POTTERIES OF STAFFORDSHIRE.

The People of an Inland County Near the Center of England.

IT HAS NO GREAT PLACE IN HISTORY.

The Old-Fashioned Ovens Out of Which Came the Tygs, Posset-Cups and Pots of the Roman Times—Wedgwood Coal and Clay. The Place Where Josiah Wedgwood Perfected Earthenware for the Table—Origin of "Queensware."

HENLEY (England), Feb. 12, 1891.—Staffordshire, the principal seat of the English potteries, is an inland county, lying near the center of England. Long and narrow, something like a rhombus in form, it separates the four midland counties of Derby, Leicester, Warwick and Worcestershire, on the east, from the two important western shires of Cheshire and Shropshire, and extends north and south, one-fifth the length of the kingdom.

It has no great place in history. The old monks were not attracted to it as a region in which to build *splendid* abbeys. Antiquarians have not found much in it to wrangle over. It has inspired little in romance and song. No one ever came to it a second time for its beauty. Forbidding and unfertile hills merge into flat and monotonous meadows in the south. Along its middle reaches are the coal-pits, and the near forges with the dismal thunderings. In the north, even less comely than the south, begin the bleak, bare elevations of Bunster and Weever, the true English moorlands which stretch, with varying height and dreariness, north through the entire kingdom, spreading into the wild and desolate mountain moors of Yorkshire, Durham and Northumberland until lost among the mists of Scotland, which sway and sweep above the mournful Yarrow and murmurous Tweed. It has a few commonplace streams; one little lake, measured by yards, and one river, the Trent, the third in size and extent in England, though unnavigable, which springs from little Newpool, near Biddulph at the edge of Cheshire, flows southeasterly through the entire shire, but with never a glen to invite legend, nor a cascade to make or inspire song.

Two Roman roads, or military ways, Watling street and Icknield street, intersecting, cross the shire from east to west. If you will tramp to the Longwynd Hill, over in Shropshire, you can trace the trackway worn white and bare to the eternal stone, over which the Romans brought supplies of pottery, 1800 years ago, from the Severn Valley and Staffordshire, to their military stations south and southwest of Uriconium. At least the curious old books will bravely tell you that is how the huge, bleached furrow you will see was dug through the gorse and hare-bells of the wild and unlovely waste. Better ways than these now traverse the shire. Canals gleam along valleys, glisten above viaducts and penetrate mountains, making sea ports of every busy town; and with the railways they have cut old Stafford into more curious patterns than a grandam's "broken-dish."

PATCH-WORK QUILT.

The shire was once all *forest land*. That was not long ago. But they assert in Staffordshire *that* all these old forests were felled and the whole shire formerly made bare, simply to fire the old-fashioned ovens. Out of these came the tygs, posset-cups and pots of the Roman time, when huge, strong mugs were good enough for drinking purposes, the Delft pitchers and porringers of the Norman period, down to even these marvelous achievements of the Wedgwood time, when the priceless Barberini, or Portland vase was not only duplicated, but excelled in fifty wondrous copies. Then came the era of coal and clay in Staffordshire, or more properly speaking, of Wedgwood, clay and coal. Somebody has computed that you could walk on crockery over all the area of Staffordshire, which comprises about 790,000 acres of land, if all that ever went out of the shire could be brought back and set down piece by piece within it. But without one primeval tree, and with room for but few others save in parks and demesnes of the nobility and potter gentry, Staffordshire is still a forest; in the south and center a mighty forest of chimneys, where coal and iron endlessly burn and fuse and pollute the land from flaming caverns at the feet of leviathan tree-trunks of brick, from whose tops overspreading arms of smoke wheel and turn with the wind, and the blessed sunlight rarely filters through their thick and sulphurous pall-like foliage. In the north, still a forest of chimneys in the pottery district so dense, here with the great ovens at their feet, looking like monstrous tenpins of giants, that, standing in the tower of the old church at Henley, the metropolis of the potteries, through the stacks of Turnstall, Burslem, Milton, Bucknall, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent, Henford, Lane End, Penkhull, Newcastle and Etruria, you cannot clearly define in half a dozen tiny spots the dreary horizon line.

This hideous transformation, out of which such vast utilitarian stores and countless articles of beauty have come, has been the work of little more than a century. Pottery work of 300 years ago can be definitely traced to Burslem. The town was then known as a butter pottery, that is a pottery where pots for keeping butter were made. Then, in 1690, along came two ingenious Hollanders named Eler. They introduced a new form of glaze, secured by superficial vitrification of the clay through the superheated fumes of common salt. The Elers also brought to Stafford the unglazed red-china method

FROM THE EAST.

This was all very wonderful for that time, but by and by white ware made its appearance through an accidental discovery. On a journey to London one of the Burslem potters had powdered flint recommended by an inn-hostler for his horse's disordered eyes. To more easily pulverize it a flint stone was thrown into the fire. The potter saw that the flame changed it to a pure white. Flint stones were gathered in the south of England, sent to Staffordshire in large quantities, mixed with tobacco-pipe clay, and pure white stoneware was produced. The crushing and grinding mills for pulverizing flint, mixing it like flour with water and serving it in paste of any desired consistency, were only a matter of time. Then, in 1763, Josiah Wedgwood perfected earthenware for the table—whose first delicate cream color is so attractive to collectors—which so pleased the Queen that she gave to it her name and patronage. The word Queen was stamped in all these dishes. Hence "Queensware" of that and the present time. Following this came the most brilliant career ever enjoyed by manufacturer. The story reads like an Arabian Nights' tale. This one man Wedgwood, not a learned man from the collegiate standard, a cripple through a malignant disease in youth, and not one who had inherited prestige or substance, seemed to possess the audacious originality of all real genius, inconceivable patience, and above all, an unswerving loyalty to true art. With these qualities he so wedded art to refined progress and utility that there was recovered from the whole sweep of the known past everything of true beauty that had been revealed to the potter. With marvelous rapidity of conception, development, application and adaptability, he not only recovered and re-created what seemed irreplaceable, but established to endure new standards in the noblest ideals possible to ceramic art. In a word, fifty centuries of art effort were by his brain and hand concentrated into fifty years of incomparable creations. More wonderful than his own work, taste kept abreast of his exquisite revelations. Nearly a century has elapsed since he died here at the Etruria he built. To be exact, it is just ninety-six years. But in all this interim of progress no added precious secret in ceramics has been disclosed. It almost seems that this was the one man predestined to come and throw open wide the door upon the exquisite mysteries. It is no wonder that single pieces from his hand are now worth the value of a king's crown.

BUT ALL THIS IS WELL KNOWN.

Wedgewood is buried in the modest churchyard over there at Stoke. There is no cenotaph or column above his grave, but his monument is in every refined home throughout the world. It is also in the complete renaissance in one of the most useful, enduring and lovely of all the arts. It is visibly and practically here in Staffordshire in this great cluster of pottery towns and cities, housing fully 200,000 people; and, in the outlying villages, and through the vast outreaches and interchanges of the Staffordshire pottery trade, which alone supports more than half a million souls. And best of all, to us, it is in the reduplication in our American cities of these great establishments, where our own labor and our own capital are gradually acquiring such skill and rewards that, before a new century shall come, the deserving fame of our own ceramic art shall vie with that of any land.

But there is other interest in the potteries than that connected with their mercantile facts and figures; with their extraordinary art development, compelling the employment of the most noted and skillful decorative artists in Europe; or even with these bewildering show-rooms of tiles, vases, plaques, candelabra, state table services, chimney pieces, multifarious ecclesiastic decorations, Etruscan embellishments, enamels, cabinet settings, piatti di pompa, Samos bowls, seals, reliefs, medallions, cameos, and intaglios without end in variety and number. This is in the every-day life, habits, aspirations, character and amusements of the potters themselves.

I believe not a kindlier, more comfortable or contented, folk live, than these Staffordshire potters. There are economic reasons for this which American manufacturers could study with profit. That cursed piracy upon labor, the "truck system," is unknown here. While rivalry between manufacturers is of the keenest, unvarying provision is made against periods of depression; so that at all times there is unbroken sustentation of labor. If slight reduction is ever necessary, it is only in the quantity produced. Wages, invariably by the "piece," are never reduced. Every penny due every man is paid him each Saturday noon. The result is, workmen are sure of certain income. This just and humane treatment makes good citizens and comfortable homes anywhere. But the universal good nature of the Staffordshire potters is attributed by themselves to a curious hereditary belief. "Working in earth," they say, "makes men

'EASY-MINDED.'"

There are preserved many sunny pictures of the master-potter's home in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The genial autocrats of pitchers, jugs and porringers of that time, whose workmen lived in thatched hovels not fit for swine, were each supposed to exist in an ample thatched and timbered dwelling with deep eaves and leaded casements, built against or around the pot-work itself. You entered either from the street or the garden a roomy houseplace or kitchen. In a gable next the pot-work was a capacious chimney-place, and opposite this was the parlor. The house-place had its ponderous settle, its leather-covered easy-chair, a shelved dresser, clock and tables. Behind the dresser the crateman's scores were chalked; and on the dresser shelves were displayed the masterpieces of the potter's art of that time. Snug and comfortable as all this was, you can find 10,000 homes of potter workmen, within a five-mile radius of Henley, where the poorest potter of the district lives as snugly as his master predecessor. His cottage is of brick. It has two stories and the blessing of perfect drainage. On the ground floor are a parlor with a pretty fireplace, a large living room provided with a huge grate, hobs and "jockey-bar" for swinging pots and kettles; and behind this is a scullery, with a fine little garden at the rear. The upper floor comprises two large sleeping rooms. This gives every potter family here a five-roomed, completely detached house and garden. Ordinary workmen earn the year round from twenty-five to thirty shillings weekly. If there happen to be daughters, one may be a "paintress," coloring the cheaper wares and earning eight shillings, and perhaps another a "burnisher" earning six shillings per week. Many families thus secure thirty-five to forty shillings per week, while the potter's rent and rates do not exceed twenty shillings per month for such a home. Many of these homes have area flower-plats. In the gardens of all are mazes of flowers and vines in summer. Every potter's parlor must have its solemn-voiced "grandfather's clock." It also boasts chests of linen, drawers of comfortable clothing, and many cheap and pretty pieces of furniture; while on the mantel or bureau-top is always found some fanciful sketch, painting or curious model, pertaining to the potter's vocation; the result of emulation to win prizes for invention in new processes, or for unique and original designs in modeling and decoration.

The potter's daily routine is an uneventful one. At 5 o'clock in the morning he leaves home, "Tommy" or "snap'n" (his breakfast, dinner, or both) in

A RED COTTON HANDKERCHIEF

In one hand, and in the other, his "can" of coffee, which he heats on the "pot" that is used in drying the ware before burning. He works little or much, at will, from the opening of the pottery gates at 6 o'clock in the morning, until the same hour in the evening, when he returns home to tea. This meal consists of bread, butter and tea, with any handy trifle left over from the home meals of the day; but always includes, in season, cress, radishes or onions, from his little garden. His work is endlessly hot and dusty, and he "hungers for green things" ever. After his evening meal, he is found, until bed-time, at the public-house, or with groups of his fellows at the street-corners, or in the market-place, grinning at mountebanks or unctuously joining in the services of the "Salvationists." If devout—and however much these men frequent the "pubs," they are nearly all enthusiastic Wesleyans—on Sundays they are found at prayer-meeting before breakfast, at Sunday-school again in the afternoon, and at service at 6 o'clock in the evening. Between 4 and 6 o'clock on summer Sunday afternoons, with their families, they will number around 100,000, strolling along the clayey roads and lanes.

Their dialect, somewhat similar to that of the lowly of Cheshire, is worthy of illustration. An old lady, impatient of what she conceived to be my "oop-start" bookish ways in arriving at exact information, remarked to me with some show of spirit: "Theigh thenkst theyt sumbuddy, with theight dicsonary nonsense; but Oi thenkst theight a reg'lar feu (foo, fool)!"

A potter will greet a fellow with: "Well, Tum (Tom), lad, haa dew?" "Haa dew?" is the invariable answer. "Er" is universally used for "she"; and degrees of nearness are indicated by "It's aymer nearer," and "It's aymest nearest." The following conversation, which I caught from two potter "throwers" at their work on a Saturday morning, regarding a prospective visit to the play-house, of which they are all very fond, is as good an illustration as can be given of Staffordshire dialect among the lowly:

"We'rt goin' t'night?"
"Well, w'ats say bait goin' t' plee?"
"Well, w'ats theighr on?"
"King Dick."
"N' w'ats t' after-peyce loike?"
"Well, Oi canna just remember naa. But Oi dasseay et 'll be a proper good fearce."
"Wer shan we meight (meet)?"
"Oi'll seey theigh 't thee-ay-ter dooar."
"Aye; thait'll dew."
"Oi'll be theer!"

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'TWAS A GORY SPOOK.

It Caused a Family to Move Out of a House at Lexington, Ky.

An old substantial brick residence located on one of the principal thoroughfares of this city has been considered a haunted house since the war, says a special from Lexington, Ky., to the Chicago Inter Ocean. Old citizens claim that during the war a Union soldier, who had been wounded in the battle at Richmond Ky., and was being taken care of by the family that then lived in the house, was brutally murdered by a Southern sympathizer in the cellar of the residence.

Ever since then, so the story goes, there have been uncanny doings and mysterious noises seen and heard in this old mansion at regular intervals of six months. At these times, when the families occupying the house would be at supper, lights left in the living-room and other parts of the house would be extinguished and sounds very much like the groans of a person in agony would be distinctly heard. No one ever saw anything other than this until a few evenings ago.

The family that has been occupying the house for the past three months, who did not know of the supposed existence of this peculiar ghost, were sitting at the table eating supper at about a quarter to 7 o'clock. The parlor had been lighted up, as there were some young people visiting the house, and the lamp was brightly burning in the living-room. The servant girl had occasion to go into the parlor and living-room during the progress of the meal, and when she returned she exclaimed:

"Miss Sallie, who dun blowed out dem lights in yor room an' in the parler?"

Miss Sallie did not know, of course, and before the astonished household could recover from their surprise deep groans were heard as if coming from the living-room, which was separated from the dining-room by folding doors. The groans grew louder and more agonizing in their tones until suddenly the folding doors opened backward, and in the center of the threshold the now thoroughly frightened family and friends beheld a sight which is usually supposed to freeze the blood with terror. There stood the form of a man with his hands uplifted; he seemed enveloped in a white gauze, through which could be seen a bloody and apparently bleeding breast. The apparition only remained in sight of the terror-stricken people for a few seconds, and then slowly disappeared into the gloom of the darkened room behind it. The supper was left unfinished, and there was no sleep in that house that night.

The next morning the head of the household notified his business partners that he would not be at the office that day, and before night he had secured another house, into which he moved his family the next day.

This story is told by a neighbor and a friend of the family, who is a thoroughly reliable man.

A woman in Mishawaka, Ind., recently received through the mails a puppy in a perforated box. Its presence was not suspected by the postal clerks.

SOME VERY GOOD FUNNY STORIES

That Have Been Told by Some of the Great Men of the Nation.

One That Is Credited to President Harrison, Another to Vice-President Morton, Still Another to Wanamaker.

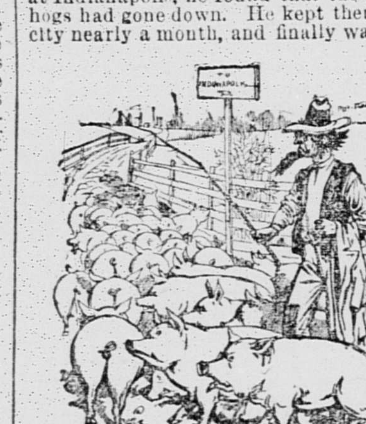
Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

The most novel symposium ever printed is the following collection of good stories told by famous Americans—stories that lose much in being read instead of being heard, but rib-ticklers nevertheless. The gentlemen who tell these stories and convulse their hearers have many other stories that they tell first, and in case they do not cause the hilarity expected the speakers' reputation as a wit is staked on the stories annexed. Each story as told is the best in the gentleman's reportoire, as the saucy soubrette would put it, and they never fail to bring forth showers of laughter.

HARRISON TELLS A HOG STORY.

President Harrison very seldom indulged in a joke or story unless he knows his hearers well. One day he surprised his hearers by telling the following story to illustrate a point:

"There was a man who had a way of taking his own advice and doing things to get even. He was a hog-dealer, and one season he drove a large number of hogs to Indianapolis, a distance of 100 miles from his home, although he was told he could get nearly as much for them at a town nearer. Arriving at Indianapolis, he found that the price of hogs had gone down. He kept them in the city nearly a month, and finally was offered



"I got the Society of the Hogs."

a higher price than he could get nearer home. He wanted a high price, and declared he would drive the hogs back home, which he did at a considerable cost. Then he sold them at home at a price very much less than that offered in the city. One of his friends asked him why he had acted so unwisely.

"I wanted to get even with them city hog-buyers," he replied.

"But did you get even?"

"Well, they didn't get my hogs."

"What, pray, did you get out of the transaction?"

"Get! Why, bless your thick-skulled head, I got the society of the hogs back home!"

VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON'S BULL STORY.

Vice-President Morton now and then perpetrates a joke or story by way of illustration upon his listeners. He knows it well by heart before he begins.

Not far from where I live in the country, there is a farmer noted for his fine, large cattle. Durhams and Alderneys roam over his extensive lands, and people come from a long distance to view his stock. But visitors have to be careful about walking around alone in the clover fields on account of the number of ferocious bulls owned by the farmer. A certain Major-General, who was very proud of his title, visited a neighbor of the farmer, and one day he strolled out and began to cut across the clover fields in order to save a little distance. Before he knew what was up, a big bull, bellowing and shaking his head, began to chase him. The General was a swift runner and he made good time in front of the pursuing animal. But the animal was swift, too, and every time the General would get near a fence the bull was too close for him to even attempt to climb over. At last the General

"Why didn't you tell the Bull that?"

made a line for a gate near the farmer's house and reaching it in time shut off the bull from further pursuit. The farmer, it seems, was there and had witnessed the chase. The General, all out of breath, said, between gasps:

"Sir—sir, did you see your bull chasing me?"

"Y-e-s," said the farmer, suppressing a smile.

"Is that all you have to say? Do you know whom that bull was chasing?"

"You, I guess."

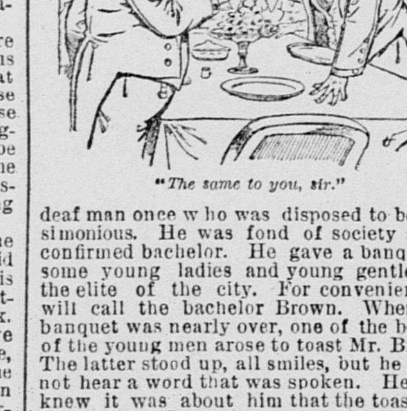
"Do you know who I am, sir? I am General Blank."

"Wall, why didn't you tell the bull that?" curtly retorted the farmer.

WANAMAKER'S REBUKE.

Postmaster-General John Wanamaker is given to illustrating his conversation with pointed stories. Once he rebuked some of his Sunday-school boys for laughing at a deaf boy's mistake in answering misunderstood questions, and related this story:

"Now, little boys, it is not right to laugh or make sport of affliction. I knew of a



"The same to you, sir."

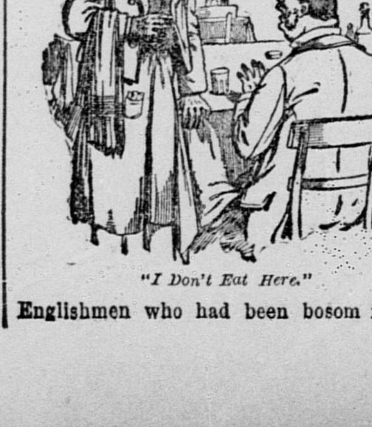
deaf man once who was disposed to be parsimonious. He was fond of society and a confirmed bachelor. He gave a banquet to some young ladies and young gentlemen, the elite of the city. For convenience I will call the bachelor Brown. When the banquet was nearly over, one of the boldest of the young men arose to toast Mr. Brown. The latter stood up, all smiles, but he could not hear a word that was spoken. He only knew it was about him that the toast was being said. The young scapegoat said:

"Here is to you, you old miser, Brown. You are no better than a tramp, and it is suspected that you make your money dishonestly. My wish is that you may get your just deserts yet and land in the penitentiary."

The deaf Mr. Brown smiled, raised his glass to his lips, and said: "The same to you."

GOVERNOR HILL'S STORY OF TWO ENGLISHMEN.

Governor Hill is a good story-teller. Two



"I Don't Eat Here."

Englishmen who had been bosom friends came to America. They met with poor success, drifted apart, and finally one took a position as waiter in a cheap restaurant. He hadn't been there long before his friend appeared at the dinner. The meeting was not over-joyful.

"Why, old man, you down to a waiter, eh? Gracious, how you have fallen! And in a Bowery restaurant, too!"

"Yes," replied the waiter, turning on his friend, sarcastically, "But I don't eat here, thank God!"

A TRAMP STORY BY GENERAL PORTER.

General Horace Porter is a noted after-dinner speaker, and has a fund of anecdotes and humorous incidents. Here is one of his stories:

Lady (to Boston tramp)—And now you want something to eat?

"Say, See that Wood."

Boston Tramp—Yes, lady, you are religiously correct in your surmise.

Lady—Did you saw that wood?

Boston Tramp—Oh, don't say that, lady, but put it in this way: "Did you see that wood?"

A POLITICAL SUSPECT.

He Relates His First Day's Experience in a Russian Prison.

I was taken into one of the little courts, in which were four cells, each with room for ten persons. The sleeping berths were for ten persons, but the space between these berths and the wall was so narrow as to make it difficult for all ten to walk at once, writes a contributor to Free Russia. Several of them generally sit or lie on the berths. All the cells were open, and the prisoners were in the court. Some were mending their rotten clothing, some knitting stockings, some merely lying or sitting in the sun; most of them, however, were employed in destroying parasites in their hair or clothing. Several persons surrounded me and asked who I was, how long I was to stay and where I was going. No one inquired why I was in prison; that question is considered impolite in prison society. After having satisfied the curiosity of the questioners, most of whom were in chains and were to be transported to Siberia, I was taken into a cell, where a vacant place was shown me on a sleeping berth an ell wide, with a dirty pillow stuffed with straw, with no mattress or blanket, for both of which the prisoner's cloak serves.

The prisoner who showed me my place was the "elder of the ward" (starosta); he was very amiable to me, and recommended one berth, remarking that: "There's plenty of room here, there are only ten of us; in all the other cells there are fifteen; that's why I put you here." The fact is that the elder was building hopes on me; he had noticed that I wore spectacles and had therefore concluded that I must be a "gentleman," and, of course, must know how to write, and he was just then very anxious to write a petition. I, of course, consented, and asked him to explain to me his business. He began an account, from which my attention was distracted by a sudden sensation of burning all over. "Oh! Is it they?" he asked, breaking off. "They?" I repeated, wondering. He nodded; my experience was familiar to him. "Never mind," he said consolingly; "they only bite so furiously just at first; you wont feel them after a bit."

I tore off my cloak. My shirt was literally covered with vermin. They were in such swarms that I stood horror-stricken. It seemed to me that I must die from them. My new friend, still trying to console me, helped me off with my shirt and—we went out into the court. Laying down the cloak in the hot sunshine to get warm, we employed ourselves in clearing the shirt of vermin. Before laying the cloak on the ground the elder held it up for me to look at, and it seemed to me to be almost free from insects. But after a few minutes he called my attention to it again. The vermin hidden in the coarse canvas texture had come out to the heat. It was only then that I understood in what condition the clothing was that had been given me. I drew back with the bitter conviction that it was useless to struggle against such endless legions. But my instructor assured me that there was no need to despair; that I must have patience, and that by working at it eighteen hours a day one could get rid of a great many in two days. There was nothing for it but to follow his advice, not that I had any hope of success, but rather from sheer desperation.

But we had not long to sit in the court. At 7 o'clock in the evening our names were called over and we were locked up in the cell. We lighted some tiny lamps, filled with grease, and went on with our work. Some had contrived to get hold of a pack of cards and spent the time in playing, though with frequent interruptions, as at any moment the sentinel might look in and catch the gamblers in the act, which would have resulted in a search and the confiscation of the cards. One of the prisoners, therefore, stood admiring the beauties of the darkness, acting meanwhile as a scout, and gave notice with a movement of his foot every time the sentinel approached. Then, instantly, all the gamblers would put on the most innocent air, and occupy themselves in some other way. At 5 o'clock in the morning we were let out. I had not slept at all, nor obtained one moment's relief from the torment of the vermin. The prisoners crowded around the well and drank; some took off their clothing and washed it, remaining naked while they did so. The morning chilliness was still in the air. I and my new friend resumed our toil of the day before. He was evidently well accustomed to the work, and looked compassionately upon my ignorance and clumsiness.

"You don't a bit know how to manage; you look half afraid of them! You shouldn't go at it so gingerly! I know whose cloak that is," he went on; "a fortnight ago there was a fellow here, 'Jack Fool' we used to call him; quite a natural, you know. He was always soft in his head; and then he was ill, too; just all over wounds and sores from head to foot. Well, there he'd lie, and of course he got all over these creatures; he never tried to get rid of them. Of course a decent fellow wouldn't let his cloak get into that state, but the fool didn't care—not he; he didn't seem to have any feeling, somehow."

On learning the biography of my cloak I appealed to him in horror to know whether I could not possibly get it changed for another. He at first maintained that it was quite needless; that we could get rid of the vermin; that one could not catch diseases from clothes, etc., but he failed to convince me. "Of course," he remarked at last, "one can get it changed; it'll cost a lot, but it can be done; here, sir, anything can be got for money. Why, not only clean things, you can have spirits, playing-cards, paper, pens and ink, anything you like."

My cloak was changed that day. Prisoners are not allowed to have money in their possession, but a prisoner who has money to his account in the office can buy things in the prison-shop by order.

The dealer, like a banker, cashes your order, though in goods instead of money, and takes 20 per cent himself for trouble and risk.

That evening I felt far less miserable in consequence of a clean cloak.

Danger in Double Lighting.

"There is a good deal of danger in these gas and electric light fixtures," said a practical electrician to me the other day. "I mean in the kind which are used for gas and electric light in combination. Of course it is convenient to have the gas all ready for use if the electric apparatus gets out of order, and in theaters and public institutions the joint fixtures are particularly useful, no doubt. But I think where the double fixtures are used in hotels or private houses the taps ought to be made conspicuously distinct; in fact, it would be well to have the gas tap screwed up while the electric light is being used.

"The other day two actresses came mighty near being suffocated in a Pittsburg hotel through the double fixture trap. When they went to bed one of them tried to turn out the electric light. She did turn a tap, but it didn't shut off the electric light. Then her companion got up and turned off the electric light. But the first girl had turned on the gas when she thought she was turning off the electric light. Result, two young women in a state of asphyxiation next morning; would have been dead had not their room been very large. It is a mistake likely to occur, and those who have double fixtures should take care in time."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Girard College has 1591 pupils, the largest number in its history.

SEVERAL STINGS THAT ARE FATAL.

A Story of "Rattler Bill," Who Enjoyed Killing Rattlesnakes.

The Tarantula Will Not Do to Fool With—The Centipede is Dangerous, and the Scorpion Is Not at All Desirable.

One no sooner gets into New Mexico than he begins to hear snake stories. Of course the rattlesnake furnishes the subject for most of these, and not without cause, for it is naturally a very lively reptile, and the climate of New Mexico seems to keep him in his liveliest mood. The one redeeming feature of the "rattler" is that he gives an alarm by shaking the rattles at the end of his tail. This is not due to any particular desire on his part to warn the approaching person of his presence, but from a peculiar habit, seen in some cats, for instance, of shaking the tail when excited.

An old stage-driver at Prescott, Ariz., has a novel method of killing rattlesnakes.

"I hain't no snake-charmer," said he, "but I'm no more afraid on 'em than nothin'. I've killed hundreds on 'em, and have got down from the box many's the time to kill a rattler when I were a stagin' it. That's how I come by my name, Rattler Bill. I allers druv four, more of'en six horses, to my stage, and I had a whip with a han'le on't eight feet long. Minit I'd see a rattler I'd clap my feet on the brake iron and bring up the horses all standin', f' fear the rattler 'd get away. Minit I'd strike the ground he'd know I meant business, an' would curl up to strike at me. I'd take my whip by the butt, holdin' the lash in my

The Muscular Tarantula.

hand, an' just reach out an' tickle old rattler on the back. He'd reach 'round to bite the whip han'le, and bite hisself in the back. I'd wait about two minits to see if he'd begun to swell, and then start for my stage. He'd be a dead snake in ten minits. Danger? Well, I guess not. Whip han'le eight feet long, and I c'd reach four feet further, an' no rattler livin' can spring more'n half of twelve feet."

The rattle of a rattlesnake is composed of a series of loosely jointed, hollow, shell-like bones. The first one makes its appearance when the snake is 2 years old, and one is added every year. Thus it is easy to reckon the age of a snake by the rings, though sometimes a portion of the rattle may have been lost by getting it caught in a crevice or cut off by a falling rock. Occasionally an old rattlesnake will be found that has lost all but the last ring of its rattle. One can always know if the rattle is complete by a sort of cap that fits over the end and forms the first rattle. If this is gone, the chances are that several rings were lost with it.

The bite of a full-grown rattlesnake is in almost every instance fatal if no antidote be taken in time. It is attended with inflammation, swelling and severe pain. The handiest and possibly the best antiseptic is whisky. A man suffering from a severe bite has been known to drink four quarts of whisky in three hours without feeling the effects of it in the usual way.

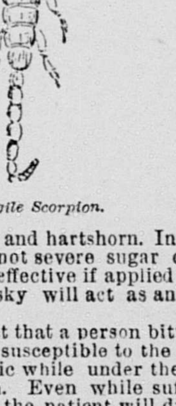
The tarantula is more dreaded than the rattlesnake. His bite is more deadly poisonous and harder to cure; he has a habit of sneaking upon his victim at an unex-

The Athletic Centipede.

pected moment, and he gives no warning when about to spring. Fortunately, he does not stay about buildings, as he prefers to hold undisputed possession of the open field. In appearance he is an overgrown spider, and when full grown his six legs can be spread out over an area five or six inches square. The tarantula that is sometimes brought to New York in bunches of bananas is the dreaded tarantula of Southern California.

The bite is inflicted by tusk-like fangs which extend from either side of the mouth. These the spider stabs into the victim, and through them injects a poison for which there is no cure. Although he is capable of giving a very effective stab at close quarters, his favorite method of attack is by springing, when he strikes head on, burying his fangs to the full length. As a rule, a tarantula will flee at the approach of a man, but on the least provocation will turn and fight, and very often, if it be a full-grown spider, he is of so belligerent a character that he does not hesitate to dispute the right of way with any traveler he may chance to meet.

When the tarantula has had an opportunity to bury its fangs deep in the flesh, unless skilled medical attendance is promptly at hand, the bite is always fatal. In cases of this kind a portion of one or both of the sharp stings breaks off and remains in the wound. These must be removed before there is a possibility of recovery. The surgeon lances the wound, removes the broken fangs and applies strong caustic. In the meantime the patient has imbibed copious



The Agile Scorpion.

draughts of brandy and hartshorn. In cases where the bite is not severe sugar of lead and oil will prove effective if applied to the wound, while whisky will act as an antiseptic.

It is a curious fact that a person bitten by a tarantula is very susceptible to the soothing effects of music while under the influence of the poison. Even while suffering excruciating pain the patient will drop off to sleep upon the hearing of musical sounds, either vocal or instrumental. The sleep continues as long as the music is in hearing, but upon its stopping the patient immediately awakens. It is also a fact that music has a charm-like effect upon the tarantula. It is said that even the most belligerent tarantula becomes a peaceful citizen upon hearing the tones of a violin. He remains motionless, and can be handled with less danger, for he has never been known to inflict a bite while under the influence of music. It is in this way that the curio-dealers of Southern California replenish their stock. Indians and Mexicans do most of the hunting for the tarantula and his curious nest.

The tarantula has but three enemies—the "bug-catcher," the rattlesnake and the red-winged wasp, better known as the tarantula hawk. The first he does not fear, the second he can generally whip, but the third is his fatal enemy and the one for which he must be constantly on the lookout.

When the tarantula suspects the presence of a rattlesnake it makes a spring of two feet or more straight upward. While in the air he sees where his enemy is, and no sooner does he strike the ground again than he forces the fighting, leaping forward several feet at a time. The rattlesnake coils himself and raises his head to spring. As he does so the tarantula makes a leap, and unless the snake can move its head to one side quick enough the tarantula is at its throat and the work is done, and the snake dies in terrible agony from a poison more deadly than its own. But, as the snake's motions are quick, the tarantula seldom has an opportunity to bury its fangs at the first leap. Often the battle continues for an hour or more, and those who have witnessed such a sight say that it is most exciting. In every instance it ends in death to the snake. Quite frequently both snake and spider are killed. The only means the snake has of killing its antagonist is by biting or crushing it, and in either operation the snake receives a death wound, whereas if the tarantula can inflict a wound without getting under the snake, or too near its mouth, it runs no danger.

Another bite that kills is that of the centipede. Contrary to the habits of the tarantula, the centipede seeks the habitation of man, and does not hesitate to intrude into the sleeping apartments. It is usually found under stones and about rotten wood, but feels just as much at home on a lace curtain or in the folds a blanket. The usual length is from four to five inches, though specimens have been found that measured eight inches. The largest are not over one-fourth of an inch in breadth, and at every joint of the body is a pair of short legs.

They are a constant source of terror to women, and with good reason. Probably three women are bitten by them to one man. The skirts dragging on the floor or sweeping over the sidewalk excite their curiosity and sometimes threaten their destruction. They quickly seize upon anything that interferes with them, and thus it is that a woman may excite the wrath of a centipede without being aware of his presence at the time.

The bite of the centipede requires prompt attention, or the life of the patient is imperiled. Although not as dangerous as that of the tarantula the same treatment is required.

The scorpion is another objection to living in warm countries. His bite often proves fatal. He is a curious little fellow and looks something like a walking lobster. The body is from two and a half to four inches in length. Many suppose that their sting is inflicted by the lobster-claw-like feelers that branch out from either side of the head, but that is not so. These palpi, or feelers, are used for holding the captive insects upon which it feeds. While the victim is thus held the killing is done by a little thorn-like sting at the end of its tail. The tail is fully one-half the length of the body and composed of six joints, which permit of its moving in any direction. When excited the scorpion runs very fast, and always with its tail elevated, ready to strike. When the sting is given while the scorpion is at rest, it is administered by raising the tail over its back and striking downward, which drives the little thorn-like point into the flesh, at the same time emitting a venomous liquid. If the sting be given while the scorpion is running, it has the effect of a scratch, similar to that given by a cat, only much more painful. To persons of robust health the sting is not generally fatal, but it is usually so to children or debilitated people. What is lacking in deadliness is made up for in painfulness. Persons who have been stung by a scorpion say that, in addition to the almost unbearable pain, a cold chill comes on, followed by flashes of heat, giving one a sensation as near deathlike as anything can be. Children seldom recover. Like centipedes, scorpions seem to take special delight in crawling around the house.—N. Y. Sun.

NOVEL SCREENS.

Some Pretty Designs Offered to Those Who Are Fond of Such.

"The lady and the palm" might well be written about in conjunction nowadays. Mendelssohn in his photos puts them together invariably. Milady's first thought in arranging the pretty background of her tea-table is how to place her palm to advantage. Stately ones adorn the spacious halls and smaller specimens make picturesque the corners of the drawing-room. This question of entourage is receiving more and more attention every year; the clever woman is not content to be merely well-gowned, but she must also be well-placed. It is astonishing to see how becoming a bit of background may be made to be. Next to the palm, the screen is the most valuable adjunct, and these may be of any size, color or shape. Watteau screens in Rocaille frames are

the most fashionable at present and are also the most costly.

The photograph screen, of which we give the center panel, is a great favorite. The frames for the photos are made in plush

or brocade, and the pictures are inserted from above; and a curtain of soft silk of the same color makes a pretty finish.

Nothing could be prettier than the tea-table screen, which has a shelf for cups and saucers. In the example given the upper part is of old brocade, draped with soft

pink crepe de chine; the rest is in white wood, and the cups and saucers are of blue and white Nankin china.—N. Y. Tribune.

Murat Halstead has ten living children—seven sons and three daughters—and has buried two sons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pears' Soap

has been established in London **100 YEARS** both as a **COMPLEXION** and as a **SHAVING SOAP**, has obtained **19** INTERNATIONAL AWARDS, and is now sold in every city of the world.

It is the purest, cleanest, finest,
The most economical, and therefore
The best and most popular of all soaps

for GENERAL TOILET PURPOSES; and for use in the NURSERY it is recommended by thousands of intelligent *mothers* throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a cleanser and detergent, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which *infants* are so liable. **PEARS' SOAP** can now be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States, BUT BE SURE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE, *as there are worthless imitations.*

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OH, THEY ALL KNEW HIM WELL.

Some Points on Personal Identification in the Courts.

How the Mystery of the Burglary in the Dwelling-House of Mr. John Flukes Was Cleverly Unraveled.

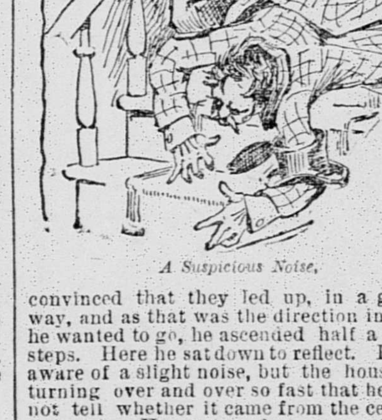
Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

I should not think it worth while to tell so simple a story as the one which I now propose to grind out, if it did not give me an opportunity to speak instructively about two or three subjects on which I have long been a crank. The most important of these is personal identification as it is practiced in courts.

I remember seeing a woman positively identify the thief who stole half a bushel of potatoes out of the back cellar of her house in the middle of the night. She recognized him by the color of his eyes. Cross-examination failed to shake her certainty, but it developed some interesting facts.

It appears that the husband of the witness, Mr. John Flukes, came home from the club about 2 o'clock in the morning on the night of the robbery; and after unlocking the door with his watch key, he paused in the hall a moment trying to decide whether the front stairs led up or down. It was quite essential to solve his problem in order that he might get up to bed without creating unnecessary disturbance.

He removed his plug hat so that his footsteps might not awake his wife, and then took hold of the stairs to steady them. They kept still long enough for him to become



A Suspicious Noise.

convinced that they led up, in a general way, and as that was the direction in which he wanted to go, he ascended half a dozen steps. Here he sat down to reflect. He was aware of a slight noise, but the house was turning over and over so fast that he could not tell whether it came from the cellar or the attic. He bestowed so much attention upon listening that he forgot to hold on to the stairs, and, as a result, he fell to the bottom with a resounding crash.

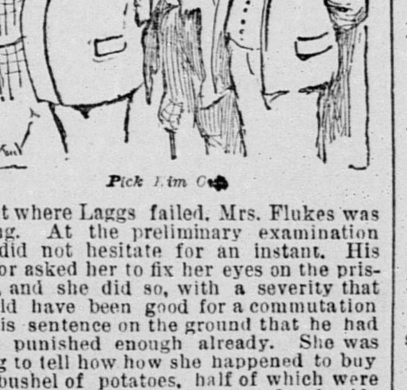
This frightful rumpus in the still watches of the night awoke Mrs. Flukes, who yelled "burglars" in a voice like fifty wounded elephants. Flukes, not desiring to contradict his wife at a time when he felt himself to be somewhat at a disadvantage, also yelled "burglars," whereupon Mrs. Flukes buried her head under the bed-clothes, while a male servant whose room was in the garret fired a double-barreled shotgun through the roof and locked himself into a closet.

I do not pretend to know how the household straightened itself out, but nothing was done until morning, when a search of the premises revealed the fact that nothing was missing but the half-bushel of potatoes. With this clew to work on the police soon arrested a tramp who was heard to say that he hadn't eaten anything except one potato during the past ten days.

"Clever detective work, too," said the officer who made the arrest to the reporters at headquarters. Then he winked mysteriously and remarked that he expected to have a big story for the boys in a day or two.

At the Central station Mr. Flukes unhesitatingly picked the suspected man out of a group of policemen who were all noticeably overfed, while the tramp—well, to judge by his emaciation, the potato to which he had referred must have been a very small one. This identification left no doubt in the mind of anybody but the tramp, who began to wonder whether he might not be guilty after all. However, to make assurance doubly sure, the servant Laggs was sent for by the police in the course of the afternoon. He was loaded for an identification. He had heard Mr. Flukes at lunch time describe to Mrs. Flukes the formidable and desperate appearance of the man with whom he had struggled in the dead of night in defense of their home. The villainous physiognomy pictured by Mr. Flukes made such a deep impression on the mind of Laggs that when he arrived at the station he promptly identified Ward Detective "Plug" Swagly as the criminal.

The alleged feelings of Mr. Swagly were so much hurt by this mistake that he offered to prove that Laggs had committed burglary, highway robbery or treason in March, 1884, or on any other date that was convenient to the authorities. All that Mr. Swagly asked was an hour and a half to collect his witnesses. This liberal offer was refused, but it frightened Laggs so badly that he could not be found on the day when the tramp came up for preliminary examination. I am inclined to think that his alarm was unnecessary, and that the ward detective had overestimated his powers, because, a week later, when Laggs was clubbed half to death in an alley, near the Flukes residence, Swagly was wholly unable to discover the perpetrator of the deed.



Pick Him Out.

But where Laggs failed, Mrs. Flukes was strong. At the preliminary examination she did not hesitate for an instant. His Honor asked her to fix her eyes on the prisoner, and she did so, with a severity that should have been good for a commutation of his sentence on the ground that he had been punished enough already. She was going to tell how how she happened to buy the bushel of potatoes, half of which were stolen, when the Justice interposed and said:

"Do you recognize the prisoner as the man who entered your house on the night of February 20th last past and stole a peck of potatoes?"

"Four pecks in a bushel, your Honor," whispered the clerk.

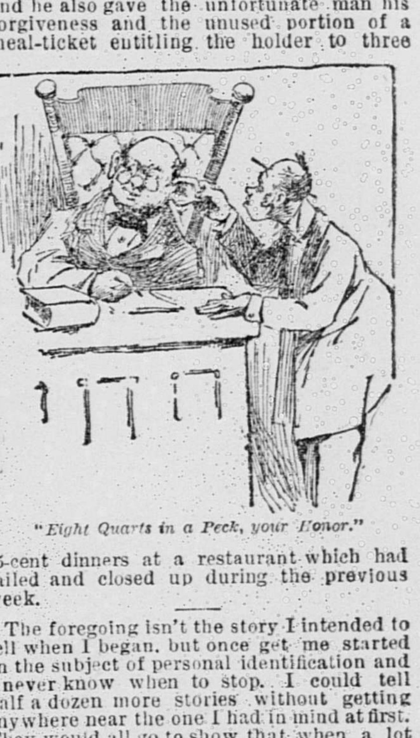
"Certainly, sir; do not interrupt me. I was about to say to the witness: Do you recognize the prisoner as the man who entered your house on the night of February 20th last past and stole a peck of potatoes in each hand?"

It is nearly impossible to find a subject which a police justice does not thoroughly understand, if you give him leisure to tell you what he meant to say when he spoke the first time.

Mrs. Flukes was willing to swear to the prisoner or at him, as it pleased the court. Every time she discovered a peculiarity of his features or clothing which she hadn't previously noticed, she recognized him by that. Then the policeman on the beat was called, and he told what he had been dreaming about at 2 o'clock on the morning in question.

Swagly, who made the arrest, also gave testimony which was very damaging—in fact, there is no telling how damaging, not to say damning, such testimony may be when the records which do not lie are unrolled in a higher court, and Swagly et al. are committed without bail. In the case at hand, however, the damage was inflicted upon the tramp, and he was held in the sum of $1000. None of his friends came forward to give this bail, partly because he had no friends, and further, because if he had had any, they would not, probably, have had so much money as that. He went to jail.

I am happy to say, however, that before the trial Mrs. Flukes discovered that there had been only half a bushel of potatoes in the cellar on the night of November 3d, and consequently the tramp could not have stolen a peck in each hand, and left two pecks behind him. On learning of this fact, Mr. Flukes, who was a scrupulously just man, secured the release of the tramp through the influence of a ward politician, and he also gave the unfortunate man his forgiveness and the unused portion of a meal-ticket entitling the holder to three



"Eight Quarts in a Peck, your Honor."

25-cent dinners at a restaurant which had failed and closed up during the previous week.

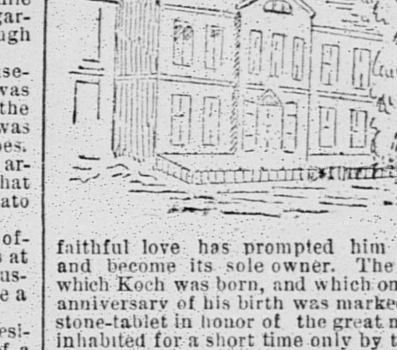
The foregoing isn't the story I intended to tell when I began, but once get me started on the subject of personal identification and I never know when to stop. I could tell half a dozen more stories without getting anywhere near the one I had in mind at first. They would all go to show that when a lot of people stand up in court and tell how they recognize a man whom they never saw but once in their lives, and then when he was back to them, and half a mile away—when they swear that they know him because he has lost a back tooth, and has a scar on the sole of his foot—they are simply lying in a way to make their moral character unclean.

However, let that pass. I started to tell how I was pursued by a mysterious negro, said to be seven feet high, but perhaps I can do it some other time.

KOCH'S BIRTHPLACE.

The House in Which the Distinguished Scientist Was Born.

Claustadt, in the Harz Mountains, where Robert Koch was born, is a very pretty little city. It is essentially a mining town, and Koch's early neighbors were sturdy miners and tillers of the ore in the bowels of the mountains. Koch has always been attached to the simple home in which his childhood and youth were spent, and this



faithful love has prompted him to buy it and become its sole owner. The house in which Koch was born, and which on the last anniversary of his birth was marked with a stone-tablet in honor of the great man, was inhabited for a short time only by the Koch family, they bought the other, to which they subsequently moved, and which is now Professor Koch's sole property.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

GERMAN HUMOR.

Whole Chunks of It Translated From Fliegende Blaetter.

A Sunday hunter has actually at last, to his own astonishment, shot a hare. Bearing it home, he sees a game-dealer from whom he was in the habit of buying what he pretended to have killed standing at the door of his store. He shows him the trophy in great glee.

"Don't talk to me!" cried the dealer angrily; "don't talk to me about shooting it! You've bought it, I guess, from that other dealer up the street."

* * *

"Why, Cousin Carl, you look very often at the clock!"

"Still you don't suspect from that that I am wearied of your company?"

"Oh, no; not that. I merely suspect your watch must be in pawn."

* * *

In the Marriage Bureau—"And besides," continues the agent, "she has another remarkable virtue. She can keep silent."

"Shall I count that as so much gold?" inquired the customer.

* * *

Judge—Officer Schmidt, the accused says he was making no noise when you arrested him.

"No noise, your honor; why, he made noise enough to wake me."

* * *

"Now tell me, dear Baron, who do you think was the prettiest girl at the ball last night?"

"Ah, my lady, you will pardon me, I know, if I say I cannot tell."

"I understand. Oh, you flatterer!"

* * *

Professor—How is it that you could dare say behind my back that I looked like Methusaleh?

"I confess I did say it, Professor, but only like Methusaleh when he was young."

* * *

"Why is it that you are constantly saying to that waitress, 'Another glass of beer?'"

"Why? What other conversation could one hold with such a stupid girl as she seems to be?"

* * *

"How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"I beg pardon, madam, this is 1891, not 1871."

* * *

"It's horrible the way your boy spells," said the teacher.

"He can't help that, poor fellow," was the mother's reply, "it's an heirloom. He inherited that from his grandfather."

* * *

Lady to her silent partner at table:

"I beg pardon, Herr Beinlach, but does it strike you as though I looked slightly bored?"

* * *

"Do you buy books here?" asked the student, offering a volume of college songs to the dealer.

"Yes, sir, but only whole libraries."

"Well, that's my whole library."

Two physicians of Havana are successfully inoculating new arrivals in Cuba against yellow fever through mosquitoes that have contaminated themselves by stinging yellow fever patients. Fifty-two cases of mosquito inoculation have been followed up. Of them only about 8 per cent subsequently contracted the disease, with a mortality of less than 2 per cent.