The Columbian.

C. B. ELWELL, J. E. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL XXII NO 25
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LII, NO 13

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DR. HONORA A. ROBBINS.
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LIFE.

Let us be like a bird, one instant lighted
Upon a twig that swings;
He feels it yield, but sings on, unaffrighted,
Knowing he hath his wings.
—Victor Hugo. (Translated by Edwin Arnold.)

THE MINUET.

We were all sitting around the grate fire that cold August afternoon—Matie with her book, Cora and Jack in the corner near the window, mildly flirting over a game of "patience," and I crocheting, and occasionally looking over Richard's shoulder at our house plans, which promised to be unwieldy enough for a state capitol by the time they were fully elaborated.

"A cheerful group," said the doctor, coming in with a rush of chilly air, and, stooping before the grate, he lighted his cigar with a look of great contentment.

"It makes me perfectly seasick to see the sky so dark and those great trees waving in the wind," said Cora. "Mr. Heywood, would you mind changing places with me and letting me sit with my back to the window?"

"But I cannot see you so well."

"But I can see you so much better—please do—thank you very much. Mrs. Ames, doesn't it give you a creepy feel to hear the wind sighing in the chimney like that?"

"Why, no; it only makes me feel how cozy we are here," said I. "I will tell you what I do mind, though, Cora; the creaking of those boards in the floor upstairs."

("We will not have any creaky boards when we get our new house built," murmured Richard, dreamily.)

"Yes, I know; just like a ghost's footsteps. So much for the delights of a house in the country," said Cora.

"Oh, come now," interposed Jack; "ghosts have no footsteps. They glide around, don't you know, in a perfectly impossible eerie manner, and never were known to make a noise. You may have seen a ghost, but you never heard one."

"I have," said the doctor, unexpectedly.

"Really? Oh, do tell us when!" exclaimed Cora, looking up with wide open, startled eyes.

"Shall I? Do you want to hear the story?" asked the doctor. He spoke to us all, but he looked at Matie. She smiled. Matie never wasted any words, but he seemed quite satisfied, and, leaning against a corner of the mantel, he began.

"It was when I was in Germany, five years ago. I had got through with my hospital work in New York, and I went abroad early in April, intending to stay in Germany about six months. I was almost a stranger in B——, but for a few letters I had to scientific men in the city, and since I knew so little German I determined to live with a German family for a time and cram the language. I liked this plan extremely, so far as the German itself was concerned, but I was not especially charmed with the German fashion of sleeping between two feather beds, which my landlady instructed me were to be shaken up into the middle on cold nights, and on warm nights to each side, so as to leave me nothing but the ticking for a covering. I also had difficulty in procuring a generous supply of towels, and was still debating in my own mind whether to stay or to leave, when one of my German acquaintances, a very jolly fellow by the name of Alberti, came to me one day after a lecture we had both attended.

"'My friend,' he said, for I made him talk English with me, 'what say you to taking bachelor quarters with me for a month?'

"'When, Alberti?' I asked. And then he told me his plan. Some friends of his named Hoffmann were going unexpectedly to one of the baths, servant and all, and being quiet people, not much given to journeying, they were a little anxious about their house, and had asked Alberti if he would not occupy it, as if it were his own, until their return. So he proposed that we should room together and dine where we liked. I do not know why he should have chosen me of all his friends to room with him, but I liked him, and I caught eagerly at his proposal. We settled ourselves there the following week. It was a very old house and rather a small one, wedged in between two more pretentious establishments, on a quiet, pleasant side street. It was prettily and quaintly furnished; had a modern upright piano in the parlor, and an antique porcelain stove. All the little knicknacks had been packed away, Alberti said, for he had told his friends that he would not be responsible for anything breakable, so the rooms had a comfortable, airy look which a man enjoys. We got our meals at a restaurant, or cooked them ourselves, attended our lectures or concerts, studied and walked together, and nothing unusual happened until Alberti came in one Friday night saying:

"'My friend, I have to go home to-morrow. I hear my sister is sick. Shall you mind being left alone a night or two?'

"I assured him I should not mind it, and helped him off the following day.

"It was the next night, Sunday night, that I came home at 9 o'clock from a long, solitary stroll and sat down in my window upstairs to smoke a pipe. It was a beautiful, moonlight evening, and the air was very still. Suddenly I heard the tones of a piano, and put my head out of the window to listen, but the sound did not seem to come from the street, but from below me. I listened intently, but it had ceased. Presently it began again in the same way, just a note or two, and then over again. It was unmistakably from down stairs. Next I heard a low chord, followed immediately by a very sweet and charming melody quite unfamiliar to me. It seemed to me to be in minuet time, and was played with the strictest precision and delicacy, but in an old fashioned style, and with scarcely any use of the pedal.

"I had locked the house when I came in. No one could have come in since. What, then, was playing down stairs? I determined to go down and see. The house was so full of moonlight that I did not need a candle to see my way. I descended the staircase, still hearing the sweet, full tones of the German piano, and, noiselessly throwing open the parlor door, stood for a moment upon the threshold.

"By the bright light which flooded that part of the room, leaving the rest in greater obscurity, I could see that the piano stool was empty, and yet the melody went on. The air was full of it, and as I accidentally touched the piano case I felt the vibration.

"I stood still a moment, bewildered; then, going forward, I stretched out my hand above the piano stool, a little above it. Instantly I drew it back, tingling as if I had received an electric shock.

"I will not deny that I was frightened. There was something so unaccountable in the whole affair that I felt as if I must be dreaming, especially since the music had abruptly ceased.

"Alberti and I had had a number of speculative conversations over our pipes. He was a very imaginative fellow and used to maintain earnestly that only a thin veil lay between us and the unseen world. And his opinion he persisted in, undisturbed by my ridicule. I thought of him now, wondering what he would do in my place. Finally I spoke.

"'Whoever you are,' I said, addressing the piano stool, 'if you can speak to me I ask you to do so.' No reply came. The room was by this time perfectly still.

"I spoke again. 'If you cannot speak,' said I, 'please go on playing.'

"After a moment or two the music began again, with the same low chord, and the same melody was repeated to the end. There the playing stopped; and as I once more boldly thrust out my hand, I felt nothing but the air.

"I was almost afraid to leave the room, not knowing whether I might not leave the invisible presence behind me; but I did at last go up stairs, where I lay awake a long time, trying to explain what I had heard. Of one thing I was sure—the touch upon the piano had been by a woman's hand.

"Alberti did not return on Monday. He wrote to me that his sister was better, but he did not dare to leave her yet. I stayed alone, accordingly, for several nights, and was not in the least disturbed by any other uncanny performance. When Alberti did come back at last he had so much to say in regard to a proposed excursion into the Tyrol that it drove my adventure out of my head.

"Indeed, although I tried to remember the music once or twice, it was gone completely, and I had nearly dismissed the whole thing from my mind as a freak of my imagination, until last May, when I went to hear the famous Fraulein ——, in Marston, where she had made an engagement for an afternoon recital.

"I was a little late, and when I asked the usher for a programme he said he was very sorry, but they were all gone. So I should judge it was about the middle of the recital when the fraulein, looking what was the next number on her programme, struck a low chord, and began, to my amazement, to play the air I had heard once before. She played it in the same dainty way, but with more freedom, less formality in the performance, and every note vividly recalled the quaint German parlor, as it was that night, with the bright stream of moonlight on the floor.

"In the slight recess which followed I heard a pleasant voice behind me say, 'Isn't that a sweet little minuet? And such a romantic story about it, too!'

"I turned around and faced the young lady who had spoken.

"'Pardon me,' I said, 'but will you kindly tell me what the story was?'

"She colored a little.

"'Certainly, sir,' she answered, 'it was written by —— (showing me a name on her programme), a long time ago, and never published, but was found in manuscript with the date upon it, in a house in B. a year or so ago. I believe it was the house where the girl lived who was to have married the composer, but she died suddenly, and the manuscript was put away somewhere, and so lost. The fraulein is the first to play it in America.'

"'I am greatly obliged,' I said, as she stopped; and I was so indeed, for now I felt certain whose hand had played the minuet that night."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jack, as the doctor finished, and for several moments he gazed thoughtfully into the fire. Cora wore a rather awed look upon her pretty, saucy face. But Matie, who had not moved during the story, looked up and thanked the doctor eloquently with a smile.—Hartford Times.

The Housetops in New York.

There are roofs, too, where something is always being fixed. Now it is a patch in the tin, which one roofer makes in a leisurely way, with frequent rests and pipes, while his chum sleeps in the shade of a chimney stack; then it is the telegraph lineman, setting up a frame to string wire on, and again a couple of bricklayers, with a trowel and a bucket of mortar, plastering up a chimney and making a day's work of what could be done in an hour. The fat man who hauls a mattress up the scuttle and takes a nap in the free air every evening from dinner to bed time will break his neck some day unless he reforms his habit of dreaming and rolling around like a porpoise in a lively sea, and only a miracle will save the boy who raises a kite from some day walking backwards off the gutter and making a pancake of himself four stories below. The young man with the absent expression who sits on the top of the chimney to contemplate the sunset and the stars must be a poet or in love. The young woman who brings a book up with her and sits in the scuttle to read it, while her little dog chases the sparrows and barks at the cat, would make a good match for him, one would fancy.

The cat, by the way, is the presiding spirit of all the roofs one sees from one's back window. He is always gaunt and scarred and lazy; he always has a disreputable look and a tough manner, and it would puzzle even the inspiration of Mme. Diss Debar to tell in what house he belongs, for whenever he finds a scuttle open he goes down as calmly as if he had inhabited that special house and no other all his life. He generally comes out again with more celerity, frequently followed by an old shoe or a beer bottle, or some kindred convenient missile; but as soon as he is on the roof again he regains his normal gravity, and sits down to wash his ragged fur and warm his bruises in the friendly sun.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

The Freemasonry Among Car Porters.

As is well known to the traveling public, it is the custom to give the porter of a sleeping car a quarter each morning for his attention in shining shoes and brushing off the clothes of the traveler. Occasionally there is a man too mean to do this, and the porter cuts a notch in the heel of his shoe. This is a signal which all the other porters will recognize, and shoes with a notch on the outside of the heel will not be blackened, as the owner is on the "D. B." list. Recently Ed Hewitt was a passenger on a Cincinnati Southern train, and Conductor Kelly was telling him of this freemasonry among the knights of the brush. Ed, who is always generous with tips, showed so much interest in the matter that Kelly got hold of his shoes that night and notched them. Then he told a friend at the Burnet house about it, who engaged Barrister Hewitt in conversation on the subject, and, much to his discomfiture, showed him his own shoes were notched. He tumbled to Kelly's joke.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Noblemen Becoming Useful.

Philadelphia Dame—Where are you going?

Husband—Down to Count Chapeau's to get shaved. By the way, here comes some gentleman up the steps. Wonder who he is?

"Oh, that's Lord Leslie, the sewing machine agent."—Omaha World.

Collection of Great Men's Chairs.

A collection of great men's chairs recently sold in London was interesting. The plainest of all was a little, stiff arm chair of oak, said to be that in which Shakespeare wrote. John Gay had an elaborate chair, with broad, well stuffed arms and seat, and provided with branches for candles at the elbows, a flap for a desk and a drawer in the seat for pens, ink and paper. Walter Savage Landor had a huge curule of rough oak, with stout arms. Byron's chair was a handsome Louis XIV chair, well stuffed and covered with red Utrecht velvet.—Chicago Herald.

Two Systems of Lunching.

Stranger (in Omaha)—How much is this lunch?

Barkeeper—Nothing. That is a free lunch, sir. We do not charge for it. You owe 20 cents for drinks, though.

"Eh? You charge for the drinks and throw the lunch in?"

"Yes."

"That's a new idea to me. Down in Kansas they charge for the lunch and throw the drinks in."—Omaha World.

Not Beaconsfield's Favorite.

It is said that the primrose was not Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower at all, and that the story that it was arose from the fact that the queen sent to grace his coffin a wreath of those flowers with a card bearing the inscription, in her own handwriting: "His favorite flower." But she meant the favorite of her own husband, Prince Albert, not of Lord Beaconsfield.—New York Sun.

Piling It On.

Nan—Do you like Miss Coupon?

Phyllis—No, I can't say that I do. She puts on too many airs.

Nan—Airs! Well, I should say she did. Why, she just piles cyclones on top of tornadoes.—Philadelphia Call.

Japan's Development.

The recent development of industrial and commercial enterprise in Japan has been very great. Since January, 1887, 831 companies have been started.—New York Tribune.

Don't ornament truth. It doesn't need it, and, besides, embellishment gives it much the appearance of a lie.

The bloom stalk of a century plant at a Florida exposition grows at the rate of six inches a day.

Sleep is the parenthesis in sorrow's tale.

PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

THE PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF A DRY, DUSTY ATMOSPHERE.

Pertinacity of the Egyptian Fly—Bad Luck to Drive Them Away—The Incessant Demand for Backshish—A Bed Among the Fleas.

I am writing this at "Cook's Luxor hotel," as good a house as one could wish. A large, rambling building in a fine garden running down to the river. It is embowered in noble palms and flowering trees and shrubs, and would be a charming retreat anywhere, but here surrounded by the hot mud hovels which make up an Egyptian village, with the burning sands and sterile mountains close by, it is simply delightful. We are the only occupants; have the whole house, do what we please, and shall leave it with regret. Invalids in search of health could spend a month or two here not only delightfully, but in this wondrously dry atmosphere most advantageously in many classes of complaints. I need state only three facts to show the rapidity of evaporation in Upper Egypt. Water too warm to drink is put into a porous jar and placed in the wind, though in the sun; in a half hour it is as cool as good spring water. At night, exposed to a breeze, even when the breeze is rather warm, before morning it becomes almost ice cold. The night of my arrival here I took a pouring bath on a balcony. The wind was balmy, but fresh. The rapid evaporation so chilled me that I could not stay out long enough for my bath. At the foot of the cataract we took a swim in the Nile. We wore our underclothes for bathing suits. We hung them up before our staterooms to dry. In ten minutes they were dry enough to be worn. We have all heard of the universal habit of all Africans to anoint themselves with oil, and travelers speak of it as a nasty habit. It is, however, necessary in very hot and very dry climates to prevent the cracking of the skin. An English officer told me that during the hot winds on the Upper Nile his hands and face chapped worse than they ever did in a cold climate—chapped even to bleeding badly.

THE WIND AND THE FLIES.

I have found fresh white butter quite as pleasant on my hands as on my toast. The boys have felt no inconvenience from the winds. My hands are very sensitive to the effect of a dry, dusty atmosphere. At Assouan we were in the sun during two days. We did not use our umbrellas, our pith hats being quite comfortable, and yet we were just on the edge of the tropics. It has been rather too chilly to lie down on the top of our little steamer for any considerable time at night. We have had no musquito curtains on our boat, and have needed none, the breeze on the water making them unnecessary. It takes a hard blow, however, to keep flies away. The pertinacity of an Egyptian fly is beyond that of any other living creature. The natives never brush them away. They deem it bad luck to do so. Flies are never driven from a baby's face, and it does not seem annoyed by them. Its face is rarely washed, and is so dirty that it affords admirable forage ground for hundreds of the little brutes.

I watched a child of about 2 1-2 years enjoying a crust of bread. There was about it a swarm of flies, and I do not exaggerate when I say two or three dozens were on its face at one time in patches as big as a half dollar about the eyes and mouth. It would screw up its eyes when they threatened to go in. I thought some must have gone into its mouth with the bread. It did not seem at all annoyed. I saw a sleeping child on the street whose face was almost black with the insects. It smiled as if angels were whispering in its ears. I have seen men talking pleasantly together while a dozen flies would be promenading about their faces, apparently unnoticed by the owners of the faces. I asked a man how he could stand it. "Mashallah! They don't bother me," was his reply. This has made the fly bold and he seems utterly unable to understand what a foreigner means when he tries to drive him off. He has, too, remarkably prehensile claws, and keeps them keen and sharp when taking constitutional walks over European countenances. It was probably the knowledge of this quality which made these people pronounce it bad luck to drive them away. They found it best to educate the masses to bear the infliction and so get used to it.

THE DEMAND FOR BACKSHISH.

By the way, travelers are shocked by the incessant demand for backshish (gifts) throughout the mighty east. The thing is not to be wondered at, for all the beggars combined never knew there are none equal to the gods of the east. Their hands are everywhere represented extended for backshish. Their favor was won by offerings—their anger averted by sacrifices. Like the proboscis of a celebrated elephant, their hands could pick up a pin or carry off a cart load of pots and pans. They could make a lunch from a few grains of rice, the widow's mite, or they could devour a hecatomb of bullocks, the gifts of a prince. The gods took gifts and demanded them. The great and powerful, profiting by their example, took gifts and enforced the giving. The poor took gifts and begged for them. The well to do in the whole region of the early sun reach out the hand for commission. The poor clamor like hungry curs for crumbs and bones, and are not ashamed of their clamor.

I fear what I have said about Upper Egypt looks too much as if I was seeing it through rose glasses. Thirty-six years ago, when Bayard Taylor and I traveled in the east together, I suffered terribly from fleas. The only pun I remember him to have made was anent the little tormentor. He said Homer wrote the "Iliad," Virgil the "Æneid;" that if I ever wrote an epic it would be the "Flead." I had hoped we were about to escape this Egyptian plague, but yesterday, after lunching in one of the old tombs of the kings, we lay down for a nap on the sands; but my donkey boy, desiring to please the old man, whom he flatters by calling his "father," spread the blanket and saddle for me to have a nice siesta. Ah! moment of mad forgetfulness. I slept an hour, but the Nemesis came. This particular tomb is now called the "lunch tomb." Hundreds have lunched in it this season, though it is where no living thing is seen, and apparently nothing can live, yet the sanded floor was full of my mortal enemies, brought to it by the many donkey boys, who in its shade rest while their employers are wandering among the mighty caves of the dead. I have passed a good part of my time since then as a hen with one chick does in an empty chicken yard—scratching. I am like certain officials not far from the old court house in Chicago—only more so. They have itching palms. I am all palm. I itch all over and am raw in patches.—Ex-Mayor Carter H. Harrison's Thebes Letter in Chicago Times.

Skillful Financiering.

At the club:

Charlie—That was a good game of poker we had last night.

Harry—First rate. How did you come out?

Charlie—Ten dollars ahead.

Harry—How do you figure it out that way? You borrowed twenty, didn't you, to begin on?

Charlie—Yes, but I only lost $10 of it.—Washington Critic.

A Heavy Domestic Offense.

Customer — Some children's shoes, please.

Dealer—Yes, sir. Now, there is an excellent make of shoe. How old is the child?

Customer (with a sigh)—Child! I have nine of 'em. Show me to the wholesale department.—New York Sun.

Something in a Name.

Sir Francis Knolly's name for his newly christened daughter might turn the stomach even of an aristocrat. He has called her "Louvima," as a complimentary combination representing Louise, Victoria and Maud, the three daughters of the Prince of Wales.—New York Sun.

A Plea for Better Ventilation.

The Iowa state board of health, in its recent bulletin, concludes that few who have heard of the "Black Hole of Calcutta" know the terrible facts that have rendered the place famous and made it the synonym of all that is to be dreaded from foul air and overcrowding. At 8 o'clock on the evening of June 20, 1756, 146 prisoners, officers and men, black and white, and of different nationalities were thrust into a room eighteen feet square—with two windows on one of the four sides heavily barred with iron—giving to each inmate forty cubic feet of space. In ten hours 123 were found dead—only twenty-three being alive!

Another instance is where, in 1742, the high constable of Westminster, London, committed twenty eight persons to prison, where they were thrust by the keeper into a hole six feet square and five feet ten inches high—the windows being close shut. In a very short time four of the inmates were suffocated!

These facts show the poisonous effects of the human breath—or of respired air. Professor Brown-Sequard has recently made some experiments that are not only highly interesting, but show why the expired air of man and animals is so deadly. From the condensed vapor of the expired air he produced a liquid so poisonous that when injected beneath the skin of rabbits it produced almost instant death. This poison he found to be not a microbe, but an alkaloid. His conclusions are that the expired air of all animals contains a poison more fatal than carbonic acid. It is well for people to understand these facts. They cry aloud for better ventilation and purer air—for less crowding in home and church and hall and school room.—Scientific American.

Good Code for Growing Girls.

It is more important to train girls to use the tooth brush five times a day—at night and morning, and after each meal—to give them crusty bread, that they may learn to eat slowly and thoroughly, to enforce the charcoal and safe dentifrices, than to classify and dissect plants or insects for the microscope. The little indigestions from eating fast, or from reading while they eat, should be corrected by doses of liquid magnesia, for acidity, or the citrate of magnesia for bilious and torpid conditions. Banish books and papers from the table at meals, unless to read out an item or two of interest to give zest to the general chat. Teach young folks to be entertaining at the table, and welcome joke and fun there and everywhere out of church.

Check nothing but ill nature, and let this relieve itself by a smart, snappish fit, rather than suppressed peevishness for a day. There are sound medical reasons for this advice, in allowing the nervous charge to pass off and a healthy reaction to take its place. It ought to be a great cause of gratitude to know that most of the ill humor in the world is physical, and that it passes off with rest, if over tired, or by reaction from sudden shock or stirring up, when the nerves suffer from confinement. This is why children are so angelically better after an outbreak and smart slapping, and why girls will get up after hysteric crying spells, fresh as June roses, after showers. Change of interest and place might prevent the naughtiness and crying in both cases. We are meant to be happy, satisfied and at ease, and nature rises up for her rights when the strain goes beyond safety.—Shirley Dare.

Future Life Among the Nihas.

The Niha conceptions of the condition after death are confused. The bechoe go below into the city of the dead, where they have to die nine times, or, according to some, as many times as the man has lived years on the earth, and are supposed to lead lives like the earthly lives. They take with them their earthly utensils and possessions in the form of shadows, and cannot expect to attain a higher state of wealth than they did on the earth; therefore living men accumulate as much wealth as possible, in order that they may take the shadow of it with them. The bechoe of wicked men return to the corpse in the grave, and are crushed by the earth. Men who have no male issue are turned after their manifold deaths into night moths; those who are murdered, into locusts. The bechoe of murdered men and suicides are assigned separate abodes from the other bechoe.

At last the earth will die, or sink into the sea, and there will be a new earth. Then the bechoe of the cats will let the bechoe of the men go over the gulf into the new earth, the edge of a sword serving as a bridge. Any one who, in life, has causelessly tormented or killed a cat will be thrown by them into the abyss. Therefore every person is afraid to go near cats to annoy them. Only those also who have had issue can go over, while others become butterflies or something of the kind. The bechoe of children are carried over by their mothers, and go to God.—H. Sundermann in Popular Science Monthly.

A Parisian's Punctilious Suicide.

What, for want of a better term, may be called jocular suicides, are decidedly on the increase in Paris, where people shuffle off the mortal coil in a good humored, devil may care way, which scarcely suits the tragic nature of the act. The latest suicide of the kind we allude to is that of a respectable Paris tradesman; and the poor man's good humor was the more extraordinary, seeing that his rash act was prompted by a painful malady, from which he had been suffering for some time. On the eve of the day which he had determined should be his last, he inquired of his housekeeper and servant if they liked to see people hanging, and on receiving a negative reply he advised them not to put in an appearance on the following morning.

Naturally, the question and the advice were looked upon in the light of a joke; but on the arrival of the servants the next day the master's body was found hanging in the passage. Before carrying out his resolution he had even taken the precaution of affixing to the outside of his shop shutters the usual formula when premises are closed owing to a death in the family: "Ferme pour cause de deces;" and he had prepared for the undertaker full instructions regarding the funeral, the number of mourning carriages that would be needed and so forth. To omit nothing, this order loving tradesman did not forget, either, to write to his doctor to inform him that his attendance would no longer be required.—London Standard.

Fishing by Electricity.

A pocket dynamo and scoop net promise to supersede the can of angle worms, the rod and the minnow bucket. The United States steamer Albatross has been fitted with electric fishing lights for the conduct of scientific research, and preliminary experiments with these lights have revealed the fact that the curiosity of fish to investigate this unwonted radiance brings them to the light in shoals.—Chicago News.

A Strange Hereditary Peculiarity.

The duke of Simonetta, an Italian nobleman, who is making a name as a musical composer, is the descendant of a long line of dukes who have a strange peculiarity. They have jet black hair, and just above the forehead a white tuft. This they had for a long series of years, until the father of the present duke was born some sixty years ago. He had a thick, curly head of brown hair, without a particle of white, and with him it was supposed there was an end of the special mark. But his son is a tall, handsome man, with a head of black hair, and he has exactly the same white tuft.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Butterflies' Wings.

Fixed electrical currents have been discovered to exist in the wings of butterflies, their detection requiring an exceedingly sensitive galvanometer. These currents have been thought to bear a very strong relationship to the disposition of the coloring pigments of the wings, for by the aid of electric currents marked changes can be brought about in their color and mode of arrangement.—Globe-Democrat.

If you want to know what a sliding scale is try to handle a wet fish.

MAKING STRAW HATS.

HOW THE INDUSTRY HAS GROWN IN THIS COUNTRY.

Successive Steps by Which the Grass of China Becomes a Hat in America—Why Bleached Hats Turn Yellow—Finishing Touches.

The manufacture of straw hats, though not peculiarly American, has attained imm