

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

A DEMERARA correspondent of an English paper describes a desperate fight between a man and a jaguar, which recently took place on the Demerara River. The hero of the combat, a black named Lally Davidson, a farmer, was out with his dog, which roused the jaguar from his lair. The ferocious animal made tracks for the thick scrub, followed by Davidson and his dog. Being closely pressed, the jaguar climbed a tree, where Davidson shot it, wounding it in the heart. This made the animal descend, and again he dived into the bush, pursued by Davidson. The beast concealed himself in some branches, and as Davidson was again trying to take aim, the jaguar leaped upon him, knocking him bodily into a drain full of water. Davidson now engaged in a desperate struggle with the fierce brute, and seizing the jaguar, now somewhat exhausted by loss of blood, he exerted all his strength and managed to hold his head under water until he was slowly suffocated. But before this the jaguar had severely wounded the courageous man; his hand was badly bitten, the scalp on the left side of his head was partly ripped off and his left eye was gouged out. Suffering as he was, Davidson slowly crawled home, and while he went into hospital sent his friends for the dead jaguar. The latter measured five feet eleven inches from head to tail. Davidson, on whose happy escape his friends warmly congratulated him, was slowly recovering when the last mail left Demerara.

Missouri's husbandmen have been keeping well up with the agricultural procession in this year of phenomenal productions, although the state has not been making much noise about its achievements. Here are a few leaders: Mr. Magee of Glenwood sent to the office of the local newspaper a radish weighing over six pounds. E. Floy of Eagle township handed in ten potatoes aggregating eleven pounds in weight. Mr. Snider carried into the Booneville Democrat office two peaches and a couple of apples which completely filled a bushel basket. The peaches were each as large as a quart cup, and the apples weighed one and a half pounds each. Joe Creech of Louisiana, Mo., exhibited a sample stalk of corn which measured fourteen feet in length. The ears were seven feet six inches up the stem, and he thinks he will have to gather his crop of horse-bark. Elijah Young expects to get 4,800 bushels of fine apples from his orchard of 400 trees in Warrensburg, and Wm. Avis of Lost Creek cannot yet estimate his crop of cherries because one of his trees from which he has gathered one large crop this year has shed its old leaves, grown a new set, and is now in full bloom again.

The Chicago Tribune tells a strange story of a mysterious affair, which is said to have occurred at Mendota, Ill. A Mr. Ralph Shaffer erected a fine monument over the grave of his young wife, who died last spring, but in deference to his mother-in-law's wishes, who had no love for her daughter's husband, placed no inscription on the stone. The story goes that recently a distinct shadow of the late Mrs. Shaffer appeared on the tombstone. It grew until the shadow became life size. The mother was wrath, and had the monument makers rub the stone down with pumice, but they could not efface the shadow. At first sight the shape has as much resemblance to a man's form as a woman's, but by a continued gaze one seems to see a woman's profile with bangs and with the hair done up at the back of the head. The neck and chin show plainly, as do also the shoulders, and there is a scarf about the neck. The features are distinct, and bear a remarkable resemblance to the dead wife. The shadow is eight inches wide and fourteen inches high, and is in the middle of the stone.

Near Point Burwell, Canada, lives an eccentric character by the name of John Harper, though he is best known by the nickname of "Long-Haired Johnny," which he has gained by the extraordinary length of his hair and beard. These, he claims he has never allowed scissors or razor to approach for over thirty years, remarks the Washington Post, in fulfillment of a vow, though as to what his vow was he is persistently silent. His hair trails several feet on the ground when loosened from the plaits in which he braids and wears it about his head, and his beard touches earth when he stands erect. Both are kept in beautiful order and are a great matter of pride to him. Harper is an Englishman by birth and a man of superior intelligence and some education. He lives alone in a small one-story house and has not been known to leave it for nearly twenty years. He has no family, but draws a small income from some investment in England.

CHARLES C. BROWNSKI, for twenty-eight years an engineer in Sioux City, Iowa, died the other day of inflammation of the bowels. Twenty-nine years ago while in the army he received a pistol wound in the left side of the mouth, and since then has suffered intense pain when lying on his right side or when stooping over. Before his death he requested that a post-mortem examination be held to ascertain the location of the bullet. This was done. It was traced from the mouth upward through the orb of the left eye and then down and back through the vital part of the brain where it was found encased in a membranous fold in the posterior portion of the left lateral ventricle. The portions of the brain through which the ball passed are the most vital. The physicians declare the case unparalleled. Many cases are recorded where foreign substances lodged in the upper portion of the brain, but they know of none like this.

The laws of some of the Western States which confer upon resident aliens the privileges of State citizenship, are, as is well known, extremely lax. A story is told of a clerk of a county in Wisconsin named McCort, who succeeded in obtaining several re-elections to the office notwithstanding violent opposition on the part of the more intelligent part of the population. Whenever the time for election drew near, he would start out on a naturalizing tour in the lumber camps, taking along the county seal and an interpreter, and confer the suffrage upon Norwegian settlers by the hundred. The oath which he invariably administered was as follows: "Do you solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States and the State of Wisconsin, and vote for Peter McCort for Clerk of the Court, so help you God?" The latter portion of the oath was as religiously respected by the Norwegians as the former.

A NEW YORKER who is a member of the American Society of Psychical Research tells a curious story that would interest his society. While in Mexico recently he dreamed that in dressing his pistol dropped from his pocket, fell butt downward to the floor, turned so that it leaned against his ankle and exploded, shattering his leg. The dream was so vivid that he awoke with a start and recalled the whole scene. He was soon asleep again, however, and by morning he had nearly forgotten his vision. When he came to dress he found himself standing as in his dream, and as he drew on his trousers his heavy revolver fell from the hip pocket, struck butt downward upon the tiled floor, struck a sunken tile and, turning, leaned against his ankle with the muzzle pointing directly at his leg. He watched with a sort of fascination for the explosion, but it did not come, and he lives unwounded to tell the tale.

The palace which J. C. Flood, the California millionaire, erected on "Nob Hill," San Francisco, at a cost of \$3,500,000, is entirely untenant except by the old gardener who takes care of the grounds. Every piece of this big, dreary, brown-stone pile, even including the stones for the wall surrounding the grounds, was brought around the horn from ships from the east. The long flight of steps leading up to the portico, with its heavy pillars, shows no sign of wear. No feet tread it except the feet of the children who play there until the gardener drives them away. Outside the house is desolate as a tomb; within it is stored with fine furniture and works of art, but it is never opened to the public.

A VERY large tree, one of the largest in California, the country of big trees, was discovered near Arlington, Snohomish county, a few days ago. It is a cedar, and measures sixty-eight feet in circumference. Around the knobby roots the tree measures ninety-nine feet. About seventy-five feet from the ground it forks into four immense branches, and just below the forks is a big knot hole. Five men climbed into the hole and explored the interior of the tree. It was found to be a mere shell, and about forty-five feet down it would afford standing room for forty men. The tree is still green, and a remarkable feature is said to be that it is barked on the inside and the outside alike.

JAMES P. PARK, of Philadelphia, seems to be a man without a country. He lives on a little triangular bit of land that, through some oversight, has not been included in any of the election divisions of the city, and of course therefore he has no voting status. "The only parallel known in this country," says the Philadelphia Record, "was that of a whole township in the State of Ohio, which was entirely left out in an apportionment of election districts, and the citizens who claimed the right to vote had no redress whatever and were unable to exercise the right of suffrage until they appealed to the courts."

The wonderful crops and the abundance of general products in the United States this year seem to be a family blessing, bestowed without regard to where the individual may be located, from the Arctic circle to the Gulf, and covering half the world in length. This is really noteworthy, considering the hard times afflicting the rest of the world with equal impartiality. The salmon product of Alaska is unusually large, and will average fifteen per cent. over that of last year. Over 200,000 cases of salmon will be shipped from Alaska this season.

A RANCHER from away back on the ranges engaged a room at the Occidental Hotel in Seattle a few days ago. The hotel is lighted with electricity, and the bell boy turned on the light in the old rancher's room. The farmer did not know how to extinguish the light, and after fumbling his ideas uncoiled the length of wire by which the light hung and stuck the lamp in the bureau drawer smothering it under his clothing. The next day the lamp was found stowed away there still burning.

A cow belonging to Samuel Drenser, living on the outskirts of Austin, Minn., has given birth to a wonder. One-half of the body resembles a calf and the other half a bear. The tail resembles the appendage of a deer and the head is inclined to be on the human order. The eyes are fiery black and vicious looking, and one large horn about three inches long protrudes from the forehead. The freak has five legs, three in front and two behind, and all can be used with the greatest ease.

The most remarkable case of dropsy on record is that of I. Meredith, aged seventy-eight years, of Monticello, Ill. He has been tormented by the disease 275 times, with an average weight of thirteen pounds of water removed each time, making 3,614 pounds which has been removed from him. His case beats all past records, and is the most interesting case in the history of the disease. He is now confined to his bed, and is gradually growing weaker and cannot live long.

More than three-quarters of a million people are directly employed by railroads in this country aside from the number whose livelihood depends upon collateral enterprises. Allowing the usual ratio of population and the vote—for very few persons who are not voters find direct employment on railroads—and it appears that from five to six per cent. of the entire population of the country is dependent on the railroads as a means of livelihood.

THERE are nearly 6,000 lighthouses laid down on the world's charts. Over 800 are on the United States waters and \$90,000,000 has been spent on this service by the United States since the organization of the Government. What is now needed are proper lights on the shores of semi-civilized and non-navigating countries, and this must be done by joint action of the commercial nations.

For many years Robert James, aged seventy, of Blue Lick, Clark county, Ind., has been blind and had given up all hopes of ever regaining his sight. Several days ago his wife was taken dangerously ill and in his distress he prayed and wept incessantly. Suddenly his sight came back to him and he now sees as well as he ever did.

MARTIN SMITH, of Montville, Conn., who is 107 years old, remembers seeing the first steamboat, the Fulton, when she made a trip up the Thames in 1817. He also draws a pension for service in the war of 1812, and has voted at every Presidential election since 1808 except the last one.

A VALUABLE Sherman (Mich.) horse that had died the other day was looked into. A half bushel of fine sand was found in the stomach. Feeding on short clover pasture is supposed to be the way in which it accumulated the small sand-bank.

A Turkish Bank Note. The bill is an imperial green paper, a color held sacred in Turkey, which the

Government alone is permitted to use. On the top and sides are the following words in Turkish: "To be paid to the bearer, without interest, twenty piastres." At the top of the note is the Sultan's toghra, surrounding which is a quotation from the Koran. Underneath are the words: "Twenty piastres, paper money, to be used in the place of gold at the Bank of Constantinople." At the bottom of the note is the seal of the mint, and on the right is the seal of the Minister of the Treasury. The toghra is considered sacred, and guarded by the three highest officials of the mint, whose sole duty it is to watch it.—[New York Advertiser.]

IN ICY REGIONS.

Preparations for a Winter Journey in Siberia.

Our equipment for this long and difficult journey consisted of a strongly built pavoska, or seatless traveling-sleigh, with low runners, wide outriggers, and a sort of carriage-top which could be closed with a leather curtain in stormy weather; a very heavy sheepskin bag six feet wide and nine feet long in which we could both lie side by side at full length; eight or ten pillows and cushions of various sizes to fill up chinks in the mass of baggage and to break the force of the jolting on rough roads; three overcoats apiece of soft shaggy sheepskin so graded in size and weight that we could adapt ourselves to any temperature from the freezing point to eighty degrees below; very long and heavy felt boots known in Siberia as valenki; a quantity of provisions consisting chiefly of tea, sugar, bread, condensed milk, boiled ham, frozen soup in cakes, and a couple of roasted geese. After having packed our heavy baggage as carefully as possible in the bottom of the pavoska, so as to make a comparatively smooth and level foundation, we stuffed the interiors with pillows and cushions; covered the somewhat lumpy surface to a depth of twelve or fourteen inches with straw; spread down over all our spare overcoats, blankets, and the big sheepskin bag; stowed away the bread, boiled ham, and roasted geese in the straw, where we could sit on them and thus protect them to some extent from the intense cold; and finally, filled the whole back of the pavoska with pillows. A temperature of forty degrees below zero will turn a boiled ham into a substance that is as useless for edible purposes as the famous "chunk of old red sandstone" from Table Mountain. You can neither cut it, hammer it, break it in pieces with a sledge-hammer, and unless you have facilities for thawing it out, and time enough to waste in that way, you can no more get nourishment from it than you could get beef tea from a paleozoic fossil. Having learned this fact from sad experience, Mr. Frost and I were accustomed to put articles of food that contained no moisture either under us or into the sheepskin bag between us, where they would not freeze so hard. At ten o'clock Friday morning all was in readiness for a start, and as soon as the driver came with the horses from the post-station we sang "Home, Sweet Home" as a prelude to the next act, wrapped up the banjo carefully in a soft rug and put it behind our pillows, took seats in the pavoska with our feet and legs thrust down into the capacious sheepskin bag, and rode away from the Hotel Deko amid a chorus of good-bys and shouts of "May God grant you a safe journey!" from the assembled crowd of servants and clerks.—[Century.]

Remarkable Mummies.

J. W. Morrow, a medical student, who returned to Kansas City, Mo., recently from a Western pleasure trip, brought with him two specimens of natural mummification. He discovered them on Long Island, in the Columbia River, in Oregon, which had once been an Indian burying ground. In life one of the mummies was an old man, probably sixty years of age. He was buried in a sitting posture, the knees drawn up to his chin, the left arm thrust under the left leg and with the right in an attitude of supplication.

The mummy is perfect, with the exception of a spot on the back, where contact with the earth caused decay. Unlike the mummies of Egypt, in these the outlines of the body are not preserved. The viscera are gone, and they look like nothing so much as human frames covered with rawhide. In the old man all the organs and members are perfect, however, even the tongue, lips and ears. Grayish black hair covers the head in spots. Not a tooth is missing, though they are all very much worn, as in old age. The moccasins on the feet are in as good state of preservation as is the body.

The other mummy is perfect except the head. It is that of a child about seven years old. When found it lay at full length in the box, its feet encased in buckskin moccasins and bits of ribbon, well preserved, tied about its legs. A blanket covered the other. In some respects the smaller mummy is the better specimen. The finger nails are perfect, as in life.

Mr. Morrow cannot account for the phenomenon. Settlers in the vicinity declare that the burying ground, which was that of the Columbia River tribe, had not been used for forty years. The mummies are, therefore, at least two-score years old, and may be a century. The soil of the island is sandy, and the atmosphere hot and dry. This might account for the condition of the bodies, were it not for the fact that mounds on all sides of the one in which they were found contained nothing but bones.—[New York Telegram.]

An Island of Skeletons.

A party of explorers from San Francisco has just returned from the Island of San Nicholas, which lies some seventy miles off the coast of California, opposite Monterey county, whither they went with a view of locating some land claims. They report that they found the island covered with the bones of human beings. For a distance of five miles the beach was generally covered with skeletons. They estimated that at least 5000 bodies must have been buried there. In the interior of the island they found a rude hut buried to the roof in sand. They concluded that it was not worth while to locate their claims on these bare rocks and human bones.—[Picaune.]

This Town Has Lost Her River.

The town of Saratov, in the southeast of Russia, has lost a river—the Volga. The water of the river has for some time past been deserting the right arm of the stream, upon which Saratov is built, and flowing exclusively in the left arm, which is about a mile and a quarter distant from the town. The former bed of the stream is now quite dry and is used as a road for conveyance of goods which arrive on the river by the town.—[Boston Transcript.]

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

GOWNS THAT ARE BECOMING TO LITTLE GIRLS.

Youth Is Always Beautiful and Its Delicacy, Its Harmony, and Its Coloring May Be Destroyed by an Unbecoming Gown, or Killed, as the Artists Term It, by Too Bright a Color.

What They Should Wear.

PEAKING of children, some philosopher has averred that, no matter how much trouble they make, they always pay their way. Manifestly, this writer hadn't a large family of daughters or he wouldn't have made this remark. I don't know how many children Fox, the founder of Quakerism, was blessed with, says a very heavy sheepskin bag six feet wide and nine feet long in which we could both lie side by side at full length; eight or ten pillows and cushions of various sizes to fill up chinks in the mass of baggage and to break the force of the jolting on rough roads; three overcoats apiece of soft shaggy sheepskin so graded in size and weight that we could adapt ourselves to any temperature from the freezing point to eighty degrees below; very long and heavy felt boots known in Siberia as valenki; a quantity of provisions consisting chiefly of tea, sugar, bread, condensed milk, boiled ham, frozen soup in cakes, and a couple of roasted geese. After having packed our heavy baggage as carefully as possible in the bottom of the pavoska, so as to make a comparatively smooth and level foundation, we stuffed the interiors with pillows and cushions; covered the somewhat lumpy surface to a depth of twelve or fourteen inches with straw; spread down over all our spare overcoats, blankets, and the big sheepskin bag; stowed away the bread, boiled ham, and roasted geese in the straw, where we could sit on them and thus protect them to some extent from the intense cold; and finally, filled the whole back of the pavoska with pillows. A temperature of forty degrees below zero will turn a boiled ham into a substance that is as useless for edible purposes as the famous "chunk of old red sandstone" from Table Mountain. You can neither cut it, hammer it, break it in pieces with a sledge-hammer, and unless you have facilities for thawing it out, and time enough to waste in that way, you can no more get nourishment from it than you could get beef tea from a paleozoic fossil. Having learned this fact from sad experience, Mr. Frost and I were accustomed to put articles of food that contained no moisture either under us or into the sheepskin bag between us, where they would not freeze so hard. At ten o'clock Friday morning all was in readiness for a start, and as soon as the driver came with the horses from the post-station we sang "Home, Sweet Home" as a prelude to the next act, wrapped up the banjo carefully in a soft rug and put it behind our pillows, took seats in the pavoska with our feet and legs thrust down into the capacious sheepskin bag, and rode away from the Hotel Deko amid a chorus of good-bys and shouts of "May God grant you a safe journey!" from the assembled crowd of servants and clerks.—[Century.]

writer, but I've often suspected that he had a large family of daughters, and hence preached against the abomination of fine clothes from the standpoint of economy. Certain it is that Cornelia's jewels, of which she was so proud, were both boys, and it is quite likely that had they been girls she would not have been so eager to call them into the room and show them off, for they would have been sure to cry out in the same breath: "Oh, mamma, buy us some of these pretty gowns!" This silly prejudice against girl babies took its rise in barbarous and semi-barbarous times when the chiefs longed for sons to take up their battles where they left them off. Girls couldn't fight. Thank heaven for that; but they may look beautiful and carry sunshine into the hearts and homes of men. Cornelia's two sons came to bad end. Had they been daughters they might have lived to delight their mother's old age. A mother fortunate enough to possess a daughter should avoid two dangerous extremes in feminine adornment—she should neither dress her too old nor yet too young. Youth is always beautiful, and its delicacy, its harmony, and its coloring may easily be destroyed by an unbecoming gown, or killed, as the artists term it, by too bright a color. Princesses or old gowns always look well on young girls, especially if they are slender. If the gown be made of any woolen material of becoming color, and the upper corsage, plastron and epaulettes of pongee. Close the corsage at the back with hooks. You may outline the plastron with a bias border of the woolen stuff. The skirt needs a little ornament of some kind, say several rows of narrow ribbon or galloon.

In my first illustration I present for your consideration a charming evening costume for a young miss—a dotted tulle



made up over a straw-colored surah. The skirt, plain in front, has fan pleats at the back, and is bordered with a deep flounce of gathered tulle. The corsage is made of ordinary lining and closes in the middle. The corselet is sewed on one side and hooked on the other. The basques are of the tulle. The belt and braces may be of silk or velvet, and very pretty and original costume for a child of 10 or 12 consisting of a little frock, princess style, its skirt having a

My last illustration pictures with good effect a bit of head gear for such a face. It is a pearl gray felt, the crown being trimmed with a plaid velvet ribbon, gray and French blue, with a stylish bow on the side as representative of the latest in very pretty and original costume for a child of 10 or 12 consisting of a little frock, princess style, its skirt having a

A pretty afternoon toilet for a young miss may be made up in woolen material of a turquoise blue with a square yoke ornamented with a steel galloon and framed with narrow ruffle of crepe de chine of the same tone. The corsage closes at the back with steel buttons, and is set off by a broad belt of Swiss belt made of stiff material and whalebone. On the left there is a bow of broad turquoise ribbon with long ends.

In my first illustration you will find admirably pictured two costumes for young girls, the one on the right being in cafe au lait cashmere with spots of a somewhat darker tone, and intended for a miss of sixteen or thereabouts. The lining of the corsage closes in the middle and the yoke and plastron have no seam. The yoke is ornamented with vertical bands of cornflower blue velvet. There is a turn down collar and bonnet sleeves, cut straight, ending in cuffs or



namented with encircling bands of the velvet. The belt is ornamented in the same way, and there is a rosette at the back to conceal the center. The plastron and yoke are lined with silk, and there are no darts except in the lining. The overskirt is cut toothwise, which parts are lined with silk. To make these teeth you base the stuff on a band of silk, stick out the teeth in outline and cut away the superfluous stuff; then

turn under the edges. The band of silk is fastened to the skirt by invisible stitches. The skirt is finished with a band of the cashmere, about twelve inches deep, and ornamented with three rows of the ribbon. The teeth must be caught here and there to this band. The skirt is gathered at the waist and has numerous pleats at the back. The corsage closes at the back. The velvet reversers are held in place by large buttons; cuffs in same style. The velvet belt has a large bow at the back. It is a charming make-up for a little girl.

While striving to help out anxious mothers by suggesting combinations and styles in dress, I must not fail to direct their attention to that of beautifying the person which lies outside the sphere of the designer of modes and makers of gowns. I refer to the selection of proper corsets for young misses, so that the symmetry of the figure may be maintained or defects corrected who's the body is supple and pliable; and to the care of the hair, the hands, the feet, the skin, the teeth and, particularly, to the cultivation of grace of carriage, without which the most dainty costume is utterly void and without any effect. One often sees shapely little heads marred by too projecting ears. This is a defect which may easily be remedied if taken in time. Train up a child in the way she should go, may with equal justice be applied to the physical as moral education. An intelligent mother will watch most jealously over any marked point of beauty in a young



daughter—skin, eyes, hands or feet—for as the child grows toward womanhood this point of beauty may become the sole stock-in-trade, so to speak, and it is a well-known fact that one well-defined and high pronounced point of beauty will often make a young girl's fortune. Difficult as it is to make a gown that will not rob a child of that delicate expression of youth, that softness and delicacy, that pastel look as distinct as the sharp outlines of a pen-and-ink drawing, yet it is still more difficult to devise a bit of headgear that will accentuate and emphasize rather than injure or destroy the sweetness of the little face, spiritualized by its masses of tangled curls or encircled by tawny, silken tresses, like a snow scene in a golden frame. I have a couple of hints for you in this line.

In my third illustration you will find a lovely little hat for a child—a cream felt, trimmed with a folded band of cream woolen stuff with bows back and front and large and small pink winns, making a very dainty and delicate head covering, from underneath which the loosened tresses of a wee and winsome maiden curl with charming effect.

We often observe a delightful expression of pliancy in a child's face, and so attractive is it that we turn to take a second look at the mixture of mischief and demureness, of dignity and sauciness, and every man is a father and every woman a mother when gazing at such a pliant little face. The greatest care should be taken not to set any sort of headgear on that little miss which might in any way disturb this exquisite bit of nature's own harmony. Such a face has the power to stay a mother's first vacillation or set bounds to a father's downward course: in fact, hold man and wife together when all other earthly power has failed.

My last illustration pictures with good effect a bit of head gear for such a face. It is a pearl gray felt, the crown being trimmed with a plaid velvet ribbon, gray and French blue, with a stylish bow on the side as representative of the latest in very pretty and original costume for a child of 10 or 12 consisting of a little frock, princess style, its skirt having a



deep border of torchon or Valenciennes lace, or of embroidery, and a pointed centre of the same. Over this is worn quite a long loose jacket of heavier material, made with bouffant sleeves ending in deep embroidered cuffs, and having a broad square collar of lay-down collar of the lace or embroidery. Of course, the frock needs no sleeves. By exhibiting good taste in selection of materials and mode of trimming, you may achieve a very pretty result. The long corsage should rest on the waist in a flounce. To keep the top of the lace from falling, pass it through the opening of the frock, and tie it underneath the skirt. Smocking is still a popular mode of adding style to children's dresses, but it should be overdone, instead of making use of this effect on waist and sleeves both, merely content yourself with four or five rows at the throat, and resort to other modes of garniture to complete the scheme of trimming.

It is estimated that the British mines will be exhausted in less than 600 to 800 years. It is further calculated that, drawing upon only one of her fields, the Westphalia, Germany will not exhaust that before the end of the twenty-seventh century, but that by the beginning of the year 3000 the big coal fields of Bavaria and Aachen and the Silesian districts will be entirely used up.

A WOMAN living in Portsmouth, Ohio, was recently attacked and severely injured by an owl. It pounced upon her while she was in the chicken yard and clawed her savagely about the arms and shoulders before it could be driven away.

It is astonishing how much you can find out about human nature by charging 10 cents for admission.

SKIN-CLAD ESQUIMAUX.

THE STRANGE PEOPLE OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Visit of an American Expedition to the People of Iktlith—Their Peculiar Dress and Manners.

A few hours after leaving the Peary expedition at McCormack Bay at the end of July, the Arctic steamer Kite, containing the members of the Heilprin expedition, experienced a terrific gale, and for nearly three days was at the mercy of wind and tide. A gale was a new experience for her. When it first struck her she was headed for Cape Parry, and lay between the mainland and Herbert and Northumberland islands. The wind came up from the southeast, putting Herbert Island on the lee. All the officers declared that during their experience they had never before seen such a storm. At first the sea was tolerably smooth, as the high land was two miles to windward, but after a few hours it worked up into a fury.

The Kite found herself for a long time unable to steam against the wind, and rapidly drifted toward Herbert Island, where destruction on the rocks awaited her. Most of the passengers were seasick.

After several hours' hard work and frantic consumption of coal, the little vessel managed to hold her own and make a little headway. Then a thick fog and a rain storm came to complicate matters. Around in the water were countless icebergs over which the sea broke with a terrific roar. "Growlers" or ball-shaped bergs sank into the waves with a flop and then bobbed up fifteen feet above the water. One of these interesting articles under a ship would have capsized her in a second. At any moment, too, there was danger of being hemmed in between bergs and crushed into jelly. It was impossible to see more than a hundred yards ahead.

It was a tough fight, but the Kite won. She managed to get into the bay on the north side of which lies the village of Iktlith and there she lay tolerably safe, but it was necessary to steam against the wind continually. Great excitement prevailed at Iktlith, the Esquimaux running up and down on the rocks waiting the event of the struggle. The destruction of the Kite meant a fortune to them: in the way of planking, yet, savage and untamed as they are, none aboard believed that they wished harm to the party.

On our upward trip we had visited these natives of Iktlith. We found them dressed in the skins of white bears, seals and reindeer, their caps being of bird-skin sewed together, with the feathers in side. Very little difference could be seen between the costumes of the men and women. The latter did not have the hair dressed in the turreted knots worn by the women in Danish Greenland, but let it hang straight down. In both sexes it was long and wavy. There was a difference, however, between their footgear and that of the men. It was of skin, but prepared in some manner so that it was almost white and smooth, not unlike white kid gloves.

By signs they expressed their willingness to trade. Members of the party had supplied themselves with cheap jewelry, needles, knives and knick-knacks at Godhavn and each man had his pockets stuffed with common plug tobacco. On landing I sought to conciliate a man and woman who were pointing their mouths by giving them half a plug apiece. They seized it and bit at it with every appearance of enthusiasm, but they soon spat it out and threw it away. It was found later that the use of tobacco was absolutely unknown to them and they seemed warmed when a sailor lighted a pipe.

Lying on the ground near the tents were carved up seal and walrus carcasses and four beautiful walrus heads badly decomposed. The latter were purchased by the scientists for a knife or two or a few needles. Nothing seemed to have a fixed price. Mr. Ashhurst gave a dagger nine inches long and a couple of needles for a walrus skull, while some one else was buying another skull for three needles. Half a dozen good specimens of the horn of the narwhal, two of them so lately cut from the animals that they were covered with blood, were obtained for knives, pieces of wood and seal skinners. A spear, a dog sled of bone and wood and one of the three tents were also bought. The only things they would not part with were their kayaks and their children. I offered one of the young mother's sheath knife for her little boy, aged about two years. I extended the knife, pointed to the child, then to the ship, and made a gesture indicating a long distance away. She understood what I meant, but gave strong signs of dissent and hugged the youngster to her breast.

All the mothers appeared very much attached to their offspring, comforting them or giving them toys when they cried. They had little bone images of bears, dogs and men to play with. I found also a remnant of a toy sledge. When the tent was sold the family from over whose head it was taken seemed immensely tickled at the joke. The woman sat with her child on the pile of skins used for a bed as contentedly as if the loss of a home were of no importance. They didn't seem to want to part with the wood framework of the tent, and one woman got a long piece of it away, and all attempts to find it were fruitless. This tent, by the way, was taken for the ethnological exhibit of the Chicago World's Fair.

So valuable did they consider the wood that as soon as they got any from members of the party it was carried and placed by the dogs. There were two teams of these tied up to keep them from the piles of blubber that lay around. Of the other articles given to them they took no care, leaving them about in their tents. It must have seemed to them that wood was of great value that to resist the temptation to steal it must be impossible. But they were tolerably honest; there were some things apparently belonging to absentee natives that they would not sell at all.

Little in the way of furniture cluttered the tents. In the rear was a pile of skins, the standard coin, which served as the family bed. Near the entrance, which could be covered with a skin and a piece of bladder soaked in oil for a window, was a fireplace, a dish of seal oil used to heat the tent, to melt the ice and snow and to dry the clothing. A few bone receptacles stood by the fire, but it was not certain that they were meant for anything but melting purposes, as the people ate their blubber raw when the Kite party were there.

A child would seize a strip of blubber, stuff its mouth full of it and then cut off with a sharp knife all that would not fit in the mouth.

Two of the children came off with some of the men to the Kite when the latter were after their pay for the house and sled. They were given sugar, which

they tasted and spat out. Crackers and ship's biscuit, however, they revealed in. When I showed them their faces in a looking glass they expressed great surprise and pleasure.

The men showed a good deal of interest in the firearms and asked for a breech-loading rifle; but some one gave them an empty flour barrel and they seemed quite as well satisfied. They were allowed to fire off some of the guns and they seemed to enjoy the experience. The oldest man in the settlement, who was not over thirty-five years and who was blind in one eye, showed an old-fashioned muzzle loading rifle and said in English "powder" and "captain," evidently meaning that perhaps the skipper would give him gunpowder. It was fitted with a nipple and a hammer fixed at the side of the gun instead of above it, and one of the sights that had dropped off was replaced by one made of bone.

These natives had undoubtedly come in contact with white men, as has been stated, but probably not for a great many years, as their civilized implements were very worn and ancient. A small tool-chest in one of the tents contained some steel articles, and the handles being of English make, it was evident that they were their own. One woman had a thimble, and they begged very hard for some more, but the party had only one.

Distant from the tent settlement about a quarter of a mile was the winter quarters of these people—domed huts of rock, the interiors of which are reached by crawling on the hands and knees through low, narrow passages; this arrangement being of course to keep out the cold. Dr. Kane, in his "Arctic Explorations," says that the temperature of one of these huts can be kept at 90 degrees Fahrenheit with an ordinary small seal oil lamp when the temperature of the outside air is minus 40 degrees. So hot is it that it is impossible to wear fur clothing, and all hands peel off every stitch.

At the back of a hut is a sort of divan made of slabs of flat stone raised a foot above the level of the floor. This is the sleeping place, raised probably for the sake of the extra warmth and dryness. When winter sets in these huts are covered with snow, and the natives keep out the wind very effectively. These are not to be confounded with the temporary snow houses set up in the winter.

Along the hillside back of the houses and tents was the Esquimaux cemetery, a dreary enough resting place for these poor mortals. The bodies are laid on the bare rock and then covered over with stones sufficiently to keep the wild animals from getting at them. It was in precisely the same manner that their seals and blubber are packed in human bodies and blubber decomposed slowly, the order being almost imperceptible. It is lucky that there is very little that smells in these high latitudes, for around all the dwellings were piles of rotten animal substance—blubber, bones, offal and the offscourings of the kitchen.

The Chicago Exposition management, through Professor Putnam, of Harvard, arranged for Peary to secure an Esquimaux weighing six bodies and other relics, contributing \$1,000 to the expedition, and promising another \$1,000 on delivery of the specimens.—[New York Herald.]

Fan and the Monkey.

A gentleman who held a judicial position in India tells this story: I was a magistrate in those days, and Fan, a favorite dog of mine, always went to court with me and sat on a chair by my side. I had a tame monkey, too, which Fan was very fond of. I used to couple them together, and they played about the grounds very happily.

One day I expected some friends to luncheon. I was in court, and somehow or other I had left Fan at home that day. As I was rather late at my work my friends arrived before I came home, and seeing Fan they dressed the monkey up in his red jacket and blue trousers, and fastening his chain round the neck, with a card tied round it, on which was written "Mulligatwnny is getting cold," told Fan to go to my master. Well, Fan set off, the monkey running by his side and trying in vain to hold his back, by hanging to the chain. I was busy writing down the evidence, and took no notice of Fan jumping up into his usual position upon the chair, nor even looking at her, but my attention was soon attracted by the monkey, who, in full uniform, seated himself on the table, and put one hand into the ink, while with the other he seized the pen I was writing with, to