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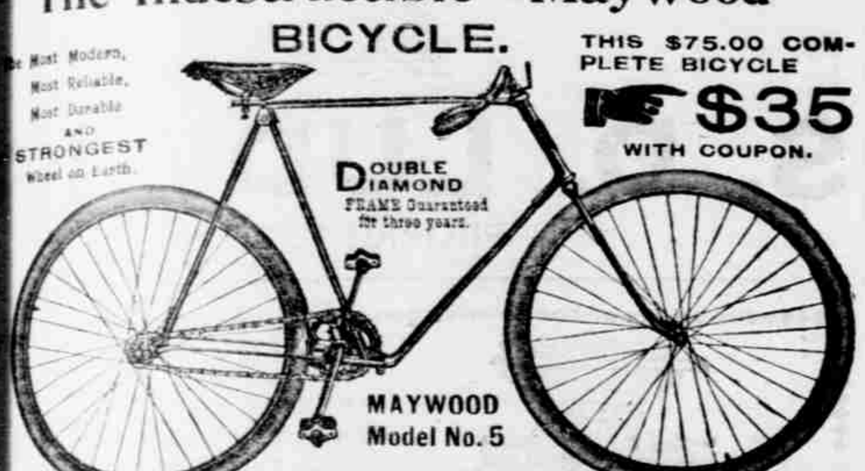

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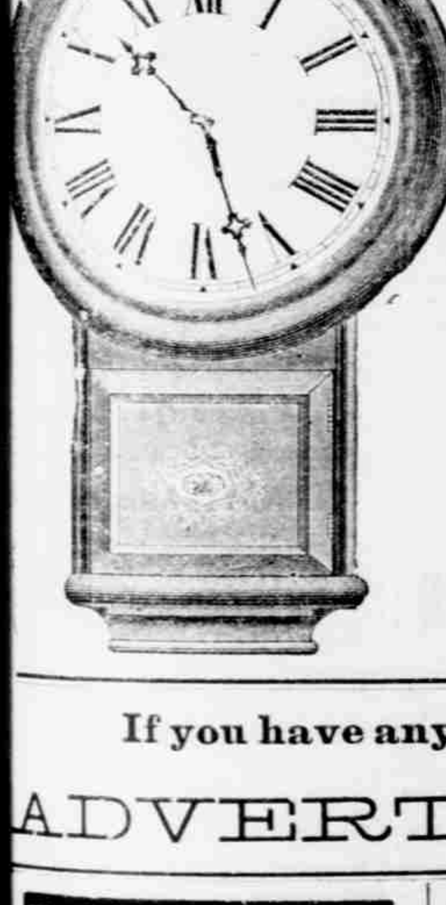

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A TERRIBLE FRIGHT.

"How does fright affect you? It always makes me cold all over, and shivery, like water down one's back, you know."

"Fright?" questioned one of those addressed. "Oh, if I'm frightened, I scream right straight out, nothing can stop me—I just yell."

"You just do!" corroborated another of the pretty conclave round the fire, with a laugh. "I never heard anything like it; when that tramp we met yesterday in the avenue at dusk suddenly addressed us, you made the welkin ring, and pinched my arm black and blue, until I made you understand the wretched creature had only asked his way."

There was the usual desultory chat and exchange of confidences, between mouthfuls of muffin, concerning alarms, past, present and future, when a handsome woman with mischievous eyes, who had not hitherto spoken, exclaimed: "Were none of you girls ever struck dumb with fright?"

"What a question?" they chorused. "Why, Mrs. Treherne, were you ever taken like that?"

"On one memorable occasion," was the reply, while a comical expression settled about the corners of a mouth which Venus herself might have envied for its outlines. "I lost the entire faculty of speech during fully ten minutes. I was struck dumb, and only found my tongue too late to be of any use."

The speaker looked across at her hostess. She was met by an amused air of incredulity. "Let us hear the story, Kitty. I can't believe in your being frightened; but unbosom yourself, dear. I intend keeping you until the men come in to introduce my brother, so you've plenty of time." Amid murmurs of excited anticipation Mrs. Treherne began:

"It was an evening like this—dark and dreary, with a thick, white fog. But I'd better go back to the beginning, or you won't understand. We were living in Highfordshire during the last years of my husband's lifetime, and my dream was to become an artist. I'm sorry to say it has never been realized.

"There was even at that time a school of painting near us at Treeleigh, and I soon found a lady artist willing to teach me the rudiments. A drawback to complete happiness in my newly-adopted vocation was the distance between our house and this woman's studio, for Mr. Treherne, much as he disliked my painting craze, as he called it, objected to my being alone about the roads still more; and I must admit they were uncommonly dark at times. I may add also"—and the droll look crept up to her eyes—"he had two special bugbears. These were the artists and the models.

"He declared they were all scamps, and that, if I escaped from the artifices of the one, I should sooner or later be garotted by the other. The male sex he more particularly referred to, but I must confess he had no very high opinion of the women either.

"Therefore, much as he hated his horses being out at night, he insisted on sending the carriage for me in all weathers, and I firmly believe the coachman had orders to give a receipt for my person every evening.

"Whether the presence of a good-looking young fellow who used to go about with one of the artists, and whose, no doubt, well-intentioned glances my husband had surprised in church, contributed at all to this frame of mind, I never knew. But I had my suspicions, although, as a matter of fact, I never so much as spoke to the man, or heard his name.

"One day in the winter, I had been working in the life class till after five, and owing to a dense fog the carriage was late. I suppose I ought to have waited for it, but the tempter in the shape of a girl friend persuaded me to take tea in her rooms. Nor am I quite clear if directions were left at the studio to enable the carriage to find me.

"I dare say you imagine the party included men. If you do, you are wrong. Whatever Mr. Treherne thought, morals were very strict, I can tell you, in Treeleigh.

"We were half a dozen girl students, of whom one played divinely on the 'cello, and it must have been quite an hour later before I started, my bodyguard not having turned up, to trudge home in the mud alone.

"I have said the roads could be very dark, but I never knew them so bad as they were on this particular evening. Lamps there were few even in the village, and the fog obscured such as there were. I felt very sorry for myself on leaving the comparative illumination of the street for the utter blackness of the lonely road that lay between me and home.

"I wondered where the brougham could be, and for once missed its comfortable cushions, and the inspiriting presence of our fat coachman. The fog penetrated eyes, nose and ears. It blinded me and made me cough.

"With difficulty, by aid of my umbrella and the palings, I was able to keep upon the apology for a sidewalk, though in places I literally had to crawl along as best I could.

"Just at first there were people about, grown large and indistinguishable in the mist. A boy passed me whistling a popular air. I envied him his courage, and would have liked to imitate it. He passed on, and I felt more lonely than ever. The tree trunks loomed like huge phantoms in the murky stillness, and the whole world seemed dead.

"Then I remembered an encampment of gypsies, of whom some had posed as models, and nearly all had been up before my husband in his capacity as magistrate, during the past month. Supposing one of them had noticed my watch or rings during a sitting? The thought was appalling.

"Footsteps behind me made my heart jump into my mouth, but they died away in the distance. I shuddered, stepped in a puddle up to my ankles, and, had I been a man and not so frightened, should undoubtedly have used bad language.

"I had reached a hollow, the very darkest part of the road where the fog lay thickest, when all at once I was conscious of a presence beside me. It was exactly as if the very mist had taken shape and put its arm round my waist. The shock was so sudden that, for an instant, I felt as if struck by a dagger. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and how I didn't faint on the spot has always been a mystery to me.

"The spirit of the fog, or the highwayman, kept a firm hold on me, but did not change the direction of my footsteps. When the first intense fright gave place to a sort of semi-consciousness, I found myself being guided in a fashion which gave me to understand that the ghost, gypsy or garotter, whichever it might be, at least knew the road. I no longer stepped into puddles, or scratched my hands in the hedges, but was assisted along, apparently without an effort.

"Why I did not cry out is the inexplicable thing. It was doubtless that first shock which had paralyzed my tongue, yet I was being taken to some lonely spot, there, I presumed, to be robbed or murdered, or both, by one whom I could recognize only as a blurred shape, if indeed it was of this world at all.

"And all this while terror kept me dumb, while the thing neither relinquished nor tightened its grasp, so far not a rough one, but held on the even tenor of its way up the hill which, unless fright had sent my wits wool-gathering altogether, should lead, I knew, to our own avenue.

"Of course I was fully aware that some terrible design was in the mind of my ghostly companion, and feared lest every moment should be my last. Still, with life there was hope, though I specially dreaded the bylane which branched off towards the gypsy encampment, and which we must pass directly.

"Then a new, strange feeling crept over me. I was dreamily conscious of leaning heavily on the garotter's arm and finding it a strong one, wondering at the same time if this awful experience was the punishment of my disobedience. How fervently I vowed that if I got safely out of this scrape, nothing on earth would ever again tempt me to risk my life after dark among the lanes of Treeleigh.

"Suddenly we stopped. I gasped still mute as a fish, and shut my eyes tight. Already, in anticipation, I felt the murderous knife at my throat, the robber's hand rifling my dead body. The arm around me perceptibly tightened its grip; my heart stopped beating, when a deep, musical voice whispered in my ear: 'There really are footpads about, but you have no reason to be frightened. All I want from you is one kiss to last me my lifetime.'

"Before I could recover my senses the highwayman had pressed his lips to my cheek. The spell was broken, I opened my eyes with a piercing shriek. But he had vanished as silently and adroitly as he had come. All I saw was the indistinct light of a lantern as our lodge-keeper opened the gate and hastened towards me.

"In a dazed kind of way I reached the house without further adventure. Who my assailant had been I never knew. I assumed him to be a gypsy impertinently retaliating on me for some of Mr. Treherne's judgments. The voice was one I had never heard before, but so remarkable was its low and peculiar quality, that I should recognize it again among thousands. I may add that my husband was so vexed at my missing the carriage, which had returned without me, and also at my making a show of myself by shrieking outside our own gate, that I had to give up the school and my artistic dreams forever."

The completion of Mrs. Treherne's narrative elicited a round of applause and a fire of chaff. The hostess, keeping her eyes fixed on her friend, alone made no remark, when a noise outside betokened the return of the men from hunting.

The door opened, and, following the host, there entered a tall, good-looking, sunburned man of about 35.

Mrs. Treherne, still immersed in her reminiscences, was gazing at the fire, when her hostess' voice aroused her:

"Kitty, here is my brother, who is dying to be introduced to you. He has only just returned from South Africa, where he has been ever since he left Treeleigh many years ago."

Mrs. Treherne looked up with the half-interested air of a woman to whom a stranger has just been presented. She held out her hand.

"Indeed," she said, carelessly; "do you also know that little artist colony? We were just mentioning it."

"I thought no one ever remembered Treeleigh but me, Mrs. Treherne. Ten years ago I carried away from there a memory that will last my lifetime."

This remark, innocent enough in itself, was uttered in a particularly deep musical voice. Something quite unusual in its timbre arrested the attention of everybody present, who, as if impelled by a common impulse, looked across at Mrs. Treherne, and it must be admitted that that lady gave abundant cause for curiosity. At the first sound of the newcomer's voice she started violently, and stared at the owner thereof with an expression of mute dismay. She made an effort to speak, but without success, and falling back in her chair, covered her face with her hands.

For an instant there was silence, then came a burst of laughter. "The Phantom of the Mist!" they cried.—Madame.

THE BATH.

It Was Once Used in Italy for Capital Punishment.

The punishment of the bagno (bath), one of the most cleverly cruel inflictions ever devised by an official of the torture chamber, was administered in Italy, probably in Venice, where the water of the lagoons played so prominent a part in its penal system.

The prisoner was placed in a vat, the sides of which were slightly in excess of the average height of a man. In order to hold in check the rising tide of a supply of water, which ran into the vat in a constant stream, the criminal was furnished with a scoop with which to bale out the water as fast as it came in.

The respite from death by immersion thus obtained was more or less prolonged, according to the powers of endurance possessed by the victim. But, imagine the moral torture, the exhausting and even hideously grotesque efforts, the incessant and pitiless toil by night and day, to stave off the dread moment fast approaching, when, overcome by sleep and fatigue, he was unable to struggle any longer against his fate!

DRAMATIC COURT SCENE.

Confesses a Crime Through Fear of Ghastly Accusation.

Up in New Hampshire the officers of the law have just used with effect that very ancient test by which one accused of murder is suddenly and unexpectedly confronted with some horrible proof of his crime. The oldest form of this test was to take the accused into the presence of the corpse of the murdered human being. The superstition was that if the accused was the murderer the wounds would open and blood flow out of them.

The latest example was in the court room at Woodsville, N. H., where Milo Gray was on trial for the murder of his wife.

This man Gray, a farmer of dissolute life, married a widow, a Mrs. Drew. As he was unfaithful to her she took her baby and fled from him. In September, 1891, she decided to go to California, and on her way came to East Haverhill, where he lived, to talk to him about the child.

Late in the afternoon Gray borrowed a buggy from a man named Jeremiah Barry to take her over to the station at Bath and put her on the train. He came back alone toward midnight. Mrs. Gray's relatives wondered why she never wrote to them. Inquiries were made; Gray was suspected. But there was no proof, and the matter was forgotten.

October 18 last George Brill, a farmer living on the road between East Haverhill and Bath, found the skeleton of a woman under a heap of rubbish in the cellar of his house. With the skeleton were the buttons of a dress, with bits of decayed cloth hanging to them, and an abundance of dark-brown hair. At once the dead suspicion leaped to life. It was remembered that the Brill house was empty in 1891, when Gray drove his wife to the station. Berry positively identified the buttons as being like those on her dress, and soon a complete chain of evidence was wrapped around Gray.

He pleaded not guilty and the trial came on. At the proper time the prosecuting officer snatched a dark cloth from a mysterious, statue-like object that stood within a few feet of the prisoner. Gray leaped back with a shout of fear and horror. It was the skeleton of his wife, its fleshless sockets staring at him, its fleshless jaws opening savagely at him. He shouted out that he would tell the whole story.

The story he told was believed by the court and he got only 12 years in the penitentiary instead of the hanging he would surely have got had he not confessed under just those circumstances.—Chicago Journal.

REFORM WANTED.

What Might Be Done with Burglars When Not Burgling.

The question, What shall we do with our burglars in the intervals of their convictions? has been partly solved by a man who appeared recently at the central criminal court, London. His story, says the London News, was one of vulgar crime in most of its details. He had been caught breaking into a house and he was now sentenced to 12 months' hard labor. It was particularly well deserved, as he was an old offender. But the police were able to show that since his last release from gaol he had been geting a living by reporting inquests for newspapers. No one can cast the first stone at an honorable profession on that account, for was not Mr. Peace a gentleman with a gig of his own and a distinguished musical amateur? The more interesting question is whether the prisoner was well advised in his choice of a department of press work. Inquests must be demoralizing in their tendency, as they familiarize the mind with crime. Fires, on the other hand, ought to be purifying, and a close attention to the business of the police courts, with its abundance of awful examples, should make a man four square in moral resistance to every ill wind that blows.

EAT APPLES AT NIGHT.

Statement Which Reverses the Old Proverb About the Fruit.

The apple is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties, states the Bulletin of Pharmacy. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up; but no harm can come even to a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples just before going to bed.

The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all. The apple helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculus growths, while it obviates indigestion and is one of the best-known preventives or diseases of the throat. Everybody should be familiar with such knowledge.

THE INSPIRED CAMP COOK.

Things He Must Know to Make Life Pleasant for His Comrades.

Outing tells about camp cookery, including the cook. The genuine camp cook is an artist in his way. The musician makes men hear things entrancing and the painter brings tears to the eyes if inspired. The camp cook genius, by the very way in which he does his work, makes men hungry.

"The camp cook," says the writer, "should take pride in the artistic handling of his utensils, particularly in the ability to keep half a dozen things going at once; he must keep already cooked things hot; and cook the uncooked things in the meantime. To do this he has to understand the kinds of fire to have, whether large or small blaze, hot ashes or red-hot embers. He should also know how to get the most work at the least expenditure of labor from his comrades. Something many cooks are lacking in is the way to keep camp dishes clean for cooking. An unwashed apple saucepan will serve to fry trout in and give them a pleasant taste, but an unwashed fish spider will scarcely serve to cook apple sauce in. In other words, the cook should know when and what to wash."

A WAR NOTE.

Col. John A. Cockerill's Happy Retort to a Boastful Britisher.

Representative Mercer, of Nebraska, met the late Col. John A. Cockerill during his trip through Japan about a year ago, says the Washington Post. Cockerill was then acting as war correspondent for the New York Herald. Representatives of all nations gathered at Yokohama, many of them tourists and others on business. It was at this time that Cockerill ran across a cockney Briton, who was boasting about the great prowess of his country, and making rather slighting allusions to the United States. His remarks aroused Cockerill's war spirit, and he told the Englishman that inasmuch as the United States had twice whipped England it could probably do so again.

"O—ah—my deah sah!" said the doughty Briton, "you ah mistaken, surely. If I remembah the history of my country we took yah capitol and burned it, don't you know?"

"Yes," said Cockerill, "you did take the capitol. And if I remember the history of my country you also took Bunker Hill. But you didn't take it very far. You let go of both of them like a red-hot brick, and at last accounts they were still in our possession. But let me tell you what we'll do next time we have a war with you. We'll go over there, tow your snug little island across the Atlantic, and haul it up the bay to New York for a wharf."

The Englishman did not continue the argument.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO.

Proprietor of the Famous Gaming Resort Receives President Faure.

Attention is called to that interesting person the prince of Monaco by the fact that the president of the French republic has just paid him a visit, says the New York Journal. Monaco is a principality within the borders and under the domination of a republic, and its internal government is at the same time a despotism compared to which the prince has himself said that of the czar's is mild.

His revenues from the gambling tables of Monte Carlo are very large. The principality is eight square miles in extent and includes the old and picturesque town of Monaco and the wicked but beautiful Monte Carlo. The prince legislates with the aid of such advisers as he chooses and a law goes into force by his decree solely. The name of the royal family is Grimraldi and it has reigned for 900 years. The present prince, Albert, is 48. He married first a sister of the duke of Hamilton. Eleven years later he was divorced for reasons that are not publicly known, the pope consenting to annul the marriage, a very unusual proceeding. The prince afterward married the widow of Duc de Richelieu, who is also a kinswoman of the poet Heine.

OUT OF PURE PHILANTHROPY.

Unappreciated Kindness of a Considerate Old Gentleman.

About four o'clock the other afternoon a half-dozen members of the Tioga wheelmen started from the clubhouse for a spin down to Point Breeze, says the Philadelphia Record. As they curved their wheels out of Verango street and into Broad street a tall, portly and pompous man of middle age, and with mustaches waxed a la militaire, stepped out into the roadway, and in a voice full of command yelled: "Stop!" The cyclists instantly dismounted. "What's the matter?" inquired one. "You've got no lamps on your wheels," said the pompous man. "Why, you must have wheels in your head," replied one of the riders; "we don't have to carry lamps in daylight." "Say, are you a bicycle cop? Where's your star?" asked another wheelman. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, if you took me for a policeman you owe me an apology. Out of pure kindness I stopped you to call your attention to the fact that it will be dark in a few hours, and I should hate to see such nice looking fellows run in for riding without a light. By the way, gentlemen, I am introducing a new and improved bicycle lantern, warranted not to go out in the stiffest wind or over the roughest road. Throws a brilliant—" "Come off! Is that what you stopped us for?" Certainly. I can show you testimonials—" Scat! Scatter! You're occupying our air!" and away the wheelmen went down Broad street.

MAKING ONE'S WILL.

It Has a Soothing Influence on the Mind as a Duty Done.

The making of one's will does not hasten one's death; on the contrary, it has a calming and soothing influence upon the mind. A person who has done it feels that he has done his duty, says the New York Mercury, that he is so far prepared to die.

He has no burden upon his mind, in reference to what he shall do in sickness. When sickness comes he has no regrets on this subject; he has done his best to prepare for the inevitable hour. If he has made his will aright he has attempted to do good in his death as well as in his life.

This is not only a reminder that every man who has property to dispose of should make his will, but also that those who can do so without injury to their natural heirs should give a certain portion of their property for the public benefit. No man has got wealth without receiving it from society at large.

It is the growth of population, it is the general industry of the country from which he has benefited. He could not have got his wealth in an unorganized society.

Society has done much for him. Let him do something for society when he dies. The time will come when a man will not feel himself to be dying creditably who does not die generously.

Cooking in Aluminum.

Experiments made in Germany are reported to have shown that aluminum is particularly suited for use in kitchen utensils, because it is not liable, like copper, to communicate any poisonous ingredient to the food. The use of such utensils is already quite common in this country and is increasing.

Chalking the Celibates.

In the south of Ireland there still survives the old custom of "chalking" the young men and women who remain unmarried after Shrovetide, the usual time for weddings being between Christmas and Ash Wednesday.—Chicago Chronicle.

SUCCESS OF THREE SISTERS.

Reverses in Fortune Induce Them to Open a Lunch Room.

The city of Cincinnati possesses a striking example of what can be done by woman's pluck when accompanied by practical common sense. Twelve years ago the Misses Stewart, three young women who had been reared in wealth, were by business failures thrown upon their own resources.

They secured a room in a business block and established a lunch-room, where they made a specialty of home cookery. Most of the work they did with their own hands, and the excellence of their supplies soon created a demand. The little lunch-room became a success, and at the end of five years, when the great Chamber of Commerce building was put up and there was to be a large restaurant connected with it, the Misses Stewart boldly applied for it. They were backed by many of the best business men of the city, who had known them in their days of wealth and been impressed by their ability as business women. Their bid was accepted, the Misses Stewart assumed charge of the "Glencairn" lunch-room, and have conducted it without a break or a failure for the last seven years.

The clientele is very large. For rent and services alone the yearly expenses are $10,000. The prices charged for food are very reasonable, yet the sisters not only paid all expenses, but live in comfort and are becoming wealthy. They have never lost social position by going into business, and during their entire career have never had to borrow a dollar.

POISONED AIR.

What Produces Discomfort in a Crowded Room.

A very important investigation into the nature of the substances contained in air expired by human beings, says the London Graphic, has just been completed by two prominent men of science in America, Dr. J. S. Billings and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. As a result of their extended researches they declare that "the discomfort produced by crowded, ill-ventilated rooms, in persons not accustomed to them, is not due to the excess of carbonic acid, nor to bacteria, nor in most cases to dust of any kind. The two great causes of such discomfort, though not the only ones, are excessive temperatures and unpleasant odors." But though the air actually expired by healthy men and animals contains no more poisonous substances than carbonic acid gas, experiments on the air in inhabited rooms and hospital wards are said to show that an important source of contamination is the minute particles of dusts, in which there are micro-organisms, and it seems probable that these are the only really dangerous elements in the air. These views, and the conclusion that the presence of carbonic acid gas is not a trustworthy criterion of the existence of other and more poisonous exhalations, are likely to be questioned by many students of ventilation.

THE RICHEST MAN'S WIFE.

Some Amazing Truths About Marchioness Li and Her Home.

Of the wife of Li Hung Chang, millionaire of millionaires, a writer in Pearson's Weekly says: Marchioness Li is very beautiful, and, compared with her fellow-countrywomen, an exceedingly learned lady. Her age is more—possibly a great deal more—than 50, yet she looks 30, or even less.

The wife of the richest man in the world, she spends royally, although not without keeping a detailed account of her expenditures. In her magnificent home on the banks of the Pei-Ho she lives in great splendor, surrounded by song birds, peacocks, aquaria, pottery, gems and botanical collections.

One thousand attendants and servants answer her beck and call. In her wardrobe are guarded 2,000 coats, 1,200 pairs of "trouserettes" and 500 fur robes, made from the finest skins. Her feet have been compressed until they are quite inefficient for the original purpose, and the marchioness is unable to walk more than a few yards at a time.

Twice a day she bathes in oil of orange and acacia blooms and afterward takes an airing in the coolie sedan. Finally she dresses her hair in 50 ways, each more miraculous and a more perfect example of the coiffeur's art than the one that goes before.

Barnato and His Landlord.

South Africa naturally recalls Barney Barnato, the "diamond king," who, within ten years, has risen from a circus clown to a many times millionaire. When he was just beginning to amass riches he rented a house in Natal and spent considerable money in improving it. But the landlord would not do his share, so Mr. Barnato decided to move. Before doing so he took means to get even with his landlord by inserting this advertisement in the local paper: "Wanted, 100,000 black beetles, by a gentleman who has agreed to leave his dwelling house in the condition he found it." Then followed his name and address, and the landlord's feelings may be imagined.—Golden Days.

The Mule Blowed First.

A negro was sick and a friendly colored brother came in to see him and asked what was the cause of his illness. The darky replied: "I's feelin' poorly. My mule done gone and got sick and I went to de hoss doctor and he tole me what to do. He tole me to git er tin tube an' put de tube in de mule's mouf and blow de medersin down his froat. I got everything ready to blow, but de mule blowed fuss, and I tell yer, brudder, dat ar mule medersin was too much for dis here nigger."

Balloon Racing in Paris.

Balloon racing is the latest form of petty gambling in Paris. A number of toy balloons are set off at the same time, each bearing a postal card having on it the umpire's address and a request to the finder to note the time and place of the balloon's arrival. Bets are paid and the stakes awarded on the results of the replies received within a week. The balloon that goes furthest in the shortest time gets the prize.

An Old Custom.

The custom of having days "at home" is by no means new. It was prevalent in Queen Anne's time, when the ladies were "at home" once a week to their friends of both sexes and called it a "day" just as we do.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—All Irish peers not peers of parliament are eligible for seats in the house of commons and may represent any borough, county or university in England or Scotland, but not in Ireland.

—Arbor day has been celebrated in Nebraska by the planting of over a million trees between sunrise and sunset. Premiums for the largest plantings were offered by societies and individuals.

—A remarkable coincidence occurred in the death of William Crossley and John Howell, two pioneers of Stockbridge, Mich. Both died the same night, and a few years ago their wives passed away the same day.

—James Buchanan, a fisherman, living on the Duwamish river, in Washington, has recently been bequeathed $15,000 by a Texas cattle raiser. Buchanan was formerly a cowboy on the cattleman's ranch, and saved the lives of the wife and child of his employer.

—The more the battle ship Indiana is tested, the more the opinion of experts is obtained regarding her, the more clearly is the fact demonstrated that the United States of America have at this moment the most powerful instrument of marine warfare on the terraqueous globe.

—W. A. J. Glidewell, ex-sheriff of Franklin county, Ind., died the other day from a curious combination of causes. A new shoe chafed his foot and inflammation followed, resulting in gangrene. Sympathetic pneumonia completed the chain of unlucky circumstances and proved fatal.

—An immense fissure in the earth has made its appearance on the top of Iron mountain, North Carolina and Tennessee, on the Bakersville road. This opening is six to twelve feet wide and runs along on the summit for the entire length of the mountain, which is several miles. It is supposed to have been caused by the recent rains.

—An analysis of 2,000 accident policies on which benefits were paid shows 531 persons injured by falls on pavements, 243 by carriages or wagons, 75 by horse kicks or bite and 47 by horseback riding; 117 were cut with edge tools or glass, 96 were hurt by having weights fall on them, and 76 were hurt in bicycle accidents, while 72 were hurt by falling downstairs.

HORSES AND FLUTES.

How the Sybarites' Enemies Are Said to Have Won a Battle.

Born originally in Greece, it had its renascence in Italy, and Grisoni and Fiaschi must be acknowledged the true fathers of the art, however ready we may be to admit that the courts of Francis I. and Henry IV., by early adoption of the offspring, adorned its development with the courtly grace, luster and urbanity of French influence, which made the menage the art of the princes, as another nation and age made hawking the sport of kings.

"They say," wrote Ben Johnson, "princes learn no art truly but the art of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a prince as soon as his groom."

The Greek theory of education, as we find it in Plato, was of a twofold kind: "One of gymnastics relating to the body, the other of music for the sake of a good state of the soul;" briefly, as Mr. Pater expresses it, "a gymnastic fused in music." This system of education the Greeks applied no less to the training of horses than of men. In the earliest extant treatise on riding, Xenophon pointed out that horsemanship, like dancing, was dependent fundamentally on the play impulse, that for anything to be done well it must be done for pleasure; "what the horse does under compulsion is done without understanding, and there is no beauty in it any more than if one should whip and spur a dancer." The horse must become an artist, too, in his manner, and use his limbs with rhythmical freedom.

So far was this carried that Athenaeus relates how the Sybarites taught even their horses to dance at their feasts to the music of the flute; and on one occasion their enemies put their knowledge of this habit to humorous account, by taking out flute players to battle and winning the cavalry over to their side by causing the horses to dance to a favorite air, just as the Pied Piper played the rats of Hamelin into the Weser.—London Quarterly Review.

HOW TO WRITE A PLAY.

It Is Easy Enough If You Follow This Outline.

As a general thing the plays produced at the theaters these days are enough alike to create the impression that one man wrote all of them. The heroine, says the Atchison Globe, a foundling, is adopted by people who once had a daughter who ran off and disappeared. The villain discovers that the foundling is in reality the grandchild of her foster parents, and makes up his mind to marry her to get the old folks' money. He plots to get the hero, with whom the heroine is in love, out of the way. He charges him with murder, or with forgery (there the writer has a chance to vary his plot a little bit; he can have forgery to-night and murder to-morrow night) and the hero is put in jail.

The soubrette and the funny man unearth the plot, liberate the hero, accuse the villain, who confesses all, and in the last scene the old people find their grandchild, the heroine and her lover are united, the soubrette and the funny man agree to tie up, and the villain shoots himself.

Those who are ambitious to become play-writers will find in these details all the ingredients necessary to mix up for a popular play.

To Freshen Silk Bodices.

A very easy and charming way to freshen a black, white or colored silk or satin bodice is to cover it with an over-waist of chiffon the shade of the bodice, or, if liked, of a contrasting color. As there are neither darts nor side seams, this airy drapery is easily adjusted, and to finish the waist, one can purchase in any of the fancy dry goods houses accordion-plaited or crimped chiffon frills in white, black, cream and fancy colors, with Persian, ribbon or beaded edges. Shoulder straps of satin ribbon carried down the front and back would serve to keep the fullness of the chiffon in place, thus giving a slender look to the figure.—St. Louis Republic.