

# The Democratic Sentinel

RENSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEEN, PUBLISHER.

If there were a "strike" at a clock factory now, one could see weighty reasons for it.

Full many a can of purest kerosene  
Doth expedite the slowly kindling fire;  
Full many a Bridget, Maggie, or Kathleen  
Doth by its aid join the celestial choir.

A few theatrical men are talking of abolishing bill boards. If they could do away with board bills it would be more to the purpose.

BERNHARDT, Langtry, Patti, and Mary Anderson are writing books. They will be offered to the soap trade at a liberal discount for use as premiums.

The man who has the courage to fall in trying to do right, rather than succeed in wrong, is the real hero, no matter whether he wears a paper cap or a crown on his head.

That war cloud in Europe has become so dense and threatening that there is no telling what might happen if an American rainmaker with a few bombs should go over there and begin experimenting.

PUCK has been cut off the list of papers in the reading-rooms of the Boston Public Library, because it is not considered healthy reading for the young. Boston takes life too seriously to laugh at jokes.

AFTER a five-years' term in the penitentiary, Mr. J. Finley Hoke, the thrifty bank cashier who robbed a Peoria bank of \$200,000 and fled to Canada, is now free and can go where he pleases with his money. Forty thousand dollars a year is a good salary for a man to earn in prison.

When men, weary with the world's battle, return to the shelter of their own home, they need the kindness, the refinement, the high cultivation, the usefulness, the gentle piety which woman as she was meant to be knows how to afford him. The cultivation of a woman's mind cannot be a cultivation proper to her—to her constitution, her marked gifts, her work in the world.

The latest thing is a "repairing outfit" of shoemakers' tools that enables the thrifty father of a family to do his own shoe mending and dispense with the services of cobblers entirely. The worst thing about this invention is that it seems to be the work of some experienced shoemaker who wants to get rich at the expense of his brethren.

The numerous accidents which befall people who confide in the happy-go-lucky ministrations of boy drug clerks ought to serve as warnings, but they do not. Some additional legislation seems needed before the public can feel certain that no ignorant or person of immature judgment will be found in the position of a dispensing clerk. Children cannot be allowed to clerk.

The conduct of that spirited girl in a town close to New York City, who publicly horsewhipped a man because he had followed and accosted her on the streets on every possible occasion for three years, will meet with general approval. But it is too much to hope that it will serve as a salutary lesson to the race of "mashers." Those unworthy persons are possessed of such overweening conceit that each thinks such a mishap could never occur to him. Yet horsewhips are cheap and American girls are plucky.

WHAT will Stanley Africanus say to the news that Emin Pasha claims to have discovered the real and only Simon-pure source of the Nile? There is a touch of bitterness in Emin's triumphant announcement, as much as to imply, "Oh, yes; you thought a bug-hunter couldn't find sources! But here they are, and all the others are spurious." Having thus set his trademark at the springs of ancient Nile, Emin is getting warlike, and talks of engaging the Mahdi of the moment in battle. But 'twere well to be prudent, for the Mahdi is a bad man with a bad eye, and he and his have already brought more than one white exploring expedition to grief.

That ancient suggestion that railway accidents be avoided by strapping a member of the board of directors to the engine might not, it appears, prove effective after all. The ex-president of the road and his wife were on the Monon train which met with a serious accident at Crawfordsville, Ind. In the reports of the disaster, which was a horrible one, the statement is made that "it was due to a loose rail, two section-hands being at work on it at the time." That the condition of the rail should have been known and still no effort made to warn an approaching passenger train is a startling evidence of the happy-go-lucky system which prevails on too many railroads.

STANLEY is lecturing in Australia, and tells an interviewer there that "Emin Pasha is an utterly indecisive man—a man with no mind of his own—a man just suited, for instance, for a lady's afternoon tea party." The fact that immediately after escaping from Stanley's janitor's Emin made his way back to the very spot in the depths of the African jungle whence he had been "rescued," while Stanley has ever since been dangling at the apron-strings of rich women on the

outlook for celebrities, or chasing the almighty dollar to its lair in the lecture bureau, suggests that the pseudo-American explorer is snapping and snarling at the heels of a great man.

NEW SOUTH WALES is fortunate in the possession of a jurist who for a clear insight into the principles of justice out-Daniels Daniel. The biographical encyclopedia dodge for making money out of the vanity of men is as popular in that antipodean region as it is here. Into the court of this worthy judge came the publisher of "Australian Men of Mark," suing a subscriber. The defendant pleaded that he had subscribed for the work on the representation that it would contain his biography, but found it did not and refused to accept it. The judge, however, took a comprehensive view of the case and ruled all contracts for the work void on the ground that its title "Men of Mark" was a humbug and a fraud, as the biographies were those of nonentities willing to pay the price. Carried to its logical conclusion that decision would make life miserable for the theatrical managers who advertise competent actors and clever comedies.

While the horrible and criminal railroad slaughters of late are receiving such universal condemnation, there is another matter directly connected which should be denounced, and for which prompt remedy should be provided. Immediately after the disastrous rear collision at Hastings, word that it had occurred flashed over the country, and thousands, whose relatives were imperiled in the accident, were eager to learn the fate of their loved one. Many of those who came out of the wreck alive hastened at once to telegraph assurance of their safety to those so anxiously awaiting it. But the operator at Hastings would receive no such telegrams. He coolly and unfeelingly refused them, saying that it was in accordance with orders from headquarters. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, were at home stricken with fear, and enduring the agony of terrible suspense, but no word of comfort could be sent them. The railroad company had ordered otherwise. Had the wires been burdened with messages for surgeons, medicines, nurses, and other means of relief, there might have been some excuse for the cold-blooded order, but no such explanation is offered. When a corporation becomes thus soulless, some way should be found to force upon it a semblance of feeling.

We have been inclined to give to Dr. Leslie E. Keeley no small credit for the good he has apparently done in curing thousands of inebriates of the disease of drunkenness. It makes no difference whether his remedy is truly bi-chloride of gold or permanent potash; it does the work he claims for it, and thousands testify to his sincerity of purpose. But there must be something malevolent in the man's make-up, after all. He announces that he has been highly successful in the prevention and cure of the grip, and, unlike his attitude on the jag specific, he is willing to disclose to the public the remedy he uses. But horrors! It's assafetida! The doctor's prominence in the medical world insures that a multitude of people will adopt his suggestion. And just think of the stupendous joke he will enjoy! We can all remember when, in our school days, a bag of assafetida hung around the neck was an infallible protection against measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, diphtheria, chicken pox, or whatever else may have been prevalent. It surely was a protection, for no one with the olfactory-paralyzing odor was allowed to get within gun-shot distance of anybody else, sick or well, unless the second party, taking advantage of the similibi similibi curantur idea, was also fortified by the magic bag. And now Dr. Keeley proposes that four grains of the unspeakably stinking stuff should be taken four times a day, by any one who either fears or experiences the grip. And hundreds will do it. So whenever you meet a man who smells like a combination of bi-sulphide of carbon, glue factory, and the modern society girl, you may know that Keeley, the exorciser of the drink demon, has scored another victim. After all, we shouldn't wonder if it was a long-headed scheme on his part. He may have pretty thoroughly exhausted the supply of inebriates, and be alarmed at the prospect of empty infirmaries. And if he can induce a part of sober mankind to adopt his cure for the grip, there is certainly nothing that would drive the balance to drink any more quickly or persistently.

Cotton in Turkestan.  
Turkestan is beginning to develop her resources in the matter of growing cotton, just as the Southern States are giving less attention to the staple and more to other crops. Turkestan produced 97,200,000 pounds of cotton last year, but her crop this year is 30 per cent greater, reaching 126,000,000 pounds. It is expected that a still more rapid development will take place in the future, as labor-saving machines have been introduced, and more attention than heretofore is being given to irrigation and planting.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Scrubbing Brush for Potatoes.  
It is next to impossible to wash potatoes perfectly clean by hand. The use of a little scrubbing brush, such as may be purchased at from 5 to 10 cents, will soon make their jackets fresh and clean, so that they will be fit to be brought on the table roasted.

Old Furniture Restored.  
Cracks in furniture may be filled with Indian red or burnt umber to get the desired shade. When dry it will take on equal polish.



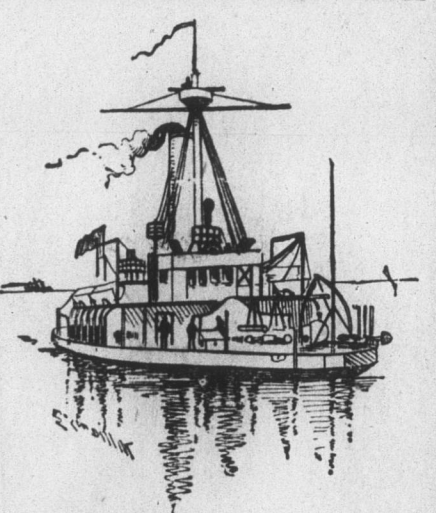
UNCLE SAM: "Things seem to be comin' our way."

## TESTING BIG GUNS.

Recent Trial of Those on Our New Iron-clad Monitor.  
The recent test of the big ten-inch guns of the double-turreted ironclad monitor Miantonomah attracted great attention in naval circles, and seems to have been satisfactory so far as definite results were reached. The tests were made in Gardiner's Bay, where there is a clear range of over ten miles, and were at first somewhat interfered with by rough, unfavorable weather. The trial was the more interesting from the fact that it was the first time in the history of the navy that immense rifles like those mounted on the Miantonomah had ever been fired on a coast-defense vessel.

There are four of the ten-inch guns, three of which were made in England and one in Bethlehem, Pa. The Bethlehem gun, which is mounted in the after turret, is one foot shorter than the English guns, but has the same caliber as the others. The difference, however, of a foot in the length of the gun makes a difference of one ton in its weight as compared with the others, the English gun weighing twenty-seven tons, and the Bethlehem gun weighs only twenty-six.  
The armament of the Miantonomah, says Frank Leslie's, is not confined to these great guns. She carries a secondary battery which is inferior to none in the service in point of efficiency, consisting of two three-pound Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns and two thirty-seven millimeter revolving cannon. There are also two of the new Driggs-Schroeder rapid-fire guns. It is stated, as illustrating their destructive power, that these guns throw a shell weighing six pounds four times a minute, these shells being filled with high explosives, and having a range of three miles. At the range of a mile their effect on the decks of a thickly peopled man-of-war would be simply terrific.

The Miantonomah's complement during her cruise consisted of eleven officers and 132 men, but only five of these officers and sixteen men were required in the actual working of both batteries; the guns and turrets are worked by hydraulic machinery—the guns are depressed, loaded, elevated and run out, and the turrets turned by machinery, and the firing is done



by an electric battery. The shots from the great guns were not fired at any target, but merely sent over the water at a slight elevation of the guns, the object being to test the recoil. Twenty shots in all were fired from the great guns in the turrets. The Driggs-Schroeder and Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns were fired from the hurricane deck, the elevated structure between the two turrets, and the revolving cannon were worked in the military mast tops.

## THE SPEAKER'S WIFE.

A Life with Much of Romance, More of Worry and Most of Success.

The position of the wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives is very near the topmost niche in Washington's social structure. She who now holds that place is a most interesting and lovable woman. The wife of the Speaker is one of Georgia's daughters, born at Ellaville, Seely County, near where she has spent most of her life. She was educated at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., where she remained until she had reached the interesting age of 18. She then returned to her home, entered society and met the young lawyer, Mr. Crisp, who had just been admitted to the bar.

It seems to have been a case of love at first sight, as only a short time elapsed before the young couple decided to elope and get married, since the parental approval was entirely wanting. They accordingly went to a neighboring village, where the ceremony was quietly performed at the house of a friend. The astonished parents, who had no substantial reason for their opposition, promptly forgave the young people and the incident was soon forgotten.

Mrs. Crisp is a brunette, tall and slender, with a sweet and sympathetic face, upon which one can see the lines that denote physical suffering. For eighteen years she has suffered untold agony from her attacks of inflammatory rheumatism. Of late years she has been quite unable to make any calls, and her circle of friends consists generally of the wives of members who live in the same hotel.

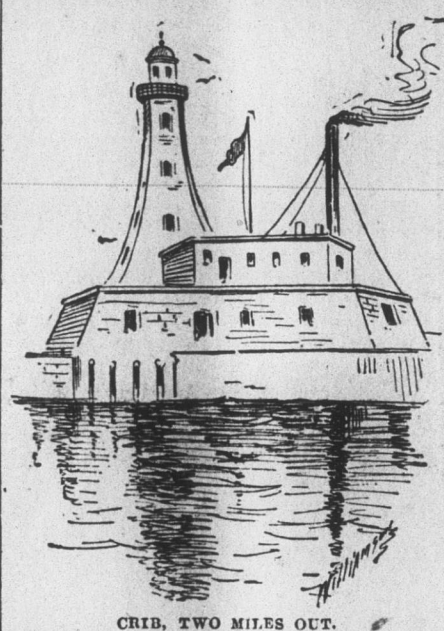
Mrs. Crisp spends most of her leisure

in preparing a scrapbook of newspaper clippings concerning her husband's doings. If she ever leaves the house it is to go to the Capitol to hear and see Mr. Crisp at his work. As a young lady she was an excellent model, but her serious illness compelled her to drop all practice and study in that direction.

## 'T WAS A DRY DAY.

Chicago's Water Supply Cut Off for Over Eight Hours.

Chicago went dry one day recently. With her 1,800 saloons and a body of water like Lake Michigan in close proximity, the statement may seem somewhat remarkable, but it is true nevertheless. It is now more than twenty years since Chicago had a like experience. The great fire crippled the water-works and for several days



CRIP, TWO MILES OUT.

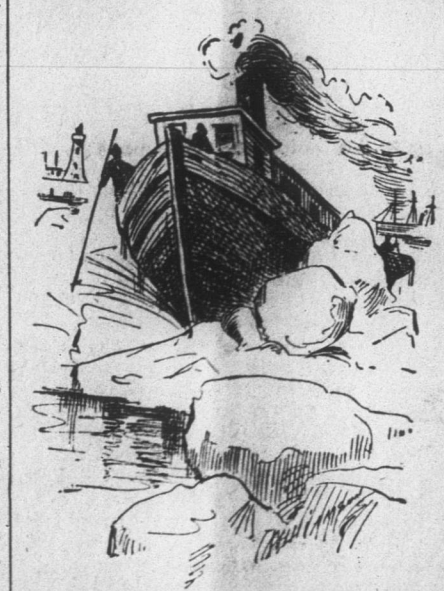
the usual supply was entirely cut off. Since then there have been temporary interruptions of flow, and at times the citizens were called on to be economical, but the supply was never so nearly exhausted as it was last week. The consequences were in many cases deplorable, in others laughable. Many establishments were forced to shut down for want of the water wherewith to make steam, and at least one explosion was reported as a direct result of the inadequate supply. The hotels and restaurants found it impossible to meet the billious and lavatory requirements of their patrons, hundreds of residents had to go without coffee for breakfast and use snow water for washing, if they washed at all.

Fortunately the deprivation did not interfere with the interior transit, as the cable-house reservoirs had a sufficient reserve on hand for the emergency or made arrangements to haul water from the lake. But at the Stock Yards there was a serious suspension of activity, and many of the animals suffered intense thirst.

Chicago gets her water supply from cribs located a considerable distance out in the lake, and the trouble was at these cribs. Ice formed in the port-holes, completely blocking up the passages through which the water normally flows into the intakes. It may seem strange, and the result of gross carelessness, that such an accident should be permitted to occur at a comparatively mild temperature when several severe winters without any annoyance from that cause have been passed through. But the fact is the city had the extraordinary experience of eighteen days of consecutive frost, and, worst of all, the water in the lake is phenomenally low. It is said to be a foot and a half below city datum, the latter being regarded as the minimum when it was taken as the standard, about forty-five years

ago. This means that the openings at the cribs, which would ordinarily be so far below the surface as to be out of the reach of frost, are now within the freezing area. It would be too much to say the evil could not have been prevented with due care. The fact is, the condition was so novel that it seems not to have been fully anticipated, though some trouble was looked for, and the force of fifteen men at the two-mile crib was recently doubled as a precautionary measure. Snow and ice accumulated near the openings and on a level with them, and was then carried inside, blocking up the apertures faster than it could be cleared away.

Tugs and fireboats loaded with ice cutters and divers were hurried out through the frozen lake to remove the obstruction. Fortunately the milder weather that set in did not produce such large quantities of fresh



TUG HEATING THROUGH THE ICE TO THE CRIB.

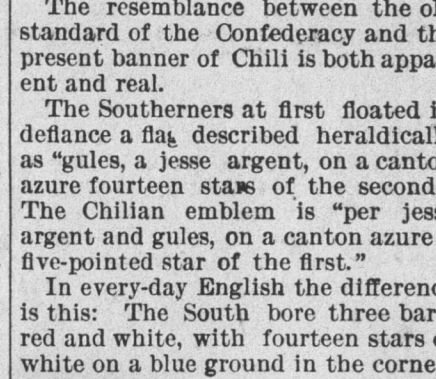
ice as to increase the difficulty, and permitted the laborers to contend to better advantage with that already accumulated. The deprivation was so short-lived that comparatively little harm was done by the failure of the pumping-engines to do their usual work, but it was a pretty bad scare while it lasted, not the least element of uneasiness being the dread of fire breaking out while the water was shut off. The city was entirely without water for over eight hours.

Shades in False Teeth.  
It is a fact that is not generally known that false teeth have to be made to suit the complexion if satisfactory results are desired. A dentist walking on Chestnut street called attention to this fact as he passed a lady who in smiling showed a beautiful set of the whitest teeth. "Those teeth are too white," he said. "She is a blonde and ought to have bluish-white teeth. A brunette can wear clear white teeth, but blondes should have bluish or cream tinted." Then he mentioned that a friend of his had put in a set of perfectly white teeth for a lady who is very fair. He did it against his own judgment and only after the lady insisted strongly on it. She wore the set a few days and went back, saying the teeth were too conspicuous. She took a dark set the second time, and they cannot be told from natural ones. In all dentists have as many as thirty different shades in false teeth, and have to exercise much care in the selection.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It is striking resemblance to that of the Late Confederacy.  
Should the armies of the United States finally engage the Chilians, the veterans of '60-'61 will be startled at seeing the stars and bars once more opposing them in a desperate struggle.

The resemblance between the old standard of the Confederacy and the present banner of Chili is both apparent and real.  
The Southerners at first floated in defiance a flag described heraldically as "gules, a Jesse argent, on a canton azure fourteen stars of the second." The Chilian emblem is "per Jesse argent and gules, on a canton azure a five-pointed star of the first."

In every-day English the difference is this: The South bore three bars, red and white, with fourteen stars of white on a blue ground in the corner;

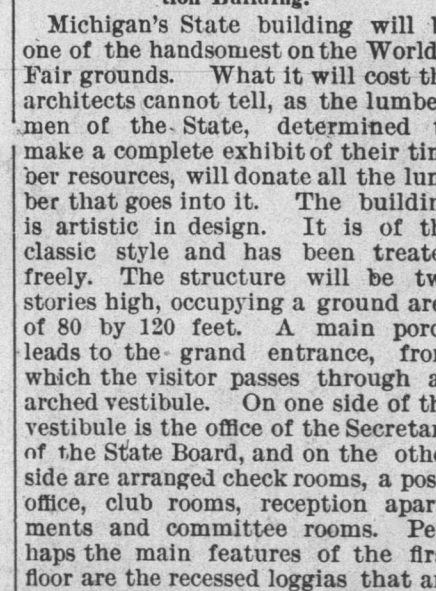


CHILE'S BATTLE FLAG.

The South Americans have two bars, white and red, with a single white star on a blue ground in the corner. Both were evidently framed from our own stars and stripes. The identity of the field of the two divided, as is ours, into white and red; the star or stars of white on the blue background in the upper corner, like the great North American constellation, now containing so proudly forty-four points of brightness and Union; the colors dear in song and story of red, white and blue, all point to an identical desire to pattern after the Great Republic.

AT THE BIG FAIR.  
Michigan's Handsome Columbian Exposition Building.  
Michigan's State building will be one of the handsomest on the World's Fair grounds. What it will cost the architects cannot tell, as the lumbermen of the State, determined to make a complete exhibit of their timber resources, will donate all the lumber that goes into it. The building is artistic in design. It is of the classic style and has been treated freely. The structure will be two stories high, occupying a ground area of 80 by 120 feet. A main porch leads to the grand entrance, from which the visitor passes through an arched vestibule. On one side of the vestibule is the office of the Secretary of the State Board, and on the other side are arranged check rooms, a post-office, club rooms, reception apartments and committee rooms. Perhaps the main features of the first floor are the recessed loggias that are so arranged as to form secluded retreats for resting places. Big fireplaces are built at convenient places on the first floor. One of these is 8x24 feet, and in cold weather logs shipped from Michigan will blaze in it.

On the second floor are two large rooms, 36x68 feet, which will be used for special exhibits from Michigan, and perhaps as assembly rooms. A



MICHIGAN'S BUILDING.

rotunda 30 feet in diameter extends through both floors and terminates at the roof in an observatory, from which a good view of the Exposition grounds and buildings can be had.

## FUN FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

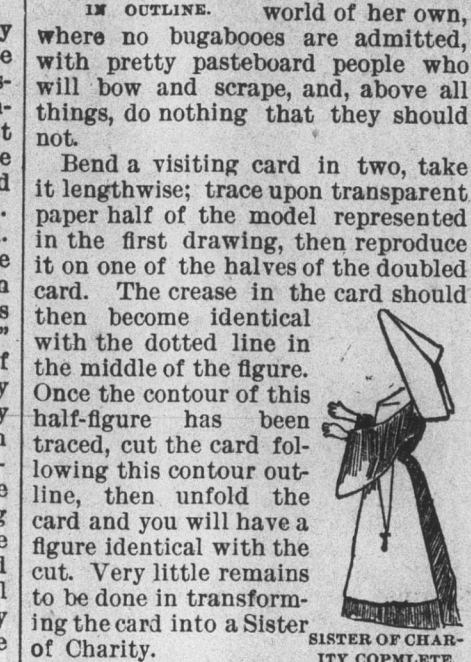
QUAINT FIGURES MADE FROM PASTEBOARD.

Sisters of Charity and Small Girls in Sunbonnets—A Pastime That Will Keep Idle Hands Out of Mischief for Hours at a Time—The Necessary Materials.

Card Board Curiosities.

Not every one is aware that the visiting cards which accumulate in most houses with such perplexing rapidity may be put to strange and pleasing uses, keeping idle hands out of mischief for hours at a time. Out of the stiff and chilly pasteboard cheery clowns and nimble puppets may be fashioned for the amusement of the small folk. Scarcely less entertaining and perhaps easier for young and impatient fingers to construct are Sisters of Charity and their little charges.

The necessary materials are within the reach of all—several visiting cards, some stiff white paper, a black pencil, a pencil with one end red and the other blue, and a pair of scissors. With these, if one is only nimble and exact with her fingers, she can



SISTER OF CHARITY PEOPLE A LITTLE OUTLINE.

Bend a visiting card in two, take it lengthwise; trace upon transparent paper half of the model represented in the first drawing, then reproduce it on one of the halves of the doubled card. The crease in the card should then become identical with the dotted line in the middle of the figure. Once the contour of this half-figure has been traced, cut the card following this contour outline, then unfold the card and you will have a figure identical with the cut. Very little remains to be done in transforming the card into a Sister of Charity.

Rebend the card once more following the middle or median line. Bring forward the two arms following the dotted lines of the model, then form the cap by making two long oblique folds. Of course you may vary the shape according to your own ideas or according to the customary hat wear.

Charity you may have in mind, but remember, it must come very far forward to cover the absence of the face, because it must be confessed right here that you can not make faces out of visiting cards.

Color the skirt dark blue with the crayon, and also the flowing sleeves that the sister wears, leaving the front of the skirt quite white to represent the apron. Design the rosary and a hanging bunch of keys, and if you want to perfect the figure place in her hand a little wax taper to represent a candle, or a little piece of banded paper to represent a mass book.

You may be surprised to see that the sister's small pupil has four legs in the outline. Do not be alarmed. When the card LITTLE GIRL, upon which the demi-com-plete, tour of the model is traced is bent back two of these superfluous legs will be cut off, leaving just one on either side for her to stand on. If, however, these supports prove insufficient, the little girl's feet may be inserted in the crack of a split cork. Then she will be able to stand up boldly and face even a high wind. With the colored pencil her frocks and stockings may be given just that color which is most becoming to her.

If a still larger family of cardboard people seems desirable, it is quite possible to manufacture them in whole rings by folding and cutting the paper properly. Take a generous square, fold it in two; by a perpendicular fold bend it into four; then crease it in the middle and you will have the bit of paper folded into eight sections. On one side of the folded paper trace the model of the half sister and half girl, being sure to have their hands clasped one in the other. Cut with one stroke of the scissors the eight thicknesses of paper, following the outline. On unfolding the sheet you will find four sisters and four little girls holding hands in a cozy circle. The figures must be colored with the greatest care, as they are very fragile, especially at the juncture of the hands. The folds in each case should be made as in the single figures, and the superfluous legs must be amputated. When completed the circle may not be able to dance without some assistance, but it will stand splendidly. Place it upon a stiff piece of pasteboard with green paper gummed over it, and if you have any imagination at all you will see merry figures at play upon the green sward of a well-kept lawn.

## The Urrly Man.

A small boy made a big fat woman furiously angry and a car-load of people very merry, says the Kansas City Times. He was sitting down quietly when this portly woman came in. As nobody got up to give her a seat, she stood in the aisle at the mercy of the bumps and twists and turns of the road. The car had gone about two blocks, when the small boy got up, and in a whisper that could be heard all through the car, said: "I'll be one of three men to give the lady a seat."

## A Little Child's Science.

A little child of my acquaintance was looking out of a window one bright sunny day not long ago. Far out in the field lay a tin can, so placed that it reflected the rays of Old Sol in all its glory.

The child glanced up in the sky, but the sun was not there. It was back of him on the other side of the

house. He took another look at the dazzling light in the field, and then, clapping his little hands with glee, he cried: "Oh, mamma, the sun's fell; may I go get it?"—Wilmington Star.

New Abbreviation.  
A lady tells a story of a young man who had come from the country to the city in which she lived, and in a short time fancied himself equal to any social emergency. He never asked advice upon questions of etiquette, and therefore made many mistakes.

At one time the lady issued cards to a dancing party, and among the invited guests she included this rather conceited and exceedingly awkward young man. He had to be out of town at the date of the party, and so was unable to accept the invitation. At the foot of the card he read the letters, R.S.V.P., and was much perplexed as to their meaning. However, he was nothing daunted by his ignorance, and wrote a note declining the invitation in as formal and stilted terms as he could command, and after signing his name added the letters, M.S.C.C.

On his return after the party, he went to call on the lady, and in the course of the conversation asked: "By the way, Mrs. G., what did you mean by R.S.V.P. at the end of the invitation you sent me?"

Without a note of surprise in her polite voice the hostess replied: "Why, they stand for the French phrase, 'Repondez, s'il vous plait'—'Answer, if you please.'"

Then said the young man with a tone of satisfaction: "So I was all right. I thought I should hit it in my answer."

"Oh, by the way, now that you speak of it, I do wish to ask you what M.S.C.C. stand for. I can not imagine, nor can I find any one who has ever seen the abbreviation used," said the courteous hostess.

"That meant 'Mighty sorry couldn't come.' I should think that was plain enough," said the visitor, airily.

## Higher Education of Women.

The higher education for women is undoubtedly an excellent and commendable thing, but it is open to question if it may not get too high for the best practical utility, says the Boston Jester. I number among my acquaintances a most charming young woman, who has devoted a number of her more recent years to the general furishing of an intellect naturally bright. As a result, she scintillates with a continuousness and readiness that at once dazzle and delight. She knows as much about literature as the late Lowell, and she handles the piano with a touch altogether Paderewskish. She has also given much earnest thought to the Rig Vedas of the ancient Hindus, and also to theosophy. She is, in short, intellectual. These tastes naturally compel a residence in the immediate purview of Boston, but she occasionally pays a fleeting visit to her home, remotely situated in New Jersey. Thither at the recent Christmas time she went. On the breaking of Christmas morn her little brother, a young person of 4, was up early to begin the investigations of the day, and Erudita, wishing to lighten the maternal cares, essayed to dress him. Finally, after great deliberations and frequent experiments, he was duly attired. But the young man was not happy, and after the manner of his kind he soon began to snivel. "Why, my estimable brother, what is it that distresses you?" "Boo, boo! my clothes hurt me." A long and careful search utterly failed, however, to disclose anything amiss. But the tender tears still flowed like the mother appeared on the scene. "Who dressed that child?" she asked. "I did," replied her accomplished daughter. "Well, you've got his pants on hind side before."

## Never Missed His Aim.

It is supposed that we have no men nowadays who could compete on even terms with the old archers. A man named Uri Bailey recently died in Pennsylvania, who was worthy of a place with the old-time soldiers. His skill in throwing stones was said to be marvelous. He was mentally deficient but a giant physically. His aim with stones at any mark or game was as unerring as that of the most skillful handler of the rifle. He annually bagged scores of small game, pheasants, rabbits, quails and squirrels, which he killed with stones. He could kill a bird on the wing or a rabbit at full speed almost as easily as he could kill it at rest.

He had a large leathern pouch attached to one side of his coat, in which he on all occasions carried a good supply of carefully selected stones. An exhibition of his skill which was always a favorite with him was to set up a scythe blade edge toward him, and at the distance of 100 feet cut apples in halves by throwing them against the edge of the blade. He could almost exactly halve two out of every three apples he threw. Robin Hood's great feat of skill was to set up a peeled sapling at a considerable distance and split it with an arrow. We do not see that this is more difficult than splitting the apple on the scythe blade.—Rural New-Yorker.

## Bird Migrations.

A few scientists recently spent the night in the hand of Barthold's Liberty on Bedloe's Island, New York harbor, making observations on the migration of birds. They saw flocks of blackbirds, robins, thrushes, mockingbirds, woodpeckers, kingfishers, larks, sand-pipers, plovers, snipes, bobolinks, brants, ducks, and geese.

With large nets they were able to catch all the specimens necessary for examination, and when the temporary prisoners were set free they at once started southward. Hundreds of birds dashed against the statue and fell to the ground dead. Each flock seemed to have a few veterans as leaders, whose calls were answered by a rear guard. The birds that migrate at night are supposed to take their direction from the stars and not the topography of the country.

## Chinese Tea Culture.

It is estimated that 100,000,000 of the Chinese people are engaged in the culture, preparation, sale, carriage, and exportation of tea, and their interests are adversely affected by the rivalry of other countries.