SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

In the western part of South Dakota, is one of the most wonderful natural curiosities in the world, yet it is so little known that even its name is rarely heard outside of the immediate vicinity. This is the cave mountain. This mountain is part of the range, yet it is almost detached from the surrounding mountains and stands in a park. The mountain is literally honeycombed with caverns, which run in every direction through it, and in some places form tunnels which run clear through the mountain. It is estimated that there are fully three hundred distinct caves, not counting those which connect with others as separate ones. From the appearance of some of the cavities they have been used at some time in the past by men who have made their homes there. It is supposed by certain scientists that an ancient race of cave dwellers used them for homes, and probably assisted nature in fashioning them from the rocks in the mountains. One of the largest caverns bears evidences of man's handiwork in that the walks have undoubtedly been smoothed down, and in one place an excavation has been made in one side and a raised dais gives indications that it was used as a sort of throne room. In another cave are the remains of a dungeon. There is a deep cavern, almost circular in shape, about twelve feet from top to bottom. On the sides, at the bottom, are indications that at some time some one has tried to cut steps in order to get out. There were no human remains found in any part of the caverns.

A German statistician recently published the results of his investigation of the relative ages of husbands and wives in the various capitals of Europe. He found that the conditions in Berlin, where the Bureau of Statistics does excellent work, corresponded, upon the whole, with those in other cities. He discovered that marriages are most frequent where the husband is two or three years older than the wife. Women under twenty years of age, however, usually take unto themselves husbands six or seven years older than themselves. The cases in which the man was a year younger than the woman were almost as numerous as those in which he was six or seven years older. The first condition was true of 6.7 per cent of all married couples, and the latter condition of 6.4 per cent. The cases where the husband was six or seven years younger than the wife were also just as numerous as those where he was thirteen or fourteen years older. Only two cases were discovered where the husband was thirty-five years the senior; one case where he was forty-seven years older, and one case where he was the older by forty-six years. One case was discovered where the wife was thirty-four years older than the husband. Twelve and three-tenths per cent of all men who marry women under twenty years of age, according to the statistician, are between twenty-six and twenty-seven years old.

Since the telegraph has been brought to about as near the point of perfection as it is likely to attain, and telegraphic communication has been established to the remotest parts of the world, it has become very difficult for rogues to escape its serching ways. Once in a while a fugitive from justice manages to elude his pursuers, but, the Electric Review thinks, if the party sought is of sufficient importance to be in special request his whereabouts are likely to be discovered. One of the most notable instances of failure in that respect on record is that of Marsh, late president of the Keystone bank, Philadelphia, who has thus far managed to elude arrest, but it is generally conjectured that if certain parties desired his presence his present home could be readily determined. Among the many instances of the detective powers of the telegraph is the discovery of the whereabouts and the arrest of Rudolph Jaeger, the Rothschild runaway cashier, who fled, leaving behind him a defaulting record amounting to $400,000. He was arrested in Ramleh, Egypt, and will be brought back to Frankfort-on-the-Main and made to answer for his crime. But for the telegraph his arrest would have been next to impossible.

Two travelers have lately arrived at Shanghai, China, whose names deserve not an unimportant place in the roll of distinguished explorers. They are captain Bower, of the Seventeenth Bengal Cavalry, and Dr. Thorold, of the Indian medical staff, and their claim to distinction rests upon the fact that they have journeyed through Thibet by the longest route that can be taken through that mysterious country. They followed an imaginary line drawn from the Cashmere frontier in the northwest, to the Chinese province of Szechuen, where it adjoins the southeastern border of the territories of the Delai Lama. They were upwards of ten months in Thibet, and a great part of their journey lay through a series of elevated table-lands, seldom lower than 15,000 feet above the sea level. On approaching Lhassa they were turned back, when within eight days' journey of that city, by the officials; but after some parleying were permitted to proceed on promising not to attempt to enter the Thibetan capital. No foreign travelers have before followed the same route.

Probably no other part of the world, save, possibly, the Yellowstone Park, has so many natural wonders as Modoc county, Cal. The first in point of historic interest is the famous Lava Beds—scene of the Modoc War—a country of rocks, so full of caves that lakes and rivers are swallowed up, leaving nothing but a faint murmur to show their course through the bowels of the earth. In many of the caverns an army of men could hide, and in some places the intense heat of the rocks is evidence that internal fires are raging. In all parts of the country can be found mammoth hot springs belching forth water strongly impregnated with minerals, and often close by will be caves of the purest ice. Medicine Lake is a wonder that draws many visitors annually—a body of water that does not contain a living thing, and at certain hours of the day is full of a gelatinous, sponge-like substance, that sinks and leaves the water clear. At the lake are two mountains, one of pure obsidian, he other of pumice stone, in layers.

It is still an open question whether madstones extract the poison of a mad dog's bite. The following points on madstones were recently given to a reporter by an old Texas hunter: "When a deer was unusally hard to kill, running a good ways after receiving a dead shot, old hunters searched for the madstone in them, locating it generally in the maw, or upper part of the paunch. The color of the deer has nothing to do with it. Forty-five years ago my father shot a deer which ran half a mile after it was shot, although the ball grazed the heart. An examination disclosed in the maw a yellowish or brown stone, somewhat smaller, but the shape of a biscuit. In other deer killed by my father he found these stones of various sizes, generally the size and shape of a nutmeg. My mother saved a number of them, and she found them valuable in curing risings and for use in case of stings by bees and insects. They absorb the poison, which is afterward extracted by throwing the stone in tepid water."

The popular belief that a wound in the heart will produce instant death is erroneous. In most cases it does, but there are some animals and some men who will live quite a while after the heart is torn to pieces. Bears have been known to kill their pursuers after having been shot in the heart, and there are many cases on record in which men have fought desperately after receiving such a wound. A recent shooting at Lincoln, Neb., furnishes an illustration. A man named Montgomery walked out of a dining room after being shot, but the autopsy on his body showed that a bullet had driven a large link from his watch chain into one of the ventricles of his heart.

William M. Davenport, of the town of Leyden, Mass., is one of the most remarkable examples of a man's power of triumphing over natural disabilities. He is totally blind, and has been from boyhood, but instead of becoming a beggar or sitting down for others to support he set out to make a living, first as wood-sawyer, then as a thresher. He now owns a farm of 700 acres and is reputed to be worth $75,000. He knows the geography of his farm and is a good judge of the nature and character of the soil. For years he has been looked upon as one of the best judges of live stock in the county, and he is frequently employed as a judge to guide buyers in the market.

Peter McKeever, a Chicago restaurant keeper, was committed to the detention hospital on complaint of his wife and a friend, George W. Couch. At the hospital a straitjacket was necessary to prevent McKeever from tearing off his clothes and doing injury to himself. McKeever is an American, forty-five years old. "For the last two or three years," his wife said, "he has taken scarcely any solid food, but has subsisted almost entirely upon coffee. Although we tried to persuade him to change his method of living and abstain from coffee, for we saw that it was impairing his mind, we were unsuccessful."

A local paper of Burlington, N. C., says a man of that town has a dog and a calf that have formed a strange attachment. Lately the dog has been given bread as a diet, and as soon as he gets his ration, he hunts up the calf and gives it the bread, which the calf eats and seems to relish. When the calf is fed the dog receives a share of the meal or bran. The only explanation for this attachment is that they have been kept in the same stall for some time.

A party of sportsmen, while on a fishing trip at the head waters of Maiden Creek, in Pennsylvania, placed twenty brook trout tied to a string in shallow water to keep fresh overnight for the next morning's breakfast. The next morning one of the party, on going to get the trout, found two immense water snakes clinging to the string. They had together swallowed six of the trout, and were held fast by the string.

When Mr. Charles Block opened the grave of his wife in Hazlewood cemetery, near Montezuma, Iowa, recently, he found the coffin full of water and his wife's remains petrified to solid stone. It took five men to lift the coffin out of the grave. The woman's flesh was fair and her hair black and glossy as in life. A bunch of roses in her hand had become solid stone. The body had been buried eight years.

A curious people have just been described by Dr. Paul Ehrenreich as inhabiting the Rivers Araguaya and Purus, in Brazil. These are the Karaya, the men and women of whom speak different dialects. Their love of animals, not a common trait in the savage character, is peculiar.

It is said that an incredibly large number of Frenchmen apply every year licenses to wear the decoration of the Lion of Persia. Were it for not the income derived from the sale of brevets of that order, the Persian Embassador in Paris would not be able to maintain his embassy there.

Twins were born to the wife of James Thompson of Mount Vernon, Ind., not long since, one a boy and the other a girl. The strange part of this is the fact that the boy was born with a heavy beard. The child is healthy, well developed and bids fair to live.

There was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Cantel of Wilberton Township, Illinois, recently, a girl baby weighing one and one-half pounds. The child is perfectly healthy, and is probably the smallest child ever born in Fayette County.

An Odd Bug.

A curiosity in beetles which seems a direct successor of Pope's famous gold bug is now in London. It is in the possession of Mr. W. G. Dudley Wyatt, who bought it in the City of Mexico. It is about an inch in length, and not only has it a gold embroidered coat actually sown to its wing cases, but its legs, thorax, head and antennæ are gilded. Mr. Wyatt has taken it to the South Kensington authorities and has promised to present it to them. It is alive, and has a small gilt chain and pin attached to it, and Mr. Wyatt seems to carry it about in all sorts of odd positions, sometimes pinned to his coat, at other times in his waistcoat pocket. He left Mexico, where beetles decorated as his are worn by all the ladies in all the smart sets, and has carried it with him all through the East and India during some seven months. He says it has had nothing to eat during that time, and will live a captive for from three to four years.—[Boston Gazette.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Old matting may still be serviceable by putting it under carpets.

Mica windows in stoves, when they become blackened, should be taken out and laid in vinegar for a little while. The black can then be easily removed by the use of a rag.

Knives should never be put into hot water, which injures them, first by loosening the handles, and next by spoiling the temper of the steel. Wipe them first with a damp cloth, and then rub on a smooth board which has been previously rubbed with a scouring brick or knife powder.

To clean sofa coverings wash them first with warm water and soap, rubbing the covers (which need not be removed) with a flannel rag dipped into the suds; then, before they are dry, sponge them over with a strong solution of salt and water, in which a small quantity of oxgall has been mixed. Allow the air to blow through the room and the furniture covering will soon dry, while the colors and the freshness of the articles will be restored.

Flowers may be kept fresh for a long time by putting a pinch of soda into the water in which they are held. They should not be gathered while the sun is shining upon them, but early in the morning or after the sun has been down for an hour. To revive wilted flowers plunge the stems to about one-third of their length into boiling water. This will drive the sap back into the flowers, causing them to become fresh. Then cut away the third of the stem which has been heated and place the flowers in cold water.

Self-Collected Brides.

It is a surprising fact that the bride is almost always the one to bear the trials and embarrassments of the wedding ceremony with the most fortitude and sangfroid, despite the fact that she invariably is the focus for every eye. A shy, modest-looking little creature, robed in white, will stand perfectly erect, looking the minister calmly and squarely in the eye, without for any instant losing her selfpoise, while the big, blunt, six-footer of a bridegroom by her side is pale and nervous and trembling.

The bride very seldom makes any mistake, either at the ceremony or at the still more trying reception afterwards, while the man is almost always sure to put both feet in it and then flounder about in despair until his better half comes to his rescue and gives him the first chance to appreciate the advantages of having some one to take care of him.

During the ceremony the chances for the groom to make mistakes are not many. The most common one is for him to get names mixed up. At a recent wedding at the most fashionable church below Twenty-third street the groom calmly announced: "I, Annie, take thee, Harold, to be my lawful wedded wife." The bridal party, who were the only ones who heard it, were convulsed, and even the stalwart young minister could not repress a twinkle in his eyes.

Another much-rattled young man, when asked if he took the young woman to be his wedded wife, stared nonplussed at the minister for fully ten seconds, then asked, blankly; "Beg pardon, were you speaking to me?" Still another, when handed the ring, instead of passing it along, began nervously trying to put it on his own finger, and was only aroused by a sharp little pinch.

But most of the small contretemps incident to a wedding can be successfully hidden from the knowledge of the guests, and it is not until the bridegroom is let loose at the wedding reception that the bride really begins to get fidgety for fear he "will do something dreadful," a fear which is often realized.—[San Francisco Examiner.

Malay Running "Amok."

It is a religious fanaticism, a madness, under which a man makes up his mind to kill any one he can until he himself is killed. Brought on by drink or religion or from whatever cause, the process is the same. The madman seizes his kriss and rushes headlong down the street, cutting at every one he meets. To any one who has seen a kriss or a parang further detail is unnecessary.

A man running amok is as a dog with hydrophobia, but the panic caused by the former is by far the worse. Like the mad dog, the mad man is followed by a noisy rabble, who, sooner or later, run into their man and exterminate him. When this vengeful rabble is made up of bloodthirsty Malays and Chinamen, its wild rage and fury is beyond control, beyond description. The clamor and blood-curdling yells of the pursuing crowd, and the ever-nearing shout of "oran amok, oran amok," is an incident which can never be forgotten by any one who has seen or heard it. The bravest quails when suddenly turning the corner of a street his cars are greeted with the cry of "oran amok," and a few yards off he sees a Malay running straight at him, brandishing in his hand the bloody kriss with which he has already slaughtered all in his way. His hair flowing behind him, his sarong thrown away or torn off in a struggle, his naked chest reeking with blood, his eyes protruding from his head and twice their natural size, coming toward you with the rapidity of a deer, every muscle in his herculean little body swollen to its greatest tension, his kriss dripping with blood, his eyes upon you, with dire hate and determination gleaming from them, down he comes upon you, the whole place ringing with the cry of the ever-increasing and avenging crowd behind him, down upon you comes the "oran amok! oran amok!"—[All the Year Round.

"I staid until the curtain fell on the last act." "I think the curtain or something must have fallen on the first act, it was so flat."—[Harper's Bazar.

NOVELTIES IN WAR.

STARTLING DEVICES TO OVERCOME HOSTILE ARMIES.

Uncle Sam's Experiments With New Methods of Destroying His Enemies—The Highest Explosives.

The United States Government is taking active part, particularly of late, in the experiments which all civilized and Christian nations are engaged with for the purpose of discovering more effective means for wiping out hostile armies and fleets, writes a well-informed Washington correspondent. While busy with smokeless powders, the chief object of which is to make the foe visible, the War Department has been keeping an eye upon the "smoke grenades" that are now exciting attention in England. They are filled with chemical substances which, on explosion, produce clouds of dense black smoke, and are designed to be carried in advance by skirmishers and thrown, so as to conceal the troops following. Not less novel and remarkable are the illuminating bombs which are being tested by the Italians. One of them, cast among the enemy at night, will burst and immediately light up the darkness with a power of 100,000 candles.

PROPERTIES OF MELINITE.

One of the most extraordinary of new inventions in warfare is the French explosive called "melinite," which is not only effective for rending and destroying when tarown in a bomb, but also serves a purpose similar to that of the "stinkpots" of long ago. These latter, supposed to have been originated by the Saracens during the middle ages, were utilized as late as the last century by the British, French, and Spanish. Smashed among the enemy they set free volumes of poisonous and asphyxiating gases.

Melinite is only three times as powerful as gunpowder, but it has the great advantage of being entirely safe to handle. Its base is a coal tar product termed picric acid, and it has about the consistency of molasses, being poured into shells and hardening. The fumes liberated by the bursting of one of these bombs are most deadly. Not long ago, for the purpose of experiment, a single one was fired at a vessel on the deck of which had been placed a number of sheep and goats. All of the animals not killed by the fragments of the exploded shell were suffocated to death. One day a French workman, digging out of the ground a melinite bomb that had been fired three days before, was so far overcome by the gases which it still exhaled as to be with difficulty restored.

The object of civilized warfare being not to kill, but to disable or capture the adversary, it has been suggested that shells, instead of being loaded with destructive and deadly explosives, should be filled with powerful though harmless drugs, which, on bursting, would spread a sleep-producing vapor. Thus an entire ship's company might be plunged into involuntary slumber by a single bomb, and in like manner whole regiments and brigades could be forced to resign themselves to sudden and helpless repose, to be revived later by their humane captors. The somniferous gas ought to have nearly as possible the same specific gravity as the atmosphere, so as to be dispersed in the latter and hang in a cloud about the enemy, neither rising in the air nor falling to the ground.

THE HIGHEST EXPLOSIVES.

High explosives, hitherto untried in either military or naval contests, will play a large and important part in the warfare of the future. The most powerful at present known is "explosive gelatine," being fifteen times as strong as gunpowder. It is made by dissolving gun-cotton in nitro-glycerine, the preparations having the consistency of honey. Unfortunately, it is very unsafe stuff to use in battle, because a bullet striking it will set it off by concussion. No explosive is good for fighting purposes that can be touched off by shock or otherwise than by actual contact of fire.

A novel kind of bomb is filled with what the inventor calls "hellofite." The two chemical ingredients, binitro-benzole and nitric acid, are in separate glass vessels, which are broken when the shell is fired, their contents being mixed together by the rapid revolution of the shell and exploded by a time fuse. Wonderful accounts are given of the havoc created by the bursting of projectiles of this description.

Up to the present time no method of throwing high power explosives from guns by means of gunpowder has been proved successful, although one scientific gentleman has wasted $300,000 of Uncle Sam's money in experiments which only resulted in bursting many valuable cannon. However, trials that are being conducted under Government auspices with a new mixture termed "emmensite" seem likely to solve this problem. Until now only pneumatic guns have been found available for such purposes.

Flying machines for use in war have engaged no little attention of late on the part of the inventors. Maxin, the designer of the famous gun, claims to have produced one which can be controlled. He declares that he can fill his aerial car with explosives and hover in it over the city of London, holding that great metropolis at ransom to the extent of as many millions of pounds as he chooses to mention. Thus situated, he can announce his terms by dropping a small package containing a statement of them and his ultimatum of "cash or crash!" His contrivance is a cylinder of aluminum containing a three-fourths vacuum, its collapse being prevented by strong ribs inside. It is propelled and steered by electric gear, and is further sustained and balanced by the wings of a great aeroplane, with an automatic arrangement of a compensatory nature that brings the machine immediately back to the horizontal when it tends to vary therefrom.

BALLOONS IN WARFARE.

The War Department has been recently conducting experiments with balloons for military purposes. It will exhibit at the Columbian Exposition one of its new "balloon trains," consisting of three wagons. One of the wagons carries a balloon packed in a basket, while the other two convey steel cylinders charged with hydrogen gas. When it is desired to send up the balloon it is taken out of the basket, connected with one or more of the cylinders and is ready to make the ascent in fifteen minutes. It attains an elevation of 2,000 feet, remaining attached to the earth by a wire rope through which a copper wire runs.

The copper wire connects a telephone in the balloon car with another telephone on the ground, so that direct communication is maintained. If desired, the telephone wire may be continued to the headquarters of the commanding general, miles away. Meanwhile the observers in the balloon car can overlook the positions and intrenchments of the enemy, being at a safe distance from the hostile lines. Sketch maps can be sent down by means of the wire rope. A plan recently suggested is to send up small captive balloons carrying nothing but photographic cameras, which could be worked automatically from the ground. They would be allowed to drift over the fortifications of the foe, each one taking a series of pictures of whatever was beneath.

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

The new science of experimental psychology aims at measuring the mental capacities of men as the anthropometrist measures their physical capacities.

The "Drunken Sea."—One of the most extraordinary of the natural phenomena of the Mediterannean is called the "Marobia"—from two words signifying the "drunken sea,"—and is produced by the meeting, between Trapini and Cape San Mario, of a southeast with a westerly wind. It is best observed off the southern coast of Sicily. It is heralded by a lurid overcast sky and an ominous stillness; the waters of the sea then heave, rush up on the adjacent shores, and almost immediately retire to their usual level. This action is continued rapidly and constantly for periods ranging from thirty minutes to more than two hours, and while it lasts the fish are said to float helplessly on the surface.

Eggs in the Industries.—The industries in which eggs are now employed comprise an important and widely divergent range—calico printing, photography, gilding, clarifying various liquors, bookbinding, etc. A large business, according to Bradstreet, has sprung up in the preparation of photographic paper with salted albumen, and one establishment alone is said to have used more than two million eggs in six months for this purpose. Many attempts have been made to find a vegetable or animal substitute for albumen, but in vain; thus, a prize of large amount, offered thirty years ago by an English society, for the discovery of a material or process of replacing albumen in calico printing, still remains untaken. Nor are the yolks used in manufacturing, wholly wasted; they also are employed in the arts, and a manufacturer in Vienna some time since commenced the business, on a commercial scale, of solidifying them, thus adapting them to easy conveyance and convenient use.

Might Explain Memory.—A maker of these "test plates" named Webb many years ago made for the Army Medical Museum at Washington a specimen of microscopic writing on glass, says the Lens. This writing consists of the words of the Lord's Prayer, and occupies a rectangular space measuring 1-244 by 1-441 of an inch, or an area of 1-129,654 of a square inch.

The line of this writing are about as broad as those on the test plates, which are 1-50,000 of an inch apart. They are, therefore, about as wide as average light waves. Now, then, to get some idea of the magnitude or minuteness of this writing.

There are in the Lord's Prayer 227 letters, and if, as here, this number occupies the 1-129,654 of an inch, there would be room in an entire square inch for 20,431,458 such letters similarly spaced.

Now, the entire Bible, Old and New Testaments, contains but 3,566,480 letters, and there, would, therefore, be room enough to write the entire Bible eight times over on one square inch of glass, in the same manner as the words of the Lord's Prayer have been written on this specimen.

Such a statement, without doubt, staggers the imagination, but the figures are easily verified and are certainly correct, and the whole statement at least serves to bring home to us the limited nature of our mental capacities as compared with the facts of the universe.

It also furnishes an interesting suggestion in a very different subject.

It has been often stated that a physical basis of memory may exist in permanent structural modification of the brain matter constituting the surface of the furrows. In a highly developed brain this surface amounts to 340 square inches, and it would, therefore, appear that the entire memories of a lifetime might be written out in the English language on such a surface in characters capable of mechanical execution, such as those of the Webb plate at Washington.

Cats and Catnip.

Anyone who is disposed to have a cat party in his or her back garden has only to procure some catnip and leave it there, and all the cats in the vicinity will soon arrive and then the fun will begin. They will sniff it, toss it up, roll over it, fight for it and scratch it around until there is not a vestige of it left. Valerian has the same attraction for them; and in a lesser degree they enjoy the scents of other aromatic plants. I have often been amused watching my big maltese going gravely about smelling the pinks and the plants, but I had to correct him when he began tasting the latter.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Dreaded Gila Monster.

The Gila monster, heloderma horridum, is the only species of known poisonous lizard in the world. It is a native of the Gila River in Arizona, and has seldom or never been seen at any great distance from that stream. This strange creature is sluggish, inert, well armored with a tough, defensive skin, and feeds on birds' eggs and insects. The Indians of Arizona believe the spittle, or saliva, and even the breath of the animal, to be deadly poison. The odor of the exhalations is said to be exactly like that of magnolia buds.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BLUNDERING BESS.

Blundering Bess says the funniest things.
And oddly her words she transposes;
Unwittingly so, I very well know,
For never a sign she discloses.

"The pumpkin ran off with the pig;"
"There's a heel in the hole of my stocking;"
"Fred feathered my nose with a tickle;"
It either is funny or shocking!

Her tongue runs on at a rapid rate,
Her merry blue eyes keep a-winking;
Why all this is so I really don't know,
Unless she talks on without thinking.
—[Our Little Ones.

SOME WONDERFUL THINGS.

"Martin," said a wise grammar-school boy to his little brother of six, "come here and tell me what you have inside of you."

"Nothing," said Martin.

"Yes, you have. Listen: You've got a whole telegraph stowed away in your body, with wires running down to your very toes and out to your finger tips."

"I haven't," said Martin, looking at his feet and hands.

"You have, though; and that isn't all. There's a big force-pump in the middle of you, pumping, pumping seventy times a minute all day long, like the great engine I showed you the other day at the locomotive works."

"There is no such thing——"

"But there is, though; and besides all these things, a tree is growing in you, with over two hundred different branches, tied together with ever so many bands and tough strings."

"That isn't so at all," persisted the little boy, about ready to cry. "I can feel myself all over, and there's no tree or engine, or anything else, except flesh and blood."

"Oh! that isn't flesh and blood; that's, most of it, water. This is what you are made of—a few gallons of water, a little lime, phosphorus, salt and some other things thrown in," said his brother,

Tears stood in Martin's eyes, but the grammar school boy went on: "And the worst of it is that there's ever so many million little—but where is Martin?"

The poor little fellow had run away. When his brother found him he was kneeling with his head in his mother's lap and crying.

"I was only teasing him, mother, and kind of getting up my lesson about the body that we're to have this afternoon. I didn't think it would worry him so."

The big boy kissed his mother and ran away to school, while the little fellow had a talk with mamma about the wonderful things inside of him.—Santa Claus.

JUDGE NOT.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Jack, running into the sitting room where his mother was sewing, "Sidney is breaking a commandment, he is—"Thou shalt not steal' —and I should think he'd be ashamed of himself."

"Why, Jack!" said his mother, in surprise, what can you mean?"

"He is, truly, mamma," said Jack, hopping about on one foot, and seeming rather to enjoy the fact. "I saw him getting sugar out of the sugar-bowl, and you know you told us not to."

"Oh," said mamma, in a tone of relief, that's it, is it? Come here, Jack," and taking her little boy's hand she drew him to her side. "Do you think it such a dreadful thing to break a commandment, dear?"

"Why, yes, mamma, of course," answered Jack astonished that his mother should ask such a question.

"You would not do it?"

"No, indeed, mamma."

Then you think you are very much better than Sidney?"

Jack hung his head at this question, but did not say no.

"Now, Jack, I want you to see how mistaken you are; you think you would not break a commandment, but because you are able to believe evil of your brother you are really breaking the commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Do you know what that means, Jack?"

"Yes, mamma, you said it meant saying what was not true about anyone; but Sidney was stealing, for I saw him."

"He was taking sugar, Jack, but are you sure he was stealing?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and now I s'pose he's going away to eat it."

At that moment the door opened, Sidney came into the room, his bright, manly little face not looking at all as though he was ashamed of himself.

"Here is the sugar for Dicky, mamma," he said, slipping the lump between the wires of the cage, "and here is a letter for you. I saw the postman coming and waited a minute for him."

"Thank you, dear," said mamma, smiling, at him; and then she turned and looked at Jack—[Sunbeam

A Curious Chinese Legend.

When the bell tower of Pekin was built the Emperor Yung-lo, of the Ming dynasty, ordered a great mandarin, named Kuan-yu, to cast a bell big enough for such a noble edifice, says Pearson's Weekly. Time after time Kuan-yu and the expert workmen in the country tried to cast a bell and failed; the casting was always honeycombed, and the Emperor said that if there was one more failure Kuan-yu's head should pay the forfeit for it. Now, Kuan-yu had a daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, named Ko-ai; she went to a certain astrologer and asked the cause of her father's failure. Some demon, she was informed, required the blood of a maiden to be mixed with the metal, and unless this was done the next casting would fail, like the previous ones.

Ko-ai got permission from her father to be present at the casting, and amid the dead silence which prevailed when the taps were drawn and the molten stream poured down into the mold a shriek was heard, and, crying out "For my father!" Ko-ai threw herself into the seething metal. One of the workmen tried to seize her, but succeeded in getting hold only of a shoe. The father was taken home a raving madman, but the bell was perfect in make and tone, and, when struck, its sonorous boom is to this day followed by a low wailing sound like the cry of a woman in agony, and when people hear it they say: "There's Ko-ai calling for her shoe."