

MET HIS WATERLOO.

A St. Louis Monkey Vanquished by a Vampire Bat.

A few chance pedestrians who were out for a morning stroll witnessed a brief but bloody battle through the windows of the Market street bird store on a recent morning.

Among the denizens of the place is a monkey called Jocko, whose proclivity for mischief has led him into disgrace before. On the morning in question Jocko determined to go on a lark, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He succeeded in picking the lock of his cage, and once free, turned his attention to his feathered companions. It took but a few minutes to unlock a dozen of the various cages in the room, and soon a funny procession of monkeys, parrots and macaws was strutting about.

In a few minutes trouble began to brew. One of the parrots, in a spirit of mischief, probably, bit Jocko and a lively battle ensued. Polly soon found that she was getting the worst of it and made a dash for her cage, minus her beautiful tail feathers and part of a wing.

Jocko, who was then thoroughly aroused, sailed in for a general massacre, and in a short time had the floor to himself; save for Minnie, a little nightingale, who was too dazed to escape. With one blow the bird was stretched lifeless upon the floor. The monkey then offered battle to the big stuffed owl, which had been gazing solemnly upon the scene, and, receiving no answer to his challenge, threw the bird off its pedestal.

Jocko's Waterloo was awaiting him, however. A huge vampire bat, which had been watching the battle, jumped down from his perch and Jocko started for him. The contest was brief. The sharp beak and talons of the bird buried themselves like a flash in the monkey's flesh, and Jocko was glad to make his escape with the blood flowing from a dozen wounds. At this juncture the proprietor appeared and hostilities ceased.

Jocko's cage has since been ornamented with a new brass padlock and Minnie's mate is in mourning.

TRANSFER OF POWER.

The Force of a Waterfall Carried Over a Hundred Miles.

The Fall Mall Budget tells of a momentous experiment that has been successfully made at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Energy in the form of the electric current has been transferred from Lanfen on the Neckar to the electrical exhibition at Frankfort, a distance of some one hundred and eight English miles. The power is originally obtained from a turbine placed in a channel of the river Neckar. This turbine, which it of two-hundred-horse power, drives a "rotation current" dynamo, which converts the "energy" into the form of a combination of alternating currents. These currents are next "transformed" into a current of high pressure and small strength—the current which is sent on its one-hundred-mile journey to Frankfort.

It is transmitted through three thin copper wires of no more than four mm. diameter. These wires are erected in the same way as ordinary telegraph lines. The poles to which they are attached are eight meters in height and placed at a distance of about sixty meters from one another. The number of poles employed amounts to about three thousand, and the necessary copper wire is of about nine hundred and thirty kilometers in length and sixty thousand kilograms weight. It may be noted in conclusion that the useful energy recovered at Frankfort is about seventy-five per cent. of the energy expended in Lanfen. About a quarter is lost on the journey.

A Proper Construction.

A judge had issued an order that all attorneys appearing in his court should wear "black coat and trousers." His honor, with frowning visage, accented him:

"Mr. Pettigrew, do you know, sir, that you are transgressing a most positive order of this court?"

"In what way, may it please your honor?"

"The order says you shall wear black coat and trousers," yelled the judge.

"I have on a black coat and trousers," replied the wit.

"But," roared the judge, "the order means black coat and black trousers."

"I don't read it so," replied Pettigrew. "It also says the sergeant-at-arms should wear a cocked hat, and sword. I see the cocked hat, but I don't see any 'cocked sword.'"

There was no further judicial comment on the nankens.—Albany Argus.

Forty Years to Find Salt.

A wonderful example of patience in the Chinese is afforded by a consular report dealing with the manufacture of salt in central China. Holes about six inches in diameter are bored in the rock by means of a primitive form of iron drill, and sometimes a period of forty years elapses before the coveted brine is reached, so that the work is carried on from one generation to another. During this time the boring, as may be imagined, goes down to an immense depth. When brine is found it is drawn up in bamboo tubes by a rope working over a large drum turned by bullocks. The brine is evaporated in iron caldrons, the heat being supplied by natural gas, which is generally found in the vicinity of salt wells.

Oyster Crabs.

Years ago the eaters of canned and count oysters used occasionally to find among them a delicate little crab, not larger than a periwinkle, known as the "oyster crab." He finds them no longer. "Cause why? Because fashionable society pays three dollars a quart for them."

Mischievous Spiders.

In sinking plumb lines down shafts the accuracy of the work is often seriously impaired by spiders attaching their webs to the lines and drawing them toward the wall, often with sufficient tension to introduce material errors in the position of the plumb bobs.

AN ERUDITE ECHO.

It Spoke One Language for Twenty Years, Then Changed.

In the course of last summer, says the Boston Globe, some strangers of distinction were induced to visit a wild and unfrequented retreat in a distant part of the Highlands, chiefly from the report they heard of an echo which was remarkable for the clear and distinct nature of its reverberation.

On reaching the spot whence the trial of its powers is usually made, their guide put his hands to the side of his mouth and bawled out, with the lungs of a Stentor, a salutation in Gaelic, which was repeated with a precision that seemed beyond the expectations of the party.

One of the gentlemen, by way of trying the strength of his voice, put his hand to his mouth in the same manner as the guide and called out:

"How far are we from home?"

These words, much to the surprise of their guide, were also repeated, when poor Donald, with a simplicity that brought a smile over the faces of all present, exclaimed:

"You may think it is strange, gentlemen, but this is the first time I ever heard our echo speak English."

"I have no doubt," said the gentleman, "but it can repeat other languages if you put it to the test," and instantly he bawled out some brief questions in French, Spanish and Italian.

Donald looked more dazed than ever. "Well, I must say that's very queer. My own father and my own self have known that echo for more than seventy years and we never knew it to use any language but Gaelic before."

"Your echo is more learned than than you supposed," said the gentleman, laughing, though at a loss whether to impute Donald's remarks to archness or simplicity.

"You may say that, sir," said the poor fellow, with an expression of earnestness that was highly amusing to those present; "but, as the echo has never been out of the country, where can she have got all her education?"

A CITY OF PIE EATERS.

Bostonians Follow the Customs of Their Ancestors in One Particular.

New England has often been referred to as the pie-eating district of the country, says George R. Bliss, restaurateur, of Boston, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. I remember that Emerson was quoted once as having asked the question: "What was pie made for, if it wasn't to eat?" There never has been any other section of the country where pie was said to have been so universally and expensively consumed as part of the early morning meal as New England, although it is reported now that New York is one of the greatest pie and cake-eating localities. As a matter of fact, New England not only deserves all that has been said of her capacity for pie, but it is generally known that the consumption of pie is greatly on the increase there, and in Boston the pie-eaters are multiplying very rapidly.

There is one man on Washington street, right in the midst of half a dozen big restaurants with brisk trades, who has made a barrel of money out of the pie and cake industry only, and there every day there are a thousand pies eaten in the two or three hours between ten o'clock in the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon. Just think of it! A thousand pies means four thousand pie eaters, and this estimate is conservative. There are hundreds of men who occupy good positions down in the commercial and financial districts of the city who go to this place every day for the noonday repast of a glass of milk and a piece of pie, and they are all healthy and hearty.

KISSING THE BABY.

A Study of Life Which Conveys a Valuable Lesson.

There was a typical bit of life shown in a recent incident in a Brooklyn street car, says the New York Times. Two fashionably dressed women, strangers to one another, and each with a child on her lap, found themselves seatmates in a crowded car. The handsome blue-eyed boy on one knee soon fell a victim to the coquetries of the dainty little maiden with golden curls and soft brown eyes on the other, and to the mutual satisfaction of the parents a pretty little flirtation went on.

Further up the car on the other side a plump, rosy-cheeked miss of two years, a comfortably clad but evidently poor child, stood against her mother and admiringly watched the pair. At a certain street the mother of the boy signaled to stop. "Kiss the baby," she said, as she stood the little fellow on his feet, meaning of course Miss Golden Hair, and he turned to obey. At that moment, however, the other little girl, making her way out with her mother, was exactly abreast of him, and Master Blue Eyes, finding this little face before him, promptly bestowed a sounding, hearty smack upon it. And everybody smiled, while the prince was led out, the beggar maid wondering why her way and the disappointed princess, who had leaned forward for the royal salute, buried her face in her mother's cloak, learning thus early in life the bitter truth that the kiss is not always for the one who expects it.

England's Enmity for Russia.

The country most interested in the extinction of the Romanoffs is England. Owing to the contiguity of their Asiatic possessions the British and Russian governments are irreconcilable foes, and there is no doubt that the stability of British rule in India would be materially augmented by the distribution of the Russian empire, which would certainly follow the annihilation of czarism. The attainment of a republican regime at Moscow or St. Petersburg would naturally be followed by struggles for national independence on the part of the Poles, the Little Russians, the Circassians, the Georgians and the inhabitants of the annexed Mussulman khanates in central Asia. Only the strong hand of Alexander III. holds together the widely-separated and unassimilated conquests made by his predecessors during the last hundred years.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT.

Its Remarkable Features Still a Puzzle to Scientists.

The address delivered before the British association for the advancement of science recently by the president, William Huggins, has been praised by scientists and laymen alike for the wonders revealed by the spectroscopic which it describes. A portion of particular interest related to the riddles of the aurora borealis.

"The spectroscopic," he said, "has failed as yet to interpret for us the remarkable spectrum of the aurora borealis. Undoubtedly in this phenomenon portions of our atmosphere are lighted up by electric discharges; we should expect, therefore, to recognize the spectra of gases known to be present in it. As yet we have not been able to obtain similar spectra from these gases artificially, and especially we do not know the origin of the principal line in the green, which often appears alone, and may have, therefore, an origin independent of that of the other lines. Prof. Schuster after long and careful study has suggested that the principal line may be due to some very light gas which is present in too small a proportion to be detected by chemical analysis or even by the spectroscopic in the presence of the other gases near the earth, but which at the height of the auroral discharges is in a sufficiently greater relative proportion to give a spectrum. Lumstrom, indeed, states that he saw this line in the silent discharge of a Holtz machine on a mountain in Lapland. The lines may not have been obtained in our laboratories from the atmospheric gases on account of the difficulty of reproducing in tubes with sufficient nearness the conditions under which the auroral discharges take place."

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS.

Instruments for Use Among the Medical Fraternity.

An expert in the business took me into an apartment stored with electrical appliances. Attaching the insulated wire to a small storage battery and then connecting it with an electric lamp about half or three-quarters of an inch in diameter, the expert opened his mouth, and pressing a small flat plate just beneath the lamp so as to hold his tongue down, he pressed the button, the little lamp glowed brilliantly and lighted up the mouth so that it could be minutely examined. This little invention was the result of an experiment by a specialist in diseases of the throat, and is also used by dentists.

Another cleverly made instrument is used for cutting off a tonsil. It consists simply of a small piece of platinum wire that can be wrought up to a red heat by an electrical current. By placing the instrument in the mouth a diseased or troublesome tonsil can be burned off in an instant, the heated wire being pushed through it by turning a small thumb-screw.

Drills for operating on diseased bones and upon teeth are run by attaching an electric wire tube to a battery, and pain is alleviated by the operator in skin diseases by the use of a small steel disk, charged with a current of electricity and pressed to a diseased part or blemish.

NATURE'S FREAKS.

The Strange Changes in a Young Girl's Skin.

A French journal describes the case of a woman twenty-one years of age, but whose physiognomy is that of a woman fully seventy years old. The appearance of the young woman is so deceiving that her father, who is only fifty years old, has frequently been asked if she were not his mother. The surface of the skin is the only part affected. The doctors describe it as a decrepitude of the cutaneous system. Beyond this the young lady has nothing old appearing about her. Her hair is blonde and of ordinary length, and her memory, judgment and intelligence very good. Drs. Charcot and Souques, under whose observation the case was studied, state that the wrinkling of the girl's skin began when she was about eleven years old. Up to that time she had been a vivacious and happy child, ranking well in her studies at school. The wrinkling was so rapid that her friends were unable to recognize her after a period of two weeks, unless they had seen her in the interval. Dr. Charcot states that the skin, during the early stages of the change, resembled the scales of a fish. Every possible means have been tried to improve the young lady's condition, but they have all proved unavailing.

JENNY LIND AND PAYNE.

How the Former Paid a Great Compliment to the Latter.

No American poet ever received a more enviable compliment than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind on his last visit to his native land. It was in the great national hall in the city of Washington, where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—"Casta Diva," the "Flute Song," the "Bird Song" and the "Greeting to America."

But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The singer suddenly turned her face toward that part of the auditorium where John Howard Payne was sitting, and sang "Home, Sweet Home," with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself lost all self-control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric.

Food at a Jap Railroad Station.

Among the delicacies to be obtained at a Japanese railroad station are sliced lotus roots, roots of large burdock, lily bulbs, shoots of ginger, pickled green plums, beans of many sorts, boiled chestnuts, nuts of the gingko tree, pickled greens of various kinds, dried mushrooms and several kinds of seaweeds.

NO HOPE IN ISLAM.

How Young Women Are Kidnaped in Armenia.

The news of the abduction of several Armenian girls lately caused much excitement in Constantinople and Armenia. Although this would be considered an outrage and crime of the first degree outside Islam, yet in the eyes of Turks it is an insignificant matter and one that is to be easily disposed of, says the Ararat, an Armeno-American weekly.

The role of the criminals does not require much skill or labor. All they have to do is to enter the home of a quiet, innocent Armenian family, terrorize them by threats of murder, capture a young girl and carry her away.

The girl weeps and protests, but, of course, there is no one to sympathize with her. She begs and implores for her freedom, but there is no one to listen to her. All she receives are threats on her life unless she become a Mahometan.

For the sake of the life that is sweet to her, and with the hope of once more meeting her dear parents, should justice take its course, she preserves a terror-stricken silence. Then the nearest man or hoja is sent for, to come and take the girl's testimony. She is made to say: "Yes," and there ends the whole matter.

The parents may complain, but what of it? The authorities, on the strength of the man's testimony, answer that the girl has legally embraced Mahometanism and become the wife of a Mahometan. So they are turned away.

Should a foreign consul interfere in the matter, he is promptly told that the case is absolutely a home affair, and it is for the Turkish authorities to decide in the matter. But, the girl is never produced to make an open statement; nor are the parents allowed to testify against Mahometan witnesses. There is no recourse.

BRIAN BORU PLAYED IT.

Story of the Irish Harp and Some Famous Players.

Of course the harp is the first of Irish instruments, and was brought to Ireland by the first Milesian princes, about 1000 B. C. It came originally from Thebes, where several pictures of it have been discovered. One, painted on a sepulcher wall, shows its extreme length to have been six feet and a half, and number of strings thirteen. In another panel is seen one with only ten strings.

These belong to the age of Sesostris, the tenth century before the Christian era. Old Thebes had been destroyed, but soon after rebuilt and adorned by Sesostris, between the reign of Menes and the first war of the Shepherds, about four thousand years before the Trojan war.

The ancient Irish harp was invariably strung with metal wires that would tax the fingers of modern players rather severely. A story apropos to them is told by Rochsa, the famous Italian harpist. Asked to play upon the Brian Boroinne harp in Dublin, he consented, but after he had finished, looking at his bruised fingers, he remarked:

"You Irish say that Brian had an arm of iron. I believe it, and am quite sure he had fingers of steel."

The most ancient harp in existence is now at Trinity college, Dublin. It is said to have belonged to Brian Boroinne, king of Ireland, who was slain in battle with the Danes at Clontarf, near Dublin, A. D. 1014. It is thirty-two inches high, and has only one row of strings.

NOT RAGS, BUT WOOD.

The Mystery of Making Paper Explained by a Salesman.

The old copy-book line: "Paper is made of rags," has become obsolete in fact, if not in use. Formerly all paper was made out of rags, worn-out clothing and the like, and when such material as straw was first introduced there was a general outcry. Now, however, comparatively little paper is made out of rags exclusively, a fact which is fortunate, as the quantity of paper now used is so great that there would not be enough worn-out clothing or shoddy to supply the demand. The strangeness of it is that while paper is being used for dozens of purposes formerly monopolized by wood or even a harder material, such as car wheels, boxes, barrels, tubs, pails and so forth, wood is rapidly driving other ingredients to the wall in the manufacture of nearly all the cheaper grades of paper. Wood pulp is made by a comparatively lengthy process, but by taking the mills to river banks where there is raw material and water power at hand it can be produced at less than half the price formerly charged. This, more than anything else, is the cause of the cheapness of grades of paper below the average quality, and also of the steady gravitation of the paper manufacturing business from east to west.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.

Men Who Hold the Lives of Millions of People in Their Hands.

There is hardly any class of men to whom the public is more indebted than to locomotive engineers. They literally hold the lives of millions of people in their keeping. By day and by night trains of cars go rushing through the land filled with men, women and children, whose safety depends upon the skill, the nerve and the faithfulness of the engineers in charge of the locomotives. A little unskillfulness, a moment's unfaithfulness, a failure of nerve at a critical instant might cause the death of scores of passengers or occasion such a mangling of their bodies as would leave them cripples for life.

When we consider the myriads of railroad trains that are constantly speeding in every direction, it is a cause for wonder as well as for thankfulness that so few accidents happen. When an accident does occur, it is seldom that a locomotive engineer is found blame-worthy. It not infrequently happens, however, that in a desperate emergency he sacrifices his own life to avert destruction from the passengers, whose safety depends upon his skill and faithfulness.

CATTLE BRANDS.



Ear mark: Crop left.

Twenty-Fourcattle Comp'y.

Postoffice: Springville, A. T.

Horse Brand: V left hip.

OTHER BRANDS

left thigh. A left jaw.



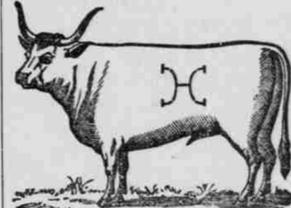
BULL & SHONE.

Postoffice: Taylor, Arizona Territory. M 3

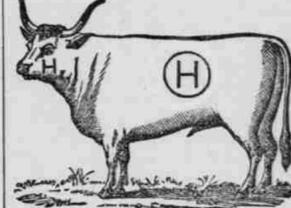
Range: Lower Show Low.

Horse Brand J S left shoulder.

LOUIS HUNING.



Post Office, Los Lunas, New Mexico. Range, Los Quiltes, Valencia county, New Mexico.



Post Office, Los Lunas, New Mexico. Range, Los Quiltes, Valencia county, New Mexico.

R. C. BLASSINGAME.



Post office: Woodruff, Arizona. Range—Milky-Hollow and Little Colorado River.

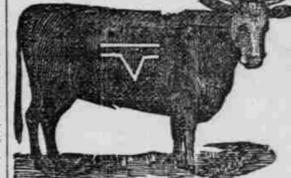
Cattle branded O on left jaw and OU on left side.

Old brand OU on left side not kept up.

Ear mark—swallowfork left; under-bit and crop right.

Horse brand OU on left hip.

Vent QU in same place.



Ear marks: Under half crop right, underbit left.

ST. GEO. CREGGIE.

Postoffice: Springville, A. T.

Range: Coyote Springs and Esquidilla mountains.

Horse Brand: right thigh.

OTHER BRANDS

74 left ribs.



Ear mark—Crop and split right; sharp, left.

BILLINGS LAND AND CATTLE CO.

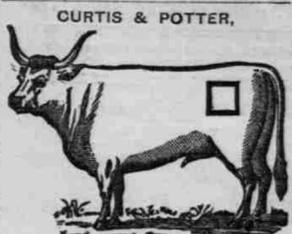
Cattle brand Diamond in circle, on left side or hip and B left jaw.

Horse brand: B on left shoulder. Range: Billings on Rio Puerco. P. O. address: Holbrook, Ariz.



W. M. RUDD. Cattle brand as in cut on the right ribs. Ear mark—Crop off the left and swallow fork in the right. Horse brand—R on the left shoulder. Range—Naticos. Post Office address, Springerville, Apache county, Arizona. W. M. RUDD.

CATTLE BRANDS.



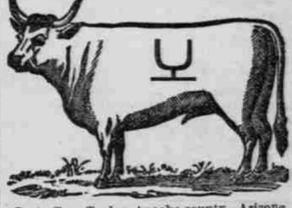
Ear mark—Crop right, overbit left; calves branded as in cut on both hips.

Post Office—Woodruff, Arizona.

HORSE BRANDS.

on left thigh, or on left hip.

A. A. ARMSTRONG.



Post office, Taylor, Apache county, Arizona. Range, Silver Creek and Hay Hollow.

Ear mark—Crop and split right, over half crop left.

All increase branded as in cut on left side. I own all entire branded on both sides.

on left side.

AA on left hip.

Horses branded on left on left thigh and shoulder.

AA on left.

mb5 91.



Ear marks, Crop right, underbit left.

AZTEC LAND AND CATTLE CO (LIMITED.)

Post office, Holbrook, Arizona. Range, Apache and Yavapai counties.

Old cattle branded also in various other brands and marks.

on both sides kept up.

Horse Brands: right or left shoulder. HS right thigh.



Ear marks: Clean split from root to point left ear, upperbit in right ear. Wattle (various) on jaw, under mouth. C on left jaw (check); bull's C on left cheek only. Blooded stock C on left cheek and C on left ribs.

HENRY HUNING

Post office: Show Low, Arizona.

Range: Show Low creek, Silver creek, Laguna Ortem and Laguna Salada.

Horse brand C, left shoulder.



Ear mark: Crop right, underbit left.

JOHNSON BROTHERS

Post office: Navajo Springs, Arizona.

Range: Ojos Bonitos and Pine Springs, Valencia county, N. M., and Zuni river, Apache county, A. T.

Horse Brand Y right shoulder.



Ear marks: Crop and split left, upper and underbit right.

A. H. PRATT.

Post office, Springerville, Arizona. Range, Esquidilla mountains. Horse brand, T N left hip.

HANK SHARP.



Ear mark—Crop and split right; sharp, left.

Post office Springerville, Apache county, Arizona.

Advertisement for 'ELECTRIC BELT' by Dr. Pierce's New Galvanic Chain Belt. It describes the belt as a powerful, durable, and perfect chain belt used in the world, curing various ailments like rheumatism, neuralgia, and weakness of sexual organs. It is available at Dr. Pierce's Medical and Surgical Institute, 255 Central Expressway, San Francisco, Cal., or 304 N. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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