

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A VARIETY OF CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FACTS.

Characteristics of Animal Life—The Spider and its Curious Ways—The Quantity of Food We Eat—Precious Woods—History in a Pack of Playing Cards—Etc., Etc.

BY PROF. J. N. ELSOM.

Characteristics of All Animal Life.

In the beginning the student of natural history is taught that there are various ways of distinguishing the lower forms of animal life from the vegetable. In the struggle for existence, for life itself, even, which is going on perpetually throughout the whole of animate creation, as the rivers of life murmur ceaselessly of the storied past, it is perfectly wonderful to notice the phenomenal provisions made by nature for the preservation of the weaker and more helpless animals. In many cases the color of the creature is adapted in a wonderful way to its mode of living and its place of concealment, contributing very materially to its safety. All who live among the green fields, which, by the way, is the way to live properly, know how difficult it is to distinguish the grasshopper from the leaf or blade of vegetation upon which he is at rest, until he betrays himself by moving. These birds which sing in the hedgerow have feathers upon their backs which harmonize with the color of the leaves about and among which they sit, while the feathers on their breasts borrow the white hue from the clouds above them. The partridge can hardly be distinguished from the stubble where it makes its nest, while in the more northern countries the winter dress of the hare and ptarmigan is white, like the snow with which the landscape is usually covered, and upon which these animals are seen. Among marine animals the same natural provisions prevail, and go down, however deep, into the water, animal life the same color will be found. The frogs, living in the stagnant pools and muddy ditches by the roadside, are known to vary their color in order to harmonize with the sand or mud in which they live. The little tree-frog, on the other hand, is green, and thus is with difficulty distinguished from the tree to which it adheres. Fish, especially those which inhabit fresh water, are so like in color to the weeds and stones among which they lie that it is often very difficult to detect their presence.

One of the most wonderful instances of nature's care in providing for the protection of the more defenseless creatures is found in the apparatus for defense with which the cuttle-fish is provided. The very instant its quick eye catches a glimpse of an approaching enemy, knowing by instinct alone—it is absurd to speak of reason in connection with these low forms of animal life—the impossibility of seeking safety by flight, and having no means of defense whatever, it prepares at once to seek safety in concealment. To this end it sinks downward rapidly, throwing out from a vessel with which it is provided, and nature taught it to use, a stream of fluid with which the blackest paint is light in comparison. This soon colors the water far around, and effectually conceals the animal and at the same time is very repulsive to all forms of animal life feeding upon it; and, as it takes considerable time for this to disperse and the water to clear itself, the enemy is generally baffled. If, however, as is sometimes the case, a reasoning animal—man—is in pursuit, and the cuttle-fish is still in danger, it pours out another and larger flood of ink, and remains perfectly quiet until the danger is past, when it moves off in a circle, making a larger and larger turn until outside the black water its ink has made.

Two Ways.

Speaking of spiders, I will relate another little instance that is very interesting and appropriate in this connection. Some time ago I noticed a fat old spider come to feed regularly on a blossom in the laboratory window, and invariably a little honey bee would appear on the blossom at the same time. This being repeated a number of days—nearly a week—to make sure the same visitors came every day, the spider and bee were marked, and every day the marked insects appeared regularly; would feed often in close proximity to each other without molestation or desire to intrude, each seeming aware of, but not caring for, the other's presence; and generally about the same time, apparently satisfied, would go away—the spider to his network of traps in an adjoining window, and the bee to its hive. Finally one day I caught them both and ruthlessly killed them. By means of the microscope, spectroscopy, and chemical analysis, found that these insects obtained from the same flower substances widely dissimilar. One (the spider) sought the most energetic poison known, with which to slay his material for food—the flies; the other sought that perfect tincture of sweetness (honey) upon which to feed when the flowers of the harvest had passed. Each had a desire, each sought its gratification, each obtained it from the same flower, obtained its fill, and went away satisfied.

A moral should adorn this story, for the truthfulness of which I will vouch. For instance, two persons, without distinction of sex, will meet and talk of a third (perhaps a friend, at least an acquaintance of each); one will have discovered all that is pure, good and noble, the sweets of life, as among the attributes of the third person's character; the other all that is low, vile and loathsome, the bitter, poisonous dregs of all human proclivities. Each of these persons is, like the spider and the bee, in search of something; they find what they desire, perhaps, in the character of one of the most beautiful human flowers; each gets gratification and goes away satisfied from the feast of reason, and, again, like the bee and the spider, uses the substance obtained, one for intellectual food for elevating, inspiring and ennobling fellow-kind; the other for blighting the affections, blasting the aspirations, and ruining

the prospects of others, merely that food may be created from the loathsomeness this ruin has wrought. The comparison does not end here by any means. But let me ask, reader, are you a bee or a spider?

The Greedy Spider.

The ordinary spider, tamed and taught to come for its food, which is not difficult or troublesome to do, will consume an immense amount of food in twenty-four hours, amounting, in the aggregate, to a trifle over six times its own weight. At the same rate of consumption, a person of average weight, say one hundred and fifty pounds, would take for his food as follows:

Breakfast, a dressed beef, ten gallons of tea.

Dinner, twenty dressed sheep, five barrels of potatoes.

Supper, fifty loaves of bread, a barrel of butter.

Lunch, two hundred pounds of cake, a barrel of wine.

And even then would wake at midnight feeling as though he had not eaten a square meal for a week. Happily, though, men are not spiders.

A Pack of Playing Cards.

What a history is represented in a pack of playing cards. They contain a spot for each day in the year, a card for each week in the year, a picture for each month in the year, a suit for each season of the year, a numerical color for each minute in an hour, and value, in whist, for each degree of the circle. A hand in an ordinary game of whist would not be repeated in 154,413 years.

The Amount of Food We Eat.

Every person must eat, sleep, and have some sickness. A person at seventy years, now not considered very old, has eaten provisions that would require a train of seventy cars, heavily laden with food, to transport, has slept twenty years, and been sick ten years. Strange, but not less strange than true. Taken in general, the foregoing is a trifle below the average.

To Bore a Hole Through Glass.

Very often it is necessary to make a hole through a plate of glass. This is very easily done if you only know how. Make a solution of—

Parts.
Oil turpentine.....3
Gum camphor.....3
Carbolic acid.....3

Moisten the drill, and it will work in glass like wax.

Cutting Glass.

For many years it was thought by scientific men that nothing but the real diamond would cut glass, but steel can be made sufficiently hard to cut glass readily, and a substance called zabashere, found in the joints of the bamboo, will, when dry, cut glass readily. It hardens into a solid lump when exposed to the air.

Valuable Woods.

SOME woods are more valuable even than the most precious metals. Among the alce family of trees this is very evident. The heart of one of the species of the alce tree, called tumbac, I believe, that grows in tropical countries, sells in India for its weight in gold.

A Budget of Curious Facts.

THE child begotten by the matrimonial alliance of science and religion is now declared legitimate.

A THICK plate of brass may be cut by making a mark on its surface with a solution of mercury and nitric acid.

A WASH's nest contains fifteen thousand cells. How this insect determines the number I will not explain.

IN one hundred years ordinary turf grows thirty inches. By this we may approximate the age of peat.

ALL have noticed the caterpillar that infests the willow tree. Each individual has over four thousand muscles.

THE drug called capsicum by the druggist, pepper by the grocer, is obtained from sixty species of the same tree.

AWAY on the top of some mountain ranges various temperatures are found. The Peak of Teneriffe has five zones of vegetation.

COLOR blindness affects a greater proportion of our population than most people imagine. Five per cent. of Americans are color blind.

EAGLES are long-lived birds. A warty old chap has been an heirloom in a New Albany, Indiana, family for nearly a hundred years.

COLD follows heat at extraordinary depths. In a silver mine in Norway over three hundred feet deep the bottom is covered with snow.

EGYPTIAN architecture becomes more marvelous as time passes. A temple and an altar have been discovered buried far beneath the surface in front of the great Sphinx.

IT is not generally known, but true nevertheless, that gas is produced by striking a piece of iron with a hammer; and if the blows, however light, are continued long enough, the iron, however large and tough, will eventually crystallize and break.

THE rates of transporting heavy freight, merchandise, and the like, have changed. Less than a half century ago the railroads of Great Britain made a very careful estimate, and it cost just a penny a ton per mile for carrying coal. This, with the price of English labor and mechanics, seems high.

NEW ALBANY, Ind.

IT is rather surprising that we cannot yet positively answer the old question. Why is the sky blue? Professor Tyndall explained the color as due to the smallness of the solid particles in the air, which are thus able to reflect only rays of short wave-length; but a later investigator, Professor Hartley, believes that the mysterious ozone exercises some influence on the rays, as a small quantity of ozone gave a sky-blue in a tube two feet long.

THE perfect combustion of coal seems to have been effected by Mr. William Gibbs, of Essex, England. By means of a fan and suitable openings, the exact quantity of air necessary is supplied to the furnace chambers, and the products of combustion issue as hot air, free from smoke or odor.

THE WIZARD OF MENLO PARK.

An Incident of Thomas A. Edison's Early Career—His Birthday Gift.

THOMAS A. EDISON recently celebrated his 44th birthday at his home at Menlo Park, N. J. The employees of the Edison Phonograph Works, in honor of the occasion, made and presented to him the most perfect phonograph possible. They worked on the machine for over two months. Every part of the instrument capable of it is plated with gold and silver, and the parts are finished to the utmost possible limit. Attached to the machine is a water-motor of improved construction that has been one of the recent triumphs of the great inventor, and that runs the machine steadily and noiselessly with a minimum consumption of water. The case is of rare inlaid woods, and is a marvel of painstaking workmanship.

The phonograph, if not the most useful, is certainly the most wonderful of all the wizard's wonderful inventions. When it was first exhibited at the New York Academy of Sciences, a few years ago, a murmur of admiration was heard, which was succeeded by repeated applause. Some of the skeptical members started the rumor that the Academy had been mystified by a clever ventriloquist, and repeated experiments were required to convince these incredulous persons that no chicanery was used, and that the "talking machine" could be readily manipulated by anyone.

Edison's birthplace is Milan, Ohio. While yet a boy in his teens, telegraphy took great hold upon him, and having one day snatched a station-master's child from in front of an approaching train, the grateful father taught him telegraphy, and from that time he became a systematic student. His ready ingenuity suggested all sorts of adaptations. One day the ice jam broke the cable between Port Huron and Sarnia (on the Canada side); the river at that point being a mile and a half in width, all communication by telegraph was cut off. Young Edison seized the valve of an engine that controls the whistle, which he tooted into long and short notes, like the dots and dashes in telegraphy. "Hello, Sarnia, do you get me?" he tooted; no answer. "Hello, Sarnia, do you hear what I say?" A third and a fourth time the message was sent over, and finally came the answer from an engine on the other side; the connection had been made, and communication easily carried on until the cable was repaired.

Edison's many inventions are legion, but his phonograph, megaphone, the quadruplex and duplex systems of telegraphy, his telephone—which alone netted him over one hundred thousand dollars—the electric railway and incandescent electric light, are but a few of the best known of his most wonderful and valuable inventions.

Going the Wrong Way.

Ex-Governor Andrew Shuman entered the smoking car on a Chicago and Northwestern train the other afternoon, says the Chicago Tribune, and took a seat facing toward the engine. The seat ahead of him was turned over. Mr. Shuman was smoking a good cigar and had an evening paper in his hand. As he settled back in his seat, with a clay pipe in his mouth, entered the car. His breath was redolent with bad whisky and red eye tobacco.

"Good evening, Mister Shuman," said the Irishman, as he sat down on the seat opposite.

"How are you, Pat?" said Mr. Shuman.

"Noisy, tank you," was the reply. Pat had probably hoed the garden for Governor Shuman at some time, and he was presuming on old acquaintance. He leaned over, blew a little bad breath and worse tobacco smoke in Governor Shuman's face, and asked:

"How's things in Ivanston, sor?"

"Very nicely," replied Governor Shuman, trying to open the window to get a breath of fresh air.

Pat leaned over again and allowed another whiff of red eye to circulate around Governor Shuman's head as he said:

"O' am glad to hear it, sor. Now, O' d like to ax you—"

But Governor Shuman was desperate.

"Where are you going, Pat?" he asked abruptly.

"Ivanston, sor," was the reply.

"Evanston?" exclaimed Governor Shuman. "Why, you're going the wrong way. Can't you see you're faced toward Chicago? Turn the seat over."

The Irishman gave a start, turned around and looked toward the engine, and then glanced out of the window.

"Be hivens, you're right!" he exclaimed. "O' m faced the wrong way. Thank you Mister Shuman."

He turned his seat over and Governor Shuman buried his head in his paper and enjoyed the rest of the trip. In fact, he was seen to smile once or twice.

Teacher Was Cornered.

In one of the city schools a teacher, with all the patience and powers of persuasion she could command, was endeavoring to instruct a class about a right angle triangle. After several attempts she called the scholars to account for inattention, with the remark that what she was saying seemed to go in at one ear and out the other. Again she repeated her description, following it by asking, who can tell what a right angle triangle is? Up went a hand, and the bright boy to whom it belonged shouted "Something which goes in at one ear and out the other."—Worcester Spy.

In an English theater, recently, the orchestra between the acts was playing very loudly, and two ladies in the front row were endeavoring to converse at the same time. They had to raise their voices considerably, and as the orchestra suddenly reached a low passage the voice of one of the ladies became cruelly distinct just as she remarked, "I wear silk underclothes."

WHEN a man comes to time, does it not prove that time waits for some men?

HUMOR.

An ante-room—Gamblers' den.

The buckwheat cake will soon come to the scratch.

NOCTURNAL melody—We shall meet in the snuff by and by.

It was the man who couldn't button his coat who hadn't clothes enough to go round.

TRAMP—Madam, can I get a warm bite here? Woman—Yes, sir! Here, Tiger, sit him.

A MARRIED couple may be one, but that one cannot travel without two railroad tickets.

HE—Miss Wraying, you are a puzzle to me. I never know how to take you. SHE (shyly)—You never tried.

A NEW YORK girl who was attending cooking school got so infatuated with the culinary art that she went off and married a "supe."

THERE'S nothing very doleful about it; still when a maiden has sifted a kiss through an incipient mustache she is apt to get down in the mouth.

THE modern critic: "Have you seen Rosen's new play?" "To tell the truth, I have not had the time. I have been so busy writing my criticism upon it."

MINNIE—I heard that you were going to enter the lecture field. Mamie—The idea! I am engaged to be married. Minnie—Well, I knew it was something of the sort.

ROB—My dad's a squire and gets his name in the paper every day. Tom (contemptuously)—That's nothin'. My dad took Jink's liver pills and got his picture in the papers.

FIRST Tramp (on country road)—How are the folks down this way—friendly? Second Tramp—Well, I can't say much for the folks, but their dogs do beat all for helpin' ye to get along.

ABSENT-MINDED: Brown (at the telephone)—Hello! who's speaking? Voice—Don't you recognize me? Brown—Well, er—I know your face, but I don't quite recall your voice at the moment.

JIMSON—Prof. Knowitall, the lecturer, always wears a mustard plaster when he goes on the platform. Why do you suppose he does it? Jampon—To draw the attention of the audience, perhaps.

SCHOOLMISTRESS—Tommy, what did you do today for? Tommy—Cos I thought you'd whip me. Schoolmistress—What did you want me to whip you for? Tommy—Cos papa said he would if you didn't, and he hurts.

FAIR customer—Is this Western beef? Eastern butcher (proudly)—No, madam; we don't deal in ill-mannered steers from the rowdy West. This beef, madam, is from a highly cultivated and very refined cow, formerly of Boston.

"My dearest Laura, what is the matter? Here you are bathed in tears and only four weeks after your wedding." "O, Clara, my husband is a candidate for Mayor and I have just found out by this morning's paper that he is a paragon of all the vices."

MISTRESS—Did you buy a stamp and mail the letter, Bridget? Bridget—O' d, mum, and here's the change. Mistress—How much did you pay for the stamp? Bridget—Wan cent, mum. The boy said he had 'em all the way from wan cent up, an' it's not the likes of Bridget O'Toolihan wot goes about wastin' money.

NO FLIES ON HIM.

"Down with a tyrant foe," said he, "That seeks this happy land; All the energy that I possess, My country may command. No arduous labor would I shrink, No task would I disdain, To check invasion's hateful way And liberty maintain. And when he finished his address And moved each hearer's soul, His wife had built the kitchen fire And carried in the coal."

CHICAGO five-year-old boy (only child)—Mamma, I wish you'd get me a little sister. I'm so lonesome. Same boy at a subsequent period, sitting up-right in his bed at 11:30 p. m., and shaking his fist at his sweet little sister in the next room)—If I'd known what a howler you were going to be, you can just bet your life I never would have ordered you.

Religious Runners in Russia.

When a Russian is converted and feels called upon to turn from his evil ways, as often as not he joins a sect called the runners (begonees), and, taking up his bed, walks about the country for the remainder of his natural life and seems to thoroughly enjoy it. No conscientious member of this peripatetic and progressive persuasion can pitch his tent for long anywhere on this transitory earth. A day and a night is the usual thing; a week is exceptional; a month's halt would be evidence of lamentable backsliding, while a still longer sojourn would leave no doubt that the impious loiterer had committed the inexplicable sin, writes a correspondent. For once a man has been received into the ranks of the begonee he can no longer be fastened as a nail in a sure place, but is straightway a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth, and can take nothing for life's journey, save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in his purse, and only a suspicion of spirits in his capacious bottle.—New York Journal.

Where Genius Didn't Work.

He was just a plain tramp, unadorned with soap, and he carried over his shoulder a wooden snow-shovel several sizes too big for him. He pulled the bell in a business-like way and when she opened the door he said:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Yes" (in surprise).

"And do you believe that honest, earnest endeavor should be rewarded?"

"Yes."

"Heretofore I've had a large and lucrative practice in my profession, but this year the elements are against me. I know there's no snow on the premises, but it's going to rain this afternoon, and rain hard. Now I'll come back and shovel the rain off your sidewalk for a quarter if you'll give me ten cents advance money. Is it a go?"

"Yes, it's a go," she said, as she slammed the door in his face.

"And they say that genius and tact win every time," he sighed, as he shuffled down the stoop.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Fairy Please-Myself.

I know a little fairy.
A naughty little elf
Brimsful of tricks and mischief,
The "Fairy Please-myself."

She hides in every nursery;
You always know she's there
When little folks are fretting,
And then, my dears, beware!

She's very old, this fairy,
Six or eight I cannot tell;
But it is very likely
That Adam knew her well.

How did I know about her?
I'll whisper in your ears,
She often called upon me
When I was young, my dears!

—Youth's Companion.

Presence of Mind in a Youngster.

A boy living near Nassau City was out fire-hunting a few nights ago, when he planted his foot on something soft and slippery, and at once awoke the warning notes of a rattlesnake. By the flickering glare of his torch he saw that he had trod upon the reptile, but, fortunately, had planted his foot on its neck, just back of the head, and, though it folded its slimy coils around his ankle and struck out with its fangs with lightning-like rapidity, it was unable to turn its head to do mischief. The lad had presence of mind enough to keep his foot firmly planted upon its neck, while with the ax in his hand he severed the head from the body.—*Fernandina News.*

Willie's Patch.

It was lonely out there in that far Western home, and when little Willie came it was a great joy to his mother; now she would have something living to talk to, while papa was out in the distant fields and woods, for they had taken up a large track of land and their nearest neighbor was ten miles away. And, though they were prospering, it was terribly lonesome. Sometimes Willie's mother would shut her eyes as she sat in the wintry silence, and fancy that she heard the creaking of the wood sled on the hard snow of the lane that led to her father's farmhouse in distant Massachusetts. She heard the snap of the whip, and her father stamping the snow off his boots in the back porch; then there would be a rush of feet and a chorus of voices from the warm sitting room, and Ponto and Carlo would join in the mad welcome—and then she would sit up and open her eyes and perhaps shed a few tears, poor little woman. But that was before Willie came with the warm spring sunshine. Willie was a little comfort. He chuckled, and snaked his fat fists, and twirled his feet, in their odd little woolen boots, vigorously by Christmas; and was quite ready for the trunkful of dainty dresses and aprons that grandma sent at that season. And when spring came again he could toddle about by the chairs or fence, and about defiance at the chickens and the cat.

So he grew and grew, as the fairy tales say, and he was as good as gold. Papa used to tell him about all the other little children—this was when he had got to be three years old—who lived in various parts of the world; for at first this baby thought that there was only one boy in the world, and that boy was himself.

He was quite a lively fellow. He would run out to the barn to meet his father and ride, perhaps, to one of the near fields on one of the horses' backs; but he generally stayed with his mother. She used to work in her garden a good deal, planting seeds, and the ground had been made ready for her. And Willie loved to do just as she did.

"Mamma," he said one day, "I want to plant some torn for the poor little boys in the big city, so's they can have 'nough to eat, too."

"We'll ask papa, Willie darling, to give you a sunny place for a corn patch," said his mother.

When papa came home to dinner he dug a patch a few yards square in a sunny part, and fenced it with stones; and here Willie planted some seed corn, and watered and tended it till it was twice as tall as he was himself. But, alas! when it was full in the ear, little Willie said one day to his mother: "Mamma, my throat all sore. Tan't swallow."

She did all she could for him, while his father rode off for the doctor, and all night the three watched and worked over him; but in the morning, when the red sun rose into the amber sky, and the soft breeze tossed the tassels of the corn back and forth, little Willie lay white and still.

They buried the poor baby in a corner of the garden, for there was no graveyard near; and then they thought how they could do what he asked, "Send my torn to the poor little boys, papa." It was almost his last thought. How could they do it?

At last his father thought of a plan. He measured the corn and put the money for it—it was very little—into Willie's little money-box; and then he took the corn, carefully dried it for seed, and put it away, labeled, "Willie's corn." The next season he planted it, put the price of its produce away also, and so he did each year, until "Willie's Patch," as he called it, was a field of a hundred and eighty acres, the produce of which supported a home for poor little boys in one of our crowded cities. And the home was called "Willie's Patch," too.—*Edith M. Norris, in Yankee Blade.*

In a catalogue of Mexican meteorites prepared by M. Antonio del Castillo, one mass is mentioned which was broken up and fell in widely dispersed fragments, portions being found in three places at the angles of a triangle whose two longer sides were some fifty-five miles and thirty-five miles. In one of these places two plates were discovered about 250 yards apart, having evidently formed one huge plate, weighing more than eighty tons, which broke near the ground.

An English doctor reports over thirty cases of headache and facial neuralgia cured by snuffing powdered salt up the nose.

The censure of ignorance is about all the real praise we get in life.

WALKING ON STILTS.

The Latest Fad of New York Millionaires' Children.



STILTS! The wealthy women of Fifth Avenue are on them, socially, all the time. But it is a new, sudden and literal fact that the youngsters of that famous thoroughfare are walking on stilts. Who can tell how many of diversion are engaged among children or adults? I simply chronicle the fact that the little sons and daughters of millionaires are now to be seen on stilts. It will not last long. Fifth Avenue is not sacred to the McAllisters, and pretty soon the McAllisters will put on stilts for an invasion. Then the "exclusives" will be called in by their mothers. The well woman doesn't like to do what her poorer sisters are doing. For instance, the former will not promenade the avenue. If they wish to walk for exercise, they will order up a carriage, ride to the entrance to Central Park, and take their pedestrianism along the cemented paths, and afterward return home on wheels. The latest striking exhibition of this desire to separate their treatment of the multitude was their treatment of this year's charity ball. They purchased tickets as liberally as usual, but either tore them up or gave them to less pretentious persons, and themselves went to a small and elegant ball which had been purposefully dated for the same night. In such ways the matrons of the avenue walk, metaphorically, on stilts.

While the great Blaine family are enjoying the benefits of wealth and fame bring, the helpless and deserted wife of Jas. G. Blaine, Jr., is not forgotten by her friends among the theatrical profession. This little woman has suffered untold tortures for many months, and had not only been deprived of the privilege of earning a living, but had been reduced to actual want. This prompted the entertainment, contributed by members of the theatrical profession and given Wednesday afternoon at the Broadway Theater. Mrs. Blaine will get about four thousand dollars out of the occasion.

The talk of modish New York is largely about the participation by the belles and beaux in amateur burlesque theatricals. Several such entertainments have employed the more famous pretty girls of the Astor-Vanderbilt clique. A travesty of opera, a realization of some nursery stories, and a series of comic tableaux have had marked success. Nothing but public opinion keeps the young amateur actors in the fashionable world from appearing on the stage in a genuine, old-fashioned Lydia Thompson style of burlesque opera. Recently some of the belles were seen at a theater in the old piece of frolicsome burlesque, but was burdened with a wholly unnecessary weight of clothes.

"It is perfect nonsense to give a burlesque in long skirts," said the prize beauty of the two past seasons. "If I thought people would ever get over it I would dress my part as it demands." Desiring to be well up in her part in a recent burlesque charitable performance one of the pretty girls engaged the services of a handsome prima donna, whose acquaintance she had formed some time previous, and had herself drilled systematically for the approaching show. The actress taught her innumerable little touches of stage coquetry, and for reward received plenty of champagne and kisses. The two became jolly friends, and the society girl even went so far as to visit the other in her dressing room. One Saturday afternoon the maiden, by the help of the dresser, arrayed herself in a full stage costume, and awaited the return of the actress, who was engaged in a stage scene. As she posed in self-admiration of herself in the glass the sound of footsteps was heard outside the dressing-room. Suddenly the door flew open and the manager of the theater stood in the doorway. The girl in the tight, screamed and stood in the center of the floor, the most miserable and humiliated of beings.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the manager. "I knew Miss — was on the stage or I would have knocked. But what are you doing here? Are you one of the chorus?"

This last question brought out another scream, and the maid was compelled to explain matters to the manager, who retired amid profuse apologies. But he sent word to the young lady through the prima donna that she could appear at his theater in stunnerous parts whenever she saw fit to do so.—*New York letter to Chicago Ledger.*

How Old Vanderbilt Was Caught.

"I was coming down the Hudson one night," said General Spinola, "in company with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurlow Weed, Dean Richmond and George Law, when Weed proposed a game of poker and I was asked to come in. I hesitated, for I had only about \$4,000 in my pocket and I knew it was to be a game without a limit. I mentioned the state of my finances to Law, but he told me to take a hand, and said he would back me to any amount. 'I am willing to lose \$30,000 or \$40,000 to-night,' he said, 'and to-morrow I will tell you my reason.' So the game started and I staid in, hugging the shore pretty close, and getting startled every once in a while when some one went \$1,000 blind. When we quit at daybreak I had won about \$4,000, but Law had lost ten times that amount. The next day I met him. 'I will tell you, Frank,' he said, 'why I lost that money. I wanted Vanderbilt to think I was a sucker, and so I played like one. The result was that to-day I sold him a lot of steamboats for nearly \$600,000 more than I expected to get from him. Don't you think the money was well invested?'—*New York World.*

THERE is hardly any man so friendless in this world that he hasn't at least one friend ready to tell him his faults.