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Wolsey in Canada.

"It is interesting to recall the circumstances," says the London Chronicle, "that there was some thought of making Colonel Wolsey, as he then was, lieutenant governor of Manitoba, the new Canadian province, in which he suppressed the Red River rebellion more than a quarter of a century ago. But the idea was not carried into effect. "Fort Garry, from which the rebels fled on the approach of Colonel Wolsey, has now developed into the flourishing city of Winnipeg, the metropolis of Manitoba. Various relics of Wolsey's march from Fort William to Fort Garry are still shown to tourists in that quarter of Canada."

According to the New England Historical Genealogical Society, only 29 families that came to New England from Great Britain were entitled to bring armorial bearings with them.

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 15, 1898.

The Fight a Fizzle.

Manila's Last Experiment in the Ring—After a Tiger and Two Panthers Fought to Floor the Not Overfery Bull, Pandemonium Broke Loose in the Audience and the Show Was Declared Off.

Besides many other regular forms of amusement the residents of Manila used now and then to have the bullfight. As a rule, however, performances in the bull ring were few and far between, since lusty animals seemed incapable of thriving in the torrid climate of the Philippines. It was during the early days of our arrival that the old wooden ring—squatted out in the ricefields of the Ermita suburb—was to be used for the last time, and the occasion was one of unusual interest since the posters announced in grown-up letters a "struggle between wild beasts—grand fight between blooded Spanish bull and royal Bengal tiger, direct from the jungles of India." For days before the exhibition conversation in the cafes along the Escocla invariably turned to the subject of the coming exhibition, and it was evident that the managers fully intended both to reap a large harvest of heavy dollars and to wind up the career of the bull ring association in a blaze of glory.

At afternoon in early February found everybody directing their steps toward the wooden structure, which consisted of a row of rocky seats piled upon a circular arena. The reserved sections were covered with a light roof to keep off the hot afternoon sun, but the "bleachers," for those that held only "billetes do sol," were exposed to the blinding glare. The audience—a crowd of 8,000 persons with dark faces showing above suits of white shooting—found the center of the ring ornamented with a huge iron cage some two rods square, while off at the side were smaller cages containing the "feras," or wild beasts.

The show opened amid breathless excitement with an exhibition of panthers, and a man dressed in pink tights ate dinner in their big cage after setting off a bunch of firecrackers under one of the "feras," which did not seem inclined to wake up or to pretend to eat somebody. The dining panther former lived to digest his glass of water and one cracker, and a deer was next introduced into the inclosure. The panthers, even at the command of the keeper, seemed unwilling to attack their gentle foe, and continued hissing from the big audience the animals were withdrawn.

Then great shouts of "El toro, el toro!" arose as off at the small gate at one side the bull appeared calmly walking forward under the guidance of two natives, and renewed applause arose as the small heavy cage containing the royal Bengal tiger was rolled up to the sliding door of the central structure.

The bull was shoved into the iron jail, a dozen or more bunches of firecrackers were set off in the small box holding the tiger in order to wake him up, the slide door connecting the two was withdrawn, and with a deafening roar the green Indian cat rushed forth and tried to swallow a man who was standing outside the bars holding a heated pitchfork. The bull stood quietly in one corner wagging his tail and after blinking his eyes once or twice proceeded to examine his antagonist in a most friendly spirit. In fact, he seemed to be no hard feeling at all between the two beasts, and the tiger apparently only wanted to get at the gentleman outside the cage, not at the bull.

The audience howled and jeered at the tiger, bet on the bull and criticized the man with the pitchfork as he gave the tiger several hard pokes in the ribs. This angered the beast so that he made a dive for the bull and promptly found himself tossed into the air. But as he came down dug his claws into the tough hide. Curiously enough, the bull did not seem to mind that, in the least, and the two stood perfectly still, locked in close quarters, for some five minutes.

And, to make a long story short, there occurred some four of these mild attacks—always incited by the man with the pitchfork—during which the bull stepped on the tiger, making him howl with pain, and the latter badly bit the bull on the legs and nose. After the fourth round both beasts seemed to be in want of a siesta. It was growing dark, and the dissatisfied audience cried for another bull.

The first animal was finally dragged away after the tiger had gladly retreated to his cage, and a fresh bull with more spirit was introduced. Now, however, the tiger was less game than ever, and no amount of firecrackers would induce him to stir from the small cage. He seemed far too sensible and literally appeared to be possessed of an asbestos skin.

It was now getting really dark. The audience joined in a chorus of howls. People began to light matches to see their programmes, and the circus ring looked as if it were filled with fireflies. Then the programmes themselves were ignited to get more light. Cries of "Give us back our money!" and others of a less printable kind arose, and pandemonium reigned. Men jumped into the ring, but the tiger refused to move for anybody. A couple of panthers were again hastily introduced into the cage with the bull in the hope of stirring things up.

But the bull merely looked one panther on the nose and wagged his tail at the other, while the show was declared off on account of darkness. Then everybody fled into disgust, and the man with the tiger, panthers and pitchforks sailed for foreign shores by the first steamer. Such was the last performance in the "Plaza de Toros de Manila," and nowadays nothing marks the spot where stood the arena except the little ticket office, over whose windows are the words "Billetes de Sol."—Joseph Earle Stevens in New York Post.

Folled the Woodpecker.

Ingenious Schema to Save the Poles and Its Peculiar Result.

"Speaking of modern ingenuity," remarked Assistant Superintendent of Telegraph Rooms the other day, "calls to mind the happy idea of Superintendent Joseph Donner, now located with the Southern Pacific company at San Francisco, when he was on his end. You may remember his experience in painting the telegraph poles of the Arizona desert with asphalt, and from the sand sticking to them gradually simulating stone. Well, what I am about to relate equalled this proceeding both as to efficiency and conception. In western Texas, west of Spofford Junction and for many miles, it was almost impossible to make a telegraph pole last more than six months, owing to the many woodpeckers in that section. The birds constantly attacked the posts and actually perforated the wood in divers places until the poles bore the appearance of having been well bored, soon becoming useless. Realizing that something must be done, Mr. Donner put on his thinking cap, and at the end of a week he had solved the problem.

A month later he journeyed to Spofford Junction, and attached to the train was a carload of hollow iron poles, each painted to resemble ordinary rough red cedar. These he set up at intervals of five miles, covering the territory affected by the woodpeckers. A skilled eye could not determine the difference between the iron poles and the wooden ones. Concealed within the top of each of the metal poles Mr. Donner attached a very small "buzzer," similar to those used in lieu of call bells, and these he attached to the telegraph wires, they keeping up a constant rattling, "buzzing" sound, which the iron poles and the wooden ones. Concealed within the top of each of the metal poles Mr. Donner attached a very small "buzzer," similar to those used in lieu of call bells, and these he attached to the telegraph wires, they keeping up a constant rattling, "buzzing" sound, which the iron poles and the wooden ones. Concealed within the top of each of the metal poles Mr. Donner attached a very small "buzzer," similar to those used in lieu of call bells, and these he attached to the telegraph wires, they keeping up a constant rattling, "buzzing" sound, which the iron poles and the wooden ones.

A peculiar result was that the progeny of the countless birds swarmed bills without points, and consequently the birds were unable to do any damage. Every woodpecker along the line now wears his bill as rounded as a baseball, and we experience no more trouble. Mr. Donner was thinking of patenting the idea, but he was dissuaded from doing so, as the lines should have the benefit of humanity free."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Telephone Wire.

In Each Apparatus There is Over Half a Mile of It.

"When you say 'Hello!' to 'central' did you know that you talk over 2,900 feet, or one half mile, of copper wire before the sound of your voice is transmitted from the telephone box?" asked the superintendent of the Missouri and Kansas Telephone company in a report for the Times recently. It is a fact that in each telephone there is 2,900 feet of fine wire. You see, the phone is composed of three parts.

"First the ringing apparatus, then the transmitter and last the ear trumpet or receiver. In the first are two small cords about the size of a No. 40 sewing needle, immediately behind the bells, each containing 500 feet, and in the magnet or ringing machine is another coil, containing 1,200 feet, making in all 2,900 feet. In the second part is a coil of the same size of fine wire, about the size of No. 60 sewing needle, in the telephone of the city alone. Figuring 2,900 feet in a mile, it would make slightly over 181 miles of wire as fine as a thread.

"This wire is insulated or sheathed with two thicknesses of extremely fine silk thread and is an item of considerable expense. As the spools or coils are easily burned out, it is not surprising that wire contained in coils back of the switchboard at 'central' which makes 362 miles, or enough to reach from here to St. Louis, with a good many miles to spare."—Kansas City Times.

The Causes of Cancer.

There are few diseases that afflict the human family that are more dreaded than those of a cancerous nature. The cancer proper is a most appalling foe to life. Whether it can be cured is and always has been a debatable question. Cases are cited where alleged marvelous cures have been effected, but this does not at all diminish the extent of the facts in the case that the cancer is practically incurable once it gets any sort of headway in the system. The causes of this disease have been so imperfectly understood that any effort at prevention was worse than useless. A French scientist claims to have discovered cancer germs in wood and that artisans who work in wood are much more subject to this disease, all things considered, than those who handle most other materials. Having once started on this line of research, he found cancer germs in wood and vegetation of various kinds. Elm willows and trees showed a greater proportion of these germs than other woods. In high altitudes or where trees are not common very few cancer germs were found. From all of which it appears that we may be at last on the highroad to some reliable and conclusive knowledge upon a subject which has baffled the skill of medical scientists for many years.—New York Ledger.

Not Without Guile.

They used to say of Senator Perkins of California that he subtly flattered those of whom he desired to court with his constituents by asking each man of them, met singly, what time it was by his watch and setting his own timepiece accordingly. It was an exceedingly good way of advancing his own cause, but a young physician here in town unblushingly confesses to a piece of diplomatic duplicity just as clever and just as successful. Whenever practice lags, he buys a number of clinical thermometers and presents them to all mothers of young children he knows. Of course as soon as a mother begins to take the temperatures of her children she is bound to discover fluctuations never dreamed of before, and as not one woman in 20 can read a clinical thermometer correctly or tell what it means when she has read it—well, you can see for yourself that that crafty medicine man is going to be sent for. The idea is a good one, but personally I think any man who trades on the anxiety of a mother for her babies is a heartless villain.—Washington Post.

"DRINK HAEEL."

She pledged the Roman in a costly draft, That fierce Egyptian queen, and yet she threw Only a pearl into the cup she quaffed— A pale, cold, tasteless pearl. When I pledge you "Drink haeel," I'll say, "in this poor cup of mine!" "Drink haeel, dear love! Would that I could pour My soul into the cup for you to drink!" "And with that wine your fainting heart restore!" "Drink haeel, dear love—drink haeel! The cup, I think Though all too poor, holds something else than wine, So drink, dear love, from this poor cup of mine!" —Argosy.

Foreign Musicians.

The English Style of Pronouncing Their Names Is in Greatest Vogue.

The pronunciation of the names of foreign musicians is a subject with regard to which the average Briton is disposed to claim and exercise the most unrestricted freedom. The result is not usually such as would lead to self identification by the unhappy owners of the names themselves. Several organs of the musical press have begun discussing the matter with the view of protesting the foreign musician from nominal mutilation at the hands of his admirers and of bringing something like harmony out of the present state of chaos. One writer states that at a recent conference of musicians he heard the name of a foreign musical celebrity pronounced in four different ways as by many speakers. Tschalkowsky was alluded to by one speaker as "Shy-cow-sky" instead of "Chy-koff-sky," as the composer's name ought approximately to be pronounced. Although sufficiently serious, this is less disconcerting than the American reproach against English name orthography in such matters as "Paderboosky." The adoption of the suggestion that Sir George Grove or some other authority should complete a pronouncing vocabulary of foreign musicians' names might prove useful to the student, but the infrequent concert goer would probably remain unimpaired. The too defensible Baboo, when asked how his somewhat formidable name was to be pronounced, politely answered, "As you d—n please." This is to be feared, will continue to be the rule with the majority of foreign musicians.—London News.

A Japanese Dinner.

He found the great room upstairs half full of people, who were seated in a semi-circle at one end, writes Mrs. Mimoli C. Fraser in The Pall Mall Magazine. Charities was a little late, and the rest had begun the indescribable meal which is called Japanese dinner. All the strangest products of earth, regardless of precedence, hustle each other on the small square table before the guest and little by little overflow its bounds and are placed on the floor around him—a growing nebula of pink plates, many of which he will not touch if he be wise.

Robbed the Grave—A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Finally a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim. No one should fail to try them: Only 50cets. per bottle at F. Potts Green's drug store.

Prof. William Libbey, of Princeton, will lead a scientific expedition to Hawaii this year. He hopes to visit and explore the burial caves of the Hawaiian kings long ago. So far as known no white man has ever explored them or gained even a good general idea regarding them.

The Feast of Dolls.

One of the Many Odd Customs of Odd Little Japan.

In that land of feasts and festivals—Japan—the most popular one with the children is the feast of dolls, which takes place in the month of February. It perhaps answers to our St. Valentine's festival. The fun lasts for three days, and, if little Miss Japan's father and mother and grandfather and grandmother have laid up in store for this occasion, dolls by the hundreds are brought forth to celebrate the feast, and many of the dolls are years and years old, hundreds of years even, for every old doll that enters a Japanese home is treasured and kept for this great day. The best room in the house is chosen. Here shelves covered with rich silken hangings, gay in color, are arranged, perhaps five or six shelves, extending the length of one side of the room.

The principal dolls are the emperor and empress of Japan, or two dolls dressed to represent these august personages in their court attire. Everything centers about the dolls. Dolls to represent maids of honor, attendants are ranged next in order. Everything which their imperial majesties can possibly need in the way of household furniture is represented in miniature. Silver cups, bowls and rice buckets on lacquered trays are placed before the little child for whom this festival is prepared. The dishes with the different kinds of food used in a Japanese household—rice, fruits, nuts and cake or sweet wine.

Besides the table service, everything which an imperial doll can be expected to need is—lacquered palanquins, funny, hood shaped bullock carts, fire boxes, charcoal baskets and tongs. Nor is the toilet table and its accessories forgotten. There are combs, brushes, mirrors, utensils for blackening the teeth, for reddening the lips and whitening the face.

At the end of the feast the dolls are packed away for another year, except two or three, which are left out for daily use.—St. Louis Republic.

Ready to Instruct.

"Did you ever notice," said the man with a piece of cotton cord for a shoelace, "that whatever happens to people there is always one resource left them? No matter how far down on his luck a person gets there's always one thing he can do."

"What's that?" inquired the man who was killing time.

"None of them," was the answer with a sigh. "I have a special little of my own, a long felt wad and with which I expect to do wonders. But I haven't as yet been able to get up a class of these men you read about who are so rich they don't know what to do with their money."

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