

# Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., March 11, 1892

## THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER.

If men cared less for wealth and fame  
And less for battlefields and glory;  
If writ in human hearts a name  
Seemed better than in song or story;  
If men instead of mutual pride  
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;  
If more relief  
On love to guide,  
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—  
Affecting less in all their dealings;  
If hearts had fewer rusted strings  
To isolate their kindred feelings;  
If men, when wrong beats down the Right,  
Would strike together to restore it;  
If Right made Right  
In every fight,  
The world would be the better for it.

—M. H. Cobb.

### SALLIE.

Tom Clarkson was not considered a great actor by any one. He was a reliable man—always gave an intelligent reading of any part he undertook, but never seemed to create in his audience that intensity of attention, that "creepy sensation up the back" which comes to one when listening to an actor of great talent or genius.

Tom was leading man at the old Holborn theatre in London some fifteen years ago. That was before it was devoted to the production of sensational melodramas. I think it was then under the management of Clarence Holt, but am not sure of this.

Tom played heroes. He was a fine looking, handsome fellow, and when he enacted the part of a Jack Tar, and just as the Villian (with a capital V please) was about to rush off with the sweet heroine, weighing a hundred and sixty pounds, after having instructed his band to carry off the treasure and murder the old "parents," Tom always was sure of a tremendous roar of applause from the gallery by rushing down the stage from some unexpected locality, shouting: "Never! Unhand the girl, ruffian! Never shall it be said that a British sailor deserted his ship or failed to rescue a pretty girl in distress." Then he would go for the villain and beat him and his "dastardly crew" off the stage.

Tom Clarkson was a married man with one little daughter, a poor, delicate little thing of six years, who worshipped her father in a way simply rivaled by his own adoration. There could not be many more completely attached families, than Tom Clarkson, his wife and little Sallie. It was positively beautiful to see them sometimes when at rehearsal Tom would bring his little Sallie "to keep her out of harm's way," as he said "while the wife is doing the marketing." It was a question which loved Sallie more, the father or the mother, and it was pretty to notice how the child endeavored to share her favors equally between them.

So sweet, too, were Sallie's ways and so amiable and loving was she, and so patient when all knew how she must suffer at being unable to romp and play like other children, for her mind was as bright as a star, that every member of the company down to the meanest super and smallest stage hand was in love with her and ready to go to the other end of London, or England for that matter, for the sake of "Mr. Clarkson's Sallie." "Our little Sallie" most of them called her, for she seemed to belong to them.

Two years ago, when in London, the story was told me by a prominent actor at the Adelphi, who had been a member of the Holborn at the time Clarkson was "in the lead."

"We were going to produce a new play that night," he said, "and Tom was in high feather, for he had a part which suited and pleased him and he thought his chance had come at last. Something else excited pleasurable feelings within his breast. He had obtained a couple of dress circle tickets, and his wife and our little Sallie were to be in front to see the first performance."

"Tom came down to the theater in great spirits. We all knew in a very short time what was the matter. He had all sorts of funnylike yarns to tell about Sallie and her excitement and delight at the idea of coming to see father act. He told us fellows in the dressing room how she had put her little arms around his neck and had insisted upon giving him the last kiss before starting him off to work. 'That's for good luck, father; don't you wipe that off. I'm coming to see you tonight; mind, you make a bit hit.' And Tom laughed with delight as he imitated the baby voice using the quaint theatrical slang expressions."

"The play was a highly sensational one, and Tom's big voice and fine figure had plenty of opportunity to make capital for themselves. This was always a source of great fun in the theater, for we knew Tom to be the most gentle hearted fellow that ever breathed. As the saying goes, he wouldn't have hurt a fly. Why, he was tender and kind as a woman, and a kinder nurse never lived. I was only playing 'walking on parts' at the time, but he had always a kind word, a gentle suggestion of advice for me, and I had been to his little home in Holloway several times. He was like a big elder brother to me. Little Sallie used to call me her sweetheart."

"Tom was dressed quickly that evening and down on the stage looking through the peephole to see his darlings arrive. It is not always so very easy to distinguish people in the front of the house from the stage, though, and when the first act was called Tom had not yet been able to find them. He knew they were there, though, and full of the feeling that he was acting for their delight he did his very best."

"I never saw him act so well before. The manager was heard to remark that he 'didn't' believe it was in him.' We fellow actors knew all about it,

## The Brain During Sleep.

A Psychologist's Explanation of Good and Bad Dreams.

"What dreams are made of is not difficult to determine," said a psychologist in Washington one day recently. "They are composed of the memory pictures which are stored away in the brain from birth until death. In sleep one wonders amid scenes which are the shadows of actual views and landscapes beheld at one time or another in waking moments. The sights one witnesses and the people who move and have their ghastly like being in that mysterious world of fancy form a sort of phantasmagoria, amid which the dreamer goes about, some times observing with intense interest or wonder and at other times engaging in conversations. It is all the reflection of the waking life that is past, although occasionally combinations of old impressions give rise to new and original thoughts. Not a few great ideas of invention have sprung from visions of the night."

"The operations of the brain in sleep afford to the psycho-physicist a most interesting subject of study. Apparently one always dreams while asleep, because the brain can never stop thinking; but dream life, being merely a reflection of actual waking existence, is naturally shadowy and less vivid. The landscapes seen are usually viewed in a sort of twilight; faces of persons are in most cases blurred and indistinct. Now and then, in my own dreams, I take up something to read, like a newspaper article, and I find myself very much annoyed at experiencing great difficulty in pursuing the subject matter simply because I am unable to make it up with sufficient rapidity as I go along."

"The mechanical part of the brain which is active during sleep. At all events, the intelligence does not seem to be awake. The faculty which we call the intellect, or even more, I do not see the absurdity of many dreams. Nevertheless, one certainly does not lack a conception of the humorous under such conditions. I myself have many a time been roused from slumber by my own laughter at some ridiculous occurrence. My belief is that we frequently take part in very interesting conversations while dreaming, and the extraordinary part of it is that we are able to perform both parts in such a dialogue, or even more, if we are speaking, although that is rare. All these things are purely speculative questions, because in the nature of things we can secure few reliable data on the subject."

"Study of the phenomena of dreams can be best performed when one is in that curious state between sleeping and waking that is apt to arrive in the morning before one starts out of bed. One realizes then very often that one is dreaming and while doing so observes with interest whatever goes on. The trouble is that the very exertion of this conscious attention is apt to wake one up. Often have I felt the utmost anxiety lest I should awake before I had finished a particularly pleasant or amusing dream, but the task of trying to stay asleep under such circumstances is a very difficult one."

"Upon waking up after a night's sleep one usually has the impression of a very brief time passed since he went to bed. This may be simply for the reason that the comparatively dim and shadowy dream events have not left any vivid impressions upon the memory. For all we can tell, it may be that the doings of our sleeping moments seem during their progress to occupy an extended period. In exceptional cases persons have imagined during a comparatively brief sleep that they had lived for years. De Quincey, the celebrated opium eater, tells how in a single night he passed whole centuries shut up inside of Egyptian tombs in company with clammy crocodiles and in other equally unpleasant situations."

"I have no doubt that in what we call 'bad' dreams we often undergo a great deal of very intense suffering. When I was a little boy I was much afflicted with them, and I finally became so accustomed to them that I came to realize their unreality in my sleep. Then I did not mind them any longer, and, being of an imaginative turn of mind, cultivated them with a view to making them as horrible as possible. I got so at length that with me going to bed was almost as entertaining as going to a circus, inasmuch as I could conjure up more wonderful spectacles than were ever offered to the public by Barnum or P.T. Barnum. A curious point about my own dreams is that, although I am certainly a person of most moral and proper behavior in my waking moments, I am addicted while asleep to committing the most astonishing improprieties."

"A person who suffers habitually from nightmares is apt to be a cause of distress to other people as well as to himself. Once upon a time I was making a visit at the house of some friend in Perth Amboy, N. Y. In the middle of the night I was aroused from a sound sleep by most appalling yells of murder and robbers. Jumping out of bed I started to the rescue, but was unable to find the door of the room. Perhaps you have been lost in a strange room at night. The room I occupied was not very big, but I spent ten minutes in trying to find my way out of it, and without success. No match was at hand. Finally, having heard no more shrieks, I made up my mind that if their had been a tragedy it was all over by this time, and despairing of discovering a way out of my apartment, I went to bed and asleep again. The next morning I learned at the breakfast table that my host had merely had one of the bad dreams to which he was accustomed. In such a case, I think, that a guest ought to be warned beforehand."

"We shall put a strong ticket in the field, and believe we shall carry not less than four States, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, and Minnesota."

"We will throw the election in the House if we do not elect the President ourselves. The labor organizations will be with us, and we shall poll a very large vote. In the South we shall draw from the Democrats, but in the North and West more largely from the Republicans, so that it will about even up the losses between the two old parties."

"As to the candidates Mr. Simpson said that he thought General Weaver, of Iowa, would be nominated for the Presidency; that it would certainly be either Weaver or Donnelly."

"Stand your ground when you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation instead. Clerks may claim that 'ours is as good as Hood's' and all that, but the peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore have nothing to do with substitutes and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and building-up medicine."

"Ely's Cream Balm is worth its weight in gold as a cure for catarrh. One bottle cured me. S. A. Lovell, Franklin, Pa."

## The Victims of Catarrh of the Pharynx.

Blotting Out Divines, Able Politicians, Eminent Scholars and Professional Singers Made Voiceless.—Extracts From a Lecture Delivered by Dr. S. B. Hartman at the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, Ohio.

An ordinary sore throat, by frequent recurrence, is apt to become chronic, so that the throat continues to be sore nearly all the time. This form of sore throat is known in medical literature as Follicular Pharyngitis. It is caused by excessive use of the voice, by confinement in close rooms, or by over indulgence in smoking, but more frequently by catarrh and diphtheria. The symptoms are frequent, hacking, especially in the morning, expelling from the throat with great difficulty stringy mucous, which produces gagging, and even vomiting at times. There is a raw, sore feeling in the throat, and when the slightest cold is taken, the throat becomes inflamed and swollen. Instead of the smooth, pinkish look that the throat has in health, it looks angry, red and uneven, with occasional patches of white mucous adhering to it. It is sure to make much speaking, singing or laughing painful, and the voice will slowly grow weaker. Nothing is surer than if this is allowed to go unchecked it will finally involve the larynx, and the voice will be seriously injured. It is also certain that unless something is done to stop it, the disease will usually extend down the bronchial tubes to the lungs.

Follicular Pharyngitis is the special bane of public speakers and singers, also people whose nervous system is depressed by organic disease of any kind. People who, for any reason, are much confined to close rooms, are very liable to this disease. Anyone afflicted by this trouble is not only leading a miserable life, but the inflammation of the throat renders him especially liable to acute disease of the throat, such as diphtheria and quinsy.

For this trouble in any stage Peruna is the pink of perfection. If Peruna were always used before the lungs became affected it would not fail to cure a single case. Numerous cases that have used gargles, wet packs, external and internal applications of all sorts, without avail, find immediate relief and cure by using Peruna. The follicles of Peruna in all mucous inflammations is such that many doctors and druggists not only prescribe it, but use it as their own family medicine. As soon as its use in such cases is begun, the phlegm loses its sticky, stringy character, and becomes at first more abundant, but easily expectorated. The quantity grows gradually less, until, after several weeks' use of Peruna, it ceases altogether. The inflamed mucous surfaces and enlarged follicles show immediate improvement, and rapidly regain their natural appearance, by taking Peruna, without the use of any gargle or application whatever.

In cases of sore throat, bronchitis and consumption, where cough is a prominent symptom, it is better to add two ounces of rock candy to each bottle before using; then take according to directions on the bottles. In cases of dyspepsia and disease of the abdominal cavity and pelvic organs, the directions on the bottle are sufficient. Cases of chronic catarrh in the head, throat, bronchial tubes, stomach and pelvic organs of ten, fifteen, or twenty years standing, are constantly being cured by the use of Peruna. It has come to be a well established fact that Peruna will cure catarrh in any stage or variety where the case is not complicated by any organic disease.

A valuable pamphlet of thirty-two pages, setting forth in detail the treatment of coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, consumption, catarrh in every phase of the disease, will be sent free by address to The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Co., of Columbus, Ohio. This book should be in every household, as it contains a great deal of reliable information as to the cure and prevention of all catarrhal and kindred diseases.

A well posted man of letters is credited with saying that Mrs. Humphrey Ward received \$100,000 from the manuscript of her new book "David Greave." This seems a large sum to pay for the rights and royalties of a single book, and likely the publishers will think it an enormous sum before they are through with it for some who have read the novel says that it simply demonstrates the impossibility of repeating a popular success in the literary world. To be the author of a popular "hit" is undoubtedly an advantage, since it heightens a writer's commercial value in the eyes of publishers and editors, and insures a certain sale for his subsequent work. But, on the other hand, it is likewise a disadvantage. In Mrs. Ward's case the public expected another "Robert Elsmere," and it has not received it. Hence, there is a disappointment. The Standard is set by the first; it suffers by the second. The great public lie at large does not stop to consider that a success such as "Robert Elsmere" is made by an author only once in a life time, and that few writers repeat their great success. I do not wonder that Lew Wallace feels a trepidation toward launching his new novel. "Ben Hur" did wonders for General Wallace's literary reputation, but it has also set a difficult standard for his next book. Mrs. Burnett might write juvenile stories by the ream, but will never repeat the success of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written scores of short stories, but none have come within hailing distance of the "Madonna of the Tubs." Thomas Nelson Page has never done anything so good as "Marse Chan," nor can Frank Stockton probably ever write a short story which will arouse such public interest as did "The Lady or the Tiger?" And there are scores of other instances which could be brought forth to demonstrate the difficulty of repeating a great literary success. A single book has often carried an author through an entire literary career, and this can well be if he is careful not to show the public that he has given it his best at the very beginning—a fact lamentably forced upon one in the writings of many an author to-day. A literary reputation made upon a single piece of work is a precarious one, and only a few know how to husband and nourish it.

## Preachers and Public Speakers.

The Victims of Catarrh of the Pharynx.—Blotting Out Divines, Able Politicians, Eminent Scholars and Professional Singers Made Voiceless.—Extracts From a Lecture Delivered by Dr. S. B. Hartman at the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, Ohio.

An ordinary sore throat, by frequent recurrence, is apt to become chronic, so that the throat continues to be sore nearly all the time. This form of sore throat is known in medical literature as Follicular Pharyngitis. It is caused by excessive use of the voice, by confinement in close rooms, or by over indulgence in smoking, but more frequently by catarrh and diphtheria. The symptoms are frequent, hacking, especially in the morning, expelling from the throat with great difficulty stringy mucous, which produces gagging, and even vomiting at times. There is a raw, sore feeling in the throat, and when the slightest cold is taken, the throat becomes inflamed and swollen. Instead of the smooth, pinkish look that the throat has in health, it looks angry, red and uneven, with occasional patches of white mucous adhering to it. It is sure to make much speaking, singing or laughing painful, and the voice will slowly grow weaker. Nothing is surer than if this is allowed to go unchecked it will finally involve the larynx, and the voice will be seriously injured. It is also certain that unless something is done to stop it, the disease will usually extend down the bronchial tubes to the lungs.

Follicular Pharyngitis is the special bane of public speakers and singers, also people whose nervous system is depressed by organic disease of any kind. People who, for any reason, are much confined to close rooms, are very liable to this disease. Anyone afflicted by this trouble is not only leading a miserable life, but the inflammation of the throat renders him especially liable to acute disease of the throat, such as diphtheria and quinsy.

For this trouble in any stage Peruna is the pink of perfection. If Peruna were always used before the lungs became affected it would not fail to cure a single case. Numerous cases that have used gargles, wet packs, external and internal applications of all sorts, without avail, find immediate relief and cure by using Peruna. The follicles of Peruna in all mucous inflammations is such that many doctors and druggists not only prescribe it, but use it as their own family medicine. As soon as its use in such cases is begun, the phlegm loses its sticky, stringy character, and becomes at first more abundant, but easily expectorated. The quantity grows gradually less, until, after several weeks' use of Peruna, it ceases altogether. The inflamed mucous surfaces and enlarged follicles show immediate improvement, and rapidly regain their natural appearance, by taking Peruna, without the use of any gargle or application whatever.

In cases of sore throat, bronchitis and consumption, where cough is a prominent symptom, it is better to add two ounces of rock candy to each bottle before using; then take according to directions on the bottles. In cases of dyspepsia and disease of the abdominal cavity and pelvic organs, the directions on the bottle are sufficient. Cases of chronic catarrh in the head, throat, bronchial tubes, stomach and pelvic organs of ten, fifteen, or twenty years standing, are constantly being cured by the use of Peruna. It has come to be a well established fact that Peruna will cure catarrh in any stage or variety where the case is not complicated by any organic disease.

A valuable pamphlet of thirty-two pages, setting forth in detail the treatment of coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, consumption, catarrh in every phase of the disease, will be sent free by address to The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Co., of Columbus, Ohio. This book should be in every household, as it contains a great deal of reliable information as to the cure and prevention of all catarrhal and kindred diseases.

A well posted man of letters is credited with saying that Mrs. Humphrey Ward received \$100,000 from the manuscript of her new book "David Greave." This seems a large sum to pay for the rights and royalties of a single book, and likely the publishers will think it an enormous sum before they are through with it for some who have read the novel says that it simply demonstrates the impossibility of repeating a popular success in the literary world. To be the author of a popular "hit" is undoubtedly an advantage, since it heightens a writer's commercial value in the eyes of publishers and editors, and insures a certain sale for his subsequent work. But, on the other hand, it is likewise a disadvantage. In Mrs. Ward's case the public expected another "Robert Elsmere," and it has not received it. Hence, there is a disappointment. The Standard is set by the first; it suffers by the second. The great public lie at large does not stop to consider that a success such as "Robert Elsmere" is made by an author only once in a life time, and that few writers repeat their great success. I do not wonder that Lew Wallace feels a trepidation toward launching his new novel. "Ben Hur" did wonders for General Wallace's literary reputation, but it has also set a difficult standard for his next book. Mrs. Burnett might write juvenile stories by the ream, but will never repeat the success of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written scores of short stories, but none have come within hailing distance of the "Madonna of the Tubs." Thomas Nelson Page has never done anything so good as "Marse Chan," nor can Frank Stockton probably ever write a short story which will arouse such public interest as did "The Lady or the Tiger?" And there are scores of other instances which could be brought forth to demonstrate the difficulty of repeating a great literary success. A single book has often carried an author through an entire literary career, and this can well be if he is careful not to show the public that he has given it his best at the very beginning—a fact lamentably forced upon one in the writings of many an author to-day. A literary reputation made upon a single piece of work is a precarious one, and only a few know how to husband and nourish it.

## Dr. Scudder Accused.

A Son of the Famous Clergyman in Custody on the Charge of Murdering His Mother-in-Law.

CHICAGO, March 3.—Dr. Henry M. Scudder, a prominent physician, son of Rev. Dr. Martin Henry Scudder, a former pastor of Plymouth Church, is under arrest at his home on Grand Boulevard, charged with murdering his mother-in-law, Mrs. F. H. Dunton, to get possession of an estate of the value of \$100,000. The warrant was issued and the arrest was very quietly made yesterday afternoon.

The prisoner was ill when the warrant was served, and the shock produced a collapse that compelled him to take to bed, where three policemen are now standing guard. The story of this alleged crime is a narrative with all the elements of a powerful melodrama. Dr. Scudder recently married in this city an adopted daughter of Mr and Mrs. F. H. Dunton. Mr. Dunton is the proprietor of the Spirit of the Turf, a weekly paper, and he it was who swore to the information against Dr. Scudder.

Mrs. Dunton died on Sunday, February 21. She had been for several years suffering from an abdominal tumor, but when the remains were examined by Dr. Leavitt and her husband several deep incised wounds on the scalp were discovered. These were sufficient to have caused death. The two men came to the conclusion that Mrs. Dunton had been murdered, but they kept the secret until yesterday.

Dr. Scudder was in Mrs. Dunton's room almost continually for several weeks before her death. At 9 o'clock on the morning of February 21 she was up and dressed, and was apparently recovering rapidly. She summoned a servant and sent for her breakfast. At this moment it is alleged the tragically was enacted.

A witness whose identity has not been discovered says that Dr. Scudder took something about a foot long from his overcoat pocket and stepped toward Mrs. Dunton, who was out of the witness' range of vision. A piercing scream from the sick woman followed. The observer saw Mrs. Dunton fall on the floor. The physician stooped over her and rained blows on her head with the weapons he had taken from his pocket.

When Mrs. Dunton screamed, everyone in the house ran to the room, the first arrival being Mr. Dunton, whom Dr. Scudder gently pushed back, assuring him that he was too ill to see his wife. To the rest of the family he said that Mrs. Dunton had fallen down three times and struck her head against the furniture. When they arrived Mrs. Dunton was on her face bleeding profusely from several wounds. She was only partly conscious, and said nothing that was intelligible before she died. Dr. Scudder and others started out for physicians.

When they returned they made an examination of Mrs. Dunton's scalp and found five or more wounds, one of which fractured the skull. The funeral was managed by Dr. Scudder, who had the body removed to Janesville, Wis., and buried.

The character of the wounds first aroused the suspicions of Mr. Dunton. Then the witness of the crime, who is said to have been intimidated, told his story, and the police were put in possession of the facts.

## The B. & O. South-western Limited.

On November 20th, the B. & O. R. R. placed in service on its South-western Limited Express train running to Cincinnati and St. Louis an entirely new equipment, built expressly for this train by the famous Pullman Company. The new cars embrace all the features that have rendered the Royal Blue Line trains so universally popular, and include the safety vestibule, steam heat, Pintech gas light, and anti-telescoping device, and convenient toilet accessories for men and women. The Royal Blue Line train leaving Philadelphia at 11.35 a. m. makes direct connection with the South-western Limited at Baltimore, where coach passengers change cars. The sleeping cars run through from New York and Philadelphia to Cincinnati and St. Louis without change, arriving at Cincinnati next morning at 7.45 and St. Louis next evening at 6.25.

## Retribution Coming.

"Well, little boy, what's your name?"  
"Shadrack Nebuchadnezzar Jones."  
"Who gave you that name?"  
"I don't know. But yer bet her life if I find out, when I gets me growth they'll be sorry for it."  
"Did I hear you say that you once saw a red-headed Indian?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, can you explain the phenomenon?"  
"Certainly; he was bald."

There are 400 widows of Confederate soldiers on the Georgia State pension list. This pension fund totals on Georgia an annual tax of \$400,000.

Ex-Senator Ingalls has refused an offer of \$10,000 a year to become the editor of a new local afternoon newspaper at Kansas City.

Chili has declined altogether to participate in the World's Fair at Chicago, on the plea that she cannot afford it.

Pennsylvania's \$5,000,000 appropriation this year for schools, is the largest of any State in the Union.

"The befeater" shape will be a novelty in next summer's straw hats for girls.

Homstitched towels are fine and long.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

## Interesting Odds and Ends.

Scrapes Picked Up Here and There Which Contain Words of Information for All.

Women work on French railroads.  
Paris dishes are washed automatically.  
France announces incombustible shoes.  
Norway has a waterproof paper church.

Great Britain has 202,300 acres of orchards.  
Gas engines of 60 horse power are now made.

The foreign demand for American paper is steadily growing.  
The force of the ocean waves is used in France to lift granite.

There are 382 miles of street railway in operation in Philadelphia.  
In Queensland a sound and well broken horse can be bought for \$5.

On the prairies of the Northwest the crow is looked upon as a bird of ill-omen.  
Hot Springs, S. D., will soon be supplied with coal from the mines in that vicinity.

Electricity last year took 28,681 horses out of street car service in this country.

An old lady of Stonington, Conn., is said to have slept 21,000 consecutive nights in one house.

Two railroad cars are now being completed in California which were made from the trunk of one tree.

The Tennessee Onyx Company is developing an onyx quarry near Andersonville, in Anderson county, Tenn.

Two dogs were recently arrested in New York for following people in the streets, and two more for fighting.

In 1890 Philadelphia had nearly 10,000 more population than New York. The figures were 70,228 and 60,489.

It is estimated that Americans average twenty-nine railroad trips annually, or ten more than the average Briton.

The feast of Purim will be celebrated with unusual fervor this year by the Jewish community in the United States.

A new industry has been started in California, which consists of making sugar from the sap of the sugar pine tree.

An idea of the size of the Vatican may be gained by the statement that there are no fewer than 4422 rooms in it.

The largest electrical plant in the West is at the Poorman mines, Idaho, which saves its company \$30,000 a year.

Out of 100 Indian students returned from Hampton Institute, Virginia, to the reservation only two have been failures.

The largest steam shovel in the world is at work digging phosphate out of the mines at John's Island, near Charleston, S. C.

The Druids held many plants sacred, as, for instance, vervain, selago, mistletoe, and, among trees, the oak and the rowan.

The Pope, it is said, intends in his will to leave funds for the foundation in Rome of a grand universal scientific institute.

Because of the low price of cotton, a farmer in Coffee county, Georgia, burned his crop of it and then committed suicide.

The total wages in Great Britain for 1890 was \$45,000,000 or an average of only \$55.108 per capita for the whole number employed.

It is reported that the Harpers are about to start a high class sporting weekly to reflect what is best in the world of sports to-day.

The goods exported from Alaska last year amounted to \$1,000,000 more than the price paid Russia by the United States for the territory.

An aged Jewess, who was the widow of a rabbi and the mother of three rabbis, died in Indianapolis a few days ago. Her name was Mrs. Messenger.

The total number of immigrants landed at the port of Baltimore in February was 1,464, an increase of 604, over the record for the same period of 1891.

It is claimed that if a steel rod be given a number of raps on a solid substance while held in a more or less vertical position, the rod will become magnetic.

Blonde hair is the finest, and red is the coarsest. Number of hairs to the blonde head, 140,000; on the black, 103,000; brown, 100,000; red, about 90,000.

The time of building the first iron ship is a matter of dispute, but there is a tradition that as far back as 1787 an iron vessel was used on the Severn River.

At a Catholic convent in Fort Berthold, N. D., all the sisters, including the mother Superior are Indians, and the spiritual director is a priest of Mohawk descent.

A pine tree in Pennsylvania recently scaled 8,033 feet of lumber. It made 17 sawlogs, 12 and 16 feet in length, and the top end of the butt log was 58 inches in diameter.

It is said that if the earth's atmosphere extended to a height of 700 miles the sun's heat and rays could never penetrate it, and we would freeze to death while wrapped in darkness blacker than the blackest midnight.

Judging from the number of charters taken out in the different States for the construction of railroads, it is estimated that upward of 7,500 miles of new track will be added to the total mileage of the country this year.

A gentleman of many years experience in China says that the right word is "Pidgin" not "Pidgeon." English "Pidgin" is the Chinese pronunciation of "business" and it is in the "business" of these Chinese ports that this peculiar dialect is used.

Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn tabernacle is to be sold to satisfy a mechanic's lien of \$52,213.59, obtained by C. W. Willis. The building cost \$400,000 and Willis was the contractor. It was thought that money would be raised to pay it, but the trustees of the church failed to get it, and the tabernacle will have to be disposed of. Instead of building better than he knew he builded better than he can pay.