THE ANACONDA STANDARD—PAGES 9 TO 12.

ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 18.

Kendall's Brother.

TERRIBLE RACE AGAINST TIME ON A LOCOMOTIVE WITH A LIFE DEPENDING ON THE RESULT.

There was a snowstorm on the morning of the day fixed for the execution of Jonas Toms, who had been convicted of the murder of the old farmer, Joseph Kendall. The down train on the branch from X— to the county seat had come through without difficulty, and the up train, with a load of morbidly curious men who had taken passage for the purpose of witnessing the hanging, was at last reported as having reached the county seat. So the road was open, and if the snow did not drift into the cuts there would be no need of sending out the snow plow.

Jonas Toms was looking through the grating of his cell when the whistle of the up train reached him, and for a half hour he waited expectantly, hope not failing him, until the sheriff came to the cell door and shook hands with him in silence.

"She did not come?" the condemned said despairingly.

"No. She was not on the train, but there are two hours yet, and I have put a deputy at the telegraph office, with orders to run here at once with any message."

"You are very kind, sheriff," faltered Jonas, and turned away from the grated door.

"It wouldn't be human not to try to make an ugly job like this as easy as possi ble," muttered the sheriff, 'and I never was sure Jonas was guilty, though he couldn't prove he wasn't.

The sheriff's opinion of the case was shared by a great many citizens of the county of ——, and they had signed a petition to the governor for a respite for the prisoner, and a commutation of his sentence, if the governor could not see his way clear to grant a pardon. With this petition Mrs. Jonas Toms had gone to the capital to make use of it in pleading for her husband's life. That morning the prisoner had looked for her return with definite information concerning him —whether he was to die that day or not. As no word had been received from her, he was not hopeful, and he had really expected her to come back to him only for a final leave-taking.

Yet, when the sheriff spoke of the telegraph, hope asserted itself again, and Jonas was buoyed with imagining his devoted wife wrestling still with the governor, and refusing to abandon the struggle for her husband until it was useless to plead longer.

And while the condemned was thus catching at a straw, and his heart was overflowing with love and gratitude to his devoted, tireless wife, the deputy left the telegraph office and hastened to the jail. The sheriff, seeing him coming ran to meet him, but paused abruptly when he could see clearly his subordinate's fate.

"The operator can't get X——," said the deputy.

"How can't get him?" asked the sheriff, with the impatience of a serious man with riddles when plain words are of urgent need.

"Can't get the operator at X—— to answer his call; the wire must be down."

The sheriff groaned and trembled as if shaken by a strong wind. "Go back," he said, "go back and wait, for if there's word to come it will get here."

The sheriff spoke as if he expected a miracle to be wrought to deliver him from the awful legal duty of taking a man's life to satisfy the vengeance of the law, but yet he, having once more obtained control of his nerve, walked firmly back to the jail, where he proceeded at once to conclude the preparations for the solemn act.

Meantime a crowd of men was surging about the jail entrance, and some boys had climbed a tree to look over the wall at the scaffold. The deputy in charge of the door admitted those who had passes and kept back the others, who nevertheless clamored to be let in. Those who were withing the gates by permission trampled the snow in the yard and impatiently wished the sheriff "would hurry up," while the other prisoners in their cells were silent and curious and glad—not glad because one who had been with them in compulsory association was to be hanged, but glad because their crimes were not so henious as his, and they all vowed to reform lest they, too, should end on the gallows.

But at X—— the telegraph operator was frantic. He had called the operator at the county seat and could not get a reply; he was in despair, and he thumped the key. There before him lay a message from the governor of the state:

"To the Sheriff of —— County: Respite of ten days granted to Jonas Toms."

The telegram was signed by the governor's secretary, but apparently it was as useless as if it had never been written. The county seat was thirty miles distant, and there was but an hour to get word of the respite to the sheriff before it would be forever too late.

A restless man stalked up and down the long platform; he seemed to be waiting for a train, and impatient because it was delayed. He noticed the telegraph operator's agitation and made inquiry concerning the cause. The operator showed him the message, and the man's face blanched as he demanded, tremulously:

"Why don't you send it?"

"I can't, I say, for the wire is not working."

The man paused a moment irresolutely, and then said: "Give the message to me. Seal it in any envelope with wax. I will take it to the sheriff."

"How?"

"On that engine." He pointed to a locomotive that was standing on a siding with steam up, but was not manned, the engineer being at home and the fireman having made a trip to the round house.

"Give me a switch key," the stranger said, nervously, "and be ready with the telegram when I come past the platform."

The operator gave the man the key, but instantly reached for it again, as he exclaimed: "The gravel train! It is up the road!"

"Never mind. I'll scare it on a siding. You have the message ready."

Quickly the stranger ran to the switch and turned it for the siding. A yard man noticed him, but at the distance thought him the station agent, who at the time was away from his office, fortunately for the stranger's plan. The engine responded to the throttle, and came out on the main track slowly—the yardman looking after it in astonishment, then starting on a run to see what madman's impulse seemed to control the man at the lever. The telegraph operator was rapid in his movements, and, when the engine steamed past the platform on the track that led to the county seat, he delivered to the man, whom he now regarded as a hero, the message properly sealed and authenticated.

"God bless you," he called after the unknown, "and save you from the gravel train."

The road to the county seat was a single track, and the gravel train sent out to keep the roadbed clear of drifts was liable to be collided with upon any curve by the engine running without schedule or orders, but the stranger merely smiled as he pulled the throttle lever further back. The engine dashed up the track, the engineer standing in the doorway of his home and looking at it aghast, while the station agent and train dispatcher hastened to the telegraph office to learn the reason of the engine's departure on a "wildcat" trip.

The engineer rushed up to the platform, where stood the operator explaining to the dispatcher how it happened that the stranger took out the engine.

"But he will not get through," said the dispatcher, "for he has no fireman."

"Yes, he has," exclaimed the engineer; "he's doin' the flrin', too. He's just lettin' her run; he'll just fire and whistle."

And, as if to confirm the engineer's statement, the scream of the steam reached their ears—the whistle shrieking a frantic demand for a clear track.

"If the gravel train is on the main track there will be the devil to pay," said the dispatcher ruefully, and he went to report the facts to the superintendent.

* * * * * * * * *

At the jail the sheriff's jury was drawn up in the corridor, solemnly waiting for the conclusion of the last conference of the condemned with his spiritual adviser. The sheriff restlessly paced the flagging, while one of the deputies nervously fingered a black cap, and the other toyed with the cords to be used in pinioning the prisoner.

The sheriff, who had repeatedly looked at his watch in a way that seemed to beg time to go more slowly, glanced at it at last with a heavy sigh, and went to the jail entrance for a final look toward the telegraph office. The deputy stationed there was not in sight, and the executive official turned with a heavy heart to the prisoner's cell.

"Come!" he said, and the heavy footfalls of the jury sounded dismally through the corridor.

"It is time," he said gently to the prisoner, who courageously stepped into the corridor and bravely faced the jury, while the deputies bound his arms and slipped the cord of the cap over his head. He was ready, but just when the word to move to the yard was given he turned a longing glance toward the main entrance, as if he hoped to see his wife appear there suddenly.

Slowly the procession moved—the prisoner leaning on the arm of the clergyman, his back toward the main entrance, his temples throbbing many beats between the footfalls of his executioners, who stepped heavily and in time with him, as if to deaden to him the sound of his own feet, which shuffled in spite of him, the nails in the heels of his boots rasping on the stone floor.

And then came shrieking through the corridor the whistle of a locomotive—strident scream on scream rising higher each second, and indicating that the engine was approaching at a terrific speed. The heart of every man in the jail leaped. The prisoner stood still, and his lips moved as if in silent thanksgiving, for to him the shrill sounds were trumpeting his freedom. The sheriff rushed to the jail entrance. A commotion arose among the visitors, who had grown cold in the snow, and they began to crowd into the jail. The deputies momentarily forgot the prisoner, while they contended with the impatient and excited spectators, forcing them back to the yard.

The conductor of the gravel train was startled when the whistle penetrated his ears with its cry for a clear track, and he was glad that he had reached with his train the safety of the siding at the county seat when he saw the engine leaping toward the town on a steep down grade.

The deputy stationed at the telegraph office ran out on the track to learn the meaning of the terrible shrieking. The operator ran with him, and the crowd around the jail stampeded toward the station. The whistle ceased its screams, and a man was seen standing between the cab and the tender as the engine, with unabated speed, forged toward the station.

The crowd stood still in silence as the man lowered himself on the step to the cab.

"Heavens! He is going to jump," said the deputy, and the crowd fell pell-mell back out of the way, but every one heard the man say:

"Take this to the sheriff."

He waved his hand, in which he clutched something yellow.

"A man's life depends on it," he shouted again.

Then he jumped and rolled to the feet of the deputy, who wrenched an envelope from the grasp of his twitching fingers. Without pausing to see whether the man was alive or dead, the crowd ran after the deputy, and no one looked around when the engine ran into the dump and was totally wrecked.

The sheriff, in trembling, eager haste, opened the envelope and read aloud the telegram.

The crowd shouted and returned to the station, where a physician, with the calmness due to his profession, was endeavoring to restore the senseless man to life. At last he succeeded. The stranger opened his eyes and looked in a bewildered manner at the crowd of curious men and boys. But presently his eyes lighted with intelligence, and he asked in a whisper:

"Was I in time?"

"Yes," said the surgeon.

"Thank God! I killed Joseph Kendall, and this is my expiation. I am Joseph Kendall's brother!"

With great presence of mind the physician wrote the confession in his note-book and then read it aloud.

"Is that correct?" he asked.

The stranger nodded and his lips moved, but they uttered no sound. He died while the doctor was having one or two reliable witnesses sign his confession.

—*Arthur Merrick in the Epoch.*

Here and There.

THE AFFAIRS OF MEN BRIEFLY DISCUSSED.

Under the heading of "Fun With a Cork Leg," the New York *Herald* gives the following paragraph: It would not be supposed that any one could get much fun out of a cork leg. Yet I know a man who had the misfortune to lose his leg who got a good deal of amusement out of its cork substitute. Once he nearly scared an old gentleman out of his wits. It was in this way: The said cork leg was a very well made one, and when its owner was seated you could not tell the difference between the real and false article. One day my friend was in a railway car and opposite him was an old gentlemen. My friend took out his penknife and began paring his nails. When he had finished, instead of putting his knife back in his pocket, like an ordinary mortal, he gave it a jerk, and it stuck in his cork leg, and vibrated to and fro in a sufficiently horrible manner. The old gentleman's feeling can "better be imagined than described," as they say in the novels. He turned a beautiful green color, and at the next stoppage skipped from the car in a most active manner. He evidently thought he had got in with a madman, and probably imagined his leg would be the next to be experimented on.

* * *

Few people have any idea of the length of space over which the pen traverses of a man who earns his living by the work of that silent though powerful instrument. A writer on the St. Louis *Republic*, with a turn for mathematics, has been making some calculations, and gives the following astonishing figures: "A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod—sixteen and a half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five hours a third of a mile. We make on an average sixteen curves or turns of the pen for each word written. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make forty-three curves to each second; in an hour 28,000, in five hours 144,000, and in 300 days, working five hours each day, we make not less than 43,200,000 curves and turns of the pen. The man who makes but 1,000,000 strokes of the pen a month has done nothing remarkable; there are those who make four times that number. Here we have in the aggregate a mark 800 miles a year. In making each letter of the ordinary alphabet we make three to seven strokes of the pen—on an average three and a half to four.

* * *

A play was produced in England not long ago, said the *Illustrated American*, at an institution for the instruction of deaf mutes, by persons who had been taught to speak, but who were wholly incapable of perceiving sound. A performance even more out of the common was given in New York City by deaf mutes who were restricted to sign language. The spectators—one cannot say audience—were persons afflicted like the players, and although the actors did their duty with spirit and their friends highly enjoyed it, not a sound was to be heard in the hall from the beginning to the end of the performance. The entertainment was in aid of a fund for erecting a statue of Harvey Prindle Peel, the great educator of deaf mutes, who died January 1, 1873.

* * *

Something new in the line of strikes and boycotts is presented by the beer drinkers of Munich. Soldiers, tradesmen, railway employes and workers in factories have signed a pledge not to drink any Munich beer because the proprietors of the breweries have raised the price of the beverage. In order to bring the n down to the old figures, the strikers drink Strasburg beer, Frankfort beer, Dortmund beer or any kind of beer that does not come from the Munich breweries. This interesting strike has been in full force since April 1, and it is believed the offending brewers must come down with the price or shut up their establishments.

* * *

The course of true love seems to strike its roughest places in the theatrical profession. Mary Anderson couldn't marry Mr. Navarro with any peace of mind or serenity of conscience until Mr. Henry E. Abbey said that he would bring no action against her should she conclude to marry the gentleman.

* * *

Who is the footlight favorite? In a system of voting which a New York dramatic journal has devised for the purpose of selling copies of the paper, and possibly for the secondary consideration of determining who the favorite may be, Lillian Russell leads the count by a large majority. The fair Lillian is undeniably the foremost among the ladies of the stage who rest their claims to distinction on form and feature, but after all there isn't a great deal of dependence to be placed upon the results of an enterprise of this sort. The chances are that the artist who has the most friends willing to purchase copies for the sake of voting is the one who will rank highest.

* * *

The Washington *Post* is responsible for this: At the Pan-American dinner to the president, Senator Ingalls asked and obtained an introduction to Leader Sousa.

"You have a very fine band, Professor Sousa."

"Thank you, senator. It is considered so."

"You undoubtedly have an extensive repertoire of classic and modern music."

"Yes, probably no band in the United States has so extensive a range or can play as many different pieces without the score."

"Really. Would it be asking too much to request the band to play a piece for me?"

"Not at all. We would be most happy to."

"And would the band probably be familiar with what I would ask?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then the next time the president walks across the floor have the band play 'Down Went M'Ginty.'"

MADE LOVE IN A PRISON

A Sad Romance in the Life of Prime Minister Crispi.

Rosalie, the Laundry Girl, Faithful in Adversity Took to Drink When Prosperity Came—Cupid's Pranks in Politics.

The truth about the romantic love affairs of M. Crispi, the Italian prime minister, vague rumors of which crop up whenever his name is mentioned, is fully told in M. F. Narjoux's life of Crispi. He was born in 1819 at Riberia, and after having taken his degree settled as barrister at Palermo at the age of 22, and marriad the daughter of the owner of the house where he lodged. Two years later Rosina Sciarra died, and the young man lived for some time entirely for his work and for his country, having become one of the most ardent and enthusiastic of the "Young Italy" party. Before long his zeal for liberty and equality were rewarded by expulsion from his country, and he maintained himself for some time at Marseilles as a journalist, till the man who had lived under the sunny skies of Sicily could stand the cold and fogs of the north no longer, and tried to obtain a humble position as clerk at Vero Lungo, a small place not far from Turin. But, his letter not being couched in sufficient servile language, the post was given to a more suitable applicant, and Crispi remained at Turin till, having been accused of taking part in a revolutionary movement, he was imprisoned in the Palais Madames.

It was in the prison cell of his old palais that the romantic affair began, which has cast such a deep shadow over the life of M. Crispi.

One morning, says M. Narjoux, Crispi looked sadly at the ray of sun which made vain efforts to creep in between the iron bars of his cell, when the door opened and a pretty girl appeared on the threshold smilingly offering her services to him, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Her name was Rosalie Montmasson. She was in the service of the prison laundress, and offered to take the clothes of "messieurs les prisonnies politiques," who were not clothed by the prison authorities. Rosalie took the prisoner's light bundle of clothes, brought them back, and seems also to have come when there was nothing to take or bring back; she was the niece of the wife of the turnkey and had the run of the prison.

Crispi was scarcely 34 years old, he was tall, slender, tolerably good looking. and resembled in no way the Crispi of the present day. His long hair fell in curls on his shoulders, his eyes wore an audacious but tender expression and his smile was very pleasant. He looked melancholy, almost sad, and had, in the girl's eyes, the aureole of a martyr and of the eminent man around his head. And then this ferocious conspirator, this intrepid soldier, could transform himself at will into a fervent lover. Rosalie was before long in love with her handsome client, her illustrious prisoner, and Crispi returned her love.

Presently, the police having found no just cause against the prisoner, he was released but was expelled, and went to Malta without any means of subsistence, accompanied by the little laundress. Black misery awaited the lovers at Malta; bread and herbs were their only food for many days, till Rosalie, who was always loving, devoted and full of courage, found some work to do, and Crispi, together with other exiles, founded a small paper, *La Staffetta*, and once more hurled inflamatory articles at his opponents till the governor of Malta found it advisable to exile him again.

Before leaving Malta Crispi considered that he had a duty to fulfill, a duty of love and gratitude toward Rosaile, his faithful companion, whose devotion had been unchangeable and whose fate was linked to his. He wanted to marry her, to make her his legitimate wife; and, in order to prevent their impending separation from becoming final, to forge a link which would secure their reunion. On communicating this desire to his friend and fellow-exile, Giorgio Tamajo, the latter very calmly and quietly tried to convince him that a union like that intended by Crispi was almost invariably followed by regrets and pain, the different education and sentiment of the lovers forming an insurmountable barrier to a happy married life. Crispi, however, would not hear of it; and, though he was so poor that Rosalie's wedding ring had to be presented to him he insisted upon making her his wife; and a Jesuit priest undertook to conduct the ceremony which, as Crispi believed, made Rosalie his lawful wife.

Crispi fled to London; Rosalie followed shortly, and, under Mazlini's guidance, who was also in London at the time the work of upsetting Napoleon III. and his government, in which all the European revolutionists were engaged, was carried on with the utmost zeal.

The postoffice was not safe, and the police were vigilant; consequently Rosalie took the part of the emmissary charged with the transmission of important news or the orders for the various groups of "Young Italy," and of the communications which the refugees in London and Paris had to exchange. Dressed as a woman of the people, Rosalie carried a basket without a lid, in which she kept some very large fish, or some fat poultry, whose interior however, was stuffed with papers that might well have astonished the gallant police and custom house officials who examined them. Crispi meanwhile took a post in a bank, the director of which was a compatriot, and in addition gave Italian lessons, but the English climate did not suit him, and presently he went to Paris as correspondent of *Il Corriere Franco-Italien*, his political activity never ceasing.

Then followed tumult and excitement; one new development of political life was rapidly succeeded by another; Crispi was no longer an outcast, but sat, a deputy for Palermo, in the Turin parliament; he became vice president of the chamber, and everywhere in Italy the name of the lawyer, politician and statesman had become a household word.

In order to rest from his ardent parliamentary battles, and from his incessant work at the bar, Crispi should have had a calm, regular, smooth home life; but unfortunately he was not happy at home. Tamajo's prophecies had come only too true. Rosalie Montmasson, as Mme. Crispi, had naturally followed her husband from place to place. Crispi's adherents of former days presented his wife with a diamond cross for her services to their cause; honor poured upon her; she had been presented to the king, surrounded and flattered by her husband's friends, complimented by amiable officials, and her head had been turned. Dressed in the "loudest" of colors, laden with jewelry, and always surrounded by a whole menagerie of pet animals, she had become almost demented, and one day when Crispi came home and found her helplessly drunk he could bear the yoke no longer, and went in despair to seek refuge with his old friend Tamajo, who once more proved a friend in need. The marriage ceremony, he explained to the husband's "intense astonishment," had been a fraud, and the bonds could easily be loosened. Rosalie, persuaded by Tamajo, consented to a separation, and Crispi became once more free, "to leave the hell in which he had been living."

Rosalie lives now in Rome, retired and calm. Her conduct is irreproachable; she is a good bourgeoise and a stout, good-looking matron.

One day, in 1872, Crispi was at a reception in Palermo. Walking through the crowded rooms, he heard an impatient female voice demanding that Francesco Crispi might be pointed out to her. The voice had a peculiar charm for Crispi; it was sweet, harmonious, and he was sure that the woman to whom it belonged was young and fair. He did not look round, but he felt the eyes of the stranger, who, as he heard, was a young widow, fixed upon him all evening. Next day Crispi made a great speech in parliament; the stranger was there again; their eyes met, and from that moment he spoke for her only. At Rome they met again; Crispi forgot his politics and his country, and only thought of love. He loved a woman who was worthy of his love, and his love was returned.

They were married by a religious ceremony only, the civil marriage being for the time omitted by Crispi in order to prevent public attention being attracted, and to avoid causing Rosalie Montmasson an outburst of jealousy. A year afterward their only child, Peppina, now a handsome girl of 17, who is about to be engaged to the Duke of Commano, was born, and a few years later the civil marriage took place at Naples, which made Mme. Crispi the lawful wife of her husband. An opponent of Crispi's, M. Nicotera, who had been minister of the interior before Crispi was entrusted with the post, had seen the husband and wife and their witnesses coming from the municipio after the civil marriage, and it was due to his inquiries that a statement was published in the *Piccolo* newspaper accusing Crispi of bigamy. In 1878 Crispi retired from the ministry and the crown brought a charge of bigamy against him at Naples, which, however, ended in a verdict in the accused, who returned to the chamber.

Crispi speedily regained his old position and has since risen to the highest post in the state, but the following story, which we give in M. Narjoux's words, shows how "the highest lady in the land" regarded his matrimonial affairs:

In his capacity as president of the council, Crispi received an invitation to dine at the quirinal. He was surprised to find that his wife was not included in the invitation, and his surprise gave way to violent anger when he learned that the wives of the other ministers had been invited. What did this exclusion mean? Was the stupid story of a double marriage to be revived? The blow could only come from the queen. He would not stand this effrontery, and went at once to the quirinal to hear to what it was due. He found her majesty's secretary but only received an evasive answer. He insisted, and the official sought refuge in ambiguous phrases as to the difficult situation, the absurd and ridiculous rumors, etc. Crispi would hear no more, but got up and said in an angry voice: "Tell her majesty that if by this evening Mme. Crispi is not treated like the wives of the other ministers, the republic will be proclaimed in Italy within twenty-four hours." Mme. Crispi received the invitation.

LINES OF THE RHYMERS.

Backlog Dreams.

Above the glowing embers
I hear the back log sing
The music it remembers
Of some remembered spring;
Back to the branch forsaken
Return the jocund choir,
And in the chimney waken
A melody of fire.

The sparks' red blossoms glisten
And flash their glances brief
At me who lean and listen
And dream I hear a leaf
On some May morning sunny,
Low lisping in the tree,
Or, in his haunt of honey,
A bloom-enamored bee.

Or 'tis the soft wind blowing
Its sweetness from the south,
A fragrant kiss bestowing
Upon the rose's mouth;
And ere the spell is broken,
Or darkness o'er it slips,
I see the scarlet token
Of love upon her lips.

Without the wind is bitter,
The snowflakes fill the night;
Within the embers glitter
And gild the room with light;
And in the fireplace gleaming
The backlog sings away,
And mingles all my dreaming
With birds, and blooms, and May!

—*Scribner for May.*

A Tale of Love and Woe.

A maid and her lover sat under a tree.
The bright April sunshine revealed them to me.
I was lounging near by, so I could not but see,
I ought to have fled—but I didn't.

The amorous south wind was whispering love;
Their lips met in kisses—the soft, cooing dove
Caressed his fond mate in the branches above—
I heard her say, "Stop!"—but he didn't.

The youth in his wooing was dashing and bold,
The girl was fair, yielding and not at all cold
When strained by him close in an amorous fold,
She ought to have screamed—but she didn't.

But why proceed further with this tale of woe?
The maid was a maid, as these modern maids go;
An action is promised—she now wants to know
If he meant what he said—but he didn't.

—*Town Topics.*

You or I.

If we could know
Which of us, darling, would be the first to go,
Who would be first to breast the swelling tide,
And step alone upon the other side—
If we could know!

If it were you,
Should I walk softly, keeping death in view?
Should I, my love, to you more of express?
Or should I grieve you, darling, any less—
If it were you?

If it were I,
Should I improve the moments slipping by?
Should I more closely follow God's great plan?
Be filled with sweeter charity to man—
If it were I?

If we could know!
We cannot, darling, and 'tis better so,
I should forget, just as I do to-day,
And walk along the same old stumbling way—
If I could know.

If we could know!
Which of us, darling, will be first to go.
I only wish that space may not be long
Between the parting and the greeting song;
But when or where, or how, we're called to go—
I would not know.

—*Every Saturday.*

BIG THINGS EUROPE HAS

America Can't Boast of Beating the Earth in Everything.

The 61,000-Ton Ship France—Krupp's Monster Gun Factory—Russia's Royal Ruby—A Telescope Larger Than the Lick.

Liverpool must be awarded the somewhat doubtful distinction of having the biggest workhouse in the world, says *Chatter*. This huge institution has ample accommodation for 5,000 inmates, which, happily, is scarcely ever needed at one time.

The biggest workshop in the world is said to be that of Herr Krupp, the famous gunmaker of Essen. The growth of this vast establishment has been wonderful. In 1838 it employed nine workmen; in 1848, 74; in July 1888, 20,970 men were employed, and the families of the workmen numbered 73,769 souls. Of these 24,193 reside in dwellings provided by the firm.

There are at Essen 1,195 furnaces of various constructions, 286 boilers, 92 steam hammers of from 200 to 100,000 pounds, 370 steam engines, with a total of 27,000 horse power, 1,824 different machines and 361 cranes. Of coal and coke 2,735 tons are used daily and 11 high furnaces of the largest construction produce 600 tons of iron every day.

The largest sailing ship in the world is said to be in the possession of France. Her name is the France. She is a vessel with five masts, on four of which square-sail is carried. The length is 344 feet with a beam of 49 feet. The cargo which the France could carry is no less than 61,000 tons. The ship is built of steel, her masts and yards being of the same material. She is at present trading between France and the Pacific.

The biggest ruby in the world is found in the czar of Russia's crown, which has the distinction of being the finest ever worn by any sovereign. In shape it resembles a bishop's miter, and on its crest is a cross composed of five superb diamonds, which support the "biggest" ruby. A foliated arch, composed of 11 magnificent diamonds, support this cross, and on each side of the arch is a hoop of 38 pearls, than which there are none handsomer in the world.

The biggest flower in the world was recently discovered by Dr. Alexander Schadenberg. It was found on Mount Parag, which is situated on one of the southeastern Phillippine Islands. The native who accompanied Doctor Schadenberg called the flower "bolo."

The bolo, in bloom, is a five petaled flower, nearly a yard in diameter—as large as a carriage wheel. A single flower weighed over twenty-two pounds. The five petals of the immense flower are oval and creamy white, and grow around a center filled with countless long violet-hued stamens.

The biggest telescope in the world, erected at Ealing, in England, has just been made single-handed by Mr. Common, the astronomer. Its whole mass weighs nearly twenty tons. The enormous iron cylinder which forms the tube is twenty feet long and eight feet in diameter, resembling the ordinary boiler of a stationary engine.

Inside this is delicately distributed some ten tons of pig iron, the whole instrument going to form the most wonderful machine which the planet possesses. Through Mr. Common's telescope it will be easy to see no fewer than 50,000,000 stars.

The Schoolboy's Caper.

He had committed some high crime or misdemeanor against the dignity of his preceptor and the peace and propriety of her domain, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, and the sentence was that he should stand apart from his fellows for a certain space of time in a conspicuous place. The criminal of ten summers more or less, took his stand, therefore, in the spot designated, beside the blackboard in a corner of a room. The board stood at an agle which made its face visible to the scholars but hid it from the teacher. This fact the young scapegrace soon observed, and, as an expression of his feelings and lawless contempt for the government, he wrote upon the blackboard in good big letters this expressive monosyllable:

DAM.

The class broke into smiles and titters at once. The teacher, at a loss for the cause of this new disturbance, looked at the prisoner in the pillory. He was solemn as to visage, still and composed. For a moment the teacher turned to her book again. In this interval the incorrigible youth by the blackboard rapidly calculated what course events were likely to take. If he rubbed out the obnoxious word, he reasoned, some one in the class would be sure to reveal to the teacher what it had been. The laughter of the children was growing more boisterous every second; discovery of the inscription was inevitable any moment. He decided at once, and added two words to the original legend, so that when the teacher examined the board a moment later she read this harmless sentence:

A WATER DAM.

The court guessed that jugglery had taken place, but upon the evidence there was no way to convict the prisoner of contempt. But the court had a fearful struggle to keep a straight face.

The Editor is Safe.

From the Chicago Times.

Editor—Doctor, I fear that I have paresis or hardening of the brain.

Doctor—What is your occupation?

Editor—I am a journalist.

Doctor—Then you haven't the disease.

Editor—Why do you think not?

Doctor—Paresis is caused by the restless push of those engaged in accumulating money.

Unjust Discrimination.

From Munsey's Weekly.

First tramp: "I don't see why our names don't get into the papers, Bill?"

Second tramp: "Why should they?"

First tramp: "Well, I read to-day that a dinner was given to some big gun in New York a day or two ago. We get dinners given to us every day and nothing is ever said about it. Folks is prejudiced, Bill."

Funeral notices neatly printed at the "Standard" office.