

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

GEORGE WHITE, manager at a New Haven restaurant, purchased a green turtle weighing forty-nine pounds, which had been captured in Kelsey's pond, off Sandy Beach. The animal was taken to the cafe, and preparations were made for cooking it. The head of the turtle was cut off in the customary way by the head cook, assisted by Ameda Cledes, the second cook. After the head had been severed it was left for a time beside the body of the animal. About an hour after, Cledes began looking at the head, the jaws being open. He inserted the thumb of his right hand and the forefinger of the left hand, running the digits about an inch into the mouth of the animal. Almost instantly the jaws closed together, imprisoning the finger and thumb between the teeth. Cledes cried out with pain and brought to his assistance the head cook and one or two other persons present. The digits between the jaws prevented them from closing tightly together, and gave opportunity for the insertion of a steel instrument used in pulling nails from packages, and with this the jaws were pried apart far enough to allow other iron instruments to be inserted, through the aid of which the jaws were finally pried apart and Cledes' thumb and finger released. The grip of the jaws was such that the teeth nearly severed the thumb and badly lacerated the forefinger. The injury will prevent Cledes from using his right hand for some time. The head of the animal had been severed from the body fully an hour before the occurrence, but competent authorities on the actions of turtles shew that such animals will show signs of life from six to twelve hours after the head has been severed, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for the jaws to open and close for a period of six hours.

The daughter of the late W. J. Kinsey performed an act of cool bravery in Denver, Col., the other night. She saved her pet, the family horse, from burning to death. The scene of the fire was the stable adjoining the costly residence at Eleventh avenue and Pearl street, belonging to the Kinsey estate, where live the son and daughter with a housekeeper and coachman. Miss Nettie Kinsey returned from a few days' visit to Manitou. She was accompanied home by two young friends, and at 8:45 when they reached the house they found it locked. The young ladies were afraid to attempt to enter the house by a window, and Miss Kinsey concluded to wake the coachman, Arthur George, who was sleeping in the stable. When she approached the window she was apprised by the smell of smoke and the heat that the barn was on fire. Quickly the young lady recognized the gravity of the situation. She thought of the family horse, a valuable animal, and one to which she was much attached, standing in its stall crazed with fright, while the smoke and flames were nearly enveloping him. Giving the alarm to her friends the brave little lady broke the window with her umbrella and climbed in regardless of wounded and bleeding fingers. She rushed through the blinding smoke to the door, which she unlocked. Then, stripping off her jacket, she blundered into the open air. By this time the smoke and flames were so thick that the young ladies had had brought a crowd to the scene, and some one had turned in an alarm. The fire department quickly responded and the flames were subdued.

A cougar incident in Asotin County is told by (Asotin) Sentinel. John Shoemaker recently went up to Cache creek to drive home a milch cow that had a young calf. He shouldered his gun and called along his dog, and after he arrived at the place he found the cow, but discovered that a cougar had killed the calf and, after eating a part of it, was engaged in burying the remainder of the carcass under sticks and leaves. Giving the alarm to the dog and the best sought protection in the forks of a tree, where the dog held him prisoner until the arrival of Mr. Shoemaker, who took aim and fired. The cougar fell from his perch to the ground, and this so scared the dog that he ran toward his master, who, thinking he was the cougar making for him, threw his gun aside and ran. As he ran his legs could carry him as fast as his legs could. There he told a hair-raising story of the chase the cougar had given him. A party was formed and went to the scene, where they found the cougar dead at the foot of the tree, the rifle ball having entered his neck and passed into his lungs. The party on returning home, while crossing a rocky ranch, killed a wildcat measuring twenty-two inches in length. It is said to be the largest ever seen in the Joseph creek country.

WILHELM SCHMIDT, living four miles south of Cosmopolis, Ohio, has become one of the most remarkable freaks outside of the circus. He has a large, bushy, curly hair, which is unmanageable and unwilling to speak a word of English, living with his wife and daughter on an isolated little farm that yields corn and potatoes enough for the trio. A visitor, from curiosity, called on the old man and thus describes what he saw: "What proved to be Schmidt sat in an armchair. In the center of the room, as to my right, was a list of one-hundred names. Only a huge mound of hair surrounded his shoulders was visible—not a human feature to be seen. Schmidt propped his cane against his chair, and with both hands pulled this shock of hair open, showing his face, which was bleached and uncanny looking, like vegetables grown under cover. Only for a minute was the old man's face to be seen, for he dropped the curtain of hair back over it, saying in German that he did not like the light and could not endure it. The great mass of hair fell as thickly over his face in front as over the back of his head. Schmidt has worn his hair as a hiding place for his head and face for eighteen years, and steadfastly refuses to have it cut. His eyesight has been practically destroyed by having the light shut from it so long."

Mrs. D. M. MADSEN of Denison, Texas, is a lady of nerve. On a recent afternoon her little girl Mary, aged two years, was seated on the ground under a tree playing with a tin hoop, to which were attached bells. The noise of the bells attracted a large blacksnake, which crawled to the feet of the child and stretched its full length, with its head resting on her left foot. The jingle of the bells seemed to charm it, for the snake closed its eyes and was motionless. Mrs. Madsen saw the snake. She did not scream for assistance, as most women would have done under the circumstances. She darted to the child, grabbed the snake by the tail and hurled it through the air. The peculiar music of the bells, had evidently placed the snake under a spell, as it did not move until it felt the touch of Mrs. Madsen's hand.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

TESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

All She Needed—Brutal—Prophecy Based on History—Not Tallor Made, Etc., Etc.

ALL SHE NEEDED. "Do you own a heart?" he cried, wildly, brushing the dust from his knees. "Yes," she replied, blushing, "I have Tom's."

BRUTAL. Mrs. Trotter—I'm sorry you don't like this cake. The cook books say that it is anti-dyspeptic.

Mr. Trotter—I don't doubt it, my dear, but I'm willing to live and risk the dyspepsia.

PROPHECY BASED ON HISTORY. "Well, I wonder what will be the sensation of the week?" queried the telegraph editor.

"If I may be permitted to speak," ventured the horse editor, "it is likely that the sensation of the week will continue to be that tired feeling."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

NOT TALLOR MADE. Felicia Joy—Don't you think I look plump in this gown?

Mina Anne Pussley—Yes, indeed! Where did you get it made—at an upholsterer's?

NOT NAMELESS. Happy Bachelor—Well, old fellow, and what have you called the kid?

Unhappy Benedict—What haven't I called it, you mean, old man. I didn't know I had such an extensive stock of anathemas in my vocabulary.—[Ally Sloper.]

DUBIOUS. "I think I'll let my beard grow for a week," said chappie.

"Do you think it will?" asked Ethel. —[Judge.]

AN EXERCPTION. I like to watch my wife when she's Crocheting

Or when she's tattling mysteries Essaying.

I often note complacently Her shirring.

Nor does her darning prompt in me Demurring.

But I am spurred, I must allow, To quitting

When she her alabaster brow Is knitting.

THE OTHER SIDE. He—I suppose his marrying you depends on what your father finds out about him?

She—Well, partially, and partially about what he finds out about papa. Fortunately, papa has the advantage of experience.

DIDN'T WANT THE EARTH. She—Ma says I am her own darling. She will think you want the earth when you ask her for me.

He—But I don't. I only want Mars' darling.

RATHER WILY. Mrs. Slimdirt—What has made your throat so sore, Mr. Newboarder?

Newboarder—I think it must have been the steak.—[New York Weekly.]

A POLITICAL NOTE. The old gentleman was doing his best to be entertaining to Algeron, when his daughter remarked: "Excuse me, papa, but Algy and I are convinced that harmony would be promoted by the absence of third party interference."—[Washington Star.]

A FRANK CHILD. Little Kate was being introduced to an elderly maiden aunt, whom she has never seen before, innocently exclaims: "Oh, auntie, how very ugly you are!"

Being reproached by her mother, who bids her apologize and say that she is sorry, the child turns to her aunt and says seriously: "Oh, auntie, I beg your pardon, and indeed I am very sorry that you are awful ugly."

HORTICULTURAL. Full many a flower is sowed in the bright time,

When the warm sun's aglow in the sward dewy damp,

But bachelor's buttons are sowed in the night time.

In the third story, back, by the light of a lamp.

MARRIAGE IS NO FAILURE. When wedding to his seventh wife

He said: "I know what married bliss is.

And all the life I've made in life I find I've made by making Mrs."

—[New York Press.]

IT TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT. When love in his heart had taken root,

And his brain was in a whirl,

And he went at night to press his suit,

He also pressed the girl.

She at the action took no offense,

For she knew that more was meant;

In fact she thought him a man of sense,

And at once gave her consent. —[New York Press.]

POTENTIAL FOR GOOD OR EVIL. "Onions have their uses after all. They will often break up a cold."

"And sometimes an engagement."

NOT RIGHTLY NAMED. First Boy—What sort o' birds are those?

Second Boy—Those are chimney swallows.

First Boy—Get out! Their mouths ain't big 'nough. I don't believe they can swallow anything bigger than flies. —[Good News.]

SOME ADVANTAGE. Rosalie—He's an awful homely man, my dear.

Grace—Yes, but there's something in it. He's nice and rich as can be, and when he calls has only to look at the clock to stop it.

THE REGULAR PROGRAMMES. Little Mabel—If you don't stop, I'll tell mamma, and she'll tell papa, and then papa will whip you.

Little Johnny—Then I'll cry, and then grandma will give me some candy, and I won't give you any. —[Good News.]

ON SECOND THOUGHT. Jack—When she declined me I threw the engagement ring away in a rage.

Tom—What do you mean?

Jack—Well, I put it in my pocket. That's where my rage was. She was rich. —[New York Herald.]

THE DOG MUST BE PUZZLED. "I don't see how you can treat your landlady's ugly dog so kindly when he sticks his nose into your plate at dinner."

"Oh, I merely do it for appearances sake."

She sees me putting him gently on the head, but she doesn't know that at the same time I am kicking him under the table."

ONE HUNDRED STANLEYS IN A CENTURY.

A Plea for Justice to the Early Spanish Pioneers.

The World's Columbian Exposition ought to teach us many great lessons; but the best it can teach us is justice to American history. We have two things to learn. First, that the pioneering of American history was a national achievement absolutely unique in the world's history. And second, that one did not do it. No other nation in any time or land has ever made such a record in sustaining heroism and endured hardship in arms of exploration, in tenacity of occupation, in conquest at once so solidly and so humane; nor was ever a nation so ill repaid in the gratitude of its beneficiaries. And that record was the record of the Spaniard.

Justice to Spain has never become general among us. That early Spanish spirit of finding out was almost superhuman. No other mother ever bore 100 Stanleys in one century. A poor Spanish lieutenant with twenty men had pierced a continental desert and looked down into the sublimest wonder of the world, the Grand Canon of the Colorado—three full centuries before a Saxon eye ever saw it; and that was a fair but unprominent sample of the truth from Cape Horn to Colorado.

No where else has a savage world found such noble mercy at the hands of its conquerors. We have wiped the aborigine from off his own state; the Spaniard kept him alive and improved him. The Indian throughout Spanish-America is to-day more numerous than in 1492, and is a new man. There was no politics in the Spanish-American policy. From first to last, from 1492 to 1821, it has been permanent, unchanging, all comprehensive, just, humane, manly; the only noble Indian policy of all time.

And yet we have been taught to believe that the history of Spain in America was a bloody and cruel one. There were, of course, Spanish brutes, as well as other brutes, though not so commonly—and individual acts of cruelty. But the laws of Spain knew no pets, and injustice was punished. I cannot recall that English ever administered punishment for such an offense.

That later days have reversed the situation has nothing to do with the obligation of American history to do justice to the past. Why is Spain weak to-day? Why is she a drone as compared with the young giant of nations that has grown since her day in the empire she opened? Simply because she spent herself in that gigantic effort, fearless in history. She was chivalric and not commercial. England never paid any attention to the New World until it began to figure as a "business opening."—[Charles F. Lummis.]

Worst Man-Eater Known. The Calcutta Englishman contains a blood-curdling account of the doings of a man-eating leopard named Rajah in the Rajahmundry district in Bengal. The monster had destroyed 154 persons before he was brought down. His appetite for flesh, his ferocity, his cunning and his audacity were unexampled in the leopard tribe, and they would have done credit to a tiger.

He depopulated whole villages, for the mere terror of his name sent the inhabitants flying as soon as he had seized a solitary victim in his midst.

For miles around the people never ventured to leave their houses after nightfall until they heard he was dead, but this was no great hindrance to him. He would seize them from the verandas when they were smoking the evening pipe, and sometimes he penetrated the very houses in the dead of night and carried away children—often without giving the slightest alarm to the other inmates.

As a rule he killed only one person at a time; but sometimes he killed two, and on one occasion he killed three in one day. Children and old women were his favorite food. Among his victims there were but six men. He was impelled by a sheer hunger for human flesh, for he never touched the cattle.

The villagers began to think the scourge was a demon incarnate, and it was impossible to organize them for the pursuit. At length some twenty elephants were brought together for an expedition, and a flying column of British planters set forth in quest of the destroyer. They searched for some time in vain, until an old man, whose wife had been eaten, came to report that their quarry had taken refuge in a tamarind tree.

It was as he had stated, only the man-eater had hidden himself in the jungle at the foot of the tree and for the moment could not be found. The place was surrounded and the elephants advanced in close order to trample the fugitive out of his hiding-place. This maneuver succeeded, and the monster was killed. The beast was driven out of the jungle and at once killed with balls. He will become a legend in the district, and perhaps a deity.

Lucky Triplets. "The wonderful Hill triplets, of Bensalem, Bucks county, Penn., are still enjoying the biggest kind of a boom," said old Squire Doddworth, of Bristol, as he sat in a group of friends in the Bingham House lobby, and swapped experiences and news with them. "They're about ten months old now, and are still so much alike that their mother goes on a 'decorative' em with red, white and blue ribbons on the Gerolde-Gerolde plan, so as to make plain sure that they won't get mixed up in handling. Probably no kids outside of some freak babies in a dime museum ever had so many visitors call on 'em as these Hill triplets. Why, there ain't been a day since they were born that people ain't been to see 'em; and since the spring set in warm, they come in parties and picnics in the grove night to where the babies live. An' what's more, them triplets is gittin' rich fast—er'n Constable Jenkins' mare ain't trot a quarter 'f a mile. You see so's when they was able to be photographed all in a row, and ninety people out of every hundred that goes to see 'em want to see 'em from two or three to a dozen to give away to their friends. The trips always co'n kick their fat little legs up 'n' get 'em up in the face a laughin' when folks come to see 'em, and that just makes the photographs set lik hard liker on a cold night. Plagued 'f I wouldn't be most ready to say them kids was human, they show so much concern when strangers drop in. Their mother says they is just as good all the time, and so do all their seven brothers and sisters; but then they're prodigious, as is natural. All the photograph money after the photographer is paid goes into the triplets' bank and I'm told that it's beginnin' to bulge."

GRATITUDE is an actual emotion which it is safe to calculate on—in Japan. The doctom is that country where no one is ever ungrateful, and yet make a good living. Patients pay what they please.

TESTING DIAMONDS.

Inexperienced People May Tell the Real from Imitation Gems.

Ample testimony has recently appeared in scientific papers confirmatory of the fact that the hardness of diamonds is not perceptibly reduced by cutting, and polishing. One correspondent of the San Francisco Call states that in his early experience he was accustomed to select a gem with smoothly glazed surface and after the stone was split in a cleavage plane inclined at a rather sharp angle to the natural face selected, the split face being ground and polished. In this way he was enabled to obtain at several points sharp knife edges, which gave superb results in ruling.

It was soon found, however, that after ruling several thousand rather heavy lines the diamond was liable to lose its sharp cutting edge, and the experience became so frequent that he was compelled to resort to the method now employed, that of grinding and polishing both faces to a knife edge. He has one ruling diamond, prepared in this way which has been in constant use for four years, and its capacity for good work has not yet been reduced in the slightest degree.

G. F. Kunz, who took part in the discussion on this subject, mentioned incidentally that there is no difficulty in even the most inexperienced person distinguishing the real from the imitation diamond. If the stone scratches sapphire it is without doubt a diamond, whereas putting the gem into a flame would not differentiate the diamond from the white topaz, or the white zircon, or the white sapphire, or the white tourmaline, or any other white stone that is not fusible. But the absolute and most simple test for diamonds is to draw the stone sharply over a piece of unpainted board in a dark room. Every diamond phosphoresces by friction.

Columbus' Personal Appearance. Columbus was of powerful frame and large build, of majestic bearing and dignified in gesture; on the whole well formed; of middle height, inclining to tallness; his arms sinewy and bronzed like wave-beaten oars; his nerves highly strung and sensitive, quickly responsive to all emotions; his neck large and shoulders broad; his face rather long and narrow, his complexion fair, even, inclining to redness, and somewhat discolored by freckles; his eyes piercing and his eyes clear, his brow high and calm, furrowed with the deep working of thought, writes Emilio Castel in the Century. In the life written by his son, Ferdinand, we are told that Columbus was not only sketched most marvelously, but was so skilful a penman that he was able to earn a living by engraving real copy- ing. In his private notes he said that every good map draftsman ought to be a good painter as well, and he himself was such in his maps and globes and charts over which are scattered all sorts of cleverly drawn figures. He never penned a letter or began a chapter without setting at its head this devout invocation: "In the name of Maria, virgo nobis in via."

Besides his practical studies he devoted himself to astronomical and geographical researches. Thus he was enabled to teach mathematics, with which, as with all the advanced knowledge of his time, he was conversant, and he could recite the prayers and services of the church like any priest before the altar. He was, as I have already said, a mystic and a merchant, a visionary and an alchemist. At times he veiled his knowledge in cabalistic formulas, and allowed his vast powers to degenerate into puerile irritation, it was because his own age knew him not, and had dealt hardly with him for many years—from his youth until he reached the threshold of age—without taking into account the reverses which he had endured and embittered his after years.

Who could have predicted to him in the midst of the blindness that surrounded him, that there in Spain, and in that century of unending achievement, the name of Columbus was to attain to fame and unspeakable renown? There are those who hold that this was the work of chance, and that the discovery of America was virtually accomplished when the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope. But I believe not. In the past history alterations of history through mere caprice, nor in those after rumors of the discoverer who died in obscurity.

A Transportation Scheme. In an article on country roads and electricity in the Electrical World by William N. Black, a scheme for covering the country with a network of electric roads is outlined. The plan is to build electric lines through every part of the country connecting the various lines of railroad and placing the farmers in close communication with the cities and markets. Of course, this would be practically only in the more thickly settled portions of the United States, and could hardly apply to the great prairies of the West.

The farmer would thus have rapid transportation for all his products, for any kind of freight and for himself and family. In addition to this, power could be taken from the lines for harvesting, ploughing, or any other of the numerous forms of work which are now done by slower and more expensive means. It might be argued that such a system would never pay interest on the capital invested in it, which is probably true. But the same could be said of the building of country roads. The expense of constructing such a network of electric lines would not be greater, and would probably be considerable less than that of building first-class roads. The present wretched condition of the country roads is a well known fact, and it is only a question of time when an immense amount of money must be expended in improving them, or the same must be devoted to the construction of some such system as the one outlined by Mr. Black.—[New York Herald.]

How Veneers are Made. One of the most interesting places to visit in Greenville, Me., is the veneer mill, which uses immense quantities of beech, birch and maple lumber in the manufacture of veneering. After being steamed the logs are then taken out, the bark removed and taken to the cutter. In the cutter, which resembles a large turning lathe, a long knife driven by machinery is made slowly to approach the revolving log, peeling off the veneer into long strips, the desired thickness varying from one-eighth to one thirty-second of an inch. These strips are drawn out on a long table, cut and trimmed into the required sizes and then are carried to the dryhouse. The veneer is dried in long racks, two strips being placed together, turned so that the frames are opposite to allow a free circulation of air. After remaining in the dryhouse two or three days, the veneer is taken down, pressed and packed into bales for shipment.—[Boston Transcript.]

When using a towel do not always rub the face in the same direction. You will thus avoid wrinkles.

An Electrical Detective.

A clever piece of detective work, which must appeal with sad and crushing suggestiveness to the crook fraternity, has been done in Toledo, Ohio.

A barber for some time missing cigars from the case in his shop. At first only a few cigars were taken, but presently the thieves became bolder and took whole boxes. A watch was set and detectives were employed, but all in vain. At last the barber struck on the idea of having an automatic detective fixed in the shop, and he called in an electrician. A camera was arranged so as to cover the cigar case, and a flashlight apparatus and the camera were connected by wires with the sliding door of the cigar case, so that when the door was opened the wires could be brought together. The circuit thus formed would produce a flash and secure instantaneously a picture of the thieves. For twelve days the cigars were un molested, but on the morning of the unlucky thirteenth the thieves were prompted to try their hands again. The plate was taken from the camera and developed, and on it was seen a unique and interesting picture, containing the likenesses of two juveniles who were in the act of stealing the cigars. Every detail in the shop was distinctly seen; the clock showing the time at which the youngsters' little operations were interfered with, and the mixture of cunning and caution on the face of the boy who was evidently taking the active part in securing the booty was intensely amusing. The boys were at once recognized, were arrested, tried and sent to a reformatory, and the judge commended from the bench the ingenuity of the means of detection employed.—[San Francisco Examiner.]

A Russian Village. Riding through the country on the railroad you see scattered over the landscape what in the distance look like two rows of low, oblong hay stacks standing irregularly for a mile or more in one direction. Each of these collections of hay stacks is a Russian village, and when you get closer to it you see that what you supposed were hay stacks are thatched huts, and that the lower part of each stack is made of logs, sundried bricks or wattle and daub. You now note that the wide road along which these huts stand is full of half naked babies, squalling children and all of the queer characters of Russian peasant life. The ordinary village has but one roadway, and this is more like a road cut through the fields than an American street. It is generally about 100 or more feet wide, and the houses stand along it at all angles and with no regularity or order. There are no gardens in front of them nor behind them. They have no front yards fenced off from the road and I have not yet seen any sign of a sidewalk of any kind in any village I have visited. The street is not paved and the only part free from grass is the center, where the wagons have cut ruts into the black soil. The remainder is a lawn of good solid turf, on which the cattle graze, the dogs and the children play and upon which the people meet in the evening to gossip and chat. Now and then you find a tree or so on one of these village streets, and under these on the ground there may be a woman with her babies tied to the branches of the trees in the oblong shallow huts which constitute the dwellings of Russia. Other women may be sitting about, spinning or sewing, and on the steps of the huts or in the doorways you will see old men and shock haired children.

An Honest Servant. One of the first women who was assigned work in the Treasury building was a colored woman, Sophie Holmes by name, says the Chataqua. One night when Sophie was sweeping the refuse papers in her room she found a box of greenbacks that had been cut, counted and packed to transfer to the vaults and had been accidentally overlooked. She did not dare call the watchman for fear he would be tempted beyond resistance. She thought of her four small children at home alone with no one to give their supper or put them to bed, but the one duty that stared her in the face was to protect that money. She sat down upon the box and quietly waited for the hours to go by. At 1 o'clock in the morning she heard the shuffling step of General Spinner in the corridor, and heard him open the door to his room. She quietly slipped along the corridor, knocked at his door and told him what she had found. The general had the box taken to his room and sent Sophie home in his carriage. The next morning when she returned she found the general still keeping guard. That night he sent for her and placed in her hand her appointment papers given for honesty, and for thirty years she has earned and drawn her \$50 per month. Fifty thousand dollars worth of greenbacks. At another time she found \$80,000 for which the testimony can be seen over General Spinner's own handwriting.

Marketing on a Bicycle. In a recent brief story for boys the hero, a bright and energetic lad, earns money for an urgent need by making bicycle trips to a neighboring town three times a week to execute shopping orders for the women of the town. Why is not the idea a capital suggestion for the boys, or young women of some cleverness, who live in suburban towns? Marketing for others has proved successful in some places; why should not shopping? Matching silk for needle work, samples of dress goods, and buying underwear and fall hats for the children, many things that the busy woman has no time for or takes no delight in, she would be very glad to intrust to one who had good taste and is a cautious buyer. It would save her the delays of shopping by post if some one would come to her door a certain number of times a week for her commissions in such affairs.—[New York Post.]

Mustard Foot-Bath for Colds. A mustard foot-bath will frequently ward off an approaching cold. A tablespoonful of mustard mixed with two or three quarts of water is the proportion for a foot-bath for a very young child double the quantity of water may be used. A bucket, on account of its depth, makes a better receptacle than a tub, and while the feet are being soaked a warm blanket should be thrown over the knees, covering bucket and all.—[New York Tribune.]

Butcher Girls. Of all the masculine avocations, that of the butcher would be likely to attract a young Northern paper says that at Chester, Ill., two young women, daughters of a Mr. Long, may be found pursuing it any day, not merely cutting up and selling the meat hung in a shop, but actually killing, skinning and cleaning the animals.