HELENA Historical Association X

THE NEW NORTH-WEST

MONTANA · DAKOTA · WYOMING · NEBRASKA

VOL. 22, NO. 10. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, AUGUST 29, 1890. WHOLE NO. 1103.

Deer Lodge County Officers.

The roster of officers of Deer Lodge county is as follows:

State Senator—W. M. Thornton.
District Judge—D. M. Durfee.
Clerk of District Court—Welling Napton.
Sheriff—J. T. Quigley.
Assessor—A. C. Sutton.
Clerk and Recorder—J. F. Bruneton.
County Attorney—W. S. Shaw.
Superintendent of Public Schools—Margaret I. Wolfe.
Treasurer—H. T. Kennon.
Surveyor—Henry S. Davis.
Coroner—William Rae.
Public Administrator—B. F. Brown.
County Commissioners—J. L. Hamilton, George Cantrell, A. A. McDonald.
Representatives—John R. Toole, Silvon Hughes, C. M. Crutchfield, F. Hollywood, C. K. Hardenbrook, R. G. Dunbar, J. W. Blair.

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PEOPLE I HAVEN'T MET.

AN OLD TRAVELER ADMITS IGNORANCE OF CERTAIN CHARACTERS.

He Knows Nothing of the Brutal Policeman, the Insolent Conductor, the Arrogant Southerner or the Noble Red Man—What He Has Seen.

Since I was 14 years old I have made frequent tours among many different sorts of people, and now I have to confess that I have failed to find one of the characters

THE POLICEMAN HE MET.

mentioned on the stage and in current fiction. They exist of course, for a multitude of witnesses so testify. But the problem now troubling my mind is—how did I miss them?

I have been in every large city in the United States and Canada, and have never seen the "brutal policeman" at work in any of them, though I have seen him in very few instances in smaller places. During seven years' life and travel in the Rocky Mountains, including the last year of Pacific railway construction, and many tours through the mining camps, I saw no man shot down in much travel in Canada. I did not meet the "overbearing Englishman," and in seven extended tours of the Gulf states I utterly failed to see the "arrogant southerner." The lazy and lawless southerner I took rather too easily, and if I had plenty of money and looking at all in do there is no man whose society would suit me better. Where the other kind keep themselves I cannot imagine; they certainly secreted themselves when I was around. They probably heard that I was coming.

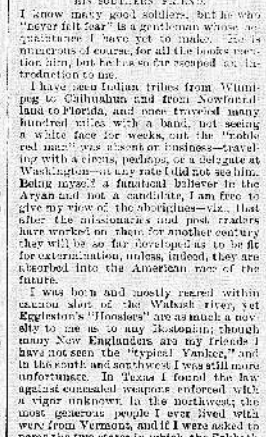
"The man who does not know what fear is" I have often read of, and always with enthusiastic admiration, but I have never seen him, though I have served in the army, militia and civil posse and scouted among the Indians. I have shot and been shot at a little, and if one man's testimony goes for anything I am perfectly free to say that when the shell burst above my head I should have run like a scared dog and I not been more afraid of ridicule and disgrace than of being shot.

HIS SOUTHERN FRIENDS.

I know many good soldiers, but he who "never felt fear" is a gentleman whose acquaintance I have yet to make. He is numerous of course, for all the books recite him, but he has so far escaped an introduction to me.

I have seen Indian tribes from Winnipeg to Chihuahua and from Newfoundland to Florida, and once traveled many hundred miles with a band, but seeing a white face for weeks, not the "noble red man" was absent on business—traveling with a circus, perhaps, or a delegate at Washington—at any rate I did not see him. Being myself a fanatical believer in the Aryan and not a candidate, I am free to give my view of the aborigines—viz., that after the missionaries and pink readers have worked on them for another century they will be so far developed as to be fit for extermination, unless, indeed, they are absorbed into the American race of the future.

I was born and mostly reared within earshot shot of the Wabash river, yet Eggleston's "Hoosiers" are as much a novelty to me as to any Bostonian, though many New Englanders are my friends I have not seen the "typical Yankee," and in this south and northwest I was still more unfortunate. In Texas I found the law against concealed weapons enforced with a vigor unknown in the northwest; the most generous people I ever lived with were from Vermont, and if I were asked to name the two states in which the Sabbath is most strictly observed I should select Georgia and Texas. In fact, Atlanta and Austin were during my travels the only



A SCENE IN AUSTIN.

considerable cities in which whisky on Sunday could not be obtained by love, money or stratagem. In the latter state Galveston is an exception, being more like a French or other foreign city as to Sunday; while in other sections I suspect the Texans feel toward whisky and concealed weapons much as the old woman of the story did about dancing—they have "seen the folly of it."

In the course of about 100,000 miles railroad travel I have not run against the insulting brakeman or conductor. Without exception those gentlemen have acted in my presence as gentlemen indeed, and even the sleeping car porter has usually kept within bounds. Beginning as the son and assistant of a stock farmer, and continuing as student, explorer and health seeker and finally as journalist, I have traveled at least 5,000 miles in lengthy trips on horseback, as much on foot and by stage coach, and much more by water, in every state west and south of the Hudson and in Canada and Mexico, and the rude or insulting people I have met have not been as one in five hundred. All these things make me think that we Americans, of all sorts, are a pretty fair set of folks, and if we knew each other better we should love each other more.

We have a natural vice, however, and it is not intemperance, as so many think. Nor is it avarice especially—we want money chiefly for the sake of spending it—for vanity, nor yet licentiousness. Our national vice is, to put it bluntly—lying. This is all the more remarkable as our English cousins are the most inveterate truth tellers in the world. We Americans exaggerate or depreciate everything, not one article or incident is stated as it just as it is represented. If the reader thinks this a rash statement let him consider the question: How many eminent men are there whose statements on any political matter would be accepted in full, as of course? Even in aiming to tell the truth they illuminate it fearfully; they illustrate it with cuts—very liberal cuts. Our humor is chiefly broad exaggeration. And this habit is probably the real reason why the people in each section know so little of those of other sections, why they expect when traveling to meet the people I have mentioned—most of which people I have not met.

J. H. BEADLE.

THE GREAT MODERN ART CRITIC.

The Unhappy Life of John Ruskin, Who Recently Attempted Suicide.

The recent announcement that in a fit of insanity the celebrated art critic, John Ruskin, attempted to commit suicide can-

JOHN RUSKIN.

not fail to revive in the minds of his friends and admirers considerably more than a passing pang of sorrow. The news of the unhappy private life of this world-famed author, the beautiful woman, the divorce suit, the story of Effie Gray and her lover, Millais, the painter.

After this painful episode Mr. Ruskin devoted himself solely to literature and art. He was his own critic and when he threw down the gauntlet to all the critics in England and virtually told them that they did not know their profession. They howled back at him, they abused him, they accused him, they hooted at him. But he stood his ground and pelted lustily against the military empire that sat in against him. The impression took, and it didn't run long. Ruskin tried their criticism by appealing to nature as a model for art, while they desired nature in second place with a certain school of painting. Ruskin soon began to gather adherents, and it was not long before he had effected a revolution.

The tide that set in—a tide that he had turned—was one of extraordinary strength. He went so far as to commence Raphael's "Charge to Peter," on the ground that the apostles are not dressed as men of that time and there would have been when going out fishing. He held to an almost moral religion in everything and preached his doctrine with the same vigor whether they would hear or whether they would forbear. He soon attracted a little coterie of artists about him and formed a school at first the pre-Raphaelites. The principal founder of the school was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, since better known as a poet than an artist. He held his little court in London for many years, and a great number of young men sat at his feet. His chief supporters at first were Holman Hunt and Millais, the latter of whom became the husband of Mrs. Ruskin after her divorce, which was prosecuted in Scotland. These latter soon left Rossetti behind in execution, but Rossetti was the soul of the movement. He had received inspiration directly from Ruskin.

Among the movements that sprang from that inaugurated by Ruskin was the aesthetic craze of Oscar Wilde and the sunflowers of London. Still there were some advantages derived even from these sunflower carriers.

Ruskin made a great interest, during which his attention was called to a different branch of art, and he followed the "Modern Painters" in due time with his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and his "Stones of Venice." They were master pieces of elegant description and rhetoric. No such vivid writing had been seen for many a day, and no such soul and earnestness. The wealth of gorgeous imagery was dazzling; the declamation imparted to it the eloquence of an earlier day, and the lofty thought and moral purpose were peculiarly the author's own. The books exerted a remarkable influence. He has written much since, but he has never reached the height he attained in those earlier books.

The Sioux City Corn Palace.

The corn palace at Sioux City, Ia., promises to be more grand, beautiful and attractive than its preceding years. It will be of Arabic design and will cover an area of 235 by 204 feet, with a main tower 170 feet tall. The principal room will be octagonal in shape and have a diameter of 196 feet. Daylight will be excluded, and the ceiling will be of sky painted canvas

HOW THE PALACE WILL LOOK.

dotted with incandescent lights arranged to simulate stars. The auditorium, 100 by 160 feet in size, will be given over to musical entertainments. The remainder of the space is to be reserved for exhibits.

The decorations planned for the corn palace are said to be of superb design. In addition a parade is announced for which the claim is made that it will eclipse anything of the sort ever seen. The festival begins Sept. 23 and ends Oct. 11.

An Actress Wins a Lord.

Jennie Williams is a handsome little American soubrette and dancer whose feet have proved her fortune. Some time ago she secured a London engagement and made her debut at the Alhambra. Her skirt dance captivated one of the audience, Lord Petre by name. He secured an introduction, showered her with presents, offered her his hand and fortune, and naturally was accepted.

JENNIE WILLIAMS.

Lord Petre is 30 years of age, and has dark hair, eyes and mustache. Miss Williams is 21 years old. She is a native of New Albany, Ind., and has been on the stage since early childhood. She is a blonde, with very light hair and large blue eyes. She comes of a theatrical family, her father, mother, two brothers and a sister all being in various ways connected with the actor's calling.

COULDN'T FOOL THE CAMERA.

A Probable Clew to the Juggling of the Indian Fakirs.

A year or so ago Mr. Frederick H. Ellmore, of Chicago, visited India accompanied by a college classmate, Mr. George Lessing, of New York. The former is an amateur photographer and the latter has

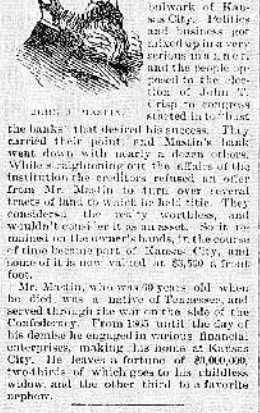
THERE WAS NO HOOP.

hypnotized the entire crowd, but couldn't hypnotize the camera. The going to write out a history of the affair and care copies made of the pictures and forward them to the London Society for Psychical Research. I have to do it will make good use of them."

WEALTHY AGAINST HIS WILL.

How John J. Mastin Chances to be a Millionaire.

It may be said fairly of John J. Mastin, who died recently at Kansas City, that he was a millionaire in spite of himself. A dozen years ago he was the head of a bank that bore his name and that was regarded as the chief financial bulwark of Kansas City. Politics and business got mixed up in a very serious manner, and the people opposed to the election of John T. Crisp to congress started in to blast the banks that desired his success. They carried their point and Mastin's bank went down with nearly a dozen others. While straightening out the affairs of the institution the creditors refused an offer from Mr. Mastin to turn over several tracts of land to which he held title. They considered the realty worthless, and wouldn't count it as an asset. So it remained in the owner's hands, in the course of time became part of Kansas City, and some of it is now valued at $3,500 a front foot.



JOHN J. MASTIN.

Mr. Mastin, who was 60 years old when he died, was a native of Tennessee, and served through the war on the side of the Confederacy. From 1865 until the day of his demise he engaged in various financial enterprises, making his home at Kansas City. He leaves a fortune of $3,000,000, two-thirds of which goes to his childless widow, and the other third to a favorite nephew.

She Thought Herself Beautiful.

The dogged purpose of the Russian was eloquently shown in the steadfast lips of Marie Bashkirtseff, and there was the sign of her high, quick temper and impatience of all restraint in the slightly inflated nostrils.

An idea of her coloring and expression can be best given by quoting some of her own naive expressions:

"My hair is the color of gold. I am white and pink, pretty as an angel—or as a woman."

"Oh, my God, I feel that I am beautiful."

"I look like Beatrice di Cenci."

"My complexion looked absolutely dazzling, and so delicate, so soft, the cheeks scarcely rosy; the only strong points of color were the lips, the eyelashes and the eyes."

And this precocious, radiant, misunderstood genius, filled with boundless ambition and immeasurable egotism, lived only long enough to leave in half a dozen paintings a promise of greatness as an artist. Her splendid illusions, her visions and plans, her adoration of her own beauty ended at 24. What might have been an unparalleled life for a woman faded into an epitaph on a tomb.

Queer Uses For Fish.

Strange beliefs as to the power of fish charms exist in parts of southern Russia, particularly where fish are found that have two small hard round bones on the sides of the head. They are believed to have the power when worn by the owner to prevent colic, and they are termed colic stones. The more wealthy of the peasants have the colic stones mounted in gold, and they are worn upon the neck as a valuable addition to a necklace. The bones of the common bullhead are much used among the Russian peasants as a charm against fever. Among European nations in the Middle Ages doctors of medicine had faith that two bones found in the head of the tench have medical virtues. The bones were applied to the skin in cases of fever. The tench is an European fish and the United States fish commission is endeavoring to introduce it to American waters.

Animated Barometers.

It is said that an observant person may learn to rely on goldfish to foretell the coming of a storm. At such times they are restless, and dart about from place to place within their lobe or aquarium. During mild, pleasant weather they remain quiet. Goldfish were first brought from China to America thirty years ago.

SHE SAVED TWO LIVES.

THE SPLENDID DEED THAT BROUGHT FAME TO BRAVE BERTHA BOYD.

A Thrilling and Authentic Narrative of Woman's Daring—The Modest Heroine Rewarded by Her Government—A Canadian Grace Darling.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

The lamp in the pretty white light house on the ledge was trimmed and burning.

Every one on the St. Croix knows "the ledge," and knows the awful tales of shipwreck and death which used to be current among the river folk before the government established the lighthouse there. The River flows swiftly over sunken rocks, some

"I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING."

of them dangerously near the surface, and before the days of the light a boat passing the ledge during a storm was likely, as it is even yet, to strike upon the rocks and go to the bottom before aid could reach it.

But to night, as has been said, the lamp was trimmed and burning, and the light keeper's wife, Mrs. Boyd, who, during her husband's long absences, saw to it that the light was in order, sat in her little living room with her rough sailors beside her, rejoicing in the warmth and comfort there, for though there was little wind it was bitter cold and very dark without.

"Oh, dear," said Mary, the younger girl, "I almost freeze my fingers to death bringing in the wood. It is like this in October when will it be in deed?"

"But father will be home before then, we hope, and maybe Brother John," said Bertha, the elder daughter.

"I don't help hoping that my children will never marry sailors," sighed Mrs. Boyd. "They are the hardest lot in the sea that your father knows, and I soon expected to await dangers—perhaps death—or dead—and to forget way."

"Besides it would be a very good thing for them to have all the time," suggested Bertha jocularly. "Don't you suppose, mother, that my father will get tired sometime of following the sea?"

"I'm afraid not. He only retires a year or two, work better than any other, and he gets uneasy if he stays long on shore."

Mrs. Boyd shook her head wearily. "It is well enough to sing in the long songs about 'A life on the ocean wave' and 'The sailor's wife has to stay at home,' but there are grim facts in the case which you mistake, quite curious.

"They all sat silent after Mrs. Boyd's last words. The sign with which they had been accompanied indicating some to the girls' hearts.

Suddenly the dreary silence was broken by a sharp cry from Mary.

"What is that?" they all exclaimed as they gathered, dropping their work to listen. Mary rushed to the window and looked out.

"I can't see anything," she declared, after straining her eyes into the darkness for a few moments. "It seems to me I never saw so dark a night. Why, I could not have been more in the time of the plague."

Again the heart-rending cry came from over the water, followed by a sound of men's voices, as if in agonized struggle and entreaty.

"I wouldn't wonder if it were a party of men," said Stephen or St. Andrew, who have been taking a sail for pleasure and have been caught in the darkness."

Bertha had thrown a shawl over her head while her mother had been speaking and had gone to the door.

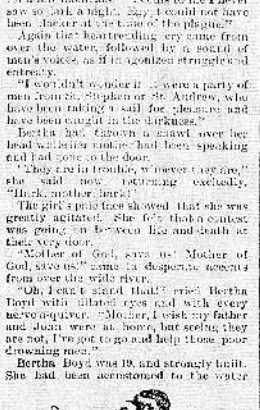
"They are in trouble, wherever they are," she said now returning excitedly. "Hark, another shriek!"

The girl's pale face showed that she was greatly agitated. She felt that a contest was going on between life and death at their very door.

"Mother of God, save us! Mother of God, save us!" came in desperate accents from over the wide river.

"Oh, I can't stand that!" cried Bertha Boyd with flushed cheek and with every nerve quiver. "Mother, I wish my father and John were at home, but seeing they are not, I've got to go and help those poor drowning men."

Bertha Boyd was 19, and strongly built. She had been accustomed to the water



HER STOUT HEART UPHELD HER.

from her birth, and knew as well as a man how to handle a boat. But her mother looked at her now in consternation.

"What do you mean?" she cried sharply.

"I mean," said the girl, beginning to make herself ready, "that I am going to take my boat and try to find those poor men."

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Boyd, wringing her hands in distress, "you are too young, Bertha—you are not strong enough. Those men are wild with terror. They may upset your boat and drown you! I can't let you!"

"But you must, mother," said Bertha firmly, while Mary, too, began with trembling hands to put on her own warm jacket and mittens.

"I am going with Bertha, if she will go, mother," she said simply.

The mother's tears fell fast, but she could not forbid her brave girls, in the face of such a noble spirit as theirs, to at least make an attempt to help these fellow creatures in the extremity of human anguish; and yet she felt that her dear girls might be going forth to their death.

It seemed an hour to Bertha Boyd, though in reality it was but a few minutes before she could get her warm outside wraps on, and launch her boat into the river. Then Mary turned back. She felt that she was large and strong enough to be of great help to her sister, but the pitchy blackness of the night and the biting cold dismayed her. Sobbing with terror she sprang from the boat and rushed back to her mother's side.

But the stout heart of Bertha Boyd, full of the proud consciousness of duty, and of the support of a higher power, upheld her as she pushed her little craft off into the trackless night, guided only by the sound of those despairing cries.

Dip, dip went the oars under Bertha's practiced hands. The two anxious watchers shivering upon the shore could see nothing, and when the roar of the waters and the awful shrieks of the imperiled men drowned the sound of the oars. In a marvelously short time the cries stopped. In that brief moment, however, Bertha had rowed more than half across the broad St. Croix.

"She has reached them!" ejaculated Mrs. Boyd. "God grant it may not be too late!"

No, it was not too late.

On the top of an overturned sailboat Bertha found a young man almost dead with cold and fright, but clinging for dear life. As the little skiff came up beside him he managed to slip into it, but he was so stiff with cold and so beside himself with fright that he could be of little assistance in rescuing his companion.

This was an older man and very heavy, who was in the water and holding with a rapidly weakening grip to the side of the boat. His feet were entangled with ropes in such a way that it seemed at first impossible to free them, but by working as fast and as intelligently as she could, and with a little help from the younger man, Bertha at last was able to drag the elder man also into the boat.

Then she pulled for the lighthouse on the ledge.

"I never experienced," says Mrs. Boyd, "as long an hour as it was from the time Bertha left us till she came back, and when she drew up to shore with her burden how we shouted for joy. One of our neighbors had come up while Bertha was gone, and after we had given the rescued men something hot to revive them he took them to his home and gave them dry clothes. They were the most grateful creatures you ever saw. It almost seemed as though they were crazy with thankfulness."

"And Bertha? You ask was she not ill after her terrible ordeal?"

"Not she was thoroughly chilled, of course, and her nerves were a good deal unstrung, but we took the best of care of her, and she was soon made ill."

NO, IT WAS NOT TOO LATE.

As soon as the Dominion government for the light house, upon the New Brunswick shore—heard of the story of this intrepid girl they sent her a handsome gold watch and a beautiful bowl, which are naturally among the richest treasures of the lighthouse keeper's family.

But if you ask Bertha Boyd, or she shall tell it, "the brave keeper of the Ledge," to tell you about the lives which she saved, that freezing autumn night, she colors modestly and says: "Please don't speak of it. Indeed, I did nothing worth describing."

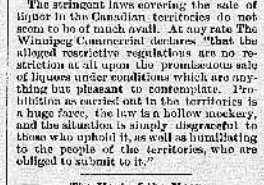
You will have to get the story from others.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

THE GRAND ARMY'S NEW CHIEF.

Gen. Veazey's Creditable Record as Soldier and Christian.

The military record of Gen. W. G. Veazey, recently chosen commander-in-chief of



GEN. W. G. VEAZEY.

the Grand Army of the Republic at the national encampment at Boston, is a creditable one. At the beginning of the civil war he enlisted as a private in the Third Vermont regiment, and before the close of the summer of 1861 attained the rank of lieutenant colonel. In the fall of the next year he became colonel of the Sixteenth Vermont, and led it throughout its term of service. This regiment formed part of the Vermont brigade that made the famous flank assault on Pickett's division at Gettysburg. When the war ended Veazey had attained the rank of brigadier general.

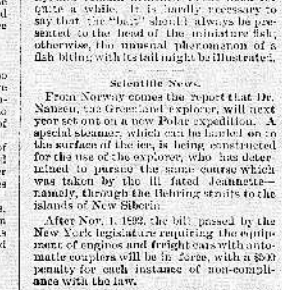
The new commander of the G. A. R. is a native of Rockingham county, N. H. After receiving a collegiate education he began the practice of law, but his professional pursuits were early interrupted by the outbreak of the war. He resumed them after the close of the contest, and from 1879 to 1885 was judge of the supreme court of Vermont. He has been identified with the Grand Army for twenty-three years.

He May Be a Cardinal Yet.

It is announced that within a year or so the Catholic church of America will have a new cardinal in the person of Peter Richard Kenrick, archbishop of St. Louis, who has almost completed a half century of service as a church dignitary.

Archbishop Kenrick is now 81 years of age. He was born at Dublin, Ireland, and ordained priest in 1830. Three years later he began his career in the United States and in 1841 became a bishop.

In 1843 he became a resident of St. Louis, and his labors have been directed from that point ever since. St. Louis was created an archiepiscopal see in 1847, and Pope Pius placed Dr. Kenrick in charge. His charitable and relief work during the civil war gained him general commendation. Of late years his energies have been devoted among other things to the introduction of religious orders and



ARCHBISHOP KENRICK.

to the establishment of industrial and parochial schools and reformatories. The cemetery of St. Louis, laid out by him, is considered one of the finest on the continent.

Laws That Do Not Regulate.

The stringent laws covering the sale of liquor in the Canadian territories do not seem to be of much avail. At any rate The Winnipeg Commercial declares "that the alleged restrictive regulations are no restriction at all upon the promiscuous sale of liquors under conditions which are anything but pleasant to contemplate. Prohibition as carried out in the territories is a huge farce, the law is a hollow mockery, and the situation is simply disgraceful to those who uphold it, as well as humiliating to the people of the territories, who are obliged to submit to it."

The Heat of the Moon.

An English scientist has produced an apparatus for registering the heat of the moon. By it it is shown that the warmth received from the moon is equal to that felt from a candle at a distance of twenty-one feet.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

POPULAR SCIENCE RECREATIONS AND USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

The Venerable Greenlade Oak at Welbeck Abbey, England, Through the Trunk of Which the Duke of Portland Drove a Coach and Four.

Every one who is interested in the remarkable trees of England will appreciate the portrait of the Greenlade oak of Welbeck Abbey, England. It was a tree of such unusual size 78 years ago that the then Duke of Portland laid a wager that he had in his park at Welbeck a tree so large that he could drive a carriage and four through a hole cut in the trunk. He won his bet and ruined one of the most remarkable trees in Europe, which, in spite of this barbarous mutilation at the hands of the noble proprietor of Welbeck, has continued to exist almost in the same condition that it appears to have been in 1775, when the drawing of it was made that was published eleven years later in Hunter's edition of

THE BRESADALE OAK.

"Evelyn's Sylva." Another portrait of the tree appeared in Hayman Rook's "Sketches of Some Remarkable Oaks," published in London in 1799. Rook states that the Greenlade oak was "thought to be above 700 years old and that from its appearance, there is every reason to suppose that it had attained to that age at least."

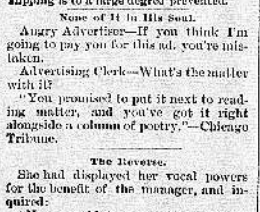
He gives the following statistics of its size: Circumference of the trunk above the arch, 47 feet 3 inches; height of the arch, 16 feet 3 inches, width above the middle, 6 feet 3 inches; height of the top branch, 54 feet. The tree has probably increased very little since these measurements were made just a century ago, although we have not, unfortunately, any recent authoritative measurements with which to compare them. The railway, however, has certainly been much narrowed by the extension of the park round the edges of the cut since the duke drove his carriage and four through it. Another portrait, somewhat idealized, of the Greenlade oak appears on the title page of Strutt's noble "Sylva Britannica," in which are gathered the portraits of the most venerable and most interesting trees of Great Britain. Vandercane's to Glades and Forest for the forecoming illustrated description of the noble oak.

A Meat That Melts Easily.

A vegetable which will melt at a much lower temperature is 120 degrees, is certainly a curiosity. It is stated in The Iron Trade Review that it has been successfully produced at Syracuse, N. Y. It is an alloy composed of lead, tin, bismuth and cadmium, and, in weight, hardness and color, resembles type metal. It really does it melt clear, if you place upon a comparatively cool part of the stove with a piece of paper under it, it will melt without the paper being scorched. Another peculiarity about it is that it will not retain heat, and becomes cold the moment it melts. It is used in the manufacture of the little automatic fire alarms for hotels, and which give an electric alarm when the metal melts, owing to the rising of the temperature by fire.

Simple Experiment in Electricity.

The Illustrated shows an amusing and attractive experiment in electric fishing, originally suggested in Nature and explained as follows by Popular Science News: A penci screws for a reel, a piece of thread for a line and a bent pin for a hook, while the bait is composed of a small lump of sealing wax, which is melted around the head of the pin, as shown in the lower corner of the engraving (1).



ELECTRIC FISHING.

The fish should be about an inch long, and cut from thin tissue paper. If, before exhibiting the experiment, one wax is briskly rubbed with a piece of woolen cloth sufficient electrical excitation will be produced to cause the fish to "bite" very readily, and remain attached to the hook for quite a while. It is hardly necessary to say that the "bait" should always be presented to the head of the miniature fish, otherwise, the unusual phenomenon of a fish biting with its tail might be illustrated.

Scientific News.

From Norway comes the report that Dr. Nansen, the Greenland explorer, will next year set out on a new Polar expedition. A special steamer, which can be hauled on to the surface of the ice, is being constructed for the use of the explorer, who has determined to pursue the same course which was taken by the ill fated Jeannette—namely, through the Behring straits to the islands of New Siberia.

After Nov. 1, 1892, the bill passed by the New York legislature requiring the equipment of engines and freight cars with automatic couplers will be in force, with a $500 penalty for each instance of non-compliance with the law.

A newly invented German explosive named "petragel" is said to be made from molasses and to be three times as powerful as nitro-glycerine.

M. Fouquet, a mineralogist, claims to have discovered in a mixture of silicate of copper and lime a perfectly unchangable color identical with the beautiful Alexandrian blue, the composition of which has long puzzled artists.

Scientific writers have recently noted a curious phenomenon, by virtue of which electric cars can ascend unusually heavy grades. When the current passes from the car wheel to the track it causes an increased friction or resistance to sliding between them, the result of which is that slipping is to a large degree prevented.

None of It in His Soul.

Angry Advertiser—If you think I'm going to pay you for this ad. you're mistaken.

Advertising Clerk—What's the matter with it?

"You promised to put it next to reading matter, and you've got it right alongside a column of poetry."—Chicago Tribune.

The Reverse.

She had displayed her vocal powers for the benefit of the manager, and inquired:

"Now, wouldn't you advise me to cultivate my voice?"

"Cultivate it? No; strive to annihilate it."—Washington Post.

THE THRUSH.

Where yonder nymph with music takes
Across the fields her silver way,
With mirthful melody she wakes
The drowsing minstrel of the day.

There from his ripple haunted dream
The meadow's blithest chorister,
Enchanted by the singing stream,
Clears his brown throat and sings with him.

The amber air with music fills;
Like seeds, the notes unwind in the hush
Blossom in song between the hills
Whence echo answers to the thrush.

Dear bird, whose liquid carols come
To me across the valley's span,
I dream you are descended from
That older minstrel, shaggy Pan.

For as the nymphs with dance and song
In olden days his piping graced,
This upward mother steals along
Beside you in mole-like haste.

—New York Ledger.

Mr. Depew's "Only" Box.

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew told a little story the other day about a young man who started an "only" box, into which he and his wife put all the small pieces of money they would otherwise have spent for things that were "only a dime," or "only a quarter," or "only a half dollar." And the result was that in a year, more or less, they had $1,600 to invest.

It was a very pretty little story, and very likely it has caused the starting of a dozen or so "only" boxes.

But there is another side to the question, a side which deserves more championing than it has ever had. Did that young couple's thousand dollars repay them for all they lost by saving it? It is a very grave question whether that habit of small and scraping economy which the "only" box is expected to foster is a good thing to have. Would the whole thousand dollars repay them for what they lost when, some warm evening, John was on the point of spending "only ten cents" for a little bunch of carnations or a single fragrant pink rose to take to Mary, and then remembered the "only" box and didn't do it? And when Mary didn't buy the twenty-five cent toy for the little toddler at home, because of that ever present box, did she do well?

And did it really pay them to deny themselves all those little innocent enjoyments, and surrender themselves to the miserly spirit which such a plan presupposes and makes necessary? The people who foster the habit of the "only" box will inevitably become as small in spirit as their economies are. It is not character so much as money, and is it not as well to have a warm, sympathetic heart, a generous disposition and a spirit full of the milk of human kindness as to possess a thousand dollars? And is it not evident that an "only" box could be maintained only at the expense of those three things, and of many others as well?—New York Evening Sun.

An Apostle of Christian Communism.

Rev. Adin Ballou, the venerable pastor emeritus of Hopedale parish, who died at Milford, Mass., the other day, was in many respects a remarkable man. He was born in 1803, had "religious experiences" at 11 years of age, joined the Church of Christ at 13, and became a minister at 18. He soon lost standing because of his rejection of the doctrine of eternal punishment and went over to the Universalists. His controversial writings created a schism, and in 1842 he, with two others, established at Hopedale the "Community," an attempt to practically exemplify Christian communism, literally practicing the Ten Commandments. This continued with varying success. Mr. Ballou being spiritual leader until 1853, when joint property ownership was abandoned, the effects sold and proceeds divided. The "Christian parish" was organized with Mr. Ballou its pastor, which relation he held until April 23, 1880, when, on his 77th birthday, he relinquished active parish work to younger hands.

His home was the Gretna Green of hundreds of lovers. His life work included officiating at 2,931 funerals, 2,968 marriages, 1,001 christenings, writing nearly 500 volumes of various kinds and purposes, delivering nearly 8,500 sermons and addresses on a multitude of religious and secular subjects. He became a Master Mason in Charity lodge A. F. & A. M., Milford, 1824; a Royal Arch Mason in Mt. Lebanon chapter, Milford, 1825; knighted in Worcester county encampment, 1833, worshipful master of Charity lodge in 1836, an honorary member of Milford commandery K. T. 1850, and of Montgomery lodge, Milford, in 1858.

An Appalled Guest.

This happened away in the backwoods of Arkansas. A tourist going over the state on horseback stopped for the night at one of the regular hotels of a certain locality. The hotel happened to be a log and slab affair of three rooms and the same number of beds, while the proprietress the proud parent of nine wild and woolly looking sons under 12 years of age. After a supper of "fixing and hoin'n" the host said to one of the boys:

"Come, Billy, get the bran on straws."

Nine bran straws of unequal lengths were produced by Billy. The father told them to hide them in such a manner that only an end of each straw could be seen. Then each boy drew a straw.

"Ha, ha!" said the merry parent jovially, "Bill, you and Buck are Lige got the short straw."

"What does that mean?" asked the amazed guest, whose look of amusement faded away when his host said:

"Means Why, there's a little way we have of settlin' which three of 'em shall sleep with any gent that happens to stop over night with us. I spect you'll find Buck and Bill and Lige mighty lively bedfellers, but don't you be afeerd to give 'em a warmin' up with your feet or a bed slat if they git to tramplin' too high. Go 'long, boys, an' pile in with this gent and mind that you behave yourselves."—Detroit Free Press.

Fun at the Table.

An Austin man read in the paper that the family should always be the scene of laughter and merriment, and that no meal should be passed in the moody silence that so often characterizes those occasions. The idea struck him so favorably that when his family was gathered around the table that evening he said:

"Now, this sort o' thing of keeping so blamed mum at meals has got to stop. You hear me? You girls, put in an' tell stories, an' keep up agreeable sort o' talk like; an' you boys, laugh and be jolly, or I'll take and dust your jackets with a grapevine till you can't stand. Now begin!"

The glare that he sent around the table made the family as funny as a funeral.—Texas Siftings.

Hard Hit.

Fweddie—My deah fellah, do you know that Chawley Simpers is dangerously ill?

Harrie—Why, no, what is the trouble, old chappie?

Fweddie—Why he was coming down street yesterday and a thought struck him all of a sudden; today he's got bwain fever, don't yer know.—Kearney Enterprise.

He Stared Coldly.

"These are cud seats, are they not?" inquired the dignified party standing in the aisle at the theatre. "One of them is an end seat, sir," replied the severely accurate usher recently brought on from Boston, as he looked at the questioner with a coldly classical stare.—The New Moon.

He Had a Right.

Harry—I thought you were engaged to Miss Rosebud.

Frank (proudly)—So I am.

Harry—Well, I saw a man kissing her a little while ago.

Frank—What! Who was