NEW CARS FOR A PRESIDENT

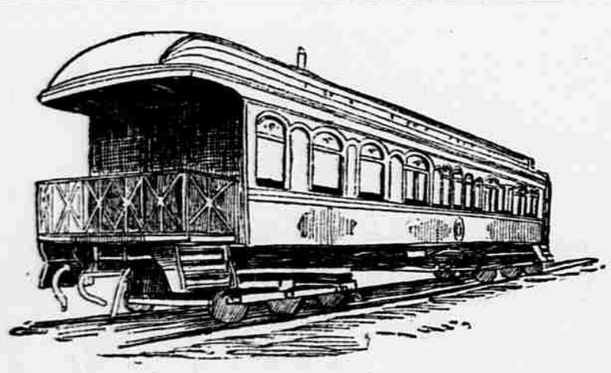
SPECIAL TRAIN RECENTLY BUILT FOR PRESIDENT DIAZ.

No More Finely Furnished Cars Than These Have Ever Been Turned Out—The Pullman's Greatest Effort.

Two very handsome cars have been recently completed at the Pullman works for the special use of President Diaz of the Mexican republic. The official has, says the Illustrated American, several times expressed his desire to see again the United States, when his present term of office expires, and it is not unlikely that he and Madame Diaz will visit this country early in the next century in these cars and renew the pleasant acquaintance formed when General Diaz and his beautiful young bride made their wedding tour to the North in 1884.

The cars are standard gauge. The parlor and sleeping car is sixty-seven feet in length, and the dining car is sixty-eight. The latter is ornamented on its sides with the eagle and serpent coat-of-arms of Mexico, and the exterior finish of both coaches is a pleasing combination of dark and green below, with cream above for the body color and buff above the windows. The same delicate harmony holds in the interior tintings and furnishings. Both are equipped with the latest appliances for speed and safety.

On entering at the rear platform one lands under a rich open canopy that serves as the observation end of the train, and which it is unnecessary to enclose in glass,



MEXICAN PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN.

on account of the mild climate of the South. In the domed ceiling is set an oil lamp, petroleum being the means of lighting for both cars, on account of the difficulty of operating electricity or the other improved illuminating systems in that country.

The first compartment, on entering the car, is the reception room of the president, which is finished in East Indian vermilion wood and from which leads back a passage twenty-seven feet in length, on to which open the private apartments of the President and Madame Diaz and the guest section. The president's private room is finished and furnished in Empire style, with St. Jago mahogany, and that of Madame Diaz is of Louis Quinze pattern, with primavera wood. Off the latter is a beautifully finished bathroom.

The car is carpeted in Royal Wilton, with borderings to match, and the window curtainings are of neutral green, silk-faced Austrain material. There are also costly festoon draperies of heavy embroidered silk, fringed and tasseled. The upholstering is of red-embossed plush, fine green frieze plush, cream and blue silk tapestry, Spanish brown frieze and golden bronze haircloth. The various draperies are of Halford rose damask, sage green and royal blue silk.

Wide vestibules lead into the dining car, which is the second toward the engine from the rear. All of the vestibule railing and interior platform metal is of red bronze.

Entrance to the dining car is given through an ante room in English and Pollard oak, adjoining which is a stateroom

MME. DIAZ'S APARTMENT.

finished in St. Jago mahogany. The dining room, in Italian Rennaissance style, is finished in East Indian vermilion wood. Both cars bear the insignia and monogram of the Mexican nation on the upper window gothics and above the window openings. In this car semi-detached Ionic columns, with carved capitals, support an entablature with pediment, in the center of which is the carved coat-of-arms. The frieze is decorated with marquetry.

The ceiling is vaulted with continuous ribs of carving and marquetry, and the ends of the vaults contain grills of red bronze, with inworked insignia of the nation, and decorated in colors. The room contains a solid vermilion extension dining table for seating twelve persons, sideboard, folding desk, and folding beds for the attendants.

The equipment of the dining room and kitchen is very elaborate, but it is doubtful if the Mexican cook and attendants will understand the use of half the articles which make up the outfit. The cars are bought by the Mexican government, by act of the congress and senate, and will be duly presented to President Diaz and his wife on their arrival at the capital.

The Perils to British Industry.

From the American Review of Reviews.

The real work to which the new policy for the new time summons the energies of the commonwealth is the quickening of the sluggish intelligence of our people, the concentration of attention upon the revival of British industry, and the re-establishment of our manufacturing supremacy. Education in all its branches, from the kindergarten to the university, is the one chance of success. Whether it is in agriculture, in commerce, or in manufacture, the old policy of laissez faire has broken down. To tamper with free trade is a confession of failure crowned by suicide. But the time has come when the highest organs of the state must be invoked for the purpose of winning the battle, which at present is going sorely against us owing to lack of organized and directing intelligence. The report of the Irish recess committee has reminded us how agriculture has been revived in Denmark and manufactures in Bavaria by the energetic and sustained efforts of the intelligence department of the state. Something like that will have to be done here. Wherever any industry shows signs of going under through the stress of foreign competition, there should be.

HELIGOLAND VANISHING.

Not Long Before Sandbanks Will Mark Where It Now Stands.

There lives at the mouth of Elbe, about twenty-five miles from the flat North German coast, a little island which is a striking instance of the instability of things below.

In 1807 England took it from Denmark during Napoleon's continental system. Its harborage and wells were worth the four batteries, the garrison, and the lighthouse the English erected on it. They maintained a governor there, too; but as he levied no taxes, and did not in any way interfere with the old laws or their administration, he must have been a merely ornamental appendage.

In 1890 the little island again changed hands, being made over to Germany in return for certain concessions in Africa to England. The emperor took formal possession of it, and has ratified his ownership by rebuilding the church steeple. Its roof is wooden and painted bright green.

One wonders how many generations of German school children will have had the new name included in their geography lesson before the place itself will have disappeared altogether, for the political changes of Heligoland are as nothing in comparison with its physical vicissitudes. It is crumbling away into the sea that chafes and frets around its rocky base, effacing itself more rapidly than any other place of the same size under scientific observation.

And so lately as 1770 the channel of ten fathoms deep was formed, cutting the remaining portion in two. Since then the work of disintegration has gone on at such a rate that descriptions and pictures of even sixty years ago are quite misleading now.

Photographs of to-day, compared with views taken twenty years ago, show plainly how quickly the work of ruin is going on. Single columns now only are to be seen, where arches were, one side of them having been washed quite away. These arches and the caves to which they sometimes lead are a picturesque element in the scenery of Heligoland.

Heligoland is simply a slab of red marl, rising very abruptly about 200 feet out of the sea. There is the Unterland, a flat stretch of strand on which is a cluster of houses. Boats and steamers come and go, and passengers are landed there. This Unterland runs close up under one of the wall-like cliffs of the island proper, a cliff too steep for any practical paths to be made up its face.

Communications with the summit, or Oberland, is therefore by means of a staircase of 192 steps, divided into four flights. This unique arrangement has been supplemented of late years by a huge lift close by.

Around the point to which these lead on the Oberland are more houses. So close are they to the edge of the cliff, so huddled together in this one corner, that they suggest the fancy that dwellings once scattered over the whole surface of the island have been swept hither like dead leaves by the wind, and that some have dropped over to find a resting place on the Unterland below.

The thrifty islanders turn their position to good account and reap a harvest from the sea. They send quantities of fish to Hamburg, Cuxhaven and other towns, to be sold or exchanged for the turf of wood, or other necessaries not native to Heligoland. They are of Frisian descent, and though they understand low German they have kept their own language, as well as their costume and customs.

There are now only 1,800 inhabitants, a startling decrease. Sixty years ago the population was 2,400, and at one period of the English occupation it rose to 4,000. But as the whole island measures less than three miles in circumference one can hardly call it a scattered population even now.

Mighty sandbanks are the Dunen, probably the debris of a considerable part of the island itself. It lies to the northeast of Heligoland.

One can row over in half an hour, one can sail there with a favoring breeze in ten minutes, but under adverse circumstances the passage may occupy three-quarters of an hour. There is a fine pavilion, where refreshments can be had and convenient arrangements for bathing and fishing.

THE "FIGHTING DIET."

Pluck, Thinks This Man, Comes of Eating Vegetables—Meat Eating Produces Cowards.

The noted Mr. G. B. Shaw, in an interview in the London Vegetarian, is thus quoted: I regret to say that vegetarianism is a fighting diet. Ninety-nine per cent of the world's fighting has been done on farinaceous food. In Trafalgar square I found it impossible to run away as fast as the meat eaters did. Panic is a carnivorous specialty. If the army were fed on a hardy, healthy, fleshless diet we should hear no more of the disgust of our colored troops and of the Afridis and Fuzzywuzzies at the cowardice of Tommy Atkins. I am myself congenitally timid, but as a vegetarian I can generally conceal my tremors; whereas, in my unregenerate days, when I ate my fellow creatures, I was as patent a coward as Peter the Great. The recent spread of fire-eating fiction and jingo war worship—a sort of thing that only interests the pusillanimous—is due to the spread of meat eating. Compare the Tipperary peasant of the potatoes-and-buttermilk days with the modern gentleman who gorges himself with murdered cow. The Tipperary man never read bloody-minded novels or cheered patriotic music hall tableaux, but he fought recklessly and wantonly. Your carnivorous gentleman is afraid of everything—including doctors, dogs, disease, death and truth-telling.

FREAKS OF FITFUL FANCY.

OCCURRENCES LONG FORGOTTEN REVIVED IN DREAMS.

Naval Officer Furnishes Amusement for His Associates—Bank Clerk Found a Small Deficit Explained in Dreamland.

What fantastic tricks doth sleep,
Which Ovid makes a potent deity,
With us poor mortals in the night hour play,
When passive are our intellects, as 'twere,
Wide open lying to incursions dark
Of vagrant powers of air, which haunt the night.
—B. W. Ball.

True I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air.
—Shakespeare.

McNish, in his work on "The Philosophy of Sleep," tells us that dreams never occur during a state of perfect slumber, but when we are in some degree, or when one or more of our senses are awake, and in active condition. His theory is: A suspension (almost always complete) of the judgment, and an active state of memory, but along with them there is usually a torpor of the organs, of the senses and of the powers of voluntary motion, the same as in complete sleep. Dreaming, therefore, is a state of partial slumber, in which certain parts of the brain are asleep or deprived of their sensorial power, while others continue awake, or possess their accustomed proportions, and whatever produces dreams has the effect of exhausting this power in one set of faculties, while it leaves it untouched in others. Dreaming, then, takes place when the repose is broken, and consists of a series of thoughts or feelings called into existence by certain powers of the mind, while the other mental powers, which control these thoughts or feelings, are inactive.

Revival of Old Associations.

Among the most curious and unaccountable of dreams are those consisting of the revival of old associations, respecting things which had entirely passed out of the memory, and which seemed to have been forgotten. Dr. Abercrombie relates an instance which came under his knowledge. A gentleman was at the time connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow, and was at his place at the teller's table, where money is paid, when a person entered demanding payment of a sum of £6. There were several people waiting who were in turn entitled to be attended before him; but he was extremely impatient, and rather noisy, and being a remarkable stammerer he became so annoying that another gentleman requested the teller to pay him his money and get rid of him. He did so, accordingly, but with an expression of impatience at being obliged to attend to him before his turn, and thought no more of the transaction.

At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months afterward, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly £6. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavoring to discover the error, but without success; when at last the teller returned home and went to bed. He dreamed of being at his place at the bank, and the whole transaction with the stammerer as now detailed passed before him in all its particulars. He awoke under a full impression that the dream was to lead him to the discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of, and on examination soon discovered that the sum paid to this person in manner above mentioned had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance.

A Warning in a Dream.

In 1553, Nicholas Wolton, then the English ambassador at the court of France, dreamed two nights in succession that his nephew, Thomas Wolton, then in England, was about to join in an enterprise which would result in the death and ruin of himself and family. To prevent such a catastrophe, he wrote to Queen Mary, and begged her to send for his nephew, and cause him to be examined for the lords of the council on some frivolous pretence, and committed to the tower. This was done, and on the ambassador's return, Thomas Wolton confessed to him that, but for his committal to prison he would have joined the insurrection led by Sir Thomas Wyatt.

It is also recorded, by the way, of the same Thomas Wolton, that he, being then in Kent, dreamed one night that the Oxford university treasury had been robbed by five persons; and as he was writing to his son at the university the next day, he mentioned his dream. Singular to relate the letter reached Sir Henry Wolton on the morning after the robbery had actually been committed and led to the discovery of the perpetrators.

During an investigation in the north of Scotland, respecting an atrocious murder committed on a peddler, a man came forward voluntarily, and declared that he had a dream in which there was represented to him a house, and a voice directed him to a spot near the house in which there was buried the pack, or box for small articles of merchandise, of the murdered person. On search being made the pack was found, but not exactly at the spot the dreamer had mentioned, yet very near it. The first impression on the minds of the public authorities was, that he was either the murderer or an accomplice in the crime. But the individual accused was soon after clearly convicted. Before his execution he fully confessed his crime, and in the strongest manner possible exculpated the dreamer from any participation in or knowledge of the murder.

Dream Foretold a Death.

A gentleman residing in the county of Cornwall, in the west of England, had a dream which foreshadowed the death of Mr. Percival, the statesman, eight days before the murder was committed. His dream ran that he was standing in the lobby of the house of commons, when he saw a small man enter, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat. Immediately afterward he saw a man, dressed in a brown coat, with yellow basket metal buttons, draw a pistol from under his coat, and discharge it at the former, who instantly fell. The blood issued from a wound a little below the left breast. He saw the murderer seized by some gentlemen who were present, and observed his countenance, and upon asking who the gentleman was who was shot, he was told that it was the chancellor of the exchequer. He then awoke and mentioned the dream to his wife, who made light of it. But in the course of the night the dream occurred three times, without the least variation in any of the circumstances. He was now so much impressed by it that he felt much inclined to give notice to Mr. Percival, but was dissuaded by some friends whom he consulted, who assured him that he would only get himself treated like a fanatic. On the evening of the eighth day after he received the account of the murder. Being in London a short time afterward he found in the print shops a representation of the scene, and recognized in it the countenances and dress of the parties, the blood on Mr. Percival's waistcoat, and the peculiar yellow basket buttons on Bellingham, the murderer's, coat, precisely as he had so vividly seen them in his dream.

Dream of Murder.

There is a very circumstantial account extant, of two friends who entered a town together, but being unable to get accommodation in the same inn, separated. In the middle of the night one of them heard his friend calling to him for help. He awoke from his sleep, but, finding it was only a dream, he immediately went to sleep again, but awoke directly after he had fallen asleep, by hearing, as it appeared to him, his friend's cries for help. Again he fell asleep and dreamed that his friend stood all bloody beside his bed, and said to him:

"Though you would not come to help me, at least avenge my death. The landlord of the inn where you left me intends to carry my body out of the town, concealed in a load of straw."

The young man was so impressed by this dream that he dressed himself and went to the city gates, where he remained until they were opened. Shortly afterward he saw a cartload of straw approaching, and in the driver he recognized the landlord of the inn where he had left his friend. He appealed to the guards at the gates, told them of his suspicions, and without much trouble induced them to search the straw, and there they found the dead body of his friend, whom the landlord confessed he had murdered.

Dr. Abercrombie relates that a lady dreamed that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so strangely impressed by it that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room the following night. About 3 o'clock in the morning, the gentleman, hearing footsteps upon the stairs, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused manner, that he was going to mend his mistress' fire, which, at 3 o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and on further investigation a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals.

Dream of Drowning.

Another lady, the doctor tells us, dreamed that her nephew, quite a boy, had been drowned along with some companions with whom he had been engaged to go on a sailing excursion on the Firth of Forth. She sent for him in the morning and prevailed upon him to give up the engagement. His companions went, and were all drowned.

Lord Stanhope is credited with relating that a lord of the admiralty, who was on a visit to Mr. Edgecumbe, dreamed that, walking on the seashore, he picked up a book which appeared to be the log book of a ship of war, of which his brother was the captain. He opened it, and read an entry of the longitude and latitude as well as the day and hour, to which was added, "Our captain died." The company endeavored to comfort him by laying a wager that the dream would be falsified, and a memorandum was made in writing of what he stated, which was afterward confirmed in every particular. But enough for the present.

INFANT MUSICAL PRODIGY.

Ruby Mason, a 7-Year-Old Girl of New Haven, Is an Adept in Performance on Grand Piano.

Ruby Mason, the 7-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Mason of New Haven, Conn., is one of the American musical prodigies. Her friends declare that she is as genuine a prodigy as any that has amazed and delighted Europe for several years.

Little Mistress Mason began to manifest her ability to grasp music when she was an

RUBY MASON.

infant in arms, and as a tot spontaneously picked out tunes on a piano. She followed this with practice on the melodeon, and is now adept in performance on the grand piano. She has mastered difficult classical works, and her performances are nothing short of marvelous. This little miss is small for her age. She has flossy hair and rose pink complexion. Her parents intend to bring her out in stage concerts soon.

SLEEP AND DREAMS.

How Agassiz Worked Out a Scientific Problem in His Dreams.

From the London Spectator.

The letters on sleep and dreams in the Spectator remind me of a case in the experience of Agassiz, and which he told me himself, though it is recorded in his work on the American fishes. He was studying a fossil fish in the Jardin des Plantes, but had never been able to determine the species to his satisfaction. After a time he dreamed that he caught the very fish, and without difficulty determined the question, thinking, as he awoke from the dream, that he would have no difficulty. But on returning to the fossil, something in the dream had escaped him, and he could no more determine the species than before. The next night he had the same dream, and again forgot the essential point. He then determined to take a pencil and paper with him to bed, and make his note as soon as he awoke. The dream came the third time, but, to his surprise, on fully awakening, he found the drawing made and lying on the table at his bedside, with three bones displayed in it which were not visible in the fossil, and which solved the problem. On returning to the Jardin des Plantes, he obtained permission of his friend, the director, to chip away a scale of stone which lay on the spot where the bones were in the drawing, and found them there as the drawing had given them. It is thirty years since Agassiz told me the incident, but those who have access to his history of the North American fishes will be able to read it in his own words in the introduction, and correct my version if my memory has in any detail failed me.

Quaint Old Books.

The quaint, old books which were used to train up the juvenile mind in the way it should go some hundred of years ago are very amusing to-day. The Edinburgh New Alphabet contains four letters to a page. "I" stands for idiot—a weird figure astride a hobby-horse, with a fool's cap on his head, a ruff about his neck. "Z" stands for zoologist. He is a benevolent party sitting in a valley making notes, while lions, elephants, seaserpents and wild fowl are interestedly looking

over his shoulder, no doubt, to see that their various eccentricities are properly recorded. A typical children's book is "Flowers of Instruction," of which the frontispiece is shown. This volume has poems on "Falsehood," "Filial Duty," "Gratitude," "Disobedience" and "Curiosity." This especial picture shows the demure mamma holding a mirror so that her angry little daughter may see her features disfigured by her rage and desist in shame. Children of that time, by the way, never "stopped"—they "desisted." The lines that go with the picture are:

What is so hateful to the sight,
What can so soon deform
Features intended to delight
As passion's angry storm?

The Most Desired Favor.

From the Boston Herald.

A Connecticut young man had a favor conferred upon him at a cotillon the other night that nearly paralyzed him. When the moment came for a favor to be given him his hostess stepped forward and presented him with the only girl of his choice. "Take and keep her," she said; "she is yours!" "Heavens alive!" gasped the happy lover. "Is this true?" And then the "only girl," whose answer to a certain question he had asked a month ago, straightway rose to the tip of her toes, and in view of the assembled company, pressed a dainty kiss on his mouth, declaring: "Yes, it is true." Then everybody congratulated the pair and the dance went on with a rush. The cotillon has its uses, after all.

There were two, a young Miss and a Mr.,
She slapped him, then straightway he kr.
She drew back as if stung,
But the mischief was done,
For her cheek bore a whopping big blr.
—J. E. T.

MR. CARLISLE IN NEW YORK.

HE HAS LEFT HIS OLD KENTUCKY HOME FOREVER.

Some Pen Pictures of the Great ex-Secretary of the Treasury as He Appears in the National Metropolis.

John G. Carlisle, recently secretary of the treasury under Cleveland, ex-United States senator and one of the most thorough statesmen of the day, is now practicing law in New York.

Few people who meet him every day on the street recognize his clean-cut face without the shadow of a hair ever upon it, his neat, well dressed but slightly drooping figure, know him as a man not of the common throng of money graspers of the great metropolis.

A Pen Picture of Carlisle.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Tribune has thus described him: "A tall, somber-looking man, in funeral black." He can be seen every morning at 9 o'clock, turning from Broadway into Wall street, where he has an office in the great building, at Exchange place and Broad street. "Nobody," says the Tribune's correspondent, "heeds him at that busy hour and place. If, perchance, among the hurrying crowds there are any who are sufficiently impressed by his distinctly original personality to give him a second glance, the chances are even that they mentally classify him as a priest of the Roman Catholic church. His appearance very decidedly suggests that calling. A clerical collar comes evenly together under the chin, the broad four-in-hand cravat of dead black so nearly covers the shirt front that only two little gleams of white appear on either side between it and the high-cut lapels of the black waistcoat."

A Contrast of Less Than Two Years.

One naturally, regarding the contrast of now with two little years ago, quotes quietly to himself Anthony's epigram:

"But yesterday his word 'might have stood against the world.' Now, 'none so poor to do him reverence.'" So the Tribune says: "A little more than a year ago the mere rumor that he was in the New York money center would have set telegraph instruments clicking and tongues wagging from one end of the country to the other. The newspapers would have printed columns under glaring headlines about the event. His every movement would have been followed; his lightest word recorded. Now he comes and goes almost unnoticed."

The ex-secretary resides at No. 4 Washington square. He has turned his back forever upon Kentucky. He is, from a New York point of view, a poor man. He had a house in K street, Washington, D. C., for which he paid $24,000, and he had an interest in some alleged mines in Kentucky. This but a short time ago was practically the sum of all his possessions. He did once own a house in Covington, Ky., but he sold it as far back as 1886. His only source of income for years back was his salary, and his salary was easily absorbed in his annual living expenses.

His Handsome Practice in New York.

But Mr. Carlisle has a handsome income, nevertheless. He found a great law practice of the highest character awaiting him in New York. The firm with which he, under certain reservations, associated himself is that of Curtis, Mallet-Prevost & Colt, No. 30 Broad street. They do a great Mexican and South American business.

Senator Carlisle is nominal counsel-at-law to this firm of counselors-at-law. His name, separated by a dash from those of the members of the firm proper, so appears on the entrance door to the offices. Cases of intricate difficulty are submitted to him for analysis and elucidation. In addition to this he does a large private business of his own, in the course of which he has argued a number of important questions during the short time he has been in New York—Southern railway cases among others. His remarkable presentation of the subject of discriminating duties in his argument before the attorney general is still fresh in mind.

The senator's office is a large, bright room, with a long consultation table in the center and a modest little writing table over by the window, at which the late secretary of the treasury sits and does his work.

Senator Carlisle appears hardly older today than he did ten years ago.

Some Views of Great Orators.

When asked the other day as to whom he regarded as the greatest orator in a congress of his day he said, "Garfield as a speaker and debater, I think, was the first. He had a wonderful command of vigorous language. He told me once that he was so overwhelmed with words which rushed upon him when he was speaking that he was often bewildered to make a choice. It was a veritable embarrassment of riches. He was remarkable in this command of language, a brilliant phrase-maker and very epigrammatic."

"And there were humorists as well as orators in congress. Senator, who was the most humorous speaker?"

"S. S. Cox, I think. Hoar and Allen were humorous speakers, too. But Cox's humor was, I think, the most polished of any congressional speaker I remember.

"But Garfield was the leader as an orator and deservedly the leader of his party. Yet Garfield gave way, I sometimes thought, too easily. He would yield a position he had taken sometimes under the urging of men in his party who were not worthy to unloosen his shoes. Garfield, for instance, at heart was in reality far from being a protectionist to the extent that his party indorsed that principle. I was very fond of Garfield. He and Randolph Tucker and I were always very warm friends."

THEY WENT ON A DRUNK.

Mother Bear and Cubs Have an Excitingly Interesting Time After Drinking Raw Alcohol.

John S. Early, an old Adirondack guide, recently had an experience on the Fulton Chain that will keep him in good humor during the remainder of the winter.

A week ago, while returning in snowshoes from Fourth lake, he heard a commotion in a lumber camp. Creeping to a window he saw a sight that caused him to doubt his senses. Three bears, a mother and two cubs, were in the only room of the shanty. One of the cubs lay in a stupor on the floor. The other club was struggling to its feet and the old bear was cavorting about the room. She fell over the cubs, poked them with her nose and stopping now and then licked the floor where several broken bottles lay.

The bears were apparently crazy, and Early, who had only a revolver and knife, decided to bring help and kill or capture them. He went to the Bald Mountain hotel on Third lake and returned with two men to find that the bears had left the place.

Then Early found that three bottles of raw alcohol had been broken. The bears had been on a drunk. Lumbermen in this region drink alcohol diluted with water. The men had left the camp for a trip down to Old Forge and the bears had broken the door down and after ransacking the place of its supplies had discovered the alcohol. It was a new and pleasing drink and the first spree of the animals had followed.

BAD POLL PARROT.

His Experience With a Snake, Though, Makes a Pretty Good Story.

Abel Martine, a farmer living near Metushen, N. J., has a pet parrot which he prizes. The bird is a great talker and uses sometimes words which some men use when in hot temper.

The parrot has lots of freedom and wanders about the Martine place at its own sweet will. Sometimes it is necessary to search the place for the bird. Monday Polly took a stroll out of doors. When it had been gone several hours its owner went to search for it. But the parrot wasn't to be found.

Shortly after this the hired girl, an Irish maiden, rushed into the house screaming:

"Oh, Lordy, that snake! Shure it's the divil himself."

When Martine asked what was the matter the girl gasped something about "behind the barn," and there Martine went. The only thing he saw was a big black snake with a bloated appearance and its jaws gaping. Suddenly there proceeded, apparently from those jaws, a torrent of profanity that seemed to justify the hired girl's remark about the "divil." But Mr. Martine doesn't drink any, moreover he recognized the voice as that of the missing parrot. So he dispatched the snake and with a knife released his pet.

The parrot emerged from its close quarters and as it smoothed down its ruffled plumage, remarked:

"That —— —— snake came —— near croaking me."

NO LONGER A MYTH.

Discovery of the Tomb of Menes, the First Egyptian King.

From the London Chronicle.

A most interesting discovery has been made by Dr. Borchardt, of the Gizeh Museum, which adds immensely to our knowledge of early Egyptian history, provided it is fully sustained. The scholars have hitherto told us that the origins of Egyptian history were wrapped in absolute obscurity, and in particular that the founder of the first Egyptian dynasty, whose name was Menes, was a mythical person, like Cadmus, of Thebes, and old Anchises, and many other worthies who, in simpler times, were regarded as real men. To Menes were ascribed as the ancient Egyptians the canals of Egypt and the union of Upper and Lower Egypt into one kingdom.

Last year a tomb was discovered near Thebes, and now Dr. Borchardt has identified that tomb with that of Menes, who turns out to have been a real character. The bones and the seal of Menes, whose body was buried, not embalmed, and the inscription in which he calls himself the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, have been so clearly identified that it would appear there is little ground for doubt. At least the authority of M. de Morgan and Dr. Borchardt cannot lightly be set aside, and they are agreed as to this tomb being that of the real founder of the first Egyptian dynasty. In other words, Menes was no myth, but a real human being, the founder of a kingdom which endured, under the guidance of a great and powerful priesthood, for thousands of years.

It is clear that there is far more in ancient traditions then the skepticism of modern historians, especially of the German school, has been wont to admit. Much of the old Roman tradition set aside by Niebuhr has now been vindicated beyond all dispute by the actual evidence of brick and stone. The Biblical records, which some of the critics tried to dissolve away into thin air, have been justified by tangible evidence. One school of critics resolved Abraham into a sun myth, but the personality of the mighty founder of the most tenacious race in human history stands out again in its imposing outlines. The German advanced criticism of the New Testament has been pretty severely handled by the still newer critics with the latest learning. The methods of Strauss no longer hold in the minds of serious thinkers.

It seems not unlikely that much of the ancient history will be reconstructed, not as the subjective critics who evolved camels out of their moral consciousness imagined, but by a very substantial incorporation of much that was held to be legendary or mythical into the surer history of the future. The new history calls archaeology, craniology and inscriptions to its aid and so earns for itself a position of strength which before our century was unknown. The strange paradox is brought about that the further we are removed from ancient times the more we know about them. In a special degree it may be said that a fairly complete reconstruction of Egyptian history and religion would be a most important contribution to the knowledge of the history of mankind and this knowledge seems to be on the point of being obtained. According to M. de Morgan, real Egyptian history begins with a race of conquerors whose origin was probably in Babylonia. They brought with them wheat and barley, the ox, the sheep, the goat, the beginnings of writing and perhaps the use of tools. They blended with the primitive race living in the stone age and from that union the historic Egyptians proceeded. It was this mixed race which built the pyramids and temples. So far, if M. de Morgan is to be relied on, and there are few more trustworthy investigators, have the researches into the history of old Egypt led us, and it is a long way.

Big Hats and Headache.

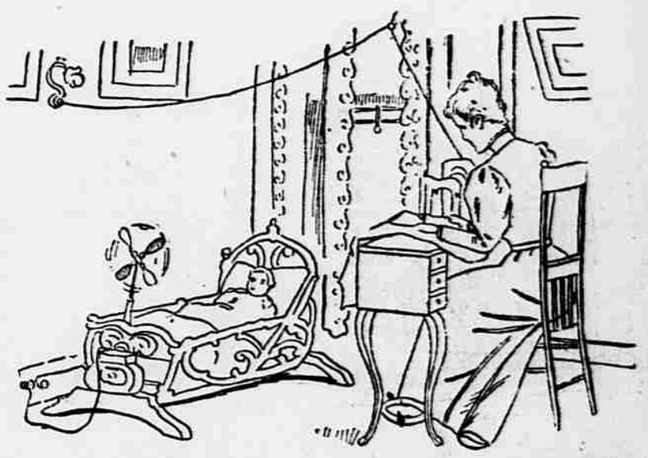
The enormous hats worn by some ladies of the present day are said to cause a peculiarly irritating kind of headache. The weight of these hats in itself is too heavy for the delicate cranium of a woman, but worst of all is the anxiety the lady must feel in keeping such a thing poised on her head. A physician who was consulted prescribed the usual remedies for what ladies called the migraine, but strongly advised them to put aside such headgear and wear light, reasonable bonnets. This physician says that, although he is no alarmist, he is of opinion that the exaggerated hats overladen with ornaments which many ladies now wear are responsible for a good deal of the peevishness, fretfulness and incipient mental aberration which characterize so many who pride themselves on being in the fashion.

MOTOR USED ON THE CRADLE

BABY SOOTHED TO SLUMBER BY THE ELECTRIC CURRENT.

Newest Nursery Feature—Puzzling Colored Lights Which Revolve to Hold the Child's Attention.

The baby has been the last member of the family to which electricity has proved a boon. All the other members of the family down to the cook have in one form or another been beneficiaries of electric science, and now the electric cradle, with its fanciful revolving fairy-like lights, delights the heart of its youngest member. In many of the American residences electricity is employed for lighting, for electric elevators and sundry minor domestic purposes, and for such houses the motor cradle is now provided. This device is a great improvement on the old rocker, as it can be set in motion and will run indefinitely, and is capable of regulation, so that any degree of oscillation can be secured. The motion is imparted to the cradle by means of a small electric motor, and connection with the current supply being made by means of a flexible cord and plug attached either to the electrolier or to a special socket in the baseboard. The motion may be accelerated or slackened simply by turning a switch, causing the motor to run at different speeds. At the foot of the cradle is a revolving globe studded with lamps of different colors, and as soon as the cradle is set in motion these are illumined and their ever-changing colors are a constant source of delight to the children. Any one



THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF ROCKING THE BABY.

who has watched a child assume the most uncomfortable positions in a trolley car will appreciate the amusement these revolving lights will afford a baby. Once baby's mind is directed to the lamp the slow, even motion of the cradle and the constant flickering lights soon lull him to sleep.

Some new models of sewing machines are now built so that a motor can be readily affixed and the pedal motion dispensed with entirely. A motor capable of running a sewing machine is sold for about double the cost of the machine, and the cost of the power is inconsiderable when compared with the saving of muscular exertion. When the motor is thus applied the pedal is used for turning the current on and off.

EXTRA TOES AND FINGERS.

Family of an Iowa Farmer Who Are Well Off as Regards Appendages to Hand and Foot.

James Weatherby, a farmer living near West Union, Ia., has five fingers and a thumb on his right hand and six toes on each foot. He has ten children, five of whom have five fingers and a thumb on each hand.

Usually freaks of this nature are positive inconveniences to the possessors of extra toes and fingers. In the case of the Weatherbys the extra toes are of no practical benefit or disadvantage, but the extra fingers are of actual advantage. With them they are enabled to perform feats that others cannot perform and to handle articles with greater ease.

Each finger is perfectly formed. The formation is so perfect and so regular that the extra finger is scarcely noticed until attention is called to it. And it is so of every one of the five children who are thus equipped. On the other five children there is no trace of the extra fingers or toes.

James Weatherby was a boyhood friend of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She went to West Union once to lecture. Mr. Weatherby met her at the station, extended his hand in greeting and called her by the familiar name of her girlhood days and told her he wanted her to go home with him, that they were expecting her. Mrs. Stanton started back in surprise. He interpreted her protestation, and, holding up his right hand, said:

"Count the fingers and you will know me."

Mrs. Stanton looked at the fingers.

"Why, Jim Weatherby," she said, "It's you. I'm so glad to see you. Of course I'll go home with you."

Weatherby says that the extra fingers have served him and his children on numerous other occasions as a means of identification.

A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

For more than 100 years it has been known that the Yaqui Indians of Sonora, Mex., possessed a vegetable specific remedy for hydrophobia absolutely sure to cure and not in the least degree poisonous.

Every effort has been made, particularly of late years, to induce some member of the tribe to part with the knowledge of the remedy, but till recently attempts failed. At last, however, an American, Mr. J. S. Bell, has succeeded in penetrating this carefully guarded secret. The specific now proves to have been taken from a shrub quite common in Sonora and elsewhere in Mexico. This shrub, shown in the accompanying illustration, which is reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. Bell, is not even known to botanists so far as can be learned.

In a statement concerning his discovery, which accompanies the photograph herewith produced, Mr. Bell says: "The shrub, purely a native of Mexico, is to be found in different localities in the Sierra Madre range, growing most luxuriantly at an altitude of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet. My investigations concerning the period during which it has been in use have been very exhaustive, and I have found that legends of the Yaquis carry it back for centuries.

"The Indians tell me that they have never known an instance where it failed, and this is particularly wonderful when you stop to think that in Sonora the bite of many animals produces hydrophobia. As a result the Indians have suffered greatly from this malady, and I really cannot imagine what they would have done without the secret of the shrub.

"My attention was first called to the shrub during a journey through the mountains in search of vegetable species containing medical qualities. I have spent the greater portion of the last four years in the mountains and on the plains of New Mexico and Arizona and in the states of Chihuahua and Sonora, all the time seeking the truth about this shrub.

"In connection with this it is interesting to know that in Chihuahua and Sonora there are any quantity of herbs of superior medical qualities, many of which have been in use by the Indian tribes in a crude fashion for a very long time. A number of these are not known to the medical world at all, as near as I can learn, as specimens of them have been so difficult to secure, owing to the great danger of which exploring parties have been exposed up to the time of the signing of the peace treaties by the Indians. I have been fortunate enough to be of service to the Indians on several occasions, and this accounts for the protection afforded me."