A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

THREE MEN KILLED AND TWO WOUNDED ON THE R. & G.

Mr. Bowman, of This City, and Rew Wm. Shaw, Whose History is Unknown Among the Former—Fuller Trial.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 26.—Special.—There was a serious accident on the Raleigh and Gaston railroad early this morning, which resulted in the death of three people and the injury of two others.

The north-bound through freight last night coming up grade from Neuse river happened to an accident which caused a delay of about six hours. A car loaded with lumber lost three wheels from one truck, but the train ran about a mile further before it stopped. When Henderson was reached it was several hours late, and the train being a long one, had not been pulled entirely on the siding, and was run into by a following freight.

Rev. William Shaw, a Baptist minister, of Portsmouth, Va., Mr. Bowman, a horse trader, of Richmond, and a colored fireman were killed in the crash. W. G. Brodie, a drummer, had a leg broken, and the engineer was scalded.

Mr. Shaw's Death.

There is also something peculiarly sad about this accident. Rev. William Shaw, who was killed, was in Raleigh for two days previous, and preached at the Mission station, in the eastern part of the city. He claimed that he was a Baptist preacher, and lived in Mississippi, but suspicion was aroused by his evasive replies, and when closely questioned admitted he knew nothing about that State, and then claimed to be from near New Orleans.

Consequently he was denounced by prominent Baptists here, though he had been preaching at Littleton for a week. He claimed to be related to Dr. Rucker, of Rutherfordton, and the Ruckers living in Richmond, but was unwilling for them to be telegraphed concerning him. He had no money, and application had been made to the railroad authorities for a pass to get him to Richmond, where he claimed to have friends and relatives, but on finding out his true character application had been withdrawn. He left on the fatal train, however. How he secured passage is not known. It is thought that he was beating his way. Shaw had seemed very much depressed while here, and after his exposure had said he wished that he was dead. This remark he had repeated several times. Much mystery surrounds the man.

Young Fuller's Trial.

A jury for the trial of E. J. Fuller, of Fayetteville, for the murder of Ben Parker, was chosen yesterday. The trial began to-day at 10 o'clock. A strong array of counsel is employed on both sides, and the popular interest is intense.

A man named Kelly shot another man at Huntsville, Yadkin county, and the wound will probably prove fatal. Kelly is in jail.

The Luther Memorial building, which was recently burned at Wilmington, is to be rebuilt at once. A committee has been appointed to submit plans and specifications. The authorities now have reason to believe that Orange Page and Mary Smith did not go direct to Norfolk, as was at first supposed, but are gradually working their way in that direction along the country roads.

Two miners from Montana have leased a gold mine near Moncure, in Chatham county. They will work it on a large scale and with the latest improved machinery.

Charlotte is making an effort to secure the meeting of the next State Horticultural Society.

It is stated that a young girl in Burke county has been driven to commit suicide by the inhuman treatment of her father. Though only fifteen years old she was compelled to do hard manual labor, and was neither sufficiently clothed nor fed. She complained that she was sick and tired of life, and went into the woods and hanged herself with a cotton shawl. Her father, George Pearson, is the same man who instigated his son to poison a man. The plan was to put strychnine in a cup of water and give it to the man when he came to dinner. The plan would have been successful had not the boy weakened at the last moment and confessed what he was about to do.

Remains to be Brought Here.

Mr. Bowerman leaves a wife and ten children, the oldest of whom is twenty-two years old. The remains will be brought to Richmond to-day at 11 o'clock, and the funeral will take place from the residence of the deceased, No. 322 north Twenty-seventh street.

TRIAL OF THE COLRYS.

The Prisoners Confess the Murder of the Peddler Tucker.

LOUISBURG, N. C., Jan. 26.—Special.—The Superior Court convened promptly at 9:30 o'clock this morning, and has been engaged all day, except about an hour's intermission at 7 o'clock this evening, on the Colry murder case. The examination of witnesses began immediately on the opening of court, and continued until 4 o'clock this afternoon.

The two women, at whose house Tucker was murdered, were the first witnesses called. Their evidence pointed very plainly to a most brutal case of murder.

The argument was opened immediately after the conclusion of the evidence, and continued up till 10 o'clock to-night. Very able speeches were made by the counsel assigned the prisoners by the court, but it cannot possibly be of any avail, as both parties have confessed to the killing, and from the evidence it seems very plain that the murder was committed for robbery alone

Mr. H. M. Smith, Jr., and S. Stern, both of Richmond, are here.

FATAL AFFRAY IN DAVIE.

John Pegram, Who Was Shot in Stokesdale a Few Days Ago, Will Die.

WINSTON, N. C., Jan. 26.—Special.—Will Kelly shot and fatally wounded James Russell near Tilden, Davie county. Both men were drinking. Kelly is under arrest and claims that the shooting was accidental. Russell will die.

Lum Sprinkle, one of the white men who broke out of Davie county jail several nights ago, has been captured. His associate, Sam Wheeler, when last seen was near the Virginia line.

News was received here to-day that John Pegram, who was shot several days ago at Stokesdale, by his neighbor, Andy Voss, died last night. The two men fell out over a calf. Pegram had a bad reputation.

THE REIDSVILLE ELECTION.

Dr. J. H. Redd Chosen as Mayor—Assignment of Maj. Morehead.

REIDSVILLE, N. C., Jan. 26.—Special.—At the municipal election to-day Dr. J. H. Reed was elected Mayor. No new commissioners were elected, the same board being re-elected.

A deed of assignment from Major J. T. Morehead and wife, was admitted to probate and record to-day in Rockingham county.

RETURN OF DELUDED DARKIES.

Labor Agents Enticed Them to Louisiana and Now They are Back Home Again

WELDON, N. C., Jan. 26.—Special.—A lot of colored people of Wilson county who were enticed four years ago by the big promise of labor agents to go to Louisiana have returned home. It was a sad-looking set. They walked the greater portion of the distance, and say they will never be fooled out of North Carolina again, and advise all others to remain here.

Over sixty thousand pounds of trout were caught and sold at Morehead City in a single day.

The fishermen on the sound are getting their nets ready for the fishing season, which is about to begin.

Mr. W. G. Broadie, of Warrenton, had a leg broken in the accident to-day on the Raleigh and Gaston road, and was otherwise injured about the body. He traveled for a Richmond grocery house. It is impossible to state who was responsible for the accident.

A Large Sale at Durham.

DURHAM, N. C., Jan. 26.—The entire stock of the Durham Supply Company, the largest retail house here, which failed here some time ago, was this morning sold to a Raleigh man. The stock inventoried $48,000. This is one of the largest cash transactions that has ever taken place here.

EVENTS OF THE TURF.

Four Favorites Won at New Orleans and the Books Lost Heavily.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 26.—The weather was clear, the track fast, and the attendance light.

The books lost heavily, four favorites winning. Summaries:

First race—selling, non-winners at meeting, purse $200, five and one-half furlongs—Footrunner first, Billy Duncan second, Lank third. Time, 1:09.

Second race—purse $200, all to sell at $500, one and one-sixteenth miles—Captain Hammer first, Miss Knott second, Belle of Springfield third. Time, 1:51 1-2.

Third race—purse $250, selling, for three-year-olds, six furlongs—Baby Bill first, Masonic Home second, Mary B. M., third. Time, 1:17.

Fourth race—purse $200, selling, non-winners, five and one-half furlongs—Fred. Wooley first, Tiffin second, John P., third. Time, 1:08 1-4.

Fifth race—purse $250, six furlongs—Verbena first, Jerome S., second, Rover third. Time, 1:16 1-4.

Entries at New Orleans for To-Day.

First race—three-quarters of a mile—Rondeau, 84; Kokomo, 89; Adah L., 90; Masonic Home, 99; Mildred, 99; Judge Woods, 101; Virden, 104; Oregon Cyclone, 107; Fred. Wooley, 107; Texas Star, 107; Longbroeck, 107; Tiffin, 107; Rustic, 107; Rover, 110; Minnehaha III.

Second race—eleven-sixteenths of a mile, selling, three-year-olds—Rabbitt, 96; Midget, 96; Aldine, 96; Hennirea, 96; Myrtleartha, 99; Little Bowling, 101; Lucasta, 102; Bonnie Kate, 102; Christie S., 105; Edith, 105; Moliere, 107; Frank Gayle, 110.

Third race—fifteen-sixteenths of a mile, selling—Miss Nannie, 96; Carmen, 98; Uncle Jim, 99; Onyx, 100; Michel, 102; Billy Bennett, 102; Kindora, 105, Wedgefield, 103; Harry Weldon, 103; Marie Lovell, 104; Lockport, 108.

Fourth race—Audubon Handicap, mile and a sixteenth—Mezzotint, 93; Miss Perkins, 95; Coronet, 95; Beatifice, 100; Huibert, 103; Sunrock, 103; Josie D., 104; Jack Lovell, 108; Bijur, 112; Prince of Darkness, 119.

Fifth race—a mile and seventy yards, selling—Tippecanoe, 98; Ocean H., 105; Whitehead, 107; Last Chance, 112; Van Wart, 112; Uncle Frank, 112; Rouser, 112; Wigwam, 112; Lyndhurst, 113; Duke Millpitas, 118.

Sixth race—three-quarters of a mile, selling—Sewing Girl, 93; Equation, 96; Montevideo, 102; Lucy Clark, 102; Incommode, 104; Pearl C., 105; Spellbound, 105; Fleetwood, 107; Duncan Minor, 107; Gilson, 107; Bangtail, 107; Harlan, 107; Bolster, 107; Red John, 107; Chess Rogan, 107.

Racing in Zero Weather.

EAST ST. LOUIS, Jan. 26.—Three favorites and the same number of second choices won. The weather was cold and the track in splendid condition. Paddy Flynn's four and a half furlongs in 56 1-2 is the fastest time for the distance ever made on the track. Summaries:

First race—five-eighths of a mile, selling—Fort Worth first, Sarley the Smuggler second, Ittle Reno third. Time, 1:04 1-2.

Second race, eleven-sixteenths of a mile—Merge first, Miss Spott second, Mollie Gray third. Time, 1:13.

Third race—nine-sixteenths of a mile—Bay Court first, John R. second, Ben Lee third. Time, 57 3-4.

Eddie R. was left at the post.

Fourth race—eleven-sixteenths of a mile, selling—Ernest L. first, Bevis second, Highwayman third. Time, 1:11 3-4.

Fifth race—nine-sixteenths of a mile, selling—Paddy Flynn first, Esther second, Gomor third. Time, 56 1-2.

Sixth race—eleven-sixteenths of a mile, selling—Confederate first, Con Lucey second, Envy third. Time, 1:11 1-2.

Pleasant Weather at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan. 26.—The weather was clear and pleasant and the track was heavy. Summaries:

First race—five furlongs, selling.—Duke Stevens first, Mestor second, Joe Ellis third. Time, 1:07.

Second race—seven furlongs.—Gussie first, Prince Henry second, Georgetown third. Time, 1:37.

Third race—six and a half furlongs, maidens.—Raphael first, Remus second, Eldorado third. Time, 1:20½.

Fourth race—scant six furlongs, selling.—Carmel first, Johnny Payne second, Morven third. Time, 1:19¼.

Fifth race—five furlongs, selling.—Royal Flush first, Dr. Ross second, Floodmore third. Time, 1:06½.

The Report Not Yet Completed.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 26.—The House Committee on Naval Affairs to-day discussed, but did not complete, its report on the resolution of Mr. Holman (Dem., Ind.), relative to payments of premiums on naval vessels. The committee called for and will review before making their report the reports of the various naval boards that conducted the speed trials, together with the instructions given them by the Navy Department.

Melting Iron From the Ore.

Iron-making is a kind of cookery on a huge scale. The earthy impurities must be "roasted" or melted out from iron ore; the necessary carbon must then be properly mixed in from the fuel, or the unnecessary carbon burned out. This is of manufacture. A wrought-iron bar or plate is always obtained from a puddle ball, an aggregation of grains of iron in a pasty, semi-fused condition, interspersed with a greater or less amount of cinder or slag. Under the powerful action of the rolls the grains are welded together, and a large part of the cinder is squeezed out, but enough remains interposed between the iron granules to prevent them from welding thoroughly and forming a homogeneous mass. The welded lumps elongate under the process of rolling, and the resulting bar resembles a bunch of iron fibres or sinews with minute particles of slag interspersed here and there. Such iron varies in resistance according to whether the power is applied with or against the fibre. Steel is the result of a fusing process. It may be crucible, Bessemer, or open-hearth steel, but in all cases it has been cast from a thoroughly melted and fluid state into an ingot mould, where it solidifies and is ready for subsequent treatment, such as hammering or rolling. The slag being lighter than the steel, it rises on top of the melted bath, and does not mingle with the metal, which remains clean and unobstructed, and, after being cast in the mould, cools into a crystalline homogeneous mass in which no amount of rolling can develop a fibre. Thus steel possesses a structure more regular and compact than wrought iron. Its resistance to strains and stresses is more equal in all directions, and its adaptability to structural use is vastly increased.—From "A Bar of Iron," edited by R. R. Bowker, in Harper's Magazine for February.

Coughs and Colds.

Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold only in boxes.

HANGED AFTER DEATH.

A HORRIBLE BUNGLING EXECUTION IN A CHICAGO JAIL.

George H. Painter, the Murderer of His Mistress, the Victim of an Accident on the Gallows—His Speech.

CHICAGO, Jan. 26.—The execution in the county jail this morning of George H. Painter, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., for the murder of his mistress, Alice Martin, was attended by a horrible scene. When the trap was sprung the rope snapped in two, and the unfortunate man, who weighed over two hundred pounds, dropped eight feet to the stone floor of the corridor. His head struck heavily as he fell, and blood gushed from his ears and nostrils. He was picked up unconscious, laid on the drop in a recumbent position, and another noose adjusted. The drop fell a second time without further accident. One of the attendant physicians expressed the opinion that he was already dead when the drop was sprung a second time.

Only seventy-five spectators, half of whom were representatives of the press, were admitted to the death corridor. Painter was a fine-looking man, and a murmur of sympathy went up from the crowd as he came into view. His nerve was wonderful, his glance taking in the scaffold, the noose, and the spectators without the tremor of a muscle.

He walked unsupported to the centre of the trap, and nodded with a smile—one more of dignity than bravado—to a newspaper man whom he recognized in the front row. Prayer was offered by Rev. Moerdyke, and after the white shroud had been adjusted, the condemned man was asked by Sheriff Gilbert if he had anything to say.

Strong Protestation of Innocence.

Looking straight at those before him he paused for a moment, and then, in a half hesitating manner, his tones growing firmer and more emphatic as he proceeded, he commenced:

"Gentlemen, I see some friends here. O God forgive them! No friend of mine would come and see me die. It hurts me. Gentlemen, if you are gentlemen"—a pause—"there are few gentlemen that would look at an execution—few, the brotherhood of humanity has taught lots of men better than this. There was a time when in India men sought death through belief that it was an advance to the future state. To-day I fear death. I do not want to die."

For a moment the condemned man paused. His auditors were breathless. The dropping of a pin would have echoed through the long, gloomy corridor. Then, suddenly gathering strength, and with even more earnestness and vigor than he had manifested a moment before, Painter proceeded:

"Listen—listen to this: If I killed Alice Martin, my wife, although in court there Painter again seemed as if he was about to break down) if I killed Alice Martin, the woman I loved, I pray this minute, my last minute on earth, I pray that the eternal God will take me and put me in eternal hell; that he will keep me there eternally. If there is one man in this audience that is an American—an American citizen, on your soul—I say on your soul, see that the murderer of Alice Martin is found."

The condemned man ceased. The officer approached to adjust the white cap, but another thought occurred to him.

"Gentlemen," he said again, "I see a hundred of my" (it is difficult to determine whether the next word was oppressors or officials) "here, but few Americans."

Then the white cap was drawn over his face and the noose was tightened, and the trap sprung.

Other Hangings and Sentences.

SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 26.—Jerry Mullford (colored) was hanged at Jesup to-day for murdering James Roberts near Nahunta, in 1890. The hanging was without unusual incidents.

JACKSON, MISS., Jan. 26.—Judge Chrisman to-day sentenced Horace Smith and Henry Singleton to hang on Thursday, March 22d. They are the two life convicts convicted at the present term of court of the murder of two other convicts.

THE VALE OF KASHMIR.

Its Reality as Compared With What the Poet's Fancy Has Made of It.

It suffices to mention the name of any of the better-known divisions of the world to call up in the mind of an intelligent and educated though untraveled person, by some obscure association of ideas, a fairly definite conception of the kind of scenery characteristic of the region in question; and this conception will be much the same for all sorts of men, and is a kind of international possession. The source of it is not so easily indicated, but it will, I believe, in most cases be found to take its rise in some one book wherein the spirit of the locality has been at some time enshrined. Kashmir, except as the land of shawls, is to most men the land of "Lalla Rookh." As Moore described it, most people conceive it to be a country of gardens and waterfalls and fair women, a country of glades and lawns and pleasant places, a land of luxury and even wantonness, the home of song and dance, where the unclouded sun is not too scorching, and fresh breezes are ever wafted from glittering hills. Unfortunately, Moore was never in Kashmir, and the country he described was a realm of his own fancy. Kashmir is beautiful, but not with the kind of beauty of "Lalla Rookh." It has no waterfalls, no palm trees, and but little aspect of gayety. Its charm is of a subtle and subdued character, and the newcomer is liable to be at first disappointed and disillusioned.

Kashmir proper is but a small portion of the kingdom of Kashmir; it is the vale, and no more. The Himalayas, coming from the southeast, divide into two branches, of which the northern continues to form the left bank of the Indus Valley; the southern is the Pir Panjal range. The Vale of Kashmir is an ancient lake basin about seventy miles long by thirty miles wide, included between the two ranges. From the crest of the Pir Panjal you can look down on the Kashmir on one side and on to the plains of the Panjab on the other. Through the now filled up level of the vale the waters of the Jhelam lazily meander in series of wide loops, till they come to the gates of the gorge which they have cut through an intricate rock-bound district westward, and then southward to the burning plains.

The kingdom of Kashmir stretches far to the north and west, and its frontiers are not yet diplomatically defined, but its natural and practically its actual boundary is the line of the Hindu-Kush and Mustagh ranges, beyond which lie Russian Turkestan, the Pamirs, and Chinese Turkestan. Eastward the Maharaja's dominions include that portion of Thibet known as Ladak, or little Thibet; westward they terminate vaguely in the no-man's-land, on the banks of the Indus, inhabited by a set of chaotic robber tribes, most of whose barren fastnesses have never been penetrated by any civilized traveler in historic times. The whole of this large area, beyond the Vale, is to all intents and purposes desert—mere crumpled Sahara below, on which the ice-bound region rests. This is the hunting ground of Kashmir, interesting to sportsmen and mountaineers, and destined some day to attract the attention of gold-miners, but otherwise dreary and desolate, "sunburnt and sorrowful" below, frozen aloft, sparsely inhabited by a few forlorn tribes, who derive a scanty subsistence from patches of sand artificially irrigated.

At Baramula the charm and life of Kashmir commence. Henceforward the road and the tonga are quitted, and the river and dunga take their place. A dunga is a long kind of flat-bottomed punt, with a house of matting built upon it. The walls of the house are matting blinds, which can be rolled up. The boat is unequally divided into two chambers, in the hinder of which the boatmen live. It is usual to engage one of those boats for each white member of the party, and one for the cook and servants. They are towed, or paddled, or punted up the river; down stream they are permitted to drift. Comfortable European house-boats can be hired at Srinagar, but the proper life of the river is lived in a dunga, and, for men not intending to make a prolonged stay, they suffice.

After the hot and dusty journey through the Panjab to Pindi, and the cantering drive of over 150 miles thence to Baramula, nothing is more delightful than to glide out on to the silent waters in the evening of arrival, and moor for the night a short distance above the village. Not a sound, save the lapping of ripples against the boat, breaks the stillness of the night. Soft breezes pass under the ribed curtains and play gently over face and hair. The stars shine not too brightly in the sky, while their doubles dance in the water, and if there be moon enough a faint suspicion of distant mountains and snowy crests may be felt in the far distance beyond the flat of fertile fields, where all things are asleep.

Before you awake next morning the boat is on its way, following the tow-rope so lazily that it only rocks you into deeper slumber. The light presently frets the matting walls, and when you came them to be uprolled the sky is bright before you in the water, and, beyond the bank, rise the hills in clear silhouette against the glowing east. Now and again a boat, urged by paddles rowing to a musical refrain, passes by, picturesque husbandmen look down upon you from the banks, and here and there a village diversifies the simple view. As the sun climbs higher the air becomes filled with a tender mist impregnated with light. All the details of the mountains are blotted out by it, so that the snowy crests appear to swim in the gay atmosphere. The light mist always lies upon the plain, and seems to be a part of the sky that has fallen there and been forgotten. Nothing is ever hard and clear. All outlines are soft. There is always a glitter of light as though diamond dust were diffused about.

The day passes lazily by, and you find your boat entering the Wular lake. The hills rise from the water on two sides, the plain stretches away on the third. Perhaps you may catch a glimpse of Bandipur on the north bank and of the new zig-zag mule-track, closed to travelers, along which lies the way to Gilgit and the Pamirs—the natural trade-route into Central Asia. The boatmen now bend to their work, for they fear the gusts of wind that sweep unheralded from the hills and make the passage of the lake perilous. It is soon crossed, and you are in the Jhelam again, with the banks and the trees passing lazily by and the hills shifting their position to the bending of the stream.

With a double crew and a moderate backshish you can, no doubt, mount much more swiftly, but no one in a hurry should visit Kashmir. The spirit of the country is not for him. It can be appreciated only by those who can be idle with delight, and can spend without boredom all the hours of a summer day lying on their backs amid beautiful surroundings and thanking Heaven that they are alive. The lazy traveler with his lazy crew will tie up for the night somewhere against the bank, and the morrow will be as its predecessor. Towards evening Srinagar will be near, and fortunate is he who enters its waterway towards sunset, when all the air is full of gold, save where drifts of smoke from the wood fires glide athwart it in bands of blue.

In the full flare of midday the irregular wooden houses that crowd the river banks and the foul alleys look sordid enough; but toward evening, when the sunset lies on the water and floats in the sky, a glamour envelops the whole and makes of the city an ethereal paradise, a place of dreams and wonders, and the people that navigate its streams and canals, not men, but the modeled conceptions of a sculptor's happiest hours, moving about amidst objects from another world. The Mosque of Shah Hamadan is passed about halfway up the town. It is beautiful at all hours of the day, with the beauty, chaste, and reserved, which seems to be the prerogative of almost all Moslem architecture in whatever country it is found. The plated, tent-shaped roofs of the Hindu temples flash back the light from the sky, and even the tawdry palaces of the governing caste borrow for a moment from the witchery of advancing night a dignity not their own. The passage of the town is always exciting, owing to the press and throng of hurrying boats; the contrasting peace that follows when the houses are left behind, and only parks and fields spread on either hand, is all the more delightful. Lines of noble poplars define the margin of the shore and are reflected black in the water. The hills approach. In nother mile the boat reaches its destination—the bangias and camping-ground called the Munshi Bagh, reserved for the use of foreign visitors accompanied by ladies.

To bachelors the Chinar Bagh is assigned. It is a damp but beautiful park, lining one side of the narrow river that connects the Jhelam with the Dal Lake, the pearl of Kashmir. The visitor's first expedition should be to the summit of the hill, close behind the baghs, called the Takti-Sulliman. It is crowned by the most ancient and approximately perfect temple in Kashmir, and it commands a gorgeous panorama. The whole vale spreads abroad on one side to the encircling mountains; the city, with its grass-carpeted, flower-adorned roofs, is at the foot, and its suburbs and fields straggle round and merge into the floating gardens that are moored on the still surface of the lake itself. To see the Dal Lake is to be irresistably attracted towards it. An hour's paddling brings you there. You wander about it and visit the beautiful Moghul Gardens that succeed one another round its banks.

The best of them is, perhaps, the Shalimar Bagh, where Shah Jahan and his favorite wife, Nur Mahal (for whom was built the Taj Mahal at Agra), were reconciled on the Feast of Roses. It is a garden of the formal Persian kind, whose plan is the pattern of so many Oriental carpets. The terraces are symmetrically divided by paths into shady parterres. A marble-bedded stream comes dancing down in the midst, carried over little marble slopes whose surfaces are so engraved in patterns that the water rippling down them looks like crystal drapery. Pools, baths, and fountains, both in the open air and beneath pavilions succeed one another on different levels, and there are picturesque houses on the various terraces whose every window commands an entrancing view between trees and over the lake to the hills that swim in the sky. In such surroundings, by choice in the months of April and May, when the fruit trees are in blossom, the flowers are hurrying forth to greet the sun, and the plains of India are becoming intolerably hot, the traveler may spend delightful days, whose passage, if he be in restful mood, will scarcely be perceived.

Five O'clock Tea at Sherry's.

It was altogether inevitable that a custom held to for some time in Paris should finally be adopted by us, so constant and uninterrupted is the intercourse between the two capitals. Like all our importations of foreign habits, however, this one, the five-o'clock tea at a fashionable confectioner's, has been brought out among us with certain luxurious appointments unknown to the primitive estate—an edition de luxe, as it were, indeed, of an every-day chapter.

In Paris the best known of these teas was given on a little side street, very near to a larger and more famous one, where all day long fashion and beauty, poverty and wealth, toil and idleness, passed up and down before its brilliant shops in endless procession. The door of the confectioner, when you reached it, was a modest, unassuming affair, opening directly on to the pavement. Everything in the way of a sweet was displayed, not always artistically, on the counters within. To the left, as you entered, another room opened—a rather gloomy little room, furnished with small tables. None of its appointments were luxurious. No taste, indeed, was anywhere displayed. There was nothing about the place to allure the uninitiated visitor. Yet here at five o'clock on any afternoon of the week you might have met the most agreeable people of Paris. The American colony always sent large numbers of representatives; the ordinary American traveler was seldom there, having no way of being enlightened as to the customs of older inhabitants. There was neither host nor hostess present. Visitors were free to come and go or linger, as they chose. Tea and some sweet were served. Thus the five-o'clock tea of the English and the afternoon goute of the French were in this way combined, with true feelings, by our compatriots. As a result, one of the charming institutions of American life in Paris was established—an institution now adopted in New York.

Few things stronger in contrast can be imagined, however, than the appointments of the little shop in Paris and those of Sherry's establishment here on Fifth avenue, where the taste, the skill, and the best knowledge of our best architects have been exercised in producing a series of interiors unique among us.

In one of these, the portals of which are guarded by two small black boys in Oriental garments, tea is served every day at five o'clock for the special delectation of those among the fashionable who have, by the payment of a certain sum, been duly constituted members. The casual visitor has no right, as in Paris, to enter. Nor will even an ability to pay the entrance fee admit one. The teas are given by a club, rights to membership in which are governed by the same laws as those controlling any other club purely social in its nature.—Harper's Bazaar.

The History of Iron-Making.

Iron was used before history was written. The stone records of Egypt and the brick books of Nineveh mention it. Genesis (iv., 22) refers to Tubal-Cain as "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," and in Deuteronomy (iii., 11) the bedstead of the giant Og was a "bedstead of iron." The galleys of Tyre and Sidon traded in this metal; Chinese records ascribed to 2000 B. C., refer to it; Homer speaks of it as superior to bronze. The bronze age came before the iron age, because copper, found as a nearly pure metal, easily fuses, and with another soft metal—tin or zink—alloys into hard bronze, while iron, found only as an ore, must have the impurities burnt and hammered out by great heat and force before it can be made into a tool. The word sometimes translated "steel," in our English Bible, really means bronze or brass, but steel was distinctively known to the later ancients. Pliny the elder, wrote in the first century of our era: "Howbeit, as many kinds of iron as there be, none shall match in goodness the steel that comes from the Seres (Chinese), for this commodity also, as hard ware as it is, they send and sell with their soft silks and fine furs. In a second degree of goodness is the Parthian iron." Asia probably made more iron and steel thirty centuries ago than it does to-day. About the time of the first Olympiad, 776 B. C., there is authentic record of the use of iron in Greece, and Lycurgus used it for them oney of Sparta. Iron and steel weapons of war began to displace those of bronze before the battle of Marathon. The Romans learned iron-making from the Greeks and the Etruscans, their mysterious and highly civilized neighbors, and obtained iron largely from Corsica, where the mines had been worked from the prehistoric period. The Roman legionaries found in Spain steel weapons of the finest temper, and Diodorus says that the weapons of the Celtiberians were so keen that "there is no helmet or shield which cannot be cut through by them." Toletum (now Toledo), was then as famous for its sword blades as afterwards in the Middle Ages. Cæsar found the painted Britons fighting with spearheads of bronze, but wearing armlets of iron and remains of pre-Roman forges are still found in England and Wales. The Germans knew the art of sword forging, and their legends of dwarfs and trolls, with magic swords point to an earlier people, adepts in mining and metallurgy.—From "A Bar of Iron," edited by R. R. Bowker, in Harper's Magazine for February.

Small Change.

Small change is indispensable in going about a city. To have only a five-dollar bill in one's purse when riding in an omnibus or car is almost as bad as to have no money. One requires small change, and the thoughtful husband supplies his wife with bright ten-cent pieces and shining quarters just as regularly as with fresh greenbacks. A woman prefers new and fresh money to that which is greasy and soiled, if she can have her choice, and a certain good man, known and loved in a large circle, always makes a point of bringing home to his family the wherewithal for domestic expenses in a very dainty shape. He is deservedly a favorite.

Small change is as valuable in the commerce of life in other departments as in that of the exchequer. There are people who can talk extremely well on learned and serious subjects, but they have no small change. The quick jest and easy repartee of the drawing-room are not for them. Helplessly and hopelessly, with gloom settling over their faces, and despair in their souls, they sit by while less gifted people chat and laugh and have good times. The trouble is they are destitute of small change.

This puts them at a disadvantage in society where there is not time for homilies and treatises, but where everything is froth and foam. The airy butterfly flight of their neighbors confuses and disturbs them. Their forces must, so to speak, be drawn up in order, and prepared to charge on the enemy, horse, foot, and dragoons. All this takes time and thought, and the enemy is up and away, skirmishing triumphantly elsewhere, before the unlucky opponent has arranged his line of battle. By all means let those who would succeed in society carry about the small change of witty conversation.—Harper's Bazar.

The Blankville Mando in Quartet.

In a small town in New York State, a lady recently engaged for her reception the services of the "Blankville Mandolin Quartet." Upon the stated day three darkies appeared on the scene with banjos.

"Why," cried the hostess, aghast, "I—I engaged the Mandolin Quartet."

"Yassum," said the leader. "We's dey."—From the "Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine for February.

Emile Bellenot.

The remains of Emile Bellenot are expected to arrive in this city early this morning. They will be sent to the home of his parents, on Fourteenth street, upon arrival, and the funeral will be held from St. Peter's cathedral on Sunday afternoon. The list of pall-bearers has not yet been completed.

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The Fat Man Was Bluffed for a While, but Recovered on the Count.

"I used to roll a pretty fair game of ten-pins," said the little man.

"I can beat you," put in the fat man, decidedly.

"Oh, I dunno," said the little man.

"I'll roll you on any alley you say and at any time; I can beat you," insisted the fat man.

There was a lot more conversation of this kind, and finally the little man got mad. He pulled out a roll of bills and peeled off a twenty. "I'll bet you $20," he said hotly, "that you can't beat me. I'll bet you $20 that I will beat you seven out of ten games to-morrow afternoon."

The fat man grew cautious. "What's the highest you ever rolled?" he asked. Then he said proudly: "I made 235 once."

"Why, my dear boy," said the little man, "I see that you are an amateur. I rolled ten games the other afternoon and averaged 246."

The fat man's eyes bulged out. "I don't believe it. There ain't a man in Buffalo who can do it!"

"I'll bet you $20 to $5 that I can average more than 235 for twenty games to-morrow afternoon," said the little man, producing his roll of bills again. "I'll bet you $20 or I'll bet you $100. It don't cut any ice with me how large the bet is. I know what I can do. Why, I made 279 and better three games handrunning a week ago."

"I didn't know I was up against a shark," said the fat man feebly. "I can't do any such rolling as that."

"Then don't go to making cracks at me," and the little man waved his roll of money around, to the great discomfort of the fat man and to the enjoyment of the onlookers. "I am a star bowler. You said you could beat me. Now make good your claim or close your face."

"But that rolling is wonderful. I never heard of anything like it." And the fat man wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"Huh!" said the little man, "that isn't a marker to what I have done. Why, one day when I was in good condition I rolled 236."

"What's that?" asked the fat man, sharply.

"Fact. I rolled 236 on White's alleys in New York."

The fat man rose slowly from his seat and looked at his friends. "Here," he said, "somebody kick me around the room a few times."

"What's the matter?" asked the little man.

"Matter?" and there was a world of disgust in the fat man's voice. "Matter? Why, I've been sitting here like a chuckle-headed chump and letting you bluff me about bowling—a game I've played since I was a boy—letting you bluff me, when you, you dodgasted idiot, don't know enough about the game to know that 236 is the highest possible score!"—Buffalo Express.

A Choice of Terms.

"Are you still working for the dry goods firm?" asked one very young man of another.

"No. I am not working for them. I am now in their employ. My salary has been raised from seven dollars a week to ten."

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