

## SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

### ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

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

A curious specimen of linguist lives six miles east of Bronham, Texas. He is Henry Williams, a seven year old negro boy, as bright and quick-witted as any child of his age, but he speaks a language of his own, or, rather, a mixture of languages. He has grown up from a baby in the settlement, which is composed of Poles, Bohemians and Germans, with a thin sprinkling of Americans. The children of these different nationalities have played together and learned words from each other until all of them mix their mother tongues more or less, but Henry has surpassed them all.

His own mother can't understand half he says, and a stranger at sea in his company, for he speaks a combination of Bohemian, German, Polish and English, with the odd negro accent and inaccuracies. His home is not directly on the main thoroughfare, but off on a gin or third-class road, and Henry is always on hand when he sees a wagon or vehicle of any sort coming down the lane to open the gates in hopes a nickel may be given him for his courtesy. He gets more nickels, however, for his linguistic feats than for his attainments in the opening of gates, for his attainments are known to most of the neighbors, and they nearly always stop a while to engage him in conversation—not that they are any wiser from his talk, but simply to hear the awful gibberish of which he is the original and only master.

It is a well-known fact that engines of high speed express like small and large heavy flying birds, such as partridges and grouse, in great quantities, sometimes carrying their bodies long distances. A locomotive superintendent of one of the principal northern lines in England was recently given a dead bird which, though a very rapid flyer, had met its doom through the agency of the iron horse. This bird was a sparrow hawk, and it is now stuffed and may be seen in the Carlton Road Board School Museum, Kentish Town. The engineer of the train relates that he was travelling between sixty and seventy miles an hour near Melton, when just on the point of entering a long tunnel he observed fluttering in front of the engine some object which he at first mistook for a rag, but when, on leaving the tunnel, he went forward, he discovered, to his astonishment, that it was a sparrow hawk, which had become entangled between the hand-rail and the smoke-box of the engine, and was held there firmly by the pressure of the wind. It was not until the train had taken out of this curious death-trap. There is no doubt that it met its death accidentally, as a hawk can fly quicker than the fastest trains travel.

The officers of Yankton College, South Dakota, have hit on a novel plan to get out of debt and raise an endowment fund. Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, has offered to build the college and hall, at a cost of \$50,000, provided the friends of the institution paid off its debt and raised an endowment of \$100,000. In order to do this the trustees have issued the following pledge, which they are soliciting people all over the state to sign. "In order to enable the trustees of Yankton College to secure the conditional gift of \$50,000 from Dr. D. K. Pearsons, I hereby agree to put in during next season—acres—for Yankton College. I further agree to sell this grain as soon as I can conveniently do so, and to pay over the proceeds to such person as the trustees may designate to receive the same." Accompanying this form is a brief history of the institution, from which it appears that Yankton College was the first institution for higher education established in the Dakotas. It is now ten years old. It has accumulated property to the value of \$130,000, but in maintaining itself and erecting its two buildings, it has incurred an indebtedness of \$10,000.

A horse ran away with a buggy the other day, and smashed the window of a bank in Akron, Ohio. The story of the broken window circulated from mouth to mouth and presently, after the manner of the crowd story, it became a broken bank. Nothing was needed. By twelve o'clock that day there were hundreds of money-mad and frenzied men and women around that bank scrambling to withdraw their deposits. The broken plate-glass window only served to increase their excitement, and all attempts by the bank officials to explain the situation were howled down. By the closing hour in the afternoon thousands of dollars had been drained from the vaults of the bank, and but for other banks coming to the assistance of the unfortunate institution that night by distributing circulars around the city telling depositors that they (the other banks) would cash all checks, properly certified, on the bank with the broken-plate window, the run would have continued the next day and resulted in "busting" the bank, for there is no institution that can withstand a run without a warning.

"I was recently in Japan," says an American, "and I met there several American and German doctors who were getting rich by straightening the slant in the Japanese eye to make it look like the beloved Caucasian's optic. The Japanese, you know, show the traces of their Mongolian origin more plainly in the shape of their eyelids than in the color of their skin, and those who can afford it are ridding themselves of this unmistakable evidence of their despised ancestry by submitting to a simple, and comparatively painless surgical operation, which consists in the surgeon slitting the outer rim of the eyelids in a straight line for the barest infinitesimal part of an inch. The wound is then covered with a thin piece of chemically prepared sticking-plaster, the faithful subject of the Mikado goes on about his business as if nothing had happened, and in a few days the wound is healed and he looks on his envious fellows through lids as straight as the American's."

One of the most ingenious specimens of woodwork made in this or any other country is the work of William Kelly, of

Lenox, Mass., and is called "Sunset." It would be a difficult task for a painter to do it better in oil and colors than Mr. Kelly has in wood. At a distance of three yards the most practiced eye cannot distinguish it from a painting, yet, on closer inspection, it is seen to be composed of minute pieces of wood. The whole of this most remarkable work is made up of 115,000 pieces—1,600 pieces to each square inch, each piece being but the one-fortieth of an inch square! The effect of colors is produced by the variety in the hues of the different kinds of woods, as well as in the manner of cutting the pieces, which was sometimes with and sometimes across the grain. There were forty varieties of woods used in the mosaic, and Mr. Kelly worked seven years in completing it.

According to the statement of a well-known railway official, a fast express which was recently put in operation "is the best paying passenger train in the country." This remark, the New York Tribune, is good news for all who believe that better time can be made on our railways with safety. Where one road leads the way successfully the others are bound to follow; and when it is shown that faster trains pay well faster trains will be in order everywhere. Thousands of travellers would be willing to pay a slight fare for the sake of saving a few hours' time in a long journey. Safety can be made to go hand in hand with speed. In fact, it is asserted on high authority that no accident to a fast train has been due to high speed alone or mainly.

There is a curious lake in Hungary, known as the Neusidler See, sixteen miles long and six miles wide in its broadest part, which has no tributaries, but derives all its water from the rainfall that drops into it. It is a very large lake to be supported wholly this way. There are no mountains very near it, but it occupies a slight depression in an almost level plain. Once in a while the lake has dried up, and within the past two years it has lost half of its water, and now its depth is only three feet. The Hungarian Government has decided to do away with this lake, and has commenced to dig a canal by which the precipitation will hereafter be drained away from the lake bed. Some thousands of acres of rich farming land will thus be obtained.

The immense hospital Lariboisiere, at Paris, France, is reported to have been made almost uninhabitable by immense numbers of rats infesting the building. A patient that had been at the hospital writes to a paper: "A fortnight ago a rat jumped at the throat of a patient in the Ambroise-Pare hall during the night. Poison was laid, and a few days later a terrible odor filled the whole place. The floors had to be taken up and dead rats by the hundreds were taken out. The hospital authorities made a contract with a professional rat catcher, who started operations at once. But little relief has as yet come to the institution. The warden of the place told a reporter that the hospital authorities did all they could to obtain relief, but as yet prospects were rather gloomy."

The Judge of Belgaum, India, had recently before him a case in which a man was charged with the murder of a child for its bracelets and anklets, which were of cheap silver and worth about twenty rupees. The murderer had pawned them for four rupees. The evidence as to his guilt was overwhelming; indeed, he did not deny the charge, but pleaded that he committed the crime under the impulse of a pain in the stomach, and he went so far as to ask that that organ should be opened in order that the truth of the allegation might be clearly demonstrated. The judge, however, declined to have the operation performed, found the prisoner guilty and sentenced him to death. The sentence was confirmed in the usual way before the high court of Bombay.

H. H. GRESHAM is a queer old Englishman who runs a hotel at Paola, Kan. At each mealtime he appears at the head of a wonderfully long table and assigns his guests to seats at his right and left. He wears a monstrous white apron, and, standing, gets a reign of silence by a rap of the handle of a huge carving knife on the table. Then he says grace, asking the blessing in a tremulous voice that makes the wildest think a little. Then he carves. He can call each guest by name from seeing them register, and he asks them what portion of fowl they prefer. It is refreshing after ordinary hotel life.

The debt of the world on June 1, 1890, deducting the sinking fund, is put down at \$30,000,000,000. This gives a per capita debt of the people of the civilized world of \$32.35 for each individual. The National debt of the United States is \$891,990,104, which makes the per capita indebtedness \$14.24, or only about two-fifths as much as the average for the entire world. Another gratifying feature is in the fact that the per capita of our National debt now is less than one-half of what it was a short decade ago. In 1880 the per capita of our National debt was \$38.33; in 1890 it was \$14.24.

Two or three weeks ago, according to the *Gastonia* (N. C.) *Gazette*, Jack White's boys brought home two baby flying squirrels. Mrs. White directed the boys to give them to the cat. It so happened that the cat at the time had a nest of little kittens. The boys put the squirrels in the nest with the kittens and they are with them yet. The squirrels boarded right along with the kittens in peace and unity, the old cat concurring. They have grown and flourished on their diet and are shy of surroundings only when frightened by unusual noise.

A COMMITTEE of the English house of commons in the course of an inquiry regarding the hours of work in shops has discovered cases in which shop assistants, or clerks, as we should call them, are compelled to labor ninety-four hours a week, or nearly sixteen hours a day, six days in the week. The average working hours in the shops of the poorer districts are about eighty-four a week, and this at excessively low wages and under the most unsanitary conditions.

Mrs. MORTON ANDREWS of Tariffville, Conn., captured a tremendous hen hawk in a peculiar manner. Her canary bird was kept in a cage near the window, and the window being clear, the hawk saw the bird. He made a dash for it,

smashed the glass and missed the cage. It was so stunned that Mrs. Andrews had time to recover from her fright and throw a blanket over the hawk and hold it until she could get a cage to put him in.

With 300,000 Russian troops quartered in Poland and more on the way to the frontier, the European war cloud appears to be in better shape than for several years past.

### RELIABLE RECIPES.

**COOKING CABBAGE.**—Almost every one likes cauliflower if it is properly cooked, while few admit a fondness for cabbage. Yet it belongs to the same family, and can be made to taste much like cauliflower. It should be first parboiled for ten minutes, in a kettle of salted water; then drained and cooled, and again put in fresh water and cooked until tender. Served with a cream sauce in the same way that we have cauliflower or asparagus sent to the table, it is delicious. We cannot free ourselves too soon of the idea that this vegetable must be boiled with corned beef and eaten with vinegar.

**CHICKEN AND MUTTEN BROTHS.**—Here are two receipts for chicken and mutten broth for invalids. For the former cut a young fowl into four parts, wash these well in cold water, and put the pieces in a stewpan with one quart of water and a little salt. Let it boil on the stove, skim it well and then add the heart of a cabbage. Boil the broth for an hour if the chicken is tender, but proportionately longer if it is tough, and then strain into a basin.

For mutten broth take three pounds of the scrag-end of a neck of very fresh mutten; cut it up in several pieces, wash them in cold water and put them in a saucpan with a quart of water; place it on the fire to boil; skin and add a couple of turnips cut into slices, a little parsley and a little salt; let it boil slowly for an hour and a half, skim off the fat from the surface, strain through a fine sieve into a pitcher and keep for use.

### Remains of a Huge Animal.

Some weeks ago, says an Irish contemporary, the workmen who are at present engaged in making the necessary excavations on the County Antrim side of the river for the new deep-water branch dock for the Harbor Commissioners found the greater portion of the skull of a large animal, which has been identified beyond all doubts by experts as that of the gigantic Irish deer (*Cervus giganteus*). It is evidently part of a remarkably fine head, being equal in size to the largest specimens in the Kildare Street Museum, Dublin.

This interesting discovery was made in a stratum of peat about 3 feet in thickness, and at a depth of 24 feet below harbor datum—that is 23 feet below ordinary low water level in the River Lagan, which is close by. It lay, therefore, not less than 34 feet from the present natural surface of the ground. This stratum of peat was also found on the County Down side of the river when the Alexandra graving dock was being constructed a few years ago.

It may be of some interest to note the curious habits of strata has been identified beyond all doubts by experts as that of the boulder clay, then fine red sand, then gray sand, next the thin layer of peat, in which the skull was found, then another thin layer of estuarine clay, in which upward of fifteen varieties of fossils have been found, then a thin bed of yellow sand, and top of all a bed of clay and sand of recent formation.—*[Fall Mail Budget.]*

### Transmitting Your Autograph.

M. Marc Halleot, the celebrated electrician who exhibited so many electric marvels at the late Paris Exposition, is making arrangements to put one of his telegraph machines before the public at Chicago in 1893. The machine that will be shown at the great Columbian Fair is reckoned as a wonder, even by electric experts, who ought to know what curiosities in that line really are. The invention is said to be an offshoot or outgrowth of a similar machine invented by our Edison five or six years ago. With a well-regulated little instrument of the character named one can sign a check or other document, although he be a hundred or a thousand miles from the point where his autograph is desired. The modus operandi is described thus: The writing to be transmitted is first impressed on soft paper with an ordinary stylus. This in turn is mounted on a cylinder, which, as it revolves, makes and breaks the electric current by means of the varying depths of the indentations on the paper. At the receiving end of the wire a similar cylinder, moving in accurate synchronism with the other, receives the current, which chemically prepared paper, on which it transcribes the signature in black letters on a white ground.—*[St. Louis Republic.]*

### Writing With the Left Hand.

From the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*: The number of men who can write legibly with the left hand is very small in this country, where the fact of being ambidextrous is not appreciated at its full worth. Sir Edwin Arnold remarked while in St. Louis that in Japan every child is taught to write with either or both hands, and he hinted that this was not the only evidence of sound common sense he met with while in the kingdom of the Mikado.

I learned to write with my left hand some years ago, in consequence of the impression created in my mind by reading the arguments of Charles Reade on the subject, and now I change my pen from hand to hand on the first impression of weariness.

There have been many remedies suggested for what is known as writer's cramp, and many writers alternate between the pen and the typewriter; but the simplest plan of all is to acquire the art of writing with either hand, and change from one to the other on the first suspicion of fatigue. It is quite easy for a child to learn to write with the left hand, and although after the muscles have got set with age it is more difficult, almost any man can learn to write with his left hand in a week, and to write about as well with one hand as the other in less than a year.

## THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

**A NEW TREATMENT OF Hiccoughs.**—This disagreeable phenomenon is caused by a sudden spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm, producing a brisk jar of the abdominal and thoracic walls, and accompanied by a hoarse and inarticulate sound caused by the tightening and sonorous vibration of the vocal cords.

Up to the present time the treatment of this difficulty has been very uncertain; at one time directed against disorders of the digestive respiratory and other organs on which it seemed to depend, and at another, following merely the symptomatic indication, making an absurd use of disease-suppressing, bleeding, antispasmodic drugs in a word, the so-called resources of empiricism.

In one of the last meetings of the Academie des Sciences de Paris, M. Leloir called attention to a method of treatment by compression of the phrenic nerve to which he had recourse five years ago in the following circumstances:—He was shown a little girl, twelve years of age, who had been hiccoughing incessantly twice a minute for a year. This infirmity interfered with her sleep and with her growth, and had reduced the child to a very poor condition of health. The little patient's father had consulted a large number of physicians, who had advised a great variety of forms of treatment. The idea occurred to M. Leloir to use compression of the phrenic nerve at the neck, a little above the inner extremity of the collar bone. The action of the diaphragm depends on this nerve, the section of paralysis of which puts a stop to its contractions. This compression, made with the fingers, was quite painful and lasted three minutes, but at the end of that time the symptom had entirely disappeared and has not occurred again since.

M. Leloir has applied his process a number of times to put a stop to acute or chronic hiccoughs, and has always succeeded by pressing for a few minutes or even a few seconds on the phrenic nerve at this point. This process is so simple and so practical that it will no doubt find a great many applications.

**CARE OF THE MOUTH.**—Among the prominent revelations of the more recent studies of disease is the fact that so many ailments are derived from without, and are not the direct result of changes that are solely dependent upon primary lesions in organs. Most of the diseases spoken of as specific either originate entirely from without, or have their first declarative evidence when some microbe from the air enters and settles upon the susceptible part. This generally means that the mouth and throat are the great conduits for the introduction of disease—the one class making their entrance into the digestive, and the other into the pulmonary or breathing apparatus. Beside the recognized contagions of smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, etc., it is now claimed, by good authorities, that pneumonia and many ordinary catarrhs are distinctly communicated from the outer air.

To these the mouth and fauces are related in two ways. If these are in an unhealthy condition they emit germs which infect the air, and which is especially injurious to the one who most directly breathe in the outgoing breath. Next an unhealthy condition of the mouth makes it peculiarly susceptible to disease-bearing particles contained in the outside air, and thus invites the sedation and development of disease. The mouth and throat are made up of a series of marvelous structures. Beside glands for lubrication and for the furnishing of digestive juices, the mucous membrane of the tonsils are filled with crypts and thickly coated lymph follicles and abundant lymphatic and blood vessels, so as to be prepared for an activity of service which almost entitles the tonsils to be called organs.

In addition to the chief tonsils the lymph tissue is so abundantly distributed in other parts of the buccal cavity as to have become designated by different names, such as the agular pharyngeal and discrete tonsil. Dr. Hingston Fox has called all this lymphoid tissue the nursery for young bacteria. It is so abundant as to furnish a great outspread surface for absorption, so that we have not only the secretive function of the mucous glands, but an absorption apparatus in most intimate relation to the entire lymphatic and circulatory system.

There is more and more reason to believe that many diseases are local in their origin, constitutional and that the implanting and development begins in the tonsils or other parts of the buccal cavity—in other words, that the disease is local in the mouth and throat before it invades the system. This is now very fully recognized as to diphtheria and not unlikely is true of most of the contagious diseases. Nor is this beginning accidental. There is not only this local progress and distribution of disease, but the soil is fully prepared by the condition of the mouth structures. It is, therefore, most important that minute attention be given to the mode of breathing and to the condition of the mouth and throat. First of all remember that the nose and not the mouth is the chief organ for the in-breathing of air.

The nostrils are the avenues, the wind-pipes for the lungs. By their moisture, their minute hairs or cilia and their tortuous course they are admirably fitted to warm and to help to purify the in-breathed air. It is no useless precaution to warn those exposed to concentrated contagion to keep the mouth closed and do all breathing through the nose. Next to this, cleanliness of the mouth is a most important consideration. The sweet, pure breath, and the perfect condition of the mucous membranes, the follicles, the teeth and of the entire buccal cavity is not easy of attainment. In it lodge particles from our food which easily become septic, and to it both from within and without is too often furnished an atmosphere which in its worst forms declares itself as bad breath. The foulness of air and the need of ventilation is not so much because of the carbonic acid in the air as from the organic matter in a mobile or decaying state. Especially where there are assemblages, as in schools and public rooms, the bad breath of a dozen persons is more polluting than that of a hundred whose mouths are in a perfectly

healthy and normal condition. Hence we cannot too much insist upon mouth rinsing and frequent cleansing of the breath, as indispensable to young and old. Often there is need to add the use of some pleasant disinfectant, as thymol, borax, etc. The subject is a most important one, not only in relation to the health of the individual but to the prevention of disease. It is now well understood by physicians that in those who are exposed to diseases we are apparently able sometimes to prevent contagion by early and close attention to the mouth and its secretions. Topical application to the throat and the frequent administration of such substances as the tincture ferri chloridi, quinine, potassium chlorate, etc., are for the purpose.

This not only are the exposed surfaces of the mouth and throat protected, but the liability of transmitting disease to others is greatly diminished. The care of the mouth and teeth should be an early subject of instruction in each school. Spitting on the floor or in handkerchiefs is to be avoided, and where there is the least disease all expectoration should be received in a disinfecting solution or burned.

In addition to this, the habit of breathing through the nose is to be insisted upon, as well as the evils of mouth breathing and excessive talking in very cold or damp air.

Now that so much is said as to the prevention of disease by isolation, we are also to study what can be done by systematic cleanliness, and with especial reference to the mouth and its secretions. Children should use the tooth-brush, for no other reason than that, as a consequence, there is rinsing of the mouth. The use of ordinary disinfectant as a mouth wash is valuable. We believe there is a most need of more rigid inquiry into mouth conditions, and that in all schools the subject of mouth care should be impressed upon the pupils.—*[Independent.]*

### CARVING THE TEA ROOT.

#### A Curious Industry in Which Many Celestials Are Employed.

For more than a hundred generations there has been a guild of artists in this populous province of Fo-kien whose life-work is the conversion of the gnarled and interlaced roots of the tea tree into things of beauty, that is, beauty from a celestial point of view, says a writer in the *Collector*. The herb whose leaves gladden western palates in the form of Oolong, Hyson and Souchoong, is a hardy plant and takes a firm hold on mother earth. Its roots seem to have no regular law of growth. Sometimes they develop very much as a beard sprouts from the chin; at others they separate and move along parallel lines as if they were a lignose centipede. In general it may be said that they make one large, clumsy mass from which shoot out anywhere from three to thirty rootlets. Their surface is never smooth, but always irregularly corrugated. The value of a root depends upon its size, its outline, its freedom from decay and its suggestiveness of some everyday object. It is rare that a main root or root mass is more than six inches in diameter. Such belong to trees ranging in age from thirty years to a century. Infrequently they attain to twelve and fifteen inches, and are then said by Chinese experts to be 400 and 500 years old.

The roots are dug from the soil and allowed to thoroughly dry in the open air under a shed or else in a moderately warm room. The loose earth is carefully removed, as is the loose bark and all pieces decayed, cracked or worm-eaten. The artist then determines what is to be. The favorite types are dragons, buffaloes, cows, carnivores, bears, mandarins, priests, howling dervishes, dancers or mythic heroes. If the root cannot be worked into one of these shapes it is converted into a pedestal or platform for a figure piece. The primary operation consists in sawing it into rough shape. This is done with a fine cross-cut, and the clean edges removed by rubbing them on tiles or bricks. Sometimes a root is bent by softening it with steam or boiling water and then twisting it in any desired direction.

Now comes the hardest task of all. The most valued piece is that which shows no art and seems perfectly natural. The carver goes over the block, removing here a fiber and there a set of roots, here thinning out one on the under side and forcing it down, and there burning another and expanding it at the broad point. I have one in my drawing-room which is a capital figure of a dragon, roaring and opening his jaws as if to spring upon his prey. Careful examination shows that nothing has been added to the mass, but that hundreds of fibers, knots and corrugations have been skillfully removed.

In nearly every instance a human figure made in the same manner or carved from a wood of the same color or else made partly from tea roots and partly from carved wood is added to the first piece. The designs are endless in this field. Learned men lecturing birds, mandarins standing on dragons, boys riding cows and other ridiculous quadrupeds, dancing beggars, men fighting each other, are the commonest groups, but of the more uncommon there are thousands. One famous artist in Foochow claims to have produced, with the aid of his apprentices, over fifty thousand different designs, and, judging from his stock on hand, his claim seems reasonable enough.

The tea-root carvings are seldom very costly, running from 50 cents to \$100. Nine-tenths bring less than \$2 each. A handsome set of a dozen can be purchased for \$20, which will decorate a drawing-room or hall better than bric-a-brac many times more expensive. The figures are strong, durable and in no danger of fracture by Bridget or Ah Sin. Outside of their aesthetic value they are of interest in showing the wonderful ingenuity and economy of our Chinese cousins.

A pneumatic tube connects Paris with Berlin. It is used for postal purposes, and makes it possible for a letter mailed in Paris to be delivered in Berlin in thirty-five minutes. If the tube could be enlarged sufficiently, it might be used by either France or Germany to surprise the other with an army, and as little the quarrel that has existed between the two nations for so many years.

## THEY FOLLOWED COPY.

### How a Space Writer Lost a Chance to Try Married Life.

"Horror! what an obscure hand you write!" said the literary editor to the new space writer as he turned in a bit of poetry. "Oh, it's plain enough," interjected the poet, hastily. "The rhymes and the meter will help the compositor out, and there'll not be the least bit of trouble if they just follow the copy."

And the manuscript went hustling up the tube to the composing-room, says the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

"Say, what dod-gasted chump has been sendin' in his Chinese laundry bill for copy?" wildly yelled out slug 10, wiping a sudden burst of perspiration from his forehead and gazing at his last take. "I can't make head or tail out of this thing!"

"Well, Chinese or no Chinese," cried the hurrying foreman, "make whatever you can out of it and snag it up in mighty short order, for we're late now."

And the type fairly jumped from the case into the stick.

"Good Caesar!" gasped the proof-reader, clutching at his brow. "Are my eyes failing or is this a premonition of nervous prostration?" Then he rubbed his eyes and stared. "By the gods! either I've got the blind staggers or slug 10's on a royal toot!"

At that instant a scream came down the spout: "Rush that proof along for heaven's sake! We're late!"

The proof-reader groaned, galloped down the column, hesitated, and then desperately thrust the slip into the tube, huskily murmuring: "I compared it with the copy and that's as near as I can get to Hebrew these days."

That night the new space writer hurriedly wrapped up and addressed a copy of the issue without a glance and dropped it into the mail, with this brief note:

My Oldest Sweet and Dearest Marie: I send you a number of the Sunday supplement containing my little poem. Your face was an ever-present inspiration to me when I wrote and happy thoughts of you inspired every sentence. Here you will find expressed what I have ever felt toward you, but have hardly dared to voice before. Till death, etc.

Miss Marie Cortland Van Clifton

graced through the tender note, blushed with pleasure, and hurriedly, opening the paper, read:

When the breeze from the bluebottle's blustering blim  
Twirls the toads in a tooroomaloo,  
And the whiskery whine of the wheedlesome whim  
Drowns the roll of the rattatattoo,  
Then I dream in the shade of the shally-goshie,  
And the voice of the bally-mo-ay  
Brings the smell of the stale poppy-cods blum-  
mered in bliss  
From the willy-wad over the way.  
Ah, the shuddering shoe and the blinkety-blanks  
When the punlung falls from the bough,  
In the blast of a hurricane's hickety-banks  
Over the hills of the hocketty-how!  
Give the rignarole to the clangery-wang  
If they care for such fiddle-de-dee;  
But the thimblebobs of the wangery-wang  
Keep the biggly-piggie for me.  
L'ESVOY.  
It is pilly-po-diddle and alibogung  
When the lollypop covers the ground,  
Yet the poldidde perishes plunkety-pung  
When the heart, jenny-cozzies around.  
If the soul can not sleep at the gigglesome cart  
Seeking succuree in the gluggety-glug,  
It is useless to say to the pulsating heart:  
"Yankoo-doodle kor chuggety-chug!"

The new space writer and Miss Marie Cortland Van Clifton are non engaged now.

### Indian Ration-Drawing.

To any one who has never witnessed the distribution of rations at an Indian agency the performance is remarkably interesting. The Government building is ordinarily a barn-like structure, surrounded by a platform, on which the squaws form in line, each with her ticket. As they pass through a door, in single file, a clerk looks at each woman's card and shouts the number of rations to which she is entitled.

Supposing that there are three in the family, she is entitled to twenty-one rations for the week, of course. Her card shows that, and every time it is presented the clerk punches it once. After it has been punched fifty-two times, being good for one year, it is exhausted, says the *Boston Transcript*.

The squaw passes on to another clerk who distributes corn. He has a number of scoops of different sizes, each holding so many rations. The amount of corn due the woman he promptly dumps in her shawl, tied up for temporary use as a receptacle. She then passes to yet another clerk, who gives her the flour or sugar due her, and so on until she has portion of everything, when she passes out at a door on the other side.

Usually the squaws employ the corner of their shawls to hold the various kinds of provender, but at some agencies they are obliged by regulation to bring sacks for the flour.

**COUNTING DUST MOTES.**—Who would think that science could devise an apparatus or instrument for counting the number of dust motes that dance in a bar of sunlight? No one would imagine that such an unheard feat could be carried out with any degree of accuracy, but if we are to believe official reports, that and much more has recently been accomplished by the microscopists. At the Ben Nevis Observatory, Scotland, an attempt has been made to determine the relative purity of the atmosphere. The maximum number of dust particles in a cubic centimeter of air examined with a high grade microscope at the Ben Nevis Observatory has been found to be 12,562, from a "specimen" examined on March 30, 1891. The minimum is fifty-two particles to the cubic centimeter from an examination made on June 15, 1891. At one time a difference of some thousands of particles was noted within a few hours. Observations were taken at 12 m., and again at 6 p. m. The first showed but 26,785 particles, the last 12,682.