

THE DEAD LOVER.

A ROMANIAN FOLK SONG.

How much I loved so well
In his long, long sleep;
Yet I lament him not,
For he told me not to weep.

More dear to him the grave
Than I could ever be;
For though I go to him,
He does not come to me.

I envy not the grave
Which yesterday was mine,
But bow my head and say,
Keep him for he is thine.

But keep not, grave my youth,
Which cannot go to thee;
My smile and my light step—
O give them back to me!

But the grave answered, No;
For these things still are dear,
Since he, deep in love of them,
Wou'd be too lonely here.

The to the dead I pray:
Restore my youth to me,
That with me we might be,
I be not old to thee.

But he heart nor sees,
For his eyes like mine are dim;
So to his grave I come,
To get them back from him.

For only in the grave
Are tears no longer shed,
And the living happy made
By the happy of a dead.

—R. H. Stoddard, in Harper's Magazine.

JACK WATSON'S EXPERIENCE.

Jack Watson drank heavily while he was in college, but he left college to go to work, and he was a good fellow, but he called him a drunkard. When he was 25 years old I looked upon him as a lost man. I believed that he would be a mere sot at 30, and that he would die miserably before he was 35.

We lost each other for some years and then, after a chance meeting in New York, I dined with him most happily in the comfort of his home and in the light of a beautiful woman's eyes. When the light was withdrawn and we were left to dim the remaining illumination with a haze of tobacco smoke, I felt into the deep thought upon the agreeable failure of my prophecy. What had saved Jack? I might have said it was his marriage, but I knew that he had fallen into the depths again soon after. Hearing that report, I had pitied him exceedingly, and had thought the worst of Jack. Yet I could not doubt that he was at last in the sure way. Knowing him so well I felt that some surprising incident must have changed the course of his life, and my curiosity craved the story.

"I know what you're thinking about," said he. "You're wondering why I am here instead of being in the gutter."

"Oh, no, Jack," said I, "nothing of the sort. I always knew you'd come out all right. You drank a little at one time, of course, but—"

"No, I didn't, said Jack. I never drank a little, I drank a barrel. Moderation wasn't in me. I was a drunkard. I lived the life of a drunkard. I died the death of a drunkard."

"Metaphorically?"

"Literally. That may sound absurd but it is only the truth. Nothing but death could save me."

"Not even—"

"No, not even Alice."

His eyes filled with tears of tenderness at the mention of his wife's name.

"I was never so wrong headed," he continued, as to suppose that a man can be saved by love alone. Any person who has had experience in such matters knows that an added motive for sobriety is an added temptation to the drunkard. You see a man who is sober for a while. Then you see him take a drink again. You say it is because his love has waned with the honeymoon. It's no such thing. At first he does not drink because of the novelty of the situation keeps his mind off the subject. Marriage seems like a great vacation from the dullness of life. And then love grows stronger until he begins to realize what it is. The pressure of his possession reveals itself to him. He who has more than his due is never free from fear. What if he loses her? He reviews the dangers. In the front rank of them he sees his appetite. And that is the end of him. As soon as he knows that he will be absolutely fatal for him to touch a drop of liquor, he is certain to do it. That was my experience; and my sin was the greater because I knew it all beforehand."

"Yet you escaped the consequence."

"No; it killed me, as I have already said. I will tell you the story. You can make a farce comedy or a tragedy out of it, just as you like. It was a ghastly joke. Mother nature is the grimmest practical joker after all, and this is the way she played it on me. But first I must tell you into the mystery of our early housekeeping. The details seem trivial but they contributed to final catastrophe."

"I began with the usual drunkard's balance—on the wrong side of the books. We took a flat in that long row I pointed out to us as we came up town on the L. Our furniture we procured on the installment plan. It was not luxurious, of course, but you should have seen how pretty a home Alice made with it. There were weekly payments to be met; and for a month or more the rising sun and I were equal models of punctuality. Then I let it go for a week. Nothing happened. I was somewhat surprised at that, for my contract with the dealer had been more binding than the shackles of Israel in Egypt. Another week slipped by, and another. Various causes reduced our funds to a low ebb. Presently I owed \$40. A police collector came. I promised immediate settlement, and he departed. I was to receive my monthly check from the Philadelphia office in a few days, and I relied upon that. Something, I delayed it. I borrowed \$50 from John Ennis, and, as he gave me the cash he looked at me in a peculiar way."

"He thinks I'll go off on a spree and spend this money," said I to myself, and I added "Great heavens, what if I should."

drunkenness entails is not merely the worst of it, and yet that alone is hard enough to endure or to look back upon. What Alice suffered doubtless I do not even know. How she unfailingly forgave the Angel of the Book must have been recorded in words we have not learned on earth. Through it all I think her principal anxiety was to preserve our home."

"I will not weary you with the story of her struggles. There is nothing so mean as money, and the less you have of it the meaner it is. One can reap a fortune at arm's length, but a few pennies will sneak into an intimacy with their owner which will desperately assail his self-respect. May Heaven forgive the man who will not guard his wife from that, if he can; and I could, but did not, for the sake of my appetite."

"At last there came to me a day like that when I borrowed the money from Ennis, only far more serious. It was Wednesday, and the police collector had mentioned Friday—the day when men are hanged—as the probable occasion of a humiliating experience for me. After many heart-breaking disappointments I raised the necessary amount. I had preserved my connection with Allen & Graves, and was still in charge of their New York office, but my position was in jeopardy because of my habits, and my salary was overdrawn and squandered. I borrowed that money of one of our customers, Andy Playson. You know him. He said that he wanted to 'talk business.' Andy cannot talk business comfortably except in a liquor saloon. The demon inside me welcomed him as a friend, and he certainly was an excuse. It was a matter of business to preserve my friendly relations with Andy."

"The next thing I remember distinctly is opening my eyes in total darkness. I thought at first I was blind. How long it took me to discover where I was I am unable to say. In reality I was lying in the little vestibule of my office. I got upon my feet, opened the inner door and turned on the electric light. My watch hand stopped, but from the window I could see the illuminated dial in the tower of City Hall. It was nearly midnight."

"But what midnight? I had no idea whether I had been unconscious three days or a month. My mind was so stupefied that I could not ascertain the date of any of the ways which would have suggested themselves to me in my normal condition. I was a nervous wreck on my desk. My eyes rested upon it without intent, but at least one word seemed to detach itself from the page. It was the day of the week in the date line of the paper and that day was Friday; then it was already too late."

"There was a pistol in the drawer of my desk, and, somehow, though my hands trembled so that I could hardly hold a key, I managed to open the lock and take out the weapon. Yet it seemed so idle and cowardly thing to do, to die without a struggle, to accept the consequences of my fall as final. I put the pistol into my pocket and hastened from the office. But one thought was in my mind, to learn the worst at once. She would forgive me certainly. Even a brother can claim seventy times seven, and I with a far more potent right would plead again. This fall should be my last."

"I seemed to be at home as if by magic. The key turned in the street door. I climbed the dark stairs and came to the third landing breathless with my haste. The small key turned in the lock but the door did not open. There was nothing alarming about that; Alice often used the second lock to make herself more secure."

"Alice?" I called, and shook the door. There was no response. I listened. Surely there was a confused sound within, a murmur as of the weeping of one who is exhausted with the shedding of tears. It was almost a relief to find that she was there. We had no friends to whom she could go in an emergency, but if the rooms were bare she might have taken refuge even with comparative strangers. I spoke her name again. It seemed as if the noise within ceased."

"But perhaps she was asleep. I made a loud noise at the door, as loud as I dared, fearing to let the other inmates in the house know of my disgrace. There was no answer."

"Confused, alarmed, and utterly sick at heart, I sank down upon the floor and sat there leaning against the wall. I do not know how long. At times I felt resentment against her, and then I excused my own fault with weak arguments. Again, I fell into abject pleading with my lips almost against the door. And then, in desperation, I thought of the weapon in my pocket, and was on the brink of death. Yet through it all one idea grew stronger as the others faded; I longed to see her again. Pledges rose to my lips which no man could utter; and yet, unmoved, from one she loved."

"It came into my mind to burst the door, and I had got upon my feet to make the effort, when I was aware of the sound of some person ascending the stairs below me. I had no wish to be discovered in such plight, and so I put my back against the door and kept quiet."

The hall was dark as a coffin. I did not see the man who passed, nor did he have a suspicion of my presence. He went up the stairs to the next landing and there paused. I waited for the noise of the door's closing, but it did not come. Instead, I heard a light, peculiar sound which even in my miseries aroused a faint curiosity. I remembered suddenly that the Lawrences who occupied the flat above were away from the city. What was the man doing at that door?"

"I ascended the stairs noiselessly. There was a ray of light above. It came from a dark lantern in the hand of a man who knelt before the door examining the lock. In an instant a wild and absurd thought came to me. I drew my my revolver and advanced upon this man who knelt and me turned. Enough of the light from his lantern struck upon his face to show me a picture of fright. This burglar evidently had not the courage suited to his profession."

"Don't be alarmed," said I. "If you do what I tell you and do it promptly, I will let you go."

"He looked at the revolver, and then he uttered a sort of growl which resolved itself at last into the words 'What do you want?'"

"With my left hand I struck a match and lit the gas in the hall in order to have light enough to shoot by. 'Come with me,' I said, and made him go down the flight of stairs carrying his tools with him."

"Now," said I, "you have nippers in the little bag. Turn the key in this lock. That's all. I'll be back in a minute. I assured myself that the door could be opened with the small latch key. My heart beat like a trip hammer. I had no way to tell the burglar he might go. I waved my hand and he vanished in a second. Then I entered."

"The hall was bare; no curtains hung before the parlor door. The windows stared at me. Enough light shone from the street to show a room absolutely empty. My wife's name came from my lips in a tone such as a man may use when he pleads for mercy in the face of death and has no hope."

"I raised the pistol, which was still in my hand, and then I whispered to myself, 'Not here.' Then the bare walls, I thought, retained some sacred memory of her which stayed my hand. That room, I said, had to me the one chance of my life; and I had thrown it away; but I would not do that. I would at least hide my disgrace from the eyes of necessary curiosity. I wished no such epitaph as the papers would be likely to give me."

"As for death itself it had already come. When I turned to leave that room there was upon me the peace which is the reward of the good man and the pardon of the evil doer—the common lot of us all. If there had been any hope in my soul that I could ever make amends to her I would have lived in torment if necessary to do it. But I had utterly despaired of myself."

"I tell you, Harry, I was dead when I left that room. The function of locomotion was all that distinguished me from one who had passed through the great change. My mind had ceased to exist and my heart to suffer. Doubtless the muscular energy of my body would have carried me through the actual physical consummation of suicide; but mentally I had died of despair and degradation."

"I passed down the stairs, opened and closed the outside door and stood upon the step. In the sky was the glimmer of dawn. The physical sense which yet I survived in me perceived it and was more weary of living at the sign of relief life and tumult and struggling. The soul went and the body was impatient for dissolution."

"And yet the habits of this life persist strangely in the body. What do you suppose, Harry, that this present shell of my spirit did when I ceased to direct it?"

I shook my head.

"Well, sir, it walked fifty-six feet to the left—the width of two city lots—opened the left again and entered a house. It mounted two flights of stairs, opened a door, and walked into a pretty little parlor. Then it passed into a room where a dim light burned and a woman lay asleep with one white arm stretched out as if to greet a man whom she loved. My bodily eyes saw that, and then my soul came back. I fell upon my knees beside that bed and covered the white hand with kisses."

"That's the story, Harry. The soul when it came back to me was better than before. It can resist temptation; it can do its own will; it can resist more the slave of that which it has been for centuries ago, perhaps; and above all, it can love without fear, being now sufficiently in harmony with what it loves to feel secure."

"Of course you don't need to be told that it wasn't Saturday morning," he continued. "That paper in my office was almost a week old. I had been unconscious from drink not more than six hours. As for my getting into the wrong house, I discovered the next day that the man who built that block of flats got his lock and keys changed by having them all alike. One of the reasons why we moved out; and yet I forgive him for his parsimony. Indeed, I bless him for it. Otherwise I might not have died, and if I had not died I could not have lived the new life."—Charles W. Hoole, in Brooklyn Times.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

BOILED CORN.—Remove the outside husk, leaving the inner one on; put into salted boiling water and boil rapidly. When done take it out of the water, peel the silk from the end of the cob and serve in the husk. Or strip off the husk and free the corn from all the silk, put in boiling water and let cook half an hour. Serve folded in a hot napkin.

CORN OMELET.—Take half a cup of green or canned corn and chop it very fine; to that add the yolk of one egg well beaten, pepper and salt to taste, and two tablespoons of rich sweet milk or cream. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir in the mixture, cooking in a hot buttered pan. When done, pour the mixture in, and when nicely browned turn one-half over the other, as in cooking other omelets.

PREMIUM SANDWICH.—The "Premium Sandwich" is made as follows: Break a fresh egg in a bowl and beat thoroughly; add one and one-half cups of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Beat well and add lightly one and three-quarter cups of sifted flour. The finished mixture, after his marriage, becomes the slave of his father-in-law, and must submit in all things to his will until emancipated by his own daughter's marriage, when he sets up his own home and becomes thenceforth master of his son-in-law. The men are very jealous of their women, and, in case of war or other emergency, their first step is to kill their wives and children. They believe in dreams and insanity to be the work of evil spirits, and the dreamer, upon telling his dream, is killed. The issue are burned alive. They allow no foreigner to sleep in one of their villages. The total population of San Blas is supposed to be about 20,000.

WOLF. Chief of the Palouse Indians, is rich and happy. According to a Walla Walla paper, he owns 100 acres of land on the Snake River, all under cultivation, with a good house and barn, and he prefers to live in his teepee. He raises horses principally, and now has over 2,000. He is forty-nine years of age and dresses in Indian costume, with moccasins, blanket, calico blouse shirt, trousers, and a hat decorated with turkey feathers, except on great occasions, when his favorite headgear is a hat rim adorned all around with coyote tails. For jewelry he wears rings, beads, shells, bears' teeth and bracelets of brass.

THE immense sycamore tree on the banks of the Sandusky River, just at the edge of the village of Upper Sandusky, is dying, and the fact is most regrettable, for the tree is the largest of its species east of the Rockies. It is forty-one feet in girth at the base of the trunk, and for years it has been one of the sights of Northern Ohio. Near it Colonel Crawford was burned at the stake by Indians, and the tradition is that he would have been burned at the very roots of the tree had not the chief feared the vengeance of the Great Father for such an act of sacrilege.

MISS EMMA LINDSAY, while quarrelling with her brother-in-law in Ohio Falls, Ind., suddenly became speechless and blind and fell to the floor. The girl, at last accounts, was still blind and dumb. The experience of John Bahler, of Battle Creek, Mich., is quite the reverse of Miss

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SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

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

BOB Vorus hates an alligator. At least this statement is made by the Lumpkin (Ga.) Independent. The uncanny appearance of the big ugly saurian is sufficiently forbidding to most people to make them despise him; but Bob has a better reason than that; they destroy his fish and pigs and would destroy his geese and ducks if he had any. Six or eight years ago Bob started a goose farm on his mill pond. He knew the value of feathers, and thought the people would appreciate the opportunity of obtaining their near home for making pillows and beds. His big mill pond was such a fine place for them to swim and live and raise in. So he got up five or six hundred pairs of geese and put them on his pond. They were in their glory, and the water was dotted with the white and blue of their plumage from morning till night as they gracefully glided over the placid expanse of the pond. Their nests were built in the rushes along its sides, and their melodious voices reverberated along its banks from end to end. But they did not increase according to Bob's notion—their numbers were diminishing perceptibly. A dead one could be seen occasionally drifting along the edge of the bordering rushes. At first Bob thought it might be minks, otters, skunks, 'possums, or what not, that were destroying them, but soon found out that it was alligators, for he actually saw one day one of the ugly creatures catch a goose and pull it under the water. Partly eaten geese would sometimes be found. In the course of a few months Bob had the same big pond of water, but not a single goose—and, as aforesaid, Bob hates an alligator, and he and his ten boys have been occupying the dull summer months in killing them.

MR. CAMPBELL, the big rancher of Texas, whose scheme for exterminating coyotes by incensing them with the mange was mentioned not long ago, reports that the plan promises success. His plan is to catch wolves or coyotes in a trap and put them in a corral with a dog badly affected with the mange, and after they have become infected to turn them loose to spread the disease. It is said the disease is incurable. Mr. Campbell has infected and turned loose about twenty coyotes and wolves in this way in three or four months. He has not yet found any dead wolves, but he has trapped several that had the disease in an advanced stage, from which he concludes it is spreading. He says nothing but a carnivorous animal will take the disease and consequently there is no danger to stock in spreading it. Wolves and coyotes have greatly increased in recent years in spite of all attention to clean them out, and stockmen are watching Mr. Campbell's scheme with interest.

A curious accident recently befell the four-year-old child of Frank Larsen, a Swede farmer near Skovhagen, Me., in which the little fellow swallowed a newly hatched turtle. The creature, which was about the size of a half-dollar, had been sent the mother from the South, and the boy was playing with it, putting it in his mouth, after the peculiar fashion of children to clap everything there that comes in their way. The mother heard the boy gasping for breath, and running to it saw that some hard object had become lodged in the upper throat. A doctor was hurriedly summoned, but he was unable to successfully succeed in getting hold of the obstruction, and drew it forth to his own and Mrs. Larsen's astonishment. The turtle had drawn in its limbs on finding itself in close quarters, and was little the worse for its singular experience, but the boy was almost suffocated.

FREEMAN BIGGS, of Hutton township, eight miles from Charleston, Ill., carries the scalp of 21,000 squirrels at his belt, so to speak. As his reputation for truth and veracity is good, his neighbors do not dispute his claim that he has slain 21,000 deer, 300 wild turkeys, and more prairie chickens than he had time to count. The mighty Nimrod is 71 years old, and his sight is just as good as ever, so good, in fact, that if the bullet from the rifle he has carried for many years fails to strike Mr. Squirrel between the eyes he will hardly throw the animal in his game bag—and squirrels are worth from 124 to 125 cents a pair. The late years "Freem" Biggs has hunted "live" tails, and the proceeds of his accurate aim have bought a fine farm on which he reared a family of ten children.

THE natives of the San Blas coast, part of the western coast of South America, have many superstitions. The Indian boy, after his marriage, becomes the slave of his father-in-law, and must submit in all things to his will until emancipated by his own daughter's marriage, when he sets up his own home and becomes thenceforth master of his son-in-law. The men are very jealous of their women, and, in case of war or other emergency, their first step is to kill their wives and children. They believe in dreams and insanity to be the work of evil spirits, and the dreamer, upon telling his dream, is killed. The issue are burned alive. They allow no foreigner to sleep in one of their villages. The total population of San Blas is supposed to be about 20,000.

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Lindsay's. Thirty-two years ago it was found necessary to remove both his eyes. A year ago he suddenly saw a light—a lamp upon a table. It was found new eyeballs were growing on the ends of the optic nerves. Since that time Bahler's eyesight has been gradually improving, and he can now distinguish pronounced colors.

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D., secretary of the American Society of Psychical Research, tells the following instance of remarkable duality: Ansel Bourne, an itinerant preacher, disappeared from his home in Greene, R. I., while apparently in his usual health. Two months after he was discovered in Norristown, Pa., where for six weeks he had been keeping a small variety store under the name of A. J. Brown. He appeared as a normal person, but was, in fact, in a somnambulant condition all the time.

Two little girls, wards in chancery, and heirless to \$100,000 each, were, it is said, recently arraigned as vagrants in a London police court. Their fortunes are so securely locked up in chancery that by no process of law can the money be obtained until the children are of age. They are at present practically destitute, and unable to procure decent surroundings, clothing or education.

AN India paper says that the young Rajah of Poodookota recently went on a hunting expedition to Travancore, India, and shot an elephant whose tusks weighed 76 lbs. This beats the record by two pounds, Mr. Sanderson, whose record was the highest, having killed an elephant in Southern India whose tusks weighed 74 lbs.

THE following curious accident is reported from Calcutta. The driver of a tiffin gharry, which was at the stand at Burtollah, was performing his devotions on the roof of the conveyance when the horses bolted, and the driver was thrown to the ground on his head. He was removed to a hospital in a precarious condition.

A son of Sampson Barker, of Ozark, Mo., while playing in the sand on the banks of the White River, near his father's home, unearthed several tin cans which contained \$1,500 in gold and silver coins ranging in date from 1840 to 1850. The money is supposed to have been buried by some one during the war.

VINCENT and **JOHN HALE**, brothers, separated in 1844, one going South and the other West. One entered the Union and the other the Confederate service, and each thought the other dead, until a recent Monday, when they met by accident in Ashland, Ky. They have for years been living within half a day's ride of each other without knowing it.

MR. JOHN LEMPERT and wife of Millford, Me., have been married sixty-five years, and have occupied the same house nearly half a century. He is ninety-three years old and she eighty-two.

AN ELECTRICAL DETECTIVE.

Novel Way in Which a Murderer Was Brought to Confession.

Those who are accustomed to frequent the courts in which murder cases are tried find themselves drifting into the habit of attaching great significance to actions, gestures and expressions which under ordinary circumstances would escape notice. A prominent electrical engineer has shown this habit to the conviction of a murderer through the aid of electricity. The murder had been one of unthought atrocity and the prisoner appeared absolutely indifferent.

In fact, it was impossible for the keenest eye to detect any change in his countenance or attitude during the examination of the witnesses who gave the most damaging testimony against him. The prosecuting attorney, however, noticed that he never once relaxed his hold on the arms of the chair in which he sat, but seemed to support himself by the pressure which he brought to bear on them. Knowing that under intense mental excitement, no matter how outwardly calm an individual may be, the hands will involuntarily contract and relax according to the intensity of the emotion and the susceptibility of the person affected, the counsel saw here a chance of securing evidence of great value.

He thought that if the arms of the chair could only be made to communicate the pressure of the irresistible contractions of the muscles of the hands and arms of the witness, an important light might be thrown on the case. He called an electrician to his aid, and during the absence of the prisoner from the court room the arms of the chair were removed and split in half and in each was placed a hard carbon plate, which served as a variable resistor. Wires were run from metal plates, placed on either side of the carbon, through the legs of the chair and under the floor to a telephone receiver and battery placed in an adjoining closet.

The arms were again upholstered and the chair replaced. The increase in pressure on the arm of the chair now affected the carbon, which, acting as a transmitter, caused sounds to issue from the mouth of the receiver. On the resumption of the trial a court official was placed in a closet, and by a series of signals arranged beforehand signified the feelings of the prisoner as they were betrayed through the muscles of his hands. The men pointed against the prisoner were thus determined. They were presently formulated and read to him in privacy, and he was so overcome that he made a confession of his crime. [Chicago Tribune.]

Burial Customs.

Corpses were often interred in a sitting posture, sometimes, doubtless, to save the expense of a full-sized grave, as in the case of "Rare Ben Jonson" at Westminster.

The hour glass in the coffin was varied in Sweden by another kind—a looking glass—in the coffin of unmarried women, so that they can see to comb their hair when Gabriel blows his trumpet.

In Yorkshire and other British counties the custom still lingers of sending funeral cakes to the friends of a dead person.

In Wales the east wind is called the wind of the dead men's feet, because the dead are buried facing the east.

In some parts of Scotland the window blinds are taken down during a funeral and the windows covered with white sheets.

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

The Instinct of Locality.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—Two German doctors have independently arrived at the conclusion that most persons struck by lightning, and to all appearance dead, could be recalled to life by applying the method of artificial respiration in use for resuscitating the drowned. This method proved successful in the case of a trumpeter who was apparently killed at Berlin in 1891.

THE STRENGTH OF ICE.—The necessities of war have not unfrequently led to valuable discoveries of a practical scientific character. One of the French Ministers of War has been studying the subject of ice from the point of view of its capacity to maintain weights. He has found that when ice has become about an inch and three-fifths thick, it begins to bear the weight of a man who is marching alone. At a thickness of something over three and one-half inches it will bear the weight of infantry. When it has become twelve centimeters, or nearly four and three-quarter inches thick, it sustains light artillery or carriages, and at twenty-nine centimeters, or about eleven and four-tenths inches, it bears the heaviest weight that the transporting of an army requires. These conclusions of the French military authorities may have some interest for skaters, but it should be remarked that they apply only to young ice. Successions of colder and warmer weather, in the course of a few weeks, produce a change in the structure of ice which greatly weakens its power of resistance to pressure. Accordingly, the measurements and estimates given above should not be trusted in the case of ice that is not of recent formation.

THE SIZE OF THE SEA.—One gallon of water weighs ten pounds, so the number of gallons in the Pacific is over 200 trillions, an amount which would take more than a million years to pass over the Falls of Niagara. Yet, put into a sphere, the whole of the Pacific would only measure 720 miles across.

The Atlantic could be contained bodily in the Pacific nearly three times. The number of cubic feet of water in the seven oceans is a number that would be ticked off by our million clocks in 370,000 years. Its weight is 325,000 billion tons, and the number of gallons in it is 78 trillions. Asphere to hold the Atlantic would have to be 533 1/2 miles in diameter. If it were made to fill a circular pipe reaching from the earth to the sun—a distance of 93,000,000 miles—the diameter of the pipe would be 1,887 yards, or rather over a mile and a half, of similar length to contain the Pacific would be over a mile and three-quarters across. Yet the distance to the sun is so great that, as has been pointed out, if a child were born with an arm long enough to reach the sun it would not live long enough to know that it had touched it, for sensation passes along our nerves at the rate of 100 feet a second, and to travel from the sun to the earth at that speed would take a century and a-half, and such an abnormal infant is an unlikely centurian.

The rest of the sea includes the Indian Ocean