

# CHERRY COUNTY INDEPENDENT

VALENTINE, NEB.

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## DRAMATIC DOINGS.

### WHAT PLAYERS, PLAYWRIGHTS AND MANAGERS ARE DOING.

Grace Golden Writes of the Field for Little Women—Interesting Dramatic Data—The Free List Suspended—Autocrats of the Elder Booth.

#### Little Women on the Stage.

**A**UTHORS and theatrical managers are not always infallible, writes Grace Golden, the Prima Donna, in the New York Journal. They are sometimes guilty of paying too little attention to the little women, who although small, is quite an important personage and should not be overlooked. They first err in putting into her mouth lines of vastly too heroic variety; the second by substituting a tall woman for her. The little woman's province is quite distinctly defined, and should under no circumstances be usurped by her larger sisters of the stage.

It is in the impersonation of juvenile and masculine roles. Nature has fitted actresses for the proper delineation of such parts. A woman may be young, still, unless she is petite, she should never attempt either juvenile or masculine characters.

Youth and vivacity are great allies, but not of nearly so much importance as littleness. An artistic make-up will hide many of time's ravages, but all the cosmetics in the world cannot delude an audience into believing a woman small when she is not.

When a woman assumes masculine or juvenile attire for the purpose of deception, vivacity, chic and a certain diminutiveness are necessary, else the author's idea is not carried out. She must not be too mannish; it is that half-feminine, half-masculine manner that makes the dissimulation attractive, and which, in the case of a masculine role, is more highly appreciated by an audience if the actress has first appeared in long skirts. A woman loses much of her charm when she disguises her identity.

Although I belong to the ranks of little women, I am by no means insensible to the fact that they sometimes encroach upon the tall woman's domain, and try to impersonate roles suited only to her.

Their poaching efforts, however, are usually rewarded by the failure they deserve.

The little woman's theatrical field, it would seem, should be large enough for her. She has the little injured wife, the French maid, the gay youth and the juvenile—are these not sufficient characters for her? She alone has made the greatest success of them, as witness Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Della Fox. In "The Voglie-handler," "The Fencing Master" and in "Wang" none could have kept up the masculine delusion better than they did; still, nobody ever forgot for a moment that either of these clever actresses were other than what they are—charming little women masquerading as men.

#### The Elder Booth.

One night Booth did not make his appearance at the theater in time to begin the performance. The manager went to his room at the hotel and found it locked. To his calls and knocks there was no response, but as it was possible that he had fallen asleep a clerk in the house climbed upon the roof of an adjoining piazza and peered through a window. The room was apparently empty. Then the corridors and offices were visited without success, and the manager was about to go away in disappointment, when the clerk, to make assurance doubly sure, again scaled the piazza, entered the room through the window and looked under the bed. There lay the missing tragedian, calm and sober, quietly meeting the gaze of the intruder. He at once consented to go to the theater. The clerk, unperceived, followed him and heard him accost many persons and ask to be directed to the theater. He quickly dressed for his part and played it with prodigious power.

Booth was often perfectly sober when indulging in some of his wildest freaks. His acquaintances differed as to the cause of them. It is not to be doubted, however, that he did sometimes indulge his appetite for intoxicating liquors to an immoderate extent, but not so frequently as is popularly believed. One long-time friend of his asserts that it is doubtful if he ever was so completely overcome by drink as to be incapable of playing a familiar character. As soon as he came before the footlights and began to speak, his aspect changed, and as the play progressed he regained over all his faculties sovereign sway and mastery. He so abandoned himself to the passion of the part he acted that he produced such a degree of mental excitement as would neutralize the effects of other stimulants.

#### Cardinal Entreats Strained.

Theatrical managers are usually in the habit of extending to one another

the courtesies of their houses, when they are on good terms, and it is generally the custom here, at least, for one manager to gladly honor the request of another for a box for any performance. Believing this to be the rule of other managers, and knowing it to be in his own case, a certain Chicago manager invited a party of friends to hear Miss Lillian Russell sing one night and then sent a written request for a box. Greatly to his astonishment his request was refused. In box-office parlance, he was "turned down," and he was mad. But he had invited his friends and he put up fifteen good dollars, for the privilege of hearing Lillian warble. One Wednesday afternoon, as Miss Russell did not sing, she wanted to go to the matinee and she sent to this same manager a request for a box. Did she get it? Not much. In a polite note he told her of his experience at her theater, and said he could not consistently return a favor which had not been extended. What Lillian said has not been recorded, save possibly, by the recording angel. The little incident created quite as much of a stir as did a similar one which happened not long ago. One of the leading local managers desired his wife to see a popular attraction then playing at another house and he sent a request for two seats. He received two whole seats, which represented money in the box-office and which he knew the other manager had paid for out of his own pocket. If he could not have a passage he did not want others to pay his way, so he sent the tickets back with a note, the wording of which trilled the paper upon which it was written. Chicago Sunday Post.

#### Newell and Newell.

A most amusing case of mistaken identity occurred in the office of Hotel Ryan, of St. Paul, the other day, and goes to destroy one more of the old ideas, that no two things are exactly alike in this world. A gentleman entered the hotel, proceeded to the desk, was handed a pen by the gentlemanly clerk, and registered W. Newell, New York. The clerk called the uniformed attache known by the name of "Front," and had him show the guest to a room on the parlor floor. About fifteen minutes later his exact counterpart, dressed exactly alike in every detail, even to a rose in his buttonhole, walked up to the desk, picked up a pen, and before the clerk could stop him, registered the mystic name, W. Newell, New York. He also asked for a room. The clerk looked his man over, and when he could recover his speech, said: "Why, what do you want, the earth? I have just assigned you one of our best rooms." The gentleman drew himself up, and with a severe look, replied: "You are mistaken; I have just arrived in town and never saw you in my life before." At this the clerk nearly fainted, but fortunately for an concerned the first gentleman came out of the elevator, crossed over and addressed his brother. The consternation on the faces of the clerk, bell boys and surrounding guests can better be imagined than described. The men were none other than Willard and William Newell, the only twin actors in the world, who are starring in Newell Bros and Dinkins' scenic production of "The Operator." They look so much alike that it is said that their own relations don't know them apart. One of them is engaged to be married, and the only fear the young lady has is that she will marry the wrong man by mistake.

#### Anecdote of Keene.

Manager Smythe of the "Hoss and Hoss" Company, traveled with Keene for several seasons, and this story which he tells is characteristic of the star: "It was on Broadway, New York," said Smythe, "and Keene, Ariel Barney, and myself were strolling uptown. Presently Keene stopped and let us go on, and when we missed him and looked back he was talking to one of the raggedest and most wretched-looking tramps I have ever seen. Bill Hoey's make-up in 'A Parlor Match' wasn't in it with that fellow; and there was Keene, shaking his hand and as glad to meet him as if the tramp had been a bosom friend. 'For Heaven's sake! Whom has he got in tow now?' asked Barney, and then Keene caught up with us and answered the question himself. 'That man was a good actor once,' he said, 'but drink got away with him. Too bad, too bad,' and he continued the walk as unconcerned as if he were in the habit of publicly embracing mendicants every day in the week."

#### Annals of the Stage.

Rachel's first appearance in England was at the Queen's Theater, 1841.

Edwin Booth first appeared in 1849, in a minor part of Richard III.

The Colleen Bawn was brought out at the Adelphi, London, in 1860, 360 nights.

Irving first appeared as Hamlet in London, 1874.

Salvini first appeared in England as Othello and Hamlet, at Drury Lane in 1875.

In the plays of Aristophanes, public men were caricatured by name.

Marlowe's Faust was the best tragedy in English before the time of Shakespeare.

The most prominent actor in the miracle play was the Devil.

Schiller's Robbers was written while he was still in college.

Greek theaters had no roofs, but porticos, to which the spectators retired when it rained.

Greek machinery for supernatural effects was elaborate, but now little understood.

## SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

### ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

#### Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

**A** BEAR hanging by his paws from the crook of a large oak tree in the woods on Nettle Ridge near Scranton, Penn., scared Ora Becker's spaniel Topsy half to death at sunrise on a recent Monday morning. Becker was on his way to Racket Creek to hunt grouse, and Topsy had run ahead of him so far in the woods that he was out of sight when she began to yelp furiously and catter toward him. He made her stop her noise when she reached him, and then he heard a bear bellowing and bawling some distance to the south. Becker cocked his gun and hurried toward the place, but Topsy was so badly frightened that she wouldn't accompany him. The bear had both paws in the jaws of a trap twenty-three feet from the ground, and he was digging into the bark with his hind claws and doing his utmost to keep his weight from pulling down on his imprisoned paws. He yelled and snarled with pain as he climbed and twitched, but the trap was fastened to a limb with a log chain, and the bear stood no chance at all of yanking himself loose. Becker had a charge of buckshot for wildcats in one of his barrels, and he put an end to the bear's suffering by shooting him in the head. Then he got Topsy and started for the valley to find out who owned the trap. It belonged to Edgar and Amasa Morehouse, who set it in the crook of the oak tree on Sunday and daubed it over with two pounds of honey. There was a colony of wild bees in the hollow trunk, and the Morehouse brothers discovered that a bear had been clawing and biting the wood where the bees went in and out. They made up their minds that the surest way to get the four-footed lover of sweets was to bait the trap with honey and fasten it in the crook of the tree, but they didn't expect to capture him so soon, and so they didn't go to look at the trap the next morning. The bear weighed 313 pounds, and the Morehouse boys gave Becker one-half of the carcass for shooting him. Amasa brought the skin to Scranton and got \$24 for it.

**Mrs. JAMES HINCKLEY** of Walnut Hollow, Conn., had an encounter with a hen hawk recently that nearly caused her death. Mrs. Hinckley is a widow, and manages a farm with the assistance of her only child, a 15-year-old girl. While she was throwing corn to the fowls an immense hawk swooped down and caught a hen in its talons. Without apprehending the danger to herself, Mrs. Hinckley picked up a stone and threw it at the hawk. The missile struck the bird fairly at the woman. Mrs. Hinckley was unable to get hold of anything with which to defend herself. With the idea of attracting some one to her assistance, she screamed at the top of her voice, but her daughter had gone on an errand more than a mile distant, and her cries were unheard. The hawk's anger was apparently increased by the woman's cries. It aimed to get at the woman's face, which she protected with her hands and arms. From her arms and shoulders her dress was torn to shreds, and the flesh was lacerated so badly that her clothing was saturated with blood. For twenty minutes the bird fought the woman all over the yard until she fell in a fainting condition. She would probably have been killed by the bird had not her daughter arrived just as she fell. The girl is vigorous and fearless. Taking in the situation promptly, she secured a piece of heavy log chain that hung on the fence. The hawk turned its attention to the girl, but it soon got a blow across the back with the chain that rendered one of its wings useless, and it then became an easy victim for the girl. The hawk was one of the largest ever killed hereabouts. It measured five feet two inches across its wings from tip to tip, and weighed thirteen pounds.

**A** TALE of piracy comes from the South Seas that sounds like a romance of the middle ages. Two brothers, Rodrigues, highly educated and polished men, who, for some crime, had been committed to the penal settlements of New Caledonia, made their escape, and working their way into the South Pacific they managed to get into the good graces of the natives and foreigners there. They succeeded in getting possession of the yacht of the native Tahitian King, a very fast schooner, and manning her with a crew of two Europeans and five natives, they loaded her with goods and sailed ostensibly on a trading voyage. When they were one week at sea they gave the cook a bottle of strychnine, and by promising to divide the spoils with him, and threatening his life in case of refusal, persuaded him to put the poison into the food of the crew. While the unhappy victims were rolling on the deck in agony the Rodrigues set smoking and enjoying their tortures, and finally threw them to the sharks that swarmed around the vessel and laughed to see them devoured. The vessel was then taken to another island, where a crew was engaged, and they set out to dispose of the cargo. Finally the cook demanded his share of the profits. He was refused and given to understand that he was their slave and must not leave the vessel. Finally they put into Manila, where the cook managed to get ashore and betrayed the pirates to the authorities. They were speedily arrested and decapitated on the cook's evidence, and he was executed at the same time as participes criminis.

"**ONE** of the coolest actions I ever observed in the course of my express experience," said an express messenger to a reporter of the Cincinnati Times-Star, "was that of a rough fellow from New Mexico. He was poorly dressed, and boarded our train at Tombstone on a second-class ticket, depositing at the same time a box in the care of the express agent, labeled 'Rattlesnakes—handle with care.' It was a small soap box and not very heavy, but you can bet that box was zealously guarded. At Kansas City he came and got the box and carried it off to a bank. The banker was a friend of mine, and, meeting him the next day, I asked what that fellow did in the bank with the rattlesnakes. 'Rattlesnakes!' Well, that's a good joke on the express company," he replied, "that box had exactly \$80,000 in \$10 greenbacks in it. If the money had been entered as money

we would have charged him a neat sum for its transportation, but, by labelling it rattlers, he had it carried for a trifle, and I'll venture it was more secure from robbers under that simple title than it would have been in the stoutest safe."

The physicians of Philadelphia are said to be wondering whether the leprosy is ever of spontaneous generation. A woman was recently admitted to the hospital there who has every symptom of the leprosy. Her skin is badly discolored and bears large spots of bronze color, and the cuticle is dry, and in some places lifeless. It is said that she has always resided in the city, has never been abroad, and so far as known, has never come into contact with any person afflicted with the leprosy.

**LAST** winter D. W. Little, one of the adobe farmers at Biggs, Cal., shot into a band of geese. A white gander was struck and had one wing broken. Mr. Little took the goose home and gave him to his boys, who doctored his wing and he soon became so tame as to follow the boys wherever they went, eat from their hands and even poke his head into their pockets for corn or wheat. A few days ago a band of wild geese flying over the premises and making their usual clatter attracted the attention of the domesticated gander which gave an outlandish display of quacking and shrill yells in goose language that had a most startling effect with the band flying past. A fine white goose was seen to leave the band and shoot down until it landed in the yard at the side of the pet, and the meeting was demonstrative to an exciting degree. Their gabbling, quacking and amusing antics afforded as much fun for the boys who witnessed the meeting as they could have found at a circus. The new arrival, which is probably a mate of the now tame goose, refuses to leave, but will fly over the fence when the two are approached by the boys, and then fly back to the mate when the boys step aside.

**A** TRAMP giving his name as John Fair appeared at the police station in Atchison, Kansas, the other night, bruised from head to foot, and asked permission to sleep in the cell until morning. Fair said he had come to Atchison from Omaha on a through stock train, and had had the most terrible experience of his life. Shortly before the train pulled out of Omaha, the tramp said, he crawled into a car which was loaded with steers. The steers soon began to step on him, and, seeing this would never do, the tramp climbed on the back of one animal. This enraged the steer, and it lunged forward, exciting the other steers, when there was a panic. The maddened steers dashed about, hooking each other and striking the tramp on all sides. He put his arms about the neck of the steer which he was riding, and held his grip until the train stopped at Atchison. The tramp's head had struck the top of the car a number of times and it was badly bruised.

**AMONG** certain tribes of India the following trying ordeal constitutes the marriage ceremony: The man conducts his betrothed into some water; they are accompanied by a priest, and also take with them a cow and a calf, which are driven into the water. The man places his hand by the priest's hand, and the woman places hers next that of the bridegroom, and all three clutch hold of the cow's tail, while the officiating priest pours water upon the cow and the calf, at the same time uttering a religious formula. The two are then made man and wife by their clothes being tied together by the priest. The latter claims the cow and the calf for his part in the ceremony, and the happy pair deposit money presents on the various idols to propitiate them, which gifts find their way into the priest's exchequer, so that he is handsomely rewarded for his services.

**An** extraordinary case is reported from Halberstadt. A soldier in a cuirassier regiment, who took part in the celebrated death ride at the battle of Mars la Tour, was severely wounded in the left ankle. The man was removed to the hospital at Guedinburg, where he remained for over a year. The doctors, after making many attempts to discover the bullet, at length gave up the search and discharged the man, who has been an invalid ever since. The other day, after twenty-two years, the doctors at the hospital at Halberstadt succeeded in extracting the shot, which was embedded in the bone. The patient is said to have experienced immediate relief after the operation was performed.

**A** STORY Mr. William Hancock is telling on the lecture platform in England reflects great credit upon the sagacity of the buffaloes in Sumatra, where he has been traveling. He says that these intelligent animals, being in great fear of their mortal enemy, the tiger, take refuge at night in the rivers, where they rest in peace and comfort with only their horns and noses sticking above the water. Possibly the traveller derived his information from voracious natives like those of Central Africa who regard Dr. Junker with tales of monkeys who built fires and cooked their food after the manner of the lords of creation.

**THE** alligator has never been looked on as a possible article of diet, but a negro known as Jack Fisherman, a well-known character living on Peace Creek, in Florida, declares that he nearly subsists on them. "He has been seen to eat their meat with great relish, and he says that it is as tender as chicken, but has a taste more like that of venison than any other. For the last fifteen years he has never tasted meat other than this. According to his statement the choice parts lie directly under the scaly ridge along the backbone, and are as white as veal."

**An** extraordinary occurrence is reported from Monsac, France. Between that village and Couze a little child of five was playing in front of its mother's cottage, when it was suddenly attacked by a large gray wolf which had emerged from the neighboring wood. The beast picked up the infant and trotted back into the forest, but fortunately the burden was rather heavy, and on the neighbors—attracted by the child's cries—coming to the rescue the wolf dropped its prey and disappeared.

**A** GERMAN newspaper lately contained this announcement: "I hereby declare, since the written notice of the 8th of August, 1892, and notwithstanding her refusal to accept the same, my betrothal with Fraulein Emma Ziegler is null and

## MARKETS OF MOSCOW.

### Queer Features of Life Among the Russians.

I visited some of the Russian markets here, says Frank G. Carpenter, in a letter from Moscow, and they have many features which could be adopted with profit by us. Fish are sold alive, and the only deal ones are the dried ones. They are kept in stone vats of running water, and the fishwife wats about her, each filled with different kinds of fish. Russia has some of the greatest fisheries in the world. Millions upon millions of dollars' worth of fish are taken every year from the Black seas and all the caviare in the world comes from here. You see this caviare sold in cans and tubs in the markets. It looks like bird shot sprinkled with salt water and it is made up of the eggs of the sturgeon, which are killed for this purpose. It brings high prices even in Russia and is best when it is fresh. In fact, Russians say that caviare should not be more than a month old to be good, and that you cannot get good caviare further away from the Volga than Moscow. The meat of the sturgeon, after the caviare has been made from the eggs, is salted and sold. You can buy it here for about 10 cents a pound, and all sorts of dried fish are eaten by the people. They are shipped in great crates over the country and they form a large part of the diet of the peasant. The consumption of fish is increased by the numerous Russian fasts, during which the people cannot eat meat and must confine themselves to fish.

### CHRISTMAS GAMES.

#### Holiday Entertainment for the Young Folks.

If you are to entertain a large circle of young folks of all ages at Christmas, it will be well to provide yourself beforehand with a list of amusing games.

"**Fling the Towel!**" Let the company form a circle, with one of the players in the center. One member of the circle then flings a large towel, aiming to hit some other member. If the player in the middle is adroit enough to intercept it and catches the towel on its way across the ring, he takes the place of the one who threw it, who then takes his hand in the middle. If it hits the one at whom it was aimed, he must try to get rid of it by throwing it to another player before the one stationed in the middle can catch it.

The game of "Santa Claus," which is not unlike that called "Donkey," is great fun. Tack upon the wall a big white sheet. Make a large paper Santa Claus; cut off his head, his feet, his arms, legs and pack; cut off his ears and nose; cut out his eyes, and paste his body on the sheet. Blindfold each player and give him a portion of the Saint's anatomy, and let him place it where he thinks it should go. You can have a bit of dried maulage on the backs of these bits of paper; so that they can be moistened and stuck to the body. He generally turns out a most peculiar looking saint, with one eye on his heel, another on his thumb, his head where his feet should be, and nothing in the right place. You can have two simple prizes—one for the person who comes nearest being right in the placing of some member, and a booby prize for the one farthest out of the way. We have seen a whole roomful of grown people convulsed with merriment over this game.

"**Gossip**" is amusement for the older ones. All sit in a circle. One communicates a piece of gossip about some person in the room, who proceeds to tell it to the one next, and so it goes on until the last one is to repeat aloud just what he hears, and the starter gives the original sentence. They are generally just about as far apart as the gossip started at a sewing circle is from the same piece of news when it has made the village rounds.

"**Metamorphosis!**" Let each member of the company be furnished with sheet of paper and a pencil. Let him draw at the top of the sheet the head of some bird, beast, fish, or human being, and fold down the sheet so as to leave nothing exposed except lines to show on what part of the paper the body is to be placed. He then passes it to his next neighbor, who draws on it a body to suit his own fancy. It is then folded and passed to the next, who must draw legs, two or four. When the papers are examined, some very curious monsters, unknown to natural history, are displayed.

"**Apprentice**" is not too intellectual for the little ones. One of the players begins by saying, "I have apprenticed my son to a butcher," or dry-goods merchant, or to any tradesman, and gives the initial of the first thing his son sold. The rest must guess what the article sold was, and the one who guesses right must then "prentice" his son.

### Family Graveyards.

"**There** is no place like Southern Indiana for graveyards," said William Yakey, of Bloomfield, Ind., to a Chicago Globe reporter. "Now, that section, including Green, Monroe, Brown and Sullivan counties, is a wonderland to traverse. It looks as though the old settlers of fifty years ago wanted each one to have a graveyard of his own. Every mile or two, often far from any roadway, totally inaccessible to wagons without laying waste the fences, you come upon little rock-walled or rail-bound inclosures containing the dead of one family. Father, mother and several children lie there, and none others."

"**These** places have long been forsaken and forgotten. Weeds flourish in profusion and hide the wind and rain-stained tombstones from view. Often with a companion I have entered one of these little inclosures, trampled and torn out the weeds and righted the five or six headstones that had fallen and buried even the inscribed virtues of the dead into the wormy earth."

"**These** people had no country churchyard; no preacher except the visiting parson, who came monthly on horseback. They had no funeral in the present sense of the word. Plain wooden boxes were used for coffins, and often the sturdy youth of the family made the coffin for the dead parent or relative. These little spots were dear to those families. One can see that by the loving little inscriptions and decorations. When they were all dead no one remained to care for them, and they fell into decay and ruin."

"**They** are lonesome sights, those little groups of white pillars. In the winter, when the trees are bare and the grass dead, I have seen flocks of crows coming and circling about the clump of trees that usually cluster about those places. The bitter wind moans through the crackling branches, and those crows wheel about and caw and croak until the world seems truly a place of sorrow and death."

### A Wonder in Eggs.

The number of eggs in the medium-sized cell at the beginning of the breeding season is stated by eminent authorities on fishes and their allied creatures to be fully nine millions (9,000,000), a sum so great as to almost paralyze the intellect that tries to grapple with it. To the naked eye a single one of these life-germs is almost invisible. A strong microscope, however, shows them firmly packed together standing on their tiny ends looking not unlike the covered cells of honey comb.

## MARKETS OF MOSCOW.

### Queer Features of Life Among the Russians.

I visited some of the Russian markets here, says Frank G. Carpenter, in a letter from Moscow, and they have many features which could be adopted with profit by us. Fish are sold alive, and the only deal ones are the dried ones. They are kept in stone vats of running water, and the fishwife wats about her, each filled with different kinds of fish. Russia has some of the greatest fisheries in the world. Millions upon millions of dollars' worth of fish are taken every year from the Black seas and all the caviare in the world comes from here. You see this caviare sold in cans and tubs in the markets. It looks like bird shot sprinkled with salt water and it is made up of the eggs of the sturgeon, which are killed for this purpose. It brings high prices even in Russia and is best when it is fresh. In fact, Russians say that caviare should not be more than a month old to be good, and that you cannot get good caviare further away from the Volga than Moscow. The meat of the sturgeon, after the caviare has been made from the eggs, is salted and sold. You can buy it here for about 10 cents a pound, and all sorts of dried fish are eaten by the people. They are shipped in great crates over the country and they form a large part of the diet of the peasant. The consumption of fish is increased by the numerous Russian fasts, during which the people cannot eat meat and must confine themselves to fish.

The queerest markets of Russia at those of the winter, when all sorts of fish and meats are sold in a frozen state. The Russian winter is so cold that these fish are caught at the beginning of it, are placed in vats and are sold in blocks to suit the customers. The dealers buy them by the tons and store them away for their retail customers of the winter. Beef, mutton and poultry are frozen the same way and a butcher can lay in during October his full supply of meats for the next six months. The meats are frozen so hard that a knife cannot cut them, and it is necessary to saw them up or chop them with an ax. Splinters of frozen meat fly about over the market and children and beggars collect these and take them home to their families. There are many curious things sold in the markets here, and you can buy eels and snakes and chicken legs. Lambs' feet are sold as a great dainty and calves' feet are bought for soup bones. Among the oils which are used by the peasants for salads and cooking is sunflower oil, and one of the great industries of this country is sunflower raising. The peasants eat sunflower seeds in large quantities and they nibble at them and chew upon them as we do peanuts. You can hardly find a man who has not some sunflower seeds in his pocket and everywhere you go you see women with baskets of these black and gray seeds for sale. They taste very much like pumpkin seeds and the peasants eat them at their gatherings just as the Chinese do watermelon seeds at the theatre.

A vast deal of business is done here in Russia by peddling. On many of the business streets of Moscow there are long lines of open-air stands and bare-headed Russian men and frowzy-headed women sell fruit, vegetables and knick-knacks under the blaze of the hot sun. There is an immense business done in little booths and the so-called thieves' market is a fixed institution of every Russian city. This name has come largely from the guides and there is no doubt that many of the articles sold are stolen. The truth, however, is that these markets are second-hand markets and that many of the fine articles which these second-hand dealers sell have come to them in a legitimate way. This second-hand market in St. Petersburg covers nearly a whole block. The building which constitutes it is cut up into all sorts of angles by arcades, and you go through narrow aisles out upon which look little cells packed full of second-hand goods and presided over by hard-looking women and villainous men. It is said that one's pocket book is not at all safe in this quarter and that a stranger ought not to go through it alone. I had a guide with me, and though the crowd was rather noisy and somewhat impudent in their requests that I should buy of them, I saw nothing very dangerous or terrible. In some of these shops you will find the finest of silver plate. There are bushels of watches and old rugs which are almost worth their weight in gold. The dealers, however, thoroughly appreciate the value of their goods, and real bargains are scarce. Much of the stuff is said to be brought to the market by servants, and now and then you can pick up a piece of bric-a-brac or plate that has been stolen from one of the palaces. Russia has a system of pawnbroking, and the pawn shops are connected with the government. The money is loaned upon pledged articles at a fixed rate, and all pledges which are not redeemed are sold at auction.

### Do Animals Dream?

Much research and investigation warrants the assertion that man is not the only animal subject to dreams. Horses neigh and rear upon their hind feet while fast asleep; dogs bark and growl and in many other ways exhibit all their characteristic passions. It is highly probable that at such times the remembrance of the chase or of a combat is passing through the dogs' minds. Besides the above signs of fleeting pain, anger and excitement, these noble creatures often manifest signs of kindness, playfulness and of almost every other passion. Ruminant animals, such as the sheep and the cow, are believed to be less affected with dreams than those of higher passions which spend their waking hours in scenes of greater excitement. Philosophers and investigators tell us that if we trace the dream faculty still lower in the scale of animal life we shall probably find that the same phenomenon exists; and, judging from analogy, it is only reasonable to reckon dreaming as one of the universal laws—almost as universal as sleep itself.—(St. Louis Republic.)

THE new Mormon temple at Salt Lake City will be opened April 6, 1893. It has been in course of erection for forty years, has cost \$2,500,000 and will be, without doubt, the biggest architectural nightmare in the country.