

LONG AGO

Once knew all the birds that came
And nestled in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and
bees.
I knew where thrived, in yonder glen,
What plant would soothe a stone-bruised
toe—
Oh, I was very learned then,
But that was very long ago.
I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found,
I knew the rushes near the mill,
Where pickers lay that weighed a
pound;
I knew the wood, the very trees,
Where lived the poaching, saucy crew.
And all the woods and crows knew me,
But that was very long ago.
And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old, familiar spot,
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, I am forgot.
Yet here's this youngest at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.
I know it's folly to complain
Of what's over the fates decreed,
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back to the friends I used to know,
For I was, oh, so happy then—
But that was very long ago.
—[Eugene Field.]

A Fearful Straw Ride.

BY EMILIE EGAN.

The young people of to-day can scarcely realize what a "straw ride" was like a hundred years ago, or that the fun-provoking excursion enjoyed so much nowadays had an ancient and necessary origin. It is probable, however, that as much fun and laughter accompanied the straw ride then as now, for young people are alike in all ages and the world over.
When our English forefathers settled first in the New England States, especially Vermont and New Hampshire, they established their homes upon the highlands, because, strange as it now seems, the larger lakes, ponds and rivers—where the beautiful meadows now are—were compassed about with miles and miles of thickly wooded swamps, which were almost impassable even in summer.
Last summer I climbed the mountain which is the scene of this story, and I counted there forty old cellar holes, overgrown with grass and brush, but indisputable evidence of former homes.

I asked stupidly—feeling certain the answer would be, "Killed by Indians or devoured by wild beasts"—"Where did all the people go to who once lived here?" The practical one of our party answered, "Oh, they moved down gradually, for, as the woods were cut off, the swamps dried up."
A hundred years ago the settlers on the mountain made nothing of the deep snows which in winter covered all that country, but turned out with shovels and ox sleds—the only vehicles known in the mountains in those times—and manfully "broke roads," in order that their social intercourse with their "Notchite" friends might not be interrupted.

Especially was this the case in a winter, when Mr. Stevens, the most "forehanded" of them all, had built a frame mansion, and was going to give a house-warming ball. A string of ox-teams was sent over the rough, grifted road, and all was ready for the revelers.
There were enough people to fill two sleds, and Thad Waldo and Freeman Eddy, each of whom owned two yoke of oxen, were chosen as teamsters. Their sleds were filled with straw and blankets, ready for their respective loads, and they started merrily off at four o'clock, reaching their destination before dark. They stayed there until three in the morning, gayly dancing and feasting, with never a thought of danger.

When the teamsters went out to "tackle up" for the return home, they found the sky heavy with dark clouds and much warmer than when they came over.

"Guess we're going to have our January thaw," remarked young Waldo.

"And I'm afraid we'll get a slump over the south side. It won't be very easy riding over those stumps and stones," returned Eddy.
For a mile or so the high spirits of the party made the woods and mountains ring with song and laughter, but by the time they reached the heights the fatigue of the dance began to tell upon them, and the younger of them commenced making pillows of the laps of their elders, who, also, soon became silent.

Waldo and Eddy, as they reached the notch, jumped from their sleds to better guide their teams down the mountain, and the latter shouted as he reached the road, "Old Buck and Bright will be more lively company than that sleepy crowd."
The drowsy ripple of laughter which followed this sally was suddenly drowned by a horrible scream which seemed to fairly fill the pass, echoing and re-echoing among the mountains as if being answered by a hundred others.

The two teamsters sprang quickly to the heads of their teams, now trembling and cuddling up to each other in fright. The men knew that they had but a moment to prevent a stampede down the mountain; for, as soon as the poor oxen should recover from their first alarm, they would seek safety in flight, when it seemed impossible that the whole party could escape being dashed to pieces.

Every person in the company, from the oldest to the youngest, fully appreciated their double danger. They knew that that deafening scream came from a hungry panther—and that it meant death.

Instantly every young man on the sleds had his gun to his shoulder—they never went without them—in "those good old days"—peering sharply among the hemlocks which lined the road, for the two fiery eyes, the only part of the ugly beast which they expected to see in the cloudy darkness. Falling a shot, they knew that he would jump for them, when they passed under the tree where he

had lodged, when he gave his warning scream. Should he miss, it would be no wise end the chase, for they knew that by his huge, vaulting springs he could soon forge ahead to a vantage ground in another tree.
The road through which these hapless young people took their fearful ride is nearly obliterated now by a sturdy growth of young trees, except the "Three Ledges" around which the road runs. No trees can ever cover those cruel rocks. Here was the fearful climax which must end such a race, even should they keep together until they reached the ledges.

In thirty seconds, quick-witted young Waldo had unhitched his leading oxen and turned them into the deep snow, hoping that they might possibly attract the panther. Thus he obtained also a better chance to control the others. By this time a second scream, more defiant than the other, rang through the woods.
This second scream came from behind them over through the notch, and was immediately answered by the first, making the poor, trembling oxen fairly bound with fright, and sending them off on a mad gallop. The teamsters instinctively caught hold of yoke and horn. Young Waldo shouted back to those in the sleds, "Hold on for your lives!"

It was an almost useless warning. The young men who had risen were thrown among those who had not, their extended guns dealing cruel blows as they fell. But not a word of fear or complaint was uttered by the hardy young settlers, and no sound was heard for a few minutes except Waldo's and Eddy's shouts in their endeavors to check the mad speed of their teams; yet it seemed to those in the sleds, as they tossed and bounded from side to side, catching and losing their hold upon the stakes, that the next stump or stone must certainly wreck them.

Even the panther was forgotten in their efforts to keep their places, until the chase was freshly announced by the united screams of the panthers, now certainly both behind them. That the oxen had distanced them in their first mad run was plain; but that game and the unfortunate straw-riders no hope of an ultimate escape, for they could now count by the screams the rapidly-made jumps of their pursuers, which were fast closing in upon them.

Waldo's team, though much winded, was running fairly well, through his timely forethought in turning loose his leaders; while Eddy, who had barely time to catch the horn of his near ox, had no control over his leaders, which, in their successive frights at each scream from the panthers, bolted frightfully, adding to their danger as well as lessening their chances of escape by flight.

It would seem that the dangers already surrounding the party could not be increased, but those in the last sled became suddenly aware that Waldo's abandoned leaders were in the road behind them. They recognized the danger immediately, and tried, by flinging out their free arms and shouting, to change the course of the pursuing oxen, but the poor, terror-blinded creatures plunged straight on, heedless nothing.

There was no time to escape this new danger, had the occupants of the sled any strength to do ought but hold on, and each face turned toward the head of the sled-boards. But when the shock came, it almost seemed the Providence interfered to save them, for only one ox planted his feet over the endboard, while the other fell with only his big horns and head inside, where by a miracle they hung, only to be savagely shaken off by the next stump or stone.

The continually nearing screams of the panthers showed that they were still in hot pursuit, and there was a regretful hope in each mind that the poor oxen might not be able to rise, thereby becoming a sacrifice for the safety of the load of human beings clinging to the sled.

Not so; for in a moment, just as a panther sprang from a tree across the road, probably not fifty feet behind the sled, the oxen were in the road again and madder than ever with fright.

Eddy, who had been obliged to look ahead, though comprehending fully all that had occurred behind, knew what the others did not, that Waldo's team must be far ahead, for he had not heard nor seen anything of him for a long time; and they themselves were flying past the "Boulder Spurs," with three dangerous ledges less than a half-mile beyond.

Turning his face back, he shouted hoarsely, "For God's sake, shoot the oxen and be quick about it, for we are nearing the ledge!"

Two shots instantly answered his command, and in the short interval of partial silence that ensued, he heard two sounds, which, strong, brave man as he was, he never forgot, and always remembered with a sense of unforgetting cruelty. It was a long, mournful "loo," a pitiful petition for help, as it were, from one of the doomed oxen; and, "Oh, see! The poor thing is dragging his mate!" in a sweet, girlish voice. But soon the poor fellow was left far behind, and when they heard the next scream from the panthers, an agonized bellow followed, telling of the fate of the oxen.

For a while all believed themselves free from the panthers, and the oxen which were drawing them evidently shared their belief, for they showed signs of slackening speed; though minutes before, it had seemed as though nothing could save the party from being swept over the ledges, if carried upon them with such fearful speed. Now all began to hope that the team might be slowed up sufficiently to allow them to jump off. They began to take an interest in young Eddy's efforts to stop his oxen, and noticed that Waldo was not ahead of them. They saw that Eddy was redoubling his efforts to slacken up, with a vigorous use of his thick good up the noses of the oxen. The stick had not left his hand in all that terrible ride down the mountain. Then he shouted, "Get ready to jump when I tell you, and jump to the upside!"

A few more cruelly vigorous blows. Then, jerking the head of his near ox sharply, he cried, "Jump!" And with one wild shout the whole sled-land landed in a struggling mass in the deep, soft snow.
Young Eddy, when he saw his sled empty, let go his hold upon his oxen and fell backward, through sheer exhaustion; but almost immediately he sprang to his feet again in horror. The worst danger they had been in to-night was upon them; for either one of their former pursuers, or an entirely new comer, had uttered his blood-curdling scream just over their heads.
They were in a narrow opening, only a few feet from the first ledge, where there was a sheer descent of sixty feet, with a rise of twenty feet of broken rock above them. Nothing could save them now from an encounter with a hungry panther.
Were the poor oxen fated that night, one and all, to perish that their precious load might be saved? The oxen had made but a few staggering bounds away, just to the open ledge, when they were checked and sent huddling and backing upon each other again by the sudden renewal of danger, and the leaders, in their efforts to get back to their human friends, turned completely round upon the other yoke, twisting them until the sled grated over the ledge.
Just for a moment the horrified young people forgot their own danger, as they watched the white stripes in the leaders' faces and listened to the sound of the sled-runners on the rocky ledge; then another death-threatening scream, and a huge body shot through the misty air. There was a frightful bellowing and a short scramble of hoofs; then sled, oxen, and panther disappeared, to be heard from but once more with a crashing thud as they struck the rocks below.
The suppressed feelings of the straw-riders found vent this time in a regular stampede for their homes; the girls were crying and sobbing, and unconditionally accepted help from the young men; and all, though it was mid-winter, forgot completely their lost wraps, caps, hoods and mittens.
All thought for certain that Waldo's team must have gone over the ledge, but only a few of the strongest young men had breath to express their grief about equal after they had recovered their breath sufficiently to see, count, and remember names, to find in the crowd of settlers coming out to meet them, every individual of the first load.

Waldo and Eddy suffered the most from the adventure; Eddy had rheumatic fever. Waldo constituted himself doctor and nurse-in-general to him, and they talked over many a time the fearful incidents of the ride.
The two places where the oxen fell were made the common hunting-grounds of both settlements, and many a panther, wolf, and fox were killed there before the winter was through.—[Romance.]

There is terror among the people living on Mud Bay Point, caused by the roaming through that country of a drove of wild hogs. There are a dozen or two of the beasts. They have been breeding there for about seven years, becoming wilder all the time, but not until the last two months have they made themselves dangerous.

They are of a large-boned variety and have grown to an enormous height. They also have tusks. They live mostly on the skunk cabbage growing in the swamps, but as this provender has run low they have become further enraged with hunger and are seeking other food.

Only a few days ago they took after a fleet-footed pony and ran him down, killing him almost instantly. The residents of the Point have found it necessary to keep their stock within doors. Occasionally, however, an animal has become loose and lost its life by the attacks of the boars.

Nobody in the neighborhood dares go out after night, and extreme caution is exercised when out of doors during daylight.

A number of expert riders and teamsters living in Olympia are contemplating the formation of a company to engage in a wild boar hunt on Mud Bay Point, and it is probable that the fierce drove will be exterminated. The people living there do not feel equal to the task alone.—[Oregon Olympian-Tribune.]

The Gopher Plant.

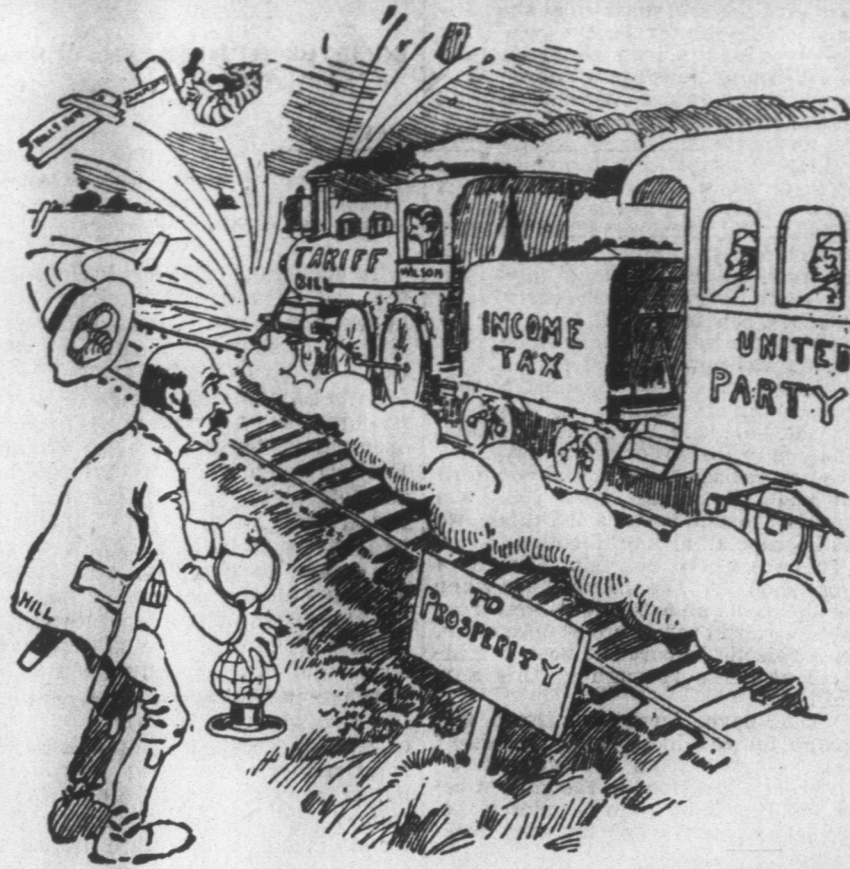
When travellers crossed the plains at the time when the Pacific railroads were first built, a beautiful plant called Euphorbia albo-marginata used to come up frequently along the railroad tracks, which the laborers believed to grow from seed that had been waiting there to sprout since the flood. They called it "Snow on the Mountain," because the bracts under the flowers, such as we see in Poinsettia and other euphorbiaceous plants, were striped with white among the green. It is now stated in California circles that where this plant grows gophers will receive notice to quit. It is remarkable that it is said of another euphorbiaceous plant, the castor-oil plant, that where it is grown moles will never appear.

No one has put great faith in this statement, but that two plants of the same family should be watched by two classes of observers, wholly independent of each other, and be reported to have exactly the same effect on destructive rodents, indicates that there must be something certain to bring about the like conclusions.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A Cheap Town.

The city of Fort Payne, Ala., sold under the hammer the other day for \$60,000. The sale included 30,000 acres of mineral lands, 2,000 town lots and a number of costly manufacturing establishments, as furnaces, rolling mills, factories, hotels, etc. Fort Payne is a "boom town," in which millions of money were invested, mostly by New England capitalists. It came to the front in 1889, was eagerly taken up by the Eastern people, and after costing some \$5,000,000 in one way and another, collapsed completely, to the great disappointment of its enterprising projectors, and to the much greater disappointment of the unlucky investors.—[Pittsburg.]

WRECKER HILL FAILS TO STOP THE TRAIN.



SURRENDER TO THE TRUST.

Senators Shamefully Capitulate to a Grasping Octopus.

In the proposed amendment to the tariff bill the sugar trust seems to have obtained all that it wants, or at least all that it can expect to get without creating such a scandal as would put a violent end to its relations with certain Senators. These Senators, having now gained for the trust the last possible concession, are willing to vote for the reduction of taxes on necessities of life other than sugar.

This shameful surrender to the sugar trust has been brought about by three classes in the Senate. First—The Senators who have a direct pecuniary interest in sugar speculation. It is only necessary to point to the quotations of the price of sugar stuck on the board of the Senate to indicate how the purchase of votes has been made. Just before the report of the bill to the Senate, and again within the last few days, the price of these securities rose enormously. The second class consists of Senators who have been weakly influenced to consent to these concessions by reminders of contributions to campaign funds. In this class Republican as well as Democrats are included, for the trust impartially makes its campaign contributions to both parties.

Third—There have been enough disgraced Democrats to make up the number necessary to carry out the trade. These men have been made hopeless by the corrupting presence of the trust, and by the evident inability of honest tariff reformers to overcome its wiles and its arguments. They have yielded in order to pass a bill putting an end to some of the most odious features of McKinley's tariff. They have taken an eighth of a loaf rather than go without bread.

In the whole history of protectionism nothing has happened so humiliating to Congress as this triumph of the sugar trust, in its bold and cynical effort to tax the people millions of dollars for its own enrichment, through the aid of Senators who are sworn to legislate for the general welfare, but who are the willing and sometimes the corrupt tools of this monopoly.—New York World.

A Voice from Ohio.

In the special Congressional election in the Third Ohio District, George Democrat, won by 2,000 or 3,000 majority, where McKinley last year had about 500 majority. This is a more significant figure, in a special election, than was Hook's plurality of 4,316 in 1892, when a Presidential election was on.

It is a peculiarly suggestive victory in many ways. The election was held in McKinley's own State, where, if anywhere, McKinleyism should have gained adherents. By deliberate choice of the Republicans themselves the vote was cast upon a question as the sole issue. There was made a special and direct appeal to the voters of the district to say what they now think of that tariff-reform policy for which they voted in 1892. There was no room for a pecuniary bribe to them to make manifest any change of mind that may have come to them.

Their reply to this appeal is that they have not changed their minds, that they are even more strongly than before determined to oppose the iniquitous McKinley system of taxation that gives place to a more equitable distribution of the public burdens. As this is the only election that has been contested this year upon that direct issue its result is especially encouraging. In that result the tariff-reformers have gained what the country should be if the majority there came to retain control of the Government in their party's hands. This victory was won at the precise time when there was greatest need for it, and it is a great triumph for the Wilson bill. It suggests the good results that are promised for November if that bill is actually made law without further delay.

Proper of Silk Weavers.

One proper reform in the relation between the silk manufacturers and weavers is indicated by the interviews which we publish. Certain manufacturers put forward in their statements for publication the fact that they are ready to pay the weaver from \$3 to \$4 a day. Now this sounds very liberal, and tends to destroy all sympathy with the operatives among those who are not familiar with the methods of the mill, but when it is understood that the weaver, who is now so unaccountably refusing \$3 or \$4 a day, is obliged to prepare his own loom for work for nothing, and that this operation may consume many weeks in a year, it will be seen that the workman is not so unreasonably asked to accept of the manufacturer's statement, and a very different light is thrown upon his present course in regard to wages. It will be observed that one of the weavers, whose interview we print, states that the average wages in Patterson for 1893 amounted to \$5 a week, when the loom fixing and the long waits between work are considered, which is a very different thing from the spectacular compensation which these manufacturers propose as though it were for steady employment. The weaver whom we quote states that the wages under the schedule urged by the men would not yield more than from \$11 to \$13 a week—surely not an exorbitant rate for highly skilled labor in a land where high protective duties are imposed entirely on the workingman's account.—Dry Goods Economist.

Rich Men and Coxeyism.

Those are good, strong, brave words that "paradise can be inherited by the subject of Coxeyism, and they are very timely ones. It is most unfortunate, at this time especially, that the rich men of the country are manifesting an indisposition to bear their fair share of the public burdens. Not only are they struggling to perpetuate a system of taxation which makes of them a favored class, enriching them at the expense of the people's prosperity, but they are determinedly opposing the imposition of a very small tax upon their superfluous incomes at a time when there are multitudes of taxpayers unable to get any incomes at all.

The rich men of the country are losing a great opportunity and taking a wholly needless risk. They are refusing to share the burden of the tax, and they are creating in men's minds a ranking sense of injustice. They are playing into the hands of the vicious theorists who preach Socialism and worse. They are committing a stupendous blunder.—New York World.

Freedom a Misnomer.

Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, has been making a point against the New England sectionalists who make political capital out of the activity of Southern and Western Congressmen in tariff reform. "They have no Lowell in the South and West," say the New England Republicans, chiding after Reed. Mr. Bryan proceeds to show that the people of the West and South are the more likely to exert their intelligence boldly and fearlessly by not living in Lowell and West. Lowell, there are 14,836 families occupying homes. Only 14 per cent. own unincumbered homes. The percentage in Lynn is 16. In Fall River only 9 per cent. own free homes. In Holyoke the percentage is between 8 and 9 per cent.

So, when it comes to freeholders, the Massachusetts supply is light, and in the typical manufacturing towns the population is evidently dependent upon weekly wages for means to keep roofs over the heads of families. Is this a condition which has any tendency to speak and act the truth? Is it not rather one in which the few rich will dominate the many dependent? Between 1,000 Western farmers and 1,000 Lowell operatives, where would any body look for outspoken American thought?—St. Louis Republic.

Retire the Criminal Senators.

The Kansas City Times (Dem.) hails with approval the announcement that the Senate majority have come to an understanding as to the tariff bill, but it says: "The fact that a compromise has been effected does not excuse certain Senators for the treachery to the party that made the compromise necessary. These men, for selfish reasons, betray an inclination to dishonor the party and perpetuate admitted evils. That is not only crime against party discipline, but against the people, whose burdens are already too onerous to bear. The Senators guilty of such offenses ought to be condemned to early and permanent retirement."

Who Will Explain?
If a man tells you that protection increases wages, ask him to explain why it is that free trade England pays higher wages to-day than during the days of her protective policy. Ask him why it is that she pays higher wages than any of the other countries, which have no protection. Ask him why it is that right here in this country, where the tariff is the same in every part, wages are higher in the West than in the East, and higher in the North than in the South.—Chicago Free-Trade.

Although Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia, was instrumental in having a duty put on coal and iron, he will vote for any tariff bill that is "ultimately agreed upon." "If the majority of the Senate," he says, "should vote to take off the duty, I shall acquiesce in the judgment of the majority. I am a Democrat always, and shall not desert my part in this great fight for tariff reform."—New York Evening Post.

Hill is a Republican.
"Senator Hill's talk about 'cheerfully voting for the Mills bill' is the vilest juggling," says the Buffalo Courier (Dem.). "It is probably intended to divert attention from his cunningly contrived devices for complicating the situation and defeating all tariff legislation. No supporter of McKinleyism could possibly serve his cause more effectively than Senator Hill is now serving it by his tortuous course."

The Greatest Paper Right.
"I want to say right here," said Senator Voorhees in the Senate, "that in spite of what other changes may be made, no matter what may be floating in the air—the income tax will stay in this bill." So the World has said for three months past. So it will prove to be when the bill is signed. The parrots will find that they have parroted in vain.—New York World.

A Sectional Bill.
"The only true sense in which the Wilson bill is sectional," says the Baltimore Sun (Dem.), "is that it still leaves the manufacturing sections in possession of what other changes may be made, no matter what may be floating in the air—the income tax will stay in this bill." So the World has said for three months past. So it will prove to be when the bill is signed. The parrots will find that they have parroted in vain.—New York World.

A Strange Belief.
Many of the South Sea Islanders believe that paradise can be inherited only by persons of perfect physical forms. Where this belief prevails, a man will die rather than submit to amputation.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

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

The Frankfort Gazette publishes a story of abominable cruelty practiced on a soldier in Padua, Italy. According to the Gazette a recruit named Evangelista reported himself to be ill. His superior officer thought, or at least pretended to think, that he was shamming illness as an excuse to escape a riding exercise. Evangelista was ordered to report at the riding school, and he staggered there in obedience to the order. He declared when there that he was so weak he could not mount his horse, but his officers whipped him until he tried three times to mount. Each time he fell to the ground exhausted. As he was lying on the ground a horse was brought up and teased into kicking the prostrate recruit. Then in a playful mood the officers threw buckets of water over him. Evangelista implored his torturers to leave him alone, declaring that he was fast dying. His appeals, however, fell on deaf ears. The officers procured a rope and this was tied to the arms of Evangelista. Then he was bumped up and down and otherwise maltreated until he appeared to be dead. Not satisfied with the torture he had inflicted upon the helpless recruit the officers caused him to be dragged by the heels to the barracks, where he died the same night.

There is a settlement near Mobile, Ala., called "Little Africa," which has a strange history. Its people are pure-blooded Dahomeans, who settled there after the war, and have never married or given in marriage outside themselves. They are said to be exceedingly fine specimens of the African race. They are the representatives of the last cargo of negroes brought into the United States from Africa. They were brought here in 1859 as the result of a bet made in 1857 by the Captain of a river steamerboat in Alabama with four Northern men, passengers of his, that he could bring over a cargo of slaves in two years in spite of the strictness of the law against such traffic. The Federal officers learned of the arrival of the vessel, and the Captain was compelled to get under cover. The planters who had promised to purchase the slaves were afraid to do so, and they were, in consequence, never separated. Mrs. Caroline Dall, of the Woman's Anthropological Society, read a paper recently in which the facts were brought out, and a more thorough investigation is promised.

While digging a cellar on his farm near Earl's, Yates County, N. Y., the other day, Martin Larson unearthed the skeleton of a man who must have been nearly seven feet high. With the remains were found a stone knife, a curious red clay pipe, and a quantity of shell beads. After removing his interesting find, the farmer went on with his digging, but had not worked long before he came upon another skeleton and more Indian relics. These were added to the other collection, and the cellar digging proceeded. Soon Farmer Larson uncovered a third skeleton and a third collection of relics. Then he went to mining regularly in search of these buried reminders of a former people, and in a short time unearthed nine more skeletons, and a miscellaneous collection of pipes, arrow heads, and other Indian relics. The locality was a favorite Indian camping ground before the whites came into this part of the State. None of the skeletons was under six feet in length, and all are in a good state of preservation.

There is a nurse at the Cincinnati City Hospital whose strange power over patients is attracting much attention among those who know of it. She is Mrs. Mutchler, a petite, good-looking widow. She calls her power hypnotic, and the manner in which she handles obstreperous or insane patients is wonderful. No matter how violent they are, at a word and touch from her they instantly become mild and tractable. A few days ago an insane girl who required several stalwart policemen to handle her was brought to the hospital. Mrs. Mutchler was called, and in five minutes the patient had ceased her struggles, disrobed and was taking a bath. Recently a colored giantess, who long had been a terror to the police, was taken to the hospital. She could whip any three men and was very vicious. Mrs. Mutchler first saw her in one of her violent fits, and quieted her at once. Mrs. Mutchler says she cannot account for her power, but never saw a woman she could not control.

MENDICANCY would appear to be almost as profitable in the outlying suburbs of Paris as in the city itself, where beggars sometimes die leaving substantial legacies behind them for their next of kin. Victor Hayet, aged 49, was supposed to be one of the most destitute and almsworthy inhabitants of Joinville-le-Pont, where he dwelt in a hovel by night and begged on the roads by day. For a week he disappeared from sight, and the police, having been communicated with, went to the hut, burst open the door, as there was no answer to their knocks, and found Hayet dead on the floor inside. His body showed no marks of foul play, and it was clear that the man had died suddenly from heart disease. In a dirty cupboard of his miserable room was found a parcel of bank notes amounting in value to \$8,600. The mendicant's dog was heard howling in the cellar. The animal was half mad with hunger, and it choked itself eating a lump of bread thrown to it by a policeman.

The old theory that lighted fires in the streets had power to drive away a pestilence has long been exploded, but the Mayor of Bordeaux, France, evidently believes there are occasions when public fires of this kind may be used with advantage. It appears that there is much poverty just now in Bordeaux, as also, elsewhere, and the Mayor, being seized with pity for the condition of the unemployed, has had huge coal fires placed in certain parts of the city during the recent severe weather. The fires, which

were placed, of course, only in the poorer quarters, gave much satisfaction, and thousands availed themselves of them to warm themselves, while some people even did their cooking by them.

A FRENCH missionary is responsible for this cannibal story from Africa. Certain tribes living on the banks of the Ubangi eat a monotonous vegetable diet by joints of human flesh, and slaves are especially fattened up for sale in the local market. The usual system followed by dealers is to exhibit the slave alive, marking off with a piece of chalk the various ribs and outlets ordered by their customers. The slave is not killed until the last pound of him is sold, and then he is cut up and distributed according to orders.

An ingenious device has been contrived by Dr. A. Cancani, of Italy, for registering the precise time when an earthquake shock occurs. The seismograph is so arranged as to take an instantaneous photograph of the face of a chronometer at the instant of the shock. An adjustment of levers and batteries and magnet is thrown into gear by the shock, so that an incandescent electric lamp is lighted automatically for about a quarter of a second, while the image of the clock is established upon the photographic plate.

G. W. MALCOLM, a farmer living on J. W. Polley's farm, north of Portland, Ind., a short time ago killed a very fat hen. Upon dressing the fowl an egg of extraordinary size was found, on which the shell was just forming, and within was another the size of a common hen egg. Surprised at the find the investigation was continued, and inside of egg number two was found one about as large as that of a quail and within it another resembling a small bird egg.—[Chicago Times.]

When Ambrose Hemingway, of Mayville, Mich., recovered from pleurisy about seven years ago his shoulder muscles were found to be atrophied. This was followed by ossification of the joints. The ossifying process has progressed, until now he is as stiff as a board and unable to move any joint except the left wrist. The doctors say there is no cure for him, and that before he dies he will become blind.

No one has as yet been able to tell why railroad rats "creep." That they do is a fact well established by expert testimony. Recently it has been discovered that on lines running north and south the west rail "creeps" faster than the east rail. Without conclusive evidence on the subject, it is believed that there must be some central magnetic attraction toward the east that causes the movement.

MRS. MARY BROWN, of Norwood, Ohio, became afflicted with a feverish condition of the larynx about three years ago, and found great relief in eating cracked ice. Eventually the abnormal condition disappeared, but Mrs. Brown maintained her liking for ice. She now consumes from two to two and one-half quarts every day, and would rather go without her meals than be deprived of it.

PETER GORDON, of Mariana, Wis., has two sons, now about sixteen years of age. In infancy and early boyhood they were known as Peter, Jr., and Henry, but their father has renamed them Maximum and Minimum, because of the manner in which they divide what is given them for joint benefit.

GEORGE BEDDE, of Tacoma, Wash., tried to put a billiard ball in his mouth on a wager of \$1. He dislocated a jaw, cut his tongue, dropped the billiard ball in the fire and ruined it, and the doctor charged him \$5 to spring his jaw into place again. Total expense \$9, and lost the bet.

THERE is a cow in Seattle, Wash., living and in good health, with a steel wire through her heart. She received it while attempting to break through a barbed wire fence, and it is so deeply imbedded that veterinary surgeons say to pull it out would result in a hemorrhage and probable death.

Just before Adam Barnstable, of Aroostock, Me., died the other day, aged eighty, he confessed that he had used a bushel measure with a false bottom for sixty years and cheated his friends and neighbors out of thousands of bushels of potatoes.

A PANIC was created near Stewart, Ky., by the sudden death of William Russell. He was attending the funeral of P. H. Best, who committed suicide, and just as the corpse was being lowered into the grave Russell fell back dead.

On cutting through a teak log in the saw mill of a dockyard at Sheerness, England, recently a bird's nest containing four eggs was found in a hollow spot. The log had been shipped some months previous from India.

JOHN HINEMAN, of Memphis, Tenn., lost his power of speech several years ago as a result of fever. He dreamed one night recently that he could talk, and when he woke in the morning he found that his dream was true.

Knotty Point for a Judge.

"One of the most puzzling legal propositions ever submitted to me," said Judge C. E. Clark, of Kentucky, to the corridor man at the Lindell, was a will case which arose in the western part of my State. A man died, leaving considerable estate. He had no children, but at the time of his last illness his wife was approaching maternity. He therefore provided in his will which was made a few days before his death, that in case the unborn child should be a son the mother and son were to inherit equally, each taking one-half of the estate. In case, however, the unborn child should be a daughter, the widow should take two-thirds of the property and the daughter one-third. In the course of time the widow gave birth to twins, one girl and one boy. The mathematical and consanguinity problem was too much for me, and the estate was finally divided by agreement, each taking one-third.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]