

SOME Chinamen in New York have started an illustrated Chinese weekly newspaper.

The late Eugene Limmel, the London performer, left an estate valued at \$100,000.00.

A UNITED STATES man-of-war was sold in the Brooklyn Navy Yard a few days ago for \$10.

A JOURNAL which calls itself "The official paper of the church of God" is to be published at Stanbury, Mo.

The largest flour mill in the world will be established at Duluth. The capacity will be 6,000 barrels a day.

It costs South Carolina \$75,000 a year to pension those disabled and the widows of those killed in the late war.

WALTER H. WARREN, of Brooklyn, is suffering with some disease closely resembling hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a man.

The annual Congress of the National Prison Association of the United States will convene in Boston on the evening of July 14.

ROAN DOG, the big medicine man of the Sioux, finding his mother dead and his reputation gone, sent a bullet through his heart last week.

The four leading female colleges in the United States are: Wellesley, with 320 students; Vassar, with 283; Smith, 267, and Bryn-Mawr, with 71.

A PATRIOTIC, old New Yorker says that if it wasn't for his dog days and cat nights, New York in summer would be an ideal place of residence.

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The Dayton Car Works have nearly 5,000 cars to build for the roads under the control of the Huntington syndicate, the Chesapeake & Ohio being one of the number.

MATTHEW W. SEDAM, an eccentric old man who died at Terre Haute, Ind., last week, was buried in a coffin which for twenty-five years had kept in his bedroom.

THE Mormon Church is apparently contemplating a descent on Mexico, its agents having completed the preliminaries for the purchase of 400,000 acres of land in the State of Chihuahua.

A NEW YORK studio is dimly lighted as dusk comes on by a pile of skulls smeared with phosphorus. To the topmost one is fastened a bone containing a candle. It is a lady's studio, too.

In the past five years the people of the United States have taken out of the ground in minerals of one sort or another \$647,395,041 more in value than the aggregate amount of our debt in 1886.

ACCORDING to geographical computations, the minimum age of the earth since the formations of the primitive soils is 21,000,000 years, allowing 100,000 years since the appearance of man upon the globe.

An immense pipe of baked clay, that probably belonged to some distinguished mound builder of prehistoric days, was recently dug up near Purdy, Tenn. It weighs four and one-half pounds and is in the shape of an eagle.

UNDERGROUND cables are now laid in thick-grooved glass plates, in each groove of which a single wire is placed and cemented in place with pitch, which is as perfect a non-conductor as glass, and the only other insulator used.

The wife of a Buffalo physician has recently been adjudged insane because of a strange mania for fans. She was accustomed, when out shopping to purchase every fan she saw, regardless of cost, and accumulated a magnificent collection.

BACK of Senator Morrill's appropriation of \$17,000 to make a wing of the Smithsonian Institution fire proof is a gift of armor, said to be the finest in the world, and worth a million dollars, but the Vermont Senator will not yet tell who the donor is.

THERE is no city in the world in which so much black ink is worn as in Paris, writes a correspondent. It is a rule in all large establishments that the saleswomen should be clad in black. Dark colors are made the badge of respectability.

WILLIAM WINTHROP ALLER, of Medford, Mass., is now the oldest living alumnus of Harvard. He was born January 26, 1794, and was a member of the class of 1817, of which Hon. George Bancroft and Samuel E. Sewall, of Boston, are the only surviving members.

VERMONT is falling in to a state of ruin. The status are moss-grown, water infiltrates into the arches of the oratory from the terrace above and the southern wing of the palace has so gone to decay that large stones often tumble from the cornice, while the roof is hardly a protection from the rain.

REFORMATION IN GHOSTS.

The Wonderful Change Apparent in the Specters of Current Lore—Folite and Unobtrusive Spirits.

It is curious to observe what a remarkable change in ghosts has been effected by modern science, says the Philadelphia Press. The reader of current literature is well aware that they have been exterminated, for imaginative writers find the employment of supernatural machinery as effective as ever. Even the matter-of-fact journalist knows the value of a ghost, and the members of the Psychological Society have a double portion of the old belief. The ghost of the nineteenth century is, however, very different from those of an earlier date. He has left off almost all of his old fantastic tricks and taken on a polish suitable to his time. In the most recently published volumes of ghost stories the most important apparatus and the one which will probably seem the most real to nine-tenths of the readers is the soul of the young gentleman afflicted with the early English cold, who is tied to earth by a yearning for his mother's milk.

In another story the obliging spirit of a lover quits his body during sleep in order to remove the anxiety of a fair but fretting young widow, who fears he has been drowned. These are fair examples of the kind of ghost story which receives the most general credence. One exhibits the ghostly tendency to linger around the scenes of pursuits which have become a passion; the other is an exaggerated example of telepathy.

One feature of the new ghost is his singular indifference to the fate of his body. He never returns to earth, whether it be tied to earth by a yearning for his mother's milk, or by a yearning for his mother's milk, or by a yearning for his mother's milk. He never returns to earth, whether it be tied to earth by a yearning for his mother's milk, or by a yearning for his mother's milk, or by a yearning for his mother's milk.

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MINOR MENTION.

Gladiators says he will never act another part.

Chauncey M. Depew has gone to Peekskill for the summer.

Madeline Laetie has written a play for Emma and Jefferson are likely to star together some time.

Florence Abbott owns a nickel-plated bicycle of the latest style.

Mrs. Louis Hamersley has a pearl necklace that cost \$5,500.

Theresa Vaughn has a new steam yacht and gives parties on it.

Mrs. B. H. Howland is to make a two-year tour of the Australian cities.

Nina Van Zandt, the proxy widow, will summer at Frankfurt, Mich.

W. G. Grace, the greatest cricketer in the world, will be forty years old July 12.

Madison J. Morgan once captured 200 Congressmen for their political disabilities.

The late George Sturge, of England, left more than \$1,250,000 for various charities.

John Jacob Astor prefers walking to riding and is seen on Broadway every afternoon.

Robert Louis Stevenson considers Henry James the greatest of living American novelists.

Paris has a "society for the protection of young men who have lost their latch-keys and can't get into the house."

The new wire gun at Shoeburyness has thrown a 500 pound shell a distance of two miles, the greatest distance ever covered by a cannon ball.

The "lathers" may mean men who put on lath or men who put on lather; in any event they are striking in the east for about the pay of a congressman.

Yankee genius should utilize the grasshopper as a means of transport. They could be dried, put in a jar and made into soap cakes for use of the army and navy.

The oldest house in Indiana, the old Moore mansion, situated on the Utica pike, near Four Mile Springs, Pa., recently been torn down.

There are now seventeen city officials, or ex-officials, doing time at Sing Sing for crimes and misdemeanors. The number seems large but at least 300 have got away.

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SHE MADE A SALE.

The Fair Book Agent's Triumph Over a Poor Agent's Triumph.

She was a pretty woman, and she loved to be bewitched by its name in, says a writer in Town Topics. She held up one finger archly, and said, "I'm not interested."

"Now, sir, I want you to stop your writing and look at my book."

Then she blushed charmingly, as if embarrassed at his look of amazement. "I said:

"My dear madam, I am busy today, and I beg you will excuse me."

She sat down beside me and made herself comfortable at once.

"Now, don't let me hear another word about that; you are going to buy a book of course."

"But, my dear madam, I am not interested."

"I know you are a busy man—you write all day and are too tired to read—you hardly find time to look at the paper—you—"

"Yes madam; that's precisely the case."

She chuckled me deliberately under the chin.

"Do you mean to say that you are going to refuse me a miserable little dollar for this beautiful book?"

I gasped feebly at my office boy. He was evidently interested. I said:

"You must be a successful book agent; you have the most fetching qualities I have ever seen."

"Rash words!"

She rose at once, and sitting down upon the arm of my chair, threw one arm around my neck, and, bending down, looked tenderly into my eyes.

"Now, you know darling, you are going to do just what I say; you are going to buy—"

I heard my office boy chuckle to himself. I protested. I said:

"My dear madam, this is really embarrassing—do you know—I am a married man—that I—"

She replied: "I have nothing to do with that, I am here for business."

"I replied: "This statement is unnecessary; the fact is quite apparent. But I really fond of my wife. You've got hold of the wrong man."

She seemed a trifle hurt at this, but she did not take her arm from my neck. She remained in this compromising attitude apparently lost in thought. I broke into a cold sweat.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said, suddenly, bringing her face dangerously near my own: "If you'll take a copy of that book I'll promise not to kiss you before I leave the office!"

I bought the book.

'Tired of the Telephone.

The telephone has had a long rest from abuse, but its turn has come again.

"Have you got a telephone?" said one man in the car to another.

"Yes, and I wouldn't be without it for anything. It's the most useful, most—"

"Hold on. Got any family—small family up at your house?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going down to tell them to take mine out right away."

"Why?"

"Can't get away from it. My wife has succeeded in getting at me everywhere I've been, and I've always had to go home. I have wanted to have a quiet evening with the boys for some weeks, but every time 'ring-a-ling-ling'—that confounded telephone. Always some message. You see, I'm not at home, but I tell her where I'm going and she catches me every time. She has used every possible experiment a telephone could possibly carry, but she has overdone it, and no more telephones."

"What has she done?"

"Well, last night I made up my mind I'd take a holiday from the family so to speak, and when the telephone rang I went to it prepared to face every argument she could make. But she got me. I had to go home."

"How did she get you?"

"Hang it, she put the baby up to the telephone and pinched it till it yelled like a murder over the wire."—San Francisco Examiner.

Such a Stupid Man.

"Comment me to a woman for making blunders," said a well-known Wall street man to a reporter. "About noon yesterday I sent a telegram to my wife in Brooklyn, in which I said: 'Meet me at Wall street ferry at 3,' my intention being to take her to see a game of base ball at the Polo grounds. I was on time but could see nothing of my wife. I waited until two o'clock arrived, and then she thought suddenly struck me that she might be over at the Brooklyn side. So I took the 3:20 p. m. boat over. Arrived there—no wife. I spent about ten minutes darning my socks, and then asked the man who looked the gate if he had seen a lady waiting for someone. Of course he had. She waited about half an hour and took the 3:20 boat for New York—just the time I left. There was nothing to do but go back. I took the 3:40 boat and stood outside to cool off. In midstream we passed the other boat and I'll be blown if there wasn't my wife going back to Brooklyn. She saw me and shouted some back, but I didn't see her. She wasn't on it. Then I was mad. Leaving word with the gateman to detain my wife if she appeared—to arrest her if necessary—I caught the 4 o'clock boat back to Brooklyn. Again in the stream I saw Mrs. C's red parasol on the other boat. I slunk back out of sight. I didn't want her to follow me again. At just 4:18 I got back to New York and found the lady there and not in tears as I expected, but in a fit of laughter at my stupidity," as she called it for sending me such a definite message. "Of course you missed the game."—New York Sun.

ADVICE TO CIGAR-SMOKERS.

Buy "Twenty-Five" Boxes, and Do Not Select Light-Colored Cigars.

"Have you noticed the change that has come over the trade respecting the standard cigar-box?" asked a leading dealer of a New York Mail and Express reporter recently. "Not very many years ago the standard box held one hundred cigars. Now the standard holds but fifty, and the size smaller box holding but twenty-five is rapidly pushing to the front. Is this not a question for you on the principle that so

DEATH AMONG THE OMAHAS.

Funeral Customs of An American Tribe of Indians—Death Foreshadowed and Valedict.

Mr. Frank La Flesche, an Indian who has for some years been employed in the Indian office, read an interesting paper before the Anthropological Society Tuesday evening, says the Washington Star, on "Funeral Customs of the Omahas." "The approach of death," he said, "is believed to be foreshadowed in various ways, not only to the person himself, but by others, who, by reason of their supposed skill in seeing the coming of death, gain reputation as prophets. They either have visions, or pass through apparent death. The dreamer lies in the open air, in the midsummer, with the thunder rolling in the heavens, and listens for voices. These come to him from an animal, cloven or merely of the skin. Such persons as can foresee death are eligible to membership in the 'Ghost society.' One vision is that of a woman walking, but not on the ground, surrounded by a halo of brightness, and always leaving a village or lodge. If one were a placid, pleasing expression the death will be from natural causes, from accident or in war; but if the face is distorted it is an indication that the person will die while in a quarrel with another and the soul is full of bitterness. Those who foresee can always prevent death, and are often called upon to render this service. One method is pouring hot water at right angles to the path leading to the lodge; while another consists of occupying, with one whose death is foreseen, a sweat-lodge built by the latter, pronouncing certain incantations, and sprinkling the body of the client with the powder of the artemisia, supposed to be the food of the ghosts.

"The howling of a dog is also a token of coming death, but is not so infallible as the spectacle of a dog mounting the side of an earth lodge and peering through the opening at the top. Then with a bling bling, the warriors stand around the dog and kill him to propitiate the ghosts. To see or hear the voices of dead relatives is also a sign of approaching death.

"As soon as the person reaches the last moments of life those around begin to wail in voices that can be heard for two miles or more. This cry has sometimes been mistaken for a song or chant, but it is merely a cry of deep anguish, interspersed with terms of relation. When the person is known to be dead those nearest related to him strip themselves, with frenzied zeal of every article of ornament on their body, and even clip their hair, and the young men cut their hair, and the old men and women cut the flesh of the legs below the knees. With every fresh arrival the wailings begin anew. The relatives become exhausted by the wails they inflicted on themselves and the constant crying long before the time of burial. As soon as death occurs the body is propped in a sitting position so that it may stiffen in that attitude and is dressed in gala costume. The face is painted first a deep red, and then a black line about the width of a finger is drawn across the forehead and down the cheeks, meeting another line drawn horizontally across the chin, thus forming a square.

"If the deceased be a member of one of the societies the organization takes entire charge of the funeral. It is carried to the lodge of the society and is placed at one end in the position of a host, painted and dressed as in life. Members of the society call and pay respect to the dead, bringing gifts and singing the favorite songs of the deceased brother. One of the most impressive of all the customs of the Omahas occurs at this time, while the body is lying in state. The young men, anxious to do homage and pay respect to the memory of the dead, gather in the village, strip themselves in the broochcloth, and cut in the right arm a slit in the skin between the elbow and the shoulder. Willow twigs bearing leaves are then thrust through this slit of the skin, with the foliage hanging down. The wound is kept open and the blood trickles down and spatters the leaves. The young men then march in silence to the lodge containing the body, and, standing in a line across the entrance, sing. This is the only funeral song of the Omahas, and has been sung in the same way for years."

Mr. La Flesche then asked a young Omaha Indian in the audience to come forward. He did so, bringing with him four short paddles of willow wood, two of which he gave to the lecturer. The two Indians then began the funeral song, or chant, which sounded weirdly amid the surroundings of civilization. There were no words audible, simply a nasal drone or wail that rose and fell in accented cadence much as the wind sounds through the wires at night. The younger Indian closed his eyes and turned back his head in native reverent attitude. The lecturer sang without movement. Both kept time with the movement of the chant by beating the paddles together at regular intervals.

"At the close of the song," continued Mr. La Flesche, "the chief mourner emerges from the lodge and all sound dies away. The mourner passes down the line, saluting each of the visitors. Then, passing back, he pulls from the arm of each the bloody twig which he casts aside. The company of young men is then presented with a horse, which is usually given back to the family after the funeral.

The Agents Were Amusing for Once.

An Allegheny matron smiles when ever one mentions agent in her presence, and recounts with pleasure how she got even with two of the tin-merchants last week. She had sent her maid out, and was taking a sleigh on the couch in her sewing-room, when a friend at the bell aroused her. She answered it and a female stalked in, and seating herself, announced that she was sole agent for the greatest furniture polish in the world, guaranteed to remove any stain or scratch from any piece of wood, to renew the finish and make defaced places as good as new. The lady of the house pointed to a terribly rubbed piano, and said: "You have the best management about any of your persons I ever saw. Oh, if only you were a man!"

Playing Confidence Games.

"A new class of swindlers have begun operations in Fifth Avenue and Upper Broadway," said one of Inspector Byrnes' detectives this morning while watching a well-dressed woman across the street.

"That lady over there is a leading member of the gang," he continued. "She would make \$10 or \$15 to-day if left alone. She is used to be a shop-lifter. Because of the danger of detection, and a certain knowledge that she'd be sentenced for the longest term possible if again arraigned before any justice in this city, she and some of her former companions have conceived the idea of making a good living as aristocratic beggars. You see they dress fashionably, have pleasing manners and know just whom to

"A good natured business man is their victim every time. One of the gang will accost him in the middle of a block, out of hearing distance. Her manner of greeting him would lead any one across the street to think her an acquaintance. In a low tone she says she has lost her pocketbook or been robbed. Her husband or brother, of course, is a member of the same exchange as the gentleman addressed. Her name is given and recognized, and then, with false embarrassment and blushes, she would trouble her victim for a few dollars."

"Nine times out of ten the unsuspecting individual will say, 'Why? I don't remember it,' and pass over a five-dollar note in a hurry, glad at the opportunity to do it. The swindler asks for his card and goes in search of another victim, after expressing her hearty thanks. The same person is never 'struck' twice, and in this way the swindlers escape positive detection. A few of the fraternity will tackle members of their own sex with a story calculated to win a dollar or two; but this is only done when there is a scarcity of male prey. They work all sorts of dodges, and are often successful simply because of their fine appearance and good manners. I tried hard to get a well-known society man who had been swindled by that woman across the way to present her, but he declined; saying it would be a shame to look up such a 'rotty woman.'"—New York Telegram.