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NEW INDUSTRIES.

Eli Perkins Interviewed by the American Economist.

Washington special, 24: Melville D. Landon (Eli Perkins) has just returned to the east from a trip through the Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska and has been interviewed by the American Economist. The interview is an interesting one from a business standpoint. Mr. Landon was first asked if any new industries were being established in the west on account of the new tariff law.

"Yes," he replied, "there are three great western industries being established which will keep $50,000,000 in this country every year."

"What are they?"

"First, the Grand Island, Nebraska, beet sugar industry is a wonderful success. They are now turning out their 300 barrels of pure white beet sugar a day. The plant cost $300,000, and was purchased in Germany. The farmers all made money last summer raising beets in Platte valley, and next year millions of acres in that valley and in the Jim river valley, South Dakota, will go into the beet sugar industry. They are putting up other beet sugar factories in Lincoln and Norfolk, Nebraska, Sioux City, Iowa, and in Aberdeen, S. D. I believe the Platte and Jim river valleys will supply all the white sugar the country will want for the next five years. Germany is making her own sugar, and the percentage of sugar in her beets is five per cent less than in the Nebraska beets."

"And the next industry?"

"It is the new impetus given by the tariff to flax raising and manufacturing. We have always thrown away our flax fiber. Now Minnesota capital and Glasgow skill are building a large flax factory in Minneapolis. Two small flax factories for making towels, sheets and tablecloths are being operated in Northern Iowa. Thousands of farmers are putting wheat land into flax, and linen making is becoming an American industry. We have been spending $20,000,000 annually in Ireland, France and Germany for linen, and throwing our flax away after making linseed oil out of the seed. Now the tariff on oil and linen makes the industry profitable here."

"What about wool in the northwest?"

"The whole country from Bismarck to Mandan is going into it. Millions of acres of wheat land will go into sheep this year. On the train coming down from Fargo were 100 horses which never did anything but work in the wheat fields. They were going to Ohio to be changed for sheep—Southdowns, good for food and wool."

"What will be the result of all this?"

"Why, we will not have this surplus of 70,000,000 bushels of wheat to sell in England at $1 a bushel. Within two years we will eat up all our surplus wheat and then it will go to $1 a bushel in the Dakotas, a price that it is worth for food, and the American farmer will be on top again. Good times are coming for the farmer. I can see it. Land is stiffening up all over the west. Farms are going out of the market. The tariff of 20 cents a bushel will keep back 10,000,000 bushels of Manitoba wheat raised on cheap, dollar-an-acre land, and will make it go out by Quebec."

"But there is more public land?"

"No, not wheat land nor corn land. It is about all taken. What is left is beyond the rain belt. The farmer has been for fifteen years the under dog in the fight. Now he is coming to the front. He begins to feel rich already. The tide has turned. Farming is paying better and better every day. It has been this 70,000,000 surplus bushels of wheat, which had to go to 60 cents in Dakota before it could displace the cheap India wheat in England, which has kept the farmer poor."

NOT SO NOBLE.

Indian History Shows the Red Man is Not a Martyr.

Sioux City City Journal: In an eulogistic article on the American Indian the St. Louis Republic says: "From the time King Philip's head was stuck on a pole in Plymouth until Sitting Bull was surprised, overpowered and scalped by Mr. Harrison's 'police,' the North American Indians have shown that, however ignorant in other directions, they know better how to die than any race of lords or slaves that ever lived on the earth. Invariably they die free." This is not true as a matter of fact, unless freedom is synonymous with irremediable savagery. But if it be true, is it not desirable to destroy that kind of freedom from the face of the earth? It is not true, likewise, that the Indians "have fought for their country, always on the defensive." It is not true, for the reason that they have no country and never had. That is to say, they have no country in any much higher sense than the grizzly bears and the coyotes, of whom it may be almost equally said that "they have fought for their country, always on the defensive." The fact that the Indians have been dying out does not prove, as the sentimental editor of the Republic seems to think, that they are a high quality of savages, but it does prove the precise contrary. It shows their close kinship to the wild beasts with whom they fought before the coming of men to the new world and with whom they are perishing. It is far from showing that "they know better how to die than any race of lords and slaves that ever lived on the earth." It shows that they don't know how to die. It is useless to try to make heroes out of the Indians. The stuff is not in them. If there was the worth of heroism in them they would not die, but survive. They would seize to themselves the freedom which progress and civilization create. The freedom which consists of a bellyful of coarse food supplied by a charitable government is no real freedom, but that is the condition in which the most of the Indians die. In so far as there is nobility in death in fighting, it inheres in the cause of the fight. The Indians have been dying for the cause of savagery, not indeed because they fully appreciate what they are fighting for, but because they are savages of such low degree that they can comprehend nothing better or higher.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

FERRY MINSTRELSY.

QUEER CHARACTERS WHO MAKE A LIVING BY THEIR WITS.

Musicians and Acrobats Among the Persons Who Coax Coins from the Pockets of Passengers on New York Ferries. Their Money Sometimes Earned.

Of the many curious classes of charities in the vicinity of this city, the ferryboat fakirs come very near being the most interesting. To the passengers and commuters on the numerous lines of ferries at both sides of the city they have been a source of amusement for many years.

Probably the most interesting and welcome character on the boats is an old negro. He begins operations with the rush of traffic at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

He takes a seat in the rear of the men's cabin, and just after the boat starts he walks into the passageway between the two cabins and begins to whistle, very softly at first, "The Mocking Bird." Without a single break he finishes the air, a marvel of sweetness and simplicity. Then he begins it again. This time a little louder and with variations.

Old men put down their papers and listen intently; the conversation becomes subdued and then ceases; the boys leave their seats and stand at the entrance to the passageway, but the old darky never stops, and all the time his wonderful exertion is becoming more and more melodious.

Finally he launches off into a series of sweet toned notes, and a look of mingled interest and admiration steals over the faces of all within hearing distance. Then he drops back into the air again and the tune is finished very softly.

APPEALS TO WOMEN.

The old negro then walks to the end of the cabin and, holding his hat out, bows low and passes around the seats, all the time whistling some lively little tune, interspersed with melodious variations. The nickels, dimes and pennies rattle an accompaniment to his music and his nightly collections vary from $6 to $12. On Sunday nights he can be seen on the boats running from Cortlandt street, and then he selects the ladies' side of the boat. Standing under one of the chandeliers, with his hat in his hand, he whistles "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and repeats it with variations. All of his selections on Sunday nights are popular hymns, and for his sweet and soulful rendition of them he is well repaid.

Lately the attention of the passengers has been attracted by a deformed boy, who works upon the different lines from early morning until late at night. His entire left side is paralyzed, shortening his leg and drawing up his arm. The side of his face is also affected. His clothing is poor and scanty.

When the boat is well out in the river the boy enters the forward door of the lady's cabin and stands for a moment at the threshold, apparently uncertain what to do. Then he takes from an inside pocket of his coat two lead pencils, sharpened and provided with rubbers. Holding these in his perfect hand he limps slowly around in front of the seats, pausing a moment before each passenger, mutely asking them to buy.

His face is a picture of despair, and many a dime and nickel are dropped into his hand. Nine out of every ten passengers refuse a pencil after they have given him alms, but if one is taken he continues his journey holding the remaining one out for sale. If that too happens to be taken the little fellow dives down and brings out two more from his inside pocket. The little scheme succeeds admirably, and he does not dispose of more than four or five pencils a day. The boy is a professional beggar and under the eyes and training of his father.

ATHLETIC FEATS.

Among the most interesting characters are two brothers between the ages of 14 and 17 years. As soon as the boat is well on its trip they appear at one end of the cabin and one of them, taking off his hat, says:

"Gentlemen, if you have not got any objections we would like to entertain you for a few moments. Although we make our living this way, we only ask for what you think we are worth."

Both bow, and with a quick movement the younger lad puts his foot in his brother's hand and is thrown high into the air. Turning a back somersault he lands on his feet on the floor. Picking himself quickly up he mounts on his brother's shoulders and again turns backward to the floor. Three or four more combination feats of this nature are accomplished, when the two boys stop for a moment's rest and then go at it again. They turn forward and backward somersaults, leap to one another's shoulders, and finally walk around the cabin on their hands.

During trips where the cabin is filled they are roundly applauded for their work, and both live nicely from the collections they make. They have at different times filled small engagements, but they say there is more money in the ferry boats for them, and besides they are their own masters.

Another of the deserving characters is an Irish boy, who generally makes his appearance in the cabin with the following remarks:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if it will not bother you too much I'd like to give you a little exhibition of dancing. I will first dance you an Irish reel and jig, next a clog, next a shuffle and the last a wing dance. Please notice the different steps."

He takes a small harmonica from his pocket and, after tapping the floor with his foot, begins his Irish jig. As he changes the music his steps and the style of dance change, and, true to his word, he ends with the wing dance. It is a clever piece of work, for playing quick jigs is not easy, especially when one dances to his own music. The boy's steps are accurate and light, and he is frequently applauded and well repaid for his work.—New York World.

When a Woman Will.

A young wife who is just mastering the mysteries of housekeeping used more kindling wood for her kitchen fire than her husband liked to split, and he decided to prepare only a certain amount and to limit her to what he thought a proper quantity. The first time she ran short she promptly dumped in the family stock of clothespins to make the muffins bake and sent out to the grocer's for a fresh supply. A woman can circumvent the poor worm, man, almost any day in the week, and not half try.—Springfield Homestead.

A Fit Subject.

The Mesmerist—Will some one who is acquainted here kindly select a good subject and ask him to step up?

Voice from the audience—You don't want a man of strong will power, do you?

Mesmerist—No, sir. Just the opposite.

Voice—Here he is; the only man in the crowd who allows his wife to select his neckties for him.—Clothier and Furnisher.

CUTTING DOWN A BOY.

She Proposed to Maintain Discipline and Did It.

I was driving along a highway in Woods county, O., with a man who was selling farming machines to farmers, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we came along to a district school house. The schoolma'am and about twenty scholars stood under an elm tree about forty feet high near the house, and in the topmost branches of the tree was a boy about 14 years old.

"Anything wrong here?" asked my friend as we halted before the door.

"Budd Hawkins says he won't and the teacher says he must!" called a little girl.

The teacher herself then came forward. She was a plain looking girl of about 20, with a mouth showing great firmness, and with some embarrassment she explained:

"It's the terror of the school. He refused to mind and I started to whip him. He broke away and ran out and climbed the tree. I've been up about twenty feet, but had to give it up and come down."

"Yer can't conquer me!" shouted the boy.

"Budd, I order you to come down!"

"I won't!"

"I have sent for an ax, and here it comes," she said as she turned to us. "He'll come down with the tree if not before."

We offered to use the ax, but she declined the offer with thanks, and stepping to the tree she swung the implement around and buried the blade in the wood.

"You dasn't!" shouted Budd from the top.

"I'll do it or resign!" she answered as she struck several blows.

At the end of three minutes the tree began to totter and Budd to yell in alarm, and a few seconds later it fell with a crash. I thought the boy was badly hurt, if not killed, and was relieved as the schoolma'am sprang forward, yanked him out of the branches, and while applying a gad with one hand she pulled him into the school house with the other, saying:

"Now, Budd Hawkins, you've got to do some of the awfulest begging ever heard of in the state of Ohio, or I won't leave enough hide on you for a flea to bite!"

He was hard at it when we drove on.—New York Sun.

A Prodigal Mother.

"And you are determined on this shameful extravagance, Allegretta?" demanded the husband of the world-famous soprano, as he gazed with a hagard frown into the face of the peerless woman who stood before him with the light of a firm resolution in every lineament of her classic countenance.

"I am, Giuseppe. Consider the season. Remember a mother's love for her only child. Look at dear baby as he lies slumbering here in his little nest. Ah, Giuseppe, the mother must sometimes overcome the woman. Combat me no more. I will do it—but this once and this once only."

"Be it so, then," assented her husband sadly; "but breath no word of your weakness to any human being, or your name will be a byword among lyric artists."

"You can trust me, Giuseppe," proudly returned the diva, and bending softly over the cot, she sung a $1,000 lullaby to the dreaming infant.

"Allegretta," groaned her husband, "this extravagance breaks my heart!" and with a heavy sigh he resumed his monotonous occupation of passing government bonds through a patent coupon cutter.—Puck.

Tea and Coffee.

"I never did think this country was altogether right in going to war in the Revolution over a lot of miserable tea."

The old boarder made the remark and attracted general attention, for when he spoke at all he generally said something.

"Why, Mr. Dingus?" asked the mistress affably.

"Well, speaking from what I know of it, it was certainly a weak pretense for fighting; but if it had been over certain kinds of coffee, from which parts of this country have long been suffering, I'd not only approve of rebellion, but even go fight myself."—Philadelphia Times.

A Moment of Suspense.

Anna Matilda (who has just made a purchase)—If it likes cocoanut candy an' smells it in my pocket I am lost!—Life.

Might Get Into The Flies After a While.

"Tell me, kind sir," said a faded looking woman to the stage manager, "how does my son get on? His ambition soared to such heights that I think"——

"Yes, madam, your son is destined for the highest flights of the stage. Just at present his occupation consists in attending to the wings."—St. Joseph News.

My Dream and Its Meaning.

I had a dream one night that seemed so queer
I laughed until I wept, and waked my spouse,
Who was thereat so filled with sudden fear
That she in turn awakened all the house.

The dream was this: I thought I lived in Spain
With all my ancestors, from now to Shem,
And some likewise back there before the rain
That fell for forty days, destroying them.

The house we lived in had a single room,
And one small bed therein, in which we all,
When night had steeped the valley in its gloom,
Would—every one of us—contented crawl;

And there we'd sleep, with Adam on one side,
And I, the youngest of the line, on t'other.
And here's the fun whereat I laughed and cried
Until my wife and family thought I'd smother:

I pushed my father 'gainst my grandad; he
Pushed up against his father with a snore;
And so it went up through my ancestry
Until old Adam fell out on the floor.

This roused his anger, and he turned about
And soundly spanked his baby for the trick,
Who thereat on his own son took it out
By giving him a most tremendous kick.

The kick was passed along from dad to son,
And gathered force as nearer me it came.
A spank ancestral down the ages spun
I feared would be so forceful as to maim.

And so, poor coward that I am, I slipt
Out on the floor; then speedily awoke
Just as my poor grandad was soundly clipt,
And left my father victim of my joke.

My wife, when she had heard the fearsome tale,
Was sure some horrid omen she could trace
Therein, and pleaded with me not to fail
To have some doctor diagnose the case.

And so I sought the doctor, and he said,
"The dream is fraught with portent in my sight,
"It means," he then observed, with shaking head,
"That you must give up lobster late at night."
—Carlyle Smith in Harper's Bazar.

TRANSFUSING BLOOD.

REMARKABLE OPERATION OF CHANGING A COMPLEXION.

A White Man Is Successively Turned Into an Englishman, a Negro and a Chinaman—A Physician's Bold Experiments with the Transfusion of Blood.

"Did I ever tell you, my dear Boswell, how, shortly after taking the degree of doctor of medicine, I lost several years of my life in one brief night?" the benevolent old panacea inquired of his comparatively youthful acquaintance in the Palmer house one evening. "No? Well, the event of which I speak took place in my office. Yes, the same I occupy at present.

"Among my servants was one whom I supposed to be a pure blooded Caucasian. He was intelligent in face and polite in manner and the gentleman for whom he had formerly worked had recommended him to me in the highest terms, and, though he had taken occasion to dwell on several characteristics in detail, he had made no mention, not even giving a hint, about the man having any mixed blood in his veins. Nor would I have suspected it had Henry not come to me one day after office hours and told me himself. He began, after receiving my permission, to use a short space of my time as he saw fit by asking me if I believed in the efficacy of the transfusion of blood. Upon my replying in the affirmative he wanted to know if I thought a man's complexion might not be changed by transfusion of the blood of a different complexioned man.

"The question was a startler. I had never heard it before and I had never thought of such a thing. Still it did not seem illogical. I asked Henry what prompted his question. He hesitated a moment, hung his head and replied, after pledging me to secrecy, that he had African blood in his veins. A very small quantity, but still enough to enable an expert to detect just back of his finger nails the telltale mark. He was, it seemed, engaged to a white girl. She had not known of the impurity of his blood until he, feeling it to be his duty, had told her. She immediately broke the engagement, declaring that while she would marry none other she would not marry him. When Henry had come to work for us as my office man he had taken to reading my medical works, and had read enough about transfusion to obtain a pretty fair idea of it. And he had hit upon the thought that it might be employed to charge his veins with such pure Caucasian as to dilute the African blood into an undiscoverable quality.

TURNED INTO A NEGRO.

"Before I could recover from my surprise, Boswell, he asked if I would perform the operation of transfusion. Being young, impetuous and not overgiven to fully weighing consequences I consented. He had, counting on my acquiescence, made a bargain with the brawny English janitor of the building for a limited quantity of the blood, and it was not long before the operation was well under way. By this time I had gained my senses and was enjoying the thing more as a joke than anything serious until the Englishman let fall something about having a hereditary taint in his system. In a jiffy the operation stopped so far as he was concerned, and I began to busy myself with letting out of Henry's veins as much blood as it was safe to spare, in hopes of ridding them of all the Englishman's disease tainted fluid.

"In my excitement I let out too much. Henry fainted, and terror stricken lest he should die I ordered the Englishman to fetch the first strong, able bodied man he could persuade to part with some blood to save another's life. In a few moments he was back with his negro assistant. He was not the color I wanted, but a life was at stake, and in the shortest time on record I had his blood flowing into the veins of Henry. In a little while Henry revived. He opened his eyes and upon seeing that the blood of a black negro was flowing into his veins he sprang up, broke the tube, and with an oath declared that I was trying to rob him of what white blood he possessed and to make him a negro.

"Overcome by the strong conflicting emotions, from the fear that I was an unintentional murderer to the joy of seeing Henry restored to consciousness, I fainted. When I came to myself the room was dark. I lit the gas and saw Henry lying on the floor asleep. His face and hands were jet black. He had become through my criminal carelessness a negro! What could I do? He was much larger than I, and if I awoke him he might upon discovering the change that had come over him do me violence. My eye chanced to light upon a bottle of chloroform, and in an instant I had saturated my handkerchief and laid it to his nose. Satisfied that he would not awake inside a half hour I hurried to the street, determined to find a white man who would consent to an operation.

A TERRIBLE CRISIS.

"It was a bitterly cold night and a sharp sleet sweeping down State street drove most everybody indoors. After tramping about in vain for nearly half an hour I hurried back to the office, my fear of personal violence by this time having given way to one that Henry might in his despair kill himself. As I entered the street door I spied a man crouching in the corner. I bade him stand up, and as he did so I recognized him as the Chinaman who did my laundry work. He was a giant in size and had a complexion of rich olive. I had prescribed for him several times and he thought a great deal of me, and he had come inside the building it seems to thaw out a bit.

"Well, Boswell, as you may imagine, I soon roped him into service. To be sure, I wanted a white man, but none was to be found, and I knew that Henry would prefer an olive complexion to a black skin, and the Chinaman being willing to do anything I told him I took him to the office. Henry was still asleep, and placing the chloroform cap over his face I let out a pretty large quantity of the negro blood, his skin becoming lighter all the while, until it regained its normal hue. I would have left him so, but as there was not enough blood in him to keep him alive I was compelled to tap the Chinaman and start the occidental blood flowing.

In less than half an hour, sir, Henry's complexion could not be distinguished from the Chinaman's, and as the latter was beginning to show signs of weakness I stopped the flow, gave him a stiff drink and sent him forth to find and bring to me the first large white man he came across; for I was determined that having made the remarkable discovery of the great powers of blood transfusion, Henry should have pumped into him enough Caucasian blood to make him as white as I."

"Did the Chinaman come back?" asked Boswell.

"He did not," the doctor replied.

"Then in heaven's name what did you do?"

"I woke up."—Chicago Herald.

THE PICKPOCKET'S ART.

A Devotee Dilates Upon the Beauties and Intricacies of the Business.

There is no class of artists, said a renowned thief, who in their calling are as dexterous as pickpockets. This is due to a double incentive. Not only does your pickpocket find a bait for effort and exertion in success, but has the added spur of a fear of failure. Success means as much to a pickpocket as to any man, and failure means a great deal more. A vocation in which the slightest slip means loss of liberty, and perhaps of life, will ever be apt to have a degree of expertness in its followers not present in more reputable and safer avenues of trade.

Pickpockets, like poets, are born, not made. Their nerves must be iron, and yet as sensitive as instinct. Their hands must be as complete in make up and accomplishment as Herrmann's, and strong as steel while light as down. Out of the vast army of humanity who are soldiers of the shadows only one-fourth of 1 per cent. can or do become pickpockets. These form the nobility of thieves, and are reverenced by the burglar, the footpad, the sneak and the "con" man as of a higher class than they. The practice of a pickpocket while not really at work is as constant as that of some famed professor of the viol or harp. He keeps pace with the procession. No sooner does some jeweler invent a new fastening for diamond pins or studs than these men of finest touch devise the motion which evades its purpose.

The chief object of a pickpocket, after certainty, is speed. He cannot dally with his victim by the hour. What he does is to be over in a flash. Speaking of pins and studs, there has never been a fastening so complex but the expert thieves could defeat it in a motion. They do in their busines as fine work as any Houdin, and the thief himself could not analyze or explain its detail. His powers of execution have gone far beyond his power of perception or relation.

A pickpocket consults his own nervous condition constantly. No fine lady ever has such a time with her nerves as this aristocrat of the outlaws. If he does not feel right he won't "work." When he does, I've known one on the impulse to take a car on some well dressed and wealthy street, and, seating himself side to the window, survey the shirt front of every would be passenger as the car came up. The moment one showed a diamond in his linen or cravat the thief would hurry to the platform to get off. He would time his maneuvers so as to meet his man on the step of the car. They would collide.

The thief's hat—a stiff silk or Derby—is in his left hand and covers his dexterous right, which is put forward to protect its owner in the collision. It touches the newcomer right where the diamond sparkles, and it is still covered by the hat in the other hand. With an apology the thief steps out of the way. The whole affair is the tenth part of a second, but as he bows his regrets he has the diamond in that mysterious hand of his, and, as I have said, he could not detail the moves by which he attained it, even if he should try.—Kansas City Star.

The Woodpecker's Store House.

While walking through the Museum of Natural History at Central park recently I saw in one of the glass cases part of a cedar telegraph pole thickly perforated with holes. On inquiry I learned that these holes had been dug in the pole by the California woodpecker, for the purpose of storing acorns for its winter food. Some of the acorns may still be seen in the pole, although most of them had been extracted before it was cut down.

It has long been known that these busy workers store acorns in the bark of standing trees, but the use of a telegraph pole for this purpose is an entirely new selection, and while perhaps the feathered gentry find it a very convenient storehouse, their method of taking possession is decidedly damaging to the telegraph pole.

There is a cousin of this same bird in Mexico who has discovered that the stalk of the aloe makes a much better storehouse than trees or telegraph poles, besides saving him a great deal of labor. The aloe after flowering dies, but the hollow stalk remains standing. The flinty texture of the stalk is easily pierced through to the central cavity by the woodpecker, who then thrusts in an acorn, then another and another, until the hollow space is filled to the level of the hole.

He then makes a second opening higher up and thrusts in more acorns until the level of that hole is read. So he proceeds all the way up the stalk until it is completely filled with acorns. Often aloes thirty miles distant from the nearest oak tree have been found stored in this way, involving a journey for the birds of sixty miles for each acorn stored.

All this good work is turned to use in times of famine, when not only the woodpeckers but other birds and even animals live on this preserved food.—St. Nicholas.

Comfort in Shoes.

A "retired shoe dealer, whom mercenary considerations no longer deter from giving advice as to the proper care of shoes," says: A pair of shoes made of good leather will last much longer if properly cared for than when neglected. When shoes are only blacked the leather soon becomes hard and dry, the best fitting pair will be uncomfortable, and here and there little cracks will appear, which will soon become chasms. Every week or two the blacking should be wiped off with a damp cloth, the shoe should be allowed to dry, and then be rubbed with the best harness oil.

Every part, including the sole and the seams, should be oiled, and the oil given a chance to soak in. The toughest leather can be made soft in this way, and good leather will, after this treatment, feel like kid. The shoe will wear three times as long and be much more comfortable.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Neutralizing Lightning Pains.

A singular phenomenon of the lightning flash is that its chief effects are observable only at the points of its entrance and exit. Thus a flash which entered a school room injured only the first and last child on the form, those between escaping unhurt. The most effective treatment of lameness and other ailments due to lightning is the application alternately to the head, trunk and limbs of a large horseshoe magnet. In case of a quite recent stroke the clothing should be unfastened, the patient laid with the head high and quietness and fresh air should be secured. If consciousness does not return the head should be exposed to a stream of cold water.—New York Journal.

A Long Sentence of Six Letters.

Here is a sentence of thirty-two words, which some ingenious person has constructed of the six letters found in the word "maiden:"

Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a die and dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine.—St. Louis Republic.

This Date in History—Dec. 23.

1783—Washington resigned his commission as commander-in-chief of the American forces.
1798—Alliance formed between Russia and the Porte.
1805—Birth of Joseph Smith, Mormon prophet and preacher.
1841—Assassination of Sir W. Macnaghten at Cabul.
1847—Crime and outrage act in force in Ireland.
1861—Principality of Roumania formed by union of Moldavia and Wallachia.
1872—The pope delivered an allocution complaining of persecution of the church in Italy, Germany and Spain.
1868—The Mississippi river steamboat Kate Adams burned near Commerce, Miss.; over 25 lives lost.
1889—Death in Atlanta, Ga., of Henry Woodfin Grady, editor and orator, aged 39.

This Date in History—Dec. 24.

HUGH MILLER.

1784—Methodist Episcopal church organized, and Francis Asbury elected bishop.
1808—Henry Walker, rear admiral United States army, born in Virginia.
1814—Treaty of Ghent signed between Great Britain and United States.
1832—Surrender of Antwerp, Belgium.
1839—Trial and conviction of John Frost and other Chartists for high treason.
1851—Congressional library, Washington, burned; loss, 35,000 volumes on works of art.
1856—Death of Hugh Miller, distinguished English geologist; born 1802.
1863—Death of William Makepeace Thackeray, English novelist, aged 52.
1864—Wilmington, N. C., bombarded; the attack of Gen. Butler and Admiral Porter repulsed.
1869—Death of Edwin M. Stanton, war secretary of the United States; born Dec. 19, 1814.
1877—Died, Robert P. Parrott (inventor of Parrott gun), at Cold Spring, N. Y.; aged 74 years.
1887—Died in Albany, N. Y., Daniel Manning, ex-secretary of the treasury, aged 56 years.
1888—The Onachita river steamer John M Hanna burned near Plaquemine, La.; 30 lives lost.

W. M. THACKERAY.

This Date in History—Dec. 25.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

800—Charlemagne crowned emperor of the west by the pope at Rome.
1642—Birth of Sir Isaac Newton; died 1727.
1676—Death of Sir Matthew Hale, great English jurist; born 1609.
1745—Frederick concluded treaties of Dresden with Saxony and Austria.
1758—Death of Rev. James Hervey, author of "Meditations;" born 1714.
1870—Boring of the Mont Cenis tunnel completed; the first experimental trip made in forty minutes in September, 1871; length of tunnel seven and one-half miles.

This Date in History—Dec. 26.

CHARLES LAMB.

1716—Birth of Thomas Gray, author of "Gray's Elegy."
1777—The British defeated at Trenton, N. J.; nearly 1,000 Hessians threw down their arms and begged for quarter.
1799—Gen. Henry Lee, of Virginia, delivered the funeral oration before congress on the death of George Washington, and on the recommendation of that body the people generally wore crape for thirty days.
1805—Treaty concluded by France and Austria in which the latter gave up Venice. In two months the house of Hapsburg lost 3,000,000 subjects and a revenue of 14,000,000 florins.
1811—Burning of theatre in Richmond, Va., many lives lost, including governor of the state; monumental church now stands on the site.
1822—Born at Dublin, Ireland, Dion Boucicault, playwright-actor; died Sept. 18, 1890.
1833—Independence of Belgium recognized by allied powers.
1881—Death of Stephen Girard, founder of Girard college.
1834—Death of Charles Lamb, essayist; 1775.
1853—Great fire in New York, and Great Republican Clipper destroyed.
1860—Naples, Sicily and other Italian principalities annexed to the dominions of Victor Emanuel.
1886—Death of Gen. John A. Logan, American soldier and statesman.

This Date in History—Dec.

MME. JEROME BONAPARTE.

1170—Murder of Thomas a'Becket, archbishop of Canterbury.
1660—Postoffice as at present constituted founded by Charles II, of England.
1718—England declared war on Spain.
1784—Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of Napoleon, married Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore. The marriage, however, was not recognized by the emperor.
1806—The Russians entered Bucharest.
1822—Birth of Louis Pasteur, French chemist and discoverer of cure for hydrophobia.
1845—Texas admitted into the Union.
1861—Postoffice savings banks introduced in England.
1863—Gen. Joseph E. Johnston takes command of the Confederate army in Georgia.
1870—Inundation of the Tiber and great suffering of the citizens of Rome.
1885—In London Dr. Samuel Birch, Egyptologist, died, aged 72 years.
1889—Death in Presburg, Hungary, of Count Aloys Karolyide Nagy, Austrian statesman, aged 64.

This Date in History—Dec. 29.

1778—Capture of Savannah, Ga., by the British.
1799—Napoleon became the first consul of France.
1809—Born at Liverpool, England, William Ewart Gladstone.
1812—The Constitution captured the Java.
1831—Hereditary peerage abolished in France.
1837—Burning of Winter palace, St. Petersburg.
1846—Constitutional charter of New Zealand granted.
1857—The English and French captured Canton, China, after two days' bombardment.
1862—Foundering of the Monitor.
1862—Sherman assaulted the northern defenses of Vicksburg, Miss., and was repulsed with a loss of 2,000 men. Sometimes called "Battle of Chickasaw Bayou."

This Date in History—Dec. 30.

1504—Death of Isabella, queen of Castile, wife of Ferdinand of Aragon; born 1451.
1558—Death of Roger Ascham, instructor of Queen Elizabeth; born 1515.
1777—Death of Maximilian Joseph, elector of Bavaria, followed by dispute as to succession.
1861—Banks in New York, Philadelphia and Boston suspended specie payments.
1874—Prince Alphonso proclaimed king of Spain.
1879—Attempt was made to assassinate King Alfonso, of Spain, by a lad of 19 named Gomez.

A Linguist.

Merchant—Can you manage to make yourself understood when French or Spanish customers come to the store?

Would-be Clerk—Certainly, if they know how to talk English.—Texas Siftings.

What He Wanted.

Purser—You are too late for a stateroom; the last one is gone.

Frightened Tourist—Stateroom! Who wants a stateroom? Give me a [illegible] seat in a lifeboat.—Harper's Bazar.