

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

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

TWELVE years ago Bryce R. Blair, Jr., son of a prominent citizen of Carbondale, Penn., went to Colorado to seek his fortune. His parents heard regularly from him for three years. The last time he wrote them he was in Marysville, Utah, but was on the point of going to Idaho. No tidings have come from him since then. His father has been constantly searching for him for nine years. Not long ago he inserted an advertisement in a Salt Lake newspaper, describing his son minutely, among other things saying that he was left-handed, and asking for information concerning the missing young man. A reply to this advertisement was received from a man in Salt Lake City, who said his name was Bryce R. Blair, answering exactly the description of the Carbondale man, even to being left handed, was living at Lander, Wyo., and had been there about nine years. Young Blair's parents, while unable to account for the long absence of their son, had no doubt that they had found him at last. The clue was followed up, but although the Bryce Blair in Lander is the exact double of the Carbondale man of the same name, in age, size, weight and peculiarities, he proved that he was the son of James Blair of Nebraska, and was not even related in the remotest degree to his missing namesake.

MANY have read the announcement which has been made that the new mining town of "Creede, Col., has electric lights," but few are aware of the phenomenal time occupied in the construction of the plant. The idea of equipping the plant was conceived at noon, February 1. Before the day was over the Creede Electric Light and Power Company was organized and incorporated, supplies were ordered and placed aboard a special train of cars at Denver and everything necessary for the complete equipment of a model electric light plant, for arc and incandescent lighting by midnight of the same day were on their way to the modern mining camp. Creede was in sight Tuesday night, February 2, and by daybreak the following morning a gang of laborers was put to work breaking ground and getting the foundations of the power house ready. The work progressed night and day and the electric current was turned on at 11.15 p. m., Saturday, February 6. The actual time occupied in completing the plant, erecting the buildings and placing the machinery in position was from February 3, 7 a. m., to February 6, 11.15 p. m., less than a week after the machinery was purchased in Denver, over 300 miles away, and this young town was given the latest luxury of civilization.

The New Zealand Herald describes a desperate fight between a man and a shark which occurred in Manukau Harbor. Henry Jacobson, who is employed at the North Manukau Heals as beacon-light keeper, was out in his boat, about six miles down the harbor, when it was struck by a shark and swamped, and the occupant left in the water. Jacobson dived, and endeavored to relieve the ballast, but without success. He then grasped an oar, and, being a good swimmer, struck out for land; but as a strong tide was running he was swept down the harbor a distance of three miles. At that point he was attacked by a large shark, which grabbed at his hand. He protected himself, however, with the oar, which he tried to ram down the shark's throat. The fish then made a circle round him, and renewed the attack. By this time, however, Jacobson had his sheath-knife drawn, and desperately stabbed the shark, ripping its side open, so that the water became red with blood. A further attack was made, when Jacobson again stabbed the monster near the tail, and it swam away. At that time a boat came in sight, and Jacobson, exhausted, was hauled into the boat, having been in the water two hours and thirty minutes.

As amusing story is told by the noted geologist, Clarence King, of an investigation he made of an alleged silver mine in Utah. He undertook the task at the instance of certain capitalists who proposed to buy the property, which was represented to be of enormous value. Appearances were certainly very much in his favor. On the way down the shaft the walls on every hand gleamed brightly with shining ore in the light thrown by the lamps and the sides of the drifts were equally beautiful to the eye of the observing expert. However, while examining the rock more critically, he noticed by chance a coarse thread hanging out of it. Ordinarily threads do not grow in rock, and the finding of this one led to the discovery of the whole swindle; for the fact was developed that the owner of the mine had taken a great quantity of galena, reduced it to powder, made it with water into a plaster, and carefully stuccoed the entire walls of shaft and drifts with the material. The plaster was carried for this purpose in gummy sacks, a thread from which got mixed in with it.

A woman was arraigned before a criminal court in Paris on an accusation of having poured molten lead into the ear of her husband while he was lying in a drunken sleep. The defense maintained that the deed of which the defendant was accused was utterly impossible because the sleeper would have been immediately awakened through the terrible pain caused by the molten lead. This had not happened, but the man had continued in his sleep. To prove this theory, two medical men were called as expert witnesses. To prove their point the doctors poured molten lead into the ears of two sleeping dogs. The poor brutes immediately jumped up with a piteous howl of pain, rolled about in contortions so fearful as to be utterly indescribable. Death at last released them of their terrible sufferings. It is a pity, comments the Chicago Herald, that the murderers of the poor creatures could not be held responsible at law for their savage cruelty. No doubt a defense for the accused could have been made without torturing to death two creatures so sensitive to pain as man himself.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

CREAM PIE.—Beat one egg with one-half cup of sugar, stir in a pint of boiling milk, in which dissolve one and one-half tablespoonsful of cornstarch; let cool and add lemon essence. Bake in one crust.—[Louise, Ib.]

RICH ANGEL CAKE.—Whites of eleven eggs beaten until you can turn the dish bottom side up; then add gradually one and one-half cups of granulated sugar and one teaspoonful vanilla; then add one cup of flour, which must be sifted three times with one teaspoonful of cream tartar, added the last time; beat all well together and bake in a greased tin (which has a tunnel) forty minutes in a moderate oven. When done invert the pan on two other tins and let stand until cold.

STEAK FOR INVALIDS.—Rich, juicy beef, minced fine and formed into a steak, seasoned with salt and pepper, and broiled over bright, clear coals, is very nutritious and acceptable to invalids who have become tired of an ordinary steak. A fine mutton chop, cut rather thick, and laid for broiling between two other chops cut very thin, makes a nourishing and very palatable dish. The broiler should be held so near the fire that the outside chops become fairly charred by the heat. They are, therefore, of no value afterward. Remove the centre chop when it is done, season carefully and serve as soon as possible. A very strong beef tea or beef juice stiffened to a jelly by boiling a calf's foot with the meat when it is made, may often be eaten cold when a hot beef tea will be refused. Allow one calf's foot to about three pounds of meat. Chop the meat, which should be clear lean beef, into pieces about the size of a hickory nut. Let the calf's foot be thoroughly washed and split. Let the meat and calf's foot simmer with a tablespoonful of butter in the bottom of the broth-pot till they are well browned. Then put them in just enough cold water to cover them, and let them come slowly to the boiling point. Skim the broth thoroughly and let it boil slowly, covered closely, for five hours. It should never boil violently, merely simmer, with bubbles rising slowly at the side of the pot. Strain it into a stone jar and let it stand overnight. In the morning remove any grease that may have risen to the top. The stock should be a delicate jelly. Break it up. Add the white of an egg and an eggshell. Put it in a clean stock pot and bring it back to the boiling point. Let it boil again slowly for about five minutes. Remove the thick, leathery scum, and drain the clarified jelly into a clean stone pot, season it and set it aside for use. There should not be more than a quart of it when done.

FLOWERS FOR EVENING.

Flowers are growing more and more popular as a trimming for evening costumes. Even the old-fashioned flowers find themselves at fashionable society events, clinging with a certain timidity to the graceful folds of some filmy gown. An attractive chiffon costume is of pale yellow made over a foundation of yellow silk. The chiffon is draped loosely over the silk and is trimmed with garlands of pale yellow roses, which reach from the waist almost to the bottom of the gown. The lower part of the bodice is outlined with a pointed belt of yellow ribbon. A long yellow sash falls over the chiffon drapery at the back and the bodice is cut very low. The exact shape is outlined with the yellow roses, and a graceful bunch of the roses form a cap over the shoulder, which is the fashionable apology for a sleeve.—[St. Louis Republic.]

FOR THE LADIES.

A NEW MATERIAL.

A new material is called Llana cloth and it is the hardest thing imaginable to distinguish from fine all wool challies. It has an all wool finish in cream and light shades and the printed designs are dainty and "Frenchy." Garlands of gay small flowers are the most popular designs, and they have a Watteau effect that is really charming. They are thirty-one inches wide, and come almost as cheap as the ordinary cotton challie of years past.—[New York Press.]

GREEK FASHION FOR THE HAIR.

The hair is still worn in Greek fashion, combed well up from the neck and back from the ears, and then arranged in a heavy coil that goes outward in a point like the shell of a small, round snail. When the hair is in itself beautiful this is a very effective arrangement, but occasionally it becomes almost grotesque. The Greek coiffure goes badly with heavy, pendulous cheeks and a narrow forehead. One associates it with harmony of outline, at least, if not absolute beauty of feature.—[New York Advertiser.]

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RIBBON BOWS FOR HATS.

In hat trimmings, large masses of long, narrow ribbon bows are much used on straw hats. The cluster of ten or twelve sharp bows and ends placed on the side of the hat almost conceals the low crown.

In the midst of the bows is often placed an enormous daisy of cut jet. The daisies and stars of jet, blue steel or green iridescent steel are recent novelties. They are several inches in diameter and have a handsome effect. I noticed one placed flat on the wired tulle crown of a lace hat and entirely covering the top.

Rose stems are twisted into brims and crowns of hats—the rubber stems being adorned with most natural thorns. Leaves and foliage, with a bit of lace, form the trimming. Most of the hats and bonnets have strings tying under the chin.

Long floats of fine black or white lace also hang from the back of the hat and twist around the throat. I saw beige and green straw-to-day trimmed with roses and green gauze, and the gauze tied under the chin in a large bow.

Black lace thistles are among the new hat trimmings. A novelty is mousseline de soie, in bands, edged with tiny bits of feathers or the single blossoms of a lilac bloom or the separate forget-me-not flowers stuck deftly along the edge. The gauze is then folded around and around till it forms a tuft or blossom. It is a dainty ornament.—[New York Herald.]

READING FOR NEWWEAR.

One of the nicest things that has been invented lately in the line of neckwear is heading—just rows of beads run on a little cord and stitched in the neck. They keep clean, of course, five times as long as the ordinary raching, and when they do get dirty, a little soap and a nail-brush will restore them to their pristine freshness. There is only one thing to be remembered: the thread they are strung on in the store is apt to cut, and it will save you much agony of mind and bother if you will just go over your neckwear before you sew it in your gown, and fasten each bead with a silk thread. The silk won't cut as cotton would; the beads will stay in shape until you drop something heavy on them some day when your waist has fallen off the back of the chair on to the floor.—[American Dairyman.]

FASHION NOTES.

Toilet sets are handsomer than ever. Columnar vases of cut glass are new. Italian forms are prominent in garden fountains.

Speckled tweeds are favorites for woollen goods. Black silk ulsters will be worn for traveling wraps.

Tall, slender and tankard-shaped are the new cut-glass pitchers. Yellow holds its own among the large vases for palms and plants.

Powder blue is a new electric shade which promises to be popular. Fancy colored hats, such as pale green or blue, will be trimmed in jet with black velvet ties.

Small pieces of gilded furniture painted with corn-flowers and carnations are among things desirable.

Flower glove fasteners are something new. White enamelled daisies on a foundation of silver are seen. Pansies, violets, diminutive tulips and rosebuds are used.

Baby ribbons are the ribbons of fashion. They are, as their name implies, the narrow ribbons used for babies, and are rendered serviceable for children of larger growth in rosettes, and in parallel rows.

Black-ribbed velvets with a stripe of color between the ribs will be worn for skirts this season. These are made plain; the only trimming, when trimming at all is used, is a band of feathered silk around the bottom.

Pink is greatly worn. Even pink cloth hats are seen, with clusters of ostrich feathers and trimmed with jet. Pink

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

TAKING HIS MEDICINE.

"Come, Johnny, come, Johnny!"
"The fond mother said;
"Your medicine's ready;
Come, lift up your head."

"This little dose three times
A day you should seek,
That you may be well and
At play in a week."

Then Johnny smiled feebly,
His medicine took,
And said, while with meaning
His little head shook:

"Oh, give me six doses,
A day while I'm sick;
Double doses should make me
Get well double-quick."
—[Harper's Young People.]

IT WAS FUN FOR THE DOG.

The other day a novel scene was witnessed on upper Broadway, where the theatres are thickest. There was a sharp atmosphere abroad and the drivers were slapping their hands and stamping their feet in their efforts to keep from freezing. In one such effort one driver dropped his whip. As his assistant climbed over the wheel to get it, a bow-legged, crepeared dog dodged from under a carriage and seized the whip in his mouth, frisked lightly away with it. The driver laughed and shouted and the young man ran after the dog and called and whistled, but the more they laughed and yelled and whistled the funnier it seemed to the dog. He dived under the wagons and played hide and seek around the horse cars, now and then tossing the whip up in the air in sheer exuberance of animal spirits, all the while keeping a weather eye on his immediate pursuer, the whole Broadway world looking laughingly on. Finally in the course of a block or two, after a horse had stepped on the butt and nearly jerked the bow-legged dog's teeth out and a street car had run over the lash and jerked them in again, he dropped the thing in the roadway and capered after his disappearing master, leaving the truckman's assistant in possession, thoroughly warmed up with the chase.

THE FAIRY MOUSE.

"Mamma," said Beatrice, laying her muffin down on the table with as near a bang as a well-raised muffin can make, "there's a mouse in my room. I've told you this before, and if you don't do something about it I shan't sleep there another night. I'm afraid."

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Carey, looking up from the letter she was reading. "I'll have Jane put a trap there today."

"I must say, Tris," said her brother Nat, "that you don't speak very respectfully to mamma. And I'm ashamed of you to think you're afraid of a mouse. A little, timid, brown mouse, that couldn't hurt you if it wanted to. What fraidy-cats girls are!"

"Hold your tongue, Nat," cried Tris in a rage. "How dare you call me a coward?"

"Here, here, children," interposed mild Mrs. Carey. "You make my head ache. Tris, it's time you were starting for school. Nat, aren't you ashamed to tease your sister?"

That night when Tris went up to bed there was a little red mouse trap baited with cheese standing in the corner.

"Ho, ho, Mr. Mousie, you won't trouble me any more," said Beatrice. "Then she jumped into bed and snuggled down under the blankets. Presently as she lay dozing—nearly asleep of course—a curious thing happened. First she heard a crackling of paper, and then a bright light flashed through the room.

"Who lighted the gas?" said Tris sitting up in her little white bed.

"I did," said a squeaky, tiny voice somewhere near her.

Tris looked all around, "I can't see anybody," she said to herself, "but I certainly heard some one."

"Look again," said the same voice; "do look again. Try the third volume of Shakespeare, on the upper left-hand corner of the writing desk."

Tris looked at the place indicated, and there sat a bright-eyed, chocolate-colored little mouse in a big cap and with a La Tosca stick.

"Who are you?" asked Tris.

"Well, my dear," said this curious little mouse. "I'm the good fairy of all the mice who live in this house, and I've come to have a serious talk with you. That's why I lighted the gas so we could see each other and be quite comfortable. Now, what I want to say is this: Do you see that red mouse trap over at that corner? You do? Set there by Jane at your request?"

"Quite right. Now I want to ask you if you think that was quite fair of you? You hear a mouse in here nights, don't you, and you're afraid? He comes in to pick up the crumbs of your sandwich that you eat every night before you retire. That's all. He doesn't do any damage; but you're afraid. Come out here, Jim, and show yourself. Ah! here he is," as a little brown mouse ran up on the desk beside the fairy. "Here he is. Fervent looking, isn't he? Wicked eyes. So extremely large, too. His body, I mean, not his eyes. See how he trembles. He says with fear, probably with rage, however."

"Look at him well. That's what scares you so. Seven brothers he has lost by those frightful traps and now you have set one for him. But of course he ought to die, eh, Miss Tris?"

"No, indeed," cried Tris, "if he really isn't any bigger than that, but you see, fairy, I thought—"

"Dear me, miss," cried a voice in Tris's ear, "whatever are you jabbering about fairies and mice and all that?" and Nora shook Tris till her eyes flew wide open and she saw daylight shining into the room.

"Where's the mouse, Nora?"

"In the trap, sure," said Nora, "but he's not dead at all. I'll take him down to the cat."

"No, no," cried Tris as she sprang out of bed and ran to the trap; "he shall go free." She released the spring and a little shifty-eyed brown mouse jumped out and ran away to the corner.

"Cheep, cheep," he said as he disappeared, and Tris felt sure that was Tim's way of saying "Thank you."

Omaha and the Crow.

There is probably no city in the United States where the common wild crow makes himself as much at home as in Omaha. Here they are as common almost as English sparrows or fawn pigeons, and evince about as little fear of man. All through the winter months, especially when the ground is covered with snow, this beautiful and intelligent but very mischievous bird is a common sight on our by-streets and lanes, and often in the very dooryards in the centre of the city. They seem absolutely without fear of man or boy, and when busily engaged in the enjoyment of a meal can be approached within a few yards before they will take wing. This is all very strange to people who have lived in the Eastern States, where the crow is considered the shyest and most wary of all wild birds.

Just now they are at their thickest in and about Omaha, and great flocks can be seen every morning and evening flying over the city. In the evening their line of flight is from the south and southwest to the north and northeast. In the morning they traverse the same flight back again. For years and years the birds have roosted in the forest of low willows east and north of Cut Off Island, and when the sable hosts are congregating thither in the shades of evening the spectacle is a wonderful one. Omaha's cacophonous would certainly be incomplete without the graven image of the cunning and industrious crow upon it.—[Omaha (Neb.) Bee.]

Baby Language.

The matron of a well managed foundling institution in this city, when interrogated the other day, said: "I am almost convinced if little babies were left to themselves they would form a curious language of their own. In it sounds soft and simple would predominate and gestures would form half the conversation. Have you ever studied the faces of these little sprites and seen their big, bright eyes twinkle and their chubby little fingers and dimpled hands restlessly move without ceasing, day in and day out? Their language would be cute enough and all monosyllables. Without much talk they manage to communicate with each other so as to be understood, and curious little sounds will express their pleasure, disgust, contempt, love or hate. Of course we call it 'baby talk' or 'infants' prattle,' but if they were to work out their own way of communication it would be a regular built language, and a concise one, too.—[Philadelphia Press.]

Infantry Can Endure More Than Cavalry.

On a march infantry will endure the fatigue much better than cavalry, and in a long distance the foot soldiers will outpace the horsemen. Those who doubt this statement should remember that a horse in army service carries about 270 pounds weight, while the soldier carries only his gun and from twenty to forty pounds. Notwithstanding the fact that a ten minutes' halt is made in every hour for stragglers to catch up, cavalry straggle more to the rear than infantry do, and the care of a horse on a long march is a serious matter. The horses are picked animals, but even the best horse is liable to fall lame from the loss of a shoe, or a stone in his hoof, or from some other cause which at first may be entirely unperceived by the rider.—[Globe-Democrat.]