberal hay and grain feed, being two and three-tenths cents per quart. The milk produced at the lowest cost was from a moderate feeding of ensilage and corn-meal, and was but eighty-three-hundredths cents per quart. Practically, it will be seen from the above that a quart of milk produced by feeding hay and grain costs as much as two and one-fourth quarts produced by feeding ensilage and corn-meal. It is also stated that, so far as the quality of the milk was concerned, under the various conditions of feed given, no serious alteration in the composition was noticed.—*Chicago Times.*

HOPE FOR THE BEST.

Why People Should Look at the Bright and Hopeful Side of Life.

There was never a night so dark that some would not speak of the dawn, and never a day so bright that some would not think of the midnight. It is well that the enthusiast be balanced by the conservative, perhaps, on the principle that a little shade improves the tone of almost any picture. It is, however, a thankless mission that the grumbler enters upon, and his is a work that shadows his own mind and heart more than that of any other. Most of us see enough of the hard side of life, hear enough of the woe and weariness, adversity and animosity, disappointment and disaster in life, without being formally reminded thereof. The newspaper finds more readers when it announces a ship's wreck than when it chronicles a launch. Its column of obituaries is more sought for than its wedding announcements.

A firm's failure is read by a hundred persons to one who will read of an "opening," and a man who steals a thousand dollars receives more newspaper notoriety than a thousand men who should deposit a hundred thousand dollars each. It is the natural elasticity of the mind and heart that keeps the average man hopeful while the sad and evil things of life are running before his eyes or are being poured into his ears. There should be a systematic effort on the part of all people to see the bright side, speak of the hopeful things. When a majority of business men talk the dark side of finance there is a panic; when a majority of workingmen see the dark side of life there is a Nihilistic tendency. There is too much danger in every direction for any encouragement of the already too active tendency to see the evil in business and society. Let us see the bright side and call other people's attention to it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—On the northwest corner of Georgia lies the county of Dade. This is known to the neighboring regions as the free State of Dade, owing not only to the wild and mountainous character of the region whose few and scattered inhabitants are in keeping with their surroundings, but because during the war of the rebellion they openly seceded from the State of Georgia and the Confederacy and managed to secure a freedom which, says a correspondent of the Washington *Star*, they virtually maintain to-day.

—Governor Hughes, of Arkansas, was recently presented with a cane made from a limb of a tree which was planted in the State house yard at Little Rock twelve years ago by Governor Royston.

PITH AND POINT.

—Speak of a man's eagle eye, and he'll give you his hand; mention his parrot nose, and he'll give you his fist. —*Portland Advertiser.*

—"Were you ever in an engagement?" inquired an innocent rustic of a militiaman. "Yes, one," replied the son of Mars; "but she sued me for breach of promise."

—A professional maxim for lawyers: Whatever you do, do it with your might. Many a member of the profession has made his fortune by working with a will.

—A maiden lady says that if single life is bad, it stands to reason that double ife is twice as bad; but ladies rarely understand mathematics.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Julian Hawthorne says that one day he wrote for twenty-six consecutive hours without pausing or rising from his chair. He must have got up two hours before day.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." His Honor said admonishingly to the prisoner: "After this you ought to keep away from bad company." "Yes, your Honor, you will not see me here again in a hurry."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"I am perfectly at home in the water," said an old toper as he plunged into the surf. "That is where you have the advantage over water," was the unfeeling remark of a bystander who knew him. —*Boston Post.*

—Miss Beauty: "That gentleman seems to know you." Miss Hightie: "Yes; did you ever see such impudence—he actually bowed." Miss Beauty: "Have you never met him?" Miss Hightie: "Only at Spirit Lake. I should think he might have sense enough to know that summer-resort engagements don't count in town."—*Des Moines (Ia.) Leader.*

—Office boy (to editor): "There's a man outside who says he wants to pay some money." Editor: "Did he give his name?" Office boy: "No, sir." Editor: "Well, you find out his name and all about him and what he wants to pay money for, and then come and tell me before you let him in. In the glorious field of journalism, my boy, the prudent man will always be found on the safe side.—*N. Y. Herald.*

DIMPLES TO ORDER.

A Shop Where Ugly Women are Made Charming and Attractive.

"Every one who desires beauty may possess it to a certain extent in these days of invention, said a curious little man who has a small workshop in one of the side streets up-town, where he carries on a rather peculiar and novel trade. "Noses are remodeled, fingers made to taper, insteps to arch, and my work, that of making dimples and long eyelashes, has added the finishing touches. A handsome face without a dimple is as lost to real beauty as a potato without salt is lost to taste. I have but recently set up my establishment here, but in the few months of my sojourn have transformed many a plain girl into a dimpled beauty and added eyelashes as long as an inch to the bare eye-lids of a few others."

"Is the operation of having an artificial dimple made very painful?" queried a reporter.

"Yes, I should think so, because a piece of the flesh is taken right out of the chin or cheek, and that operation is not painless; but I have known girls to stand the operation without a murmur, when they would scream at the sight of a mouse, and faint if a spider touched them. Women will suffer a great deal of agony for the sake of beauty, and a girl knows that a charming dimple will add ten times to her attractiveness, and will also be a lasting beauty if it is only rightly made."

Just then a timid knock was heard on the door, and in walked a damsel of twenty, beautiful as Venus, with four or five of the loveliest dimples showing in her round cheeks and chin as she smiled prettily at the maker of these charms. Surely she had not come for artificial dimples.

"I wanted to show you how well the dimples were getting on," she said, in a low tone. "You see, at first I thought that they could not possibly amount to any thing—They were so sore and looked so disagreeable; but now I think they are lovely," and she smiled at her own reflection in a large mirror opposite, and then smiled again with delight as the dimples came.

The dimple-maker made a careful examination of the little dimples, and after paying a bill of one hundred dollars cash the young lady departed.

"How much do you charge to make a dimple?" was asked.

"Well, that depends greatly on the person, whether the skin is tough and hard, and other accidents. My lowest charge for a single dimple is fifteen dollars, but when I make several on one face the bill is of course somewhat reduced. It takes about two weeks to make a proper dimple. First, I must get the cuticle in proper condition; then the operation, removing a part of the flesh and putting back the skin, is accomplished, and that is, of course, the most difficult part of the process. About ten days are required to completely heal the dimple, and during that time the patient must be very careful not to smile at all or the dimple may be entirely ruined."

"What kind of people come to me to have dimples made?

"Every kind, almost, although you would not think so. I had a lady of forty-five here yesterday and she gave me an order for two dimples, one in the chin and one in her left cheek. She expects, I rather think, that they will aid her matrimonial prospects. Then I had a nurse-maid last week who paid me fifteen dollars for a handsome dimple in her left cheek. The majority of my patients are, however, young girls who consider themselves handsome, but not bewitching enough. I have had five men come to me for dimples, four wanting them in the chin and one in the cheek. Do I ever make scars? Well, not very often. I have refused to make dimples for two or three people in Paris because they had such tough skins, but Americans are more fortunate in that respect."

As the reporter rose to go a young lady of handsome appearance entered the room. She had auburn hair, a snowy complexion, and would have been beautiful but that her blue eyes were shaded by lashes almost white.

"I want to know," she said, "if I could have dark lashes put into my eyelids in place of these?"

"Yes, madam, I can do that," said the little dimplemaker, "but it will be a painful operation. The cost? Well, one dollar for each eye-lash. I would not attempt to touch the under ones, but you can easily keep them darkened with a little charcoal."

The bargain was made, the young lady agreed to come next day for the operation, and left happy.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A WICKED STYLE.

Yes, mamma, yes: do take it off!
Its eyes so coldly stare;
A pretty bird so still and dead
Indeed, I can not wear.

For every time I bend my head
I see one soft blue wing,
Which brings me thoughts of trees and flowers,
And birds that sweetly sing.

I'm angry, then, because my bird
Was not allowed to fly
And sing and swing on waving trees
Beneath the summer sky.

Yes, yes; I know it cost so much—
Five dollars, did you say?
If I were rich I'd give twice that
To see it fly away.

But, mamma, though your purse is filled
With coins that brightly shine,
They'll not bring back the stolen life
To this poor bird of mine.

That women's hearts are kind and good
I hear most people say.
And yet they'll have these dear birds killed
To make themselves look gay.

I'm sorry I'm a little girl.
Were I woman grown
I would not buy dead birds, but pay
To have them let alone.

But, mamma, please to Fashion write
And tell her (do not smile!)
That this is such a wicked thing
We wish she'd change the style.

—*Clara J. Denton, in N. Y. Independent.*

A CITY IN RUINS.

The Colony of Little Animals Which Once Lived in Thousands of Cradles—Not So Harmless as They Seem.

Nothing that we find on the beach is more of a wreck than the torn bit of seaweed that we preserve and spread so carefully and that is so beautiful; but the wrecks I am telling about were all the homes of living animals, and among your seaweed—if you have any—I have no doubt you can find at least two or three genuine wrecks, not of one creature's home, but of whole cities of little animals.

When you pick up what looks like a bit of weed, but is rather stiff and horny, keeping its shape as you handle it, you may be sure it is no weed. If it is shaped like a tiny shrub, an inch or two high, it is one that is very common on our shores, the *Bugula turrita.* If you look closely at it, even with a common magnifying glass or "linen glass," you will see that it is in little joints. Well, at every one of these joints is a little cell, or room you may call it, and when it was in the sea a little creature lived in each one. It could draw itself down into a mere lump in the bottom, or it could thrust out a daisy-shaped head and draw the sea-water into its mouth.

What is strangest about them, all the little fellows that lived in one of these small shrubs were connected together in such a way, through the hollow stems, that they were like one animal, and lived and died together. And, wonderful to say, it is all one family, and grew from one mere dot of a sea baby, which swam around by means of the fringe of hairs or cilia, till it wished to settle, when it became fixed on a shell or a weed, and began this great family of hundreds of creatures.

Sometimes you will find on a broad seaweed or a shell a flat colony of these little creatures, standing out like the spokes of a wheel, and branching in every direction. This is the *Crisia eburnea,* and it had its tenant at every joint. Nothing could be prettier than this little white city when a fairy-like blossom opened at every joint.

One of the most curious of these queer cities is called the leafy sea-mat. It looks like a thick-leaved plant, from a half-inch to two or three inches high, and of brownish color. Look carefully at it, especially if you have a glass, and you will see that it is covered with little cells shaped like tiny slippers, or, as one writer calls them, cradles. They do look like cradles, the more so as each one has its living baby in it.

Some of these big sea families grow in the shape of a lovely feather from one inch to three inches long; it is a Sertularia, and I dare say you have one among your seaweeds—nearly every one has. It is yellowish in color, and stiff, and will not stick to the paper like seaweed, but has to be gummed or otherwise fastened. The beautiful pink coralline that you gather in the rock pools or on shells was once the home of thousands.

Little and harmless and weed-like as they look, some of them are well provided with weapons. The feathery one I spoke of has been carefully studied through a microscope, and it is discovered that each tiny dot of a polyp (these little fellows are polyps) has a lance, or a dart, or whatever you may call it—a long, elastic thread, very strong, that usually lies coiled up in his cell, but which he can throw with great force. It is armed with barbs, and it in some way poisons any little creature it touches. So it isn't so innocent a bit of seaweed as it looks. It is a true wreck, not of one, but of thousands—a ruined polyp city, in fact, or what the books call a Polypidom.

Sometimes, among all these cities, you will find one little fellow that lives in his cunning shell house all alone. It is about the size of a pin's head—a minute tube coiled up tightly and fastened to a seaweed. The owner, when alive, was a worm-like creature with an elegant flower-like head, and a cork-shaped door to keep out enemies. Its name was Spirorbis.—*Olive Thorne Miller, in Christian Union.*

THE WISE RUBY THROAT.

The Cute Ways in Which He Tries to "Fool" People.

Under our bay-window there grew a small tree, and upon one of its branches was a rubythroat humming-bird's nest. One day it grew very cloudy and soon began to rain. I was watching the nest at the time, thinking that the poor little ones would get drowned; but as soon as the drops of rain commenced to fall, away flew the mother bird to a large tree near by, and then returned with a leaf in her mouth, and carefully covered the nest over, fastening the ends of the leaf to a couple of twigs that grew close to the nest. In this way the young ones were kept as dry under the green roof as if their house had been built by a carpenter. When the rain was over the mother came back and unhooked the leaf.

The rubythroat is very easily tamed, and is a most loving and trustful little creature. A friend of mine told me an interesting story of a humming-bird that used to fly around their porch where one of the trumpet-flower vines grew. At one time one of these little creatures coming to drink juice from the flowers, seemed tired. A little girl approached it very gently. The bird was not frightened away, but as the girl came near the vine she stretched forth her hand, and the humming-bird rested on one of her fingers. It was afterward taken into the house and kept as a pet.

Our friend Mr. Weber discovered a curious habit connected with their nesting. He had frequently observed, while watching for their nests, that the rubythroats, after leaving their station, shot suddenly and perpendicularly in the air until they became invisible. At last he had the great satisfaction of seeing the female bird fall, like a fiery aerolite from the sky, upon the spot where she had built her nest; so that this curious habit of ascending and descending must have been instinctively taught to the birds for the purpose of concealing the precise position of the nest.

He also tells us that one of his captured rubythroats "played possum" when taken, simulating death in a very perfect manner. On several occasions he had enticed the living meteors into the room by placing vases of tempting flowers on the table and adroitly closing the sash as soon as they were engaged with the flowers, but he had always lost them through their dashing at the window and striking themselves against the glass. At last, however, his attempts were crowned with success. "This time," he says, "I succeeded in securing an uninjured captive. It immediately suggested itself to me that a mixture of two parts refined loaf sugar with one of honey in ten parts of water would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers. While my sister ran to prepare it I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw, to my no little amusement as well as suspicion, that it was actually 'playing possum'—feigning to be dead most skillfully. It lay on my open palm motionless for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes to peep whether the way was clear, and then close them slowly as it caught my eyes upon it. But when the manufactured nectar came and a drop was touched on the point of its bill, it revived very suddenly, and in a moment was on its legs, drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught from a silver teaspoon. When sated it refused to take any more, and sat perched with the coolest self-composure on my finger and plumed itself quite as artistically as if on its own favorite spray. I was enchanted with the bold, innocent confidence with which it turned up its keen black eyes to survey us as much as to say: "Well, good folks, who are you?"—*Christian Weekly.*

A Smart Crow.

About a year ago, *Golden Days* told of a smart talking crow, named Mary, that lives at Germantown, Pa. Now comes news of another crow with an education. This latter crow was found in the woods near Plainville, Conn., when it was a mere nestling. At that time one of its wings and one of its legs were broken, so that it could hardly get along. Even now it moves with awkward flops, for its wing has never regained its strength. From Plainville this crow was taken to Unionville, where lives Mrs. Frederick Hart, and the lame bird became that lady's feathered friend. It is not a house pet, but lives in a pine tree in the front yard, winter as well as summer. Whenever it sees a dog, it runs to the tree, hoarsely crying: "Mother, here's a dog!" As for cats, it is not afraid of them, but pulls their tails at every opportunity. It was in the habit of whipping all the chickens of the neighborhood, until one day a big Shanghai rooster thrashed it within an inch of its life. "Well, well, that was a cyclone," says the crow, every time he sees that Shanghai. Last spring, as Mrs. Hart's gardner was putting out cabbage plants, he went along on his hands and knees, not looking back till he had reached the end of the long row. When at last he did look babk, lo! the mischievous bird had just pulled up the last but one of the plants so carefully put in the ground. Most of its expressions are picked up from the children of the neighborhood. Not the least of its accomplishments is the way it awakes Mrs. Hart, hopping to the window-sill of her room at sunrise every morning, and saying, as it shakes the shutters: "Mother, are you up? Are you up, mother?"—*Golden Days.*

In Need of New Laws.

A Jew who had failed went to a meeting of his creditors to see about a compromise.

"Vell, shentlemens," he said, "I tinks I bays you about vifteen ber cent., aint it?"

"We won't accept it," responded one of the creditors; "we won't take less than twenty-five per cent."

"Hast du gesehen! Der asset vont pay you but vifteen."

"Well, we won't take it, I tell you," responded the creditor. "We'd rather keep the claims and collect them when you get on your feet again."

"Oh, vell, uf you're goin' to be mean aboudt it dot's all right," exclaimed the Hebrew. "I vas goin' to took my vife to Europe dis summer, but uf you're goin' to make a fuss aboudt it, vy, rather than haf my rebutation suffer, I'll bay the other ten cents und ve'll only go to der sea shore. But ven rebutable peezness men gets low enough to sheat a boor veller oudt of his vacation, I t'inks it was dime ve got some new bankruptcy laws, so hellup me, Isaac."—*Chicago Rambler.*

Roysterers Shot by a Sentinel.

A tragic event occurred recently on the rampart of the palace facing the Campo del Moro, Madrid. A band of drunken revelers insisted on passing the limits allowed after sunset. Despite the cry of "Halt!" three times repeated by the sentinel, the party continued to advance, pointing sticks at the soldier in the manner of fire-arms. The latter then, obeying orders, aimed and fired, killing one man with a shot through the neck. Another tried to reach the sentinel, who, having reloaded, fired a second time, wounding the brawler severely in the head. The man killed is an Austrian, the one wounded a Spaniard. The Captain-General of Madrid, having thoroughly investigated the case, entirely approves the action of the sentinel.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A wagon containing George Dokter and his little brother Charles, while crossing the railroad track at Rochester, Pa., was struck between the wheels and demolished by a locomotive. George Dokter, who was driving, was knocked twenty feet to one side of the track, and was severely bruised, while his brother was sent up in the air but fell back upon the pilot, where he managed to hold on until the train was stopped, when he was taken off, none the worse for his remarkable experience. Both horses were killed. —*Pittsburgh Post.*