

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

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

A GENTLEMAN named Williamson, from Boston, who has been spending several months among the Moqui Indians in New Mexico, tells a strange story of a certain family of the tribe, which is perfectly white. Mr. Williamson says that he saw the Indians himself and knows that there is no doubt as to their color, but he is of the opinion that they are Albinos. He says there is no doubt as to the fact that they are pure Indians, the only strange thing about it being that they have none of the characteristics of the ordinary Albino as seen in other places. The family is known far and wide among the Indians themselves, but as their place of residence is far from the usual places travelled by white men, consequently they are rarely seen by others than the race they belong to. The Indians look upon them as being something holier than the rest of the tribe and hence do not talk about them to outsiders. Mr. Williamson says that the head man of the family says there is a tradition among them that they originally came from the North and settled among this people, but that they have been here so long that they have lost all the characteristics of the Northern tribe. If this story has any foundation it is probable that the original stock came from the tribe of Mandan Indians, who are said to be white and live in the extreme northwest of North Dakota. Mr. Williamson says he will endeavor to see if he can find the Mandans and see if the peculiar characteristics are the same in that tribe as they are in the freaks of the Moquis.

Silas Bolton's old black-and-tan bear Scout makes his master's only cow his constant companion from the time the bear hunting season closes until it opens in the fall. Bolton's cow runs at large, and Scout stays with her from morning till night. One day recently the cow wandered away to Bryans Creek, three miles west of Skinner's Creek, Penn. Scout followed her, and along in the afternoon Amos Jennings, who lives on Maple Hill, three-quarters of a mile from the swamp, heard the bound baying down there. He recognized Scout's voice, and in a moment he heard Bolton's cow bellowing as though she was in distress. Jennings ran all the way to the swamp, and when he came in sight of the cow he found her and Scout giving battle to a bear near the edge of the swamp. Scout was nipping the bear from behind, and when the bear turned to strike him sprang back, and the cow pitched into the bear and gored him till he turned on her. Then the cow would jump out of his way, and Scout would instantly bite the bear's flanks and force him to wheel. The moment he did so the squawky cow would sail into him with a bellow and plough furrows in his fur, bounding to a safe distance the instant the bear turned on her. Then Scout tackled him again, and between the two they made the bear roar and plunge terrifically. He failed to strike the bound or cow, but Scout seemed to worry him the most, and when he made a vicious lunge at the dog the cow drove one of her horns into the bear's left side. The bear roared and raved to get at the cow, but Scout kept him at bay, and within twenty minutes the angry cow gored the bear to death.

All the bluffs along the river in the vicinity of Marshall, Mo., are covered with small mounds, which have always been looked upon as prehistoric and have been called "Indian mounds," yet no one has ever attempted to explore any of them, as they were so small that it was thought they contained nothing except, possibly, bones of some departed red men. Some days ago, however, a young man named Leroy dreamed that he opened a small mound which was on his father's farm and found that it contained a lot of money. He was so impressed with the dream that he determined to open the mound in question and see what was in it. He was afraid his family would laugh at him, so he determined to go about it secretly. He began his work the day following the dream and continued it odd hours until last Wednesday, when he reached a flat rock, under which he found the remains of two skeletons. These bones remained to dust upon exposure to the air, showing that they had been buried for centuries; but there were some things there which did not crumble, and they were several gold ornaments which had undoubtedly adorned the arms of the persons who had been buried there. These ornaments consisted of four rings made of heavy beaten gold. The ends of the rings had been welded together and had been rudely fashioned into the shape of snakes' heads. In the eyes were small stones, which are evidently turquoise, and on the back of the head was a peculiar mark, evidently the totem of the tribe to which the men belonged.

Among the many enterprises in southwest Missouri there are probably some that attract more attention than does the snake farm located three-fourths of a mile due west of Chadwick. The farm proper consists of about five acres, half enclosed by a natural stone wall, or a ledge. On one side of this enclosure is a natural rock cave, and out of this cave runs an everlasting stream of the purest water. This spring being on the highest spot of land on the farm it is easily conveyed to all places where needed. Mr. Childs, proprietor of the farm, has been dealing in snakes and manufacturing rattlesnake oil for over ten years, and finds it quite profitable, as he supplies all species of snakes for exhibition purposes, all kinds of snake curiosities, rattlesnake oil to the drug trade, and charges an admission fee of ten cents to all visitors who come to the farm. He is now fixing up the place for the summer trade, and will have large pens built for the snakes, with a living pond of water in each one, and a platform on the outside where visitors may stand out of danger looking at the hundred different species, all in their natural state, eating, drinking, playing, swimming, fighting, sleeping, &c.

Rosa Solomon, the pretty two-year-old

daughter of Mrs. D. Solomon, who lives in the fourth story of a tenement-house in New York, was dressed for papa's home-coming from the factory the other afternoon. Mrs. Solomon stepped out of the room to attend to some household duty and cautioned baby to keep away from the open window, which looked out upon a network of clothes lines strung across the court-yard. Suddenly the mother heard baby scream. She rushed into the room, but little Rosa was nowhere to be seen. Two washerwomen who were looking over their washing in the court-yard below, however, had seen baby Solomon lean out of the window and grasp a clothes line. Then they saw the line break and toss the child half across the court. There its little body struck another line, which also broke and gave the baby another toss twenty feet further away. Still another line intervened between the falling child and the hard stone flagging and bounced Rosa over into a corner of the court-yard, where she was picked up unhurt save a scratch on her forehead. The child's frock was tattered and torn. She fell fifty-six feet. Papa Solomon measured the distance himself with a broken clothes line.

The next sitting of the International Railway Congress will be held at St. Petersburg, in August, 1892. Among the subjects set down for consideration are—uniform technical terms; frogs and switches; maintenance of track; limit of wear of tires and rails; relation between track and bridge; and track and rolling stock; track for fast trains; control of speed of trains; breakage and wear of steel rails; maintenance of track on metal and wooden sleepers; durability and preservative treatment of wooden sleepers; track and rolling stock on curves; production of steam in locomotive boilers; high pressure and the compound system; high pressure and differential valve gears; rolling stock for lines with light traffic; continuous heating for passenger trains; locomotive running, double-crew system against first-in-first-out system; locomotives, fuel consumption, tubes, tires, lubrication, crank axles, fireboxes, boilers, switch engines; lubrication of car axles, journals, etc. The first sitting of the Congress was held in Brussels in 1885. The Congress is now supported by thirty-two Governments and 244 railway administrations, representing 123,250 miles of railway. The Chinese and Japanese Governments will be represented at the St. Petersburg Congress.

GABE MILLS a well-known hunter and prospector, was sitting in front of his camp tent in the Craig Mountain region of Idaho, smoking his pipe, when suddenly he was swooped down upon by a flock of big white owls. They clutched him with their great talons and they gnashed at him with hooked beaks. They advanced and retreated with swiftness and regularity. Gabe hustled himself into his tent, and they swooped in after him. He couldn't use his gun to any purpose except as a club, and used it thus so effectively that he soon routed the flock, but he was clawed and chawed so that he bled like a stuck pig. When he took an inventory of stock, he found that he had killed twelve immense owls with the butt of his gun. Some of them were six feet from tip to tip. It was a most unusual occurrence, that owl raid on Gabe's camp, and it is a favorite story out around Craig Mountain yet.

The steamship Kansas City of the Ocean Steamship Company, which arrived in New York recently from Savannah, caused the death of a five-foot shovel-nosed shark, says the Sun, in a somewhat unusual manner. Off Hatteras Shoals, steaming along at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, the steamship ran its cutter into the shark, striking the fish square amidships, so to speak. The shark was unable to extricate itself owing to the intense pressure of the water. In a few moments the sharp stem had cut the flesh to the backbone, and this in turn breaking under the strain, the shark assumed the shape of an inverted V, hanging on either side of the bow like an old rope, the head and tail being still connected by the muscles of the back. Caught thus, the shark was towed along by the steamship for some 300 miles, and until the stop at Quarantine, when, released from the pressure of the water, the body slowly sank.

ROMANCE in real life is quite as frequently a tragedy as it is a comedy, and how a romance leaps into view occasionally in real life—seemingly merely to illustrate the proverb that "truth is stranger than fiction"—was never illustrated more thrillingly than in the composing room of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette a few nights ago. The board was strewn with copy, and the compositors were securing "takes," "fat" or otherwise, and hastening away to "set them up," when suddenly a faint, imine compositors faint and tumbled into a heap on the floor. She was taken away and sent home. Some one else finished her "take." The same one else merely noticed that the "take" was a telegraphic account of a suicide in another city. Nothing was thought of this until the next day, when a peep "between the lines" was given, and it transpired that the man who committed suicide was the girl's lover. There were forty compositors being fed by that copy board, and yet this particular bit of copy fell to this particular girl. If a novelist had told the story he would have been accused by half of his readers of telling an improbable tale.

A MAINE paper tells of the queer predicament in which a Biddeford man is. He owns fifty acres of land in the suburbs of Biddeford, which his grandfather left him, but he can't find it. The boundary lines haven't been run for generations. There is some dim record of the original grant at Alfred, but not clear enough to enable him to find out just what he owns. He has had a surveyor at work trying to run lines, but each time he has encroached on land to which others had clear titles. Now the property is advertised for taxes, and a possible solution has presented itself to the owner. He says he is going to let the city sell the land for taxes, bid it in himself and let the city find it for him. The city, he argues, can't sell anything it can't deliver, and can't deliver anything it can't find.

A CURIOUS incident occurred at Ellis

Island, New York Harbor, in the unlooked-for liberation of an immigrant through an unexpected event. A Russian named Zalinski was detained for return on account of his poverty. About the only asset he had was a pet dog and a pup, the latter having two bodies that join at the shoulders, one head and six legs. The agent of an uptown fancier happened to hear of the baby dog and bought the animal, paying such a high price that, with the money, Zalinski will be able to make a start in the New World.

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 are made from harness trimmings and bits of leather.

A SAILOR'S BURIAL.

A Simple But Impressive Ceremony on the Deep.

When maritime Jack dies, he is buried without much undue ceremony. A brief prayer, a shotted hammock, the lee rail, and a sailor's funeral is pathetic in its dignified simplicity. No muster of the ship's company is, naturally, so sad as this, and you can see it on the faces of all when the subdued shrilling of the bowman's whistle is followed by the long-drawn-out and modulated call of "All hands bury the dead!" The men come aft quietly, and take their allotted stations. To leeward, if it be at sea, or upon the port side of the quarterdeck if not in port, the seamen are ranged in the front rank; behind them are the ordinary seamen; and in rear of both, the apprentices and the landsmen. In the gangway forward of the mainmast, on such ships as still have sail power, senior petty officers stand at attention. Around the coffin, folded in the jack or national ensign, are grouped the pall-bearers, selected usually from the dead man's mess or gun division, and close at hand, resting on arms, the marine guard is paraded. Nearest the coffin are the chaplain and the captain, and then in order of their rank, stretch at the other officers of the ship.

The ensign at the peak or staff flutters tremulously at half-mast, and from overhead the yard and stay tackles swing lazily, ready to lift the coffin outboard. When the weather permits the way of the ship is stopped, and, it may be, little flickers of idling steam curl upward, and to leeward like incense, and the wind in the backed and fretting topsails murmurs a dirge. The order to "uncover" is passed gently, and while the beautiful words of the burial service are being read the hush of the living is accentuated by the low accompaniments of sea sounds—by the rumple of eager waters eddying sternward, and by the surging of the breeze in the hollows of the rigging and gear. When the closing prayer is said, the last blessing given, the tackle are manned, the coffin is stripped of its flags and slung in straps, and slowly, reverently, is hoisted above the rail and clear of the ship, until it is poised over the billows. 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