

## THE SECRET OF THE DOVE.

Come, listen, oh, love, to the olive-hued dove,  
The dove and the olive of old.  
Companioned still in their world above  
As when the angels rolled.

Hark! heaven, oh, love, to the voice of the dove,  
Hark, heaven, and hear him say,  
"There are many to-morrows, my love, my love,  
There's only one to-day."

And this is his wooing; you hear him say,  
"This day in purple rolled.  
And the baby stars of the milky way  
Are crested in cradles of gold."

Now, what is thy secret, serene, gray dove  
Escaping death's deluge above?  
"There are many to-morrows, my love, my love,  
There's only one to-day."

## THE STORY OF THREE OLD MEN

Shortly after the successful issue of our struggle for independence, on a certain night in the fall of the year, a storm of unrelenting violence was raging in the Catskill Mountains. The wind screamed as though in a delirium of triumph, flinging with tireless fury, the cold rain over the peaks and the valleys. The long, plant arms of the leafless mountain willows lashed the black night in impotent rage and more than one craggy mass, loosened from its bond of ages, tore its awful way that night through the upland forest to the sodden level beneath.

Even Mistress Dorris, the merry, plump little widow who supplied the customers of the Old Leeds Arms with ales, wines, and liquors, tobacco and snuff, even she was out of sorts, for what with the going out of lanterns and the coming in of water through the diamond panes of the rickety lattice; what with the smoke that seemed not to know the purpose of a chimney, and the coughing and grumbling of the shivering old men in the bar parlor, her head and hands were busy enough.

There was something uncanny about this visitor. An absolute stranger, he had entered in the height of the storm, his appearance indicating a long foot journey, had given his bearskin coat to the potboy, with an injunction "to have it dried and laid on the bed in the little room over the tap," and, without a question, had gone direct to the parlor. He looked as ancient as the inn itself, of which he evidently knew every nook and corner.

"Bring me a mug of mulled ale, mistress," he said, "and, hark ye, Hiram Cook, the constable, is livin' still, ain't he?"

"Judge Hiram Cook is my father," replied the widow; "it is many years since he was constable. He took the wagon to court this morning, and may not trust the roads till daylight."

"To court!" repeated the stranger. "Ay, I understand; he will be choice gallow's fruit—choice gallow's fruit!" and he rubbed his skinny hands and blinked his unnaturally bright eyes at a lively rate.

The gibbet is a depressing subject at times, but to have it linked in an obscure fashion with one's parent by a grinning old stranger, at the approach of midnight, with the rain driving at the doors and windows as though death sought admittance, and the tempest moaning a dirge, defines the limit of endurance.

Mrs. Dorris was evidently of this opinion, for, forgetting all about the mulled ale, she dropped upon the leather couch and stared at her shivering guest with the blankness of a corpse.

"Yes," he laughed, pulling his skeleton fingers until they "cracked," "sixty long years have I waited for what to-morrow will bring. These hills have been less patient, for they I warrant have changed since last I trod them, while I have known no change—at least, here!" And he laid his long fingers over the spot where his hair should have been. "To-morrow," he continued, "and they call justice will awake, and he will hear my curse as he is dragged to the scaffold!"

"What crime is this?" exclaimed the hostess, springing to her feet in the belief that she was confronting a mad man, "that you dare to lay at my father's door?"

"Nay, mistress, it is of Reuben Ellison I speak. I asked if Hiram Cook yet lived, for it is fitting that he who tied the silken cord around the murderer's neck should be the one to take it from his corpse! Doubtless the final arrangements have taken him to town."

"Old Reuben Ellison!"

"Ay," continued the stranger, rising and looking intently into the woman's eyes. "Reuben Ellison! Even now I passed the stone house and saw a light in the windows; you dare not tell me he is dead!"

"Our neighbor has been near the grave these many years, but death and he are strangers. Since my earliest recollection he has lived a life of seclusion, but we grant to age what you would link with crime."

"Woman!" cried the old man, flinging his hands above his head, "did your father speak to you of Mercy Douglas, the Scotch girl, whose services as house maid were bought by Squire Ellison from the owners of the Glasgow packet for the price of her passage, who ran from his home and his proffered love, was taken, tied to the scoundrel's horse and dragged to death among the rocks on this very road?"

The question seemed to revive a host of buried memories. Mrs. Dorris remembered that as a child she had listened to the story of Murder Notch; had seen the identical rock on which the ghost of a beautiful victim was said to sit at midnight, two burning tapers in her hands and sing of her sad fate. She recalled how Tom Dorris, her soul-long brother, had dreamed of becoming her husband—had told her of the spectral horse which time and again was seen to dash up the road as the village clock struck 12, dragging at his heels the form of a lovely woman.

"Ha! your memory is quickened, mistress!" said the old man, who had narrowly watched her face.

"There was such a story when I was very young," she replied, "but I never heard it coupled with the name of Reuben Ellison. The great war has driven out many a legend, master. Old Reuben helped the cause with all he had; he is poor and nearly blind now, and folks with evil tongues should spare his breath."

The stranger's eyes glittered with anger at this report. "I feared it would be kept from this generation!" he cried. "Listen! Mercy was to be my bride. Because she would not break her vows he killed her in his jealous pride. She lies buried on this farm. He was tried for the crime and sentenced to death, by the rope, but a corrupt judge delayed his execution until his ninety-ninth birthday. He was, however, ordered to wear a cord of silk upon his neck and once a year to show to the court that he still bore the emblem of Cain. To-morrow, mistress, Reuben is 99!"

"My father has told me nothing of this!" said Mrs. Dorris.

"No; because he thought death would spare him the task," cried the other fiercely; "but I knew otherwise? Not one brought a forecast of to-morrow! I knew he could not die—I knew I must live; live to see him—him, screaming with the reality of his late years' nightmare, to the punishment a guilty judge would have spared him! Far removed from these mountains, I have seen them by day and by night, I have watched him in his pride, the rich young squire, living down the memory of his crime. Once in a dream, many years ago, I saw him at a feast, and the room of his drunken friends, take from his neck the silken cord and tie it upon his hand! Then, again, I saw him, the aged head of an upright family, living a life of peace, untroubled by the past. I heard his thoughts: 'One decade more at most, and I shall rest as honored as they!' Then I stood before him and laughed, and pointed to a forgotten grave behind which stood the hangman and the gallows! Again I pictured him, living on, on, far beyond his hoped-for limit, a frightful fear in his heart; the hideous past arisen from its grave and stalking ever by his side. Ah, that was the dream of dreams!"

As the star grass on the hills quivers before a storm so the old man shook with the intensity of his hatred.

"Our neighbor and the Reuben Ellison of your dreams would never be mistaken for one another," exclaimed the widow. At this moment the judge, a tall, kindly man, who did not look his great age by many years, entered the room, accompanied by a timid, sweet-faced girl of twenty. "Take off your wet cloak, my dear," said the judge; "daughter, Mercy Ellison, will stay here to-night."

"Mercy Ellison," gasped the stranger. "I sent Amos, the mail rider, to Pound-keepsie yesterday," continued the judge; "has he returned?"

Mrs. Dorris threw her arms around her father's neck. "Oh, then it is true?" she whispered; "you have sent to Governor Clinton for a pardon for Reuben Ellison?"

The judge's eyes inquiringly sought those of the strange guest.

"I have told her what you, Hiram Cook, have so long concealed," said the latter.

"You here, Giles Raven?"

"Do you remember my words of sixty years back—that I should live to see it?"

"Hush!" whispered Hiram, "in pity keep it from her!"

"Yes; for she has known no other. He took her from the breast of a poor woman who had perished in the snow a score of years ago. They have been all the world to each other. He named her 'Mercy,' after the one who lies over there."

A foreboding of evil seemed to be lodged in the girl's breast, which was certainly not dissipated by the kindly little widow's words and caresses. Why had she been brought from the stone house? Why had Reuben begged of the judge that he might be alone for this night?

Giles Raven was not the man to spare anyone who loved the object of his life hatred. Shuffling across the room, he hissed in Mercy's ear:

"To-morrow Reuben Ellison will die on the gallows in spite of this man's efforts to defeat the law!"

"The gallows!" cried the poor girl. "Oh, what fearful secret do you keep from me?"

"Come, dear!" whispered Mrs. Dorris, who gained strength at the sight of another's weakness, and Mercy's cheek lay upon the widow's shoulder as they passed from the room.

For full minute the two men, thus tragically brought together again after the lapse of a lifetime, looked at each other in silence.

"Giles Raven," said the judge at length, "there is no boot but is too clean to tread on such a worm as thou! Year after year our neighbor has come to me and bared his neck that I might see the accursed cord upon it, and I have pitied him, for never before in the world—mark me, Giles, never before in the world—has mischance borne so great a penalty!"

"You have light words for gallow's deeds, master!" sneered Raven.

"Tear from your eyes the film of hatred, Giles, and acknowledge what well you know, that Reuben Ellison never had murder in his heart."

"Mercy Douglas was mine—she left him to become my bride—he had spoken of love to her—the law said that for term her labor was his—he retook her by force—he slew her. Call you that a 'mischance,' Hiram Cook?"

"He was young and had youth's haughty ways; he erred, but when that poor girl was dragged to her death it was because no human arm could have checked his course."

"Is a jury called it murder," grinned the vengeful man, "and murder's due, though long delayed by knavery, is near at last!"

"God touch the governor's heart and bring Amos safely through the storm!" exclaimed the judge. "I have written Clinton that the conviction was under the English rule and might well be avoided."

"And if the roads should delay your mercy, plead?"

Hiram replied with a sigh, which was full of significance.

Giles rose and opened the door. "Hiram Cook," he said, "we three old men have not so far exceeded the limit of human years—for nothing."

"Father," cried Mrs. Dorris from the tap-room, "some one is coming up the road; perhaps it is Amos!"

Poor Mercy, who had expected the terrible story from the widow, already stood in the dark road, listening for the slightest sound which would herald the bearer of the governor's clemency. The storm was abating.

"Loose-o-o-o-o!" came faintly through the blackness.

"It is Amos," exclaimed the girl, who knew the voice of the brave young fellow better than most people were aware. In a few minutes the mail rider, drenched to the skin, drew rein at the door. Since noon on the preceding day he had ridden nearly 100 miles over the heavy roads and had twice rowed across the river. His hand was a perilous and dreary task, but his face wore a smile as he drew a packet from the holster of his army saddle and handed it to the judge, who stepped quickly into the house, followed by Raven.

"Oh, Amos! It is good news, isn't it?" Mercy implored.

The smile vanished. Amos knew not on what business he had been engaged. He loved the sweet face that looked so pleadingly into his; he had not expected to find Mercy at the inn, and the question started the blood from his honest cheeks.

The judge stood in the tap room, behind a suspended lantern, the official letter trembling in his hand. Suddenly he staggered and grasped a chair for support and the document fell to the floor.

"God be merciful to him!" he groaned.

A piercing scream ran through the house and the strong arm of Amos held a very lovely burden.

Giles picked up the letter, put on his spectacles and glanced at the contents

then, shivering as with an ague, he left the room.

"Tell me what this means, Mrs. Dorris!" Amos asked.

"It means that poor old Reuben Ellison is to be executed to-morrow."

Mercy Ellison, in spite of her hysterical entreaties to be allowed to go to Reuben, was taken upstairs by Mrs. Dorris; not, however, to know the blessing of forgetfulness, but to lay in a half-conscious state upon the widow's bed and moan away the night. The judge and Amos sat in the parlor, the latter frequently sobbing like a child, in spite of the landlady's reassuring bulletins.

"Oh, how can it be true!" sobbed Mercy; "how can one so gentle as he who saved my life from the snowdrift have done murder! You do not know him as I do, or you would not hear them say it!"

"Hush!" said her companion; "we do not believe it, dear."

"But the grave—the grave!" she cried, "and the beautiful flowers he has always grown for it, and the dark shadow on his heart that I have so long seen but never understood!"

Presently, however, Mercy slept, and Mrs. Dorris stepped downstairs with words of comfort for Amos, in whom she had begun to take a warm interest.

Giles Raven crept from "the little room over the tap" and entered the chamber. Making sure that the young woman was asleep he pressed a kiss upon her forehead and then, with a wildly beating heart, as silently left the room.

It was morning. Far over the blackness of the weeping forest that stretches almost to the princely Hudson glows the cold light of a new day, while west and south and north, from Overlook to the Black Dome, a galaxy of granite monarchs have already put on their crowns of molten gold. In the dawn's increasing glory the somber night clouds that move upon the lower hills seem like strange monsters from some vaster and still more gloomy world. The robin wakes and chirps his greeting to the morning; the trees shake their reptilian of moisture; overhead a silver star tells of a clearer heaven. The face of nature wears a smile once more as the radiant sun kisses away her tears.

But it is easier to charm a harvest from the earth than to put gladness in a conscience stricken heart. Over the heavy fog in the early light, toils a care-bent, aged man. He is bound on an errand so strange that he half doubts his own identity, and looks behind him now and again, as though expecting his true self to overtake him and drag him back.

On his left lays the Stone House farm: here is the turnstile—unchanged in half a century. A hundred paces from the mountain road there is a small raised bit of earth; it is covered with dead flowers. "I have laid no blossoms here!" he says, and he kneels upon the wet grass and lays his face upon them.

A well trodden path, terminating at the grave, leads toward the rear of the house. Giles takes this path. There is no bar upon the door, yet for a moment he feels not at ease. He must not turn away! To kneel at the feet of the man whose life he has passed in penitence, to confess his own misdeeds and life and obtain Reuben's blessing, is to give him strength to ask forgiveness of one to whom alone vengeance belongs.

The gorgeous hills throw a ray of light in the gloomy place. The dreamer knows now that no guest but sorrow has sat at this board for decades. Giles turns the handle of the parlor door. An aged figure kneels at the casement. Upon his weary, upturned face is cast the first gleam of the morning. Perhaps it is given to these dim eyes to see the orb of light once more, for on the gentle lips rests a smile of wonder and yet of ineffable peace.

"Reuben! Reuben!"

Slowly the eyelids droop and slowly the head falls upon the breast.

It is broad day.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

**A Dead Man's Name and Place Taken By Another.**

A remarkable story comes from Sedgwick, Wis.

Sometime in the winter of 1892 Willis Gorman mysteriously disappeared, leaving a loving wife and a handsome property. Search was made, but the missing man could not be heard from, and his neighbors gave him up for dead. No reason could be assigned for his disappearance.

Eighteen months ago a man came to Sedgwick and announced himself as Willis Gorman. He looked like Gorman, talked like him and was familiar with matters known only to Gorman and his wife. Still there was something peculiar about him, and people had their doubts. He failed to recollect certain names and localities, but he explained by saying that he had wandered off when temporarily deranged, and a blow on the head had injured his mental faculties. During his absence he had been in Michigan, where his cousin, John McGuire, had nursed him back to health. This statement satisfied everybody, and Mrs. Gorman was convinced that the man was her husband.

The supposed Gorman resumed his old place at the head of his family, and everything moved along peacefully until two months ago, when a son was born in the Gorman household. Then a cousin from Nebraska came to see Mrs. Gorman and when he saw her husband he declared positively that he was not the real Willis Gorman. The whole story was told to him and he pretended to be satisfied. But the Nebraska man was still suspicious. He went to Michigan and investigated the matter, and upon his return he exploded a bomb in Sedgwick.

To make a long story short, he had discovered that Willis Gorman died at the home of John McGuire, in Michigan. McGuire had found out all about his history and circumstances, and as he closely resembled him, he thought that he would go to Sedgwick and pass himself off for the dead man. He succeeded wonderfully well, and was getting along finely until he was unmasked by Mrs. Gorman's cousin. When McGuire realized that his deception was known, he burst into tears and offered to marry Mrs. Gorman at once.

The lady's relatives wanted to accept the offer, but she would not listen to it, and demanded that McGuire should sign a written confession and depart from the State, leaving her and her child in peace.

McGuire accepted these hard conditions and left. The case is the sensation of the hour out West.

Sixteen Indian skulls were found in one mound near Martin, Mich., together with implements of war, and a slate, upon which peculiar hieroglyphics were written.

## RATIONS FOR TROOPS.

**EMERGENCY DIET FOR UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.**

**What the Iron Ration Is—The Soldiers of the Future To Be Independent of Supply Trains.**

Within a few weeks from now United States soldiers will be provided for the first time with an "iron ration." The boards appointed to consider the question of emergency foods, representing the various departments of the army, are sending in their reports, upon which final conclusions will be based. Problem: To make up a food package of small bulk, which shall render the fighting man independent of supply trains for a short period in case of an emergency such as might arise from his being wounded or cut off with a detachment from the main command.

"Experiments in this line are being made by all the great war powers," said Major Woodruff to a reporter of the Washington Star at the War Department yesterday. "They are trying everything imaginable for the purpose. Here, for example, is an element of the British emergency ration. It looks like a dog biscuit, doesn't it? Three ounces it weighs and it is four inches square. It is composed simply of whole wheat, solidly compressed. A condensed loaf of bread you might call it. The whole thing is a 'war bread,' which is to replace hard tack for the use of their army. Its ingredients and the processes for making it are a secret. When a piece of it is put into hot water or soup, it swells up like a sponge and is said to be virtually the same as fresh bread."

"For emergency rations evaporated vegetables have been tried, but not with great success. They are not nutritious enough, and they do not keep well. Here is a one-pound can of evaporated onions. Smells strong, doesn't it? It ought to, inasmuch as it represents ten pounds of fresh onions. In the same way potatoes, carrots, turnips and cabbages are put up. Desiccated foods are now being produced on an enormous scale by many firms in this country and abroad. A good thing, which we may adopt, is this desiccated beef. One ounce of it is equal to five ounces of ordinary meat, because it is absolutely water free. It is too hard to cut with a knife without trouble, and so the soldier chops off a small hunk of it. He puts the piece into a little machine like a coffee mill and grinds it up. It comes out in fine shavings, ready to be eaten on bread or to be used for soup stock."

"Beef tea, used as a stimulant, is a good thing for soldiers. For an emergency ration it is put up in capsules, one of which makes a cup. Each capsule contains the necessary seasoning and costs two cents. Beef tea contains almost no nutriment, but only the flavoring and stimulating qualities of the meat."

"It is certain that canned foods will play an important part in future wars. The Belgian iron ration is a ten-ounce can of corned beef, put up in a liquor that is flavored with vegetables. The German emergency ration is a one-pound can of preserved meat, with hard bread and pea sausage. A biscuit composed of meat and flour has been tried for the German army, but the soldiers would not eat it. The biscuit was supposed to furnish the fighting man with everything necessary for his physical support, water excepted. To be satisfactory, a ration must be palatable as well as wholesome and nutritious. A dietary for troops cannot be settled on a basis of theory only; it must be tested in practice. What will satisfy soldiers of one nation may not suit those of another."

"Very likely United States soldiers would not put up with the German 'erbwurst.' Yet that species of pea is said to have been a leading cause of the success of the German arms in the Franco-Prussian war. Without the fatigues to which they were subjected, the sausage is made of pea meal, fat and bacon. It was devised by a German cook, from whom the invention was purchased by the government for \$25,000. The secret lies in the method of preparation, by which the article is rendered proof against decay. Each sausage is eight inches long and makes twelve plates of nutritious soup. There could hardly be a better emergency ration."

"Among other things under consideration by our War Department are condensed soups. This little packet, which looks somewhat like a bundle of cigars, contains just three ounces of desiccated pea soup. You observe, it is so compressed as to be quite hard. I break it up and throw it into this saucepan. To it I add one quart of water and I place it on the gas stove here to boil. For flavoring, though it is not necessary, let us add a small quantity of these evaporated onions. In the course of fifteen minutes I will offer you a plate of very excellent pea soup. Soups, you understand, are most useful in rations. For health it is not sufficient to put a certain amount of nutriment into the body; the stomach must be distended. Soup does that. Incidentally, the soldier who consumes one of the rations absorbs one quart of sterilized water."

"Condensed soups may be purchased in tablets three inches square and half an inch thick. Each tablet weighs four ounces and makes six plates of soup. In food value one tablet is equal to one and three-quarter pounds of potatoes. Bean, mock-turtle, green corn, barley and potato soups are desiccated in this form. Tomato, vegetable and fish chowder soups are similarly prepared. What do you suppose this is? It looks like a button, doesn't it? It is a cup of tea condensed. All you have to do is to drop it into a cup of hot water and stir it up. The sweetening is in the button with the tea. No, the sweetening is not sugar, but saccharine. Coffee is put up in the same way, with saccharine, as well as in a shape that looks like black molasses."

"An iron ration is a short weight and highly concentrated diet intended to cover only a brief period. It is not to be used except when the regular food supply cannot be obtained."

Supposing the army supplies to be regularly furnished, the fighting man ought to return from the campaign carrying in his haversack the same emergency ration with which he started out originally. But it may happen that the regiment or brigade is cut off from the main body, and in that case the emergency rations may be literal salvation. Or he may be left wounded on a field of battle, unable to obtain anything to eat for days, unless he has it with him. During the recent war with China the Japanese found emergency rations a necessity in active service. An army, or a large part of it, may be thrown rapidly forward to hold a position, and it takes a week or more to make roads, so as to get supplies to the front.

## LARGEST LOCOMOTIVES.

**Ponderous Engines that Drag Timber Down Mountain Sides.**

In the vicinity of the town of Verdi, Cal., the highways have been completely ruined for carriage purposes by ponderous road engines which are used by the lumbermen. They are larger and heavier than the largest railroad locomotives. They propel themselves and draw from eight to a dozen great cars laden with timber from nearby forests for the sawmills in Verdi. The wheels of both engines and cars have 2-inch flanges running diagonally across their surface, which have the same effect upon a roadbed as a millstone on wheat, says a correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald.

As the lumber business is the mainstay of Verdi, the citizens forego their carriage drives without grumbling, and have never thought of restricting the liberties of the road engines. Without the flanges the wheels would slip, as the engines go up and down the steep grades—so steep that it would not pay to cart the timber with either horses or oxen.

The engines cost great sums of money, and are only practicable because there are millions of dollars' worth of timber upon the hillsides. So they were created for a special purpose and are altogether too ponderous and expensive to serve any other purpose.

They are supported and propelled by three wheels, all driving wheels connected with the same cylinders (two in number) and guided by the single wheel placed directly in front of the boiler head. In order that this wheel may be used as a steering wheel a series of ingenious ball joints, permitting a swivel in any direction, connect the cranks with the driving rods.

A cab containing the steering gear, a horizontally placed wheel similar to those used upon hook and ladder trucks, is placed directly over the boiler head. The pilot is also engineer. The throttle, reversing lever, whistle and gauges are ranged about this cab in convenient form. At the rear is another cab, used by the fireman, also set up with gauges and valves. Wood is the fuel used and wood stations and tanks located every mile or two along the road to do away with the necessity of towing a large tender, and the only incumbrance to the machine, aside from its load, is a small tank strapped upon the boiler, resembling the camel-back engines used in railroad yards for shifting.

The connection between engine and train is made with chain, the tongue of each wagon fitting in a traveler upon the rear axle of the preceding wagon.

## Petty Economies.

Shoes were the pet meanness of a distinguished English nobleman whose ground rents in London alone would have shod all its inhabitants for centuries to come. It is related of him that he once took his favorite pair in person to a cobbler, and that after carefully examining them the man said to him, "I never saw the like since I've been at the business. You are either the greatest pauper in England, or the Marquis of —"

"I am the marquis, and not the pauper," said his lordship and far from being offended, seemed greatly amused. He mounted a new pair of shoe-strings, even, is pain and grief to him, and a new pair of shoes always brings on a violent fit of gout, so vehemently is he opposed to the sad necessity of donning them at all.

Lord Eldon was a peer of this pattern, only he proceeded to the other extremity, and would never allow his wife and daughters but one bonnet between them. One wonders what pretty Betty Surtees saw in him to induce her to elope with him, cost what it might.

There is a Frenchman whose eccentricity in respect of a pet meanness is very often commented upon in Paris, for though he has a model establishment and positively rolls in money, he cannot bear to use towels freely—his own or his neighbors'. It is said that upon staying at one of the old castles of Brittany for a week he took his hostess aside privately and showed her over three dozen towels that he had been gloating over for days. "All these, madame, I have saved," he remarked, with great delight. "Your servants put them in my room, it is true, but I and my wife have only used one between us. Servants are careless, wasteful creatures. I return the rest."

## Hercules and the Hawk.

Some passengers over one of the Berlin canal bridges the other day noticed the sudden appearance of two black points in the sky at a considerable distance away, which developed into two ducks. Behind them at a lower level flew another bird which suddenly rose into the air above the ducks, and then shot down upon them like an arrow. One of the ducks flew sideways towards the water, the other, closely pursued by its enemy, flew slanting into the canal, and reaching the water, exactly behind the bridge, dived, while the hawk in its blind haste, struck against the head of a statue of Hercules, and fell once more, flapping its great wings, dead on the pavement of the bridge. The bird was a splendid specimen, the wings having an expansion of more than three feet.

There are those who say that the "Napoleon curl" has been done to death by actresses.

## Rebuilt by Surgical Skill.

An odd character is now in Winona, Minn., in the person of George Burns, who has good reason for his eccentricity. He has papers to show that he was head engineer on the steamer City of Savannah, which was wrecked on the coast of Massachusetts on January 18, 1884, while en route from Boston to Florida. He was reversing the levers when the steamer struck the rocks, and he was thrown into the machinery, receiving injuries which crippled him for life. There were 118 lives lost in the accident, and Burns was one of the thirty-seven survivors. For a long while he lay on a cot in the death row of Bellevue Hospital, New York. Dr. Hayes Agnew attended his case and removed five ribs from his left side, and trephined his skull, using six ounces of silver sheeting for this purpose. He was compelled to wear a plaster of paris jacket for four years after the accident. A portion of the lower end of his spine and both elbow joints are gone. One knee cap is on the back of the leg, and his heart is on the extreme right side of his body. He is now 64 years of age, and walks very well and has a cheerful disposition. He is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and served during the war on the gunboat which was stationed at Cairo during the early days of the Civil war.

## The Parrot That Scared the Cat.

Cats may not be superstitious, but they object to being startled just as strongly as any nervous old maid, particularly by a parrot. When a parrot in a large cage arrived in a passenger's baggage at the Great Northern depot yesterday morning, Baggage-master Miller set him on the floor of the baggage car. He stood for two mortal hours in dead silence, and no coaxing of the passengers could arouse his loquacity.

When the crowd had left the depot a large sleek cat appeared on the scene, and spying the bird, marched majestically up to the cage and sat down. He poked his nose between the bars and sat contemplating Poll, thinking what a dainty morsel he would make if those pesky bars were only out of the way. He had sat thus for an hour, and the silence had gradually grown denser when Mr. Miller was aroused by the unearthly screams from Poll's direction:

"Hal! hal! Come on, boys."

The cat did not care to continue the conversation; he just went, his tail up, lifted and swollen with fear till it looked like a feather duster. The parrot looked a gleeful smile, and the cat did not come back to trouble him.

## A Clever Marksman.

A sporting gentleman, who had the reputation of being a very bad shot, invited some of his friends to dine with him.

Before dinner he showed them a target painted on a barn door with a bullet right in the bullseye.

This he claimed to have shot at one thousand yards distance.

As nobody believed him he offered to bet the price of an oyster supper on it. On one of the guests accepting the wager he produced two witnesses whose presence could not be doubted to prove his assertion.

Since they both stated that he had done what he claimed he won his bet.

During dinner the loser of the wager inquired how the host had managed to fire such an excellent shot.

The host answered:

"Well, I shot the bullet at the door at the distance of one thousand yards, and then I painted the target round it."

## Long-Suffering Couple.

The Monroe County Court has appointed a guardian for the estate of Isaac Brewer of Stroudsburg. This is the climax of a strange career. He and his wife, Alice, have had up and down with the most alarming frequency during the twenty-two years of their married life.

In that time the wife has been deserted, her husband forty-two times, for one time Isaac was able to coax or hire his better half to return home; but the forty-second time she refused, and she is now living with her daughter. They would have a slight disagreement, and the wife would leave home. Perhaps she would be absent several days, and then Brewer would go in search of her. The twenty-third disappearance was caused by a custard pie, and it cost the husband \$200 in cash and the deed of a house to get his wife back. It seems their tastes differed as to custard pie, the husband seeming to have peculiar ideas about its make-up. Now the wife says she cannot be hired to go back home, and a guardian has been appointed.

## Fun With Peanuts.

A peanut hunt is lots of fun for an evening party. The hostess hides peanuts in all sorts of queer places about the room, sometimes putting two or three nuts in the same place. Then she provides each of her guests with a little basket tied with gay ribbons, and then the "hunt" begins. Sometimes a march is played and the hunters must keep step to the music, stopping when it stops, and starting again when it starts. After a certain time the finds are compared. The one who has the largest number wins the first prize, while the "booby" prize is fittingly awarded to the one having the fewest.

Some other trials that are great sport are often introduced. One is to see who can carry the most peanuts in one hand from one table to another. A boy ought to win this. Forty-two is a good number.

## Lead Mining Declining.

The United States Geological survey report says that the lead mining industry for 1894 was one of exceptionally low prices. Mining declined and it was necessary to draw on foreign sources to supply deficiencies. The production of refined lead in the United States was 219,000 short tons in 1894. The production of 1893 was 229,000 short tons.