

### ONE GIRL'S FUNERAL.

It Was in the Early Days of Montana and Was Different From Most Funerals.

During the construction days of the Northern Pacific railroad many small towns were born that flourished until the road was completed and then died. The little story following actually occurred and made an impression on me that I shall never forget. To me there was a tinge of sadness that went straight to the heart. I occupied the exalted position of justice of the peace. Now, a justice of the peace in Montana in early days was bigger man than the chief justice of the United States is today and had a perpetual variety entertainment. He married people, buried the dead, put out fires, took a drink with everybody, refereed dog fights, settled family rows, preached, made speeches and had to be ready for any kind of work. For this aggregation of duties he was called judge, but if he rendered a wrong decision his name was Dennis.

One cold morning I was waited upon by a delegation of gamblers and informed that one of the girls was dead. They said she had passed in her checks during the night, and as she was the slickest girl in the camp she was to have a 24 carat sendoff and no mistake. I went around to see the body to find out, if possible, the cause of her death. I was satisfied that the girl had taken morphine and died from the effects, and so I rendered my decision, which satisfied all. I set the hour for the funeral and returned to the cabin to prepare my remarks. There was not a Bible in the camp, and so I had to play it alone. It was a cold, stormy day, and the winter day, and I added much to the sadness of the occasion. The grave was dug out among the pines, and a more God forsaken place it would have been hard to find, but it was the best we had or could get.

The hour arrived; the procession formed, myself in front of the pallbearers, consisting of gamblers, with the body in a rough pine box. Next came the girls of the town and the business men in the rear. We wended our way slowly to the last resting place, where, alone and unknown, amid the rocks and pines, with the awful stillness of the mountains, all that was earthly of that unfortunate girl would stay until the last day.

No one could pray, no one could sing. I got out on my soul to my God in my prayer, stumbling way—told him all about it. We were unanimous in the belief that she was more sinned against than sinning, and would be in his infinite goodness and loving kindness forgive her, wipe out her past and save her for her soul's sake? Would he suspend all rules, throw open wide the portals of heaven, have sweetest music played on a thousand golden harps and bid that poor, tired, sin stained soul enter the realms of happiness, purity and rest?

It was our funeral, because everybody did all they could. There were but few of all kinds, to be sure, but humans with souls to save. There are many of the old boys scattered through the northwest who will recollect that stormy Montana day, and how we knocked at eternity's door for admittance for that girl's soul, and all will agree that our knocking was not in vain—that the gates were thrown open and forgiveness and rest came to her.—Orting Oracle.

**A Lost Fisherman's Story.**  
"I had been fishing for trout one day in a North Carolina mountain stream," said a sportsman, "and was entirely unsuccessful. Upon trying to reach camp I became lost and took refuge for the night in a small cave near Grandfather mountain. The cave was dry and comfortable, and making a pillow of my coat I soon fell asleep. The next morning I was awakened by something pulling at the coat, and opening my eyes saw that it was a cub bear.

"A few feet distant was a large bear sitting on his haunches and another cub playing around her. I had no weapon of any kind and was completely at the mercy of the animal, but she was not in the humor to dispose of me just then. She sat watching the cub as it pulled at my coat, and I was careful to make no motions that might be considered as hostile. For two or three hours we looked at each other, and then the mother bear ambled off with her two cubs, and I beat a hasty retreat."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A Pleasant Man to Interview.**  
Professor Felix Adler, the founder of the Ethical Culture society, is a most pleasant gentleman to interview. He says that he has never found the newspaper man to be honorable in the highest degree, and that he has never found it necessary to indicate what part of his conversation is intended for publication and what part is to be considered as purely personal. This of course means that Professor Adler does not limit himself in an interview to the matter directly in hand. He is not unwilling to speak of things that are entirely too personal for publication and will give an elaborate discourse on metaphysics to his interviewer and not express the least shade of doubt as to its being correctly put down.—Chicago Post.

**Blindness Not Necessary.**  
Simkins was speaking about his visit to the blind asylum, and he wound up by saying what fun it would be to have some of the blind men as fellow boarders. "It would be rich," he said, "to put a cup of hot water before them and to see them gravely drink it, supposing it tea or coffee." "Awfully funny," said Mrs. Simkins. Then she thought and abruptly concluded by remarking, "Mr. Simkins, you're a fool."—Pick Me Up.

**The Earth's Girls.**  
The most widely separated points between which a telegram can be sent are British Columbia and New Zealand. The telegram would cross North America, Newfoundland, the Atlantic, England, Germany, Russia (European and Asiatic), China, Japan, Java and Australia. It would make nearly a circuit of the globe and would traverse over 20,000 miles in doing so.—Boston Globe.

**Just outside the town of Tascara, in the peninsula of Texas, is a bare and desolate mound known as Boot Hill. A correspondent who visited the spot says that there are twenty-three nameless graves in the clay and gravel of Boot Hill, where lie the remains of twenty-three men who died with their boots on.—New Orleans Picayune.**

**The largest "logjam" or swaying stone is at Penzance, Sicily. It weighs about 213 tons, and is so nicely balanced that a man can easily put it into motion.**

### Volapuk the New Tongue which was to bind all articulate creation together in the bond of a common language, has been but little heard of for some time past. In Belgium, however, the Volapukists are showing signs of life. A conference of Volapukists, as they are called, is being held at Brussels, and according to all accounts much enthusiasm is being displayed for Pastor Schleyer and his system.

The Volapukists profess to be indifferent to the ridicule with which they have been assailed. Their pet notion is destined to triumph and they can afford to wait. If the present generation does not reap the full benefit of their labors, succeeding generations will do so. Such has been the tenor of their discourses. But in the meantime, if their figures are to be trusted, they have made solid progress. It is only twelve years since Volapuk was first promulgated to a world which is slow to adopt new ideas, and already by its means 3,000,000 of people—English, French, German, Russian, Italian and Belgian—are able to converse with each other on that common ground.

Not only is this so, but we are told that thirty newspapers altogether are published in Volapuk in different parts of the world; that courses of lectures on the new language are held at the universities of Munich and Turin, and that the Russian press censors are bound to be acquainted with it to qualify themselves for their posts.—London News.

**The Place to Grow Bananas.**  
The country most extensively cultivated for the growth of bananas, and which for the past three months has so distinguished itself by the unusual quality and fine development of its products, is situated in the Republic of Colombia, Bogota del Toro being now the shipping center and principal attraction for planters and merchants engaged in the industry.

There are at the present time, taken at a rough estimate, no less than 18,000 acres of land devoted entirely to the cultivation of bananas, from which can be shipped weekly 30,000 bunches, all averaging 250 bunches to each bunch. These are termed "whole bunches"—besides which about 25,000 bunches of a smaller size, averaging 200 bunches each (which are termed halves) still remain uncut, and at the expiration of another week attain their full size, when they also are ready for shipment.

At the lapse of the same length of time perhaps twice the quantity of bunches are ready to be cut, and so on from week to week, month to month, and year to year. New plantations are continually starting up, taking ten months from the time the "suckers," or plants, are first put into the ground to the time they commence to yield.—Cor. New Orleans Picayune.

**Wholesale Deer Killing in the Northwest.**  
Parties who have been out hunting in the country between the headwaters of the forks of the Santiam bring back accounts of a wholesale destruction of deer in that region by Indians. Bands of Warm Spring and Klickitat Indians, numbering from 150 to 200, get permission about July 1 to come over into the Willamette valley to pick hogs and leave their reservations. They come in over the Santiam wagon road and make a camp at Indian prairie, and then organize a grand roundup of deer. They surround a vast tract of country on their ponies, which they ride through a country that a white man can hardly get through on foot, and drive the deer toward a common center, and slaughter them by hundreds, killing bucks, fawns and does indiscriminately, drying the choice parts of the meat for winter supplies. It is stated that in the region about the headwaters of the various forks of the Santiam, Indians have this season slaughtered over 1,000 deer.—Portland Oregonian.

**How Some Lazy Fellows Gamble.**  
"Rain gambling" is the latest vice to develop in India, and the police of Bombay and Calcutta are just now vigorously at work prosecuting rain gamblers in the local courts in an endeavor to show that the law includes this form of gambling. In Calcutta the "outfit" of the rain gamblers is in a street in the burra bazaar. Here into a small tank, four feet square and six inches deep, an ordinary spout discharges rain water from the roof of a three story building. In gambling with this apparatus bets are made at the beginning of the rainy season as to whether or not the tank will overflow at a given shower; to the extent the rain will overflow it when the water sheets come down in proper tropical style. It is alleged that on busy days in the bazaar several lakhs of rupees change hands. This is surely vice made easy for the lazy man.—Exchange.

**Woodchuck for Free Lunch.**  
A newly started saloon on Broadway is making a bid for patronage by means of elaborate Saturday night lunches. During the week the animal or animals that are to be served up is or are displayed on the street in front of the place, either dead or alive. Sometimes it's a mutt, then again it's a turkey or pig, or something else. Last week it was woodchuck. Five hundred—four dead and one alive—were on exhibition.—Albany Express.

**A Curious Superstition in Borneo.**  
The British consular agent in north Borneo says that on the west coast several people have been seriously hurt by trying to fly out of cocoonant trees, and in some districts the paddy planting season has been allowed to pass without planting the crop. That is due to a curious superstition about a forthcoming general jubilee when everything may be left to take care of itself, when paddy will spring up of its own accord, and people get wings and fly through the air.

**This Mechanical Age.**  
At one of the Berlin railway stations a couple of automatic machines, for the delivery of tickets, have been recently introduced. For twopence one of them supplies a ticket to Lichtenfelde or Zehlendorf, and the other retail tickets to Schlachtensee or Wannsee at threepence.—Frankfurter Zeitung.

**Of breadstuffs of all kinds we sent abroad almost the hundred million dollars' worth in the year ended with last June, in place of one hundred and twenty-three million dollars' worth in the preceding year.**

**A peculiar green worm, less than one inch in length, has made its appearance in some parts of Laporte county, Ind.**

### Beware the Deadly Corset String.

One of Cumberland's most busy thoroughfares came near being the scene of a tragedy yesterday evening of a most sensational and distressing character. A young lady, radiant in all the loveliness that usually attends sweet seventeen, traveled three entire blocks literally on fire, and yet gave no sign nor did she betray her distress to any one, although passersby who happened to be possessed of keen olfactory organs may have detected the odor of burning woollens and flannels.

It is related by those who know the particulars that the young lady was engaged in the mysteries of her toilet preparatory to a street promenade. A corset string refused to be cut bias or something of that sort, and was subjected to the discipline of a lighted lamp in order to shorten it. Burning the string in two pieces was a success for the time, and the young lady completed her make up and hastily started down town. She was more than a quarter of a mile from home when the horrible fact was discovered that her underclothing was on fire in an inaccessible region. The material, however, was all wool and there was a great deal more smoke and offensive odor than fire.

Still, no young lady approves of being on fire in the street or anywhere else, and so she hastened as rapidly as possible to the shelter of the house of a friend, and reached a harbor of safety just before the flames broke out, but it is said she was smoking like a linekin when the friendly door closed behind her. Strange to say, her person was not even scorched, although she is now the owner of a very dilapidated outfit of woolen underwear.—Cumberland News.

**A New Boston Fall.**  
I have found a family where all the members are devoting themselves to the principles of "repose through relaxation." Since their conversion to this creed of physical culture they are a complete entertainment in themselves. To find this relaxation they flop about in the most wonderful manner; the host has forsaken his sitting room couch and drops a limp heap on the rug near the open grate; his good spouse allows her head to droop like a wilted lily and amazes her breathing apparatus by peculiar gasps and convulsive heaving. The daughters throw back the shoulders by placing their thoughts under their several chins, and holding themselves up by imaginary hinges there implanted. I repeat the words, the meaning of which I do not attempt to construe.

The art is a trifle beyond me. After we dined the other evening the entire family even to Rob, the ten-year-old hopeful, went through a drill to bring about repose; when the prize was gained the family looked quite as if a hurricane had whirled them about in mad glee until all the bones in their bodies were broken into thin sections and every section pulverized into powdery bits. One of the main rules of this new system is to rest mind and body by imagining that the legs are heavy.—Cor. Roxbury News.

**Newspaper Men Like New York.**  
New York is just now filled with newspaper correspondents from most of the cities in the country. They come from all states in the Union to watch the national politicians. They have been accustomed to the sights in Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco. They were dazzled, though, by the preparations in New York for the Columbian festivities. The triumphal arches on Fifth avenue, the miles of bunting used to decorate the city hall, the subterranean, the great banking buildings, the fine mansions on Fifth avenue, and the hotels, and the great stands for the people erected all along the route impressed them with the possibilities of this town. They gathered at the Lotus club the other night and unanimously voted that when New York got up on its hind legs and yawned over a great event it was the most triumphant cry and the most successful of any city in the nation.—New York Sun.

**An Indian's Last Hunt.**  
Postmaster Fenwick tells us that a son of Indian Billy Jewell, better known as Billy Key West, a young man, twenty-one years old, met his death in a singular manner while hunting last week in the Indian hunting grounds in Dade county. Billy, who was a good hunter, went out and shot a large buck. Thinking him dead, he stooped down on coming up to him to cut his throat. The buck in his last agonies made for him and drove his horns into the abdomen of the Indian, ripping it open. After three days, Billy not returning, a party was made up, and, attracted by the buzzards, both hunter and hunted were found dead together—the Indian still impaled on the horns of the buck.—Key West (Fla.) Equator.

**The Grand Prix de Paris.**  
The grand prize of Paris is run at Longchamps, in the Bois de Boulogne, just outside the fortifications, about the middle of June. It is now worth about \$40,000 to the winner. Between 100,000 and 150,000 persons witness this international contest, and on the field there is space for about a couple of thousand vehicles and 100,000 visitors, who can gain admittance by the payment of one franc, or twenty cents. Including the present year the grand prize of Paris has been fought out twenty-nine times. Seventeen years stand to the credit of French horses, nine times has victory gone to England and once each to the American, Russian and Hungarian.—Chicago Tribune.

**A Snake in a Church Organ.**  
While the organist of the Bremen (Ind.) German Lutheran church was playing last Sunday he was startled at seeing a snake crawl out of the pipe organ. He motioned to a man to come to the organ, who, taking his handkerchief, seized the reptile and threw it to the floor. The snake was a milk snake and was about two feet in length.—Exchange.

**Will Not Be Smashed.**  
We hear from time to time that somebody is going to smash the coal combine, but we are unable to learn that somebody's name. Maybe it is the man in the moon. The coal robbers are not going to be smashed. They have got the roots on the public and they are going to milk the public as they please. We might as well make up our minds to that first as last.—Chicago News-Record.

**The famous trout ponds of the Catskill mountains are to have an addition in a lake near Emmonsville. Two other new trout ponds will also be prepared in the mountains before long.**

**To keep tortoise shell combs bright rub them after each wearing with soft leather. When they become dim, clean with rotten stone and oil applied with chamois.**

**Japanese cooks are the most cruel in the world. They cut every atom of flesh off a living fish piecemeal without first causing death.**

### Affairs in Russia.

Russian affairs look in a very bad way just now, for not only has the cholera followed the famine, while of course nihilism still is rampant, but, moreover, the czar, the czarina, the czarowitz and the prime minister, M. de Giers, are all very unwell—the emperor and the statesman being really very seriously indisposed.

As a matter of fact the strength of Alexander III has always been greatly exaggerated, because he is big and muscular he is supposed to have a robust constitution.

He has plenty of muscle, and St. Petersburg is always ringing with stories more or less true of extraordinary displays of the imperial strength—lifting heavy weights, crushing with his hand all kinds of metal things, etc., but what one does not hear so much about is his appetite during the past eighteen months, and, moreover, that he has nervous symptoms which would indicate that he is going the way, so far as his health is concerned, of his ancestor, Paul.

To make matters still worse, his most trusted physician, Professor Obermuller, is just dead of cholera, and the czar is, rightly or wrongly, said to be the most "difficult" patient to manage in all Europe. Private information received here in Berlin from a most authentic and high source intimates that a series of events of terrible importance is likely to take place in Russia. Perhaps before Christmas the vast Russian empire may have experienced changes which will affect it in all its length and breadth.—Berlin Letter.

**A Pathetic Incident in Real Life.**  
There is a pathetic story which has never been told attending the death of James T. Leighton, of New Haven, who fell dead in Monument square, Portland, Wednesday evening. It appears that he had a son who, in a fit of rage, induced by an altercation with his father, left his home and mysteriously disappeared. The months went by and the father and mother received no tidings of their boy. Learning that he was employed in Portland, the mother and father went there on the Boston boat Wednesday morning and registered at the Preble. He searched the city all day with no success, and though ill and weak he resolved to start out again that night.

He met a man who informed him that his son was stopping in a boarding house on Free street and offered to lead Mr. Leighton there. The latter was overjoyed, but after crossing the square became so weak that he leaned against a building and was unable to proceed. He asked his guide to hurry to the boarding house and fetch his son. The man hurried, and when he returned with the son they saw a crowd surrounding a prostrate form on the sidewalk. They hurriedly pushed the bystanders aside, and there they found the father a corpse. Heart disease brought on by excitement, the physician said.—Bangor (Me.) Whig.

**Whittier's Companion.**  
When John G. Whittier's office in this city was surrounded by a mob fifty years ago nearly every one on the premises felt constrained to depart. The gentle Quaker found himself alone with an office boy who would not desert him. Whittier at last made his way through the surging crowd down Chestnut street to Fifth. His gentle mien and quiet way of receiving threats gained him the mob's respect, and the courageous little fellow who clung to his employer through it all was also admired. The pair finally took refuge in a friendly house. Whittier never forgot that boy, and for years he wrote him constantly in this city. When death came to the boy, since grown to manhood, his daughter sent Whittier a letter announcing the fact and received a touching letter of sympathy. Recently a babe was born to her, and he will be christened John Greenleaf Whittier.—Philadelphia Record.

**Hot Water for the Public.**  
The "hot water fountains" which the municipal council of Paris determined last year to establish are in operation on the Boulevard St. Germain, on the south side of the Seine. The fountain is an elegant circular column provided with a button, which, being pressed, after placing a quart in the slot, causes about eight quarts of water to be almost instantaneously heated by gas to 65 degs. Reaumur, and passed through a tap into the recipient's pail or can. When this operation is completed an automatic trumpet off. The small householders and shopkeepers of the neighborhood are stated to be availing themselves eagerly of this privilege, which is eventually to be extended to every quarter of the city and suburbs.—Paris Letter.

**A Great Freight Carrier.**  
The new twin screw steamer Bovie, of the White Star line, sailed from New York the other day on her first outward voyage with what is said to be the biggest cargo ever taken on this port, and with the greatest number of bales of cotton ever carried in a ship. Besides 700 cots on deck, she had 8,093 bales of cotton, 9,400 sacks of flour, 16,000 bushels of grain, 1,650 packages of lard, 979 boxes of bacon, 63 tierces of beef, 1,104 barrels of cottonseed oil, 60 barrels of paraffine wax, 300 tons of cottonseed cake, 100 tons of copper ore, 100 tons of acetate of lime, 190 packages of candles and one refrigerator containing 1,600 quarters of beef.—New York Letter.

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### DESPERATE, BUT FUTILE.

**A Well Laid Scheme for Liberating Two Convicts on Their Way to Prison.**  
"I never understood," remarked a general passenger agent while discussing a whole trainful of robbery, "how it was that a whole trainful of people would allow themselves to be held up by one or two bandits till some years ago, when I was making a trip over the Michigan Central road. Then the mystery was explained to me. I was on my way from Detroit to Chicago and had taken a seat in the smoking car to enjoy my cigar.

"At the time the smoking cars of the Michigan Central were equipped with comfortable revolving chairs. Shortly after taking my seat I noticed that there were two convicts aboard. They were in charge of two deputies and were being conveyed from Detroit to the state prison at Jackson. They sat there talking to their guards calmly as if they had been going to some more agreeable entertainment. All went well until Ypsilanti was reached. Half way between that place and Ann Arbor is a small road crossing named Geddes. As we approached it an ordinary looking passenger went through the car in a careless manner, rolling his eyes from side to side, casually inspecting the occupants of the car. When he reached the prisoners, he pulled a whisky flask from his pocket and in an offhand way remarked: 'Here, you fellows, have a drink. It will be a long time before you have another.'

"The convicts accepted the invitation, took a good long pull from the bottle and handed it back to their apparently chance acquaintance, who pocketed it and passed into the next car. Hardly had he disappeared when the convicts, with a motion quick as flash, pulled two revolvers from somewhere on the seats beside them and presented them at their guards. Before any one in the car had time to realize what was taking place those revolvers were going bang! bang! just as fast as the triggers could be pulled. The only men who appeared to have any presence of mind were the two deputies. They had seen the two convicts move managed to strike up the convicts' arms so that the balls, instead of striking the victims for whom they were intended, passed through the roof of the car. While the scuffle was at its height one man named in some mystery to a dead stop at the crossroads near Geddes station, where a fast team of horses hitched to a light wagon was standing. By the time the train stopped, though, the convicts had been overpowered by their guards, but not until 18 shots had been fired.

"The whole thing was evidently a concerted scheme to liberate the convicts. The man with the whisky flask was an ally, and his tender of the whisky was a signal that everything was ready and the time for action had come. The attempt at escape fortunately failed, but if you had seen that car while the shots were being fired you could readily have understood how easily a few armed robbers overpowered a train. Every chair in the car was vacant, and the former occupants were crouching in corners or wherever they could hide themselves behind some object that might stop a bullet. When everything was quiet again and the convicts were in irons, no less than 15 men were counted coming from the dressing room of that smoking car."—Chicago Post.

**Can Hire Everything.**  
Do you know that you can hire almost everything necessary for your house, your table and yourself when you want to give a reception? Heirlooms can be got by the evening, and quite reasonably, from curio dealers. Cut glass and old silver, spindle chairs, rugs, etc., just the very thing that will have a nice, old time look about them, can be had. Likewise, old bottles are fixed up and common wine is decanted into them and sold to people who are perfectly aware of the fraud. It is a wonder, one host confessed to me, the influence a bottle will have on people. Let the bottle have nice cobwebs on it and a good brand, and they will believe the stuff that comes out of the bottle is good too.

A certain lady who entertains a great deal explains that she never uses her "family silver" except on special occasions, and that she keeps it in the safe deposit manhole, but at least one other lady knows this is fiction, because the same other lady is in the habit of hiring the same "family silver" for her affairs, and has once or twice had to postpone them because No. 1 had the stuff engaged ahead for the same date.—New York Journal.

**An Ingenious Clock.**  
A clock of ingenious mechanism has been completed by C. E. Shearer of Schuylerville, N. Y., after two years' work. The case represents an arsenal. It is 8 feet 6 inches high, has several balconies and piazzas and a tower in which is a bell. On either side of the entrance door is a miniature brass cannon mounted on trucks. The works are automatically musical, playing a different tune every half hour. Each time the music plays a trumpet on horseback rides out of the lower front door and remains until it ceases. Then he re-enters, and the bell in the tower rings.—New York Telegram.

**Ministers Absent at the Times.**  
One Boston clergyman at least is up to date. Last Sunday he preached on Whittier in the morning and on the Sullivan-Corbett fight in the evening. It will now be in order for him to preach a sermon on the wickedness of the papers in reporting the fight. Another clergyman announced a Sunday evening talk on the subject, "Your Trolley's Off." Another clergyman recently remarked to his congregation, "You press the button and I do the rest." And still another spoke of prayer as touching the electric button which rings in heaven.

**De Maupassant's Heiress.**  
A little lady of 6, Mile. Simone de Maupassant, inherits the bulk of the property left by the famous author, Guy de Maupassant. She is the daughter of a brother of the novelist, and her pretty winning ways gained the heart of her bachelor uncle, who made a will in her favor when he first began to suffer from the pitiful malady that has deprived French literature of one of its brightest ornaments.—New York News.

**A Proposal.**  
Chollie—Don't you think it would be noble thing for you to do with your wealth to establish a home for the feeble minded?  
Miss Rox—Oh, Mr. Sappe, this is so sudden!—Indianapolis Journal.

**A Nine Cent English Stamp.**  
A new stamp is to be issued in Great Britain of the value of fourpence halfpenny—nine cents—to be available for all postal, telegraphic and revenue purposes. It will be the first stamp issued of this value, as its issuance is called for by the new features of telegraph and parcel post business.

**A Norristown (Pa.) mother, learning that her son intended to elope, roused him for several squares with a broom, and so made one less marriage ceremony.**

**Among the persons under arrest in Marietta, Ga., on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of Mrs. Looney are three John Smiths.**

**A Paris bird dealer has recently received 6,000 birds of paradise, 300,000 Indian birds of various species and 100,000 humming birds.**

### Patching Up the San Marco Lion.

One of the most wonderful pieces of mechanical work ever undertaken by human hands has just been completed abroad. The celebrated landmark of Venice, the lion of San Marco, has during the past three months been greatly missed from the top of the mighty column of the Marcus place by strangers visiting the City of Lagoons. Last year when an examination of it was made, it was found that the statue had fallen into more than fifty pieces, which were liable to come down at any moment. This discovery gave rise to a desire on the part of some of the city fathers to transfer the original lion to the Civil museum and to make for the column an exact copy of the historical monument.

But the Venetians were strongly opposed to this, and argued that the original lion should remain in its place. Thereupon Signor Luigi Vendraceo devised a plan to repair the damaged monster. With infinite labor and care the decayed statue was lowered to the ground and its fragments carried to the arsenal. The experiment by which it was thought the loose pieces could be reunited by a smelting process proved a failure. Giovanni Dantepi, one of the finest mechanics of Venice, was called in, and resolved to replace the fallen hero by welding the pieces together in the presence of several of the municipal officers.

More than 250 screws were used to reunite the separated pieces of metal, and the cracks and interstices were filled out with an inside lining of bronze. This difficult piece of work was brought to a happy close with marvelous skill. Nothing can be seen of the repairs externally, and as of old the lion of San Marco bids the stranger welcome as he enters the beautiful City of the Doges.—St. Louis Republic.

### A Bit of Bangor Property.

There is one piece of real estate in Maine which is entitled so far as such property can be in this country. It is known as Dundee, and is situated in the town of Limington. In 1688 Francis Small bought it with other lands from the Indians, the original deed being preserved in the family. Having descended from father to son for several generations, Humphrey Small purchased a small section of his father's land, which he named Dundee, and he stoutly affirmed that Dundee should remain in the ownership of the Smalls forever, and that it should be allowed to become a forest again. Twice he was offered more than double its value, but although hard pressed for money he remained true to his declaration.

On the 28th of November this property will have been in possession of the family 254 years, and to commemorate this and also to celebrate the centennial of Limington, which was organized in 1792, the family had a reunion and picnic recently. Next year they propose to celebrate their 255th anniversary with a larger gathering, to include all of the Small family that can be gathered together.—Bangor Whig and Courier.

### Architectural Standards of the Fair.

The architectural standards of the average man are the best buildings he has seen. To show him the possibilities of beautiful construction is to enlarge his aspirations and make him dissatisfied with inferior jobs. He might cross the seas and travel thousands of miles without getting so effective an architectural lesson as he will get at Chicago. He will not only see admirable buildings there, but he will also see some pretty bad ones, and having the good and the bad side by side he will have so much the better chance of learning which is which, and wherein consists the excellence or inferiority of either.

The fair buildings have cost a great sum of money, and most of them are only for temporary use, but we miss our guess and our hope if they do not prove in the end one of the most beneficial educational investments that have been made in this country, and as lasting in their ultimate results as stone and iron could have made them.—Harper's Weekly.

### The Nearest Star.

One of the most clearly defined figures in the sky is the Northern Cross, which you will find at about 8 o'clock now directly overhead. It would be hard for you not to identify it. The head of the cross, the bright star Deneb, is toward the northeast, and the foot, Al-bireo, is toward the southwest. Thus the whole figure lies along the milky way.

The cross has no special mythological history, nor indeed has the constellation Cygnus (the Swan) of which it is a part. Cygnus is famous for containing the star that is nearest to us of all the stars seen from this hemisphere, a sixty-one Cygni, as it is called. It is a faint star immediately under Deneb and in the direction of the Square of Pegasus. The astronomers have obtained the parallax of this star with something like accuracy, and they find that it is about 650,000 times as far from us as the sun is distant from the earth.—Philadelphia Times.

**Missionaries in Scotland.**  
It seems odd to think of missionaries going to Scotland, the home of the Covenanters, to convert the savage inhabitants to Christianity. At Anwoth, in Kirkcubrightshire, there was found a few days ago one of the old "hillside crosses" set up by the early missionaries who went to the lowlands from Iona, or Ireland, to mark the spots where they first preached Christ to the heathen Scots. This interesting cross is of red sandstone, 48 inches long, 14 1/2 inches across the widest part, and 4 inches thick. Its arms are 26 inches in length, or were, for one is broken off. Rude inscriptions are carved on the cross.—London Letter.

**A Nine Cent English Stamp.**  
A new stamp is to be issued in Great Britain of the value of fourpence halfpenny—nine cents—to be available for all postal, telegraphic and revenue purposes. It will be the first stamp issued of this value, as its issuance is called for by the new features of telegraph and parcel post business.

**A Norristown (Pa.) mother, learning that her son intended to elope, roused him for several squares with a broom, and so made one less marriage ceremony.**

**Among the persons under arrest in Marietta, Ga., on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of Mrs. Looney are three John Smiths.**

**A Paris bird dealer has recently received 6,000 birds of paradise, 300,000 Indian birds of various species and 100,000 humming birds.**