THE VIRGINIA ENTERPRISE

VIRGINIA, MINN.

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THINGS LITTLE AND BIG.

—Ostriches can run twenty-five miles an hour.

—In Paris one person in eighteen lives on charity.

—Annual rainfall on the Pacific coast is 62 inches.

—Cuvier thought that a whale might live to be 1000 years old.

—Africa's gold production is $10,000,000 greater this year than last.

—Leading French physicians incline to the belief that pork is a frequent cause of cancer.

—Woman's work in India has made great progress. There are now 711 women missionaries in the country.

—Siberian peasants clean, stretch and dry the skin of the turbot for leather bags and as a substitute for glass window panes.

—In an Arkansas boom town a $2200 lot brought $200 the other day. Arkansas never suffered much from the boom fever.

—There were two total eclipses of the sun in the year 1712 and two in 1889. This rare phenomenon will not happen again until the year 2057.

—The picture of Millet, for which M. Chauchard recently gave over $200,000, was originally traded by its painter for a case of wine worth $10.

—A Chautauqua circle, the first ever formed among those of the Hebrew faith, has been organized by the New York "Society for Religious Study."

—A smelting mill with machinery filling twenty-two cars was moved from boom town to boom town through the South as a means of stimulating speculators.

—Ore can be frozen at a temperature of 296 degrees below zero, and the product, which can be handled and felt, burns, so to speak, with its excessive cold.

—Miss Dr. Jennie Taylor, niece of Bishop Taylor of Africa, and physician in his mission work, recently walked 500 miles inland, and was not sick a minute at any time.

—Farm lands in East Tennessee, staked and sold to Boston tenderfeet in city lots at $100 a foot front, are now plowed again by farmers who attended the foreclosure sales.

—The German statistician, Arnstein, says that Greece stands in the first rank among European countries in the number of centenarians. He attributes this to the climate.

—On the gold coast various persons have lately joined the Christians (not as communicants, but as adherents) to save themselves from being accused of witchcraft, a suspicion from which no heathen is safe.

—The Presbyterian board of home missions reports total receipts for seven months $317,670, a gain of $89,291. Of this $60,504 is in legacies, $33,589 in the women's donations. The regular church donations have fallen off about $7000.

—Since the passage of the act of 1870, providing for the primary and secondary education, the number of school children in English schools has increased from 1,500,000 to 5,000,000; and the number of persons in prison has fallen from 12,000 to 5000.

—An instrument known as the "Gastograph" has been constructed for the purpose of recording the motions in the stomach of a patient under treatment, the movements of the food while it is undergoing chemical action being carefully and minutely recorded by means of electricity.

—After it was clearly ascertained that the Roman catacombs contained the remains of Christian martyrs, these subterranean cemeteries were taken in charge by the church, and so greatly were they esteemed as places of burial that persons of the highest distinction were interred there.

—The Lutherans of Germany have become deeply interested in the religious condition of Persia, and have recently sent out an exploring party to decide upon some proper field where they shall locate a mission station in that kingdom, having special reference to the Hebrews and Kurds.

—According to Invention, a building has recently been erected by Herr Wagner, an architect in Limburg, solely of materials formed of ashes, without any admixture of sand. It is claimed that hard natural stones of almost every variety have been successfully imitated with this very cheap material.

—By the will of the late Senator Ross of Canada, Morrin College and the high school in Toronto receive between them $170,000, Jeffrey hospital $100,000, three Anglican churches $40,000 each, French mission Presbyterian churches $30,000, Woman's Christian association $16,000, Protestant home $40,000.

—Slouch hats are numerous in almost all communities south of Mason and Dixon's line, and conservative old Southerners still demand the best felt in such hats. A really good broad-brim felt hat such as a fastidious Southerner wears will cost almost as much as a respectable high silk hat, but will last longer because it never goes out of fashion.

COMMUNICATION WITH LIGHTSHIPS.

The Part that Electricity Plays on a Dangerous English Coast.

A statement having appeared in the daily press calling in question the success of electrical communication with lightships, an English clergyman has made reply, and detailed his own experience on the most dangerous part of the English coast.

The Goodwin lightship, situated at the north end of the Goodwin Sands, is connected with the shore by telephone. For seven months of the roughest weather the line has worked admirably. One of the crew of the lightship had a son critically ill ashore, while the father was doing his two months on board. In order to relieve his anxiety, the clergyman obtained permission at the coastguard station to speak to the lightship. He says:

"I told him the home news, had with him a general chat and bade him good-night. I easily recognized his voice, quite as well as I ever heard one through a land telephone, and the Goodwin is over six miles from shore. The officials assure me that the telephone is a complete success. Already this telephone has proved its immense value in saving precious lives and valuable property. At a wreck, as at a fire, the first five minutes are worth the next five hours, and since it has been possible to transmit the news of a ship being on the Goodwins by cable, the lifeboat has been dispatched and all hands saved with a speed incedible in former times.

"The only drawbacks to this method of communication are the chafing of the cable, which necessitates frequent repairs, and the fact that the ship does not ride rough seas so lightly as before, owing to her being anchored by four heavy chains, instead of one. These, however, are points which can be easily decided."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

How Different.

The prominence of money in determining many women's choice of a husband is calling forth much comment from the humorist, among others the following bit of word play:

"Cyrus," she said, reluctantly, "I don't think I would make a good wife for a poor man."

"Then you'd make a mighty poor wife for a good man," replied Cyrus, as he grabbed his hat.

The point aimed at is plain, but is there not another unwittingly brought out? Is not Cyrus' plain assumption that he is a good man and worthy a good wife as commonly the tacit and unwarranted assumption of the man who is refused, as poverty is the concealed excuse of the woman who refuses? Unless it follows that because a man is poor he is therefore good, might it not be pardonable in a woman if she preferred the man with wealth to the one who had not even that to recommend him? Truly, woman should prefer goodness to gold, but why should not man also, and make sure that he has goodness whether he has or has not the gold?—Minneapolis Housekeeper.

Fooled the Drummer.

She was young and good-looking, but very rural, and the drummer in the seat back of her did want to move over and talk to her, but she didn't give him any chance. Finally he offered to put the window up for her. "No," she said, "I don't want it up." "I beg your pardon," he responded. "You don't have to," she chirruped, "but if you want to set in this seat with me, why don't you? I promised my husband this morning that I wouldn't talk to any man that wasn't homelier than he was, and he said if I would keep that promise he was willin' to let me go clean 'round the world by myself. You never seen my husband, did you?" and she moved over to make room for him, but he heard seven people laugh, and he backed out and went into another car.—Detroit Free Press.

READY TO TAX YOUR INCOME.

Commissioner Pugh Has Prepared Regulations—Only Appropriation Needed.

All that is necessary to start the machinery of the internal revenue bureau for the collection of the income tax is an appropriation by Congress to provide for the employment of additional deputy collectors. All the new regulations have been formulated by Commissioner Pugh, but they will not be made public until January 1, when the law goes into effect.

While this law more explicitly defines the incomes which shall be subject to the new tax, there are many loopholes for technical evasions, and the New York World says that for this reason the work of preparing instructions to collectors has been exceedingly difficult. The instructions issued in 1867-68 were compressed into a two-page circular, but the greater scope of the present law has necessitated more sweeping directions to checkmate false returns and other fraudulent attempts to evade this tax. Hundreds of decisions have been made by the courts upon appeals from the rulings of assessors under the old law, and the majority of them have more or less bearing upon the interpretation of the new statute. All these decisions have been carefully arranged and summarized for the instruction of the collectors.

The incomes of corporations having been made subject to a tax, it is expected that the bureau will experience considerable difficulty in obtaining accurate data, as the incomes of the individuals interested in the corporations are likely to lead to much confusion on the part of the taxpayers. It is this feature of the law that has called for the closest study. The precedents established under the old statute, it is believed, cover all of the technical protests that are likely to grow out of the taxing of the individual incomes, so that there is little fear that the government will not realize, with comparatively small trouble, the full amount of the tax from this source. The blank returns from individual and corporation incomes have been prepared, and on each are printed the exemptions allowed under the law. The exemptions have all been arranged in simple form, so as to obviate all possible confusion on the part of the individuals and corporations who are called upon to make the required statements. The blanks are said to be entirely different from those used when the old law was in force. The new regulations and blanks for the returns are locked up in the office of the internal revenue bureau, and, as they have not been submitted to Secretary Carlisle for his approval, it is not expected that they will be put in printed form before the middle of December.

The estimates made by Congress that the income tax will net the government $30,000,000 in revenue annually is believed by experts of the internal revenue bureau to be very low. The earnings of corporations have been carefully scrutinized, and it is expected that the amount realized from this source will not be less than $40,000,000, and may possibly reach $50,000,000.

The arrangement of the machinery for the collection of the tax was left by Congress entirely to the internal revenue bureau, and a plan governing all the districts of the country has been arranged. It is now believed that the estimate of Commissioner Miller that it will require $500,000 to execute this feature of the law will be more than sufficient, although it is altogether probable that Congress will be asked to make an appropriation for this amount.

THE GOLDEN KEY.

Alexander III. Refused to Gain a Foottress by It.

London News: I happen to be cognizant of a curious episode which strongly illustrates the honorable and straightforward character of the late Czar. It occurred when he was still the Czarowitz, in command of the army of the Lom; the period was near the end of July, the place the village of Obertenik, where was located the headquarters of the Czarowitz. The army was echeloned along the roads to Rustchuk, waiting for the word to besiege that fortress when the siege train should arrive. Meanwhile, it did not possess an entrenching tool or a siege gun. Yet the place of every division had been allotted in the planned environment, which I was privily told, was to precede, but by a day or two the gaining of the place by a coup de main. I took the liberty to remark that to attempt a coup de main against a fortress so strong as we knew Rustchuk to be was simply to court a disastrous and bloody failure. "All the same," significantly replied the staff officer with whom I was in conversation, "you will see that we shall have Rustchuk within a week. I will tell you a secret," he continued—"the pasha commanding in Rustchuk has been found to have his price: the coup de main will be simply a decent blind to his treachery; and after a make-believe assault the place will be surrendered, and we shall be in possession of the strongest fortress of the Turkish quadrilateral." The project never came off, and I subsequently learned the reason. Every detail of the arrangement had been settled. It only remained to inform the Czarowitz of the scheme which promised results so valuable. To the surprise and dismay of his staff, Alexander broke into a passion of wrath and disgust. He denounced the project as treacherous, cowardly and unsoldierlike. "Let us take Rustchuk," he exclaimed, "if we can, but by the sword and the siege gun, not by the base method of a golden key! I am ashamed of you as Russian officers!"

DENTISTRY IN JAPAN.

The Native Tooth Doctors Use Nature's Own Simple Tools.

The study and practice of dentistry in Japan have little in common with the profession as known in this country. An American who had occasion to employ a Japanese dentist visited one, accompanied by Minister Hubbard, and tells this story of his experience: "One day I was troubled with the toothache and Mr. Hubbard took me to a dentist and explained to the saddle-colored operator that I wanted the grinder extracted. I was placed in a bamboo chair and tilted slightly back. The dentist examined my teeth, talking volubly meanwhile to Uncle Sam's representative. Suddenly his thumb and forefinger closed on the troublesome tooth, and before I had the faintest idea of what was going to happen, he lifted it out and held it before me, smiling at the same time that vacant smile peculiar to the children of the Orient. 'You were waiting for the forceps, were you?' said Minister Hubbard with a laugh. 'They don't use 'em here. Look at this. Here's a young Jap taking his first lesson in dentistry.' A 12-year-old Japanese boy sat on the floor, having before him a board in which were a number of holes into which pegs had been tightly driven. He was attempting to extract the pegs with his thumb and forefinger. Mr. Hubbard explained that as the strength of this natural pair of forceps developed by practice, the pegs would be driven in tighter. After a couple of years at peg-pulling, the young dentist would graduate and be able to lift the most refractory molar in the same manner that he had lifted wooden pegs.—Chicago Times.

Had Old Blood.

The Holy Coat of Argenteuil, in France, is one of the several venerable relics which are declared and "proved" to be the identical seamless robe that Christ wore when he was led to Golgotha to be crucified. It has numerous stains upon it which the faithful believe and declare to be the stains of Christ's blood. There are, however, many in the church who doubt the genuineness of the relic; and to satisfy them the Bishop of Versailles recently decided to submit the stains in the coat to scientific tests, to be made by MM. Lafon and Roussel, two eminent chemists of Paris. Their report, which has just been published, concludes as follows: "To sum up: From the portion of the coat marked with rust-colored spots we obtained (1) A faint green coloration, with the tincture of guaiacum and the essence of turpentine; (2) the revival of the red globules of blood, with the artificial serum; (3) the formation of crystals of haemin or of chlorohydrate of haematin. These indications are sufficient to enable us to affirm that the spots examined are actually due to blood. Judging by the whole of our analysis, we presume that this blood is very old."

Was in No Hurry.

The London Telegraph tells a good story of a lazy and loquacious farmer whose farm lies just outside Worcester. He called at a neighbor's house recently. "Sit down, sit down!" exclaimed the neighbor. "I don't know as I ought," replied the farmer, but nevertheless he sat down. After some talk about the crops and the value of an adjoining piece of ground the farmer said, slowly: "I don't know as I ought to be sitting here. I came over to see if I could get a ladder; our house is afire."

—The first shipment of iron ore from the United States to Europe was made in 1608.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

A Christmas Song.

While stars of Christmas shine,
Lighting the skies,
Let only loving looks
Beam from your eyes.

While bells of Christmas ring
Joyous and clear,
Speak only happy words,
All mirth and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,
And in love take;
Gladden the poor and sad
For love's dear sake.

—Emilie Poulsson in St. Nicholas for December.

A Little Blue-Gum Girl.

Aunt Susan Ann was the nicest old soul in the world. She was fat, awfully fat, and black and shiny. She wore big hoop ear-rings and bound her woolly old head about with a bright bandanna kerchief. Aunt Susan Ann had a laugh that could be heard from the "quarters" to the cotton-gin house, a distance of a quarter of a mile, and was the mother of seven healthy little pickaninnies.

"Dey's healthy, honey," she once said to me, "and toler'ble handy, all 'cept Mazin Grace, and dat gal is sho' got de ole Satan in her black skin. Dunno wat meks dat nigger sech a outlationest liar, and, honey, she steal, too; but de white folks ain't sleek 'nough to catch her, dat's all."

"But I'm sure you've taught her that to lie and steal is sinful, Aunt Susan Ann," I said.

"'Deed I is, honey. I done teeched her dat, but yo' see, Mazin Grace is a blue-gum nigger, and den she is de middle of de seven, an' wuz born on er Sunday night. So hit's hard to teech er blue-gum nigger the difference 'tween right and wrong, and Mazin Grace is mighty misredenergate." And Aunt Susan Ann, who was washing at the moment, drew both black arms out of the suds and placed them akimbo on her hips. This attitude meant "deep thought" with the old black mammy.

"Misredenergate, sho' dat's whut Mazin Grace is," she repeated sadly to herself.

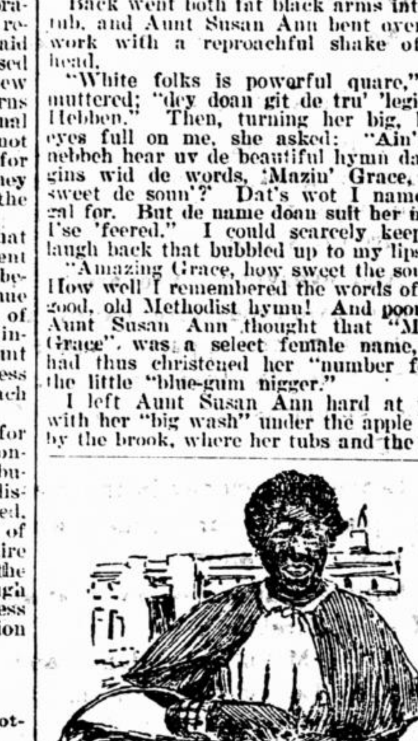
"Where did you get that odd name of Mazin Grace from?" I asked. "I don't remember to have heard it before."

Back went both fat black arms into the tub, and Aunt Susan Ann bent over her work with a reproachful shake of the head.

"White folks is powerful quare," she muttered; "dey doan git de tru' 'legion o' Hebben." Then, turning her big, black eyes full on me, she asked: "Ain't yo' nebbeh hear uv de beautiful hymn dat begins wid de words, 'Mazin' Grace, how sweet de soun''? Dat's wot I name dat gal for. But de name doan suit her much, I'se 'feered." I could scarcely keep the laugh back that bubbled up to my lips.

"Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound!" How well I remembered the words of that good, old Methodist hymn! And poor, old Aunt Susan Ann thought that "Mazin' Grace" was a select female name, and had thus christened her "number four," the little "blue-gum nigger."

I left Aunt Susan Ann hard at work with her "big wash" under the apple trees by the brook, where her tubs and the huge



LITTLE MAZIN GRACE.

iron boiler always rested on "wash days," and where in the warm sunshine of that delicious atmosphere of Florida the clothes are bleached as white as the blossoms of the trees above the old negress' head.

I tramped on through the pine-scented wood, drinking in greedily all the wild perfume of that soft Southern air. I, a New Yorker, had been ordered by my physician to Florida, to regain the lost strength that a winter of close work had robbed me of, and I found this land of flowers a country of perpetual delights.

Rapturous hours of golden sunlight, profusions of flowers and blossoms and fruits, delightful hospitality of a gracious people, and a study of character in black that interested me continually.

Negro life, as it exists in the South, being a type I had heretofore met only in books, it proved an ever interesting study. My recent conversation with Aunt Susan Ann had greatly intersted me, and as I tramped on through the buttercups and daffodils, the laugh that "Mazin Grace's" name had provoked, and which was promptly smothered, now burst forth with all the fullness of mirth unrestrained.

I looked up, and before me in the path stood a girl about 11 years old, with woolly head and skin black and shiny. She had a big basket on her arm, and a smiling mouth showed two rows of strong, white teeth.

"Wotchur laffin' at?" she asked, not attempting to move out of my way.

"Wotchur name?" I asked, in imitation of her style of address.

"Mazin Grace," she replied, still grinning. "Wotchur's, lady?"

"Miss Vanderbilt," I answered, smiling into two big, popped eyes.

"Whar yo' gwine now?" she asked, still with the grin.

"Nowhere much. I was looking for sweet gum, but I don't know where to find any about here, do you?"

A burst of laughter that was like an echo from Aunt Susan Ann came from Mazin Grace, and as she threw her head back in imaittion of her fat old mammy, caught a glimpse of the blue gums that the old negress had laid such stress on.

"Reckon I does. I knows whar ebbry sweet gum tree is on dis plantation. Kin git yo' some ef yer wants me ter. Does yer?"

"Well, I do, Mazin Grace, and I would like to go with you, too."

"Cummon, den. I likes yo', Miss Van'bilt," said the little negress, with a comical nod, "en' I doan allus likes Yankee ladies, ruther," she ended, seriously.

"But I am not a Yankee lady. I came from New York," I explained, as we made our way in the direction of "Muscadine Holler," so designated by my little guide.

"Hit's in de North, ain't it?" she asked.

"Well, yes; but, then, all who live in the North do not like to be called Yankees," I said.

"Der is so; dey's Yankees, en I doan care nuthin 'bout 'em. Some black folks cums hyar frum dar sometimes, en dey's powerful disgracious wid deselves. One time er Yankee nigger gal cum hyar wid er Yankee lady ter nuss her little baby. She weared white caps an' thought herself too good ter eat wid us at de quarters. But she run 'ginst er blue-gum nigger, an' she didn't feel dat way long." And Mazin Grace made the country ring with another burst from her throat.

"Tell me about it, Mazin Grace?" I asked.

Mazin Grace looked at me quite steadily for a moment. Indeed, she stopped short in the path and sized me up seriously. Her face relaxed at length into her usual grin; she was evidently satisfied with her inspection.

"Won't tell, will yer?"

"Not a soul!" I answered solemnly.

"'Clare ter mercy?"

"Yes, I ''clare,'" I replied.

"Den cross yer bress bone t'ree times," persisted Mazin Grace. I hesitated.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," I said. "Can't you take my word without my crossing my breast bone?"

"Doan cross yer bress bone, doan tel yer," she said solemnly. So, being instructed in the art of pledging my word by crossing my "bress bone t'ree times," I yielded to the requirements of the occasion.

"Now then!" I exclaimed, "what did you do to that Yankee negro girl who wore nurse caps?"

"I bitter," she said.

"Did what?"

"I bitter, an' den she died," said the little darkey, with one of her most gracious grins.

"You bit her?" Mazin Grace nodded.

"And then she died?" I continued. Another nod of the woolly head, and still the grin.

"Mazin Grace," I said sternly, "what do you mean? Don't you know that you have been very wicked?"

"Nome. Carn't he'p hit; hit's de blue gums wot done hit, missie."

"Tell me about it?" I said, greatly shocked, but curious.

"Her name wuz Julia and she was yaller."

"She hed mos' straight hair. She wuz dinncious en projeky, en ellus 'lowin she wus frum New York. She wud'n' eat at de quarters wid de rest uv us niggers, en she kep' her nose up in de air all de time. Dat yaller Julia wuz mighty free wid her tongue en wun day I hear her talkin' ter Uncle Rastus 'bout my ole mammy. She say ez how my mammy cud'n wash like dey kin in New York, en dat her i'ning wuz 'prodigious,' dat de word she say—prodigious. Now, Miss Van'bilt, dat make me hate dat Yankee nigger; fur I knowed dat my mammy wuz de bes' washer en i'ner in de world, dat she is, en I 'lows to myself dat yaller Julia gwine ter be sorry fur dem words." Mazin Grace paused. Her voice had risen to a high pitch, and her big popped eyes were rolling from side to side rapidly. The girl was plainly much excited.

"Well, why didn't you explain the case to Julia, and ask her to apologize?" I asked.

"Dat wuz de trouble, missie; I did 'splain. I tole her dat my mammy wuz de pride uv de plantation en de splendidest washer in Floriday."

"And Julia didn't agree with you?"

"Nome. She lafed in my face, de sassy, yaller Yankee, and sed I wuz er little black monkey wid er crazy name. Den I made up my mine dat she wud sho be sorry fer talk, en dat night I bitter." Here Mazin Grace lifted up her voice, and again sent forth a volume of laughter.

"But you said the girl died," I suggested.

"Yessum, she did. Miss dignacious, yaller Julia weuter sleep in der summer house de nex' mornin'. De lil' Yankee baby wuz sleep in de kerrage en Julia lean herself up 'ginst de do'way in de sun, en bimeby she sleep, too. Den Mazin Grace slip up en bite her in de neck." Another fiendish yell from the little darkey.

"But surely that didn't kill her," said I.

"Deed hit did, missie."

"But was nothing done to you?" I asked, horrified at the coolness of the girl's recital.

"Nobody doan know hit but yo' en me. De white folks en de doctor say hit wuz er rattlesnake wat bit de yaller gal, en de niggers bleeve wat de white folks say. De bite uv er blue-gum nigger is pison, missie—dat is, hit is ef de blue gum is mad, en I wuz mighty mad de mornin' yaller Julia wuz sittin' in de do'way uv de summer house."

I tried to reason with this unfortunate black girl, and point out to her the wickedness of her act, but she only laughed her loud, hearty laugh. Her old mammy was right; the girl could not understand the sin of anything, and to talk to her was almost useless.

"'Member, missie, yo' crossed yer bress bone t'ree times," she said.

"I shan't forget, but you must promise me never to bite anyone else. If you promise I will give you a big silver dollar," I said, displaying a shining piece of silver.

"I do promise," she said quickly, eagerly eyeing the money.

"Givit ter me."

"Cross your breast bone three times," I said. She did so most solemnly. I laid the dollar in her little, black hand, and she thanked me with a loud burst of laughter.

A few days after this conversation with Mazin Grace I left that part of the country on my way homeward. As the carriage that conveyed me and my traps to the depot neared a point in the road that led to "Muscadine Hollow" a little black figure came out of the bushes and ran toward the vehicle. It was Mazin Grace. I ordered the driver to stop, and the child leaned forward to speak to me.

She laid a great paper of sweet gum in my lap.

"Hit's all fer yo', missie," she said. "I got de dollar, en I'm gwine ter keep my promise. Good-bye, missie, en doant forget yo' crossed yer bress bone t'ree times."

And a flash of blue gums was the last I saw of Mazin Grace.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND PIECES

Worked Into a Small Table by an Ingenious Mechanic.

A table about a yard square, with 800,000 pieces of wood in it, is the work just completed by Charles F. Adam, a carpenter of Bridgeport, Conn. It is without doubt the most remarkable piece of woodwork ever constructed in that state. The table is Mr. Adam's second attempt at this kind of work. It was begun in 1891, and was intended for exhibition at the World's fair, but could not be completed in time. Three thousand three hundred and sixty-four hours of actual labor were put by Mr. Adam on the table.

In the center of the revolving top is a good representation of the white house, at Washington, surrounded by the stars and stripes. The border of the top is a handsome piece of mosaic work, and on the four sides are shown Washington's birthplace, in Virginia; his familiar Mount Vernon home; the birthplace of Grant, in Ohio, and the place where Grant attended school as a boy. Tastefully interspersed with these are many quaint designs that, taken as a whole, make up a pattern which much resembles the production of the weaver's art.

The supports consist of two pieces of oak placed together in the form of the letter "X," placed upright, cut out in scroll, and with a graceful column after the Corinthian order of things. On each face of these oak supports are two panels, making sixteen in all, on which are shown trees, birds, leaves of different kinds, and all varieties of plant growth.

On the lower part are shown an American eagle, with outspread wings, clutching a cluster of arrows in its talons; a deer's head, stork, sparrow, and two roosters, Washington's Valley Forge headquarters, the birthplace of Lincoln, in Kentucky, and Ford's theater, where he was shot, and the house near by where he died; the birthplace of Columbus, at Genoa, Italy, on a background of dark rosewood; a cloister in Spain, visited by Columbus; the ship Constitution, Libby prison, a cluster of lilies and daisies, twenty-six varieties of leaves, with ferns, fruits, etc.

There is nothing in the nature of a paint, dye, or stain of any sort on the whole work, the various effects, which are very beautiful, being brought out by the natural colors of the woods, of which there are seventy-six different varieties. Some of the woods are ancient, and of special historic interest. There are pieces from India and a mahogany snuffbox that was was made from the timbers of the ship Constitution. There is also wood from the Johnstown flood worked in the table.

A FIERCE BATTLE.

An Eagle Attacks a Fox Fast in a Trap.

Sam Jones set a trap for a fox the other day at the upper end of the old Frazier clearing, in Seabury Settlement, and when he went to see if he had caught anything Saturday he found that the trap was gone, notwithstanding it had been secured by a chain and a heavy staple driven into a log alongside. The chain had been broken off, and fox tracks led away, leaving a tolerably plain trail in the dead leaves. This trail Jones followed until he got to a small opening some dozen of rods away, where on the moss lay his fox, dead and holding fast by the throat in its jaws a dead eagle. The eagle in sailing over the woods had seen the caught fox, and had swooped down upon it, but the fox, though crippled by the trap, had made a good fight, and had killed his assailant while yielding up his own life. The fox with the eagle in its mouth and the trap on its leg, will form one of the most peculiar groups in the local taxidermist's collection of mounted birds and beasts.—Kingston Freeman.

Touched the Sole.

The Detroit Sun gives this instance of misplaced missionary effort: She was a thin, narrow, dark visaged woman with "specs" on, and she carried a package of tractlets and leaflets, which she scattered broadcast among the sinners in the Cass avenue car on which she rode. When only one or two of the pamphlets were left a man got in. He was on his way to the depot, a countryman going home, evidently. He had a big turkey, which he disposed tenderly on the seat next to him, and a glass flask with a rubber cork stuck boldly out of his coat pocket. "Heugh!" he exclaimed, as he stuffed his face in the box. "Colder than blazes up here, ain't it?" Everybody looked cold disapproval at him, as good, polite Christian people do when spoken to in a street car, all but the woman with the "tracts." She had fished out one and extended it to him. "Thankee," he said, receiving it in a brown paw. "Comic almanac, hey?" "No, sir," said the woman, firmly, in a high falsetto voice. "It is to save your immortal soul. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wine," and she pointed with a crooked finger to the glass flask protruding from his breast pocket. "Oh, I see," said the man, smiling good humoredly on his sour visaged vis-a-vis; "but this bottle ain't for me, ma'am." "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," quoted the woman, fiercely. "He ain't eggsactly my neighbor, eyther," said the man. "You see, it's the new baby, and wife calculates to fetch him up by hand, and this bottle's for him, bless his pootsy tootsy. Where's the rigging of it?" and diving into another pocket he fished out some India rubber tubing, etc. The woman didn't wait to finish her dissertation on temperance, but got out without asking the driver to stop.

BALKING AND RUNAWAY HORSES.

Everybody Has a Remedy; but Not One Seems Effective.

There are two evils that everybody seems to have a remedy for—sore throat and a balky horse. Strangely enough, no two remedies are exactly alike, and it may be said that almost without exception none of them cure.

Next to a blizzard there is nothing in this world so absolutely hateful and mean as a balky horse. He is, above anything under the sun, a producer of impatience (and swearing) in man. And yet it is only by patience that he can be cured. Impatience is what brought on the habit, and by patience is he cured. The oldest remedy is to build a fire under the balky horse or to burn his ear, but both of these treatments are inhuman and brutal. It would be better to kill the horse. Another plan, but a most harrassing one, when a horse balks, is to make him stand for hours, just where he stops. This mode of procedure will not suit the balker at all, and he is not likely to balk very soon again. There is nothing a horse hates so much as to stand still.

Still another scheme is to bend the horse's leg, holding the foot close up to the body. Keep it there as long as the horse can stand on one leg, and then he will march off in fine style. This is an almost sure remedy. The idea is to get the horse to forget that he has balked.

But the runaway horse! He is a terror. He can be broken of this bad habit in many ways. Rockwell's plan of the straps is about as good as any, because it is humane. The Russians, however, have a plan of treatment which is admirable, because so simple and effective. In Russia a horse that is addicted to the habit of running away has a thin cord with a running noose around his neck at the neckstrap, the other end of which is tied to the dashboard.

"At Rome," says a correspondent, "I saw in the Corso two spirited horses bolt with a phaeton. They were driven by a lady, and I expected to see instant destruction. But the lady coolly grasped a thin cord, and within thirty yards the horses came to a full stop. I afterward met the lady at Nice, and expressed surprise at the skill with which she stopped the runaways. She treated it as a trifle, and told me that accidents from runaway horses are unknown in Russia, as no one but a lunatic would drive without a cord. When a horse bolts he always takes the bit in his teeth, and the skill of the driver is useless. The moment the pressure comes on the windpipe the horse knows he has met his master."

RUSSIA'S NECROPOLIS.

Burial Place of the Imperial Family in th Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which the remains of the late Czar Alexander III. were laid to rest, was originally built by Peter the Great in 1703, though it has been rebuilt and restored more than once since then. It is often called the Fortress church, because it stands within the fortress which was built on the island by Peter of Petersburgsky. Beneath the pavement are great vaults, in which all the Russian sovereigns since the foundation of St. Petersburg lie buried, with the exception of Peter II., who died at Moscow and was interred there. Overhead in the church magnificent monuments mark the sites of the graves. The interior of the church is covered with banners and other military trophies captured in the various wars waged by Russia against the Swedes, Poles, Turks, Persians and French.

Externally, the most remarkable feature of the building, which is an oblong structure 210 feet long by 100 broad, is the slender and elegant pyramidal spire springing from the four-cornered belfry at the western end. The summit of the cross, which surmounts it, is 371 feet from the ground level. In the gilding of the spire twenty-two pounds weight of pure gold are said to have been employed.

The fortress, which contains the mint as well as the cathedral, is now used as a state prison. The remainder of the island is meanly built and is the refuge of the poorer officials and the better class of workingmen. Its northern part, separated from the main island by a narrow channel, bears the name of Apothecaries' island, and is occupied by a botanical garden of great scientific value and by fine private grounds and parks.

LINE BETWEEN DAY AND NIGHT.

A Verdict for $25,000 Based Upon the Evidence of Astronomers.

The exact time at which darkness gives place to dawn—the dividing line between day and night was legally determined, and a verdict for $25,000 given on the decision in the court of common pleas in Philadelphia recently. A young woman was knocked down by a locomotive on the Reading road while she was walking over a crossing at Norristown at 6:30 o'clock in the morning of February 14, 1893. The engine did not display a light, nor did it signal with whistle or bell. The company claimed that it was not negligent, because at that hour dawn was breaking and no light was needed, and the entire case rested on the question whether or not it was daylight when the accident occurred.

The sun rose on the day of the accident at 6:54 o'clock. Several astronomers and other experts testified that half an hour before sunrise it is as dark as any time of the night. From that time until sunrise light comes so slowly that the point of half light is reached only seven minutes before sunrise. During the last seven minutes before sun-up light comes very rapidly, until the full day breaks. The plaintiff's lawyer claimed, therefore, that at the time of the accident, twenty-four minutes before sunrise, it was pitch dark. The jury rendered a verdict for $25,000 in her favor.

A Superior Kind.

The Earl of Aberdeen told this story in New York at the Scotch dinner: A minister was sent for to attend a man who was ill and speak to him, administering proper consolation. As he was leaving he said to the wife, "My good woman, do you not attend any church?" "My good sir," she said, "we belong to the barony church." "Then why dinna ye send for Dr. McLeod?" "Ye ken, mon," said the good woman, "it's an infectious, a dangerous case." [Laughter.] Then he went on: I believe that communities have a soul, so to speak, which is their strength. To eliminate it would make them commonplace. I hope that Scotchmen will never try to be anything but Scotchmen. If we did attempt any such process I am sure it would be a failure. We should no longer be able to describe ourselves as worthy Scotchmen. A Canadian, Mr. Ogilvie, once described himself in his passport as a Scottish gentleman. He was asked by a Turkish official to explain his nationality. "Well, in fact," he said, "a Scotchman is a kind of superior Englishman."

Excused the Prophet.

When Brigham Young was directing the theocratic government of Utah, the Mormon missionaries in England converted a one-legged man. This man conceived the idea that the prophet in Salt Lake City might effect a miraculous restoration of the leg which he had lost in an accident. So a month later he presented himself, weary and travel-stained but full of cheerful hope, before the head of the Mormon church and told his desires. The prophet said he would willingly get him a new leg, but begged him first to consider the matter fully. This life, he told him, is but a vale of tears and as nothing compared to eternity. He was making the choice of going through life with one leg and having two after the resurrection, or of having two legs through life and three after. The man found the prospect of being a human tripod through all eternity so uncongenial that he accepted with resignation his present lot and excused the prophet from performing the miracle.

Was Very Funny.

William Treloar, who defeated "Champ" Clark in the Ninth Missouri congressional district, is a professor of music and paid no attention to his canvass during the campaign, and good-naturedly took the chaffing his friends, and even his own family, indulged in at the seeming hopelessness of his election, remarking simply: "It would be funny, wouldn't it, if I should be elected?"

How Many Steps One Takes a Year

A Swiss statistician has taken the trouble to count the number of steps he took in walking during a whole year. The number he finds to have been 9,760,000, or an average of 26,740 steps a day. Going still further into details, he declares that over 600,000 of these steps were taken in going up and down stairs. On an average he estimates that he walked nearly ten miles a day in order to bring about these results.—London Daily News.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES

Curler's Lament.

I.

I'm bit a puir auld doited carle,
Wi' siller nane to spare,
The auld broon coat is patched an' thin,
The shoon are brusten sair;
There's nane sae plenty coal an' wood,
The shelf is unco bare;
Bit I'm prayin' aye for days
Wi' the frost i' the air.

II.

The wife misca's me tae the folk,
The bairnies say I'm daft;
Bit there's nae nae curlin'
When the weather's warm an' saft.
Of a' the soonds that God has gi'en
There's nane sae sweet tae me
As when the bonny channel-stane
Gangs roaring tae the tee.

III.

Wi' withered arm, an' crookit back,
That ance was streight an' strang,
An' tremlin' limbs, an' blighted een,
I canna bide for lang;
Bit set my foot upo' the tee,
My han' upo' the stane;
An' pairted youth an' I shall meet
For ane short hour again.

IV.

Then gie me bit anither day,
Anither hour tae stan'
Ance mair a blythesome callant
Wi' the besom in his han';
An' when the pairtin' shot is played,
I'll lay me doon an' dee,
An' through the narrow port my soul
Shall rest upo' the tee.

—Outing for December.

Millionaire Social Extravagances—A Dispute About Chaperons.

It is the social vortex that now attracts attention in New York. The situation this season is so unique that the whole of society is practically divided against itself. It is all the result of the old quarrel between those who are termed in scorn the Knickerbocker element and the "new" people. At the head of the former element is Mrs. Astor. This lady is so designated because she is the eldest of the line, and has successfully established her right to be so styled instead of Mrs. John Jacob Astor. It would appear that the "new" people have gone in for extravagant forms of entertainment, which may do in a gay capital, but which are pronounced out of place in a genuine aristocracy such as New York now claims to possess. For example, the latest idea from Paris is the Humpty Dumpty dinner, intended as a substitute for the Turkish dinners, which were the vogue last season. The waiters at these dinners are clad in traditional clownish costume and the feast consists of eggs in all sorts of culinary development—omelettes, salads and so forth.

The younger set have been giving these affairs with great enthusiasm for weeks past, but Mrs. Astor has declared her intention of dropping from her list anyone who is implicated in them. She thinks such affairs make society ridiculous, whereas the "new" people point out that the Prince of Wales himself has given Humpty Dumpty dinners, and that they are no more undignified than masquerade balls. Be this as it may, all society is divided on strictly Humpty Dumpty lines and Mrs. Astor leads the antis. The matter is important only as accentuating the hostility between the Gould and Havemeyer element and the Astor-Van Renselaer party. It is not unlikely that we shall have some very bitter personalities injected into the doings of the entire social season as a result of this imbroglio. Nearly all the first families are involved in some quarrel or other. Not in the memory of the oldest society people has so much disharmony existed among those who, in view of their wealth and position, should set all the world an example of propriety and good feeling.

An interesting instance of the social war at present is the trouble that has arisen over the matter of the chaperons. There are in New York several women of good social position, but of very limited resources, who manage to eke out a subsistence by dwelling in the houses of the wealthy in the character of discreet friends of the family. They fill out vacant places at table, and are very useful when theater parties and the like are in need of an elderly cicerone. It is to Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt that the growth of this system is due. She has caused to be billeted, as it were, some very aristocratic but [illegible] use of the chapero[illegible] [illegible]embers of the fair sex whose position is rather that of the adventuress than anything else, and the result is that this duenna-like personage is not the guarantee of propriety she once was. Therefore some young ladies have been doing without her entirely, and in one case Mrs. Vanderbilt has refused to receive a well-known debutante, whose father is prominent in New York and Philadelphia financial circles, because she regularly dispenses with a chaperon. The consequence is that Mrs. Vanderbilt has added to the unpopularity which she now enjoys, and a general protest has gone forth against duennas of all kinds. It is about settled that the New York girl will have no chaperon at all. It remains to be seen whether Mrs. Vanderbilt has power enough left to save the chaperon.—Commercial Gazette.

Are Romantic Marriages Prudent?

Marriage in the Old World is generally a matter of arrangement, is conducted more or less financially, on the basis of what is called common sense. Marriage usually results in the New World from personal affinity, from some intense form of emotionalism, independent of material conditions or favoring circumstances. We Americans are more romantic, connubially, than any people under the sun. We are gradually growing less so as the republic ages, but we are still inclined to consult our feelings rather than our reason in choosing mates.

Romance is an excellent thing in matrimony, but it may be carried too far in determining the question. When it survives matrimony and is found to be a large ingredient in its composition after years of continuance it is as beautiful as it is commendable. It is greatly enjoyed by the married and warmly admired by their intimates. But, as a rule, the less dominant romance is in making a match, the larger is its influence after sobriety has set in. Young persons will seldom believe this, however, and they have to learn it therefore by painful experience. They declare that they love, and love is, in their partial opinion, sufficient warrant for any conjugal enterprise, even in the face of the most adverse fortune. Where love is, faith and hope are, and to the three combined, evrything desired is possible, and most things certain. They are in a state of ecstacy, and the hard world is moulded and mellowed by their enraptured vision.

They obstinately refuse to accept the assurance that wedlock must depend for its outcome on prosaic facts and figures; that it belongs as much to arithmetic as to sentiment; that love itself may not always stand pinching penury and the trials it begets. Those who will tell them are pronounced doubters and cynics, and their warnings pass like the breeze. Alas! how many couples have discovered, when too late, what terrible prophets those doubters and cynics proved to be! They would not heed what they should have heeded, and the time has passed for regrets and contritions.

But there are always new couples as confident and as obdurate as the old, and there will be while the years go on. Such couples are convinced beyond refutation that hearts and pulses that leap together are an earnest of the future, and a solid ground for co-operative housekeeping.—Harper's Bazar.

Vases for Cut Flowers.

To the average person a bunch of flowers in a vase must be harmonious and beautiful under all circumstances. The artistic and educated taste knows that it is quite as easy for the combination to be the most unpleasing.

In a paper on the relations of vases to the cut flowers which they will hold a writer in Garden and Forest shows quickly that the subject is worthy of consideration. "A flat, circular dish," he says, "is needed for water lilies, and, as the flowers are in this case large, the containing vessel must be ample in size, not merely to hold the flowers, but also to preserve a proper sense of proportion. Tall spikes require tall vases, which should not be cylindrical, but should be sensibly wider at the top than at the bottom. Roses and flowers with comparatively short stems require low, broad vessels, flaring at the top, so as to admit of the graceful drooping which is so attractive with both leaves and flowers. Not more than four or five differently shaped flower vases are really necessary, the types of form being either flat or low circular vessels, which may be widely fluted upon the edges to break the too great uniformity of a plain circular rim, or round vessels which spread more or less as the sides rise from the bottom, and which may also be widely fluted at the top. All forms which bulge below, or which are in the smallest degree bizarre in shape, must be rejected.

"If, with the Japanese, we consider a single beautiful flower enough at a time, a narrow containing vessel may be used. The Japanese use a piece of bamboo, which, from its irregular surface, loses the stiffness of the cylindrical form. We have no bamboo to use and imitations in glass, china or earthenware are, like all imitations, offensive to good taste. Flower vases should always be of some opaque material, and, all things considered, good unglazed earthenware is to be preferred, only it should be impermeable to water, and not coarse in texture. It should also be without ornamentation of any kind, and of a single and uniform tint of color." A "pure neutral gray" best fulfills the conditions of color, "pale pure buff, not inclining to orange," coming next. "Opaque white" vases usually present too strong a contrast, and all colored glasses are to be rejected; together with white or colorless glasses, which show the "usually unsightly" stem of the flower. To this last rule, however, there is an admitted exception.—New York Times.

Care of the Complexion.

It is not everyone that is beautiful, yet a plain face may be redeemed by a clear, healthy complexion, expressive eyes or beautiful hair. It is even possible, to a great extent, to correct deformities and to develop attractiveness. Beauty gives the possessor such power that it really is the duty of every woman to cultivate it and to make the very most of herself. The complexion is one of the first things to look after, as that may be improved with comparatively little trouble. One of the first steps toward a healthy, clear skin is the free use of soap and water. The idea that soap is hurtful to the skin is a great mistake, providing the soap be of a pure, unadulterated kind.

The face should be thoroughly washed twice a day. This is especially important when the skin is inclined to be oily. The real secret of blackheads is that the face is not washed frequently enough with soap and water.

There is an art about washing the face. Use cold or tepid water, never hot water; the latter causes contraction of the skin, which is inevitably followed by reaction. The constant use of hot water causes wrinkles, flabbiness and other things to be avoided.

Filtered rain water, or water which has been softened by chemical process, is absolutely necessary if you would keep your complexion clear. The face should be covered with a lather made from a good soap, which should be well rubbed in with the hands. Then wash the face in perfectly clear water until every trace of the soap is removed. Afterwards dry gently with a soft towel. Rough friction should never be used. If the skin is inclined to be dry or harsh a little emollient cream may then be gently rubbed in. An excellent cream is made from the following: Mix together an ounce of spermaceti, half an ounce of pure white wax and a quarter of a pint of pure almond oil. These should be melted together in an earthen pot by a gentle heat, adding six drops of attar of roses and one and a half ounces of glycerine. Stir all together until nearly cold.

Allow the cream to remain on the face a few moments, then carefully wipe off with a soft cloth. A little powder may then be dusted over the face. Pure rice powder is perfectly harmless and tends to preserve the skin. Great care should be taken to avoid all powders containing metallic substances as these are exceedingly injurious.

Creams are seldom suitable for those whose skins have a tendency to greasiness. A cooling and slightly stringent lotion may be applied in such cases. A good preparation is made by mixing together the following ingredients: Eau de cologne, one ounce; glycerine, one ounce; borax, half a drachm; elder flower water, four ounces.

During the winter great care should be taken to preserve the color and tone of the skin. Sudden changes of temperature, cold wind and frosts are all to be guarded against; these are all enemies of a good complexion.

Do the Next Thing.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study; whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop in between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day. It is as if they picked up the moments the dawdlers lost. And [illegible] ever find yourself where you have [illegible] upon you that you [illegible] let me tell [illegible] very one [illegible]es to hand and you will fall into line and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and, though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

An Old Roman Bath.

The following is called the "mock milk bath," and wouldn't be a bad thing to try if it was not named at all: Make up a dozen cheese cloth bags about a foot square. Fill them with oat meal and pure white castile soap shaved fine—two thirds oatmeal and one-third soap. Put in the bag a teaspoonful of borax and some orris root or lavender flowers, or anything of that kind that you like as a perfume. Have about twelve gallons of water for your bath, and make it pretty warm. Use the bag for a wash rag, and you will come out of each bath feeling as though you had the skin of a baby. Of course, one bag will do for only one bath, and the contents will then have to be thrown away, but the cheese cloth can be washed and used till it breaks in holes.

Impure Air and Wrinkles.

The latest scientific writers on the subject of wrinkles hold that the air in our rooms should be changed three times every hour. The skin owes its beauty to the nerves which control the fine, invisible blood-vessels of the surface, whose work lends glow and transparency to the face. The nerves, in turn, owe their sensitiveness to the air, which is our chief nutriment inhaled by gallons hourly and which should be pure and invigorating. When the nerves are deadened by close air the fine muscles lose their tone, the tissue of the face shrinks, and these shrinkages become wrinkles. A week's watching may write the face over with fine lines, and a week of rest will restore lost tissue, fat and fluids to fill the spaces and smooth the face again.

To Clean Miniature Frames.

The collection of miniatures shown at the portrait exhibition has stimulated the miniature business, especially the frame portion of it. A special style of frame is considered essential to the display of a miniature, and all the stores which deal in novelties of that sort have just put in stocks of the quaint little gilded frames. The miniature painters already are feeling the results, and hosts of girls can be seen buying frames to be ready for the portraits. They are mostly gilded, and those who are investing in them may like to know how they may keep the frames bright and fair.

To brighten the miniature frames take sufficient fleur of sulphur to give a golden tinge to about one and one-half pints of water, and in this boil four or five bruised onions or garlic, which will answer the same purpose. Strain off the liquid, and with it, when cold, wash with a soft brush any gilding which requires restoring, and when dry it will come out as bright as new work.

Blue, the Season's Color.

Blue is the color of the season. Dinner services and luncheon services and, indeed, all the objects of table use are shown in the favorite color, and we are told it is to supplant everything else. Green was in high favor, but it is no more. Blue comes to us with the approval of society across the sea and so takes first place. Just why one color must be supreme no one is in a position to state. We all know that there are times and rooms in which blue are delightful, and that there are occasions upon which tender green is better. But fashion has nothing at all to do with such facts. Blue is the declared craze and all the possessions of the past must be buried out of sight.

Not Acceptable.

Dramatic Author—"Mr. Manager, may I venture to ask whether my three-act play has been accepted?"

Manager—"Well, you see, the three members of the reading committee have gone through it, and they have come to the conclusion that one act will have to be struck out."

Author—"Oh! there is no difficulty about that; it is not so bad after all."

Manager—"No; but unfortunately each of the members wants to strike out a different act!"—La Vie Drole.

Not a Dancer.

Lady of the House—"Listen, Charlotte; I am going to give a party—supper and a dance. Now, you will have to show what you can do, so as to keep up the credit of my establishment." Cook—"With pleasure, ma'am, but I can only dance the waltz and the polka. You will have to excuse me from the quadrilles."—Lustige Blaetter.

THEY'RE MARRIED NOW.

Hand in hand
The lovers go,
The moon, the silent
Lake, a row.

A month has passed,
They're married now;
A word, a look
Or two, a row.

—Spare Moments.

RAT FORMED A CIRCUIT.

Disastrous Results of a Rodent's Presence in a Switch Board.

A rat—just one ordinary rat—extinguished every incandescent electric light in a large number of buildings in the central part of Baltimore Thanksgiving night, set fire to the switch board in the Brush electric light works, mashed up the switch board, ruined a lot of wire and caused a damage that will cost many dollars to repair.

What the unhappy rat had done was simply to step from one brass terminal to another of an entire circuit of lights, thus making a connection, or forming a circuit. Each one of the brass fixtures was connected with two wires charged with opposite kinds of electricity, or, speaking more correctly, having a difference of potential. Thus stood the rat, his front feet on one brass fixture, his hind feet on the other. The instant his front feet touched the brass 2700 volts of electricity passed through his body, a sufficient voltage to produce 1000 horse-power. The rat was wet and the hair was burned completely off, and the body became rigid, as if suddenly frozen in the act of stepping across from one brass piece to another. The remains of the little animal are preserved at the works. Although the hair is burned off, and even the skull bone is protruding, the body being instantly carbonized and rigid, its attitude is exactly that of a rat stepping across a small cavity. So lifelike is the attitude of the rat, as its body rested, in a standing position, on one of the machines at the works yesterday, that at a little distance one would think it a live rat in the act of jumping.

The connection made between the two terminals by the rat had other results than breaking an insulating plate and setting fire to the woodwork. It also "short circuited" all the twin wires; that is, those carrying the two kinds of electricity all around the circuit, beyond or "above" the place that he connected them. When a connection like that is made, it has a tendency to run "up" and make the electricity jump from wire to wire. That is what occurred when the rat died. The moment he connected the two wires the connection continued up the wires, making a sheet of flame from wire to wire for six or eight feet, burning off the rubber insulating material on both wires, and leaving the wires exposed. The reason that the lights could not be lighted after the rat had been taken off was that the electricity has a way of jumping from wire to wire; that is, making the circuit through the air by sparks, if it ever begins such capers. Having once found the road through the air, the spark will repeat the jump. And thus every one of the wires on that switch board had to be taken out and new ones put in before the circuit could be worked.

E. F. Baker of the Brush company was very much interested in the cause of the accident, and said yesterday that he had never seen a similar one. H. B. Davis of the Westinghouse Electric company, who arrived in the city yesterday morning from Pittsburg, was also much interested and said that he had never heard of anything like it before.

FOUND A PETRIFIED EGG.

A Curiosity Picked Up on a Tennessee Farm.

Quite a curiosity is on exhibition at the cigar stand of Dawson & Busch, on Cedar street, says the Nashville American. If the curiosity is not a petrified egg, then nature can give the fowl creation cards and spades in the art of egg manufacture. The freak is a perfect oval shape, with both ends very smoothly clipped off. A farmer living on Paradise ridge picked it up in a field one day and started to throw it, when its unusual weight attracted his attention. Stooping, he picked up a rock and struck the peculiar object a sharp blow near the middle. The interior shell cracked and three pieces fell off, revealing about half of a perfectly rounded object nestled away in the remaining portion of the shell. This under-sphere is of a pinkish hue, and is very granular in its composition, something like sandstone. The first thing a person would think of on beholding it would be the yellow of an egg, and the more he looked the more thoroughly he would become convinced that that was what it was. The concave portion of the broken shell fits back perfectly about the interior sphere. The shell's exterior is also granular, though perfectly uniform. It is about one-quarter of an inch thick and immediately beneath the granular exterior is of a drab color, resembling very much in composition lava of phosphate rock. A close inspection of the broken edges of the shell shows a very thin exterior shell about the thickness of an egg shell. In fact, the entire effect produced is the same as that obtained by taking a hard-boiled hen's egg and cracking the shell, part a section of it with the white adhering to it, from the yellow, leaving the sphere nestled in the remaining portion of the shell. The petrified egg—for that is undoubtedly what the freak is—weighs about half a pound, and is about the size of a large goose egg, perhaps larger.

A DETECTIVE'S MISHAP.

He Gets Locked Up for Using His Own Pocketbook.

An adventure that has just befallen a Paris commissary of police reads like an extract from a farcical comedy. The gentleman in question lost a book of passes with which, in virtue of his office, he is enabled to ride in the omnibusses free. Information was sent by him to the omnibus company, who forwarded a description of the missing tickets to all their conductors. A few days afterward the tickets turned up again, but the commissary omitted to inform the company of the fact. The consequence was that the first time he rode in an omnibus and tendered one of the passes he was promptly seized by the conductor and handed over to the custody of a policeman. To his protest that he was a commissary of police and that the passes were really his, the only reply that was vouchsafed to him was, "Ah, I dare say you are; but we have heard that story before." At the station house, whither he was conducted, he was recognized by the officials and released, but not before his colleagues on the force had a good laugh at him.

One on Chauncey.

At the St. Andrew's dinner in New York Joseph H. Choate, after apologizing for appearing in trousers, took a lovely rise out of his friend "Chauncey," who had previously touched him up a bit, as follows: "I have often wondered what we should do without our Chauncey, should Providence take him from us. [Laughter.] Perhaps Edison, with some superior phonograph extended to infinity [laughter] might preserve and transmit his liquid notes to a distant posterity, and yet I think that he has cunningly devised to transmit himself. [Laughter and applause.] I took up the paper the other morning which registers the incorporation of new companies by the filing of certificates in the office of the secretary of state, at Albany, and there, first upon the list, I saw 'The Depew Natural Gas company, Limited.'" There was a great shout of laughter at this sally. Mr. Depew rose and bowed. Then he shook hands with Mr. Choate, whereat the cheering redoubled.

A Popular Souvenir.

The most sorely tried and one of the most popular of the world's sovereigns, the Emperor and King Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, recently passed his sixty-fourth birthday. Succeeding to the throne on the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand and the cession of the rights by his own father in the troublous year 1848, he is the doyen of European monarchs, with the exception of Queen Victoria. His predecessor and his wife, his own two parents, those of the Empress, and even the widow of Francis I. were all still living when he had been nearly a quarter of a century on the throne. The Emperor has waged two unsuccessful wars, losing provinces after each. He lost his brother Maximilian by a cruel fate in 1867, and five years ago his only son, in circumstances that were even more tragic. His consort was for many years an invalid. Lastly, a year ago, his eldest daughter's eldest daughter gave him a shock by eloping with a young lieutenant.

Were Remarried.

Foreign papers say that Signor Crispi, Italy's premier, and his wife, born Donna Lina Barbagallo, were remarried by a priest in Naples a few weeks ago. The marriage years ago was only a civil one. Signor Crispi consented to the church ceremony, it is said, at the solicitation of the Princess Linguaglossa, mother of the young man who is to marry the signor's daughter.

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