

# SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

## ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

### Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

SPECIAL census bulletins just issued give some interesting facts concerning pauperism in the country. In 1890 there were 73,045 of this class of our population in the almshouses of the country. There were 8,437 more males than females, an excess which is not explained and which is not easy to understand, especially so when the excess of male paupers under the age of ten years is 11.63 per cent. Here is a question for students of sociology. Why is there this disparity between infants of opposite sexes in pauperdom? Between the ages of ten and nineteen, too, the males were found predominant. But between twenty and twenty-nine, between thirty and thirty-nine, and between forty and forty-nine, there was a slight excess on the side of females. For the next five periods the males are again in greatest numbers, the percentage of excess being between fifty and fifty-nine, 11.02; between sixty and sixty-nine, 22.68; between seventy and seventy-nine, 27.44; between eighty and eighty-nine, 19.52; between ninety and ninety-nine, 10.24. When it comes to 100 years and over the women again reassert themselves and show an excess of 12.82, there being 18,906 males and 88 female paupers over 100 years of age, or so alleged to be, as the persons so quoted were all ignorant, mostly negroes, who possibly really did not know their ages. Of course this showing does not really include the vast army of poor supported by charitable organizations, but it is a gratifying fact that the increase of public paupers has been less than our increase in population, and argues well for our general material prosperity as a people.

As Omaha Indian named William Tyndall is about to ask Uncle Sam for a pension. His home is on a farm near Bancroft, Neb. He has a disc or arge showing that he was mustered out of the service at Omaha in 1866, at the age of twenty. He was born in Douglas County forty-six years ago, and enlisted in Omaha during the civil war. He was sent to Fort Kearny and then further west on frontier duty. He served under Capt. Griffin. Tyndall was not wounded, but will claim a pension under the General Disability act. He asserts that the rheumatism contracted in the service has unfitted him for work. He speaks English well, dresses like the whites and is very unlike the average Indian. He has a thirteen-year-old girl in the Genoa School, and his father, who is about eighty-five years old, is still alive.

MARY SHELLEN is the name of a woman 27 years old in New York, who caught up her head for a fortnight or three weeks at a time, and then for two or three days it hangs over on one side despite all she can do. The only way to keep the head erect on these two or three days is to support it by a frame. This state of affairs has existed about nine years, and was brought about by a fall into the cellar of a hotel where she was employed when she was 16. Although the scalp wound thus caused soon healed, the muscles ever since have periodically lost their power to hold the head erect. The woman went to Bellevue Hospital the other day to have her head set more firmly on her shoulders, but went away on learning that a surgical operation would be necessary.

SOME interesting statistics in regards to the phenomenal crops harvested in North Dakota last year have been collected by the Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor of that State for publication in his annual report. The report is very exhaustive, dealing with the counties in detail, and show that, in 1890, North Dakota had 2,616,314 acres sown with wheat, giving a yield of 27,551,611 bushels, or ten bushels and a fraction to the acre, and that, in 1891, 2,865,592 acres were planted with wheat, the total yield being 54,713,328 bushels, an average of over twenty-two bushels and a half to an acre. Of other crops raised in the State the figures for last year are: Oats, 17,871,525; barley, 5,270,685; flax, 1,214,018, and rye, 310,067 bushels.

THE remains of James Whitehead, who was buried two years ago at Gracewood, seven miles from Augusta, Ga., were disinterred on a recent afternoon, to be reinterred in the family burial ground. The coffin was opened to satisfy curiosity, and to the surprise of all present, the body was found petrified. The form was as perfect as the day it was buried, and there was no sign of decay. It was as hard and as solid as stone. Even the clothes were in the best of condition. This is the second body buried at Gracewood known to have become petrified.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

A BABY was born on board the sleeping car Glynodon, attached to a Northern Pacific train, a few days ago, just as the train was pulling out of Hope, Idaho. Two doctors who were aboard attended the mother, Mrs. C. E. Brant of Seattle. A meeting of all the passengers on the train was held to raise a subscription as a present for the baby and to choose a name for it. With the mother's consent it was christened Ida Glynodon, Ida being intended to stand for Idaho, the State in which she was born. The mother and child were taken to a hospital at Spokane, and a committee of the passengers bought her a silver cup and a Spokane souvenir spoon for the baby.

THE late John Jay Hawkins, formerly connected with the office of the First Auditor of the Treasury, was noted for his wonderful memory and for the fact that he was one of the three custodians appointed by Secretary Sherman in 1878 to deliver \$100,000,000 in United States bonds to the Rothschilds in London. As an instance of the exactness and accuracy of his memory he once, in a dispute whether a certain man had been Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana, gave off-hand a list of all the Lieutenant-Governors from the formation of the State, together with their dates of service.

AN English miss who has recently performed the noble act of saving a human

eaten at the dinner, and effectually settled the dispute. The various volumes of the diary now fill eight chests, and from the chief treasures of the wealthy Hozaka family.

Among the personal effects of a thief captured a few weeks ago in the little town of Remscheid, Germany, was a complete record of his misdeeds. The conscientious man, however, had no intention of lessening the labors of his future prosecutor in the courts of justice. The book showed that during a certain number of years he had committed fifty-seven thefts, with a net result, deducting all his expenses in planning and executing the crimes, of 1,088 marks and 44 pfennings. The accounts were kept scientifically under the names of the various victims. In explanation of his curious custom he said that he hoped when Fortune smiled upon him at some future day to restore the money which he had stolen. In order that he might do so justly, he kept the list of the names of his victims and the amounts of money he had taken from them.

PAUL HACK, of this city, says a Pittsburg, Penn., special to the Denver, Col., Republican, has a kennel of wolf hounds at Greensburg, and he has received a letter from a number of planters in a remote section of New Mexico, asking him to send five of his dogs to that Territory. The letter states that during 1891 150,000 calves and other cattle were killed by wolves, which entailed a loss of \$1,000,000. Every remedy which the planters have thus far tried has failed in the extermination of the pest, and they request Mr. Hack to send a pack of his hounds to them in the hope that through them the loss of cattle and money may be lessened. Mr. Hack ordered his keeper at Greensburg to put five of the hounds under training for the New Mexican planters. Mr. Hack is certain any one of his hounds can, singly and alone, tackle and kill the largest and most vicious wolf.

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life is Gwendolin Evans, of Birmingham, aged thirteen. Her opportunity came while bathing on the seashore, and when Cholmondeley Thompson, a London youngster of ten years, over-weighted, perhaps, by his name, was sinking in the heavy swell she swam out and saved him. The Royal Humane Society has given her a bronze medal. Miss Evans learned to swim at one of the Birmingham public baths, and can swim a mile at a stretch.

### A Musical Grove of Trees.

A unique curiosity in the town of Hamburg is a musical grove of chestnut and walnut trees on the north side of Nicker's Hill, the highest point of land in New London County, Connecticut. The spot is well known among local hunters as a resort for gray squirrels. Into these trees, which are old and nearly all hollow, the squirrels have gnawed their way through the knots and stumps of limbs that have decayed. In many cases but the mere shell of the tree stands, and if a fire is built in the hole at the roots smoke issues from many holes above it in the limbs and the main trunk. The peculiar sound caused by the wind blowing into these holes has given the grove the name of Singing Trees. In the summer, when the trees are covered with foliage, the wind has no effect upon them, but in the fall the wind has a clean sweep at the trees, and it whistles and moans and hisses through the hollow trunks and limbs until it seems to one a short distance away that a horde of demons are holding a grand jubilee. These sounds are produced only when the wind blows from the southeast. It then sweeps over the top of the hill and falls upon the grove, apparently, as the wind from the mouth of a boy falls upon a hollow key placed at his lips, and the sound produced, in many cases, is like that made by a person blowing into the nose of a bottle, multiplied a million times. Breaking into these tones is, now and then, a short, sharp, shrieking noise and then a hissing sound, as if from the mouth of a thousand pythons in chorus. Taken together these hisses and toots and moans and shrieks make a pandemonium that one doesn't care to listen to very long. The noise can be heard five miles away, and it has been heard to the leeward a distance of eight miles.—[Boston Transcript.]

### Lovalge for the Grip.

"That's a bad cold you've got," said a benevolent-looking old gentleman to a young fellow he had met casually.

"Worst I ever had," answered the young man.

"Try a pinch of this," urged the other, fishing in his vest pocket for a little box. There was a fine powder in it, and he offered it invitingly. "It is no 'kill-or-cure' thing. See how it goes."

The young man snuffed a tiny pinch up his nose. In five minutes he felt relieved.

"That's wonderful," he said.

"If you've got a monopoly of that it's the same as a fortune to you."

The old man smiled indulgently. "This is one of the commonest of herbs," said he. "It is so cheap that it can be bought by the ton if you want that much. It cured me of the grip, and I believe it is the best thing going."

"What do you call it?"

"German lovalge. All the druggists have it. For a dime you can get a box of it powdered, large enough to cure a whole family of the grip. It is so common that its value has been overlooked. You try it and you tell all your friends. German lovalge is a sure cure for the grip."—New York Times.

### Popular Doctoring in Russia.

Slovo of Kiev reports some curious instances of popular doctoring in south Russia. The rural dentist places his patient upon a little stool and examines him. If an upper tooth is to be pulled he performs the operation with a simple pair of tongs like that used by cobblers. But if a lower tooth is to be extracted the operation is more complicated. The tooth is tied very skillfully with a violin string. The other end of the string is fastened to a hook in the ceiling. Then the stool is removed with a jerk from beneath the patient, who falls, his teeth remaining on the string, sometimes with the flesh around it.

Intermittent fever is cured either by live frogs or by fright. When the sickness breaks out the patient is made to carry about him as many live frogs as can be put in his clothes. If that treatment does not help the patient his fellow villagers try to frighten him. The most popular method of doing that is known by the name of Likanyo. A crowd of men and women come into the house and raise a quarrel with the patient. They treat him to the loudest and most offensive terms of reproach. That naturally irritates him, and he answers in similar terms. The crowd takes offense at his rude expressions and resolves to lynch him. A rope is put around his neck and he is dragged about until he is insensible on account of fright.

### Fifteen Shots a Second.

A mine manager in Nevada claims to have invented a gun of remarkably rapid firing capacity, the implement having a Winchester barrel and stock, with a fifteen-repeating magazine in the stock. It is a trifle heavier than the ordinary Winchester, but its great feature, as claimed, is that the whole fifteen shots may be fired in one second, a statement which has been fully realized in practice. The shells are thrown out, and at the end of the firing the gun is as clean as though only a single cartridge had been exploded. It is stated that an instantaneous photograph was taken of the gun in action, and, while the exposure was made, five shells were in the air tossed out by the inconceivably rapid working of the gun. As described, the weapon is one of extreme simplicity. All that the man who does the shooting has to do is to fill the chamber with cartridges, cock the gun and pull the trigger as many times as he means to shoot; the gun is accurate at short or long range.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Spangled cloth is used as a trimming for hats.

# THE HORSESHOE

## ITS USE IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

### The First Use of Iron—Structure of the Horse's Foot—Odd Materials Used for Footgear.

To the ordinary observer a horseshoe is simply a bit of bar iron or steel shaped to fit the hoof of the horse and is without any apparent further interest. But it has its story, and a very entertaining one, too, it is. The most careful investigation into the past history of horseshoes discloses no antiquity to the practice of shoeing with iron. Iron shoes were unknown to the Greeks, and if to them to all other nations of earlier ages. Xenophon, the Athenian historian, essayist and military commander, who wrote the most complete work on horsemanship of his day, some 400 years before Christ, makes no mention of horseshoes, but on the contrary he is particularly explicit as to the means to be taken to harden and toughen the hoofs. Horses are not shod in Egypt, Assyria or Palestine. The latter country did not raise its horses, but obtained them from Egypt. Aristotle and Pliny mention that horses' feet were covered when stony ground was to be crossed or a long journey to be made to protect the hoof from wear or breakage, but it is certain that the coverings were not metal shoes in the form and shape and use of the horseshoe of to-day, but simply bandages or kinds of boots. These latter were made of leather and the bandages of plaited straw or hemp twisted together like a mat and sometimes strengthened on the bottom by plates of iron. In ancient times in the east camels were bootied with leather, and if the owners of the animals were rich and ostentatious the soles of the boots were protected by a sheet of metal. In rare cases the precious metals, gold and silver, were used. It is said that the mules of the Emperor Nero wore boots of leather shod with silver, while those of his wife Poppaea had the soles protected by gold.

Coming down to the later times, the earliest record that is found of iron shoes being nailed to the hoof is in the description of a shoe said to have belonged to the horse of Chitiperic, who lived A. D. but the practice did not become general until the ninth century. It seems to be not necessary in all countries to shoe horses, for in many wild portions of the globe horses and ponies run over rocks, through ravines and over precipitous ridges unshod, and with advantage to their hoofs, for these animals seldom suffer from contracted feet or corns or sand cracks. The fact appears to be that enlightened man has by his care and training the horse to have tender feet and fragile hoofs and to make the use of iron as a protection compulsory. The practice of shoeing horses was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, the daring and pitiless Norman duke.

The versatile Frenchman early took the greatest interest in the art of shoeing, and in 1761 a veterinary college was founded in Paris. A complete staff of professors gave instruction in the physiology and anatomy of the horse and veterinary medicine in general, and especial attention was paid to imparting a scientific understanding of the practice of shoeing.

At this day the art and the practice of it seem to be regarded as being without the pale of the veterinarian and are confined to the village smith and city horseshoer. The principal parts of the shoe are the two faces, upper and lower; the two edges, outer and inner; the toe or front part, the heels, the quarters, between the toe and heels; the calks, projections from the lower face at the toe and heels; the fullering or crease in the lower face near the outer edge, in which the nail holes, generally eight, four on a side, are made; the clip, a kind of claw on the upper face, usually at the outer edge of the toe, for protecting the hoof at that point and assisting the nails to keep the shoe in place. The upper face is beveled at the inner edge to prevent the sole of the foot resting on the crust or horn of the foot rest thereon. Horseshoes are known according to some distinguishing characteristic or feature, such as bar, racing, nailless, jointing, elastic, tread, etc. A bar shoe is one in which the heels of the shoe are continued under beneath the heel of the foot and united together at their ends. It is used on hoofs liable to contraction at the heel, its object being to keep the heel open. Horseshoes have also been made of rawhide. Several thicknesses of hide are employed and compressed tightly together in a mold of the proper shape and then chemically treated to preserve the hide. But the latest shoe is of paper. A number of thin sheets of parchment paper saturated with oil and turpentine are glued together and then subjected to great pressure. It is stated that the German cavalry horses are shod with them. Another well-known shoe is made of metal, with rubber, tarred rope or some other yielding substance for the tread. The part of the foot to be shod is the horn or crust. The horse walks upon the lower edge of this sole, the frog, sole and bars. The frog, sole and bars can take any amount of wear if left in their natural state, but the horn, from its more brittle composition, cannot do so. It is evident, therefore, that it is only the latter that needs to be shod, in fact ought to be covered.

The foot is automatically constructed with direct reference to two important objects, viz.: great firmness and great elasticity, the former to sustain the heavy weight of the body and the latter to diminish the impact on the ground of rapid and vigorous action of the foot. This crust or outside covering, though horny, is not solid, but fibrous in texture, its design being to protect the sensitive foot within from blows an; by its elasticity lessen the concussion when the foot strikes the ground. The greatest wear and strain is at the toes of the front feet and quarters of the hind feet, and nature has made extra provision at these points by there increasing the thickness and hardness of the horn. Curiously and interestingly enough the human nails are similarly so provided, the finger nails being thickest in the middle and the toe nails thickest at the side.

As every portion of the foot acts to protect, it is necessary, in order to get the

best results, that the different parts should be free to perform their functions. Nature having provided the crust, frog, sole and bars to protect the highly sensitive interior parts, it is incomprehensible that a horseshoer can be so ignorant as to cut away these safeguards to actual mutilation and believe it beneficial instead of positively injurious to the foot. It makes one turn away sick at heart from the thought of the intolerable agony silently borne by this noble animal in being subjected to such treatment. When one is a daily witness to a horse's drawing loads, their feet not the horn alone—shod, the frogs and bars set up off the ground, and of no more use than if their feet were the scooped-out ends of posts instead of living, feeling parts—he wonders at man's indifference and stupidity in not requiring as much skill and intelligence in the horseshoer as he exacts of the surgeon. The shoer would be benefited by such requirement, and his trade, which is now simply regarded as a means of earning a living, would be lifted to the dignity of a profession.

### DOG MEAT USED IN PHTHISIS.

### The Flesh of Cannies Tried by Ohio and Indiana Consumptives.

Sufferers from consumption in Ohio and Indiana are just now excited over a new consumption cure, which, although it seems repugnant at first thought, is yet being eagerly tried by many who have vainly used every known remedy.

The medicinal fad, for so it may be called, of eating dog flesh and dog lard as a cure for consumption, dates from the publication of an article in an Indiana paper some weeks ago in which it was stated that a young lady in a small town in Indiana had been cured of hasty consumption by eating a quantity of dog flesh.

The article was given with such an abundance of detail, and on the testimony of so many witnesses, that it caused a sensation among consumptives, and was copied far and wide in the press of Ohio and Indiana. Invalids who at first threw down the paper with a shudder at the thought of eating dogs, on second thought decided that it was worth a trial, and commenced trying the cure. Miss Lizzie Jones, a prominent young lady of Indianapolis, was one of the first to overcome her prejudice. She claims to have been benefited by using the dog meat for consumption. Since the middle of December she has eaten nothing but dog meat, and three days after beginning the treatment she noticed a change in her condition for the better. She says she has almost recovered.

"I have eaten four dogs," she told a reporter to-day. "The first was a shepherd, then two large Newfoundland, and the last a water spaniel, which was very good. I'll go, sir, the shepherd is the dog. The meat and oil are both far superior to other dogs."

"I have had a great deal of trouble in getting my dogs. One of the Newfoundlands I got at Woolraft place and had it killed, and came very near getting arrested for it; and after all it was not a very good dog. I advertised for dogs, and the only answer I got was from a man who wanted \$25 apiece for his dogs. That would have made a rather expensive meal for me, wouldn't it?"

"In preparing the meat I have the dogs skinned and cut by a butcher. The lard I have rendered, and I cook my potatoes and other food in it. The oil I apply to my lungs externally, and the meat is eat up and generally fried. I keep it on ice, and one dog will last me little less than two weeks. The meat is not like beef or mutton. It has a sweeter taste, and is very nice."

A neighbor hearing of the case of Miss Jones said:

"Yes, the lard is rendered and used in cooking potatoes and similar food. The oil is applied to the lungs externally, while the meat is served in various forms but generally fried."

Miss Jones reports that since beginning the use of the meat her physical condition has vastly improved and she is practically a well woman. She says that several ladies in the city who carefully watched its effect upon her are now testing the same remedy, and with fine results. If carefully preserved the meat continues good for two weeks.

The regular physicians pool-pool the idea of there being any virtue in eating dog meat, but many of their patients are eating it on the sly. Several members of the medical schools have even gone so far as to prescribe dog meat for some of their patients.

The good effects which follow the use of the dog meat are undeniable, as there have been too many well authenticated instances of improvement in health, following the adoption of its use since the craze began. Old physicians attribute the improvement solely to the effect of imagination. The patient thinks he is better, and that makes him better.

The proportions which the craze has reached may be realized when it is stated that Dennis O'Brien, an Irish butcher of Indianapolis, has been engaged regularly in fattening dogs for the dog-meat market. Dennis gives small sums for all the puppies brought to him, and then raises them for the market as he would chickens or turkeys.—[San Francisco Examiner.]

### In Case of Croup.

While waiting for the doctor, in cases of croup, quickly apply several sponges, squeezed out in the hottest water, to the child's neck for about twenty minutes and place him in a hot blanket. If the child is choking, give a teaspoonful of ipecacuanha wine every five minutes until violent sickness takes place. It is a good thing for the child to breathe over steam. Pour boiling water into a basin or on a hot brick or flat iron, and let him inhale the vapor.—[St. Louis Republic.]

JAMES DONNELLY, a lad of 16 years, who lived at Lockport, N. J., made a wager of \$2 that he could eat twenty-four raw eggs within fifteen minutes and drink twenty glasses of beer. He succeeded in his attempt and won the \$2, but two hours later he was taken with convulsions and died.

# SHOCKED BY AN EEL.

## A Doubling Scientist is Rudely Disillusioned.

A few years ago the stand of Mr. Backford, the widely known fish dealer, in Fulton Market, New York, had a special attraction in the shape of an electrical eel, and many were the stories of its uncanny powers. "These were so highly colored that, although crowds of people went to see the fish, none could be found who was ready to put its reputed shocking powers to the test. It happened, however, that an electrician, incited by curiosity, found his way to the tank in which the fish swam about unmolested. The eel looked so harmless and so quiet in his movements that the electrician began to think that as a means of producing an electric shock he was a base deceiver. The more he pondered over it the more he became convinced that the innocent looking inmate of the tank had no more electric power than a yard of underwriter's wire, and he secretly resolved to put his suspicions to the test at his first opportunity.

The opportunity soon presented itself, relates Electricity. One evening he was one of a party who were returning from the theatre to Brooklyn, where they resided. Making a detour to the Fulton Market, they regaled themselves with the oysters for which that old landmark is famous. After the refreshments were disposed of the electrician offered to take his friends in to see the wonderful eel. It so happened that one of those present was also in the electrical business, so the proposition was seconded and carried unanimously. After the inspection, a question arose as to the voltage of the fish, and our hero, who had long been anxious to test it, got permission from the man in charge to do so. Divesting himself of his coat, he rolled up his shirt sleeves above the elbow and proceeded to action. Down went the hand and arm into the water and the fingers were brought in contact with the fish. The eel remained perfectly passive and seemed rather to enjoy the touch of the fingers than otherwise, showing not the slightest disposition to exhibit its reputed powers. The fishman was told his eel was no good, and the electrician joined in the chorus of reproach, and said that that was just what he had thought all along. "The fishman resented the incredulity of the visitors, and said: 'Well, just grasp him around the body.'" More convinced than ever that the whole thing was a solemn farce, the electrician invaded the lair of the mystery of the sea once more and squeezed its slippery body with a considerable spice of vindictiveness. In an instant, to the astonishment of an ejaculation which sounded suspiciously like "Holy Moses," the arm came out of the depth with the force of the piston of a steam engine, the tremendous jerk with which it was withdrawn bringing up a deluge of water, which drenched everybody around. The disillusioned experimentalist was the picture of astonishment and mortification, as the wild laughter of his friends resounded through the market, and the surrounding fishermen "caught on" to the joke and joined in the hilarity. He afterward remarked that he took back all his slighting remarks, as the fish more than justified his reputation, and if he ever got such a shock from a 1,000-volt dynamo as he did from that eel he would go out of the electrical business.

### The Heroine of the Telegraph.

In the Franco-German war of 1870 the ulans in particular played havoc with the French wires. On arriving at a village they would ride up to the telegraph office, cut the connections, and carry off the apparatus, or else employ it to deceive the enemy. They were outwitted, however, on one occasion, and by a woman. Mile Juliette Doda, a girl of eighteen, was director of the telegraph station at Pithiviers where she lived with her mother, when the Prussians entered the town. They took possession of the station, and turning out the two women, confined them to their dwelling on a higher floor. It happened that the wire from the office in running to the pole on the roof passed by the door of the girl's room, and she conceived the idea of tapping the Prussian messages. She had contrived to keep a telegraph instrument and by means of a derivation from the wire was able to carry out her purpose. Important telegrams of the enemy were thus obtained and secretly communicated to the sub-prefect of the town, who conveyed them across the Prussian lines to the French commander.

Mlle. Doda and her mother were both arrested, and the proofs of their guilt were soon discovered. They were brought before a court-martial and speedily condemned to death, but the sentence had to be confirmed by the Commander of the Corps d'Armee. Prince Frederick Charles, who, having spoken to Mlle. Doda on several occasions, ordered her to be produced. He inquired her motive in committing so grave a breach of what are called the "laws of war." The girl replied: "Je suis Francaise." (I am a Frenchwoman.) The Prince confirmed the sentence, but happily, before it was executed, the news of the armistice arrived and saved her life. In 1878 this telegraphic heroine was in charge of the post office at Montreal, near Vincennes, and on the 13th of August she was decorated with the Legion of Honor by Marshal McMahon, President of the Republic.—[Chambers's Journal.]

### Huge Stones From the Moon.

In a catalogue of Mexican meteorites prepared by M. Antonio del Castillo one mass is mentioned which exploded in the air and fell in widely dispersed fragments, portions of it being found in three places at the angles of a triangle whose two longer sides were some fifty-five and thirty-five miles in length. In one of these places two plates of stone were discovered, lying about 250 yards apart, which had evidently once formed one huge block. Measurements and estimations place the combined weight of the two blocks at eighty tons. In this one shower of "moon stones," according to M. del Castillo's paper, not less than 3,000 tons of rocks fell.—[St. Louis Republic.]