THE DEAD OF 1884.

Notable Persons all over the World who Died During the Year.

In the United States we have lost many distinguished in battle, in the Senate, in the pulpit and in the domain f science. First among the list of our dead comes General Grant. Next follow Generals McClellan and McDowell. Two statesmen of unblemished honor and of the old school of politics are lost in the persons of Vice President Hendricks and Secretary Frelinghuysen.

The list of millionaires is lessened by the death of William H. Vanderbilt, one of the richest men in the world; of Peter Donahoe, of California, whose wealth and eccentricity were alike abundant, and of Horace B. Claflin, the dry goods king.

Cardinal McCloskey, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, and Dr. Irenæus Prime were three notable divines who, while they lived, reflected lustre upon the churches to which they were devoted, and whose places it will be difficult to fill.

Richard Grant White, scholar and critic, is no more. Dr. Draper, the savant, has gone from his books, which he loved so well. Dr. Damrosch no longer wields the baton. Commander Gorringe, who brought the obelisk over here, has passed away prematurely. A loving circle of friends still grieves for Helen Hunt Jackson. General Toombs died in his beloved Georgia.

We miss, too, the familiar faces of many who worked unceasingly in the harness and who piled up riches while they developed the resources of the country. Among them are J. H. Rutter, F. H. Winston, Moses Mitchell, Commodore Garrison, Francis A. Drexel, ex-Senator Sharon and Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford.

In reviewing the deaths abroad the roll is quite as remarkable. King Alfonso and Marshal Serrano, of Spain; Mozaffur Eddin, Ameer of Bokhara, who has been well described as a mixture of Louis XI. and Heliogabalus; Prince Frederic Charles of Prussia, the Red Prince, whose bright sword often flashed at the head of his cavalry; Field Marshal von Manteuffel, the great German soldier; Admiral Sartorius, who as a midshipman fought under Nelson at Trafalgar; "Chinese Gordon," who, like Cromwell, consulted his Bible before going into battle; El Mahdi, the False Prophet, who knew the Koran by heart; Colonel Burnaby, of Khivan fame; President Barrios, who fell on the field; General Phayre, who did as much for Burmah as Lawrence did for the Punjab; Admiral Courbet, of Tonquin celebrity—these are prominent among the fighters.

Passing on to those whose lives were spent more peacefully, we find the Duke of Abercorn, twice Viceroy of Ireland; Sir Edward Sullivan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Cardinal McCabe; Earl Cairns and Sir Robert Phillimore, two learned jurists these; Franz Abt, Brinley Richards, Sir Julius Benedict, born five years before Mendlessohn and who was a little boy when Haydn died; Sir Moses Montefiore, the philanthropist; Dr. Carpenter, the scientist; Jules Valles, the trenchant controversialist; Lord Houghton, the poet and Mæcenas; Edmond About, a novelist by nature, who aspired to be a politician; Principal Shairp, Scotch poet and scholar; Walter Goethe, descendant of the great Goethe, and last, but by no means least, that splendid genius Victor Hugo.

These are a few names of the death list of 1885.—*New York Herald.*

American Fables.

THE PEASANT AND THE SERPENT.

One day upon his Return from Market a Peasant found a Dangerous Serpent playing with his children. Without stopping to make Inquiries he seized a club and dealt the Reptile a Mortal blow.

"Wasn't your Action an Arbitrary Abuse of Power?" queried the Toad. "I don't think you can Prove that the Serpent had struck one of your Children."

"As to that," replied the Peasent, "the time to kill Poisonous Reptiles is before you are Bitten."

MORAL:

A Wolf doesn't make his Appearence among Lambs with the Intention of leading them to Sunday School.

THE JUDGE AND THE THIEF.

A Thief having been tried and found guilty of a certain charge, cried out that Great Injustice had been done him. He saw among the Jurors a man whose Reputation for Honesty had more than once been Questioned.

"That may be true," calmly replied the Judge, "and I will Sentence you only on the Opinion of the other Eleven. I'll give you Four Years at hard labor."

MORAL:

There is no use in Kicking a Boy for calling you names when all Men are convinced that you are a Rascal.

THE LAW VS. MONEY.

A Confidence Man who had Roped an old Hay-Seed out of $90 and been Arrested for it called in a Lawyer and asked:

"Is there any Law by which I can be Punished?"

"That is not to the Point," replied the Lawyer; "what I want to know is whether you have money enough to beat the Law by which you can be Punished?"

MORAL.

It was Proved in Court that the old Hay-Seed begged him as a great Favor to Accept the money as a Christmas Present.—*Detroit Free Press.*

EXPERIMENTS on an extensive scale have been made in Germany to ascertain the relative strength of iron and steel girders. The soft-steel girders proved to be 22 per cent. and hard-steel girders 66 per cent. stronger than the iron girders; and it is remarked that it seemed pretty well established that the strength of steel girders is about the same for the two flanges if made alike in sections.

THE wealth of our language is shown by the fact that "hang it up" and "chalk it down" mean precisely the same thing.

The Battles of the Dead.

It is midnight in the brick farmhouse at Chancellorsville—the new building on the site of the one partially destroyed when Hooker marched his troops into the wilderness to get in the rear of Lee at Fredericksburg. In the yard are the rotting wheels of gun-carriages; in the south wall are a dozen cannon-balls firmly imbedded; half a mile below is the stone marking the spot where Stonewall Jackson received his mortal wound; here is the same dark forest which sheltered friend and foe.

"Are you asleep?"

"No."

The last stroke of twelve had scarcely died away when the farmer opened my bedroom door to ask the question.

"Then maybe you'd like to see it?"

"What?"

"The battle of Chancellorsville. The Federal troops are now in sight on the Ely's Ford road."

I hastily dressed and passed out into the yard with him. I noticed that he had on a Confederate uniform, dusty and worn. I looked at my own garments; they were blue. He pointed his finger down the road, and I saw through the mist of the summer night a great army approaching. There was cavalry, infantry and artillery—there were flags and banners and ambulances. In two minutes more the head of the column had reached the Chancellorsville plank road. Some turned to the right, some to the left, some plunged into the gloomy pine thickets beyond.

"But I hear no noise—not the footstep of a horse nor the clank of a saber," I protested.

"Hush! 'Tis a battle of the dead! The spirits of the thousands who fell here have come to fight the battle once again!"

I looked at him more closely and I saw the light of battle in his eyes. His form grew erect, his feet seemed impatient and he scented the air as if half eager to join in the fray.

Now the highways and byways—the cleared fields—the open woods—the lonely thickets were full of blue uniforms. Couriers and aides galloped here and there—staff officers turned heads of columns to the right or left. It was strange to witness those thousands moving with such order and yet giving out no sound.

"Look!—see?" whispered my companion as he pointed down the plank road.

There was a cloud of smoke rolling up out of the pine woods and blotching the starlit sky like a stain of blood. It spread and grew until half the stars of heaven were hidden. Meanwhile, the face of every man in blue was turned that way. We saw battery after battery, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, move down to the scene of conflict. Tongues of flame flashed through the smoke-cloud and lighted up thicket and field, but there was no sound. The stillness of night was almost painful.

"Here are the results!" whispered the Confederate, and I looked to the right and left to behold the dead and the wounded. I could see them in the fields, under the pines, on the highway. Some faces show fear and horror—others expressed vindictiveness. There were horses lying dead, others hobbling about and seeming to appeal for mercy.

"It is horrible!" I whispered.

"Aye! but it is over."

I looked again and the vision had faded. The highways were barren of life—the fields and forests at peace. The smoke-cloud had disappeared, and the dead and wounded had been spirited away.

"And so the dead of the armies fight their battles o'er?" I asked.

"As you have seen," he solemnly replied. "Until the hate and rancor of men is no more—until all men are at peace—the spirits of those who fell in battle cannot rest. They must plan campaigns and fight their battles as of old. The vision you have seen here is repeated at Antietam, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Franklin—on a hundred battlefields of America. Let us go in."—M. QUAD.

Envolving a Story.

"Ah!" said Smith, a commercial traveler, to a group of friends, "I was witness to a sight just before leaving Chicago." And then he told how he had seen a poor German immigrant with his wife and family of eight yellow haired children, how he had become interested in them, and had learned that they had left their native land to seek a home in the Northwest. He was touched by the tenderness of the father and saw him purchasing apples for the children. All the family except the father had taken their seats on the train and he was just making change on the platform for his small purchase when the train began to move out of the station. He made a rush for it, slipped, and then, before the eyes of the poor family and other horror-struck passengers, his head was taken off by the cars.

Smith's friends were much affected and it was decided to take up a purse for the poor widow and fatherless children, and this was speedily done and a neat sum was presented to Smith to be forwarded. He, with tears in his eyes, said:

"My friends. I thank you, but I can conceal it no longer. That train took off the rest of the man, and he still lives."

Smith will not travel this week. He is laid up for repairs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE DOGS.—A great deal is being said about hydrophobia that would be better unsaid, and the dog will be charged with the killing much oftener than he should be. The work of old rusty nails, whose wounds have healed months ago, and the many other producers of letouns will all be laid at the kennel door of innocent "old dog Tray." In all the United States, with its 52,000,000 of people, there have not been in the entire year over 25 deaths from hydrophobia by the agency of 3,000,000 dogs.

You come from one of George Eliot's poems as from a Turkish bath of latest science and refinement, appreciative of benefit, but so battered, beaten, and disjointed as to need repose before you can be conscious of refreshment.

THE GIRARD ESTATE.

An Institution of which Philadelphians Feel Proud.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

The annual statement of the Girard trust, which is published in accordance with Girard's will, is always interesting, and never more so than this year, when the income of so many estates has been reduced. The capital of the residuary fund is given at $10,549,917, which is about $200,000 more than the figures given last year, showing that the estate itself has not suffered dimunition, and the gross receipts, $960,229, are but $40.000 less than in 1884. This in itself is evidence of the careful management of the trust.

The gross receipts are about eight and one-fourth per cent. of the capital. Of this total $217,677 was expended in the maintenance of the estate, more than one half of which was paid in taxes. The Girard estate contributed thus, but a few dollars less than $70,000 to the general expenses of Philadelphia, besides its direct contribution in work performed, which must otherwise be done by the municipality. After deducting taxes and the cost of improvements, repairs, and maintenance there remained a net income of about three-quarters of a million, or between 6 and 7 per cent. upon the entire capital. Out of this $420,219 was devoted to the support of Girard College and some two hundred thousand reinvested.

There are now 1,121 boys in the college, or nearly the same number as a year ago, the capacity of the present buildings having been reached. It is questionable whether the number can wisely be extended very much further. The Trustees have been doing what is better than this—they have been extending the educational facilities of the college so as to provide a wider and more practical training for the boys, especially in manual industry. The average expenditure for each pupil last year was $372.86, which includes not only board and lodging as well as instruction, but clothing and all other necessary expenses, upon a simple but generous scale. There is probably no institution of its kind in the world with a more satisfactory record in every way than that of Girard College. It is one of the institutions of which Philadelphians can reasonably feel proud.

How to Cook Potatoes.

To prepare them for boiling they should be carefully washed, otherwise they discolor the water in which they are boiled and come out dingy and uninviting. Scrub the surface well with a brush which may be found at any house-furnishing store; they are made for the purpose and cost but five cents. Pare potatoes thinly, if at all, as the most nutritious part is next to the skin. Lay them in cold water for half an hour before putting them into fresh cold water, with a large spoonful of salt, to boil, and keep boiling briskly till well cooked—half an hour or thereabouts. If allowed to stop boiling they will be dark and watery. When sufficiently cooked pour off the water and dry them off, uncovered in the oven, for ten minutes. They will be light and mealy and as dry as if baked. It requires a full hour to bake potatoes properly, and they should be served at once.

The rule for mashed potatoes has already been given. Any of these left over may be made up into croquettes by adding one egg, then rolling in the hands into pear shapes and frying in hot drippings; or they may be browned in the oven on a buttered tin with a bit of butter on the top of each; a half hour's time is sufficient for browning, in a quick oven, and this is an easy way for a novice in cooking, who is, perchance, confused with her several dishes. To use plain, cold boiled potatoes, they may be cut up in irregular chips, fried in hot drippings, seasoned well with salt and pepper and stirred often till crisp and brown. Or, they may be sliced into a sacepan, with a little salt added and just enough milk to moisten. Cover closely, do not stir, and cook a full half hour. The starch from the potatoes thickens them sufficiently. These last are good for a dinner dish, especially with warmed up meats.

"Saratoga chips" are easily made, but require a "slicer" to cut them of suitable thinness. Lay them awhile in cold water to extract some of the starch, then dry quickly with a napkin and drop into plenty of boiling fat. Drain on a sieve when done and serve very hot. It is more economical to boil "sweets" than to bake them, for much of the nourishing properties evaporates in the oven. They should be well washed and put into boiling water, which should be replaced by clean boiling water if it looks at all dingy in color. When cooked enough drain well and keep for twenty minutes in a moderate oven before peeling. They will come out as yellow and mealy as if baked; if not they are too poor a potatoe to use at all.

The Water Pipes.

A device has been brought forward for protecting water pipes against freezing, the arrangement being based upon the fact that water in motion will remain liquid at a lower temperature than water at rest. One end of a copper rod, placed outside of the building, is secured to a bracket, and the other end is attached to one arm of a weighted elbow lever; to the other arm of the lever is secured a rod, which passes into the building and operates a valve in the water pipe. By means of turn buckles, the length of the copper rod can be adjusted so that before the temperature reaches the point at which there would be danger of the water in the pipes freezing, the valve will be opened to allow a flow of water; beyon this point the valve opening will increase and the flow become more rapid as the cold becomes more intense, and as the temperature rises the valve is closed. This plan sets up a current in the pipes, which replaces the water as it grows cold by the warmer water from the main. Whether the valve be opened or closed, the service pipes are always in working order.

Mrs. Mackay, the millionaire's wife, has taken up her residence in London.

THE HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.

Practical Hints for Plain People Who Live Within Small Incomes

Roast beef is looked upon as a luxury far beyond the frugal purse. This is true when applied to the "porterhouse roast" and other choice cuts, but the cheaper pieces can be made very good and tender, even those sold as low even as a shilling a pound at Washington Market.

Buy not less than two ribs; have the butcher take out the bones, roll it up tightly, skewer it firmly, and give you a piece of suet to lay on the meat while roasting. Save the bones. Put a pint of hot water in the pan with the beef, roast quickly the first half hour. This crusts the surface of the meat and retains the juices. Allow fifteen minutes for every pound of beef for roasting. Baste often, for this, with the steam of the water in the pan, makes the meat tender.

Having removed the meat and poured off the fat (for frying drippings also) set the pan on the top of the range and allow the contents to scorch just a little, enough to give a good color; then add one cup of boiling water and thicken with flour and season; serve in a gravy dish. A small beginning only will be made on this roast by two people. Cold roast beef is not to be despised, served with, perhaps, baked beans, which cost but a trifle, and vegetables. Or the meat may be finely chopped, a little gravy added, all covered with cold mashed potatoes, and baked and browned in an open vegetable dish in the oven: or it may be minced, and made with equal parts of mashed potatoe into balls, like fish balls, and fried brown, on both sides, in drippings. This is a good breakfast dish.

Beans are said to contain more nutriment than any other vegetable. The best white ones are only 10 cents a quart; half that quantity will fill a two quart dish when properly cooked, and half a pound of salt pork is ample to flavor it. Wash and look over the beans and put them in cold water, using three quarts to one pint of beans; keep them over the fire three or four hours; set them where the heat will swell and soften them, without boiling, having the pork (washed and the rind scored) in with them all the while. About two hours before dinner strain them through a colander and put them, dry, into the dish in which they are to be baked with the pork, rind up, in the centre. Now in a bowl put one teaspoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one cup of sugar and one cup of hot water. Stir well together and pour over the beans. If you cannot see the liquid all around the edge of the beans, add hot water till you can. They are then ready for a moderate oven. In two hours they will come out well baked, nicely browned and ready to serve.

To make the Boston brown bread, mix well together a cup and a half of yellow cornmeal and the same of rye flour, if rye meal is not to be had. Into this put one tea spoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and one cup of molasses (not syrup). Stir cold water very gradually into this till you have a moderately stiff batter; beat it well; pour into a well-greased three-quart pail, cover and set in a kettle of boiling water, steaming, with the kettle covered, at least four hours. This makes a large loaf and the cost is about ten cents. It is very nice when hot, and is good cold.

Corn fritters make a good breakfast dish. Into one pint of flour put a teaspoonful each of sugar and good baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Into this put one beaten egg, with milk enough to make a stiff batter, lastly, add half a can of sweet corn, drop by large spoonfuls into plenty of boiling hot drippings; brown on both sides and serve very hot. These go well with cold roast beef.

KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.

Domestic Training for Girls.

Nothing is more significant of the social condition of a people than the training of its girls in domestic life. In Germany the daughter of the nobleman, of the prince, and of the small shop-keeper learns alike to cook, to sweep, and to keep house. After the training in books is over, Fraulein Lena and her Royal Highness Princess Sophie both begin this home education.

There are establishments where they are taken by the year, as in a boarding school. In one month they wash dishes and polish glass and silver; in another they cook meats; in another bake; in the next "lay down" meat for winter use, or preserve fruit, make jellies and pickles, sweep and dust. Plain sewing, darning, and the care of linen are also taught, and taught thoroughly.

The German "betrothed" is thus almost always a thorough housekeeper, and spends the time before marriage in laying in enormous stores of provisions and napery for her future home.

In France a girl begins at twelve years of age to take part in the household interests. Being her mother's constant companion, she learns the system of close, rigid economy, which prevails in all French families. If there be but two sticks of wood burning on the hearth, they are pulled apart when the family leave the room, even for a half hour, and the brands are saved.

The nourishing soup, the exquisite *entrees*, and the dainty dessert, are made out of fragments, which in many an American kitchen would be thrown away. The French girl thus inhales economy and skill with the air she breathes, and the habits she acquires lasts her through life.

English girls of the educated classes seldom equal the German and French in culinary arts, but they are early taught to share in the care of the poor around them. They teach in the village school, or they have industrial classes; they have some hobby, such as drawing, riding, or animals, to occupy their spare time with pleasure or profit.

Hence the English girl, though not usually as clever or as well read as her American sister, has that certain poise and *aplomb* which belong to women who have engrossing occupations outside of society, beaux and flirting.

A BOLD ROAD AGENT.

How He Performed a Feat of Single-Handed Stage Robbery.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

"Heard of Dick Fellows, the single-handed stage robber, haven't you?" asked an Arizona ranchman. "Dick is a small man with light complexion, blue eyes and light hair, and the last man you would pick out for a desperado. Well, about two years ago I had the pleasure of making Dick's acquaintance. Myself and a party were camping out near the mouth of the Black Canyon. It was just after dusk and as we were seated in a circle telling yarns Dick suddenly came in our midst. 'Well, boys,' he said, 'I've lost $42,000 to-day, but I'll buy the whisky if any one of you will go for it;' concluded he, throwing down a $20 gold piece. I didn't know the man then, and not wishing to offend him I volunteered to go. When I returned, Dick and the boys were fast friends, and we drank the liquor while he told the story of his great loss.

"'Boys,' he began. 'Wells & Fargo went through to-night with a chest filled with the money I lost. Charlie Wheeler was a-drivin' and alongside of him was Jim Hume, the mountain detective--an' he's a good one—in the employ of the express company. Just as the old stage came lumberin' out of the canyon I stepped up on a big flat rock and looked over the barrel of my Enfield at him. Jim saw me, too, an' yelled: "Dick Fellows!" an' we both fired at the same time. Neither on us was hit and Charlie whipped up, an' that's how I lost the money. But now mark me, boys, I'll get even with Jim Hume before two months, and you'll all be witnesses, too.' Dick left us then and we saw nothing of him until the two months were up, when he came upon us just as suddenly as he did before. 'Jim Hume made a good stake in savin' the box,' he said. 'Wells & Fargo thanked him and gave him a watch worth $200 and a pair of pearl-handle, self-actin' revolvers, but they'll be mine to-night and a good bit of dust with 'em. Be at the mouth of the Black Canyon and see how I do it,' concluded Dick, as he examined his rifle and looked at his cartridges. We were all waitin' and when we heard the stage rumblin' down the canyon we got where we could see. Dick mounted a rock and brought his repeater to bear on Hume before the detective could get a drop on him. 'Jim Hume, halt them hosses!' yelled Dick, 'an' throw off the box an' the watch an' revolvers Wells & Fargo give ye.' 'You've got me, Dick,' said Jim, as he proceeded to obey the command, while Dick covered him with his Winchester. When everything was off he ordered the stage to move on, never molesting any of the passengers or exchanging a word with them. Dick then broke open the box and took $17,000 in gold from it, which he packed away on his person and strolled away into the darkness."

Turkey's Losses by War.

The *Novoe Vremya* gives the following summary of the territorial losses of Turkey during the last two centuries: Since the capture of Constantinople in 1453 they had gradually seized the whole of the Balkan Peninsula excepting Montenegro, the Peloponnesus, the northern shore of the Black Sea, and of the Sea of Azov. In 1711 the Ottoman empire possessed more territory in Europe than any other power except Russia, her possessions extending westward to the Adriatic and the Danube, and eastward to the Dniester, the Dnieper, the Don and Kuban. Thus Bessaribia the Crimea, and other Mongolian regions were under the dominion of the Turks, whose possessions on the Continent of Europe covered an area of 15,454 square miles. But from this period the decadence of Turkey commenced, and, with the exception of her temporary success against Austria in 1739, she went on losing territory to such an extent that upon the eve of the war with Russia she had only 9,450 square miles of territory, of which 2,948 miles were governed by Princes, who merely owed her suzerainty. The Berlin treaty deprived her of 4,558 miles, so that from 1700 to 1878 the Ottoman empire lost in Europe 10,660 square miles, out of which 8,902 were conquered by Russia, who has annexed 4,816 square miles After the war of 1877–8 Russia annexed 468 square miles in Asia Minor and 167 in Europe, while Austria annexed 1,073 (Bosnia and the Herzegovina), and England 174 (Cyprus).

Whereas, It Being the New Year,

Resolved, That I will pay as I go; on the railroad.

That I will honestly and closely scan my neighbor's faults and help him to correct them.

That I will not spend so much money on clothes, for my wife.

That I will quit smoking in places where it is positively forbidden.

That I will not write any reminiscences of the war.

That I will make shorter prayers and longer subscriptions.

That I will not say. "I beg your pardon," to my neighbor's wife, and "Huh!" to my own.

That I will not play lawn tennis for at least three months.

That I will not bite off more than I can chew.

That I will not worry and fret about what would become of the other eight or nine billions of people in the world if I should die.

That I will not slop over.

That I will study my lessons and keep my face clean.

That if I fail in any of these resolutions, it will be somebody else's fault.

That I can get along well enough with everybody but myself.

That I will be most wretchedly sorry for a thousand things by next December.

That they shan't be the same things I was sorry for last December.

That I have money to bet they will be.—*Burdette.*

A BURGLAR in Weld, Maine, was detected by a snowball from the heel of his boot, which corresponded precisely with a similar snowball found in the store after the robbery.

THE MARY LEE.

A sailor's yarn you'd like to have me spin?
Sit down, shipmate. Here off Nantucket coast
I was the captain of the Abel Gwynn,
That stormy year the Mary Lee was lost.

Her captain's name was William Henry Court,
A gallant and a careful skipper, too;
I saw the ship weigh anchor and clear port,
And bear away along the heaving blue.

Far out at sea she stood, the Mary Lee,
A whaler rigged and from this harbor bound
With all sails spread for the cold northern sea;
A good ship—aye, and timbers stanch and sound.

But that was more than twenty years ago,
And old Nantucket town will never see,
Across the distant billows rising slow,
The topmast of the good ship Mary Lee.

Aye, aye! that little woman waiting there?
The skipper's wife—how fast she's getting gray,
Brown as an autumn oak leaf was her hair
The morning that the Mary sailed away.

She comes here ev'ry morning with that glass
(She's not in her right mind, twixt you and me),
And while the ships come in the poor old lass
Stands watching for the bonny Mary Lee.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

THE TREACHEROUS FROG.

A Source of Annoyance and Danger to Railroad Men.

The frogs on railroad tracks are the dread of many railroad men, and they try to keep their feet clear of them. A travelling man said the other day:

"It is the easiest thing in the world to slip your foot in some of the frogs. They are shaped sometimes like the letter V, and when you slip your foot in the open part it is fast. There seems to be no way of getting out of it except to pull the foot out of the boot. A man has no time for that always. I remember once, very distinctly getting my foot in a frog. I had on a pair of rubber boots, and I got my foot fast just as easy as anything could be. I thought I could pull it out without any trouble, and as a train was backing down on that part of the track I proceeded pretty quickly to try. My foot did not come out. A little astonished, I pulled again, but it did not come. It did not seem to be squeezed very tight, and I was annoyed. The train was coming nearer and, as the engineer was backing his engine down, there was no way to stop it. I gave a terrible wrench on my foot but it did not come. The train was so close I knew that it would run on me. Luckily, the train was coming down on the rail outside of my foot. I leaned over and twisted my legs over away from the car as it came. When the wheels passed over I knew something was crushed, though it did not pain me much then. The whole train went over. After they had got by, as the boot was pretty well torn, I managed to pull it out of the frog and was helped to the station. It crushed my foot pretty badly, but not so much that amputation was necessary, and I saved my foot and leg."

"Why didn't you pull your foot out of your boot," asked the reporter.

"Well, I tried that," said the man, "but I couldn't get it out. The frog had pressed over the sole. No doubt I could have cut the boot off if I had done it right away, but I thought until it was too late that I could pull the boot out."

Another man had a similar experience. It broke his leg. He jumped off a car and jumped in a frog. Before he could pull his foot out the wheels ran over the outer edge of the rail in a similar way.

Those who are caught are not always so lucky. Once in a while a man is caught and the wheels of a car run directly over the frog, and then the man is injured. Railroad men are quite unanimous in believing that frogs on a railroad are very treacherous.

DYING IN THE SIBERIAN MINES.

The Court Physician of the Late Czar, who was Convicted as a Nihilist.

A despatch from St. Petersburg confirms the report of the death of Dr. Weymar in the Siberian lead mines. His history is sad and peculiar. He had at one time the most lucrative practice in Russia. He was the chief court physician under the late Czar and the confidential medical attendant of the Czarewitch, now Alexander III. His favor and influence at court were boundless, but it is alleged that for years he led a dual existence. While fawning upon the court, basking in its favor, and getting its secrets, he was said to be the most active partisan in all the great Nihilist crimes of recent years.

One day in 1880 all Russia was shocked by the murder of Gen. Messendoff. The crime was surrounded with the deepest mystery. The only clue found by the detectives, after months of search, was that the carriage in which the assassins made their escape was owned by Dr. Weymar. The Doctor was arrested and confined in the prison of St Peter and St Paul for many months. He protested that he knew nothing of the plot to murder Gen. Messendoff, and that his horses and carriage must have been stolen by the murderers.

While Dr. Weymar was in prison the Czar was murdered. When the Doctor was tried it was shown that he had been an intimate friend of Saloneff, who was supposed to be the actual murderer of the Czar, and who was hanged for that crime. Dr. Weymar was promptly convicted, his estate confiscated, and he was exiled to Transbaikalia, in eastern Siberia. In October, 1884, a Nihilist named Lapatin was arrested for the murder of Gen. Messendoff. He was convicted and hanged. His last words were that Dr. Weymar was innocent.

LEPROSY is declared by the Lansing (Iowa) *Mirror* to exist to a considerable extent among the colony of Scandinavians from northern Norway, now settled near the village of Spring Grove, in Houston county, Minn. Doctors who have examined the subjects, who are in three or four different families (but are related), are said to have pronounced the malady undoubtedly leprosy.