

MUCH ADO.

When you think of it, friend, the worries, The troubles that were your lot, Are often the wisest of trifles.

A BANK ROBBER.

About four years ago, while I was paying teller of the State National bank, in a flourishing town in the West, the events I am about to relate occurred.

When I left Ohio I crated up my bicycle and sent it along by express. It arrived in perfect order, and when the roads were in good condition I took many a pleasant spin after banking hours.

One summer morning after a delightful after-breakfast run in the bracing mountain air, I rode up to the bank, and having cleaned and oiled my bicycle, stored it in one of the rooms at the rear of the banking office.

The vault was not made specially strong against burglars, for the cash was kept in the safe within. The vault was intended only to protect the books and records by fire.

As it was probable that a watch was kept over our movements, our preparations for the capture of the burglars were deferred until after dark.

Two men were sent to a room in the second story of a building across the street, where they could watch the adobe. It they saw any one enter the passage way, they were to notify us by drawing a match across the window and immediately blowing it out.

At that hour another man was to relieve the first watcher, and the exchange was silently made. The book-keeper had heard nothing below, and had seen no signal from the opposite side of the street.

Again the time dragged. Nothing unusual was reported by the watcher. One o'clock came, and it was now my turn to relieve him. I took my place under the counter. After a brief consultation by Mr. Axtell and the sheriff, it was decided it was probable the robbers were at work in the tunnel, and if they were they would leave it at an early hour.

At about 2 o'clock I heard a distinct noise from under the floor near the vault door. It was a steady succession of strokes, as in digging, mingled with a slight sound of tools.

my machine out of the rear door and mounted. The road was good, and I was nerved to great exertion, and although it required twenty minutes of as hard work as I ever did, I succeeded.

The dark roof of the low station building came in sight, just as up the valley I saw the smoke of the approaching train. I was not too late, I whisked up to the station and hurried to Mr. Axtell, the president, who, valise in hand, was looking up the track at the train.

I related to him all there was to be told in a very few words. He asked me a few questions and then said: "Of course I will go back to town. You return by your bicycle, and I will follow by the stage. Go to the bank and attend to business as usual. When I get in we will decide what to do."

I made my return trip with all possible speed, and took my place at the teller window. For twenty minutes business quietly proceeded.

Mr. Axtell came leisurely into the bank soon after. He went into the vault, examined the floor, and he ran his hand along the cracks between the stones. A moment's inspection satisfied him. He came out and told me that he was convinced some one was tunnelling under the vault. He asked me to inform the clerks, and to keep a close watch over everything until he should come back, and hurried away.

He presently returned with two of the bank's directors whom he took into the vault, pointed out the suspicious appearance, and explained his theory of the cause.

The bank building stood on the southeast corner of the intersection of two principal streets. At the rear was an alley, and across that a large brick building. On the east side, touching the bank, was a frame structure occupied by a clothing firm. Beyond, with a three foot passage intervening, stood an adobe house. The passage way ran through from street to alley.

In the building across the alley there was no opportunity, Mr. Axtell thought, for working a tunnel; therefore he concluded the attack would be from the east. The members of the firm next door were old citizens, and they were to be suspected.

Mr. Axtell put a revolver in his pocket, and going out the back door of our building walked up the alley to the adobe house, and entered a rickety door, which he found unlocked. Here he discovered a bare empty room, evidently long unoccupied. But on the floor were tracks of muddy boots.

Upon examination he found that the flooring in the corner of the room was cut through, and a trap door had been placed there. At one side of the door an iron staple was driven, apparently serving as a handle for lifting it. He raised the trap cautiously, and saw a barrel set into the ground pointing in the direction of the bank. Then he lowered the trap carefully, and as carefully left the building.

There was no longer any doubt. The tunnel was there, and the robbers might be ready to make their final movement on the bank that very night. It was scarcely probable that they would be in the tunnel during the day, at least, now that they had got so near the vault. At night no one would be in the bank, and they could work without fear of being heard.

As it was probable that a watch was kept over our movements, our preparations for the capture of the burglars were deferred until after dark. During the afternoon we worked at our desks as usual, and left the building for our homes at the usual time, having received instructions from Axtell to report again at 8 o'clock. We were to come up the alley, which was always very dark, and quietly enter the rear room of the bank.

Meanwhile the president had seen to the sheriff, who was to come to the bank with four deputies at 8 o'clock. When I cautiously stepped through the back door into the building a little before 8, I found these men already there. The other clerks came in promptly.

Two men were sent to a room in the second story of a building across the street, where they could watch the adobe. It they saw any one enter the passage way, they were to notify us by drawing a match across the window and immediately blowing it out. Each of the clerks, beginning with the book-keeper, was to be stationed for a certain time near the vault door to listen for sounds from the tunnel, and to watch for the signal across the way. The rest of the party were to remain in the back room, ready to respond to any call. Thus the night was commenced. The time dragged along slowly enough. We could only sit in silence. No sound had reached us from the tunnel, and no communication had been made to us by the clerks in the banking room up to 11 o'clock. At that hour another man was to relieve the first watcher, and the exchange was silently made. The book-keeper had heard nothing below, and had seen no signal from the opposite side of the street.

Again the time dragged. Nothing unusual was reported by the watcher. One o'clock came, and it was now my turn to relieve him. I took my place under the counter. After a brief consultation by Mr. Axtell and the sheriff, it was decided it was probable the robbers were at work in the tunnel, and if they were they would leave it at an early hour. The sheriff and two of his deputies took their stations outside, two of them going into the alley, and the other into the street in front, thus guarding both ends.

At about 2 o'clock I heard a distinct noise from under the floor near the vault door. It was a steady succession of strokes, as in digging, mingled with a slight sound of tools. Presently came a noise as though some heavy body was being lifted or forced. I crept to the front of the vault, and could catch the sounds very distinctly. They seemed to come from inside. The

robbers were either in the vault, or just about to enter!

Now was the time to act. The other end of the tunnel was guarded, and at this end, of course, there was no possibility of escape. I stepped back two or three paces, drew my revolver, and fired three shots in quick succession through the floor at the point at which I judged the tunnel must terminate.

There was only a slight chance of hitting any one in the tunnel, but the robbers in their fright would undoubtedly rush for the other end, to find themselves confronted by the sheriff and his assistants. As those in the rear room were hurrying forward, I called to them to run to the adobe.

We found the sheriff and his deputies on the alert, as they had heard my firing and waiting developments. The men who had been stationed across the way quickly came over. I explained as briefly as possible what had occurred, and, revolvers in hand, we surrounded the adobe.

After waiting some minutes we became impatient, and the sheriff determined to enter. Dark lanterns were procured, and the sheriff directed us to follow him closely.

We crowded into the passage way, the sheriff at the head. When the door was reached he flung it open without a moment's hesitation, threw up his right hand with cocked revolver, while two deputies immediately behind him reached forward with dark lanterns, and flashed the light throughout the room. There was an instant of intense suspense. Then the sheriff said quietly, "There's not a soul inside."

All hurried into the room. The trap door was down. There was no other door, window or opening of any kind by which an escape might have been made. The robbers must be still in the tunnel. It was suggested that they had built a branch tunnel for escaping if discovered; but there seemed to be no place in the vicinity suitable for such an exit. The chances were that they were still inside, waiting, perhaps, an opportunity to make a rush through the trap door.

We listened for a few minutes, but heard no sound. Then the sheriff stepped forward to the trap door, and quickly lifting it, threw the rays of a dark lantern down the hole. As far as the light reached, nothing could be seen but the black walls of the tunnel. Then the sheriff leaned forward and shouted down: "Come up one at a time, and we won't hurt you!"

There was no answer; we waited a little, and then he shouted as before, adding, not altogether politely, "This is the last chance you'll get. Don't make fools of yourselves!"

The echo of his voice was the only response. In silence we waited about the tunnel's mouth, but heard not the slightest indication that any one was inside. The sheriff threw down the door with angry impatience. What next? How were we to capture them? Should we have to starve them out, or smoke them out?

We divided ourselves into watches, two men were to stand guard for one hour, while the others retired to the bank to snatch a little sleep, if possible. In the meantime several policemen, having heard the firing, had come to the vicinity of the adobe. One of them stationed himself in the passage, and two more took their stands in the street and alley ready to spread the alarm if an escape was attempted. Before leaving the watch to their duty we fastened the trap door down securely.

From this time until 8.30 in the morning nothing occurred. The watchers were regularly relieved, and none of them had reported any signs of life in the tunnel. But as the bank's business must go on without interruption, it was necessary to open the vault.

There was less chance of the robbers trying to escape that way than by the other end of the tunnel. When listening to them working I hardly supposed that they had got into the vault. Besides, it was now broad day, the streets were full of people, and the bold cracksmen must know that we would be prepared for them.

Half a dozen men gathered about the vault door, fully armed and ready for any emergency. As I was the one most familiar with the combinations on the vault doors, it was my duty to unlock them. I did not relish the position of first target for a bullet from the inside, but mustered up my courage, said nothing, and went to work. The outer door I drew open without hesitation, the inner door was the one to be feared.

When the bolts of the inner door had been broken back I found that it scarcely could be moved, as the stone under it was raised, more than before. At length three of the strongest in the party managed to force it open, and the inside of the vault could be seen. No one was there. But the floor showed a startling condition of affairs. The large stone in front of the safe was raised up on one side nearly two feet. It was supported by jack screws which had been used to force it up. In ten minutes more the robbers, if interrupted, would have been in the vault. Unfortunately for them in their workings of the previous night they had accidentally displaced the stone that ran under the inner door, or their plot might not have been discovered till too late to arrest it.

After a few minutes of surmise and speculation, Mr. Axtell stepped up to the hole and shouted down the same proposition the sheriff had made at the other end. There was no response whatever. He then directed me to open the safe and proceed with the business of the day as usual. Two men were left on guard in the vault, and the rest were stationed in the back room. All who knew of the situation were cautioned to keep it to themselves, and very few of our customers that morning knew what was going on under their feet.

At about 10.30 one of the men in the rear room came to the door and called in Mr. Axtell. There he heard about as bold a proposition as man ever made. One of the guards had volunteered to go down into the tunnel! He was a deputy sheriff, a Mexican named Jose Charez, who, becoming impatient that the robbers did not show themselves, determined to stir them up in their own quarters. He was a daring, reckless fellow, accustomed all his life to deeds of daring. He lived on excitement, and was over restless when not on the trail of some horse thief or murderer. He knew the risk of going into the tunnel, but said he had as good a chance as the robbers—as a matter of fact, in such an encounter every advantage was on their side—and that was all he wanted. The rest of the men, brave though they were, shrugged their shoulders, and declined underground warfare.

Charez was to enter the tunnel through the barrel. After locking the vault doors again, those of us who could leave work went to the adobe house. The guards there had nothing to report. We took the fastenings of the trap door and lifted it. The Mexican threw the light of a lantern down the hole, remarked that no one was to be seen, made ready his revolver, and quickly dropped through into the darkness. All of us trembled with excitement, and listened with painful intensity. Before we were aware what was taking place, we saw the Mexican reappear suddenly at the mouth of the hole, and heard four shots ring out in rapid succession. Then the Mexican bounded up through the smoke, and pointing wildly to the floor near the hole, shouted: "I shot one of 'em under there!" We waited for nothing further, but hurriedly pulled up the boards around the hole. The floor stood some distance above the ground, and in this space was the body of a man lying motionless. We lifted him out, and laid him carefully on the floor. He was already dead. Those of us who were unaccustomed to death in so frightful a form were entirely unmoved by this sight; but the sheriff and his men did not forget even at such a time the business of the hour, and quickly searched under the floor for other robbers. Finding no signs of more of them, they came up to hear the Mexican's story. He said that he had taken a few steps forward into the tunnel, when the hole began to grow smaller and smaller so that to proceed he would have been compelled to go on hands and knees. Not bargaining for this style of attack he retreated, and was about to climb out of the barrel, when he noticed how the floor of the adobe built above the ground. The light from above lit up this space for a few feet all around, and there, crouching in front of him, he saw the robber, and at once fired upon him. The robber had evidently planned beforehand to crawl under this floor in case of danger, and await a chance of escaping. Thorough examination was made of the adobe house under the flooring, but no sign of any other robber was found. Then the trap was shut down again and guards placed as before. The time slipped on till 2 o'clock. Then we heard another fearless proposal. Four of the men volunteered to go through the tunnel from end to end. They made scarcely any preparation for the expedition, simply taking a bull's eye lantern and making sure that their revolvers were in working order. One after another dropped through the opening. They crouched low down as they crawled through, the head man holding the lantern as high up as he could reach. Thus, if they were fired on, the lantern would probably be aimed for, and the bullet would fly over them. We waited for them in the vault through several minutes of intense anxiety. Then we gave a great shout as the head and shoulders of the first man appeared under the raised stone. We helped one after another of the bold four through the opening up to daylight again. The men had met no one in the tunnel, and had seen no branches or other means of escape. They were positive no one was concealed inside. A further thorough examination of the tunnel confirmed their statements, and it became almost certain that only one man had been at work. The theory that the plan and execution of the crime were his only, was strengthened the day when he was buried, when a startling discovery was made. Some of the officers of the law with Mr. Axtell, had gone to take a look at the man to endeavor to identify him. Mr. Axtell had scarcely caught sight of the face before he exclaimed: "Why, that man is one of the stone masons who built the vault!" And so he proved to be. We found that the man had left a widow, and hunted her up. She was severely questioned, but professed entire ignorance of her husband's plans, and seemed to be telling the truth. The officers and directors of the bank saw fit to reward me for my part in the occurrence with a splendid bicycle, which bore on its handle bar a small silver plate with an inscription I modestly refrain from repeating.

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In Praise of Two of Our Citizens.

The following from a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record contains very favorable mention of two of Bellefonte's citizens:

I asked a Johnstown emigre to-day how Adjutant General Hastings happened in at Johnstown so quickly after the disaster, and he said: "General Hastings and his friend Major Spangler, the well-known Democrat and lawyer of Bellefonte, were looking at a coal property about fifty miles away on Friday two weeks ago. Hearing of the trouble at Johnstown, they drove over the mountains on Saturday morning so hastily that they did not stop to send word to Bellefonte that they were going. Mrs. Hastings did not know where her husband was until she began to see his name in the dispatches from Johnstown, and then she couldn't get to him until Thursday of the following week, when she came driving over the mountains at the rate of six miles an hour to join him. She did splendid service, too, when she came. Hastings is the hero of the relief work. Spangler helped him nobly, performing the Commissary General until Colonel Leach arrived with the greatest efficiency. He richly deserves it, and his appointment as Assistant Commissary General." General said Colonel Leach to Hastings, taking him aside at headquarters one evening, "I think Spangler deserves to be Assistant Commissary General. There is a vacancy you know, and I think I shall fill it with him." "That would be just right," said Hastings; "it would suit me exactly." "When shall I do it?" asked Leach. "Now," said Hastings. "Major Spangler," said Colonel Leach in a tone which made every one listen. "Sir," said Major Spangler, "you are hereby appointed, continued Colonel Leach, 'Assistant Commissary General, and I shall procure your commission as soon as possible.'"

"No wonder Spangler was speechless and everybody else was moved. Next to Hastings I think Adjutant General of Ohio, Axtell, deserves most credit. He came right down on Saturday, and brought all the available tents of the Ohio troops down on Sunday. We could not have done without these tents, for we could get none elsewhere. And Axtell took off his coat and worked too. He has a sad little souvenir to take home with him. It is one of the three marbles that clasp in the fist of the little boy found dead in his dead mother's embrace. On her other arm was her little girl, dead too, but holding tightly still her little doll baby. You could see just how she snatched them up when she suddenly saw the flood coming, and how they tried to save their treasures, too."

Noble's Mistake.

New York World. In appointing the man Squires to a new post after his disgraceful conduct had been discovered Secretary Noble incurred precisely the blame which he sought to avoid. He ought to have turned the fellow out of the public service as a man utterly unworthy to be in it; but he feared that in that case the facts would come right down on Saturday, and he conspired for having given office to so unworthy a person. Accordingly he removed him from one office by appointing him to another. The first appointment might have been forgiven as one made in ignorance of the man's character. For the second there can be no excuse. It was made after the disgraceful character of the appointee had become known and even because of his disgraceful character. Secretary Noble has made a mistake. Perhaps he has also learned a lesson to the effect that it is safer to confess and correct an error than to cover it up in the hope of concealing it.

Squire Jesse R. Jones mentions Mrs. Goss, who resides some miles east of Clanton, Ala., as being over 90 years of age. He and Rev. Mr. Smith, of the Episcopal Church, can recall that about 50 years ago she was at the point of death, and to gratify her supposed last wish she was taken to church on a cot by her relatives that she might hear her funeral preached before she died. The funeral sermon was preached and the object of it is still living.

The First Wooden Clock.

E. A. Fenn, in the Allegan, Michigan, Journal, says: "About the year 1800 there lived a sort of indolent, thriftless, unpromising young man by the name of Eli Terry. He sought the hand and heart of a Miss Warner. The Warners were solid Old Puritan stock and despised laziness, but, notwithstanding all opposition, they were married. Eli had no visible means of support, but spent his time sitting on a stump or block, whittling out a circle he struck with an old compass or sawing off bits of wood from some old dead trees, and thus, day after day, his time was spent, and the general opinion was

he was crazy. Want pressed so hard in the home that the wife, by urgent entreaty of her friends, had about made up her mind to return to her parents' home, when the fruits of Eli's whittling and sawing materialized in the first wooden clock ever made in America, and, I believe, in any country. It was readily sold to a neighbor for \$50 and paid for in pork, flour, potatoes, other family necessities, and a little money, with which he bought the proscription of clock making. Another and another was made that sold readily as soon as completed. Then foot lathes and small circular saws were added, then men were employed, clocks were rapidly made and eagerly sought after, and Eli Terry began to accumulate money. In the meantime he had made application for letters patent upon his clock, and about 1802 or 1803 built a small shop and commenced improving upon his clock and construction of machinery and tools, and the foundation for a vast fortune was made which materialized in after years.

Notwithstanding his unbounded benevolence he became very rich. He died about 1845, at the age of 85 years, beloved and respected by all who knew him, leaving a large family of grown up boys and a number of grandsons, all very wealthy, and all living in Terryville, Conn., controlling nearly all the wealth of the place, which was invested in large manufactories for clocks and locks. It is worthy of note that not one Terry is left in that region and all their interests and investments have scattered or gone into other hands.

College journalism flourishes at Harvard, and its graduates or undergraduates also keep the daily newspapers of Boston, particularly the Sunday papers, supplied with college news. An English detective, after a search of four months, has found (in Sydney) a piece of silver plate stolen from a London house and which he was instructed to recover at any cost. The coin and slot device has been applied to children's savings banks. When once set for action a regulated number of coins must be dropped in the bank before it can be opened. A company in New York is to manufacture sandwiches by the thousand and retail them throughout the city in liquor stores, offices and factories by means of peddlers. In one small lake in Cuba containing about 200 acres an American recently counted 107 alligators, all fat, contented and healthy, and living in hopes of annexation to the United States. The total Indian population is less than 250,000. Of these 21,232 live in houses and 9,612 families are engaged in agriculture. And among these so-called savages there are 28,663 church members. The proceedings of the Japanese parliament are reported verbatim by means of a stenographic system original in Japan. The characters are written in perpendicular rows from right to left. A Hindu lecturer in England says that the British have degraded India and her people to the level of beasts, and that tens of thousands die yearly of starvation and all reports are suppressed. The greatest snuff-taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit. In 1869 the consumption was 13,000,000 pounds, or seven ounces per head. Now it is five ounces. The care a fox takes of her cubs can be seen from a list of provisions found together about an "earth." It comprised 10 rabbits, 20 rats, 2 pheasants, 1 wild duck, 2 fowls, 1 snipe, 2 woodcocks, 32 moles: total, 71 head. An American was arrested on the Austrian frontier for having in his luggage unmistakable dynamite bombs. On further investigation they proved to be coconuts, something that the Austrian authorities had never seen. A San Francisco firm has built the largest wine cellar in the world. It is capable of holding 3,000,000 gallons of wine. Its cost was \$250,000. This is one indication of the rapid growth of wine production on the Pacific coast. Mrs. J. W. Cureton, of Trenton, Ga., caught one of the largest eels that was ever caught in Georgia one day last week. It was five feet long and estimated to weigh about 75 pounds. It took one bushel of bran to stuff its hide. A Kentucky man who was dying alone left his will in lead pencil on the head of a whisky barrel, and it is held to be valid. The only thing that he left, however, was a gallon of whisky in the barrel, and that isn't worth fighting over. Who would believe that the once derided velocipede would within a few years give birth to more than 75,000 bicycles, and that the League of American Wheelmen counts alone 12,000 members, 10,000 of whom live in New York and the surrounding suburbs. A Georgia farmer prevents his cows from jumping a fence by cutting off their lower eyelashes—making them think the fence is three times as high as it really is. If you cut the upper lashes a reverse illusion will result, he says. Great Britain counts on soon having the largest dynamo in the world. It is being made for the new electric light works at Deptford, and it is the shaft of the machine will be turned out of a block of steel weighing 75 tons, which has just been cast in Glasgow. For several years there was a standing offer of \$10 for a partridge's nest containing more than 12 eggs, the records at the Smithsonian institution giving that as the greatest number of eggs of that species to a nest. S. P. Jeffords, of Waycross, Ga., tells of a peculiar reptile discovered by one of his sons. It was a snake about six feet long, jet black, and having two horns. The horns were about two or three in length, and crooked so that the tips pointed toward each other. When it crawled its head was raised at least a foot from the ground, and the horns would keep moving, almost touching together.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Paris Figaro prints a special edition in an office 500 feet up in the Eiffel tower. Mary Fisher, a colored girl, is valedictorian of the graduating class of the Aitchison High School. J. F. Duffey, of Cumming, Ga., recently set a hen on 17 eggs. She hatched 15 chickens and left four eggs in the nest. During the last ten years Americans have contributed \$20,000,000 to relieve suffering caused by disasters or epidemics. Human beings are still being sold in the famine-stricken districts of China. A child under 10 brings from a dollar to a dollar and a half. A subscription bar is to be opened in Berlin, where for \$150 one can drink for a whole year, and where monthly subscriptions will be sold. Of this year's graduating class at Princeton 32 will, it is said, become lawyers, 21 ministers, 14 doctors, 15 business men and 2 newspaper men. Beggary has been reduced to an art as well as a profession. In a recent case before the police an old man admitted that he had as many as 50 lies in daily use. The Chinese lack appreciation of the stage. As soon as a Celestial enters on the stage he is deprived of citizenship and his children after him for four generations. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, an authority on fox hounds, bees and Jerseys, is feeding his herd on cotton seed hulls, and says the result in milk, butter and beef is amazing. College journalism flourishes at Harvard, and its graduates or undergraduates also keep the daily newspapers of Boston, particularly the Sunday papers, supplied with college news. An English detective, after a search of four months, has found (in Sydney) a piece of silver plate stolen from a London house and which he was instructed to recover at any cost. The coin and slot device has been applied to children's savings banks. When once set for action a regulated number of coins must be dropped in the bank before it can be opened. A company in New York is to manufacture sandwiches by the thousand and retail them throughout the city in liquor stores, offices and factories by means of peddlers. In one small lake in Cuba containing about 200 acres an American recently counted 107 alligators, all fat, contented and healthy, and living in hopes of annexation to the United States. The total Indian population is less than 250,000. Of these 21,232 live in houses and 9,612 families are engaged in agriculture. And among these so-called savages there are 28,663 church members. The proceedings of the Japanese parliament are reported verbatim by means of a stenographic system original in Japan. The characters are written in perpendicular rows from right to left. A Hindu lecturer in England says that the British have degraded India and her people to the level of beasts, and that tens of thousands die yearly of starvation and all reports are suppressed. The greatest snuff-taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit. In 1869 the consumption was 13,000,000 pounds, or seven ounces per head. Now it is five ounces. The care a fox takes of her cubs can be seen from a list of provisions found together about an "earth." It comprised 10 rabbits, 20 rats, 2 pheasants, 1 wild duck, 2 fowls, 1 snipe, 2 woodcocks, 32 moles: total, 71 head. An American was arrested on the Austrian frontier for having in his luggage unmistakable dynamite bombs. On further investigation they proved to be coconuts, something that the Austrian authorities had never seen. A San Francisco firm has built the largest wine cellar in the world. It is capable of holding 3,000,000 gallons of wine. Its cost was \$250,000. This is one indication of the rapid growth of wine production on the Pacific coast. Mrs. J. W. Cureton, of Trenton, Ga., caught one of the largest eels that was ever caught in Georgia one day last week. It was five feet long and estimated to weigh about 75 pounds. It took one bushel of bran to stuff its hide. A Kentucky man who was dying alone left his will in lead pencil on the head of a whisky barrel, and it is held to be valid. The only thing that he left, however, was a gallon of whisky in the barrel, and that isn't worth fighting over. Who would believe that the once derided velocipede would within a few years give birth to more than 75,000 bicycles, and that the League of American Wheelmen counts alone 12,000 members, 10,000 of whom live in New York and the surrounding suburbs. A Georgia farmer prevents his cows from jumping a fence by cutting off their lower eyelashes—making them think the fence is three times as high as it really is. If you cut the upper lashes a reverse illusion will result, he says. Great Britain counts on soon having the largest dynamo in the world. It is being made for the new electric light works at Deptford, and it is the shaft of the machine will be turned