SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

THE German village of Grambke is greatly excited over a case of persistent somnolency in the person of the daughter of one of the town officials. The girl, a pretty, slender child of some thirteen years of age, has been in a continual sleep since the second week in May, and even now does not show the least trace of arousing from her protracted slumber. During the first week of her enforced sleep the family seemed grieved to the verge of distraction and all was mourning in the house where the child lay in the embrace of "death's twin brother." After awhile, however, when it was noticed that she would swallow liquid nourishment, their fears for her safety seemed to abate to a certain degree, and now, after a lapse of more than half a year, the family go about their daily labors as if the little maid were really dead and half forgotten. Highest medical authorities have been consulted, but all efforts to keep her awake have resulted in total failures.

A FACTORY for the manufacture of petrified human corpses has, it is alleged, been discovered in Fresno, Cal. At least four petrified people are said to have been manufactured and shipped to museums from this place. It may be remembered that a petrified man created considerable talk in Utah last fall, and that reports of the curiosity were printed in Eastern papers. The thing was seen by natural history experts and pronounced a fraud, but it netted considerable money for the "miners" who discovered it. The objects were very carefully made, the bones of the arms and legs being hollowed out, and in one case one arm and a foot was broken off to show the internal structure. The fake factory, it is said, stole a genuine mummified man, a dried body found on the plains, from the Health Officer of Fresno, fixed it up a little, and shipped it to a museum in the East.

WITHIN a mile or two of Dewitteville, N. Y., live two old maiden ladies, Misses Lucinda and Martha Skinner, respectively seventy-four and seventy-six years old, who have lived together for the past forty-seven years without speaking to each other. The two inherited the house in which they reside from their father in 1842, and quarreling a year or two after, divided households, though remaining under the same roof. Each has done her own cooking and waits on herself even in illness, never entering the rooms occupied by the other—in fact, leading as separate lives as if dwelling in different counties. Neither ever speaks of the other, and no explanation has ever been made as to the quarrel that occasioned this peculiar family arrangement, though the neighbors declare that the cause was a disagreement over a stewpan, worth perhaps fifty cents. Both sisters are worth in their own right over $10,000.

E. L. WAKEMAN, the American newspaper man, gives a bit of his London experience as follows: "In London and other British cities the American will notice little signs at street-corners, in crowded, narrow thoroughfares, in parkways and at all sudden turnings traversed by vehicles, reading, 'Keep to the left.' Some years ago when I first noticed this it worried me. I wanted to understand it, and, like a true American, perhaps protest about it a little. I approached a London policeman, with the earnest inquiry: 'Beg pardon, officer, but might I ask why, in London, everything goes "To the left"?' Like one of Mrs. Jarley's figures, his head moved stately. He regarded me one awful official moment with contemptuous pity. His head moved back again. Then, with withering scorn, he answered: 'An' w'y shouldn't it?' I had never thought of that."

THE inaccuracy of women with regard to their age is the subject of some curious testimony by a French President of Assize. The only instances in which he finds correct dates given by women are when they are under twenty-five or over eighty-five. At these periods of life, he says, they are to be trusted. At all other periods the sure controlling tendency is to understate. The magistrate has been able to give a rule for guidance. He finds that female prisoners invariably state their ages as twenty-nine, thirty-nine, forty-nine or fifty-nine, and from this remarkable circumstance he deduces his rule. If their ages are in the forties they boldly set them down in thirties, but, conscience asserting itself, they keep as near the truth as they can and fix them at thirty-nine.

NOT many months ago an account was received from Russia of the bringing to life by means of the application of electricity of a patient who had apparently died from the effects of lightning stroke. A resuscitation of a different character, although by the same agency, has just been effected in Scotland. A man who was bathing was seized with cramps and sank, being two minutes below water. For some time after he was rescued life was thought to be extinct. An electrical apparatus was procured, and the current was passed between the nape of the neck and the heart. Within a very short time animation was restored and the man soon recovered.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, says a Glasgow paper, a man in that city was so carried away by the "Yum-Yum" trio in the performance of The Mikado that, lacking a bouquet with which to express his admiration for the young singers, he pulled a whiskey bottle out of his pocket and hurled it on the stage. He had previously emptied the flask. But this was not regarded as an extenuating circumstance by the magistrate who sentenced him to thirty days' imprisonment for the offence. Pitti Sing, who was struck on the knee by the admirer's tribute, is at present in the Glasgow hospital.

THE ocean mariner dreads a derelict and is grateful when our government gets fresh track of these dangerous old vagrants and tells the marine world about where they drift. There is one ship wandering around that has become famous. She is the American steamer Wm. H. Sargent, abandoned March 21, 1891, laden with $20,000 worth of mahogany. She was from Mexico bound for New York. She has already drifted since being abandoned off Cape Hatteras over 5,000 miles.

IT seems very strange that people will persist in keeping pets that are dangerous to their own lives and the lives of those about them. One of the latest of such cases to come to the front is that of the Dells, of Cripple Creek, Col., who recently brought a young mountain lion from their ranch to their home there, and kept him chained in a kennel in the yard. The other day some little children were playing about near where the lion was lying before his kennel, and one of them a four-year-old boy, ran up close to the savage beast. In a moment the lion was upon him, and before the baby could be rescued he was horribly mangled by the animal's teeth and claws. The beast was killed, and the Dells have been arrested.

AN interesting variety of the widely diffused "lost mine" mysteries is engaging the attention of prospectors in the region around Pueblo Nuevo, Durango, Mex. A burro (donkey) loaded with $5,000 worth of bar silver started as one of a train from a mine near Pueblo Nuevo for Durango. Somehow it became detached from the train among the mountains and, unobserved, wandered away. All the efforts of the drivers and guards to find the burro and the silver have so far failed, although their vigorous search for it has been joined by the prospectors and the people generally in the vicinity.

PRACTICAL railroad men account it a great triumph that they have knocked out the old theory that every engineer must have his own pet engine and must not be asked to run any other. Until only a few years ago this was the rule even on the greatest roads. Each engineer grew accustomed to and fond of an engine and believed he could get good work out of it, while a stranger to it would be sure to have the same trouble that he would expect with a strange engine. That is all changed now, and engineers are expected to leave their sentimental notions at home and take out whatever engine they are assigned to.

A CITIZEN of La Grande, Wash., had his attention drawn, in some unexplainable way, to a watch which a stranger, standing on the depot platform, drew from his pocket. He asked to be allowed to examine it, and exclaimed that it was his brother's watch. The stranger told how he took the watch from the pocket of a Union soldier whose body he helped to bury after one of the battles of the civil war, over twenty-six years ago. The La Grande man clearly identified the watch as the one his brother wore when he set out for the front.

THE heavy snow falls brought calamity in a curious way to the Chinese pheasants that are to be found in some parts of the Northwest. The sleet and snow stuck to their long tails in such a way that the birds were unable to fly. The country boys saw their opportunity and captured the birds by dozens. The birds are said to be worth $10 a pair alive and in good condition, and three boys in one family in Oregon caught nearly three dozen.

A DELEGATION of ladies of the W. C. T. U. visited the county jail at Canton, Ohio, one day recently, and held religious services. An hour after they left, William Green, who was committed for larceny, hanged himself to his cell door. He left a note saying that the prayers of the visitors had affected him, and that his awakened conscience could not bear the contemplation of his own wickedness.

AMONG the wilder tribes of the Caucasus every child is taught to use the dagger almost as soon as he can walk. The children first learn to stab water without making a splash, and by incessant practice acquire extraordinary command over the weapon.

A PECULIAR Siamese-twin pair of pheasants was shot, on the wing, by a sportsman near Bellefonte, Penn., a few days ago. Both birds were perfectly developed, and were connected by a fleshy link, half an inch thick, just in front of the wings.

MAKING MASKS.

An Industry that is Interesting, but Small.

The industry of making masks is more limited perhaps than is generally supposed, but has various interesting features. About $50,000 worth of cheap masks are annually imported and $50,000 worth made in New York City. The various profits of the whole industry in this country would represent a business of about $900,000.

Paper masks are made chiefly in Germany, and the most elaborate ones near Nuremberg, whose toys delight so many children all over the civilized world. Importers of masks, by the way, are also largely importers of tops.

Masks can also be manufactured more cheaply in New York than they can be imported. The masks exported are made by machinery. Masks are sold in this market at from 75 cents a gross to $15 apiece or more. Special masks of the high-priced variety are made to order, and usually from drawings or suggestions furnished by customers. The majority of the masks made are known as "comics"—grotesque faces, representing nothing in particular—and character faces—Indians, clowns, devils, etc. These are especially popular with street organizations known as "fantasticals" about Thanksgiving time.

A novelty is called the perforated mask, which commends itself to gentlemen who desire to remove any portion of their masks during the evening and still remain masked. Around the eyes, mouth, nose, and across the forehead of the masks are perforations enabling the wearer to remove these portions at will, preserving the remainder of the mask, and so complying with the rules respecting the wearing of a mask until the hour for unmasking arrives. The lines of separation are so drawn as not to interfere with the original expression of the mask, and the device is handy when a mask becomes objectionable, the eyes too small, or any other part of the mask uncomfortable. Another novelty this year is the insect mask, mostly representing butterflies perched on the nose, the rest peering in an odd way between the wings.

The very large grotesque masks in recent years have been mostly employed in advertising circuses. The largest masks De Verna has made recently are a big dog's head and a big tiger's head, the wearers being enabled to see through the foreheads of the masks. They cost $65 and $90 respectively.

Costumers say it is very difficult to get hold of new ideas for masks, the field has been so thoroughly worked. A novel mask, however, that is popular this season has the appearance of a dude on one side and that of a soldier on the other, and a mystifying effect is produced on the spectator as to whether the wearer is walking or dancing backwards or forwards.

"The best mask in the world," said Miss Lizzie Panier, an expert in this line, to a News reporter, "is obtained by painting your face. You can never get the expression from a mask that you can from the human face. You can also disguise your face with a wax nose and a beard better than you can with a mask. Many gentlemen go to masked balls nowadays with a wax nose. This looks very natural. The heat will cause it to cling to your face, and it will not lose its comical shape. The wearing of a single eyeglass will also give a different expression to the face Black satin half masks, embroidered with stage jewels are popular, and sell for $5 apiece, but cannot be used for more than one entertainment. Some ladies prefer to wear a Spanish lace scarf. This enables them to see easily. The light portions cover the eyes, and the rest the ears, the lace used in this way passing for a mask."—[New York News.

RELIABLE RECEIPTS.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Make a small sponge cake, and when cold, with a sharp knife cut all around the cake about half an inch from the edge; remove the cake, leaving about the same thickness at the bottom. For the cream put one-third box of gelatine in a bowl with two tablespoonfuls of cold water to soften. In half an hour pour over it one cup of boiling milk; stir till the gelatine is dissolved, and strain. Add two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. When nearly cold beat it with an egg beater till it is light and frothy. Then whip one-half a pint of cream, and when the gelatine mixture is cold, beat well together and pour into the cake. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add four even tablespoonfuls of sugar, when well beaten, spread over the cream; then put the charlotte into a quick oven and brown. Set the charlotte over a dish of cold water in the oven, so as not to heat the cake at the bottom. Half a cup of blanched almonds chopped and stirred into the meringue is a delicious improvement.—[Domestic Economy.

A Missouri Crow-Roost.

"A mile and a half of crows are a good many," said Mr. Charles Jones, "but there is a crow-roost down in Southwest Missouri which covers that area of ground. Out of curiosity I recently made a visit to the roost after nightfall, and I never heard such a tempest of caws before in my life. There were thousands of the birds and they kept up an incessant roar that was really deafening. Where they came from no one can say, but persons living near by state that every evening from four o'clock until dark the heavens are black with vast flocks coming from every direction, but that they are early risers, and at daybreak few are left. These crows have been making this spot headquarters for a number of years, and have become a source of annoyance to the farmers of the surrounding country by committing depredations upon their wheat fields, and very often raids are made on the roosts after dark when thousands are killed. But this seems to have no effect on them other than to make the others more wary. The people of that section are seriously considering the advisability of asking the State Legislature to offer a bounty for crow heads, which they believe would either result in their extermination or cause them to move their headquarters."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

To Test Drinking Water.

Pure water can always be told from impure by a few very simple tests, says the Indianapolis News.

To judge of the color, fill a colorless glass bottle with the water, look through it at some black object, and the distinctness with which this can be seen gives an idea as to the proportion of clay or sand it contains. Then pour out one-half the water, cork the bottle tightly and set it in a warm place for a day.

Remove the cork and smell the air in the bottle. If there is an offensive odor, however slight, the water is unfit for domestic use, and should be rejected. It often happens that well water, no matter how bright and sparkling, contains large quantities of putrescent matter.

When this is the case, decomposition is sure to take place in a few hours when the water is put in a warm place, and decomposition is always attended by an unpleasant odor.

The Whale as a Fighter.

Approaching a whale at all times is like going into battle, notwithstanding the abandon of the fishermen. Have no fear that the right whale will swallow you; he could not do so even if he were so disposed, as his gullet is only large enough to admit a good-sized herring. The sperm-whale could swallow a man if he desired to do so; but he is no more inclined to swallow a man, particularly with his clothes on, than you would be to swallow a small bird with its feathers. But he will crush you in his ponderous jaws, if he is a fighting bull, and eject you in detail. He will also chew up and spit out pieces of the demolished boat, break up the wooden utensils floating upon the water, and fight every piece of wood until more than seven baskets of fragments may be taken up; and having tired himself out in this way, he will lay off, sagely slapping the water with his fins and chasing some other boats, or perhaps, in rare cases, attack the vessel.—[Century.

HAWAII.

TIMELY FACTS ABOUT THIS KINGDOM AND ITS PEOPLE.

Location of the Sandwich Islands—Their Inhabitants and Rulers—Queen Lilioukalani and Her Palace.

The kingdom of Hawaii is about as large as New Jersey and has a population as large as that of Hoboken.

The area of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands is 7,629 square miles. The area of New Jersey is 8,320 square miles. The population of the little kingdom which has just been turned topsy-turvy is about 80,000. The population of Hoboken is about the same. Queen Lilioukalani ruled over about as many people as does the Mayor of Hoboken.

The twelve beautiful islands of Hawaii lie in the Pacific Ocean, on a line between Mexico and China. They are 2,100 miles southwest of San Francisco, and it requires only four days' voyage on a fast steamship to reach them. They extend in a line 350 miles long from northeast to southwest. Eight of them are inhabited, and the others are small islets and uninhabited.

When the adventurous Captain Cook discovered the islands a century ago they had a population of 300,000 healthy and happy pagans. These have been civilized off the face of the earth till there are only 35,000 pure natives left. They are of a bronze brown, and have black straight hair. Some of the men are almost giants, and much exceed Europeans in stature. Excessive fatness, as in some parts of Africa, is considered beautiful, and native women who are inclined to embonpoint are much admired.

The natives are not Africans and not Malays. They belong to the Polynesian race, and are cousins, so to speak, of the inhabitants of New Zealand and Samoa. Five thousand miles of sea lies between Hawaii and New Zealand, but the two peoples can understand each other. The musical Hawaiian speech may become the language of American opera. It has twice as many vowel sounds as Italian.

The Queen who has lost her throne is Queen Lilioukalani. That is her Sandwich Island name. Her everyday name was Princess Lydia.

Her neighbors who didn't like her called her "Mrs. Dominis." One day there came to the Sandwich Islands a gay sailor boy of the name of John O. Dominis. He fell in love with the island princess, who was heir to the throne, and his suit was so successful that he married her. He never furled any more sails on a ship, and was known as the Prince Consort.

Only four years ago Prince Dominis was walking on Broadway, having come to New York with Queen Kapiolani, who was on her way to attend Queen Victoria's golden jubilee. He died a short time ago, and the widowed Queen Lilioukalani is now in mourning for him.

She is a cultivated Hawaiian woman. She speaks English, is a promoter of charity fairs, and gives a garden party once a month to tourists. She is assisted to receive by the standing army, the members of the House of Nobles and the Hawaiian brass band.

The standing army of the Sandwich Islands is a force of about 150 men, divided into the "Queen's Own Guard," the "Household Troops," and the "soldiers of the line."

Connected with the palace is a "gilded chariot of state," and all the machinery for being a monarch.

The palace is a beautiful building, and contains forty rooms. It stands in the capital, Honolulu, is three stories high, and is built of concrete. It contains costly gifts from the kings of Europe and the princes of Asia. It measures somewhat the progress of the Hawaiian Islands that, though the Queen's ancestors were cannibals in the last century, the palace contains a library and a music room. In the throne room is the world-famous yellow feather cloak.

There is a beautiful bird on the Sandwich Islands which has under each wing a small tuft of golden feathers. King Kamehameha I. wanted to be a swell in the Pacific Ocean, and he had a war-cloak made of these feathers. To measure it like a sealskin sacque, this golden-feather cloak was forty-eight inches long and 138 inches wide at the bottom.

It was one of the biggest tailoring jobs on record. It took nine reigns to make it. Forests of birds furnished its golden feathers. It is the only cloak of the kind in the world. Kamehameha I. was the Sandwich Island Julius Caesar, and he wanted to have a mantle worthy of his greatness.

Everybody remembers when that merry sovereign, King Kalakaua, ruled the Sandwich Islands. He was a king, but he was as happy as a serving-man in a tap room. The king was an expert at draw-poker. According to all accounts, he could have given "Hungry Joe" points on the gentle art of "bunco," and Kid Miller could have gone to school to him with profit.

It is said that he "buncoed" a Chinaman out of $50,000 in a few hours. His brother would have succeded him on the throne had he not died in April, 1877. His brother's daughter, Princess Lilioukalani, then became heir apparent. King Kalakaua died in San Francisco in 1891, and on January 19 of that year the Princess was crowned. She is past fifty years of age.

The present heir-apparent is her niece, Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria-Kawehiu-Kaiulani-Lunalilio-Kalaninuia-Kalaipalapa, who is now studying French, music, etc., in Europe.

Charlemagne and the Two Irish Scholars.

Entering the old Cathedral of Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, you will be shown the great marble chair in which, cold as marble, Charlemagne sat enthroned, sceptre in hand, robed in Imperial purple, and with diadem on brow, dead. So he sat when, a century and a half later, Otho and his retinue courtiers broke open the vault and stood astonied and appalled before the majesty of death. On that same chair he sat, in similar apparel, but with the light of life in his eyes, the new Augustus of a new Empire, when two Irish wanderers were brought before him. In the streets of the city in which he hoped to revive the glory of Athens and the greatness of Rome, they had been heard to cry out—"Whoso wants wisdom let him come to us and receive it for we have it for sale." Their terms are not onerous—food and raiment. Their claims stood the test. One, Albinus, was sped to Pavia, in Italy; the other, Clement, had the high honor of superseding the learned Anglo-Saxon Alcuin in the Palatine school of the Imperial city. Here he taught the *trivium* and *quadrivium*—grammar, rhetoric, dialectic, and arithemitic, music, geometry, and astronomy—the seven arts. In his school sat Charlemagne, under the school name of David, the members of his family each under an academic name, and with these the members of the *Cortege*, the Palatines and the Paladines, destined to power and feats of fame. The teaching of the Irish Professors here must have had considerable influence on the literature which afterwards took its heroes from their scholars. Their authority was enhanced by the fact that Charlemagne himself worked with his Irish professors at a revision of the Gospels on the Greek and on the Syraic text.—[Contemporary Review.

A Confident Prisoner.

It was a case of chicken stealing, and the prints of bare feet were found in the gravel around the hen-house. The lawyer for the prosecution was one who, if he had been Napoleon Bonaparte, never would have crossed the Alps; he would simply have pulled them up by the roots and thrown them over the fence. The prisoner was an unknown tramp, and lame at that.

"You say you don't know anything about this theft?" queried the lawyer, fiercely.

"That's what I swore to, sir," said the tramp, meekly.

"You were in the back yard of Slamtipp's house about supper time?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know the location of the hen-house?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were seen on the road in front of the house sometime after dark?"

"I was there, sir."

"You were in the yard after dark?"

"Yes, sir, and after supper, also, sir," replied the prisoner, with a wan smile at his innocent little joke in such a place.

"And you were seen by the cook sitting on the doorstep with your shoe off?"

"Yes, sir; there was a pebble in it that was too big to get out of the same hole it got in at."

"Now, sir, I propose to prove to you that you made those tracks with your bare feet while you were stealing the chickens of the plaintiff."

"You can't do it, sir," said the prisoner, mildly but firmly.

"And why not, pray?" asked the lawyer, with fine sarcasm.

"Because, sir, I've one wooden leg, sir," and he gave a kick that sent it clear across the court-room and almost knocked a constable senseless.—[Yankee Blade.

Mr. Blaine's Good Memory.

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, told the following story, illustrating Mr. Blaine's wonderful memory for names and faces:

"In 1874, Mr. Blaine made a speech in Wisconsin and he stopped with me. While he was there I gave a dinner in Mr. Blaine's honor, to which I invited Mr. Myer, of Fond du Lac. In 1891, more than sixteen years afterwards Mr. Myer came here and I took him to call on Mr. Blaine. Before we got there we met Mr. Blaine. When we were within about forty feet of him he walked quickly forward and without hesitation said, 'Mr. C. L. J. Myer, how do you do?'"

A man who listened to Senator Sawyer's story said: "I was with Mr. Blaine when he visited Lancaster, O., during a campaign. Mr. Blaine had lived there and he got a great reception. He remembered all the old residents. Finally some one brought in a man whom they said he would not remember. Mr. Blaine replied: "Yes, I do; give me a little time." Pretty soon he remarked to the man: "I never saw you but once," and then he told this story:

"When I was a boy there was great excitement one day because a convict had escaped from the Columbus Penitentiary and had been tracked into that neighborhood. Police arrested him and Mr. Blaine said he was one of the crowd around. The man was taken to a blacksmith's shop and had fetters rivetted on him by the blacksmith. 'You,' he said, turning to the man, 'and I walked home to Lancaster together after that.'"—[New York World.

How They Ride in Australia.

In Australia, where population is sparse and distances are great, some remarkable feats of endurance in horse riding are credited to the mounted police, says the London News—feats more remarkable in some instances, taking into account all the circumstances, than those accomplished by the winners in the military ride between Vienna and Berlin. Trooper Power in February, 1880, undertook an arduous journey across most inhospitable country in pursuit of a horse stealer named John Smith. This zealous officer traveled 766 miles in twenty-six days without changing horses. For one stage of eighty miles he was wholly without water and the country was in such a bad state for 130 miles that his two horses had nothing to eat. His powers of endurance may be judged from the statement that he did thirty miles a day on worn-out horses, along long dry stages, and with bad water or no water at all to drink.

Trooper Wilshire on another occasion rode eighty-five miles in twenty hours on one horse. This was May 28, 1887, two days after the natives had "stuck up" Eribinna station. This same man traveled 300 miles in four days when he heard that a comrade named Shirley had died of thirst. He did not have metalled roads and plenty of fresh water like the German officers, but he had a healing sun to endure, and hills to climb, "scalps" worth to pursuits, and was sometimes compelled to take dead animals out of native wells before he could use the water.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT THE LEAVES SAID.

I won't steal Alice's sticks of candy,
I won't call Robert a jack-a-dandy;
I won't squeak my pencil on my slate;
I won't lie in bed every day and be late;
I won't make faces at Timothy Mack;
I won't make fun behind any one's back.
Rustle and turn them, so and so!
The good shall come and the bad shall go.

I won't tear "barn doors" in all my frocks;
I won't put my toes through all my socks.
I won't be greedy at dinner-table;
At least—I think I won't—if I'm able!
I will not pinch, nor poke, nor tease,
I will not sputter, nor cough, nor sneeze,
I will not grumble, nor fret, nor scold,
And I will do exactly whatever I'm told.
Rustle and turn them, so and so!
The good shall come and the bad shall go. —[St. Louis Star Sayings.

THE SPANKING OF KINGS.

The spanking of kings is not accounted among the monarchical disturbances of Europe, yet the most recent news from Spain is that the baby king has undergone a spanking. It seems that in riding out, instead of responding politely to the salutations of some of the most venerable of his subjects, he stuck out his tongue at them, whereupon a Republican editor stated in his paper that the King of Spain was being taught to despise his subjects. In this wise the news came to his mother, Queen Christina, who, after a severe lecture, laid her son across her knee and gave the King a sound, old-fashioned orthodox spanking.—[New York Sun.

A WONDERFUL BOY-VIOLINIST.

Living right in the city of New York and going to school every day just as if he were an ordinary boy, there is a wonderful little musician who will some day make his mark among the great violinists of the world. His name is Arthur Hartmann, and he has already been decorated with three big shining medals. One of them is from the New York College of Music, another was given him by the Austro-Hungarian consul, and a third was presented by the Austro-Hungarian Society, of Philadelphia. Little Arthur is ten years old, and is already fitted to go upon the stage as a solo violinist, but his father, who is a very wise man, does not think that it is well for a child, even though he be possessed of great genius, to go before the public until he is old enough to stay up late at night without failing in health. The National Conservatory of Music is desirous of taking the little fellow for a five years' course of music and propose giving him a five-thousand-dollar benefit. But his papa wants him to work quietly for a few years, and so it is probable that you will only hear of Arthur, now and then, at some very nice entertainment or musical festival.—[The Ledger.

EDUCATE YOURSELF.

It very often happens that a boy has to be busy with work of some kind when he really wants to read and become educated. Now this desire for education is a splendid thing in a boy. Indeed, there is nothing in the world that is any better. But it often happens that a boy is prevented by circumstances from doing that which would seem to be the best thing for him.

Here is a word of encouragement to such boys. Read all you can in the best papers and magazines. Pick up scraps of information about people and things, and make them your own, so that you will remember them. Some day your knowledge, picked up little by little, will be very extensive and you will find that you compare very favorably with boys who have had much better chances for education than yourself. Console yourself with the thought that some of the best work in the world has been done under very trying circumstances.

Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his "History of the World" during his eleven years' imprisonment. And who knows but you, during your years of work, when you would like to enjoy years of study and recreation, may be laying the foundation of some piece of work as great as any Sir Walter Raleigh ever did.—[Detroit Free Press.

PIGIE.

Pigie, my pet pigeon, seemed only a common white pigeon to those who did not know him, but he was the best little feather friend a boy ever did have.

He was given me when he was so small I had to use a spoon to feed him with. We made him a house in the apple tree, but he never did learn that it was a place to live in; he liked the big house best.

Pigie ruined a dinner party once by stealing in and pecking at the waiter's ankles, until he let the dishes crash to bits. So after that pigie was banished to the apple tree house, when company was expected.

Pigie dearly loved music, and when he heard the piano nothing could stop him. He would come and peck at the player's ancles, his way of demanding attention, until taken up in her lap, and there he would sit and coo. Mamma tried to keep him out, but it was hard work, and once he went three times up the back stairs, through two rooms and halls, down the front stairs and into the music room before we found how he got in with all the down stairs closed against him.

Pigie soon found that he could make his own music by walking up and down the piano. Old Mammie was almost frightened to death. "Sure there's harats in this house, the planer plays itself," she exclaimed in excitement. A big chicken hawk one day caught Pigie in its talons, but some one frightened him until he set Pigie free. After that Pigie gave up the apple tree house altogether.

One day Pigie could not be found, although we called and cried. He never came back.

Mamma was too kind to be glad, but she said that our next pet must live in its own house and not be so neighborly.

I wonder if a hawk got Pigie after all? —[St. Louis Star Sayings.

EVERY SEVEN YEARS.

Of course everybody knows that seven years of bad luck may be expected by the unfortunate person who happens to break a mirror. There is a general belief with most people that the human body undergoes a complete and material change every seven years.—[New York News.