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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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ORIGIN OF THE BANJO.

Where the Negro's Favorite Music First Came From.

A Rudely Constructed Affair Which Has Developed Into a Popular and Pleasing Instrument.

Over half a century ago, in the town of Banjoemas, on the island of Java, a negro native of the place—with that love of music which his race universally possesses—desiring an instrument to accompany the voice, conceived the following plan:

Taking a cheese box and crossing it with goat or sheep skin, he ran a handle through it, then, using violin strings, which were tuned to the first, third, fifth and eighth notes of an octave, he gave it the name of "banjo," from the first two syllables in the name of his native town. No banjo of this time is known to be in existence, but from descriptions handed down they must have been very rude instruments, says Anna L. Williams in Kate Field's Washington.

As the years passed improvements were made, but only in a slight degree. Throughout our southern states banjos became as plentiful as pickaninnies and negroes might be found on any plantation who could "make the banjo talk." Many a scene of merriment was enacted in the "quarters" after the day's work was done, young and old jigging around to the lively notes of the instrument as if bewitched, till the dancers, one by one, fell down exhausted.

But this country was not to have a monopoly of such merry music, for more than forty years ago the banjo crossed the briny deep and made its debut on the London boards. It was at the Princess' theater, then under the management of Mr. Maddox, and the performer was a very skillful and artistic player named Sweeney. Public taste, however, had not been trained as yet to banjo music, so Mr. Sweeney's stay on English soil was brief. The judges of classical music looked upon the banjo as a cross between the guitar and tambourine, and would not encourage its use.

But less than five years after Mr. Sweeney and his banjo were avenged. The original "Ethiopian Serenaders" from America took London by storm. They came, they were seen—and they conquered. When the curtain went up on the St. James' stage the audience beheld row upon row of chairs on which sat men with faces blackened by burnt cork, wigs of curly wool, and lips of vivid red. When the strains of "Poor Lucy Neal" were heard there were few dry eyes in the house.

Night after night London crowded the hall, and the most renowned statesmen—among them Sir Robert Peel—could be seen with stately head, gravely keeping time to songs which set the people wild. Mr. Greville has said that the airs became familiar in fashionable circles, and around many a piano were gathered sons and daughters of wealth, all joining in the strains of "I'd a my money on the bob-tailed nag." The songs, however, were nothing compared to the banjoists. Mr. Pell, the original "bones," was admired, but the banjo players were idolized. Men forgot the cares of business or state while listening to the tum-tum of the banjo.

As the instrument is now made it is pretty enough to have a satin ribbon on it and be suspended from the neck a la guitar. In a clever performer's hands the banjo seems capable of doing everything—bells chime, waters ripple, winds blow, birds sing, and many other pleasant ideas are evoked; but it will never do for romance, its very name is against it; whether from association or not, we cannot connect romance and the banjo. The neck is now made with frets, similar to the guitar, and the circular head is covered with a fine calfskin which is tightly held by a large number of clamps with screws attached. These tighten the skin and assist in giving a more sonorous tone. Thus science has improved the rough toy instrument of more than half a century ago until it is hardly inferior in style or tone to its near relative, the guitar.

Foolish Patients.

"There seems little to choose," says a physician, "between the sexes in the matter of desire to take medicine regularly, and it is often impossible to persuade an apparently rational-minded patient that a cure has been effected, that no more medicine is needed, and that nothing but good diet and careful habits are required to build up the constitution. A number of doctors save themselves from falling from grace by prescribing a harmless tonic after effecting a cure, but those who pride themselves in disposing of cases by aid of a dozen doses or less seldom attain any great popularity. The often quoted and much vaunted practice in China of paying a physician while his patient is well, and stopping his pay during sickness, could never be introduced successfully into this country because so many people who are perfectly well are preparing to file affidavits that they are dangerously sick that no doctor under the China regime would be able to earn his board."

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS.

FRANCE is to establish commercial museums in each of its colonies.

FOUR pounds of gold were recently collected from the soot of the chimney of the royal mint in Berlin.

MONTE VIDEO is said to be the greatest gambling place in the world. Children there bet as soon as they can talk, and long before they can read.

THERE is a surface of 5,000 acres in Silesia, Prussia, which is usually dry, but which every thirty years fills with water in some unknown way and becomes a lake.

JANE CAKEBREAD holds the London record in the matter of the number of arraignments for being drunk and disorderly. She has recently made her thirtieth appearance in the police court.

SOME prominent German engineers maintain that the application of test loads to bridges has never yet led to the detection of defects which could not have been found by calculation and inspection.

THE British museum possesses a cup of almost fabulous value. It is of gold and enamel, is adorned with subjects from the life of St. Agnes, and cost £40,000. The cup derives most of its interest and value from the fact that it was given to Charles VI., of France, in 1391, by his uncle, Jean, duke of Berri.

TOOK OFF HIS PLASTER.

A French Colonel's Revenge for Being Insulted.

A most vindictive duel was fought during the reign of Louis XVI. by a colonel of the French guards, says the Yankee Blade. This gentleman was boasting of the good fortune of never having been obliged to fight a duel. Another officer expressed his surprise, with some indirect allusions to the colonel's lack of courage, observing: "How do you avoid fighting when insulted?" The colonel answered that he had never given offense and no one had ever presumed to insult him. Moreover that on such an occasion he would consider the character of the person who had wantonly insulted him ere he demanded satisfaction. Upon this statement his interlocutor, in the most insulting manner, struck him in the face with his glove, saying: "Perhaps, sir, you will not consider this an insult?"

The colonel calmly put on his hat and walked out of the room. The following morning he sent a challenge to his aggressor. When they came to the ground the colonel wore a patch of court plaster of the size of a crown piece on the cheek which had received the blow. At the very first lunge he wounded his antagonist in the sword arm, when, taking off the plaster, he cut off an edge of it with a pair of scissors and, replacing it on his face, took leave of his adversary, very politely requesting he would do him the honor of letting him know when he recovered from his wound. So soon as he heard he was able to hold a sword the colonel called him out again and wounded him a second time, cutting off another portion of the patch. In like manner he called him out, fought and wounded him until the plaster was reduced to the size of a three-penny bit, when the colonel yet once more challenged him and ran him through the body. Then, calmly contemplating the corpse with an evil smile, he observed: "I now take off my plaster."

LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Keepers at Minot's Ledge Have Gone Insane on Several Occasions.

One of the most wonderful lighthouses in the world is that at Minot's ledge, near Boston. Its history has been one of romance. The greater part of its foundation is under water at low tide. In 1847 a skeleton lighthouse of iron was erected there on iron piles placed in holes drilled into the rock. A furious hurricane burst upon the coast in April, 1851, and anxious watchers from the Cohasset shore thought that the structure had been carried away. But as the sun sank out shone the light across the storm-tossed waters. At ten p. m. the light was seen for the last time. At one hour after midnight the fog bell was heard above the roaring of the breakers. At daybreak the ocean was a blank; the lighthouse was gone. Knowing that no help could reach them, the keepers had lighted their lamps as a warning to others, and their lives had gone out with it. Now a granite tower occupies the spot. So difficult was it to lay the foundation in the surf that only thirty hours' work could be done during the first year, but the tower stands to-day as enduring as the ledge itself—an isolated pile of stone amid the waves, by the force of which it is swayed like a tree in wind. During the long winter months all communication with the land is shut off. In summer the occasional visitor is hoisted into the lighthouse from his boat by means of a chair, and from time to time a skiff is lowered by pulleys to convey one or another of the five keepers to the shore. According to the Boston Transcript the life tells on them frightfully. Several of them have been removed because they have gone insane, and more than one of them has attempted suicide.

MARRIAGE IN TURKEY.

How Betrothals Are Made, and How Girls Are Supposed to Behave.

"Adalet," in the Nineteenth Century, describes how marriages are arranged in Turkey.

The girls are not allowed to see their husbands until they are married to them. The girl must seem to be entirely ignorant of the meaning of a betrothal, she must cry when the ring is put on her finger, but must not admit that she understands what it means until the contract is settled, when for the first time she is allowed to recognize the fate that has been prepared for her, and then it is her duty to fall back in a dead faint.

Even after that she must not ask any questions about the name, family or character of her betrothed, nor must she ever try to see him from afar. Notwithstanding this arrangement, which seems to have been malevolently contrived to make marriage a failure, "Adalet" does not think that Turkish marriages turn out so badly, on the whole.

"I have seen girls brought up in every kind of indulgence, and who have never been thwarted in their whole lives, bow down before the authority of their husbands, and obey without a murmur the orders of a man who a few months before was entirely unknown to them, and I cannot help admiring a system which, while asking for so much devotion and sacrifice on one side, so rarely degenerates into tyranny on the other."

RAILROAD NOTES.

IT is now claimed that fast trains are safer than slow ones.

EXPRESS trains in Russia do not run over twenty-two miles an hour.

THE first elevated road in Great Britain will be in Liverpool. The road is already in the course of construction.

THE railway companies of the United Kingdom pay £3,500 a day as compensation for injuries done to passengers.

LONDON'S six principal railway lines carry annually over 260,000,000 people and the tramways about 150,000,000.

TWELVE thousand men are at work on the eastern section of the Trans-Siberian railway; it is to be completed next autumn.

THE famous Khajah tunnel of India pierces the Khwaja Amran mountains about sixty miles north of Inetta at an elevation of 6,400 feet. It is 12,800 feet long and was constructed broad enough to carry a double line of rails.

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed whereby excursion trains to the world's fair, by whatever road they may arrive in Chicago, will run within the exposition grounds and discharge their passengers there. No transfer of passengers at any point will be necessary.

SHIPS' PROPELLERS.

They Are Sometimes Disabled by Trifling Causes.

Special Pains Necessary in Their Manufacture to Provide Against Accidents and Corrosion from the Action of the Water.

The propeller of a steamer is an insignificant object compared with the huge body it propels against the combined forces of wave and wind, but the Brooklyn Eagle says they come to grief frequently in a variety of ways. A few days ago a steamer in a calm sea, without a breath of wind almost, suddenly lost one blade of her screw, just as suddenly and with as little cause or notice as overripe fruit drops from its parent bough. Around the dry docks are always numbers of gigantic propellers, all in one stage or other of dilapidation. Some are cast in the solid, that is to say, the hub through which the shaft passes and the fans which extend from it are one solid casting. Others are built, or cast, rather, in sections; the hub is one and each fan or blade is another, which fit into bases made for them in the hub, where they are screwed on by huge bolts that are set in the hub casting. When one fan or blade is broken it is easily replaced, as the makers retain the models of all wheels or propellers, as they are indifferently called, which they cast. Then the entire wheel is not rendered useless, as is the case when a solidly cast propeller comes to grief. It is extraordinary to see the proportion of vessels that arrive having received some damage to their propellers. Occasionally damage is done by the shaft racing, as it is technically called. That is caused by the steamship plunging head on into the trough of a big sea and so elevating the stern and the propeller that it is completely out of water, and being suddenly rid of the resistance the engine runs away, so to speak, just as an ordinary engine will do when a driving belt slips off or breaks. Occasionally propellers are broken by striking floating logs or ice and rarely by striking a whale or large fish, when it is much the worse for the fish.

But there is one curious fact always noticeable about propellers: that is that the extremities of the blades are eaten away as though by some corrosive acid. They are pierced with holes of greater or lesser depth, which weaken the points of the fans so that they snap off. These corrosions are said to be caused by the action of the water, but it seems strange that the wearing should take the form of honeycombing the metal instead of wearing it away smoothly, as the mere friction of striking the water might be supposed to do. Recently screws or propellers are made of different combinations of brass and other metals, especially for steam yachts, and are very costly. A short time ago a yacht struck a rock in the sound. The force of the blow smashed one blade clean off, although fastened on by eight or ten two-inch bolts secured by massive nuts, and the second blade was curled up by the blow just like a sheet of lead. This wheel was only a three-bladed one, and yet it cost the comparatively enormous sum of twenty-eight hundred dollars. It was made of a composition metal resembling brass in color, called Mayanese bronze. In large ocean steamships, if the propellers are not of one solid casting, it is usual to cover the nuts and bolt points which fasten the fans to the hub with a cement. This is so tenacious and becomes so hard when once set that it rarely breaks until its removal becomes necessary, when it gives the workmen a hard tussle to remove it.

SAVED BY A DEAD DOG.

A Deaf Mute's Narrow Escape from a Horrible Death.

It is not infrequent that a man's life is saved by a live dog, but here is an instance in which a dead dog served the same good purpose. It occurred about four years ago on the Air Line division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad.

One evening an express train, of which Edward Kenny was engineer, turned a curve between Rockfall and Middletown. On the track, only a few hundred feet ahead, he saw a man walking along unconscious of his danger. It was impossible to stop the train in time, so the whistle was repeatedly blown and the bell rung, but the man paid no attention to this. He was apparently as deaf as a post.

When only a few feet away from him Kenny, who had reversed the lever and done his best to stop the train, turned his head so as not to see the man run down. Still he was dimly conscious of a dark body being struck by the engine and knocked several feet.

The train was finally brought to a standstill and a search made for the man. He was found covered with blood in a gully beside the track. There happened to be a physician among the passengers, and after a minute examination of the man, who turned out to be a deaf mute, he declared that he could not have been struck by the train, as his only injuries were a few scratches and bruises on his hands and face.

A further search was made and resulted in the finding of the badly mangled body of a big Newfoundland dog. It had evidently attempted to cross the track in front of the train, been struck by the engine, thrown forward in such a way as to strike the man and knock him off the track in time to save his life.

FUNNY FANCIES.

SHE—"I thought the heading the best part of your poem." He—"I'm so sorry you think so. The editor put that on."—N. Y. Sun.

CONWIGGER—"They say he is a fighting parson." Brown—"I wouldn't be surprised. I've known him to put persons to sleep."—N. Y. Sun.

"OH, sir," cried the beggar, "I'm almost starved to death!" "Well, stick it out a little longer," said Chollie, "and your miseries will soon be over."—Harper's Bazar.

GUEST (to bell boy)—"What in thunder have you done to those brand new russet shoes of mine?" Bell Boy (just over)—"Sure, sor, Oi had thim blacked; and they naded it, too, begorra!"—Harper's Bazar.

NOT A LOVER OF HIS NEIGHBOR'S MUSIC.—Jackson (in surprise)—"Why, what induced you to move to such a poor part of the city as this?" Johnson—"Poor people can't afford pianos."—Yankee Blade.

NEGROES IN BARBADOES.

They Die Rapidly of Consumption—Europeans Safe from the Disease.

In Barbadoes the chief enemy of the black race is consumption, of which many of them die, though it is practically unknown there among Europeans. The cause is simply that all negroes, without exception, hermetically seal up their huts at night, partly from fear of mysterious ghosts or "duppies," and partly to keep out mosquitoes, and partly again because they wish to keep out cold. For, strange as it may appear, the naturalized West Indian negro shivers in a temperature of seventy-four degrees, and on rare occasions in winter when the thermometer falls to seventy degrees, he is blue with cold and almost incapacitated for work. No doubt he is warm enough in his hut at night, with every shutter closed and every chink and cranny stuffed with rags, but nature avenges herself for this exclusion of her purifying oxygen by colds and coughs. The negro has quack remedies and balsams by the dozens for these, but All the Year Round says they do not save him from the tubercle that soon forms in his lungs and eats his life away.

After all, he is little missed; he has had a short life and a pleasant one. His relatives will feel a pride in covering themselves with crape, of color almost as black as their own complexions, for crape is "de rigueur" among the negresses of Barbadoes. He will probably leave after him six or seven children, mostly illegitimate, since the black ladies have strong objections to the bond of matrimony. But here the question of pounds, shillings and pence does not intrude itself as it does at home. It costs so little to bring up a black baby that there is really no reason whatever for its parents to consider its future. When it grows up an hour's work or so a day will keep it in food and clothes. So, in the streets of Bridgetown, the happy little black imps swarm like flies and the island has the densest population per square mile of any place in the known world—that is, if what they say about Chinese statistics is true.

IT WAS GEORGE'S BICYCLE.

But His Girl's Father Thought It Was Hers and Locked It Up.

Estelle's young man rides a bicycle, and Estelle has long wanted her pa to buy her a wheel, too, in order, says the Somerville (Mass.) Journal, that she might keep the young man company on his lonely rides. Finally pa was wearied out by a persistency in arts that all loving daughters will understand, and Estelle was provided with a costly nickeled wheel, which, after the usual number of bumps and bruises, she felt competent to ride. One evening not long afterward pa came home about midnight and saw the wheel leaning against the banking near the front piazza, where the dews of evening had been gathering upon its spokes.

"Is that the way Estelle takes care of her expensive presents?" he growled to himself in disgust. "I'll teach her a lesson," he added, with grim determination, and so he trundled the wheel off quietly and locked it up in the carriage house before he went to bed.

That night when Estelle's young man emerged upon the piazza and looked for his wheel, the wheel was gone. Estelle's young man had to walk home—a distance of about four miles.

The next morning at the breakfast table Estelle remarked: "Wasn't it too bad, papa? George left his bicycle at the door last night, and somebody must have stolen it, for when he came to go home about ten o'clock the wheel was gone."

And a great light dawned suddenly upon Estelle's pa as he exclaimed: "Great Scott! was that George's bicycle? I thought it was yours, and to teach you to be more careful of it I locked it up in the carriage house at midnight before I went to bed."

REVERT TO THE CROWN.

How Misers Pile Up Wealth for the Already Rich and Powerful.

It has sometimes happened that persons little deserving, and even rulers, have reaped the harvests which misers have painfully sown. The life of Vandille is a proof of this, says the St. Louis Republic. This man lived upon bread and milk, with the addition of a small glass of sour wine every Saturday. At his death he left £800,000 to the king of France. Audley, the Commonwealth miser, saved £400,000, all of which reverted to the government. A merchant died at Ispadan in the earlier part of this century who had for many years denied himself and his son every support except a crust of coarse bread. On a certain occasion he was overtempted to buy a piece of cheese; but, reproaching himself with extravagance, he put the cheese into a bottle and contented himself, and obliged the boy to do the same, with rubbing the crust against the bottle, enjoying the cheese in imagination. One day, returning home later than usual, the merchant found his son eating his crust, which he constantly rubbed against the door. "What are you about, you fool?" was his exclamation. "It is dinner time, father. You have the key, so, as I could not open the door, I was rubbing my bread against it, as I could not get to the bottle." "Cannot you go without cheese one day, you luxurious little rascal? You'll never be rich." And the angry miser kicked the poor boy for not having been able to deny himself the ideal gratification.

The Unpardonable Sin.

Thirty Catholic students at one of the seminaries in St. Petersburg were crossing a bridge when the czar's carriage was driven by rapidly, and some of them being in conversation did not see his majesty and therefore did not bow to him, says Free Russia. The matter was reported to the authorities, and the Abbe Pizchmycki, though he saluted, was condemned to six months' seclusion, while the rector of the seminary, who did not happen to be present at the time, was fined fifty roubles, presumably in order to teach him to instill better manners into his charges.

Locomotives of the World.

One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are at present running on the earth. Europe has 63,000, America 40,000, Asia 3,300, Australia 2,000 and Africa 700. In Europe Great Britain and Ireland take premier position with 17,000 engines, Germany has 15,000, France, 11,000, Austria-Hungary, 5,000, Italy 4,000, Russia 3,500, Belgium 2,000, Holland and Spain 1,000 each, Switzerland 900 and the remaining European states 2,600.

RIFLES AND AT FORTY PACES.

The Duel in Which Gen. Denver Dropped Editor Gilbert.

The immigrants coming over the mountains in those days were exposed to great dangers, both from ignorance of the route and lack of supplies, and were also beset by roving bands of Indians, who robbed them at pleasure, and killed them likewise.

This fact, says the New York Advertiser, was recognized by the California legislature in time, and to provide against the recurrence of the outrages a bill was passed upon the recommendation of the governor instructing him to organize a company and equip a relief train, which should proceed to the mountains, and perform any duties necessary for the protection of immigrant trains. The governor obeyed the orders of the bill, and there was a great demonstration as the soldiers marched out of Sacramento, with the governor at their head. The utility of the expedition was seriously doubted by many, and among them the editor of the Alta California, who said so in an editorial, and ridiculed the whole affair as a scheme of Bigler's to gain political capital at a very heavy expense to the people. He opposed the bill from the beginning and when Bigler personally led the expedition through the streets of the capital he more positively than ever charged that it was a job. This aroused the indignation of the late Gen. Denver, who was a personal friend of Bigler, and he published a bitter card in reply, attacking Gilbert. The editor replied, claiming that he was disinterested in the matter and that he was no personal enemy of Bigler. Denver retorted again and in a bitter, personal spirit, and Gilbert challenged him to fight. Denver accepted.

The weapons were rifles and the distance was forty paces, the battleground being ten miles from Sacramento. The first fire was ineffectual, and it has often been said that Gilbert refused to take his antagonist's hand and call the matter quits with no blood spilled. At the next fire Gilbert fell and within less than five minutes he was dead.

BOATS FOR WOMEN.

They Prefer One That Will Not Easily Capsize.

Women affect to prefer yachts. What they really like is a catboat. To go sailing in a catboat is like sailing in a wide piazza. One would as soon feel qualms in a drawing-room. A catboat is as broad as it is long. Some catboats are broader than they are long. Such would be a catboat thirteen feet by twenty-four, which are the dimensions of a well-remembered catboat. That is a nautical estimate; the length by rights should be twice the breadth of beam, as in this case it was not. There is but one man; he handles the tiller with one hand, shifts the sail with the other and entertains you with talk of his craft. He pretends great indifference to yachts and says: "We don't think much of 'em." A catboat, says the New York Journal, not only is as broad as a room, but has a centerboard. Literally it cannot capsize. On fine afternoons when catboats are available they look like floating nurseries. The most timid mothers will take their children out in a catboat if the children will promise not to throw themselves or one another into the water. There is no other possibility of their getting in. A well-built catboat will sail like a skimming dish by raising the centerboard or will cleave the water like a cutter with its lowered centerboard. It is, however, bad to be becalmed in. It carries but one oar and its breadth offers a good deal of resistance. But a calm on the water is nothing to a calm on land. A belated sailing party on a quiet summer night will throw a household into consternation and break up the fountains of the deep that lie in woman's eyes.

UNDER MELTING BUTTER.

Where the Abyssinian "Swell" Gets His Pomade.

An Abyssinian will tell you without a blush that he is necessarily washed at birth, cleans himself on his marriage morn and hopes to be washed after death; that once every year he dips himself in the river on the festival of St. John the Baptist, and regularly every morning he wets the end of his toga with the moisture from his mouth and freshens up his eyes.

Whenever he feels his hide hard and uncomfortable he anoints himself with mutton fat, says the Century.

Of a morning one may see the jeunesse dorée of the town stalking with body erect, and with about a pound of butter stuck on their heads, gradually melting under the increasing power of the sun.

The women look a shade cleaner occasionally, caused not by any act of their own, but through the accident of being for hours in a rainstorm, which at this season occurs daily, but even then the odor of rancid mutton fat impregnates the atmosphere wherever they may be.

CULINARY CULLINGS.

BEEF marrow is very often used in puddings, in very much the same way that suet is used. It is much more delicate and more delicious than suet. It is simply scraped from the bone, and used raw.

SWEET APPLE PICKLE.—To six pounds of peeled apples, use three pounds of sugar, five dozen cloves and a pint of vinegar. Into each apple stick two cloves. Have the syrup hot, and cook till tender.—Good Housekeeping.

CODFISH BALLS.—To three cups of boiled codfish minced fine, add four cups of cold mashed potatoes, two eggs well beaten and a little melted butter; mix thoroughly; drop from a large spoon into hot fat and fry as you would doughnuts; garnish and serve.—Boston Budget.

FILLET OF BEEF.—Cut the beef into pieces nearly an inch thick and three inches in diameter, trim into nice rounds (there should be one for each person), spread them with forcemeat, then with beaten egg, and roast slowly. Serve with good gravy and red currant jelly.—Housekeeper.

CHEESE STRAWS.—One cupful of flour, one cupful of grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, butter the size of an egg, one egg, and enough cold water to make a paste. Cut in strips seven inches long and half an inch wide. Bake a golden brown. Tie up in bunches of half a dozen each with baby ribbon.—N. Y. Observer.

AN ARTISTIC LOSS.

THE auction of the Boncompagni art treasures at Rome realized only 1,500,000 francs, a mere fraction of the real value of the articles sold.

MISS ELIZABETH NEY, of Hempstead, Tex., a descendant of Marshal Ney, of France, will execute in marble the statues of a number of Texas heroes for exhibition at the world's fair.

CHARLES MEISSONIER, son of the great painter, has purchased the residence of his late father on the Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris. The house will be transformed into a Meissonier museum.

THE United States ship Constitution is about to start for Italy to collect works of art for the world's fair. These art treasures will remain in constant custody of the government and will be returned after the fair in the same manner as brought.

THE costliest paintings of modern times are Meissonier's "1814" and Millet's "The Angelus." M. Chauchard gave $170,000 for "1814" and $150,000 for "The Angelus." Henry Hilton in 1887 paid $66,000 for Meissonier's "Friedland, 1807," and presented it to the Metropolitan museum of arts, of New York.

MRS. GUILD, an American sculptress, has recently completed a bust of Mr. Gladstone which is very highly commended by the critics as a portrait and a work of art. Mrs. Guild has been obliged to reproduce the difficult features of the great statesman from studying them only in his library while he was at work.

ECHOES FROM CHICAGO.

A HEROIC statue of Hendrik Hudson, the discoverer of the Hudson river, will be placed in New York's world's fair building.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., will make at the world's fair an exhibit illustrating its postal service from the days of '49 to the present time.

FAC-SIMILES of thirty-seven of the most prominent of the Aztec idols in the museum in the City of Mexico have been prepared for the world's fair at Chicago.

A SWEDISH world's fair club has been incorporated with the object of furnishing information, assistance and entertainment to Swedish exhibitors and visitors at the exposition.

A COMPANY has been incorporated with $100,000 capital stock for the purpose of erecting near the world's fair a $75,000 club house, which shall be maintained during the fair as headquarters for wheelmen from all parts of the world.

MORE than two hundred panels of native woods will enter into the interior decoration of the Washington world's fair building. Some of them will be carved and others decorated with paintings of Washington scenery and groupings of flowers, fruits, grains, fish, game, birds, etc.

A MUSICAL MELANGE.

THE bagpipe, the favorite Scotch and Italian instrument, was invented in Greece 200 years B. C.

A CHOIR of ladies' wearing cossacks, surplices and mortar-board caps, has been introduced at Marylebone, and is producing excellent music.

AN Italian paper announces that the duke of Edinburgh is engaged upon a grand opera, to a libretto by the queen of Roumania, for production at the Court opera house, Coburg.

THE sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, is said to be an excellent pianist, and part of his daily routine consists in giving a couple of hours' instruction to his daughters.

MME. PATTI believes that alcoholic beverages of any kind, even in moderate use, tend to make the voice husky and should be abstained from by one who wishes to get and keep a fine voice.

LORD DYSART, president of the Wagner society of England, is making an earnest effort to have evening dress done away with as one of the obligations attendant upon grand opera in England.

WHO LIKES FIGURES?

UNCLE SAM has 8,995,812 dwellings.

NEW YORK makes 55,000 watches a week.

MAINE has wild land worth $20,000,000 at a low estimate.

THERE are four hundred head of bison at the Yellowstone park in Wyoming.

A RAFT containing 91,000 logs has been brought to Saginaw from the Georgian bay country.

SOME ingenious individual has determined, by some calculation best known to himself, that every two days' fog puts 25,000 people on a bed of sickness in London.

ACCORDING to the last census returns England possesses no fewer than 76,000 coachmen and grooms, 56,250 male indoor servants and 1,230,000 female indoor servants.

THE annual report of the state almshouse at Tewksbury, Mass., for 1891 shows that there were 2,915 persons admitted, of whom only 371 were born in Massachusetts, while 1,024 were born in Ireland.

Buttons and Combs Made of Blood.

There is large factory at a small town near Chicago employing about 100 or 150 workers, which is wholly given over to the manufacture of useful articles from waste animal blood. At certain seasons of the year this unique factory uses from 10,000 to 15,000 gallons of fresh blood per day. It is first converted into thin sheets by evaporation and certain chemical processes, and afterward worked up into a variety of useful articles, such as combs, buttons, earrings, belt clasps, bracelets, etc. Tons of these articles are sent to all parts of the world every year from this "bloody" Sucker state manufactory.

Talking Shop.

There is a well-known local poet of true Bohemian instincts who, as often as he can, goes out into the country to commune with nature and shoot bears. He returned recently from one of such trips, and upon arriving in town met Chief Crowley and Capt. Lees, says the San Francisco News Letter. During their conversation the poet, in his free, careless manner, threw back his coat, showing the handle of a bowie knife projecting from his upper vest pocket. "Come, come, that won't do, Dan; you're carrying concealed weapons," said the chief. "Yes, I think we will have to take you in," said Lees. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the bloodthirsty poet, "don't talk shop."