

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

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

A FRENCH medical journal tells of a remarkable surgical operation performed upon a certain Joseph Moreau, a soldier in the army of the North, whose eyes, nose, teeth and lower jaw and, indeed, his whole face was shot away by a shell in the battle of Bapaume, January, 1871. Although he was left on the field for dead, he managed to stagger to a neighboring village, where he was cared for by the doctors. Later on one of the most distinguished surgeons of the day applied to the head, which was left almost without human semblance, a wax mask so cleverly adapted to the healthy portion of the skin as to appear quite continuous with it. This mask, as the years have passed, has become firmly attached to the head, the skin having grown around the edges, and has permitted the unfortunate wearer to appear less an object of repulsion to his fellow men. Moreau has got quite used to breathing through the false nostrils, and by the help of an artificial jaw worked by a portion of the original bone, he is able to eat comfortably and masticate the toughest kind of food. His voice has regained its natural quality and the sense of smell has come back to him with even more than natural acuteness. Of course, he sees nothing through the false eyes which look out from his waxen features with a glass stare, but it is long since he has acquired the peace of mind with which blind men are so often blessed, and in all the canton of Landrethies, where he lives, there is not a happier man or one more fond of telling and listening to a good story than he who is known as the "Man with the Wax Face." He lives modestly on his pension, and adds to his resources by the sale of a little pamphlet giving a scientific account of his wonderful case.

TAKEN altogether the Russian Transcaspian Railway is one of the engineering wonders of this, the classic hundred century. At first it was considered impossible to maintain a road through the shifting sands of the Kara Kum desert, but General Annenkoff, who was superintendent of construction, overcame what was supposed to be an insurmountable obstacle by covering his railroad with thickets of desert plants and shrubs. But when this had been done and the road bed assured, a cry went up to the effect that the scheme would have to be abandoned because there was neither fuel nor water along the line. The doctory General solved the water problem by bringing water in pipes from the mountain, and his cousin constructed a locomotive which used petroleum for fuel. But yet there was another great obstacle in the way, the classic Oxus which would have to be crossed with a bridge 1,000 feet longer than the Brooklyn wonder. This difficulty was finally overcome, and the road is now in active operation.

The pearl hunters of Borneo and the adjacent islands have a peculiar superstition. When they open shells in search of pearls they take every ninth find, whether it be large or small, and put it into a bottle which is kept corked with a dead man's finger. The pearls in the phial are known as "seed pearls" or "breeding pearls," and the native Borneo firmly believes that they will reproduce their kind. For every pearl put into the phial two grains of rice are thrown in for the pearls to "feed" upon. Some whites in Borneo believe as firmly in the superstition as the natives do, and almost every hut along the coast has its "dead finger" bottle, with from nine to fifty seed pearls and twice that number of rice grains carefully and evenly stowed away among them. Professor Kimmery says that nearly every burial place along the coast has been desecrated by "pearl breeders" in search of corks for their bottles.

FRENCH justice sometimes lags like the English quality. A suit came before the Paris civil tribunal about the heritage of a family named d'Houtreau d'Origny, in Normandy. The Normans are said to be the most litigious people in France and born lawyers. They are prompt to appeal, and are up to all forms of procedure that can afford satisfaction to their taste for litigation. The d'Houtreau d'Origny case was first heard of at Caen. Delays were so frequent that the three judges who originally tried it died before the venue was changed to Paris, where it dragged on for six years. It was called the other day for the three hundred and seventy-eighth time, and has been again postponed to enable the plaintiffs to meet something in the nature of a demurrer, coupled with a demand for a commission to be named to take fresh evidence at Caen.

HERE is, from Chambers' Miscellany, a story which riva's anything told even of the dog. In the summer of 1800 an officer of Lyons was requested to inquire into a murder. He went to the residence of the deceased, and found her lifeless body stretched on the floor. A large white cat was mounted on a cornice of the cupboard; there he sat motionless, with his eyes fixed upon the corpse. When the officer of justice brought in the suspected persons, the cat's eyes glistened with fury, his hair bristled, and he darted into the middle of the room, where he stopped for a moment to gaze at them, and then precipitately retreated. The countenances of the assassins were disconcerted, and they now, for the first time during the whole course of the trial, felt their audacity forsake them, and gave evidence which led to the identification of the criminals.

A FYZABAD Hindu who had been out-cast for the offence of eating cooked food in a railway train while there were persons of other castes in the same carriage with him has been restored to caste. The erring individual, although not a wealthy man, had sufficient means to pay the cost of purification. He was first weighed in rice, and valued at 180 rupees, and after that in wheat. After the weighing he was made to sit on a square stone and his body was covered with dirt,

the face only excepted; he was then taken up by two men and thrown into the river, and after a good bath he came out and was received by the Brahmins, fully restored to caste fellowship. The Brahmins informed the purified individual that a great favor had been conferred on him in weighing him in copper instead of silver.

IS the course of his New Haven (Conn.) lecture, Rev. Thomas S. Dana, an educated Indian, made this singular statement: "The Indians never cook anything in the house. They always cook outside, giving as their only reason that if they cook inside the steam will collect in their clothing and draw the lightning. Whether this is truth or not I do not know, but I do know this: No Indian wigwam has been struck by lightning since the dawn of history, and no Indian has been killed with lightning for more than 100 years." It seems quite possible that Indian wigwams are seldom or never struck by lightning; but why a whole race should be exempt wherever they roam simply because their low habitations don't attract the forked fury is, to say the least, something remarkable.

G. ELLINGER, a cooper of Allegan, Mich., performed the remarkable feat of making 10,000 barrels in forty weeks, working only eight hours per day, which beats all records of barrel-making in the United States. Every stave, head, hoop and nail was, of course, handled separately, and some of these articles from three to five times. To make 10,000 barrels Mr. Ellinger used 170,000 staves, between 50,000 and 60,000 pieces of heading, 60,000 hoops and very nearly 200,000 nails. Taken altogether—hoops, staves, head-pieces, etc.—there was an amount of material worth some \$100,000. After the material was made up a train of fifty cars would scarcely hold them.

A REMARKABLE application of the telephone has been made by Dr. J. Mount Bleyer. In a case of membranous croup intubation was successfully resorted to. When the removal of the tube became necessary, it had disappeared. A delicate metallic probe, attached by an electric wire, the other end of which terminated in a telephone receiver, was passed down through the larynx. Tracheotomy would evidently have to be performed, but the difficulty was to locate the tube. As soon as it came in contact with the tube a distinct click was communicated to the ear through the receiver. The exact position having thus been determined, tracheotomy was performed and the tube extracted.

A PHILADELPHIA genius, aged forty-seven, has invented for himself a flying machine, and manufactured it, too, out of some old umbrellas. Recently he invited some friends to witness a test of the machine on the roof of his father's house. Putting on his wings and flapping them vigorously, he boldly sprang from the house, forty feet above the earth, and flew straight down to the ground. His leg and arm had to be set afterward, but he is resting easy and thinks that there was some miscalculation in the make-up of the machine.

WIDOW BARBARA SELLERS, who lives near Williamsbridge, Ohio, had a goose over twenty years old. After it was hatched, five years ago, its feathers failed to grow again, and every winter it suffered from cold. Then certain young upstarts in the flock poked fun at it with derisive chucking, stole its share of the food, and occasionally assaulted it with their broad beaks. After enduring an unusual amount of this sort of insult it ambled to a little pond the other morning, broke the thin ice with its beak, and held its head in the water until life was extinct. The cause of the rash act is obvious.

A BUTCHER named Britt, doing business at Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, England, has received from Wellington, New South Wales, a bullock with a wooden leg. The animal some time ago having had one of its hind legs broken at the joint, by an ingenious device was provided with a substitute made after the style of the ordinary wooden leg. The bullock has since been able to walk about and to eat comfortably, and has been passed by a veterinary surgeon as being free from pain.

CAPT. BOTTEGO of the Nineteenth Artillery Regiment of the Italian army made a wager recently that he could ride 150 miles in twenty-four hours without leaving the saddle except to change horses. He mounted at 11.45 on Saturday evening and on 11.50 on the following evening had covered 170 miles. On Monday morning he was at drill as usual. He changed horses five times during his ride and lost thereby thirty minutes. During twenty-one hours he rode at a trot.

A MOST remarkable case is reported from Kentucky. Rev. O. H. Morrow, a prominent Baptist minister of Simpson County, reared a family of six daughters. He received all of them into the Church, baptized them all and said the marriage ceremony for each of them, and buried them all. He survived the last daughter several years.

MRS. HENRY K. UPDEGRAVE, of Tower City, Pa., is a great-grandmother at the age of forty-seven. She was married at the age of fourteen and her eldest child followed in her hymenial footsteps by walking to the altar at the age of fifteen. The granddaughter came in due time and was wedded when sixteen, and now every lady in Tower City is wondering whether the great-granddaughter will be married when she is seventeen.

A TRUTHFUL, down-East fisherman tells of a startling adventure that he had with a whale near Grand Manan recently. He and his dory were about to be swallowed by the whale when, with great presence of mind and steadiness of nerve, he threw a quid of tobacco, striking the monster full in the eye. While the whale was wondering what struck him the fisherman escaped.

A DEER ISLE (Me.) man has a curiosity in the shape of an egg, which had on one end a cap-like excrescence, which, being lifted, showed a full-sized cranberry bean between the cap of the shell and the inner lining membrane of the egg. He wants to know how it got there and if anyone ever saw the like. It is a novel way to raise beans, at least.

GERTRUDE LOUINE, a pretty girl of 18 years who lives in the town of Aroostook County, Me., has never been known to laugh or even to smile. While intelligent in other matters, she apparently cannot understand a joke, and is unmoved by the keenest witticisms.

TROTTERS AND PACERS.

Miss Lola Grimes, aged 16, drove Riley B. pacer 2.194, to his record at Terre Haute, Aug. 28, 1891, and her sister, Miss Waneta Grimes, 14 years of age, rode the pacer Arch White in 2.181, at Lima, Ohio, Oct. 16, 1891. Their mother, Mrs. Geo Grimes, is an expert with the lines, while their father, Mr. Geo Grimes, is one of the first drivers of the land. Like produces like.

A down-hill kite track is to be built at Sedalia, Mo., that is expected to "beat the world." Instead of the track crossing itself at the starting and finishing points, the starting and finishing stretches will run parallel and about ten or fifteen feet apart. By this arrangement an easy down-grade will be established, making the finish at the wire five feet lower than the grade of the starting point.

At a California breeding farm there has been built a swimming tank which is ninety feet long, twenty feet wide, and eight feet deep. The idea is that in the care of horses that have been knocked out by too much road use or track work and that still are wanted to be got ready for trotting within reasonable time it will be possible to keep their muscles hard by swimming them in the bath, whereas if they were given work on the road or track they would get sore and soon be of no account.

In a recent letter from Chicopee, Mass., Mr. J. S. McElwain, in answer to a question regarding the price he received for Palatka, said: "My price for him was \$20,000, but I had to discount a little from it. I am glad he has gone into so good hands and feel confident that he will give a good account of himself." Palatka is a son of Nutwood and an Alcantara mare, second dam by George Wilkes, third dam Jessie Pepper. He was purchased by Mr. Frederick Olcott, of New York, and is now stable companion to Athel, brother to Arion, 2.101.

The lightest vehicles used in regular contests of speed on Russian tracks weigh 240 pounds. The Russian pacer is one-eighth less than ours in weight. All regular races are for two, three, four and five miles, but each year there is a prize for trotters at one mile. The record for this distance is now 2.214, made from a standing start and drawing a sulky weighing 220 Russian pounds, or 1924 pounds our weight. The Russian record for two miles is 4:54; three miles, 7:24; four miles, 10:04, all made with standing start and drawing a sulky or droschka weighing at least 240 Russian pounds.

The report that the noted trotting stallion, Sir Walter, 2.24, by Aberdeen, will stand in Kentucky the coming season is premature. The excellent showing made by Sir Walter when handled by Dr. Herr and the racehorse form displayed by Walter Herr, 2.194, son of Sir Walter, last season, has caused a well-known Kentucky breeder to enter into negotiations for a return of Sir Walter to Kentucky, but nothing definite has yet been determined, and he may continue to stand for service at the stock farm of J. Holmes & Son, Holmdel, Monmouth county, N. J. His son, Sir Walter, Jr., holds court at the Bates Farm, Watertown, near Boston, Mass.

Lady Suffolk was bred in Suffolk county, Long Island, by Leonard W. Lawrence, and foaled in 1833. Her first race was at Babylon, in 1839, where she trotted for a purse of eleven dollars, and won it, going in 3:00. Later she won under saddle at two miles in 5:15, 5:17, beating Lady Victory, Black Hawk and others. But 1849 was her great year, trotting nineteen races and winning twelve, beating Pellam, Trustee, Gray Eagle, Lady Sutton, Mac and others of the cracks of that day, and taking a harness record of 2:28 and a saddle record of 2:26. The old mare died at Bridgeport, Vt., in 1855. The first 2:30 trot was made of stern stuff. She left no progeny.

The Great Trees.

There are two varieties of the sequoias, the sequoia gigantea and the sequoia sempervirens. Both were named from Sequoyah, an Indian chief of the Cherokee tribe, who invented an alphabet of eighty-six characters to supply his tribe with a written language. This man was as far above his fellows as are the lofty giants which bear his name above the trees of other countries. The language that he invented is still in use, although he himself died in 1843, at the age of seventy-three years. It was in 1852 that the big trees were first discovered, although it was reserved for Dr. Lindley to describe and name them. The sequoia sempervirens is very like its giant brother. It is as large as all but the most immense specimens of the latter. It grows in the same way, that is, with clean, uplifted trunk, clear of branch or foliage for a height of 100 or 200 feet, with a long, beautiful, drooping crown of foliage for a hundred feet or so above. It grows in groups of 200,000 trees, and it has the same tiny cone, so out of proportion to its immense size, in which the seed takes a some four years to mature. It confines itself to the coast, however, being found all the way from its haunts in the Santa Cruz Mountains of California, up north to great Humboldt redwood forests. It has, too, a habit of throwing up smaller trees in a circle about its own roots, so that each tree is surrounded by a group of younger and smaller ones, looking like clusters of cathedral spires about a central tower. The beauty, therefore, of these redwood forests is indescribable, far exceeding that of the wonderful groups of the gigantea upon the mountain slopes.—New York Tribune.

One recommendation to buy white ostrich feather fans is they can be dyed when soiled.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Smart Boy—Proof Positive—Held His Head High—A Burglar in Luck Knocked Out—Etc., Etc.

A SMART BOY.
Little Dick—There goes Johnny Smart on a safety. He's the smartest boy in town.
Father—How so?
"He got himself a rich father."
"Humph! I don't understand."
"Why, his real father died, and then an orful rich man got acquainted with his mother, but he didn't like Johnny; so Johnny he pretended he was sick 'an goin' to die; and then, after the rich man married his mother, he got well."—[Good News.]

PROOF POSITIVE.
Jack—So you are engaged to Maud now?
Tom—How do you know?
Jack—You were the only man she didn't flirt with last night.—[New York Herald.]

HELD HIS HEAD HIGH.
Friend—I know you are a proud and happy father, and I've no doubt that baby is a regular cherub, and all that; but I don't see why you need hold your head quite so high.
Young Father—That's to keep from dropping asleep.—[New York Weekly.]

A BURGLAR IN LUCK.
Smith was aroused from a sound sleep one night by a noise. Thinking that burglars were in the house, he arose, put on his trousers and went down stairs, holding his collar in one hand, the other empty. Finding no one below he returned to his room, and his wife immediately asked:
"Frank, why did you take your collar instead of your revolver?"
"Why—rather sheepishly—er—(brightening)—to collar him, of course."
Mrs. Smith fell asleep, thinking it was a lucky thing the burglar escaped.—[Detroit Free Press.]

KNOCKED OUT.
"I heard you talking about fools awhile ago, Miss Fannie," said a silly dude to a sharp girl at a dance, "and—"
"And," she interrupted with a snap, "enough never hear any good of themselves."—[Detroit Free Press.]

A CHEAP COAT.
Dingley—That's a beautiful overcoat you have on. How much did it cost you?
Caraway—Twenty-five cents.
Dingley—Why, how was that?
Caraway—Oh, the confounded tailor sent it home by express and I had to pay the freight.—[Brooklyn Life.]

A CHARACTER STUDY.
"Did you ever study the faces in a barber's shop of the men waiting to be shaved?"
"Yes."
"Did you ever try to distinguish the pessimistic from the optimistic?"
"Yes; and there is very little difficulty in assigning them to their respective classes."
"Indeed!"
"Yes; the pessimist is the last man that comes in and who has to wait until his other men are shaved before his turn comes, and the optimist is the man distinguished by the appellation of next."—[New York Press.]

PLEASING DOLLIE.
Little Girl—Oh, mamma, my dollie fell down and broke her nose.
Mamma—How did she fall?
"She fell all by herself."
"How could she?"
"She was standin' up."
"Then you must have stood her up."
"Yes'm."
"And then you went off and left her?"
"Well, childrens don't want their mamma around all the time."—[Good News.]

ONE OF HER PETS.
She—I always have a great many pets about me.
He (tenderly)—Am I one of them?
She—Yes. You are my pet aversion.

IT IS STRANGE.
Driggs—There is one thing about a foreigner I don't understand.
Figs—What?
Driggs—He brags about his country all the time he is here, and about our country all the time after he gets home.

APPROPRIATE.
Cumso—What are you going to do with that mouse, Johnny?
Johnny Cumso—Use it for bait.
Cumso (astonished)—For bait?
Johnny—Yes; I'm going to try to catch some catfish.—[Jester.]

GOOD DEFINITION.
"It's but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous."
"How so?"
"Here's a man offers \$1,000 for a bird dog. That's sublime. Here's the owner, who won't take it. That's ridiculous."—[Brooklyn Life.]

NO SLEEP.
"There is poor Robinson—hasn't a place to sleep."
"What, Robinson?"
"Yep."
"He has a home."
"Yes—and twins two weeks old."

THE HEIGHT OF BLISS.
Hojack—Did Tom look happy when he stood up to get married?
Tomdik—Yes; he couldn't have looked happier if he had been "next" in a crowded barber shop.—[Judge.]

PLENTY OF AMMUNITION.
Tom—I am not surprised that the Newweds have quarrelled; it was to be expected.
Jack—Why?
Tom—She always would use powder, and he was always half shot.—[Truth.]

TWO FEATURES OF ONE DAY.

Mrs. Newlied—I do so enjoy a bright day. Now last Monday was a superb day.
Miss Spinn—It was—a perfect day for a walk or a drive.
Mrs. Newlied—Yes; but I was thinking of the wash.—[New York Sun.]

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.
"So, Jones married the widow to whom he was paying attention?"
"Yes. How did you know?"
"I saw him this morning on the street and I noticed that he had lost all that jaunty air he used to have about him."—[New York Press.]

A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.
She said: "I'm crazy with delight, I've a camera that's brand new, I'll photograph the things I like, and will begin by taking you."
"She married to spite somebody, I believe."
"Whom? Do you know?"
"I don't know; but it looks as if it were her husband."

MARRIAGE FOR SPITE.
"Who married to spite somebody, I believe."
"Whom? Do you know?"
"I don't know; but it looks as if it were her husband."

USEFUL.
Little Johnnie—Say, Ma, does a min ister really need all the slippers that are given him?
Mrs. Brown—Yes, indeed. His son is generally so very bad.

A CONSIDERATE MASTER.
"Who er yez workin' fur now, Dinis?"
"Ye know Mulcahy that has the livery stable?"
"Is it him! Shure I wouldn't work for a man as mane as him. It's a hard name he has!"
"Ah! yer mistaken in the man. Old Mulcahy is one ev the kindest an' most considerate bosses in town. He allows nitch wan av his hands sixteen hours to do a day's work in."—[Texas Sittings.]

A COMMON PRACTICE.
"What are you busy with now?"
"Nothing."
"How do you manage to raise the wind?"
"I blow about what I am going to do."

PLEASED WITH WHAT HE SEES THERE.
"He is a confirmed pessimist, I believe."
"He is, indeed."
"Is there anything that he sees that pleases him?"
"Oh, yes; he sometimes looks in the mirror."

NOTHING LIKE IT.
You will seldom see such a stony-stared look.
Such a gaze of close concentration, As you'll see on the face of the man who reads His first published communication.

FROM THE SAME SHOP.
Happiness is but a cake
Which the Wise and Merry take;
Sorrow is a lump of dough—
Fools and cynics seek it, though.

PET NAMES.
Mrs. Breezy—You have no more pet names for me, now that we are married.
Mr. Breezy—Parson me, my dear; hereafter I shall call you my Waterloo.

THE PORT'S DEFIANCE.
Though I'm a poet of the spring
Before no editors I quail,
Because I've learned a thing or two
And send my rhymes to them by mail.

A PERSIAN HORSE.
"Persian horses," says Mrs. Bishop in "Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan," "are to be admired and liked. Their beauty is a source of constant enjoyment, and they are almost invariably gentle and docile. It is in vain to form any resolution against making a pet of one of them. My new acquisition, 'Boy,' insists on being petted, and his enticing ways are irresistible. He is always tethered in front of my tent, with a rope long enough to give him considerable liberty, and he took advantage of it the very first day to come into the tent, and make it apparent that he wanted me to divide a melon with him. Grapes were his preference, then came cucumber, bread, and biscuits. Finally, he drank milk out of a soup plate. He comes up to me and puts down his head to have his ears rubbed, and if I do not attend to him at once, or if I cease attending to him he gives me a gentle but admonitory thump. I dine outside the tent and he is tied to my chair and waits with wonderful patience for the odds and ends, only occasionally rubbing his soft nose against my face to remind me that he is there. A friendly snuffle is the only sound he makes. He does not know how to fight or that teeth and heels are for any other uses than eating and walking. He is really the gentlest and most docile of his race. The point at which he draws the line is being led; then he drags back and a mulish look comes into his eyes. But he follows like a dog, and when I walk he is always with me. He comes when I call him, stops when I do, accompanies me when I leave the road in search of flowers, and usually puts his head either on my shoulder or under my arm. To him I am an embodiment of melons, cucumbers, grapes, pears, peaches, biscuits, and sugar, with a good deal of petting and ear-rubbing thrown in."

The Author Waited in Vain.
Colonel John Hay tells an interesting story that he vouches for as true. It is well known that great publishing houses like Harper's, Lippincott's, and others, accumulate manuscripts for future use and file them away in vaults until needed. A friend of the Colonel's wrote a story called "The Brazen Android," located the scene of the story in England, in the time of Roger Bacon. The author's name was William D. O'Connor, who for years lived in Washington. The story was a long one, and ran through three numbers of the magazine when published, in 1891. The singular part of the incident is, that the story was written and accepted by the Atlantic Monthly in 1861, and paid for. Month after month, and year after year, Mr. O'Connor watched the magazine for the publication of his story, and it finally did appear within a short time after his death, more than thirty years after it was accepted.—[Washington Post.]

To Dress Ordinary Hides.
To dress ordinary hides, such as coon, muskrat, and even sheep's skins, it is only necessary to stretch them on a board with the hair or wool side down, and then smear the upper surface with a paste made of equal parts of alum and salt dissolved in a weak solution of sulphuric acid and water, adding sufficient wheat bran to thicken the paste. The proportions should be about two ounces of alum, two of salt, and one drachm of acid to each pint of water used in making the paste. Spread this paste over the flesh side of the skin and leave it in two or three days, then scrape off, and work the skin until it is soft. As for dressing skins upon the use, you depend somewhat upon the use, and are to make of the dressed hides, and their kind, whether thick or thin. If you want the skins to cut up for strings, they would be dressed differently than if they were made into gloves or other similar articles.—[New York Sun.]

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

WEARY MOTHERS' PLAINT.
"O weary mothers, missing dough,
Don't you wish that food would grow?
Your lips would smile, I know, to see
A cookie bush or a pane-ke tree."
"No hurry, no worry, or boiling pot;
No waiting to get the oven hot;
If you could send your child to see
If the pies had baked on the cherry tree."
"A be-stein' buch wou'd be quite fine,
Bread be plucked from the tender vine;
A sponge cake plant on your pet would be;
We'd rear and sew 'neath the muffin tree."

THE FIRST PAINTING.
There is a very pretty little legend told of the origin of painting. In the far off mythical ages of Greece, before Phidias chiseled his wonderful marble work, or even the mighty Homer sang of the deeds of Ulysses and the fall of Troy, an Ionian Greek girl one day stood at the door of her father's tent bidding good-bye to her lover. He was going off to battle, and the parting, as it sometimes is in such cases, was long and tender. As he stood straight and tall in his martial array, she noticed that on the wall there was a black shadow just like her beloved. Laughingly she seized a bit of charcoal from the embers and traced the profile figure on the white skins that formed the walls of the tent. It would remind her of him when he was gone. When he had left she filled in the outline with the charcoal, and there was a likeness of her lover. And so, says the legend, painting originated.—[New York Voice.]

KEPT THE LEAST FOR HIMSELF.
Three ragged newboys were trying to sell the earlier editions of the after-noon papers. A man carrying a large basket of fine-looking oranges on his shoulder passed close by. The motion of his body loosened one of the biggest and ripest and it fell to the ground. The man kept on, not noticing or caring for the loss. The orange lay upon the pavement for about half a minute unseen. Then the largest of the three ragged urchins spied it, and with a cry of delight he ran over and picked it up. It was natural to suppose that he would proceed to eat it all himself, but instead of doing so he called his companions and exhibited his find. They eyed greedily. Without any request from them for a share in the coveted fruit the finder divided the orange into three parts, and gave his fellow newboys each a part. The smallest part he reserved for himself. It was only a small thing in itself, yet it proved thoughtful, that there was something noble hidden under the ragged garments of that little urchin.—[New York Recorder.]

How Monkeys Killed a Snake.
It has been said by travellers that each tribe of monkeys has a leader, in whom great authority is vested from whom there appears to be no appeal. He devises the plans of attack upon the enemy, delivers all orders and leads in the execution of them. One traveller has told me of seeing an army of hundreds of monkeys in the valley of the Amazon. One of them had found a huge serpent, and on spreading the alarm the monkeys came from every quarter and assembled around the snake. Very soon the leader approached the great reptile, who seemed to realize his danger, and as the leader attracted the attention of the snake another monkey sprang from some other direction and gave the snake a terrible bite and was gone before he could be harmed. As the poor reptile reached for his assailant another monkey attacked from the opposite side, and thus in quick succession one after another would assail him until they tortured and killed their terrible victim and left him where he had fallen. My informant assures me that when they had assembled the leader uttered a loud cry, which was responded to almost in one unbroken chorus, and when they had destroyed their enemy that a loud cry was uttered by them as they dispersed. There is every reason to credit the statement that these little creatures unite their forces to attack a strong foe, and that their preconceived plans are intelligent and unique and differ in detail as the conditions differ.

The Author Waited in Vain.
Colonel John Hay tells an interesting story that he vouches for as true. It is well known that great publishing houses like Harper's, Lippincott's, and others, accumulate manuscripts for future use and file them away in vaults until needed. A friend of the Colonel's wrote a story called "The Brazen Android," located the scene of the story in England, in the time of Roger Bacon. The author's name was William D. O'Connor, who for years lived in Washington. The story was a long one, and ran through three numbers of the magazine when published, in 1891. The singular part of the incident is, that the story was written and accepted by the Atlantic Monthly in 1861, and paid for. Month after month, and year after year, Mr. O'Connor watched the magazine for the publication of his story, and it finally did appear within a short time after his death, more than thirty years after it was accepted.—[Washington Post.]

To Dress Ordinary Hides.
To dress ordinary hides, such as coon, muskrat, and even sheep's skins, it is only necessary to stretch them on a board with the hair or wool side down, and then smear the upper surface with a paste made of equal parts of alum and salt dissolved in a weak solution of sulphuric acid and water, adding sufficient wheat bran to thicken the paste. The proportions should be about two ounces of alum, two of salt, and one drachm of acid to each pint of water used in making the paste. Spread this paste over the flesh side of the skin and leave it in two or three days, then scrape off, and work the skin until it is soft. As for dressing skins upon the use, you depend somewhat upon the use, and are to make of the dressed hides, and their kind, whether thick or thin. If you want the skins to cut up for strings, they would be dressed differently than if they were made into gloves or other similar articles.—[New York Sun.]