

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HUMAN THROAT.

Dr. Frederick Fieber, of Vienna, like the little boy with his drum, not content with enjoying the melody of Madame Pauline Lucca, has made a close scrutiny of the throat whence the sweet sounds issue, and publishes the result of his investigations. The mechanical apparatus which is the instrument of the mental faculty, appears in Madame Lucca's case to be beautifully perfect, the result to some extent, perhaps, of congenital fitness, but also doubtless, partly of the scientific training to which the young artist has been subjected in early youth. Examined under the laryngoscope, the larynx appears small and well-shaped, its several parts being marvelously developed and perfect. The true strings are pure snow white and possess none of the bluish tinge common among women. Although shorter than usual among vocalists they are stronger in proportion and amply provided with muscle. When at rest they are partly screened by the false strings; but Dr. Fieber, who watched Madame Lucca's throat through his instrument while she was singing, noticed that as soon as a tone was struck, they displayed themselves in their full breadth and strength. The aid given by a suitable form of mouth to the production of vocal music is a novel and interesting point brought out by Dr. Fieber. On being admitted to a view of the artist's mouth he was at once struck with the spaciousness and symmetry of its hollowness, the otherwise perfect symmetry being impaired only by the absence of a tonsil, which had been removed, as well as with the vigor with which every tone produced raised the "sail" of the palate. Dr. Fieber is of the opinion that the natural conformation of her mouth accounts in a large measure for the wonderful power Madame Lucca possesses of raising and dropping her voice alternately. The sound waves are naturally strengthened in so favorably shaped a space, while the muscles of the palate appeared to have acquired exceptional strength and pliability by long practice.

HE WAS THERE.

I was working at an old Tufts press when my roller-boy gave utterance to a prolonged roar. He had an old newspaper pinned to a bodkin against the back of a type-case at his left hand, from which he had been reading by snatches. I asked him what he was laughing at, and he read the anecdote which had so excited him. I have not seen it in print from that day to this, and think it worth reproducing:

In the times when the political warfare between the Whigs and Democrats waxed hot and relentless there was a town out West in which the two parties were so nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a matter of most serious consequence. Of course, on both sides sharp eyes were open and watchful.

A young man came up to the polling-place on election day, and offered his vote. It was his first appearance in the character of an elector, and he had the independence, or audacity, to differ politically with his father. His father challenged his vote.

"On what grounds?" demanded the presiding officer.

"He ain't twenty-one."

"Tam twenty-one," asserted the youth.

"No you ain't," persisted the father; "you won't be twenty-one till to-morrow."

"I say I will!" cried the youth. "I was born on the twelfth day of November. It's down so in the old Bible."

"Then it's a dod-rotted mistake," said the old man. "You weren't born till the mornin' of the thirteenth of November, I can swar!"

"How can you swear?"

"How?" repeated the father, indignantly. "Goodness gracious! wasn't I thar?"

"Well," returned the son, with proud defiance, "wasn't I there, too?"

The young man voted.—S. C. Jr., in New York Ledger.

A MODEL JUROR.

A juror in Erie, Penn., who was unable to follow the evidence sufficiently closely to satisfy his own mind, last week sought out the defendant in the case, and got all the facts he deemed necessary. The result is thus set forth by The Erie Dispatch:

When the Lehman vs. Illig jury retired, upon the first vote cast, eleven were in favor of a verdict for the plaintiff, and one for the defendant. This one is a farmer, passing the prime of life, a conscientious, dignified personage, a pattern of probity and simplicity, who wouldn't on any consideration have his verdict influenced by improper motives. After some persuasion he yielded to the very strong majority against him, not because he thought them exactly right, but because the majority was overwhelming. After the verdict had been rendered he explained his position in this manner: During the trial he had suffered considerably from rheumatism and neu-

ralgia, and the pain had attracted so much more of his attention than had the evidence that he was not very clear what the testimony had been, and so, to enlighten himself upon it—having a passing acquaintance with the defendant in that suit—he sought him out on the evening preceding the morning when the jury retired for consultation, got from the said defendant a full explanation of his theory in the case, coincided heartily in his views, and, after an hour or so in conversation with him in relation to it, went to bed fully convinced that the suit should never have been brought, and that the defendant was entitled to a verdict, which impression he carried unimpaired to the jury-room.

DOGS IN TENNESSEE.

Dr. Redfield, of the Cincinnati Commercial, in a letter from Chattanooga, Tennessee, says: The poverty of the State to-day is due in no small degree to the multitude of worthless curs, which consume as much as the hogs and cost as much as the schools, and produce nothing. In the rural districts there are nearly as many dogs as people, showing of itself a state of civilization not the highest. Not long ago a plaintive appeal was sent to Nashville from 143 colored people of Rutherford county, saying that last year's dry weather cut off the crop and that they were in a starving condition. Some one went through one of the poverty-stricken districts of that county, and his business being to enumerate the population, he enumerated the dogs also, and found more dogs than people. What was fed the dogs would have fattened enough hogs to have furnished the population with a reasonable amount of meat.

Curse the worthless dogs! Wherever you find them in great numbers, you find the people correspondingly poor and the country wretched. I wish the tax was twenty-five dollars on each dog, and the proceeds given to encouraging the raising of sheep. Here is a great central State, adapted by nature to the production of wool, and wool, too, of such superior quality that it has taken the premium more than once at the World's fair, yet on account of the myriads of worthless curs which prey upon the sheep, there is not one-quarter enough wool produced for home consumption.

In twenty-seven counties of this State, average counties, the dogs last year killed 11,469 sheep. In the one county of Giles they got away with 1,750.

A northern farmer who settled in Coffee county was telling me a few days ago of the fine location he had for sheep raising as compared with the North. It cost only one-quarter as much to winter sheep here as in the North. The cold weather never killed his lambs, no matter what month of the year they were born. But there was one drawback that spoiled all that was promising and fine. The worthless dogs killed his sheep and destroyed all the profits of wool growing. He was powerless to remedy the matter. The country was fairly alive with dogs, every family having from two to a dozen, the poorer and more wretched and ignorant and worthless the family, the more dogs they kept.

GERMAN GYMNASIUM DRILL.

In a private letter to a gentleman in New York, the contents of which are furnished to the Cincinnati Gazette by a correspondent, the secret of the success attending the German arms in recent struggles is partially unfolded by a description of the drill under which the soldiers have to pass. The writer witnessed some portions of it while strolling near the barracks outside of Magedeburg. Forraw recruits a lot of gun boxes were piled up to a height of four or five feet, and over these the men were required to make handsprings, each one on falling being required to try it again and again until successful. Another squad was practicing a leap over a four foot high pile, touching only with the right hand. Others were springing with the help of the left hand only, and others still without touching either hand. At one side of the drill ground were horizontal bars, and other appliances of the gymnasium, at all of which squads were at exercise, every squad being under the supervision of an officer. In another place was a wall breast high, over which soldiers in full marching order, with muskets and knapsacks were leaping, with only the assistance of their left hands. With bayonets fixed they marched to the front of the wall, and halted at the word of command. Then, at another order, each man rested his left hand on the wall, and at another he leaped over, without touching feet or hitting the butt of his musket against the stone. Several times they did this, and then, from a distance of twelve or fifteen yards, went over it at a run, in the same way, by the use of only the left hand. Such exercise as all this gives a man must necessarily make him, in a measure, insensible to the ordinary fatigue of an active campaign, and has also the double effect of keeping the men under strict discipline while improving their physique.

This English army, exclusive of non-efficient in the reserve forces, is returned this year at considerably under half a million. It comprises 161,000 volunteers, 12,500 yeomanry cavalry, 118,000 militia, and 186,281 regulars.

THE HISTORY OF ZERO.

"Zero," on the common thermometer, like the fanciful names of the constellations, is a curious instance of the way wise men's errors are made immortal by becoming popular. It may be worth while to say that the word itself (zero) comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty, hence nothing. In expressions like "90 deg. Fahr.," the abbreviation, F.ahr., stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Dantzic, on the shores of the Baltic Sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.

From a boy he, was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of that year. As that day was the coldest that the oldest inhabitant could remember, Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial. He called that degree zero, and constructed a thermometer, or a rude weather glass, with a scale graduated up from the zero to a boiling-point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing-point thirty-two. Because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero; and expanded 180th on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

Time showed that this arrangement, instead of being truly scientific, was as arbitrary as the division of the Bible into verses and chapters, and that these two points no more represented the real extremes of temperature, than "from Dan to Beersheba" expressed the exact extremes of Palestine.

But Fahrenheit's thermometer had been largely adopted, with its inconvenient scale; and none thought of any better until his name became an authority, for Fahrenheit finally abandoned trade and gave himself to science. Then habit made people cling to the established scale, as habit makes the English cling to their old system of cumbersome fractional money.

Our nation began to use Fahrenheit's thermometer about the middle of the last century, or not far from the time when Old Style was exchanged for New Style in the writing of dates.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are Holland, England and America. Russia and Germany use Reaumer's thermometer, in which the boiling point is counted 80 degrees above freezing point. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so called because it marks the boiling point 100 degrees from freezing point.

On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained, when zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put 100 or 1,000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.

If Fahrenheit had done this at first, or even if he had made it one of his many improvements, after the public adopted his error, the luck of opportunity, which was really his, would have secured to his invention the patronage of the world.—North Christian Advocate.

HOW AN ENGLISH PEDDLER MANAGES.

An itinerant jeweller, who is very honest in his business transactions, has a great horror of telling lies. Every morning, ere he sets out on his journey, he spreads his ware on the family table, and his wife is summoned when all is ready.

"Sarah, offer me £15 for that watch." Sarah makes the bid, which the husband refuses to take. Sarah then makes other offers for the rest of the articles, which her spouse habitually declines to accept. He then marches away with a clear conscience. When a customer bids £14 for the watch, his reply is:

"My dear sir, I assure you I was offered £15 for that article this very morning, and I refused to take it."

And so he proceeds with the remainder of his goods, and in each instance swearing that he had such and such a bid already, which he refused. The jeweller is a thriving man, and clings to the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy."

SINGULAR BEQUEST.

An old gentleman named March died recently in Charlestown, who was a most eccentric genius. Though possessed of some wealth, he had but one pleasure—that of theater-going. He would economize in everything else, but always treated himself to a sight of every new play or actor, good or bad. He left no heirs, and few relatives, and his property was disposed of in several singular ways. The principal item of his will provided for the investment of a sum sufficient to realize \$500 per year clear, which was to be expended in theater tickets, to be given away to poor, respectable people—not over one dollar each to be paid for the tickets. The trustees under the will are otherwise given full authority in the carrying out of this provision, and will to-day perform the first act under it, spending the whole sum allowed. They have selected the Boston Theater, Mu-

setum, Globe, and Howard, and will furnish one hundred and twenty-five tickets to each house for any performance desired by the parties receiving them.—Boston Herald.

SPRING.

Of all the seasons spring is the most coquetish. She is like the Princess who stooped and kissed the sleeping poet under the tree, who still slept on but dreamed a different dream. The earth was hardly conscious that spring had come till yesterday, when blue skies dropped ethereal mildness (Thomson) on her bosom. It is indeed the time when the young, the rosy spring gives to the breeze her scented wing (Anacreon) and April is garlanded with all the fairest flowers and freshest buds the earth brings forth (Spencer). Well was it observed that like an army defeated the snow hath retreated (Wordsworth) and that the fields with flowers are decked in every hue (Drummond), though we must not go out just yet to pull them. The swallow also brings us the season of vernal delight, with his back all of sable and belly of white (Anonymous), and there are daffodils which come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty (Shakespeare). In the spring a brighter crimson burns upon the robin's breast (Tennyson), and young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love (Ibid). Now is heard the sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass (Shelley), and with his umbrella wanders forth the hyacinthine boy, for whom now well might break and April bloom (Emerson). Now shall we notice how our swift spring heeps the orchards full of bloom and scent (Lowell), and the maiden May returns with a pretty haste (Barry Cornwall). Now do the majority of intelligent people think it better to sport with Amaryllis in the shade or with the tangles of Neera's hair (Milton) than to creep into some still cavern deep, there to weep and weep and weep (Tennyson). All these and many other things do we see and enjoy now that spring has broken the icy fetters of the silver streams (Wilkesbarre special dispatch), and all nature rejoices that grim-visaged March has smoothed his frosty brow (Burns and Shakespeare). Spring! beautiful spring! has returned with birds and flowers (original), and new fashionable styles in hats, bonnets, dresses (advertisements), influenzas and catarrhs and hundreds of other things make business lively.—New York Herald.

A RATTLESNAKE FIGHT.

A man living near Santa Rosa, Cal., was the witness of a terrible contest between two rattlesnakes, one morning last August. The snakes were wrapped around each other from the tail to within six or eight inches of the head, and never for a moment did they take their eyes off each other. Now and then they would slowly unwind to within one or two coils of the tail, when, with an instantaneous movement, they would again become involved to the neck, and with jaws distended and fangs exposed, one would strike at the other, his antagonist invariably dodging at the blow, when in turn he would be foiled. After repeating their maneuvers for a time they would lie panting in each other's coils, and then slowly and cautiously unwind, only to repeat the involvement and striking again. So fiercely did they embrace each other that one would think surely the life would be crushed out. Blow after blow was struck on both sides, but never once was an adversary so far caught off his guard as to receive a blow. They had been fighting over a space of fifteen or twenty feet, as evinced by their tracks in the dust. To all appearances they had been fighting all night, every inch of ground bearing marks of the conflict. After looking at them for some time the man cut a pole, some eight or ten feet long, and just then another man came up. He took the pole, and approaching the snakes, they simultaneously discovered him, when, loosening their hold of each other with marvelous rapidity, the larger one rushed at him, perfectly furious; it required the second blow to stop him. In a moment after, the second started after the other witness of the fight as his now dead antagonist had done, when he, too, was slain by a well-directed blow. One had sixteen and the other fifteen rattles.

THE WORST KIND OF POVERTY.—One day a lady came in a carriage to ask Corot, the famous French painter, who has just died, for 1,000 francs with which to pay her rent. "She is well dressed," said the maid who had seen her. "I can't understand how anybody with such clothes can borrow money. If I were you I would refuse." "Take that to her, my child," said the artist, offering a bank note for the required sum, "and remember that poverty in silk is the worst kind of poverty."—Paris Figaro.

At Hamburg the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven; at Stockholm, eighteen and a half hours, and five and a half; at St. Petersburg, nineteen and five; at Finland, twenty-one and a half, and two and a half. At Wondorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2d of July, the sun not getting below the horizon for the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the north. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

BLOODY ISLAND.

The Famous Dueling Ground Opposite St. Louis—Scene Noted Affairs of Honor.

When Louisiana became a territory of the United States in 1804, by purchase from Napoleon the First, St. Louis was the capital of Upper Louisiana. It was only a thriving village, with its store-houses and cottages scattered along the rocky bank of the Mississippi. But with the change of government came a greater change; new faces brought new ideas. The trading Yankee and the chivalrous Southern jostled the emigrant from Great Britain and the continent. Human life had always been held cheaply; but not before had the peculiar doctrines of the code duello been reckoned superior to the code Napoleon, then the common law of the country. The lawyers of St. Louis were the first to give the go-by to the law. In 1817 Thomas H. Benton and Charles Lucas were practicing attorneys in the Territorial Courts. Lucas holding the office of Attorney-General. In the trial of an ordinary case sharp words and personalities were used by both lawyers. Benton, always a vindictive man, challenged Lucas; but the challenge was declined, Lucas assuming that he would not be held responsible for words used in professional argument. Benton, intent upon satisfaction, continued to insult the General in such away that soon after Lucas sent him a challenge, which was promptly accepted. The place of meeting agreed upon was an island in the river just opposite St. Louis. This island, afterward famous for its duels, was a long narrow strip of land, densely covered for half its area with young cottonwood trees. The island had sprung into existence since the days of the Spanish rule, and its tenure of existence was yet dependent upon the great river that had created it. It was a sort of neutral ground, convenient of access, yet almost beyond the reach of the law and its officers.

The hostile parties just named met on the island with their seconds, exchanged shots, and Lucas was wounded in the neck. The surgeons then interfered and the duel ended. One would think that after such an exchange of illegal arguments the dignity of the law would be respected in future, but such was not the case. A few weeks later the same parties met again in the same thicket of cottonwoods, and this time Benton killed Lucas. The little narrow strip of sand with its thickets of cottonwoods had now become part and parcel of the history of those days. Not a pleasant history to study, either; too many tales of bloodshed and crime; too much of lawlessness and rapine. And now that long sand-bar became Bloody Island; a most proper name for the scene of such sanguinary deeds.

A few years later another affair of honor came off beneath the shade of the cottonwood saplings on Bloody Island. In 1823 an article appeared in the Missouri Republican reflecting upon the official conduct of Gen. Rector, who was then Surveyor-General of Illinois and Missouri. In the absence of Rector, his brother promptly demanded the name of the writer from the editor. Joshua Barton, a brother of David Barton, Judge of one of the Territorial courts, was the writer named. Rector challenged Barton; the challenge was accepted, and they met on Bloody Island. Barton was killed at the very first fire.

But now comes the most sanguinary chapter of this fearful record. It was seven years later and St. Louis had become a city. Wealth had come with increase of population. The great Territory of Louisiana had been cut up into smaller parcels, and one of these had become the State of Missouri. Bloody Island remained nearly the same. The floods of mid-summer deposited their yearly contributions of sand and drift-wood, and the sand-bar of earlier days had increased somewhat. It had a more permanent look. The cottonwood sapplings had become trees. Visitors in search of a restorative for injured honor would find abundant shade. There was no fear of having the sun in their eyes when practicing human at targets. This last duel was another case of satisfaction by proxy. Nicholas Biddle was the President of the United States Bank. His management of that institution was sharply censured by his political enemies, and Spencer Pettis, a prominent citizen of St. Louis, was one of those offending. Maj. Thomas Biddle, a brother of Nicholas Biddle, was a paymaster in the army and then stationed at St. Louis. He determined to punish Pettis for his criticisms of his brother's financial shortcomings. Going to the hotel where Pettis boarded, at a very early hour, before any guest was awake, he learned from a colored servant the location of Pettis's room. He found him asleep. Snatching off the covering he proceeded to cowhide him in bed. Pettis was ill and made little or no resistance. But when he regained his health he went before a Justice of the Peace and made affidavit to the facts just mentioned. The Justice put Biddle under bonds to keep the peace; and believing that Pettis meant mischief, he put him under bonds also. Public opinion was adverse to Biddle's attack upon Pettis, and Biddle was eager to set himself right before the public. When they met before the Jus-

tice, Biddle offered to accept a challenge if Pettis would send it. The challenge was sent. The place of meeting Bloody Island.

It was a hot August afternoon that they met under the cottonwoods on Bloody Island to settle this question of injured honor. The river bank at St. Louis was lined with people eager to know the result; for the duel was no secret and its merits were freely discussed by all. Biddle was very near-sighted; so the distance agreed upon was only five paces; and there the two men stood pistol in hand almost breast to breast. When the word was given, both men fired at the same instant. The loud report rang out and the keen-eyed ones on the distant river bank saw the little puff of smoke that floated up above the trees. With the report of the pistol both men fell; the surgeons rushed forward to their work, and the seconds were as eager to assist them, but their principals were past the skill of surgery. Both men were mortally wounded. A few minutes later the excited throng upon the other bank of the river saw people bearing the wounded men to their respective batteaux, which were rowed rapidly across the river. Pettis died the next morning and Biddle two days later. That hot Friday afternoon saw the last of the bloody scenes enacted there to retrieve injured honor. Bloody Island long ago ceased to be an island save in name, and a great dyke bound it fast to the Illinois shore. Then came other dykes and railroads, with depots and all the paraphernalia of commerce and travel. The cottonwoods disappeared and buildings sprang up. Long before that the batteaux and canals had given way to the ferry-boats. A few trees that shaded the victims of injured honor still remain; but what is left for them now? Not one trace of the old times. Wheezing ferries, noisy locomotives, impatient, dusty travelers; and last of all, a giant bridge of steel binding the island fast to the other, the Missouri shore. Traffic, bustle, noise, perhaps pleasure; but not a trace of that earlier honor is left to Bloody Island.

THE GERMAN TROOPS.

The Almanach de Gotha states that the military forces, including those of Bavaria, comprise at this moment 31,830 officers, 1,329,600 men, 314,970 horses, 2,700 field and 820 siege pieces of cannon. They are subdivided as follows: Staffs and their suites, 17,000 men; infantry and chasseurs, 107,000; field artillery, 109,500; foot artillery, 61,700; engineers and railway corps, 49,900; train men, 46,800; administration service, 8,800. Moreover, an order of mobilization can bring under arms the following: 578,340 infantry soldiers, 67,580 cavalry, 51,090 field artillery, 13,120 engineers—total, 710,130, without counting the staffs, their suites, baggage trains, etc. In these figures the four battalions which Germany proposes to form are not included. These last will be composed of 3,400 officers and 152,000 soldiers, of which must be added 234 battalions of the new landstrum, 17 regiments of cavalry of the same, besides 31 companies of chasseurs, consisting of at least 3,718 officers and 202,500 men; total, 38,948 officers, 1,684,200 men, and about 332,000 horses. The above estimate takes no account of the numerous staff of the ambulances, nor of individuals susceptible of being called out by virtue of the law of 1813, who would increase the German armies by at least 335,000 men.

A PIGEON HUNTER.

A man about thirty years old, having a shot-gun on his shoulder and two pigeons in his hand, was yesterday standing on a street corner telling a crowd that he had been out and killed five hundred pigeons since sunrise.

"You're a liar!" shouted a man at the edge of the crowd.

The stranger looked at him long and earnestly, and then inquired:

"Where did you get acquainted with me?"

THE STATUE OF PRIMITIVE MAN.—The indications are that the primeval man of Europe and his nearer descendants were of short stature. The popular notion that the present generation is physically weaker and smaller than the primitive or ancient is not only utterly unfounded, but there is abundant evidence that the reverse is true. Most of us would be amazed if not shocked at a true and life-sized portrait of the real Eve, "mother of all living." We often hear, indeed, of giants' bones here and there dug up, but intelligent examination invariably proves them to have belonged to the mammoth or other animal.

BIG GUNS.—It is thought by nautical men that small vessels mounting heavy guns are the most effective in naval warfare, and that these gigantic pieces, properly served, will hereafter decide the fate of naval battles. A single shot from a monster gun with a long range may cripple the largest and finest line-of-battle-ship that was ever launched.

AN English traveler imagined that most of the American boys were always tired out, as he heard so many of them saying, "Give us a rest."

In Paris there are 35,000 school children for whom no educational accommodations are provided.