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NEWS AND CITIZEN.

VOL. XVII. NO. 22. MORRISVILLE AND HYDE PARK, VERMONT, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1889. TERMS $1.50.

Poetry and Miscellany.

SAILING AT SUNSET.

We sail through the sunset light
And the water gleams like wine—
Our boat is swift, and the far clouds drift,
While my love's eyes look in mine.

And soon o'er the white-capped waves
The voice of the wind is strong,
While the light grows less, and her lips confess
What her heart has hid so long.

And beams that are borne to me
Through the twilight's dusky bars
Are from eyes that hold the heart's warm gold—
My morning and evening stars.

—William H Hayne.

THE LADY IN IRONS.

BY FRANK BARTLETT.

I.

Hinton took the tickets as the train was running into the station; in hastily snatching up the change a half sovereign slipped from his fingers. It took us a couple of minutes to find it, and then the train was lost.

"Three-quarters of an hour to wait in this hole," Hinton groaned. "Better walk over the hill to Chorley. The train is due there at 9.15; we can do it easily."

"We did it a little too easily; the train was in sight before we reached Chorley. We leaped over the railings and ran along the line; the train passed us at the signal box, and we overtook it as it came to a stop.

The last carriage was a third-class; a young lady, leaning through the open window of the end apartment, looked at us anxiously.

"Will you be good enough to open the door?" she asked, as we drew near.

We both stopped.

Hinton brushed past me to render the service; he was younger than I, his gallantry was boundless, and the present appeal to it was made by one of singularly prepossessing appearance. It was not a common face that smiled down on us, showing a long row of dazzling teeth, a white, sensitive nose, and an intelligent forehead, from which the hair was drawn back assertively, and a pair of dark grey eyes, capable of anything; not a common figure that stood revealed when the door was opened—tall, graceful, simply elegant, and dressed with faultless taste, and the first question that mystified me was how such a lady came to be traveling alone in a third-class carriage, and at this early hour.

She stood at the open door in embarrassment that added a charm to her face. The platform did not extend to the carriage. The depth to the ground was considerable, the step awkward. She put out one neatly booted foot, and drew it back hastily; all the time she kept her hands close in her muff, which made the descent still more impracticable. With a faint tinge of color in her pale cheek, and her fine eyes twinkling with vexation, she said:

"May I ask you to help me? I have hurt my hands; they are useless."

In a moment we were on the footboard one on each side, helping her to descend. As I glanced along her arm I caught the glimpse of a blueish black metal inside her sealskin muff. She wore an iron bracelet. Was it an eccentricity of fashion or a surgical application, I wondered.

It was to Hinton she smiled her sweetest acknowledgment, and when in parting she bowed to us both, her eyes rested last and longest upon him.

We stood by the open door watching her as she walked up to the platform with an elastic, graceful step.

"Now, then, sir, are you going on?" called the guard, with his whistle raised.

At that moment the young lady turned round, and, seeing us still standing by the door, smiled bewitchingly, made a short step forward, turned again and stopped, fixing her eyes on Hinton, who was scarlet to the roots of his hair. It was an invitation that my fiery young friend was not slow to accept.

"I shall come on by the next train, Jack," said he, and started at once to rejoin the fascinating lady.

The guard blew his whistle, and I stepped up mechanically into the carriage, closing the door, and never losing sight of my friend and the lady with the iron bracelet. He had his hat off and was speaking to her as the train whisked me by. They were both so pleasantly occupied with each other that they took no notice of me. I continued to watch them until the train was out of the station, and then I sat down and glanced round to see if there was any others occupant of the compartment.

Good Heavens! What was this at the other end, half on the ground, half on the seat. I started to my feet and drew near the dark mass, with growing terror as I perceived that it was a police officer who lay huddled together, with one shoulder on the seat and his head dropped down upon his breast. His helmet had dropped off. When I raised his face I found it perfectly colorless, only the white of his eyes was visible through the half-closed lids. There was no sign of any wound, no blood upon his hands or face. A white handkerchief lay upon the seat. It seemed to me that the man had suddenly fainted. I tried to raise him from his supine position, but the dead weight (he was a large man) was more than I could manage.

The carriage was open from end to end—the compartments divided simply by backs. There was only one other traveler in the carriage—a navvy in the next but one compartment, with his back to me, and his head was out of the window, that the short black pipe he was smoking might not be objected to.

I called him twice before he heard me, and then, taking his pipe out and holding it in the hollow of his hand, he looked at me in vacant surprise.

"Come over and help me," I called. "There's a policeman lying here—dead."

He spat out of the window, rose, and leaning over the back of the compartment, said:

"Beg your pardon, mister, there's sich a row."

I repeated what I had said.

"A dead policeman!" he exclaimed, his littles eyes rounding with wonder.

"Yes; come over and help me lift him up."

"Nought me," he said, his face setting with an expression of dogged objection. "I ain't goin' to have no truck wi' no dead policemans, no fear. I'm a po'r man, I am, and they'd have me off to the station 'us soons lhok at me if I get messin' myself up in that job, no fear," and with that he turned his back on me and sat down with an attitude of determined neutrality.

I made what effort I could to restore life to the dead man; to call the attention of the guard, to rouse up the navvy to a sense of humanity, but all to no purpose. The train was express to London, and alone with my ghastly fellow passenger I had to await the end of the journey.

As the train ran into the terminus I called loudly to a porter on the platform. It took the fellow a couple of minutes to overcome his astonishment. Then he did as I bade him and ran off for assistance. Three minutes more passed before he returned with a couple of policemen. By that time the navvy with a pick and shovel under his arm had staggered off, and escaped the perils that attend the poor man in such circumstances.

While they were getting the dead man on to the platform the inspector came over. After he had heard my brief explanation, he took out his note book and pencil, saying he must have my name and address. I gave them and added that I was to be found during the day at Guy's hospital.

"If you are a medical gentleman you may perhaps be able to tell the cause of death," he said.

"Heart disease, I should say."

"Where did you get in, sir?"

"Chorley."

"Was there any one in the compartment besides yourself?"

"No."

"Any one get out there?"

"A lady."

"Did she say anything about this?"

"No."

He put his pencil between his teeth reflectingly.

"Something peculiar in his appearance may have frightened her," I suggested. "The jerk of the train in starting may have caused the man to fall in the position I found him."

He nodded in aquiescence.

"There was no one else in the carriage?" he asked.

"There was a navvy in the third compartment."

I explained his behavior. The inspector smiled.

"He was right. I should have had to detain him. That would have been the loss of a day's wages, perhaps—couldn't let him off with his name and address. However, there's no sign of violence, and most likely what you say about heart disease is right. That will do, sir, thank you. I expect you will be summoned to attend the inquest."

The platform was empty; the ticket collector had come up to satisfy his curiosity. As I was going away, he said: "Your ticket, please."

I gave him my ticket; as I turned the corner by the barrier I saw him showing it to the inspector.

II.

My friend Hinton, on coming up to the lady with the iron bracelet, said:

"I have ventured to follow you with the hope that I may continue my assistance—your disabled hand—"

"It is precisely for that reason that I found courage to—to look back," she said. "I felt sure that you would not misunderstand my motive."

"Only tell me how I may serve you."

"I am ashamed to tell you that I have no ticket, and I cannot get at my purse," she explained, blushing and smiling at the same time; "and if you would kindly get me some sort of conveyance."

Hinton paid her fair—she said she came from Overby—gave up his own unused ticket, and opened the door of a fly that stood outside the station. When she was seated she drew herself to the side, holding her winsome head a little on one side, and smiling an invitation. Hinton took the vacant place by her side in a twinkling.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"Where are you going?" she asked, in reply.

"I have to go to the city."

"Then I want to go to the city, too."

"City," said Hinton to the driver.

"I must show you something," she said, when the fly was rattling along. She raised her muff from her knees, and added: "Slip my muff up my arm."

"I shall not hurt your hands?" he asked with tender anxiety.

She laughed and shook her head.

Then very gently he moved her muff, and uncovering her hands started back in horrified astonishment. The small white rists were manacled together with a pair of iron handcuffs.

"Good heavens! what does this mean?" he exclaimed.

"Press the spring you see there and I will tell you."

He pressed the spring and the handcuffs dropped off in her lap.

"Late last evening as I was leaving a friend's house I was arrested. The last train to London was gone. I was taken to an inn and confined there. This morning the policeman put those things on my wrists and led me to the railway station. In the carriage where you found me the policeman fell asleep; when we stopped at the station I saw my chance to escape, and thanks to your help I am here."

"But why were you arrested?" asked Hinton.

"Oh, I cannot tell you that," she replied, covering her face with her hands, "not yet—later on, if I may hope to gain your friendship and confidence, I may unburden my heart of its secret. But look in my face"—she uncovered it, and laying her hand on Hinton's arm, offered her charming face to his examination. "Look, and tell me if you can find there the sign of a crime that should be punished with this shame."

Hinton looked in that face and vowed he saw there nothing but suffering, love and innocence.

III.

My gushing young friend had got as far as this in his narrative, when the hall porter ushered into our sanctum my old friend Kennet, a clear-headed, far-sighted lawyer.

"Now, you young fellows!" he began brusquely, "I've come to get you out of a mess if I can. I must know all about the affair in which you figured this morning. I'll hear your account first"—he addressed me.

I told him my story as I have written it here. His first question surprised me.

"Can you bring anyone forward to prove that you got into the train at Chorley, and not at Stevenham?"

After taxing our recollection to the full, Hinton and I came to the conclusion that we could not find a witness to prove this. The station master had closed the ticket box the moment after giving Hinton his change. The door leading on to the platform was locked when we reached it. At Chorley we had not gone through the booking office. The guard's van was in the front of the train; the porters were on the platform, and we were not seen till the moment when we were helping the lady to descend.

Kennet looked grave.

"Now, give me your account, Mr. Hinton," said he.

Hinton went over the facts again, stopping where he had stopped before.

"Do you know where the young lady is now?" asked Kennet.

"Yes, but I must decline to tell you until I know your reason for asking."

"My reason for asking! That's simple enough. I wish to save you young fellows from the consequences of a criminal prosecution?"

We gasped, "What crime has been committed?"

"Murder!"

"Murder!" we echoed aghast.

"The handkerchief that lay beside the dead man is found to have been saturated with chloroform."

"Good heavens, Kennet, do you think we carry chloroform about with us?"

"You are medical students."

Hinton and I looked at each other in blank bewilderment.

"Of course, you don't believe the young lady committed the murder," Kennet said, addressing Hinton.

"How on earth is such a thing possible. She had her wrists handcuffed and a muff on her hands."

"So much the worse for you. The man is murdered, and the responsibility lies upon you two young men and that young woman. Of course, I believe in your innocence, but that counts for nothing. Your fate will be decided by a jury, and not by me. Now, what is the evidence that will be laid before them? One of you is found in a third class carriage with the dead man, and gives up a first class ticket from Stevenham, the station at which the police got into the train with his prisoner. The other young man gets the young woman out of the train at Chorley, pays her fare and whisks her out of the way in a fly. A handkerchief saturated with chloroform is found beside the dead man, and you two are medical students! What is the presumption? That you, seeing this attractive young woman put into a third class carriage by a policeman at Stevenham, get into the same carriage with her. The young woman fascinates you and excites your sympathy. On nearing Chorley the policeman dozes, and one of you, intending possibly only to prolong his sleep, applies chloroform. The effect is more serious than you expected, and, while one saves the young lady, the other remains with the policeman, to use such means of restoring him to life as your practical experience suggests. Well, upon my honor, such evidence as that is bound to convict you, and I can scarcely hope to save you. However, you had better let me see this young woman at once. If we can prove her guilt, your acquittal is assured."

"Then you shall not see that young lady," cried Hinton, in a fierce fury. "If you think I'm going to get out of the difficulty by shifting my responsibility on to the shoulders of a woman, you are in error."

"Then you may prepare for twenty years of penal servitude," said Kennett, brutally.

IV.

In all probability we should have got the punishment Kennett prophesied, but for an event that never entered into our calculations.

The young lady with the iron bracelet had assured Hinton that in three days, or four at the outside, she could clear her character if only she was secured from reapprehension in the interval. The infatuated young man sent her to his mother at St. Albans with a touching letter that appealed to the old lady's sympathy—of course, she regarded her son as faultless in all things. The young lady was treated as an honored guest. The first thing she did was to send telegrams to two friends in London.

The old lady seems to have been almost as much enchanted as her son by the lady of the iron bracelet, and at night time they departed with mutual testimony of affectionate regard.

When the servants came down in the morning they found the street door, which had been carefully bolted over night, open and the plate gone. Later on they found that the lady with the iron bracelet was missing, also.

In the evening a man was arrested on suspicion of having committed the burglary. At the examination I identified him as the navvy I had seen in the carriage on the morning of the murder. A phial of chloroform was found in his pocket, and he was recognized by the police as one of a gang who, in conjunction with a young female of fashionable exterior and prepossessing appearance, had been concerned in a series of burglaries, for which the "young female" had been apprehended at Stevenham.

The lady with the iron bracelet is still at large.—[Atlanta Constitution.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

How the Shah of Persia Travels in His Own Country.

It was pitch dark as we approached the royal camp, and the appearance presented thereby was very extraordinary. There appeared to us to be miles of white tents, each with a camp fire burning before it. There were camels, mules, and horses in every direction that our eyes penetrated. It was as if we had suddenly been plunged into the midst of a vast army, and well it might be, for the following are roughly the statistics of the retinue which accompanied the Shah from his capital to the frontier: Four thousand quadrupeds, including mules, horses, and camels, for carrying the luggage and drawing the carriages; 3,000 tents to accommodate 7,000 to 8,000 individuals, 25 carriages for the royal suite alone, 3 royal wives, and their 40 female attendants.

The Shah's tent arrangements cover over an acre of ground. The huge red tent inhabited by the still slumbering monarch was visible from afar. It was pitched in a grove of poplars, by the side of a tiny lake, and surrounded by a wall about eight feet high, made of Resht embroidery—that is to say, an embroidery of chain stitch, uniting little bits of colored cloth, which we know well enough in England in the shape of table covers and anti-macassars, and for which I have never really felt any great affection; but still, when it decorates a high wall inclosing an acre of ground the effect is startling and magnificent. Finer table covers of the same material were spread as saddle cloths over the many gayly caparisoned horses around us, and just as we approached quantities of mules were on the point of starting with royal and other baggage, with bright red palls cast over their burdens. All the carriages were waiting ready before the grate into the royal inclosure, which was formed of poles painted red, looking not unlike gallows. Anisi Dowlet, the Shah's favorite wife, was just going to start in her gilded carriage, drawn by six gayly-caparisoned horses. She is a remarkable woman, who has held her position of favorite for thirty years. She has no children, she is not young, and I am told not beautiful; but her intellectual qualities are such and her manner so bright that they have placed her far ahead of the other ladies in the royal harem. She always started an hour or two before his Majesty, presumably acting as a good wife should, to see that all was in order and the slippers ready at the other end. There, too, was the Shah's own horse, called "Beest Satoun," or "Twenty Pillars," with its beautiful and neat gold bridle and its saddle cloth of very fine Resht embroidery partially covering its glossy flanks. From the bearing-rein two straps of gold lay across his chest; he is a splendid animal and always held in readiness for his Majesty to ride when tired of driving in his carriage. Close to "Twenty Pillars" stood another horse in readiness to carry his Majesty's pipe bearer; the pipe is a luxury indulged in by all Persian grandees when traveling. His Majesty's own kalyan or water pipe is carried in a drum shaped case, covered with purple velvet and gold, and strung from the saddle. At the other side are suspended the firebox and the water gourd, similarly decorated and all ready, so that at a moment's notice the pipe can be prepared when the Shah expresses a wish for a whiff of tobacco. Among the horses were the body guard with their silver and gold batons, the running footmen clad in red with hats not unlike fools' coxcombs, any number of generals, officers, and soldiers. The scene was one of the greatest animation and brilliancy, lit up by the rays of a Persian sun.—[The Fortnightly Review.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Question of Slippers—Painful—Insult to Injury.

A QUESTION OF SLIPPERS.

Bobby—Ma, I've pretty near outgrown my slippers, haven't I?

Mamma—Yes, Bobby.

Bobby—And say, ma, how long will it be before I outgrow your slippers?—[Omaha World.

PAINFUL.

Flossie (after the feast of melons)—"Mamma," she said, pressing her hands wearily upon her stomach, "my sash is just like a window sash, isn't it?"

"In what way, dear?" asked the mother, smilingly.

"Because it's around the pains," she replied demurely.—[Binghamton Republican.

INSULT TO INJURY.

Addlepate—Aw! You have insulted me, sir. Aw! my fwiend will call upon you. Your card, sir, please. Aw.

Bohemian—Give you my card? I should say not. You would stick it in your looking-glass to delude your landlady into thinking you were acquainted with a gentleman.

SPLENDID PROGRESS.

Mrs. Pettim—Strange what a taste my boy has for natural history. He has been collecting specimens.

Mrs. Titter—What progress has he made?

Mrs. Pettim—Splendid! Why, he has six pairs of live cats hanging by their tails from the clothes line in the backyard this very minute.

A SERIOUS CASE.

Customer—My watch won't go.

Jeweler (examining it)—My! My! Have you been in a railroad collision?

Customer (surprised)—Why, no.

Jeweler (solemnly)—When you undress you should not throw your vest down on the floor when your watch is in the pocket.

Customer (thoughtfully)—I never do. I have been exceedingly careful with that watch. Don't know how it got hurt. How long will it take you to fix it?

Jeweler (after another examination)—You'd better leave it here at least a week, but if you can get along without it, I would advise two weeks.

Customer—Very well. Do it up right. Good-day.

Jeweler (to assistant)—Hans, blow that speck of dust off this wheel, and charge up five dollars for repairs.—[New York Weekly.

AN UNFORTUNATE SEQUENCE.

A gentleman was once lamenting to a friend the conduct of his son.

"You should speak to him with firmness, and remind him of his duties," said the other.

"He pays no attention to what I say. He listens only to the advice of fools." Then, with a sudden thought, "I wish you would speak to him!"—[San Francisco Wasp.

HAD SEEN PRAIRIES.

Fond Mother—Yes, the dear little fellow is just full of good impulses. Eddie, if you were rich, what would you do with your money?

Eddie (who has traveled some)—I'd buy a billion stones, and take them out to Iowa for the poor little boys out there to throw at cats.

HEARD IN THE PARK.

Reginald—Oh, there's the little girl who slapped me at the party last night.

My Lady—I hope you had done nothing to deserve it.

Reginald—Only slapped her—that was all. Nasty little thing!—[Once A Week.

QUALIFIED.

"Hello, Lamb, are you still striking it rich in Wall street?"

"No; in fact I lost all I had there!"

"I'm sorry for that. What are you doing now?"

"Just now I'm writing 'Tips for Speculators' for the daily press."—[Life.

HOW HE MANAGED.

Mrs. Harpy—How did you manage to acquire such a fortune from that little pamphlet, "How to Make Dynamite?"

Mr. Sharpy—I used to offer the book, then pull out a foot section of two-inch gaspipe, loaded with paper and a piece of rope in one end for a fuse, and tell them that was how a bomb looked when finished. Everybody thought it was genuine and subscribed to get rid of me.—[Epoch.

IN A RURAL 400.

Miss Braggs (breathlessly)—Oh, ma, Mrs. Naggs next door has got a lawn mower, brought it with her from the city, a beautiful red one, an' she's out tryin' it on her lawn now.

Mrs. Braggs—She is, eh? Just you run around to the drug store and git a can o' red paint, and quick as you git back dip a cloth in it and rub it all over our old carpet sweeper, an' bring it out to me on the lawn. That woman ain't goin' to put on no airs over me!—[New York Weekly.

HE DID NOT SAY.

Mrs. McCrackle (looking up from the paper)—Dhuleep Singh says he is one of the Sikhs.

Mr. McCrackle—Who are the other five?—[Bazar.

THE FLIES WERE THERE.

"That's what I call a good spread," said Dolley, surveying his luncheon.

"Yes," assented McCorkle; "still, you can't say there are no flies on it."

NOT A "WAKE."

Herr Vogner—Mein himmel, but I vas all proke up! Vatched mit a corpse last nighd.

Gilligan—Wuz it a wake?

Herr Vogner—Nein, you Irish shump; id vas dead.—[Life.

HARD AND HARDY.

Fair Tourist—Oh, how interesting! Those are real cowboys, aren't they? What hardy, rugged creatures they are! I suppose their every day life is fraught with the greatest dangers.

Guide—Yis, Mum; 'twas only last week we hung three of them for horse stealin'.—[Puck.

SOMETHING NEW.

Mr. Highup (at breakfast)—Anything new in the paper?

Mrs. Highup (who has had a monopoly of the morning paper for half an hour)—Yes; Hard, Cash & Co. are selling surah silks at half off.—[New York Weekly.

SHE LOVED BOTH.

"Do you love me, dear?" asked George, quite unnecessarily, of his inamorata.

"Yes, George, dear," she cheerfully replied; "I love you and I love pistachio ice cream."—[Somerville Journal.

IRREPRESSIBLE.

"How dare you trust me thus?" he wrote,
"You saucy little shrew!
To call me small potatoes just
Because I'm mashed on you."

She seized the pen in wilful mood,
And these lines off she dashed:
"The smaller the potatoes are
The easier they are mashed."
—Wilkesbarre Leader.

AT THE CATSKILLS.

Girl (who has received orders to wake up boarder very early, so that he can enjoy the sight)—If you please, sir, if you want to see the sun rise you must get up now.

Boarder (who has been sitting up late with a few friends)—Oh, bother the sun rise! Let me know when it sets.—[Life.

HE WANTED TO PUT UP.

Seedy Man (to hotel clerk)—Can I put up here over night?

Clerk (scanning him suspiciously)—Well, yes, if you have got anything to put up.—[Texas Siftings.

HARD LINES.

She—Last night I dreamed we were at Saratoga, and stopping at one of the finest hotels.

He—Don't talk that way. Money is so scarce nowadays that we can't afford even to dream of going to Saratoga.—[Texas Siftings.

METEORIC [illegible]ATION.

The shooting star and hasty kiss
Combine to form ecstatic bliss;
While, urged by papa's sudden boot,
The ardent lover soon doth scoot.
—New York Journal

GOOD ADVICE.

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"

"Good suggestion. When I've paid what I owe for a lodge in town, perhaps I will."

THE BILQULA INDIANS.

An Interesting Account of Their Singular Marriage Ceremonies.

Ph. Jacobsen, in a letter to his well known brother, Capt. A. Jacobsen, gives the following description of the marriage ceremonies of the Bilqula Indians of British Columbia. An Indian who intends to marry, calls upon his intended wife's parents and arranges with them how much he is to pay for permission to marry the girl. Among people of high descent this is done by messengers, sometimes as many as twenty being sent to call on the girl's father. They are sent by the man's parents, before the young man is of age. In many instances both man and girl are not more than 8 or 9 years old. The messengers go in their boats to the girl's house, and carry on their negotiations without going ashore, where the relatives of the girl are standing. The messengers of the young man's parents praise his excellence and noble descent, the great exploits of his father, grandfather and ancestors; their wars, victories and hunting expeditions; their liberality at festivals, etc. Then the girl's relatives praise the girl and her ancestors, and thus the negotiations are carried on. Finally a number of blankets are thrown ashore by the messengers; and the girl's relatives protest and maintain that the number is not sufficient to pay for permission to marry the girl. In order to obtain their consent, new blankets are thrown ashore one by one, the messengers continually maintaining that the price paid is too great. Generally from twenty to fifty blankets, each of the value of about fifty cents, are paid.

After this the boy and the girl are considered engaged. When they come to be grown up the young man has to serve a year to his father-in-law. He must fell trees, fetch water, fish and hunt for the latter. During this time he is called Kos, which means, "one who woos." After a year has elapsed the marriage is celebrated. At this time great festivals are celebrated. Seven or eight men perform a dance. They wear dancing aprons and leggins, trimmed with puffin-beaks, hoofs o' deers, copper plates and bells. If the groom should be a wealthy man, who has presented to his wife many small copper plates, such as are used as presents to a bride, these are carried by the dancers. The singing-master, who beats the drum, starts a song, in which the dancers join. The song used at the marriage festival is sung in unison, while in all other dances each dancer has his own tune and song. The first dancer wears a ring, made of cedar bark. His hair is strewn with eagle down, which flies about when he moves and forms a cloud around his head. The groom presents the first dancer with a piece of calico, which the latter tears to pieces, which he throws down in front of each house of the village, crying "Hoip!" in order to drive away evil spirits. These pieces of calico which he throws down in front of the houses have a lucky meaning, and at the same time express the idea that the groom, when he comes to be a wealthy man, will not forget the inhabitants of any house when giving a festival. The dancers swing their bodies and arms, stamp their feet, and show the copper plates to the lookers-on. Then the bride's father brings a great number of blankets, generally double the number of those he had received from the groom, and gives them to his daughter. The bride orders a few blankets to be spread before the groom. She sits down and he puts his hand upon her head. Then the groom is given for each of the parts of his body one or more blankets. Finally he is given a new blanket. After the bride's father has given a blanket to each dancer and to the drummer, the villagers are invited to a great feast. At this time groom and bride eat for the first time together.—[London Science.

Novel Cars in Use.

Some cars of a novel type have been put in service on the Northern road of France. Each one is composed of three connected sections, each supported on four wheels, as if there were three independent cars; but internally the three sections are in communication, and form a single car with 102 seats, besides a compartment for the mail, and another for the conductor, which can be used for a baggage car when necessary. When the mail and baggage compartments are not needed for these special purposes, the car contains 132 seats. These 102 or 132 seats are divided into twelve first-class seats, twenty second class and seventy or one hundred third class. The car weighs 55,450 pounds, or 543 pounds for each seat; it is eighty two feet in length, and is provided with a central passage which is entered from three platforms having steps at the side; the platforms at the extremities have railings, and a central gate for the exclusive use of the conductor when he desires to go from the car to the locomotive.

A Musical Alligator.

A saurian about four feet long, captured in the streets of Eustis, Fla., by Dan Warner, a baker, exhibits remarkable genius. He will, after the bread has been taken from the pans in the bakeshop, take the utensils and pile them in the corner as neatly as a boy could do it. The first trick he learned was to stand on his tail and hind feet. It is pathetic to see him as he assumes the position and crosses his forefeet over his breast, awaiting the loaf which is given him as a reward for his skill. He is very fond of cider, and it was found necessary to remove the barrel, as he learned to turn the faucet and get a drink, but left the fluid running. The music of a band pleases him hugely, and he will be in front of the band room every practice night until the last note ceases.—[New York Press.

THE PHENOMENAL WEATHER.

Wherein Some People are Mistaken in Regard to It.

Many are inclined to regard the wet spring and summer of 1889 as unprecedented, but this is a mistake. The rainfall since January exceeds the average by 13.08 inches, and has probably been greater than in any year since the establishment of the Weather Bureau and the compilation of accurate statistics; but in the spring and early summer of 1859, just thirty years ago, there occurred thirty-nine consecutive days during which rain fell at some hour of the day, and during that entire period the sun never shone clear of the clouds for two hours at a time. But there are records of much heavier rainfalls than even the above, just as there are records of the most extraordinary and protracted dry spells, when all nature was parched, and the springs and water courses ceased for months and even years to yield necessary supplies. Still the public is probably content with the magnitude of recent experiences in the way of showers, and does not want an increase.

What causes these phenomenal cloud bursts is a mystery. It is claimed that sun spots exercise a direct influence upon the weather, and that a large one is at present visible on the surface of that luminary. The Weather Bureau denies this, but the Weather Bureau itself is not infallible. So long as we are ignorant of the causes of these spots, and unable to determine their effect upon the earth, persons are at liberty to advance the sun-spot hypothesis in default of a better. There can be no doubt that the sun itself has a direct influence upon the temperature, and consequently the comparative dryness or wetness of the seasons, and there is no good reason why unusual processes taking place in that orb may not also exert an influence one way or the other. A vast number of people imagine that the moon affects the weather. Here, too, the Signal Corps comes in as an objector, and with more reason. About one-half of the advocates of the moon theory say that it will pour when that orb is on her back with her horns pointing upward, because, as they say, "she is choke full of water;" while the other half claim that it will rain when her horns are pointed downward, because, as they say, "she is going to empty herself." Obviously, one or the other set of theorists must be wrong, and it is natural to infer that both are, as neither can give a sound reason for the faith that is in them.

But, theory or no theory, the rain continues to fall. July has been infinitely worse than her predecessors of the year. Not only is there immediate danger from floods, as the sad experience of the past two months has clearly proven, but the action of this phenomenal volume of water on the beds of railroads and the contiguous embankments, must make traveling more or less insecure. The utmost vigilance cannot always provide against accidents while such weather lasts, and the companies should be doubly careful in making inspections.

Nor are the floods and the dangers to the railroad tracks the only misfortunes that follow in the wake of these remarkable downpours. Farming operations in many parts of the State have been over and over again suspendrd. Corn and tobacco have both been planted late, and in many places these crops have been washed out or drowned, while in not a few a very small proportion of a crop has been cultivated. Wheat harvest has been delayed or interrupted, and much of the wheat that has been stacked will sprout or rot before threshing begins. Vegetables and fruits have in like proportion been damaged by the rains, and the losses of the farmers—the men who are least able to bear disaster—will amount in the aggregate to many millions of dollars. It may be some consolation to those who lose, that what they have left will probably bring higher prices.—[Baltimore American.

BAKED BEANS.

A Business That is Carried on Extensively in Boston.

Nine-tenths of all the beans sold in cans on this Continent are put up in Boston. Their preparation in this form is carried on upon a large scale by a number of factories, and the processes employed for turning out the incomparable product are most interesting. In some essential points they are secret and patented, while the labels and brands are valuable properties. The best hand-picked Vermont beans, as they come in barrels from the commission houses, are poured upon sieves to take away the last remaining dust, and picked over again by girls with the utmost care, so as to get rid of every imperfect one. Then they are put in huge vats that hold 100 bushels each, and washed with running water. The dirt that rises to the top is skimmed and the water drawn off. More water is poured on and they are left to soak overnight. Next morning fresh water is put in with them and they are parboiled, after which they are put into big jars of earthenware four feet high and baked a certain time in hot ovens. Next the beans are loaded into cans by a machine that works with incredible rapidity, picking them up and filling them from an automatic feeder at the rate of about two a second. The delicacy of this piece of mechanism will be better appreciated when it is considered that the beans at this stage are in such a tender condition that the slightest rudeness in handling would render them mushy and unmarketable. But so beautifully adjusted is the apparatus that each receptacle is filled in its turn without so much as breaking a single skin, though the entire operation is performed without the intervention of human hands.

The cans, as they are laid aside by the machine, are given an extra spoonful or so of filling by deft workmen, the object being to get as much solid contents and as little air into the tin vessels as may be. In each one, at the same time, is put a 2-ounce scrap of pork for flavoring. Then, before the top caps are put on, the cans are put back into the ovens and the baking of the beans completed. Of course no tasting is necessary, the invariable achievement of the result desired being reduced simply to a mathematical formula, with time and temperature for known quantities. Thus the product is always precisely as it should be, only requiring now a few minutes' bath in a hot-air resort, after the tops have been soldered on the cans, for a final touch. To wind up, each can has a little hole punched in its top to let out any air that may remain to cause decay, and is immediately sealed up again hermetically. All that remains is to paste on the labels, and the Boston baked beans are ready for shipment to any part of the world, where, upon arrival, they are in perfect condition to eat, only requiring to be placed first in boiling water, can and all, for a dozen moments, to heat them through.—[Picayune.

A LARGE darning needle was found in the liver of a deer recently killed in the presence of a nobleman near Vienna. A Viennese microsopist, who examined the liver, found it to be sound save in the immediate proximity of the needle.

A Battle in a Drop of Water.

To ordinary people a drop of water is like the primrose was to Peter Bell, a drop of water and nothing more. But to the student of nature, armed with a microscope, it becomes a world teeming with minute life, in which the struggles daily witnessed around us are reproduced. Mr. R. P. Grace, writing to Hardwicke's Science Gossip, relates what he saw while examining a collection of the fresh water rotifer—Brachionus rubens. Among the collection was an infusorian, which swam rapidly with a circular motion and was capable of great change in form. A few days after having first noticed the infusorian, he saw that most of the rotifers contained one of these guests, and, his curiosity being excited, he watched the movements of the creatures more closely. The rotifer is a strong, expert swimmer, and the infusorian, in order to overcome it, began operations by turning round the rotifer's foot, slowly and gently at first, and then more rapidly. This appeared to cement the rotifer's foot to the glass, and, finding itself secured, it began to lash about with great vigor in its efforts to escape, but was unable to get away.

In about half an hour the rotifer became exhausted, and the infusorian then got through the lorica, from which comes the rotifer's foot. The infusorian being much larger than the inlet, the following devices are resorted to: The front part of the infusorian was contracted to a mere ribbon, the contents of the animal being pressed into the back part so as to form a globe. The ribbon was now inserted into the lorica through the hole, then the contents of the globular part were injected into the ribbon, making it globular, and thus reversing matters—the bulk of the infusorian being now inside the rotifer. The infusorian next assumed a globular form, and rotated itself, but the rotifer's cella moved rapidly for quite half an hour after the entrance of the enemy. Having devoured the rotifer, the infusorian divides into two or four new animals, which are exactly like the parent, and swim away to seek fresh victims, when the same struggle for existence is gone through. Mr. Grace saw from twenty to thirty attacks and conquests such as that above described, and only once or twice did the rotifer manage to break away.—[Globe-Democrat.

A Desperate Mother's Ingenuity.

From a gentleman who resides in that vicinity was obtained last night the details of a most remarkable rescue from death that took place at the farm of Wendell Russell, about three miles from Venice, Ill., Monday afternoon. Mr. Russell, had removed the pump from the well to make some repairs, and had partially covered the aperture with boards. A little four-year-old boy playing in the vicinity got on these boards and fell through, one of the boards going with him. His mother heard the cries and rushed to the rescue. There was about twelve feet of water in the well, and the distance from the top to the surface of the water was about fifteen feet. She could see the little one clinging to the board and floating on the water. No assistance was at hand and she was thrown on her own resources. Her wits worked quickly and she acted with great promptness. Securing a stout rope which was near at hand she fastened one end of it tightly about the body of her nine-year-old daughter and then let her down to the water, where she grabbed the little one and shouted to her mother to pull her up. Her mother could not do it. While it was a comparatively easy matter to lower the girl steadily and to hold her, it was quite another thing to hand her up, and the mother's strength was not equal to the task. She, however, found a way out of the dilemma. With a few words of encouragement to her loved ones clinging to each other just above the surface of the water, she made the rope fast above and ran to get a ladder that was leaning against the house. This she let down the well, but it reached but little below the surface of the water, and there was nothing for it to rest on. She secured a stout piece of timber and placed it across the top of the well between the top rounds of the ladder. She then went down herself and helped the children up.—[St Louis Globe-Democrat.

No Checks Cashed or Money Loaned.

"You have probably observed in your travels," said the hotel clerk, "the sign hung out at the cashier's desk in all leading hotels; 'No money loaned or checks cashed here!' Those signs are hung out to protect the hotel from dead beats, and they serve the purpose to a certain extent. We make a mistake now and then, as was the case here a couple of weeks ago. An old codger came along with an old-fashioned satchel, and he looked so hard up and rusty that I gave him the poorest room in the house, and asked for a deposit of five dollars. He made it, and I gave him no further attention. At the end of a week he came up to settle his bill, and when I gave him the figures he pulled out a check book and filled up a check for the amount.

"'Can't take it,' I said, as I shoved it back.

"'Why?'

"'Got beat too often.'

"'But it's good.'

"'Maybe.'

"'Well, I have no currency, and must pay you by check; very few people refuse them.'

"'Look here, old fellow,' I replied, my mad coming up, 'if you think to beat this house you will get left! Either come down with the bill or you'll go to jail!'

"He tore up the check, filled in another for $200,000 on a Chicago national bank, and handed it over, with the remark:

"'Please step over to the bank and ask them to assure themselves that this would be honored in Chicago.'

"I went over to a national bank, and inside of an hour Chicago had answered that a check signed by the old man for half a million dollars was as good as gold. I had made a mistake in sizing my man up."

"But who was he?"

"He is familiarly known as 'Old Hutch,' king of the wheat ring."—[New York Sun.

Some Famous Suicides.

The following are some of the most noted suicides, of which mention is made in history. These do not favor much of insanity, but rather of stoic philosophy:

Cato stabbed himself rather than live under the despotic reign of Cæsar. Themistocles poisoned himself rather than lead the Persians against his countrymen; Zeno, when 98, hung himself because he had put his finger out of joint; and Hannibal and Mithridates poisoned themselves to escape being taken prisoners. When we search Scripture we find that Saul, rather than fall into the hands of the Philistines, commanded his armor-bearer to hold his sword that he might plunge upon it. Samson, for the sake of being revenged upon his enemies, pulled down the house in which they were reveling and "died with them;" and Judas Iscariot, after selling the Saviour for thirty pieces of silver, was overcome by remorse "and went and hanged himself."

THE CATTLE QUEEN.

STORY OF A LYNCHED AMAZON'S PRAIRIE LIFE.

She Was a Splendid Shot and Could Ride with the Boldest—Her Experience with Gamblers.

People in Wyoming are not yet through talking about the tragic fate of "Cattle Kate" Maxwell, who was lynched with George Averill, her partner. "The Queen," as she was called, was known from one end of the Territory to the other, and while not respected, all feared her, as much on account of the thievish propensities of her adherents as her own prowess with the six-shooter.

Dashing Kate Maxwell, the lawless heroine of Sand Creek, W. T., was a woman of nerve, and her many escapades brought her into prominent notoriety before the Rocky Mountain public more or less frequently during the past four years.

"Cattle Kate," by which name she was known far and wide, was a woman of undoubted pluck and spirit, and whenever she pleased could be most fascinating in her manners and conversation. She was above the average height, with black hair and eyes and regular features. She was regarded as rather handsome but for a scar on her chin. She was little over thirty and fond of dress as a society woman, despite her rough life and surroundings. She wore silks and velvets, with an abundance of jewelry when about the ranch or in town. When on horseback she usually wore a man's suit of corduroy, with sometimes a short skirt of the same material, but oftener without. She had been a variety hall singer, but took to ranch life at once. She liked to ride and shoot, and showed a great fondness for all sorts of athletics.

The daring Kate had been on Sand Creek for about four years, and since her husband's death had managed a small cattle ranch. Maxwell, her husband, was a quiet sort of fellow, and used to make trips to Chicago every fall to sell cattle and spend the money in "doing the town." He brought a wife back with him after one of these trips, and this wife was no less a personage than the notorious Kate.

Before Maxwell died his ranch was known to every fleet-footed Indian runner and bad prize fighter in the Territory. There were running races and prize fights, dog fights and cock fights at the Maxwell place nearly every day, and it soon became a rendezvous for a pretty tough class of people. Kate had induced her husband to send to Chicago for Tom Mason, an ex-faro dealer, and he was installed as foreman of the ranch. After Maxwell died the place became notorious, and to-day it is headquarters for the most reckless gang of cowboys and half-breeds in the Territory.

Kate entered upon her new life with a spirit and zest which has seldom been equaled in so short a time, even by the most reckless and daring of cowboys. To her it was an easy step from the footlights of the concert hall in Chicago to the dare-devil every-day life on the ranch at Sand Creek. After her husband's death, so strong was she in the hold that she had gained over the desperate men who were associated with her in conducting its affairs, she found no difficulty in easily maintaining her position as the mistress.

Her men were devoted to her and boasted of her horsemanship and steady aim whenever they could. Kate killed one man at least and wounded another. A drunken Mexican "greaser" insulted her at a roundup, and before the cowboys could reach him Kate had shot him dead. One of her own men presumed to call her "Katie" one day and she sent a bullet through his right arm "to teach him manners" she said.

All of the men except Foreman Tom Mason spent the greater portion of the time in the gambling house of Mike Farley and Joe Boden, at the new town of Bessemer.

They lost heavily and were soon importuning Mrs. Maxwell for advance money on next season's wages. She lectured them severely and on one occasion read the riot act to the men when she missed a roll of bills from her room.

The financial condition of the ranch went from bad to worse, and Farley and Boden waxed richer. Kate heard hints that gambling was not on the "square," and sent Mason to Bessemer to investigate. The foreman reported that the men were being systematically robbed. The way Kate avenged the robbing of the men has been told. Her descent on the gambling house with a pair of six-shooters nearly resulted in the lynching of the gamblers and ended in their being driven out of the country and the burning of their establishment.

Old Washakie, the Shoshone Indian chief, who enrolled as a government scout, used to visit the Maxwell ranch frequently. He had two or three young bucks who could outrun anything in the territory, and Kate's cowboys were constantly challenging them to a race and as constantly being beaten. Kate always backed her own men liberally, and she finally sent to Chicago for a professional sprinter. He was dressed up as a cowboy and kept around the ranch in anticipation of Washakie's visit. He couldn't very well give his party the "double cross," however strongly inclined, because he couldn't speak the Indian tongue, and he was backed to win against two of the Indians until the savages had their blankets up and stood to lose everything but their red skins on the race.

The Chicago sprinter won, and the Indians philosophically parted with their money, ponies, guns and blankets. Old Washakie saw the trick, however, and has never visited the ranch since.

Kate visited Cheyenne a year ago this summer and put up at the best hotel and occupied a suite of rooms that were fitted up for Henry Oelrichs, a brother of Hermann Oelrichs, of New York, when Harry was drawing a $25,000 yearly salary as manager of an English cattle company. She was on her good behavior, and only once betrayed the amazon. She had been spending money freely and big stories were in circulation concerning her wealth and the extent of her cattle ranch. A "tramp" printer accosted her on the street one day, announcing himself as a reporter, and asked her some impertinent question. She knocked him down with a stunning left-hander and lashed his face with her riding whip till he begged for mercy.

Kate last fall took nearly all her stock to Chicago and came back with considerable money. Neighboring cattlemen declare that there are more cattle with her brand on the range to-day than she ever had, and Mrs. Maxwell's career was, in consequence, liable to be cut short at any moment. She committed the most venal offense known among stockmen. She had been "rustling." Her cowboys were adapts at this, and the Maxwell ranch was believed to be the headquarters of the greatest gang of "rustlers" ever known in the Territory. "Rustling" is the alteration of brands on cattle, and the X. L. brand, through the exertions of Cattle Kate's gang, was becoming the most numerous in Sweetwater County. The stockmen organized for protection, and a raid on the Maxwell ranch was just one of the things to be expected any night. And at last it came with this tragic ending.

CURIOUS COMBATS.

A GULF COAST SPORT AND HOW IT IS MANAGED.

Snake Fights on Exhibition—A King Snake Can Whip Two Gopher Snakes.

Many people who visit the cities of New Orleans and Mobile are not aware of the many different kinds of sport that the inhabitants of the Gulf coast enjoy. Sailing and other aquatic sports are common, while races on the shell roads are every-day occurrences, but the best and finest sports the writer ever witnessed was a snake fight. The owner of the show was a native of Biloxi, a large, powerful-built man, with an extraordinary wide mouth and a stentorian voice. He had fitted up beneath a commodious shed a regular pit, similar to those used in chicken fighting. This was a ring about seven feet in diameter, and the owner used it for fighting snakes. He also had a long line of cages covered with wire screens, in which several large reptiles were housed, and were always ready when a crowd came to see a battle.

The favorite snake in the lot was a monster spotted fellow, whose fangs came out of his mouth and reached around under his chin. This was what is called the king snake, a native of the southern parts of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. The name is given it because it is known that when traveling it will catch and kill any other kind of snake that it meets. It is very large and muscular, besides it is game and aggressive, as its name indicates. The next largest specimen of the snake kingdom in the extreme Southern States is the gopher snake. These reptiles always live in pairs in holes with the gophers. It is a common thing down there in the pine woods to see children go to a gopher-hole, and, upon inserting a pole or rail, compel the pair of snakes to crawl out and be killed. The gopher snake is very much like the ordinary blacksnake, yet he is much larger and stouter.

Also along and adjacent to the Gulf Coast may be found the cotton-mouth and "ground" rattlesnakes. Each of these specimens of snakes the Biloxi man had in his cages, and the fights he gets up are always between the king snake and either species of the above that visitors may select. He charges an admission fee of twenty-five cents, and after all visitors are comfortably seated, he proceeds to the cage of the king snake, carries it to the pit where he dumps it in, and then proceeds to get an enemy for it to fight. The contest the writer witnessed was a king against a male and female gopher snake, and it was very exciting as well as amusing. Their attitude for war was not in coil, as it is with most Northern and Western snakes, but lying lengthwise and very crooked, with their heads up about eighteen inches. After watching each other a moment, they dart forward with a spirit of energy and determination that makes one's blood stop in the veins.

The king snake keeps this mode of battle up for a long time, and worries his enemy down until he becomes weak and faint; then he slowly advances upon him, coils himself around his victim until the two are in a heap and look like a pile of tangled rope; then, after he has made ready, the king stretches himself out, and in doing so literally tears his foe into small fragments. Immediately the last act in a contest begins; the popping of the victim's bones can be heard distinctly, sounding similar to, but much louder than, the popping of a person's finger when stretched or wrenched. It is wonderful to see the agility of the king snake when a venomous reptile is in the ring for a fight. He darts his head on either side, ducks and raises to suit occasions in the twinkling of an eye, and in this way worries the enemy down, frequently compelling it to swallow its own poison. The cotton-mouthed snake is the king's greatest terror, for when pitted with one of these he shows greater caution and is ever on the alert lest he gets bit, in case of which death would be certain to ensue.

Betting on the result of snake fights on the "Point," at Biloxi, is as common as betting on chicken contests in the North, East and West. As a rule, however, the king snake will win about seven fights out of ten against all other species of snakes it meets with.—[Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Prize Farms.

The National Agricultural Society of France has awarded a gold medal to Arthur Brandin, of Seine et Marne and to M. Tetard, of Saint et Oise, for the excellent management and cultivation of their farms. The Brandin farm has been in the family for upwards of 200 years and its records since 1820 were produced. Just 100 years ago it grew an average of twenty-one bushels of wheat or oats per acre, which rose to 26 bushels in 1850. Shortly after, commercial manure was for the first time employed, and the yield of wheat went up to 32½ bushels per acre and of oats to 41 bushels. Subsequently the land was drained, guano was applied and artificial grasses were grown and fed down, but the average of the wheat crop dropped to 30 bushels, though the quality was better. This system was followed until 1870 without improvement in yield, when the soil was analyzed and found to be rich in potash but deficient in phosphoric acid and lime. These elements were then supplied, tests were made to secure the varieties best adapted to the land, and the yield per acre for the last seven years has risen to 96½ bushels of wheat and 62 bushels of oats. M. Tetard's farm of 812 acres, half way between Paris and Chantilly, has 310 acres in sugar beets, the yield per acre of which, as well as their sugar content, has steadily increased. The average yield of wheat on 250 acres in 1887 was 35 bushels per acre. A large herd of cattle is kept during the winter to consume the beet pulp, in addition to which the cattle get some cottonseed meal or cake, with about six pounds per head of wheat straw, chaff or corn fodder.—[American Agriculturist.

Fistic Encounters of Ancient Greece.

At the fistic encounters of ancient Greece, boxers increased the force of their blows by the weight of iron rings, shielding their nuckles, and fastened by means of a broad leather strap that was grasped in the hollow of the fist, thus giving the fighter a chance to shift the ring whenever a heavy blow happened to bruise his hand at any special place. How human skulls could weather such work might seem quite a puzzle, but there is no doubt that the practice prevailed throughout the last seven centuries of the Olympiades, and that boxing formed one of the five athletic accomplishments in the pentathlon—the five prize contests for which the champions of all the Mediterranean coast-lands trained year after year.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Nativity of Fruits and Vegetables.

The cucumber was originally a tropical vegetable. The walnut is a native of Persia, the Caucasus and China. Capers originally grew wild in Greece and northern Africa. Pears were originally brought from the east by the Romans. Cherries were known in Asia as far back as the seventeenth century. Chestnuts are of Roman origin. They became known through the circus performances that introduced Olympian games, and have lasted through the rise and fall of burnt-cork minstrelsy.

Antiquity of the Elevator.

A reference to the use of the "lift" has been found in the Greville "Memoirs," under date March, 1830. Greville describes one as being used in the royal palace of Genoa—"a machine like a car which is drawn up by a chain from the bottom to the top of the house." There is some curiosity as to whether there are any earlier references to a convenience which, in England, has only been supplied to any notable extent during the last few years.