A number of Egyptian papyri, bought for the public library in Geneva, have been examined by Mr. Nicoli, who has, it is said, found fragments of the Iliad and Odyssey. There is also a fragment from the "Orestes" of Euripides, a thousand years older than all the other texts.

Pennsylvania has 200,000 farms, which produce over $200,000,000 in crops. There are 5,000,000 live stock. The State produces nearly 2,000,000 tons of iron in the anthracite furnaces, nearly 3,000,000 in bituminous furnaces and 17,000 tons of charcoal iron. Over 628,000,000 tons of anthracite coal have been mined in the State, and one oil field has yielded 150,000,000 barrels.

In ten years, or from 1880 to 1890, the private indebtedness of the United States increased from $6,500,000,000 to $19,500,000,000 and is now more than twenty-five billions of dollars. At this rate of increase, says the Denver News, the time is not far distant when two men out of every hundred will own all the wealth of the country.

Malaria is responsible for half the deaths of all mankind, according to Dr. H. M. Clark. From his experience in India he learns that malaria is not confined to rich, low-lying soils, but is found even in sandy deserts. The natives of the grain coast of Western Africa and the Taurus of Northern India are the only races proof against it. Both modern medicine and sanitation are powerless in dealing with it. Suggested preventives are the flooding of swamp lands and the planting trees that will retain water and shade the soil—such as the plantain and banana, but not the eucalyptus.

An electric fighting man is about the latest thing in the electrical line. According to a recent number of the London Electrician, an inventive genius has offered to furnish to the Spanish Government for a consideration, his invention, known as "an automaton soldier, made of forged iron, capable of firing forty shots a minute at the enemy," the machine being operated by electricity. The chief advantage of this scheme, however, is the fact that the place where a soldier's brains are supposed to be, is filled up with dynamite; so that if captured, the automaton would be more deadly than ever, unless treated with the greatest care. A fight between armies composed of these soldiers would be interesting in the extreme.

A writer of California, who has long been interested in the subject of agriculture, confidently asserts that the farm of the future will be the forty-acre farm. This claim gains significance from the fact that it originates in California, for there the great land owners have held title to tracts that ran as high as 50,000 to 100,000 acres, and it was the possession of one of these immense stretches of territory that prompted Henry George to give his land-tax theory to the world. This particular tract is now being divided into small farms "to suit the purchaser," and the same plan is being pursued in many parts of the State. [illegible] was a Spanish possession [illegible] raising was the chief industry, and vast ranges were looked upon as necessary to a prosperous business. When sheep-raising was gone into the same idea prevailed, and even when wheat-raising became popular the wealth of the owners, improved machinery and the ease with which help was procured enabled the great land owners to keep their farms intact. But with the introduction of fruit raising came the cutting up of these big estates, and the smaller holders have multiplied until the writer referred to feels justified in his prediction. Literal fulfillment can hardly be expected, however, in the opinion of the Detroit Free Press, which adds: Forty acres makes too large a farm for the raising of market "truck" and too small a one for cattle raising. As for general farming, much depends upon the farmer and his surroundings. What a man does for himself he is disposed to do well, and with a view to making the most of his opportunities. There is always the danger of loss through assistance that is employed, and this fact is a factor in the problem that cannot be overlooked. On the other hand, the small farmer cannot afford all the modern machinery which facilitates his work, yet must lie idle during a greater portion of the year. When this difficulty is overcome by neighboring farmers having a community of interest in these aids to their work, there will be a nearer approach to a fulfillment of the predictions made by the California prophet.

Bacteria in Animal Saliva.

The saliva of dogs and cats is especially rich in bacteria, that of the latter containing a form which is seldom observed and so fatal that rabbits and guinea pigs inoculated with it die in twenty-four hours. The dog's saliva contains an even greater number of bacteria, plus occasional eggs of intestinal worms and so on. Those fond and loving women who are prone to waste their caresses upon lap dogs will be interested in this item.—Pharmaceutical Era.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

'Tis always the darkest hour
Before the dawn doth shine,
Ever the moment of fear and gloom,
In that troubled heart of thine:
Heavy the spirit and sad thy sigh,
While brightness and lightness are drawing nigh!

Look to the shafts of morning
As they play in the moving clouds;
Their arrows must cleave the darkness dense
Which now like a veil enshrouds;
Mountain and valley, village and stream,
Shall smile in the glow of the sunrise gleam.

But, O, in the vigil of waiting,
Before that dawn appears,
Worn with the night of watching,
Thou art filled with doubts and fears
Doubt not, true soul! Faint not, brave heart!
In the joy of the dawn thou shalt have thy part!

I know thou art weary, so weary;
I know thy hopes seem dead;
Rouse! for thy cares and sorrows
With the night and the gloom are fled.
They are fled! And thy faith, like the lark to the skies,
Rise up with a song in thy glad surprise.

HIS FIRST OFFICIAL NIGHT.

BY W. P. CHAMBERS.

Years ago, when the ambitious city of Weston was simply a village, there lived on the hill beyond the creek a man who divided his time about equally between deer hunting and tilling the few rocky, sterile acres that constituted his farm. This man—George Bently, by name—was a prominent figure in that sparsely-settled region. He was a giant in strength, daring in danger, cool in emergencies and fertile in expedients. Though illiterate, he was by no means uneducated so far as the love of forest and stream was concerned, and his skill in deciphering the volume of human nature was of no mean order. So at thirty-five he was an acknowledged leader among his fellows.

About this time a general election occurred, and during the day somebody suggested that George Bently be voted for Justice of the Peace for Weston Beat. The suggestion being acted on, that individual returned home about sunset, and with pardonable elation informed his wife that he had been elected a magistrate without opposition.

Without giving the matter any consideration, either as to the duties appertaining to the office or his own qualifications for their performance, he made the necessary bond, and in due time his commission, bearing the great seal of the State, was received, together with a copy of the Code. Now our new official had never had a law book in his hands before, and he felt somewhat dismayed, but rather important withal, as he surveyed the bulky volume, bound in legal calf. Thrusting his commission into the pocket of his pantaloons, for he had no coat, and taking the huge volume under his arm, he wended his homeward way. If his gait was more staid and his bearing more dignified than usual it was simply because he felt himself an exponent, if not a part, of the State, in her sovereign capacity of making and administering laws.

As soon as supper was dispatchd he, with the aid of his wife, spelled out the commission, and then taking up the Code he began at the title page. He had got nearly to the end of the report of the Codifying Committee when drowsiness overpowered him, and he began to disrobe for the night. As he was in the act of lying down a loud "hello!" was heard at the yard gate. When the door was opened a voice in the darkness called out:

"Does 'Squire Bently live here?"

"I'm the man," was the rather pompous reply.

"I want a warrant for Jake Jones."

"What's he done?"

"Him and Pete Brown got into a row at old man Hall's house-raising this evenin' and he knocked Pete down with a handspike, and it looks like he's g in' to die."

"All right—come in"

By the time the officer had donned his clothes and replenished the fire the other man—one John Graham—had entered.

Had 'Squire Bently been required to make an astronomical calculation he would not have been more completely at a loss how to proceed. But he felt that his official honor was at stake and so, after a hasty but fruitless search in the Code for a "form," he proceeded to bring forth from his inner consciousness the momentous document.

The first difficulty to be surmounted was the fact that there was not a scrap of writing paper in the house. Not anticipating emergencies wherein it would be required, no stationery had been provided for official purposes. Unwilling to be balked, he tore a blank leaf from the back of the Code, and borrowing a pencil—for it was developed that no pen, ink or even a lead pencil belonged to the Bently household—he sat down, and, after infinite pains, produced the following warrant:

"taik jaik joans
G. BENTLY, esq., j. p."

As Mr. Graham received this document, he asked:

"Who will serve this warrant?"

"You can do it as well as anybody else, can't you?"

"I guess so! Where must I take him to?"

"Bring him here, of course."

"When?"

"At once—or sooner, if you can find him."

With which the Special Constable took his leave.

Our officer now retired, but the incident of the warrant had unsettled him somewhat and he vainly courted sleep. After an hour or two of restless tumbling he was about entering dreamland when there was another call at the gate. Going to the door he was again met by the inquiry:

"Does 'Squire Bently live here?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"We want to get married!" was the rather hesitating and huskily spoken reply.

"Come in!" and again the official hauled on his pantaloons, and out of deference to the occasion a coat was also donned. By this time a very young man and a shrinking maiden had reached the door-step.

"Come right in! Take chairs and sit down," came from the hearth, where our officer was trying to fan the smoking embers into a flame by blowing on them with his breath. When this was accomplished he arose, brushed the dust and ashes off his knees, and, reaching for his law book, demanded:

"Are you runaways?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your names?"

"Mine is William Wright, this young lady's is Mary Banks."

"Are you a son of John Wright?"

"I am, sir."

"And is that one of old Tom Banks' gals?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you run away for?"

"'Cause her folks were not willin' for us to marry."

"Have you got airy pair of license?"

"Yes, sir, I have the license. We expected Preacher Gray to marry us, but he wasn't at home, so we came to you. Here, sir, is the license."

"Keep 'em, young man, keep 'em. I don't want 'em! I only axed to see if you had 'em; for it's agin the laws of the United States to marry in this State without a pair of license. The law only axes if you paid for 'em, and how much."

As he said this, 'Squire Bentley opened his book very wide and assumed a stern, judicial air.

"Yes, sir, the license is paid for, and cost one dollar."

"Where did you get 'em?"

"At the courthouse, of course. If you please, sir, will you proceed?"

"You bet I will! Hold up your right hands!"

The young couple exchanged glances. If the truth must be told, the requirements of etiquette during the performance of the ceremony had formed an important factor in their conversation since leaving the paternal roof. After a little hesitation both hands went up.

"You solemnly swear that you will live together as man and wife, sick or well, and that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothin' but the truth, so help you God! Answer, 'I do.'"

"I do," was the faint response.

"I pronounce you husband and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls!"

The astonished couple still sat with uplifted hands, gazing at the Magistrate with open-mouthed wonder.

"That'll do!" said he in a less severe tone.

"Is it over?" asked the bride, with a sigh of relief, as she lowered her hand.

"I reckon so!" was the rather doubtful response of the groom.

"Yes, certainly. You're hitched as hard and as fast as if the Guv'nor had done it."

"How much do I owe you?"

"Not a cent, young man, not a cent," and then he added, in a semi-confidential tone, "You see, I'm a sorter new beginner, and I hain't got my prices yet. Where are ye goin' to stay till mornin'?"

"We expected to go from Mr. Gray's back to Uncle Bill Wright's, on Cane Creek; but that's ten or twelve miles from here. Isn't there a tavern in town?"

"Yes—but why not stay here? It won't cost you a cent, and I 'drother you'd stay."

With a little more urging, they consented; and while the groom and the 'Squire were out stabling the horses, Mrs. Bently had arisen and prepared a room for the bride and groom. After a slight repast which the young people really needed (though both stoutly protested against the extra trouble), they were left in possession of the spare room, which had twice served as a law office that night.

An hour had passed, and most of the inmates had fallen asleep, when there was another loud "hello!" at the gate.

"Who is it now?" asked the master of the house, as he opened the door.

"It's me—here's your prisoner," sang out a voice in reply, that evidently belonged to Special Constable Graham.

"Who else is with you?"

"Jim Hall, and brother Tom."

"All right—come in!"

While our hard-worked Magistrate was again dressing himself, his wife suddenly inquired,

"Where will you take 'em, George?"

This was a poser. The spare room was already occupied, and, worse than all, his lawbook was in there too!

Meeting the Constable in the yard he briefly explained the situation.

"We can build up a fire out here," he suggested at last, and the others assenting, the fire was accordingly kindled, and then 'Squire Bently realized that he could proceed no further without his lawbook. Going to the door of the guest-chamber, he softly knocked.

"What is it?" inquired the groom.

"I want to get my book."

So the young man unfastened the door, and held it open till the officer went inside and "felt around" till he laid hands on the coveted volume. Returning to the yard, he opened court by administering an oath to all present (including the constable and the prisoner) to tell just how it was.

The day had been a warm one. As the night wore on, the clouds began to threaten rain, and before the testimony was all in, a heavy shower came up. This necessitated an adjournment to shelter—and as the smokehouse was the nearest building, thither all hands repaired. While waiting for the shower to cease, another horseman came galloping up.

"Is 'Squire Bently at home?"

"Yes; that's me!" was the reply.

"They want you at Sim's Mill. There's a dead woman there, and they want you to hold an inquest."

Further questioning elicited the fact that a negro woman had died very suddenly, and the physician who had been called, deeming the circumstances suspicious, desired an inquest. It was now past midnight, but our officer, feeling that he ought to act promptly in the matter, decided to go at once. But, unfortunately, the two Grahams and Jim Hall all felt called upon to go, too. What to do with the prisoner was the question. Somebody proposed taking him along with them, but the prisoner himself stoutly opposed that plan, but offered to pledge himself to be on hand whenever wanted.

Our Magistrate, acting on the principle that "one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," resolved to make sure of Jake Jones. So, after bringing a few bundles of fodder from a stack near by, and two or three quilts from the house, he prepared a bed for his prisoner, and locked him up in the smokehouse till his return, and the five men rode away.

In the matter of the inquest Dr. Smith assumed entire control. He prepared all the necessary papers, and it was only required of G. Bently, Esq., to set "his hand and seal" to various documents.

It was near 10 o'clock when the 'Squire and his party returned from the inquest. They were all very drowsy and very hungry. Our officer found a rather unpleasant state of affairs on his arrival at home. As the meal and flour, as well as the bacon, were kept in the smokehouse, and as the door thereof was securely locked and the key safely stored away in his pocket, none of the family had broken their fast. The bride and groom had gone off hungry, but apparently happy; the children were fretting; their mother was scolding, and Jake Jones, from the inside of his prison, was indulging in some very loud, very profane and very disparaging remarks. In fact, that individual was only brought into a state of respectable quietude by the court's collaring him, giving him a good shaking, and promising to wipe up the ground with him after adjournment.

Before this occurred, or even breakfast was served, Pete Brown rode up. He had concluded not to die; he and Jake made friends and the case was dismissed. After a hearty breakfast and dinner in one, his visitors departed, leaving 'Squire Bently to cogitate over the events of "His First Official Night."—[Louisville-Courier Journal.

WAR MEMORIES.

A $1,960 Meal That Was Spoiled by an Inconsiderate Missile.

Connected with the Tobacco Exchange at Richmond, Va., is a gentleman who, according to the Detroit Free Press, was living "under the hill" in Petersburg during the perilous days. After several shot and shell had passed over his house, his family left it for safer quarters, but one evening decided to return. Everything was quiet for an hour, and then a shot came booming over. This was enough for wife and children, but the husband got mad and declared he would stay there that night if every gun in the Federal intrenchments was turned loose upon him. Half an hour went by, and he was patting himself on the back over his grit, when the Federals suddenly opened five or six heavy guns at the hill. Shot and shell roared and hissed and screamed, and the man's hair began to crawl. He stuck there, however, until boom! bish! crash! came a cannon ball as big as his head plump through one side of the house and out of the other, and then he flew outdoors and struck a gait just a little faster than greased lightning. Singularly enough, that was the only shot which ever hit the house, though dozens fell around it.

After Grant had his guns in position, and more especially after he began reaching out for the Weldon railroad, he could have knocked Petersburg to pieces in twenty-four hours. He would probably have done so had there been any excuse for it, but there was none. The Confederate lines were a mile and a half away, and Petersburg was only held by non-combatants. Nevertheless, Grant did not propose that any one in reach of his guns should sleep soundly or forget his presence. Occasionally shots were therefore pitched into the city to check any enthusiasm, and if anybody got over an hour's sleep at a time it was considered something to boast of. One night during a heavy firing to the left of the crater, the Federal guns were for a time so elevated that every missile cleared the Confederate lines, howled over Petersburg and fell among the houses under the hill. One shell entered the window of a house and exploded in the parlor. A part of the front of the house was blown out, one side demolished, the chamber floors driven through the roof and the whole building weakened. The people had moved out, but left all their goods and a dog to watch them. No one could say just where the dog was when the explosion took place, but he was not killed.

During the same fire, and five minutes after a family had taken up their quarters in a bomb proof of the back yard, a shell drove in the front door, penetrated the floor and exploded under the house. There were five rooms below and four above, and the explosion shook off every bit of plaster and knocked down every partition in the lower part. The family well was at the back of the house, and so much debris was driven into it that no water could be got for days.

In the winter of 1864 a citizen who had unexpectedly received $2,000 in Confederate currency on an old debt, determined to have a good square dinner, and company to help to eat it. Rye, coffee, bacon, meal, rice and molasses were about the only provisions in market; but at a cost of $1,960 the citizen scraped together enough to justify him in inviting a company of six friends. The guests were in the parlor, the table set, and the cook was over the stove, when a shell entered the dining room through the side of the house. The explosion so wrecked the room that no one could enter it. The table, pieces of which I saw, could not have been demolished any better with an ax, and the plaster in two or three rooms was shaken down.

A Remarkable "Artist."

The feelings of the government detectives were much shocked three weeks ago by the turning up of a counterfeit treasury note for $100. It was the series of 1889, check letter [illegible], with the head of Lincoln on the face. It was the latest contribution from a remarkable artist, who has been puzzling the authorities for more than a decade. Like all of his other productions in this line, it was done entirely in pen and ink. It was actually accepted as genuine at a United States sub-treasury and was sent thence to Washington for redemption. One of the experts in the redemption division of the treasury, Miss Alma C. Smith, discovered it, and the teller who took it in at the sub-treasury will lose $100 by the transaction. The counterfeit will not bear close scrutiny, the imitated lathe engraving being only a mass of pen scratches, but it has the dangerous quality of a good general appearance.

This pen-and-ink artist is a most extraordinary individual. Up to date he has produced about twenty-five such counterfeits. They all reach the treasury eventually, and several specimens of his handiwork are on exhibition at the office of the secret service here. Four out of five of his notes have been twenties, and there have been two fifties. The new one is the only one for $100 that he has yet turned out. He makes them at the rate of two a year, apparently, and it must take nearly all of his time to do the work, which is evidently executed under [illegible] the labor cannot be profitable, [illegible] supposed that he does it for amusement. It is his little fad. Inasmuch as they come from all parts of the country, it must be that he is a gentleman of leisure and travels from city to city. Little hope is entertained of ever catching him, and it is likely that he will always remain a mystery.—[Washington Star.

How A Swordfish Can Fight.

Captain Amery, of the schooner Origin, which has arrived at Plymouth from Labrador with fish, reported that while on the outward voyage from England the vessel was attacked by a swordfish, whose sword penetrated the hull and broke off as the fish attempted to withdraw it. The fish then turned several somersaults and disappeared, as if either stunned or killed by the force of the shock. The sword left in the side of the ship measured eighteen inches. Before Newfoundland was reached the vessel made over a foot of water, and the crew are of opinion that if the fish had succeeded in withdrawing its sword the vessel would have foundered.—[London Daily News.

About one-fifth of the whole number of Gotham's criminals are women.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

ONE of the most remarkable and puzzling stories of somnambulism has recently come to light. The subject was a young ecclesiastic at a seminary. The bishop of the diocese was so deeply interested that he went nightly to the young man's chamber. He saw him get out of bed, secure paper, compose and write sermons. On finishing a page he read it aloud. When a word displeased him he wrote a correction with great exactness. The bishop had seen a beginning of some of these somnambulistic sermons, and thought them well composed and correctly written. Curious to ascertain whether the young man used his eyes, the bishop put a card under his chin in such a manner as to prevent him seeing the paper on the table before him, but he still continued to write. Not yet satisfied whether or not he could distinguish different objects placed before him, the bishop took away the piece of paper on which he wrote and substituted several other kinds at different times. He always perceived the change, because the pieces of paper were of different sizes. When a piece of paper exactly like his own was substituted he used it, and wrote his corrections on the places corresponding to those of his own paper. It was by this means that portions of his nocturnal compositions were obtained. His most astonishing production was a piece of music written with great exactitude. He used a comb for a ruler. The clefs, the flats and the sharps were all in their right places. The notes were all made as circles, and those requiring it were afterward blackened with ink. The words were all written below, but once they were in such large characters that they did not come directly below their proper notes, and perceiving this he erased them all and wrote them over again.

BANK notes have curious histories attacked to them in the way of human comedy, tragedy and melodrama, says the New York Home Journal. A collector at Paris of such curiosities got hold, some years ago, of a £5 Bank of England note which had somewhat of a tragic interest connected with it. Some sixty odd years ago the cashier of a Liverpool merchant had received in tender for a business payment a Bank of England note which he held up to the scrutiny of the light, so as to make sure of its genuineness. He observed some partially indistinct red marks or words traced out on the front of the note beside the lettering and on the margin. Curiosity tempted him to try to decipher the words so inscribed. With great difficulty so faintly written were they and so much obliterated, the words were found to form the following sentence: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner at Algiers." Mr. Dean, on being shown the note, lost no time in asking the government of the Dey to make intercession for his brother's freedom. It appeared that for eleven long years the latter had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers, and that his family and relatives believed him to be dead. With a piece of wood he had traced in his own blood on the bank note the message which was to procure his release. The government aided the efforts of his brother to set him free, this being accomplished on payment of a ransom to the Dey. Unfortunately the captive did not long enjoy his liberty, his codily sufferings while working as a slave in Algiers having undermined his constitution.

A WRITER of thrilling stories of adventure for boys would find a plot ready to his hand in the charges brought against two Frenchmen named Rorique, brothers, who are at present awaiting their trial at Brest. According to the case for the prosecution, these men are latter day pirates of a particularly daring description. On December 15, 1891, the French schooner Ninroahiti, trading with Tahiti, left that place under the command of a native skipper named Tehae a Tara. The first mate was Joseph Rorique, one of the accused, and the crew consisted of an Englishman named William Gibson, who was the supercargo, four natives, and a half-caste, who acted as cook. The vessel carried 40,000 francs' worth of goods, to be exchanged in some South Sea islands for mother-of-pearl and other products. At one of these out-of-the-way ports Joseph Rorique's brother, Alexander, came on board, and the two then planned the mutiny. The Captain and the Englishman were shot, and the crew, all but the cook, were killed by means of poisoned food; whereupon the brothers took command of the vessel, painted out the name, substituting that of "Le Roi," and making a descent on a little island, forced some of the inhabitants to come and man the ship. Possibly they might have remained undiscovered, but for the fact that some time afterward they threatened to kill the half-caste, who thereupon went and gave information to the authorities of one of the Caroline Islands.

A CHILD has been born at Birmingham, England, which bears a strong resemblance to a frog. Its skin is warty and cold and clammy to the touch. When it cries it is said to make an unearthly squeaking noise, sounding much more like the croaking of a frog than the crying of a child. Its form in general, as well as the contour of its limbs [illegible] gests [illegible] pression of its eyes, also suggests [illegible] Batrachia. It has [illegible] on each hand and four toes on each foot, both toes and fingers being "webbed" or joined one to the other by a thin membrane. Besides the points already enumerated it is said to have several other characteristics of the frog, even to the huge, knotty-looking, lidless eyes. The account says that the parents are almost distracted over the affair and hourly pray for their uncanny offspring to die. A prominent medical journal in making a record of the occurrence says: "There are two other 'frog-child' cases on record, one the offspring of a Piute squaw in Nevada, which was born some twelve or fourteen years ago; the other a monstrosity whose parents formerly lived at Goshen, Ind., U. S. A., and which was born in January, 1889.

A WIDOW living in the Rue Butte-aux-Cailles, Paris, would have had her house ransacked recently while she was taking her habitual Sunday promenade had it not been for a faithful parrot which she regards now with particular affection as being a gift from her departed husband. About 4:30 in the afternoon the concierge of the house was roused from his siesta by a fearful screech from the parrot. Rushing upstairs he met a man coming down the steps four at a time. He was a housebreaker, and upon meeting the concierge the latter just escaped a blow aimed at his head with a monkey-wrench. Passersby succeeded in stopping the thief and dragged him before the Police Commissary of the district. He said he was disturbed in his work of ransacking the place by the parrot talking in the next room. The bird asked repeatedly: "Who is there? Are you there, Etienne?" and, upon seeing the intruder, roused the whole house.

IN Florida Life, a new monthly magazine published in Jacksonville, is an article from the pen of B. W. Partridge, of Monticello. In it he describes the effect of the drought of 1891 on Lake Miccosukie, one of the largest lakes in middle Florida, when about 6,000 acres of water became dry land for a spell. The rainy season of 1892 filled it with water again. Mr. Partridge conceived the idea that the lake could be drained by boring holes in its bottom, and organized a company to try it. Experts were engaged to examine and report on the plan, and the result was that the company has bored a number of holes in the bottom of Lake Miccosukie, and the water is rushing down through them via a subterranean passage to the gulf. In a few months they expect to permanently drain the lake and thus recover 10,000 acres of valuable land.

A CORRESPONDENT of the North China Herald gives an account of a curious industry carried on in China. It is the manufacture of "cheat money," to be buried with corpses. From a time immemorial it has been the pious custom of the Chinese to bury with their departed friends a considerable sum of money, that they might not find themselves paupers in the other world. This custom they have found rather costly, and having no very high opinion of the shrewdness of spiritual shopkeepers they have taken to manufacturing a very cheap counterfeit of the Mexican dollar to pass off in the other world. It is simply a bit of pasteboard with tin foil surfaces stamped with a die. A hundred of these dollars in a box retails for 31 cash.

STEVENSON'S Mr. Hyde has been bettered in real life in Texas. In the case of the famous character in fiction there were some who criticised the creation on the ground that such a debased glory in brutality was impossible, even under the imaginary conditions of a double existence in which the man of the world was combined with the human brute. In the trial of Dick Edwards, at Denison, for the murder of Mrs. Hattie G. Haynes, one witness told how, when she charged the prisoner with the crime, he answered, "Yes; I don't care any more about killing a woman than a dog." What in the case of the hero of the novelist's story was the superinduced condition of Hyde was the normal condition of the Western burglar.

A TOTTER old soldier was run over by a cab in the streets of Paris the other day. Jean Louis Leclerc is his name. He was born in April, 1793, and served with Napoleon at Waterloo. When taken to the hospital he seemed to be very weak and to be suffering terribly. In view of his great age, the doctors thought he must succumb, but the old fellow soon rallied, and on the day after the accident was able to go back to his home in the Rue du Rhin. So lightly did he treat the affair that he willingly accepted an offer from the driver, who was to blame, of one dollar, by way of solatium. "You see," he said, "I hate going to law at my age, although I do not despair of living to be 120."

A GANG of ruffians, which has just fallen into the hands of the Paris police, rejoice in the title of "Les Mangeurs des Nez," a name that fitly describes their outrages. Not content with garroting and robbing all the unfortunate people whom they could waylay at night in deserted streets and dark corners of the great French metropolis, they also bit off the noses of their victims, which they carried off and attached to their caps in imitation of the red Indian scalpers. Several persons waylaid in the early hours of the morning in the lonely suburbs are now in the hospitals

IN the courtyard of the palace of Versailles is a clock with one hand called "L'Horloge de la Mort du Roi." It contains no works, but consists merely of a face in the form of a sun surrounded by rays. On the death of a king the hand is set to the moment of his demise and remains unaltered till his successor has joined him in the grave. This custom originated under Louis XIII. and continued till the revolution. It was revived on the death of Louis XVIII. and the hand still continues fixed on the precise moment of that monarch's death.

ONE of the strangest superstitions of Chinamen is the awe with which they regard the cockroach. John holds the ugly black pest as something sacred, claiming that it is specially favored by the gods and a particular favorite of the great Joss. The most unfortunate mishap that can befall a Chinaman is to step on a cockroach. Instantly visions of terrible disasters and calamities arise before him. In some instances the superstition has been known to prey so on the minds of the Celestials as to drive them insane.

A FEW days ago a tramp at Pacific, Mo., spied a railroad tricycle, belonging to a telegraph lineman, standing near the track. He stepped around under cover of the station house, seized the machine, put it on the track and mounting it sped away down the line at full speed. He had gone but a few miles when suddenly the fast express tore around a sharp curve and bore down upon him. Before he could even slacken speed the train struck him, and there was one less tramp in the country and a tricycle gone.

FULL OF ELECTRICITY.

A Connecticut Man Who Is a Human Barometer.

For thirty-five years Oswell Powell has lived the life of a hermit in the woods six miles north of Hadlyme, Conn., in a locality known as Partridge Run. The man's seclusion, says the New York Press, was forced upon him by a circumstance that happened while he was about 28 years old. At that time Powell was a prosperous and happy young farmer. He had been two years married, and his domestic relations were extremely pleasant. While attending the county fair one day he come across a [illegible] who was anxious to test his ability to lead electricity, and the two put it a battery that was doing a heavy business in the fakirs' corner of the fair ground. The men tried the machine, and a good-natured dispute as to who was the best man more between them. Powell's friend claimed that he could hold the most electricity, and he started in to prove it. He sent the [illegible] and did to the 3,0 mark. Powell pulled off his coat and climbed the handles. The operator sent a stream of electricity into him that took the [illegible] and caused him to stand on tiptoe. Still Powell called for more and got it. The needle swung around lightly points, and yet Powell looked for more. The charge was sent into him, and, leaping into the air, he came down flat on his back. He had put the needle up to the 100 mark, but nearly killed himself in doing it. He was dazed for several hours, but finally came out of it apparently all right.

In less than six months after this experience there was trouble in the Powell house. Mrs. Powell left her husband and refused to live with him any longer. She said that he was kind to her, but there was something about the man that repelled her, and the strange power, whatever it was, seemed to be growing on him. Powell told his father-in-law that he hadn't felt like himself since the day that he tried his hand at the electric machine. He said that he couldn't blame his wife, and he made no effort to reclaim her. It was evident that Powell's nerves had somehow been strangely affected. Expert medical advice was taken, and a good deal of money was spent by Powell in searching for a cure, but to no purpose. The strange power grew upon him, and finally became so strong that the cattle shrank from his touch. Finally Mrs. Powell was induced to return to her husband's house but the two occupied separate apartments. They lived in this way three years, then Powell left and took up his residence in his house that he built in Partridge Run.

The man suffers a good deal of pain just before a thunderstorm. He is a sort of human barometer, and during the haying season the farmers consult the man regarding the weather probabilities. His prognostications are seldom incorrect, and the visits of his neighbors in the summer season became so annoying to him that he adopted the plan of posting weather bulletins on a tree near the road so that the farmers could get an idea of what the weather was going to be without disturbing him. During the times that Powell suffers pain, medicine has no effect on him. The most powerful sedative administered to him is as so much water. The only relief that he gets is by laying his hands on cats, and he has surrounded himself with these animals that appear to be warmly attached to him. When he feels a spell of suffering coming on he takes to stroking the cats, and by this means his suffering is greatly lessened.

DESTRUCTIVE OCCUPATIONS.

Poisons That Lurk for Flax and Artificial Flower Workers.

Very little is known of the danger to life and health that exists in many occupations where women are largely employed. In England a league has been formed to call attention to the facts of the case, and Mrs. C. Mollet has made extensive investigations.

In the linen trade, the flax has to be left to soak in the water, and rheumatism, bronchitis and pneumonia seize upon the women who have to deal with it in this stage. In the flax carding department, the fine dust produces lung disease and kills its victims at thirty. In fur cape making, the odor and the fine fluff are both extremely injurious. A singular injury is caused to artificial-flower makers, especially those employed in making white flowers by gaslight. The dry dust causes inflamed eyelids, and the work is so trying that women are worn out long before middle age. In the china trade, the clay dust settles year by year in the lungs until consumption results.

In the white lead trade, horrors are found quite equal to those of the phosphorus match trade. Lead is in itself highly poisonous, and the most dangerous parts of the process of making the ordinary blue pigs of lead into the deadly white carbonate is carried on by women, because it requires less muscular strength than the rest. Cakes of lead are put to ferment in tan and acetic acid for three months, and then the cakes have to be grubbed out of the mixture by hand, the poison getting under the finger nails. After being ground to powder under water, the dishes of damp lead have to be placed in a stove to dry for a fortnight. The worst part is when these poor women have to take away the dry, hot, white carbonate of lead from the stoves. Even the muffled heads, the wooden respirators, the sack overalls fail to keep out the deadly dust. They [illegible] sometimes a few [illegible] of lead is used [illegible] enamel advertisements [illegible] guard would be in [illegible] facture, and it would [illegible] so, for various sums [illegible] the market.—New [illegible]

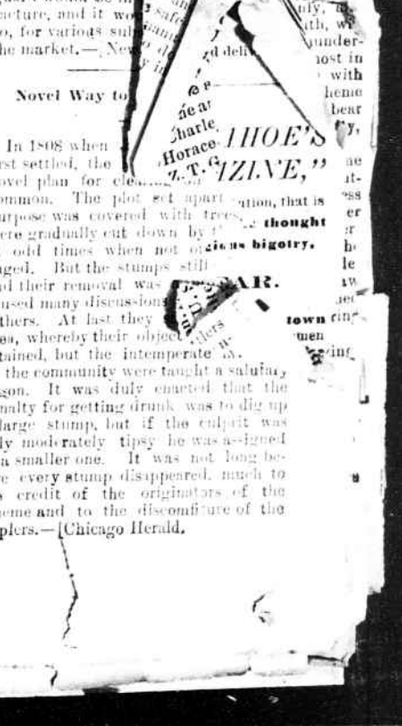
Marine Engines for Land Use.

An interesting departure in engineering is the introduction of marine engines for land service. One of the great electric illuminating companies, it appears, has adopted them in its work, and concerning their economy in respect to space and power it is reported, says the Age of Steel, that the land engine takes up some ten times as much room as a marine engine, and the marine quadruple expansion engine has ten times the heating surface of the land.

Further, the new quadruplex two-crank expansion engine is twice as powerful as the triple expansion three-crank engine, occupies also 30 per cent. less room and carries regularly 210 pounds of steam.

The land engine carries only 80 or 90 pounds of steam, and gets one horse-power out of from four to ten pounds of anthracite coal, while the quadruple expansion marine engine develops one horse-power out of one and a quarter pounds of Welsh coal—that is, according to these data, the land engine requires from two to four times as much coal as the marine engine to produce the same power.

There are in this country [illegible] hens to the estimated number of 600,000,000.

Novel Way to [illegible]

In 1808 when [illegible] first settled, the [illegible] novel plan for cle[illegible] common. The plot set apart [illegible]ion, that is purpose was covered with trees, [illegible] were gradually cut down by [illegible] at odd times when not [illegible] gaged. But the stumps still [illegible] and their removal was [illegible] caused many discussions [illegible] fathers. At last they [illegible] idea, whereby their object [illegible] attained, but the intemperate [illegible] of the community were taught a salutary lesson. It was duly enacted that the penalty for getting drunk was to dig up a large stump, but if the culprit was only moderately tipsy he was assigned to a smaller one. It was not long before every stump disappeared, much to the credit of the originators of the scheme and to the discomfiture of the tipplers.—[Chicago Herald.