

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

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

A BABOON is a well-known character in the Cape Colony of South Africa, but more particularly in the neighborhood of Port Elizabeth. The history attaching to him is a curious and probably unique one. The signal man, his owner, was, through no fault of his own, run over by a passing train, and had to have both legs amputated, which would naturally incapacitate him from work, but the idea struck him to secure a baboon, and train him to do his work. This he has successfully accomplished, and for many years the one in question regularly looked after the levers, and did the hard work of his afflicted master. The animal is possessed of extraordinary intelligence, and has never made a mistake. Of course, the human servant works the telegraphs, and the baboon the levers, according to instruction; and taking into consideration the fact that at the station in question, Uitenhage Junction, and about twenty miles from Port Elizabeth, there is a large volume of traffic, the sagacity of the creature is really wonderful. At first passengers raised a strong protest against the employment of the animal on the score of risk of accident, but the baboon has never yet failed during his many years of work, and on more than one occasion has acted in a manner simply astounding to those who never had personal experience of the intelligence of these brutes. One of his most noteworthy performances was the correct switching of an unannounced special train on its correct line in the absence of the signal man. The latter lives about a mile up the line, and the baboon pushes him out, and home, morning and night, and is the sole companion of his legless master.

An old feature of the Harmanus Bleeker Hall at Albany, where the New York Republican State Convention held its meeting, is two large seats in the orchestra chairs, a third of the distance from the stage to the family circle, which are a size and a half in width as compared with the other chairs in the auditorium. The delegates from New York county occupied the space about these two chairs, but no person was allowed to sit in them, and that fact drew out the curious story of their ownership. Harmanus Bleeker was a citizen of Albany who left a legacy many years ago to that city corporation to be used for the public good when it had been increased by the interest accretions of years to the sum of \$100,000. When it was determined some years since to build the great hall which bears its patron's name more money was required to carry out the plans of the architect than the \$100,000. One of the citizens of Albany who contributed a large sum of money for this purpose was Mr. Avery Herrick, a merchant, who is a very large man. His good wife is a very large woman, and one stipulation which he made in his subscription was that two large seats should be placed in the hall for himself and wife, in the best possible location, which should always be at his command for occupation at any entertainment or gathering which might take place in the structure. His proviso having been accepted, every lease of the hall for any gathering contains the stipulation that these seats are not to be occupied, but are subject to the presence of Mr. Herrick and his wife.

Violins made by the great artist of Cremona have been sometimes bought at fabulous prices, but it is rare that an old guitar becomes almost as valuable as a genuine Stradivarius. M. Uhlmann, a native of Luxembourg domiciled in Paris, has, however, inherited from a deceased uncle a rather dilapidated guitar which has proved to him the source of a small fortune. The uncle was an itinerant singer, and M. Uhlmann wishing, no doubt, to keep up the family connection with the fine arts, was in the habit of going round wine shops with his inherited instrument, with which he accompanied himself as he intoned popular ditties. One evening a semi-illuminated person, whose abhorrent music of every kind, snatched the guitar out of the artist's hands and cracked it on his (the artist's) cranium. M. Uhlmann was assisted by the police in the unequal encounter and the drunkard was carried off to the station-house. So, too, was the broken guitar, as a piece of conviction against the unusual aggressor. A police official while examining the damaged instrument noticed that in its interior there was a roll of papers. These, being pulled out, were discovered to be stock certificates worth \$2,200. The scrip was handed over to M. Uhlmann, as it had belonged to his uncle. The wandering minstrel from Luxembourg was so overjoyed at his good fortune that he withdrew the charge of assault against his aggressor, following up his act of magnanimity by inviting the latter to slip refreshments with him at the nearest tavern.

Taken altogether, the Russian Transcaspian Railway is one of the engineering wonders "of this, the iron bound century." At first it was considered impossible to maintain a road through the shifting sands of the Kara Kum desert, but General Anzenkoff, who was superintendent of construction, overcame what was supposed to be an insurmountable obstacle by covering his railroad with clay and planting the sides with thickets of desert plants and shrubs. But when this had been done and the roadbed 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 doughty General solved the water problem by bringing water in pipes from the mountains, 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 overmode. This difficulty was finally overcome and the road is now in active operation.

Sea captains were yarning about ships which never returned and various dangers of the deep, when a Thomaston

mariner related an experience which, he declared, made his hair rise every time he thought of it. He said: "One trip I made from New York to San Francisco is very distinctly impressed upon my mind. We had in a general cargo, including seventy tons of gunpowder and some railroad iron. We had a very rough passage around the Horn, and were tossed about pretty roughly for a week or so. I could hear the vessel straining, and the cargo groaning and grinding, and it made me pretty nervous, I can tell you. When we reached San Francisco and discharged, I found that thirty tons of the powder had been stowed on the railroad iron. Some of the packages had been broken open by the working of the cargo, and the iron was covered with powder. We swept up several barrels of it and—well, I felt sick to think what might have happened."

A SAN FRANCISCO gentleman is the owner of a black cat which has developed an extraordinary fondness for vegetables. "He is extremely fond of vegetables," said the owner of the cat. "He will be two years old next July. We first noticed that he liked green peas when he was but six months old. Then my wife caught him eating some that had been left on a dish after dinner, and he was stealing them. After that I tried him on string beans, cauliflower, asparagus, and green corn. He relishes them all and cries for any of the vegetables when they are set on the table and he does not get his share, but what he likes most is asparagus. I have known him to eat eleven plain boiled ones, one after another, and he only eats that portion which is soft. Potatoes? No, he seems to draw the line at potatoes, but he fills up on baked beans. He appears to enjoy them as much as does a Bostonian."

Among the curiosities in the Maine State prison is a dress that one of the prisoners, who attempted to escape recently, had made as a disguise. At different times the man, who worked in the carriage trimming shop, secreted small bits of flannel, which he sewed together from which he fashioned a most remarkable gown, with a big bow at the back by way of adornment. The buttons were made from harness trimmings and bits of leather. He also made a hat. The whole outfit, with a razor, chalk for face powder, and a thirty-foot ladder made of waxed ends, was found in the man's cell. Another prisoner had converted an old vise into a jack-screw, and had carried it about.

The approaches to Chinotogau Island, the Virginia gunning and fishing resort, are so shallow that it is sometimes necessary for passengers upon the little steamer that ply across Chinotogau Sound to be carried ashore on men's backs. This service was once very satisfactorily performed by one stout fellow for a party consisting of ex-Secretary Bayard, ex-Congressman Martin, and several other Delawareans weighing considerably more than 200 pounds each. Mr. Bayard was interested to learn that he who came to the rescue was a pensioner of the civil war, but a little astonished at the information that the man drew his pension on the score of a weak back.

SOME twelve miles north of Tuscarora, N. Y., there grows—or, at least, recently grew—a tree or shrub about seven feet in height, the leaves of which were luminous. In general appearance it resembled the barberry, the leaves favoring somewhat the aromatic bay tree of California. At certain seasons of the year the foliage is so bright that on the darkest night it can be plainly seen at a distance of one mile, while the light at the tree is sufficient to admit the reading of the finest print. The luminous substance is a gummy matter on the outside of the leaves, which imparts the same property to whatever it is rubbed on.

There is at the present time in Georgia, a child eleven years old, very little larger than when it was born, and without any bones in its entire body. It has never grown to any appreciable size. It has never talked, and consequently takes no notice of its surroundings. Necessarily it is difficult to keep it alive, but its parents are very devoted to it, and someone stays by it constantly to feed it on milk and water. It is necessary to give it this mixture every fifteen minutes.

A DOUGLASSVILLE (Ga.) paper tells of a quick courtship. A man stopped at a house and asked a country woman for a glass of water. When he had quenched his thirst he asked her if she was married or single. She replied, widow. On which the man said that he was a widower in search of a wife. "Walk in," answered the widow, "and we'll talk the matter over." One hour later the twain were made one by the nearest minister.

In Rockland, Me., is a dog that is a born thief. Its favorite plunder is clothing, and in daily excursions about the neighborhood during the past winter it has pilfered enough to stock a shop. Last week it went into an open hallway, picked up a costly muff and started for home, hotly pursued by a man and two excited women. The owner got her muff and the dog got a beating.

A CONVICT made his escape at Brenham, Tex., in a curious manner. With a number of others he was working on a railroad embankment. When none of the guards was looking the convict laid down in a hollow made by the spades. The gang near him threw dirt over him until he was completely covered. When camp was reached and the roll called the escape was discovered.

SAMUEL LANK of Gardner, Me., ought to know something about rural justice, for he has been a Justice of the Peace and Quorum for fifty years without a day off. He received his first appointment from Governor Fairfield, and at the age of eighty he has been reappointed to deal out more justice.

Fortresses on Wheels.

The big express companies have at last secured burglar-proof cars. Dozens of plans to baffle the desperate road agents have recently been submitted to the officials of the American, Wells Fargo and other companies, and as a result of their labors money will henceforth be carried with absolute security.

The precautions to be adopted against robbery are pronounced perfect by ex-

perits. The highwaymen who attempt to hold up trains in the future will bitterly regret their experience.

"The cars in which the money is to be carried are fortresses on wheels," said Secretary Flag of the American Express Company to a New York Journal representative.

Their construction is such that they are almost invulnerable. They are garrisoned with brave and resolute men, who have a small arsenal on hand for any emergency.

The cars are the property of the roads over which they run, but they are built after designs furnished by the express companies. Iron and steel are the materials of which the cars are constructed. The heavy metal doors are provided with bars, which it would require hours to saw apart.atches which can be opened only from within and ponderous chains give additional security to the door fastenings. Nothing but the power of dynamite or the conviction of a messenger can possibly effect an entrance to the vehicles in which the shining gold and crisp bank notes are transported.

But even after a car has been broken into by the highwayman, another barrier stands between him and the treasure he covets. The precious freight is inclosed in safes which years of scientific study have rendered almost burglar proof. These safes are built into the framework of the car, so that they cannot be rolled into a wagon and opened at the robbers' leisure.

They are provided with time and combination locks, which even the messenger himself is powerless to open, as the numbers of the combination are unknown to him.

DEALING IN DRIED FLIES.

A Central American Insect Whose Bite is Often Fatal.

"I import anything under the sun that I can see any money in," said a downtown commission merchant in answer to a New York Tribune reporter the other day.

"Brought in anything curious lately?" asked the inquisitive visitor.

"Well, no bric-a-brac or curiosities of that sort. I deal in the plain, every-day, homely products of nature, but I think I have something here which will surprise you for all that. What do you say to a box as big as a bale of hay, filled with the compressed bodies of dried flies?"

"Flies?" exclaimed the reporter.

"What kind? Spanish flies?"

"Not particularly Spanish, just Spanish-American. They're from Mexico, and include any kind of fly that flies, and all kinds of flies that fly. I should say, James!" to a boy, "bring a scoopful of those dried flies for this young man to write about."

James went with a grin to a bale in the warehouse behind the office, and came back with a shining brass scoop running over with thin, dry, flat things, which on inspection proved to be flies of all sizes and colors, with a sediment of broken wings and detached legs.

"What are they for?" asked the reporter.

"People buy them to feed to their singing birds. I sell them retail to the dealers, who tell me they are especially good for some birds at any time, and for others at certain times of the year."

"I should say they would prove pretty expensive labor. Just think of the time and money spent in catching so many flies!"

"You forget, young man, that a Mexican Indian is not a Knight of Labor. His time is about as valuable as that of a setting hen. Flies are thicker, too, in the tropical valleys of Mexico than you have any idea of—as thick as blanks in a lottery?"

"Well," continued the speaker, "the Mexican Indian who can no longer sleep in his hut on account of the swarms of flies attracted by the filth which accumulates about his front door, sometimes stung into a desire for revenge on his enemies. Revenge is sweet, and sweeter if there is any money in it. He goes to the woods and collects a number of green twigs of a certain tree. These he lays in a pile on the floor of his hut, with some dry twigs under them. Then from another tree he gets a gum, which he boils into a thin syrup and spreads on the walls of his hut. The flies are attracted by its fragrant and far-reaching odor. They gather to feed on it. When the hut is black with them the Indian sets fire to the twigs on the floor and closes the apertures from the outside. The twigs emit an aromatic smoke which kills the flies, and they fall to the floor in thousands. Then the native's wife dries them while he goes to sleep again."

"Here's a find for you," continued the merchant, as he singled out a bigger fly than usual. "This is a specimen of the man-eating fly of Central America. This is a fly which inhabits the low-lying coast regions of Central America, and is most dreaded by the natives for its fearful stings which follow its sting. Naturalists call it *Lucilia hominivora*. The average specimen is about a third of an inch long. It has a big head, as you see, with the eyes on top. Its cheeks are a golden yellow, its abdomen dark blue with purple bands, its legs black, its wings unusually big, and they produce a continuous and loud buzzing when in motion.

"The person bitten by this fly gets a disease called myiasis. It generally begins with an itching of the nose, then that organ swells and bleeds, next it becomes ulcerated, and in these ulcers may be found the larvae of the fly. The whole face becomes swollen, erysipelas sets in, followed by meningitis and death. One man, I knew, shot himself after he had been bitten, rather than face the torture he knew were certain. Cure is difficult. Subcutaneous injections of chloroform sometimes do good, but as often fail. One man I heard of was cured by lemon juice injected into his blood."

The Larks of Manitoba.

A Winnipeg paper says that Manitoba is one of the most delightful places on the earth in the spring. "Thousands of prairie larks," it says, "salute the day by bursting all together into a splendid explosion of song, pouring out their rich, strong voices from every little height and perch, singing with all their might. They sing all day, and at night joyously hail the moon."

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

PREMATURE BALDNESS.—Writing on the subject of baldness, Dr. W. Joseph Tyson remarks that it is much more common in men than in women, and he considers the causes to be insufficient exposure of the hair, influence of heredity, excessive mental work and great anxiety, venereal and alcoholic excesses, constant washing, and want of pomade. Just how much is due to each cause cannot readily be estimated. The treatment recommended is the use of a light head covering, to be worn as little as possible; washing only about once a week, with avoidance of much brushing, and the occasional application of some form of simple grease or oil.

GOOD OF YAWNING.—To yawn is to do a good deal more than merely "to open wide the mouth through drowsiness or weariness," as the dictionaries tell us. The yawn is an involuntary exercise which nature suggests to us when, in consequence of sleepiness or drowsiness, or of hunger or indigestion, something is needed to restore the system to a state of general activity. Through it and the movements which accompany it the whole body, beginning with the muscles of the throat and face, is stimulated and refreshed, the successive motions extending themselves throughout the entire frame and finally to the feet. "A good yawn," says an eminent authority, "is always slow, and the best uses every articulation in the body—probably every muscle—possibly irreshes every nerve. Not all at once or in jerks, but slowly, in perfect successions or rhythms, with the best possible breathing. Certainly no gymnastics with the single exception of Francois Delarte, never so arranged the same expenditure of force, nervous and muscular, as to result in an equal amount of invigorating effect upon the system." And again we are informed that yawning "embodies all the laws of growth needed for movements that are to give physical growth and refreshment, and some of the laws which govern the growth of the higher growth, so called, of the emotions and the intellect."

COLD AND HEALTH.—Europe and North America, writes Dr. Felix L. Oswald in a paper on "the frost cure," have for years recorded the progress of a phenomenon which one individual calls "the Siberia mystery"—the northward exodus of the more enterprising elements of population. During the last 2,000 years the centers of civilization have moved at least 800 miles nearer the poles; the balance of political and intellectual power has been transferred from Rome and Athens to Berlin, London, St. Petersburg, Boston and New York. Within the limits of our own National territory a similar current is setting toward the frozen table-lands of our Northern border. The overpopulation of the sunnier latitudes cannot explain the exodus, for there is more elbow-room in the Elysian terrace lands of the southern Alleghenies than on many bleak prairies of the far Northwest. The key of the mystery may be found in the stimulating influence of low temperature. Frost is an antidote, and greatly modifies the penalties of our manifold sins against Nature's health laws. It enables gluttons to digest greasy, made dishes; it helps toppers to survive excesses that would kill a native of the tropics in a few weeks. It also counteracts the chronic indolence of exhausted constitutions. The remarkable results of the mountain treatment prescribed by American physicians as a last resource in consumption have been variously ascribed to the purity of mountain air or to ozone, but it is extremely probable that they are simply due to the protracted influence of cold air. Pulmonary diseases decrease with every mile northward from the factory district of the English border to the pastoral regions of sea-girt Scotland, and next to the natives of Senegambia, where indoor work is almost unknown, the Norwegians, Icelanders, and the Yakuts of Northern Siberia, enjoy the most complete immunity from consumption. The frost-cure doctrine is indeed, a logical, and practically, by far the most important corollary of the "germ theory of disease. In a modified form the motto of a Hot Springs sanitarium—"Warmth is life; cold is death"—may become the keystone-principle of sanitary philosophy. Warmth is life; cold, even moderate, is death—not to man—but to myriads of disease germs far more sensitive to changes of temperature.

Social Power of the Astors.

At Newport, several years ago, a young woman maneuvered rather obviously to capture the attentions and presumably the affections of young John Jacob Astor. Mrs. Astor had certain views about the future of her son matrimonially, and these views were not met by anything that the young woman could offer, either in the way of family, wealth, or social position. Mrs. Astor thereupon indicated, in a very polite fashion, her disapprobation of the young woman's sentimental proceedings. The girl persisted, and then the society leader dropped her name from her list, and one day at the Casino, cut her dead. The effect on the young woman's social fortunes was immediate. Within a few days she found nearly all the good houses in Newport shut against her. The owners of these houses knew that Mrs. Astor would not come to them if they were visited by a young woman whose acquaintance she had declined. If Mrs. Astor would not accept invitations to certain houses, the people in those houses could not, as a logical result, expect to receive invitations to Mrs. Astor's house, and the ambitious maiden who desired to marry into the Astor family and who persisted in the desire when Mrs. Astor signified her opposition to the scheme, was sacrificed promptly on all sides and her social career came to an abrupt and unpleasant termination.

Do Married Folks Look Alike.

Whether you remember it just now or not, at some time, I doubt not, you have read long articles or short items on the curious theory advanced by some psychologists that married couples finally

come to resemble each other. Some argue that it is because they are exposed to the same conditions in life; others go further and say that the influences of minds react upon each other, which, in the case of man and wife, brings about a facial resemblance after years of close contact. The Photographic Society of Geneva, Switzerland, with a view to determining the truth or falsity of this psychological oddity, made, during 1891, photographs of seventy-eight couples. These were examined by experts in physiognomy, who decided that in twenty-four of the seventy-eight cases the facial resemblance of husband and wife was greater than that of brother and sister; in thirty cases it was equally as great, and in only twenty-four cases was there a total absence of resemblance.—[St. Louis Republic.

His Ashes Under a Rosebush.

The poetic element in the character of the late C. Jerome Cary, whose body has been cremated at Detroit, will find lasting and beautiful expression if what are said to be his wishes are carried out by his family.

It was his oft-expressed desire that his ashes should be given to his intimate friend, C. C. Whitnall, the well-known florist, to be buried beneath a rosebush of a variety of which he was particularly fond. Only his very intimate friends knew that Mr. Cary was passionately fond of flowers, and of roses in particular. He was in the habit of spending a great deal of time among Mr. Whitnall's flowers, and the latter was well acquainted with the poetic side of his nature. To him Mr. Cary frequently confided his thoughts, and he will know how best to carry out his wish, if it is decided to have it done.

A definite statement as to whether or not his wish would be respected, could not be obtained to-day, but it was stated that if it should be, it would be done within a few days. If it is done, Mr. Whitnall will place the urn containing Mr. Cary's ashes in a spot which he will select in his greenhouse, and plant over it a rosebush in such a position that the roots will strike down into it. He will sink a brick wall around it, to keep other roots from striking it, so that only the rosebush will reach the ashes. Mr. Whitnall will plant a small *Le Marche* rose of which variety Mr. Cary was very fond, and he will nurse it carefully until it becomes a tree. This variety of rose grows to a height of ten or twelve feet and blossoms profusely. It is said that at this time of the year a full-grown tree will have from 1,000 to 3,000 blossoms.

It is learned positively this afternoon that the ashes will be buried under a rosebush as stated above.—[Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The Scarcity of Giraffes.

The scarcity of giraffes is illustrated by the death at London (England) Zoological Gardens of its last specimen. During the last year there have been only two, and now these have successively disappeared. With the diminution of the species and the difficulty of access to the Sudan, owing to political causes, it is thought hardly likely that their place can be supplied for some time to come. The Secretary of the Zoological Society says that "for the first time since May 23, 1836, there is no giraffe to be seen in the society's gardens. Owing to the closure of the Sudan by the Mahdists, none of these animals has been imported of late years, and for the only individual now in the market (an old female) a prohibitive price is asked. During the past fifty-five years we have had in the gardens thirty giraffes, of which seventeen have been bred, and seven reared there. A male, born on April 22, 1846, lived nearly twenty-one years in our gardens. These facts prove that this animal one of the most extraordinary forms among recent mammals) is quite fitted for captivity, and is well worth the expense and trouble incurred on its keep."—[New York Sun.

Genuine Sky Signs.

Londoners are threatened with a new horror. A scientific paper says that genuine sky signs can now be produced for enterprising advertisers by a simple arrangement of mirrors, reflecting glasses and lights. A sort of giant magic lantern can be set up by which images can be thrown upon the clouds. Thus "a pill" may be advertised in letters a hundred feet long, or the name of the latest galvanic belt be visible in the heavens above a dozen counties. But this is not all. These sky signs can be made luminous, so that they will blaze away all night! Heine, in one of his rhapsodies, said that he would like to snatch a burning pine from its Norway mountains and write with it the name of "Agnes" in letters of fire on the skies, but whether he would have cared to adorn the firmament with a blazing description of "How Agnes took Mother Seigel's Syrup and Got Well."—[Man of the World.

The Thief Had the Drop.

Smith was trailing a horse-thief. He had been on his track for two weeks and finally got into a small town in Dawson County about fifteen minutes behind him. The inspector learned the man was in a saloon, and he started in after him. Opening the door, and before he could step in or out, he was surprised to find his horse-thief was prepared for him. With his gun pointing directly at his pursuer he called out, "I've got the drop this time, Mr. Inspector. Don't reach for your gun, but come and take a drink." Smith laughingly accepted the invitation, but two days afterwards he got the drop, and that same horse-thief is now over in Deer Lodge. It is between such men as Smith and the rustler that the war is waging in Wyoming, and no one can doubt it will be to the death.—[Helena Independent.

A young woman in Blaine, Me., whose father died in Andersonville prison, draws a Government pension on that account, and she needs it. She is only 28 years old, but her chest measure is 61 inches, and she weighs 415 pounds. She is unable to stand longer than a minute or two.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE American notion of the Zaitan of Turkey is that he lives a life of perpetual indolence, and that such a thing as a practical idea ever entering his royal brain is quite impossible; but, judging by a recent report, he must possess some ability that few of his Oriental friends credit him with. It is stated that he is the inventor of a telegraph instrument, and that he is desirous of exhibiting it at the World's Fair next year. It will indeed be a novelty to see a telegraph instrument invented by a Turk.

A LOCAL paper tells how Miss Lena Woodard, of Thion Creek, Wash., sowed the seed from one head of barley four years ago. She harvested the crop with a pair of shears and sowed the amount received the next year, again harvesting it with her shears. The third crop her father cut with a grass scythe, getting enough barley from this crop to sow forty acres last spring, which averaged forty bushels to the acre when threshed, making a total yield of 1,600 bushels from one head of barley in four years.

Among the striking sights of New York are those to be seen at the docks. It is as interesting to look at a steamship load of Americans bound for Europe as to look at a steamship load of European immigrants coming into port. The outward-bound Americans are apt to be less picturesque in their garb than the incoming foreigners. It is estimated by the agents of the steamship companies that more than 100,000 Americans will visit Europe this year, and that at least six times as many Europeans will come to the United States.

THE testimony of Mr. Lakeman, factory inspector, before the committee on the store-hours bill sitting at London revealed the terrible fact that the ordinary time of girls and boys behind the counter is from eighty to eighty-six hours a week, or fourteen hours a day. But he knows of neighborhoods where the stores are kept open for ninety-four hours a week, or an average of sixteen hours a day. All the employees are expected to be present during the whole day, beginning at six a. m. and lasting till ten at night. The lower the neighborhood the longer are the hours during which the stores are kept open. In some parts where laborers dwell stores will be open on Saturdays from six a. m. till midnight. Mr. Lakeman said that anemia, dyspepsia, and even varicose veins were produced in girls of sixteen to eighteen years through long hours in stores. On busy days the employees were not allowed more than ten minutes for dinner out of their sixteen hours of work a day and no time for tea. The majority of storekeepers, he said, would hail with joy a law enforcing a uniform limit of keeping stores open.

ONE of the marvels of the recent electrical exposition at Frankfurt was a six-foot electric search light of 20,000 candle power. Schuckert, the Nuremberg electrician, astonished Europe in its construction. Schuckert is now at work on a larger light for the World's Fair at Chicago. It will be seven and one-half feet, and of at least 52,000 candle power. The Frankfurt light could be seen plainly at Bingen on the Rhine, forty-five miles away. It is expected that the search light at the World's Fair can be seen at least sixty miles away. Electrical Engineer Sargent is making plans for a tower 300 feet high, on which the big light will be mounted. At a height of 100 feet above the ground will be two six-foot search lights, and the three will suffice to illuminate the skies for miles around Jackson park. Brilliant feats are accomplished with these search lights. Sheets of light can be projected with parallel, converging or diverging rays. When the rays are thrown out parallel a clearly defined sheet of flame seems to be suspended in the darkness. By changing the reflector the rays are brought to focus at long distances from the central station. These lights, turned on the buildings and alternately shot into the heavens or out across the lake, will produce brilliant electrical effects.

A SPECTATOR of the issue of beef to the Indians on ration day at the Darlington Agency, Oklahoma, was much shocked by what he saw. Fifty-three heaves were to be slaughtered for the benefit of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. No one but an Indian would have cared to eat a steak from one of these steers, so gaunt and unwholesome was their appearance. After they had been weighed, the Indians were allowed to brand them in order to identify the hides. The branding was done in a most brutal fashion, the irons often being thrust clear through the skin. Then came the slaughter. The crest of the bluff was lined with Indians, rifle in hand, some standing and others lying on the ground. As a dozen of the cattle were turned loose on the plain, the rifles began to crack—and such marksmanship! The idea seemed to be to cripple the animals, so that they might range to a further distance and offer a mark for fancy shooting. Then began the firing to kill, and about twenty shots rang out before a steer fell, most of them being bad misses. One big steer, after stumbling for 200 feet, went down, thrashing the ground in mad a-ony. The United States lieutenant in charge remarked: "I wish I had a rifle to put some of the beasts out of suffering. Any crowd of recruits could shoot better." The closing scene is thus described: "Before the shooting at the last bunch had ceased, several Indians slipped out from under the bluff with big knives, and made a run for the nearest beaver. Throwing the head back, they cut out the tongue with a few quick slashes. When the crowd on the bluff saw the beaver plying their knives, a wild break of men, women, and children was made. They threw themselves upon the dead meat. A pack of wolves could not have been more ravenous. Hot, juicy, bloody tid-bits were cut from the cattle hardly dead, and eaten as dogs eat. The little babies seemed to like the raw, hot meat as well as their elders. For an hour the banquet and the skinning went on together. Then what was left was cut up and loaded into the wagons. There was one beef for each twenty-five people, but there was no trouble about the division of the spoils. Along in the afternoon they began to scatter to their tepees, most of them sucking a piece of raw beef or an entrail."