

## ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

WHAT has been known for half a century as the old Freeland residence, six miles from Jackson, Miss., was recently torn down after having been a ruin for many years, says a corre-

In many places in the tules lands in the vicinity of Suisan, Cal., wild hogs, as ferocious and as tenacious of life as the boar of the German forests, may be encountered by the sportsman who likes a spice of danger in his hunting. One of these beasts shot recently, measured from the tip of the tall more than six feet, and had tusks fourteen inches in length. Its weight, although it had no superfluous flesh, was 820 pounds. The skin at the shoulders was three inches thick and as tough as leather. It was reported that hogs had been running wild in the marshes for a long time, and that they were savage enough to furnish bait for the boar, or other animals that are supposed to be dangerous. A party was formed to kill a particular boar that had been roaming the tules land for several years, in spite of the efforts of local hunters to bring him to bay. The tracks of the boar were found and he was traced to a patch of dense reed grass. The hunters invaded it from different points, and one of them suddenly came upon the animal. His companions heard the report of his gun, and the next instant saw the man's body thrown into the air fully twenty feet. Going to his rescue, a second hunter was charged by the boar. One shot brought him to his knees, but even then he rose and rushed on his assailant again. A second ball penetrated the brain and he rolled over dead. The man who was thrown into the air was not seriously injured, but received bruises which laid him up for a considerable time.

The immense herd of cattle branded "J. B. S." ranging in Lyman County, South Dakota, has been levied on by the Treasurer of that county for taxes. The owner of the herd was John B. Smith, who is reported to have died suddenly in Minneapolis while on a business trip to that city some weeks ago. The Lyman county authorities, however, have no proof of his death, and there is no record in the Probate Court of that county showing that his estate has ever been probated. Parties claiming to have held a mortgage on the stock, but who are known to be rustlers have been running the cattle out of the country without any process of foreclosure, and the County Treasurer finally came to the conclusion that it was time for him to act, and accordingly levied on the balance of the cattle for the taxes due. Nearly 10,000 cattle were run out of the country. Smith left from \$8,000 to \$10,000 in life insurance, beside the large herd of cattle in question. It is regarded as very peculiar that his heirs have never attempted to settle the accounts of the deceased cattleman.

A SPECIMEN of huge vegetable growth resembling a mammoth rutabaga was on exhibition in Tacoma, Wash. The curiosity is of undoubtedly vegetable nature and is shaped like a turnip, root and all. It was found on the bank near the water on McNeil's Island by Robert Longmire, one of the penitentiary guards. An express wagon

WYNN MOLESWORTH has invented and constructed a very ingenious "celestial clock," which was exhibited at the third Winter meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, says London Truth. The entire face of the clock rotates under a wire bar representing the equatorial horizon and is regulated to perform one revolution in 23 hours 56 minutes 4 seconds, this being the time in which the earth turns once upon its axis. The apparent annual motion of sun, moon and planets in the opposite direction is effected by movable pins, while the north and south polar stars, that do not rise or set for us, revolve simultaneously with the rest by a separate movement. Thus may be seen the entire heavens, with sun, moon, planets and constellations in their actual places, ever rising and setting as they rise and set in the heavens.

WILLIAM A. ASHLEY, of Long Plain, near New Bedford, Mass., had a thrilling experience with an eagle recently. He had just returned from meeting when he started out to look at some of his trees. He had scarcely gone twenty yards when his dog, which was with him, started in pursuit of something on the other side of a wire fence inclosing a pear orchard. Mr. Ashley jumped over the fence and to his surprise saw a large eagle. The dog barked fiercely as Mr. Ashley approached the eagle spread its wings and attempted to fly. But Mr. Ashley was too quick for the bird and caught it by the neck and wings. He used no weapon, for he had none, and received no injury save a slight scratch. The eagle is a large one, the wings measuring eight feet seven and a half inches from tip to tip.

THE London Telegraph tells a marvelous story from Vienna about a lady forty-two years old and suffering from a peculiar form of asthma, which ten months' treatment has been powerless to cure. Her story is that she constantly hears music from her heart, and is so saddened by these senseless tones that she has to keep her ears filled with wedding, like Ulysses during the siren's song. The medical experts who have had the case under consideration confirm the statement of the lady—a continuous noise composed of musical tones in a high pitch was to be heard during the medical diagnosis, which was made by the physician himself. The lady has as strong a dislike to internal music as to asthma, and unless speedily cured, she avers, it will drive her mad.

**SABLE ISLAND**, whence a carrier pigeon recently brought news of the wreck of the schooner Robert J. Edward, is famous throughout the Canadian maritime provinces for its race of wild ponies. The little creatures were originally placed upon the island in order that they might furnish food for shipwrecked mariners frequently cast away there. The coarse salt grass of the island is cured and stacked in the summer, and upon this the ponies feed all winter. It is said that they eat their way deep into the stacks and thus find their only shelter from storms. There is a tradition current that they even eat fish cast upon the shore. Considerable droves of the ponies are taken to the mainland in early autumn, and they are sold in the Halifax market.

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago Clarence Morton sold out his farm in Berlin, Vt., and went to California to dig for gold. Falling there he went to Arizona, and for thirty years nothing was heard from him by his wife, who had remained behind in the Vermont town until he should save enough to send for her. Twelve years ago, believing him dead, she remarried. A month ago her second husband died. Three days later she was astonished beyond measure by receiving a letter from the long lost Clarence. He wrote that he had "struck luck" within the last few years and that he had at the time of writing \$40,000 in gold secreted in his Arizona hut. He enclosed two money orders for her fare and other expenses.

The most unusual profession for a gentle-woman has been taken up because of necessity by Mrs. Coleman, an English woman as a means of supporting her invalid husband. The name of the profession is pavement artist, which is one of the commonest

street signs of London, though but little known here. There are 800 or more persons in the English metropolis earning a living at this trade of drawing pictures on the pavement and collecting pennies from the crowd that gather. Colored chalks are used and realistic scenes are sketched of the exciting events of the day. On fair days Mrs. Coleman earns on an average \$1.25 a day, and when it rains she stays at home and prepares her chalks.

The mania of giving a large number of Christian names to one and the same person is particularly prevalent in Italy. An Italian gentleman named Campagna, who has just been naturalized a Frenchman, has given some little trouble to the French Foreign Office clerks in registering his full designation. Here it is: Vincenzo Salvatore Maria Gennaro Francesco-Sales Francesco d'Assisi Francesco de Paolo Rocca Michele Crocifisso Emidio Pasquale Giovan Giuseppe Geltrude Carlo Gaetana Alfonso Ciro Andrea Luigi Gioran Gualdo Antonio-di-Para Antonio-Abate Campagna.

OKLAHOMA continues to comport herself as if she had been open to settlement a hundred years instead of only four. Her latest statistics show nearly 2,400,000 acres of farm land in use, with a cash value of more than \$15,000,000. Her farm implements are worth \$340,000, and she has growing 683,000 apple trees, 648,000 peach trees, 69,000 cherry trees.

SOMEBODY is poorer and the State of North Carolina is richer \$2,100 a year by the accidental loss of \$36,000 of an old 6 per cent. bond issue. The State Treasurer has never been able to hear from the missing bonds and it is supposed that they were destroyed during the civil war. They are pretty safe bonds, too, as the whole issue is guaranteed by a pledge of the State stock in the North Carolina Railroad Company. The dividends from this stock are nearly \$17,000 in excess of the interest on the bonds.

An old man who for many years has been a beggar on the streets of Anzerre, France, existing on scraps of food which he begged from door to door, died a few days ago of cold and hunger. In an old trunk in his miserable lodgings were found bonds to the value of more than a million francs, and in the cellar, covered by heaps of rubbish, more than 400 bottles of wine of the vintage of 1790. The old miser had inherited the wine from his family, and lived to the age of 85 years without opening a single bottle.

THE Stamford university at Palo Alto, Cal., has been presented with a colt whose left front foot and right hind foot are cloven like the foot of a calf. The colt was born at the stock farm of Mr. Boots at Santa Clara, and was chloroformed a few days after its birth. The specimen is being prepared for the zoological laboratory, and the hide, after being stuffed, together with the skeleton, will be placed in the museum. The deformed feet will be separately mounted for exhibition.

AMONG the many vessels which have been driven ashore and wrecked on the English coast since the winter's storms began was the schooner Draper, which was lost with all on board. The Draper was more than 114 years old, having been built in 1779, and was one of the oldest vessels regularly engaged as a freight carrier.

COLONEL ENOCH NOYES of Cecil County, Maryland, has just felled on his farm near Port Deposit, a walnut tree eighteen feet in circumference, eighty-six feet high, and believed to be 800 years old. He expects to get \$400 for the lumber, not an unreasonable expectation, as walnut wood is scarce and again in considerable demand.

I was leaving the prison inclosure one day, writes Arthur Griffiths in "Secrets of the Prison House," when in charge of the new works at Wormwood Scrubs, took on hand over my keys to the gatekeeper for consignment to the prison safe, he, through some mischance, hampered, the safe lock, and could not open the safe. I waited some time impatiently, as I was expected elsewhere, but to no purpose. The safe could not be opened, and until it was not only must I remain on the spot, but so must every other official. It is a strict rule that no one can leave the prison until the keys are collected and safely put away.

At last, in despair, I turned to the Chief Warden and asked: "Have you any especially good cracksmen in custody?" "There is K, sir," he replied, promptly, "one of the most noted housebreakers in London; doing fifteen years. He is employed at this moment in the carpenter's shop." "Send for him," I said, and presently K appeared, under escort, carrying his bag of tools like any workman hired to execute repairs.

He was a tall, very dark-haired, rather good-looking man, clean, industrious, and an excellent prisoner. "Can you open that safe, K?" I asked, quietly, when he was marching into the lodge. Do you mean it, sir?" he replied, looking at me with an intelligent and irrepressible smile.

"Certainly I do. Examine the door. If you can manage it, go ahead." K. made only a short inspection, and then picked up a couple of bolts. "I think I can do it, sir; shall I try?" He nodded assent, and in less than three minutes the safe door swung open; the lock was completely conquered. I will not risk mentioning the names of the makers of the safe, which, indeed, I do not remember. But it was a patent and presumably first-class safe which thus succumbed so easily to the skillful housebreaker.

Fortunately there was an inner smaller safe, which answered all our purposes of security until the repairs were made and properly repeated. As for K., I thanked him, and the next time he came with a request for one of the small privileges so coveted by prisoners, I think it was not denied him.

**The Canary's Mirror.**

Not long ago my wife purchased a canary at a bird store. It had been accustomed to companions of its kind at the store, but at our house it was entirely alone. The pretty little songster was evidently homesick. It would not sing, it would not eat, but drooped and seemed to be pining away. We talked to it, and tried by every means in our power to cheer the bird up, but all in vain. My wife was on the point of carrying the bird back to the store when one day a friend said: "Get him a piece of looking-glass." Acting on this suggestion, she tied a piece of a broken mirror about the size of a man's hand on the outside of the cage. The little fellow hopped down from his perch almost immediately, and going up close looked in, seeming delighted. He chirped and hopped about, singing all the pretty airs he was master of. He never was homesick after that. He spends most of his time before the glass, and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down as close to the glass as he can, thinking, very likely, that he is getting near to the pretty bird he sees so often.—(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

English laborers of all kinds are now paid over twice as much as they were a century ago.

## A collection of six black and white line drawings of women in 19th-century fashion. The central figure wears a long, light-colored dress with a dark bodice and a small hat. Surrounding her are five other women in various styles of coats and hats, some holding accessories like a sword or a bag.

A tailor jacket imported from London is a novelty which can be worn in many ways—open, displaying a natty waistcoat, the long revers being kept in place by a button at the waist on either side; closed to the waist, or partly open to show the necktie.

**NEXT SEASON WILL BRING MANY  
NEW STYLES.**

**In Buying Now a Fur Cape or Cloak There's Risk, Fit Being Out of Date Next Winter—With Cloth Wraps It Will Be Different.**

Gotham Fashion Gossip.  
New York correspondent:



**B**EFORE there will again be need of very heavy outside garments, there will be plenty of time for stylish change. Yet, if a good chance comes to buy furs for next season, it should be taken advantage of, or you don't get a cloak nor cape. Get a buttoned Eton. Let it fit without ornamentation of any kind, butkinless from throat to waist, with a very high collar to turn about the ears, and with sleeves very

big and turning to the right, where a big cut turns widely back. This sort of thing will be modish for many seasons to come, either in seal, sable or fur. In making a cape or cloak there would be too much to get into getting out of style before next winter. With cloth wraps it is different; indeed, the spring styles for coats will be more purely decorative, and their novelty of design and adaptability to immediate needs. The initial picture portrays a coat of odd cut, made from myrtle green cloth and lined with black silk. The collar is of black silk cord. It has a separate draped pelisse, forming points in front, which is circular and sewed to a round yoke. This yoke is ornamented with a row of buttons in the center, finished with a band of fur which also borders the cape. The right side is fastened to the left shoulder and slightly lifted. The coat itself is fitted with buttons in the center, and the bright side laps over, with the bottom slightly biased.

This coat is of very light-weight cloth, and will not prove much of a defense against really cold weather, but, light as it is, it is much more of a



A black and white illustration of a woman in profile, facing left. She is wearing a high-collared, light-colored coat with large, fringed epaulettes on her shoulders. The coat has a decorative strap across the chest and a belt. She is also wearing a large, ornate hat with a veil and a decorative element on top. The illustration is done in a sketchy, hatched style.

WITH EPAULETTES AWAY.

protection than the jaunty little cape of the next illustration. This is of equally thin cloth, and is made of gray cloth with a square yoke and standing collar of brown velvet. It is shorter in back than in front, and is lined with the softest and most silkenlike material. The sleeves are bordered with the same velvet, and the cuffs are faced with brown velvet and extend across the back, forming a finish for the yoke. Their ends are of oddly unequal length in front to give the appearance of a careless drapery held in place by the hands of the wearer. The edges of epaulettes and sleeves are bordered with silver passementerie. The woman whose light purse sharpens her lookout for things which, though fashionable, are not lasting, will look upon this cape. For, even if epaulettes of different lengths are going to have a "run"—which is very doubtful—the device will look well only so long as the garment is aggressively new. With a bit of crumple, and a little wear, the whole will vanish. Herein is a chance for the scoffers, who are to come to decry what they consider, on the part of the designers of women's apparel, encouragement to feminine extravagance. Let such a critic consider for a moment the garment which was in vogue in which prevailed last winter, and bear in mind that new ones were positively demanded for this spring, and excuse what will appear for such creations as that just described. After all, women needn't be content with the old, and they don't want them, and if they don't purchase them, designers will very soon learn the obvious lesson.

There may be still greater risk of offending those who persistently advise—for others—the strictly sensible in clothing by presenting the theater collarette of the third picture. Though more an accessory than a garment, its cost is greater than either the coat or cape described. But let the storm of

### They Show a Remarkable Degree of Intelligence

"There is no limit to the capabilities of seals," said Professor Woodward. "They not only learn to imitate, but they also reason. Unlike other animals, the seal is trained without punishment. In fact, to use a whip would be to frighten the animal, which is the most timid and nervous of all brute creation. It will learn by imitation, and none has ever lived long enough to test its capacity for reasoning knowledge. There is a steady and constant improvement in them until they die. A seal understands that it is to be rewarded if it performs what is expected of it, and that it is not to be rewarded if it fails, which indicates reasoning faculty. If a performing seal has done its work, and by any means brought home to get its fish, it will follow the trainer to the floor and cry to attract the attention of the trainer; but if it has not done the work, no fish is expected, and when it fails to get any, no objection is made.

"In the training of seals another exception to usual training methods is made. It is never well to begin too early. The baby seals are weak and cannot stand the strain. The human expression in the eyes of seals has often been commented upon, and it is not strange that there should be a good deal of the human in the disposition of these animals. Some of them are inclined to take a very serious view of life, while others appreciate a joke. Some have a greater degree of intelligence than others, and they all display an affection which approaches the human.

"They have been trained to do some very remarkable things, the usual repertoire, however, being to play banjos, tambourines, drums, guitars, cymbals, etc., of course, without any particular tune, but they will operate the instrument, commencing and stopping at words of command. They sail yachts by pushing them along; smoke cigars, blowing the smoke away from them, giving the appearance of its coming through their nostrils; sing songs by emitting their peculiar sounds by word of command, one of them playing an accompaniment on a musical instrument; carry a line in the water to a person afloat, turn grindstones, push a needle, and make a very interesting imitation of sewing, waltz, climb chairs, stand on their tails, jump, with other diverting feats that show an adaptability to training possessed by no other animal, unless it is the dog. A clown seal is also a feature of most performances with trained seals. I do not believe that there are any tricks except those of agility taught to dogs which cannot be successfully imitated by seals, and many aquatic performances they do that no other animals can. They enjoy the tricks in water, but a troop of seals does not like the part that has to be done on the stage."—(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hon. Irv T. Little, of Illinois, says the Washington Post, is a constant habitue of Chamberlain's when in Washington. He is taking life easy now and living on the fat of the land. He has a farm out in Illinois which raises the finest corn, hogs and cattle in the country. He has got tired of the un-American and imported custom of course dinners, and has taken an emphatic protest against it. Last week he gave a fashionable plan to starve a man to death. So he sent out to his farm for 150 pounds of pork spareribs, sides, backbone and tenderloin, chickens, turkeys, sweet and Irish potatoes, celery and "fixins," and had John Chamberlain cook half of them into a dinner. Then he invited all his Union cronies and gave them a good, square meal. Two days later he had the rest cooked and invited the old Confederate friends, in. He didn't call for a truce, for there is no telling what brave men will do when they get a good meal under their belts. There were Joe

Blackburn and half a dozen more old-timers of the same sort, and everything was brought in and put on the table at once, in the good, old-fashioned way, so they could tell where there was to eat and plan their campaign accordingly. And the way they ate was a caution. It seemed as though none of them had had a square meal for three months. The sparerib and turkey and chicken and "fixins" simply disappeared like a snowball in July. Senator Blackburn was telling a friend about it afterwards, "I was having a good time," said he, "with my face up against as fine a bit of backbone as ever I tasted, with the dish right in front of me, when in slid a little scrap of a fellow from Missouri, named Vest, who just fell on that dish of backbone and I didn't get another smell of it the whole evening." Vest tells another story, but it doesn't matter.—*Courier-Journal.*

At the threat slaughterhouses in the Parisian suburb of La Villette there is a granary from which the beasts awaiting execution are fed. The way to it is up a substantial ladder staircase. One of the bullocks having escaped from the pens, climbing up this staircase before he could be stopped. When his escape was first discovered he was seen on the stairs slowly and laboriously making his way upward. As soon as he reached the granary two or three attendants followed him and endeavoring to get him down, but all their efforts were unavailing. There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to leave the beast there to eat his fill and then see whether he would be clever enough to return by the way he went. Possibly some thought of exhibiting

him in public may have crossed the minds of his guardians, but if so they were doomed to disappointment. The stupid animal, instead of trusting to the staircase, got out of a window on the opposite side of the building, and put one foot on a little thin ladder standing against it. There was a crash, the ladder broke in half, and the too adventurous bullock fell, breaking all his legs, so that he had to be killed on the spot.—[*London News.*]

### Tracing the Origin of Everyday Proverbs and Comparisons

"He was mad as a hatter," is a phrase often used to indicate that a person has been very angry, says the Indianapolis Journal. The original phrase was "Mad as a March hare," the last word being the Saxon for "bitter," which gives it sense, as the adder is supposed to be always mad and ready to sting. "Mad as a March hare" is another much-used phrase. The hare is not reputed to be ferocious at any time. Those who have given information respecting the hare assert that in March the animal is particularly wild and shy. Consequently the phrase can have no meaning except as a sarcastic allusion to one's lack of spirit and courage. One often hears, "He's as dead as a door nail," yet it is probable that most of those who use the phrase cannot tell why a door nail should be any deader than any other nail that is made of metal. It is explained, however, that the door nail in earlier times was the nail in the door upon which the old-fashioned and now unused "knocker" struck to arouse the inmates of the house. As the plate or nail was struck many more times than any other nail it was assumed to be deader than nails struck only when driven into wood.

"I acknowledge the corn," meaning to retract, to take back, has a number of explanations, the most plausible of which is that in 1828 one Stewart of Ohio made a speech in Congress in which he declared that "Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky sent their haystacks and cornfields to New York and Philadelphia for a market." Wickliffe, who was present, misheard the statement. "What do they send?" asked Stewart. "Why, horses, mules, cattle and hogs." "What makes your horses, mules, cattle and hogs?" continued the Ohio man; "you feed \$100 worth of hay to a horse; you just aminate and get on top of your haystack and slide off to market. How is it with your cattle? You make one of them carry \$50 worth of grass and hay to the eastern market. Then they take it at 80 cents a bushel of fattening calves, thirty bushels. Then you put thirty bushels in the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the eastern market." "I acknowledge the corn," shouted the Kentucky member.

"A little bird told me" is an almost universal adage based upon the adage that this ubiquitous wanderer from the vantage of the upper air spies out all strange and secret things and tells them to those who can understand. Thus is Ecclesiastes x., 20: "Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber; for the bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

"Let us return to our muttons," meaning let us return to the subject matter from which we have wandered. The phrase comes from an old French play in which a draper who had been cheated by a lawyer of six rolls of cloth appears in court to defend a thief who has stolen twenty-eight sheep of the draper. The prey of the thievish lawyer causes the draper to wander from the sheep thief to his swindling lawyer, confusing the two misdemeanors, which caused the judge to frequently exclaim: "Let us return to our muttons" (sheep). "Not worth a tinker's dam" is really not profane in itself, as the last word should be spelled without an *n* and the dam is a wall of an old time raised with mud and gravel which the plumber is repairing, just as he desires it fixed with solder. The material can be used but once, consequently after being used is worthless. Hence the force of the adage for a comparison of worthless things.

"Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high" is a much-used expression and turns on a misapprehension of the word "hunks," the cry of the wild goose as it flies. On clear days wild geese fly high, hence they "hunk" high. Consequently the adage means everything is lovely and the weather is fair.

"I'll put a spoke in his wheel," had its origin many years ago when wheels were solid except three holes to receive a "spoke" or pin when going down hill, which acted as a brake. In 1689, in a memorial, two measures designed to interfere with the arbitrary government of James II. are spoken of "as such spokes in their chariot wheels that made them drive much heavier."

On the surface of a river or water exposed to the air ice is made by the coldness of the air against the top of the water. When water is cooled thus it at first shrinks in size, and therefore, sinks below the less cold water next to it. This in turn gets cooler, shrinks and sinks, and so on, till the water from the top to bottom is lowered to four degrees above centigrade zero. As soon as the water gets colder than this it begins to swell, and, therefore, no longer sinks as before, but stays on the top, and, if the cooling still goes on till zero centigrade is reached, it begins to turn into ice. When, by the colder air on top of it, as much heat is taken away as will make this water at zero have raised to the same water at zero to a pound of water at a seventy-nine degrees centigrade, a pound of ice is formed; when twice as much, two pounds, and so on, till, if the air above the water keeps cold enough, the whole of the water in time be made into ice.

Perhaps the most satisfactory way of all for producing ice in large quantities is that of compressing dried air by means of a force-pump into strong wrought iron cylinders. As the air is forced into the cylinders it gives out the heat it contains to surrounding objects colder than itself. When again allowed to expand the air regulates this heat once more and takes it from anything it touches. If, therefore, a vessel of water is held in the stream of air issuing from such a wrought-iron cylinder, the water loses its heat to the expanding air and gets frozen. This process is in use on vessels bringing the carcasses of sheep and bullocks from Australia and America.—[Atlanta, Constitution.]