

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

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

GEORGE WHITE, manager at a New Haven restaurant, purchased a green turtle weighing forty-nine pounds, which had been captured in Kelsey's pond, off Sandy Beach. The animal was taken to the cafe, and preparations were made for cooking it. The head of the turtle was cut off in the customary way by the head cook, assisted by Amada Cledes, the second cook. After the head had been severed it was left for a time beside the body of the animal. About an hour afterward Cledes began looking at the head, the jaws being open. He inserted the thumb of his right hand and the forefinger of his left hand, running the digits about an inch into the mouth of the animal. Almost instantly the jaws closed together, imprisoning the finger and thumb between the teeth. Cledes cried out with pain and brought to his assistance the hired cook and one or two other persons present. The digits between the jaws prevented them from closing tightly together, and gave opportunity for the insertion of a steel instrument used in pulling nails from packages, and with this the jaws were pried apart far enough to allow other iron instruments to be inserted, through the aid of which the jaws were finally pried apart and Cledes' thumb and finger released. The grip of the jaws was such that the teeth nearly severed the thumb and badly lacerated the forefinger. The injury will prevent Cledes from using his right hand for some time. The head of the animal had been severed from the body fully an hour before the occurrence, but competent authorities on the actions of turtles allege that such animals will show signs of life from six to twelve hours after the head has been severed, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for the jaws to open and close for a period of six hours.

This daughter of the late W. J. Kinsey performed an act of cool bravery in Denver, Col., the other night. She saved her pet, the family horse, from burning to death. The scene of the fire was at Eleventh avenue and Pearl street, belonging to the Kinsey estate, where live the son and daughter with a housekeeper and coachman. Miss Nettie Kinsey returned from a few days' visit to Maniton. She was accompanied home by two young friends, and at 8:45 when they reached the house they found it locked. The young ladies were afraid to attempt to enter the house by a window, and Miss Kinsey concluded to wake the coachman, Arthur George, whose sleeping room was in the barn. When she approached the window she was apprised by the smell of smoke and the heat that the barn was on fire. Quickly the young lady recognized the gravity of the situation. She thought of the family horse, a valuable animal, and one to which she was much attached, standing in his stall crazed with fright, while the smoke and flames were nearly enveloping him. Giving the alarm to her friends the brave little lady broke the window with her umbrella and climbed in regardless of wounded and bleeding fingers. She rushed through the blinding smoke to the door, which she unbarred. Then, stripping off her jacket, she blindfolded the frightened horse and led him to the open air. By this time the screams of the young ladies had brought a crowd to the scene, and some one had turned in an alarm. The fire department quickly responded and the flames were subdued.

A COUGAR incident in Asotin County is told by the Asotin (Washington) Sentinel. John Shoemaker recently went up to Cache creek to drive home a milk cow that had a young calf. He shouldered his gun and called along his dog, and after he arrived at the place he found the cow, but discovered that a cougar had killed the calf and, after eating a part of it, was engaged in burying the remainder of the carcass under sticks and leaves. The dog gave tongue and the beast sought protection in the forks of a tree, where the dog held him prisoner until the arrival of Mr. Shoemaker, who took aim and fired. The cougar fell from his perch to the ground, and this so scared the dog that he ran toward his master, who, thinking he was the cougar making for him, threw his gun aside and ran as fast as his legs could carry him to his home. There he told a hair-raising story of the chase the cougar had given him. A party was formed and went to the scene, where they found the cougar dead at the foot of the tree, the rifle ball having entered his neck and passed into his lungs. The party on returning home, while crossing Poverty ranch, killed a wildcat measuring twenty-two inches in height. It is said to be the largest cat ever seen in the Joseph creek country.

WILHELM SCHMIDT, living four miles south of Conbrant, Ohio, has become one of the most remarkable freaks outside of the museums. He has been in this country thirty-four years, but is unable and unwilling to speak a word of English, living with his wife and daughter on an isolated little farm that yields corn and potatoes enough for the trio. A visitor, from curiosity, called on the old man and thus describes what he saw: "What proved to be Schmidt sat in an armchair in the centre of the one-roomed house. Only a huge mound of hair surmounting his shoulders was visible—not a human feature to be seen. Schmidt propped his cane against his chair, and with both hands pulled this shock of hair open, showing his face, which was bleached and uncanny looking, like vegetables grown under cover. Only for a minute was the old man's face to be seen, for he dropped the curtain of hair back over it, saying in German that he did not like the light and could not endure it. The great mass of hair fell as thickly over his face as it does over the back of his head. Schmidt has worn his hair as a hiding place for his head and face for eighteen years, and steadfastly refuses to have it cut. His eyesight has been practically destroyed by having the light shut from it so long."

MRS. D. M. MADDEN of Denison, Texas, is a lady of nerve. On a recent afternoon her little girl Mary, aged two years, was seated on the ground under a tree playing with a tin hoop, to which were attached bells. The noise of the bells attracted a large blacksnake, which crawled to the feet of the child and stretched at full length, with its head resting on her left foot. The jingle of the bells seemed to charm it, for the snake closed its eyes and was motionless. Mrs. Madden saw the snake. She did not scream for assistance, as most women would have done under the circumstances. She darted to the child, grabbed the snake by the tail and hurled it through the air. The peculiar music of the bells had evidently placed the snake under a spell, as it did not move until it felt the touch of Mrs. Madden's hand.

WILLIAM SOMERS was fatally bitten by a large rattlesnake on Ruby Creek, in Boise county, Idaho. He was out hunting, and seeing a deer he jumped into a hole in order that he might conceal himself. The hollow proved to be a rattlesnake den, and Somers lost no time in jumping out again. A dozen snakes bit his boots, but their fangs did not penetrate the tough leather. The deer having been frightened away Somers decided to have some fun with the den of snakes, which numbered 100 or more. He lighted a bundle of pine needles and threw them into the hole. As the snakes darted about trying to escape the flames Somers threw rocks and sticks at them. At the height of his sport he reached down to pick up what appeared to be a portion of a tree limb. It was really one of the snakes Somers had wounded. It coiled itself and bit him upon his right wrist. Somers started on the run for his camp, three miles away. The sun was warm, and the venom of the snake accomplished its deadly work before he had run half a mile. The corpse was so terribly swollen that an ordinary coffin was too small to hold it.

A RATHER reckless Biddeford (Me.) man, with no respect for law or Gospel, is said to have devised a scheme for catching trout by the wholesale, which did not work as well as he thought. He supposed that a bomb exploded in the brook would bring all the fish in it to the surface, so that he could only have to pick them up. He provided himself with a bomb powerful enough to blast a schooner out of water and went to a local brook in which there were said to be lots of trout. He fixed the fuse, ignited it, and threw the bomb into the brook. As he did so his dog jumped in after it, and seized it in his mouth, got back to shore, and started after his master, who was legging it across the field as fast as he could in the realization of his danger. The man had the good luck to get over a fence, which bothered the dog, and a moment later, hearing an explosion, he looked around to see his dog going skyward.

A PHYSICIAN says that a man may do a great deal for himself by sheer force of will, and that in no disorder is it easier to prove this than in delirium tremens. He says that one of his patients is a hard drinker, and that while he never takes enough liquor to prevent his attending to business, he is always saturated with alcohol. At certain intervals, however, the man receives a warning, and he then "tapers off" until he has reached the minimum in his daily allowance. This warning comes in the form of blue snakes that wind up his legs and creep into his lap and crawl over the table and coil in his plate. He knows that they are not real, so he sets his teeth and goes on with his work or his reading or his writing, and resolves to be moderate. He has schooled himself so well that his wife does not know when he has reached his periodical climax at the verge of "jim jams."

The most marvellous of clocks has been built by a Black Forest maker and sold for \$4,000. Besides doing everything that most clocks do in the matter of time and calendar, it shows the time in Berlin, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Shanghai, Calcutta, Montreal, San Francisco, Melbourne, and Greenwich. Every evening at eight a young man invites the company to vespers in an electrically illuminated chapel where a young woman plays the "Maiden's Prayer." On New Year's eve two trumpeters announce the flight of the old year and the advent of the new. In June a cuckoo comes out; in June a quail; in October a pheasant appears to be shot down by a typical British sportsman who proceeds to bag his game. At daybreak the sun rises and some bells play a German air entitled "Phœbus Awakes." On the night of the full moon they play another German air entitled "Sweet and Tranquil Luna." There are other features too numerous to mention.

An extraordinary freak of nature has been just made public in Baltimore in the shape of a child born without a head. Not the least vestige of that most important part of the human anatomy was visible—except the mouth and chin, which were of the natural size and formed the adjacent part of the neck, as if they had dropped into it. To the great relief of the horror-stricken mother, the child lived only twenty-four hours. The family is well-known and highly respected, and the remaining children who are members of it have no impediments, either mental or physical.

Types of Sailing Ships.

American ships seldom carry clinker-built boats, which are very common on the ships of other nations. The old-fashioned wood-stocked anchor is still to be seen on one of the bows of an American ship, while the other will be an iron-stocked patent anchor. Large American ships almost always have a deck-house on the poop abaft the after hatch, in which are enclosed the wheel and a chart-room. Some Italians, Spaniards and other Europeans have a protection for the helmsman, but no so complete a shelter as has been described for the American. The average American ship has a greater beam in proportion to her other measurements than the ships of other nations, and this, with her large airy deck-houses, makes her decidedly the most comfortable ship in which to go down to the sea. English iron ships have their cabins well aft and extending right across the vessel, with round ports in the iron shell for windows. The larger of these craft have their fore-castles under the top gallant forecastles.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

MUSTARD FOOTBATH FOR COLD.—A mustard footbath will frequently ward off an approaching cold. A tablespoonful of mustard to two quarts of hot water is the proportion for an adult; for a very young child double the quantity of water may be used. A bucket, on account of its depth, makes a better receptacle than a tub, and while the feet are being soaked a warm blanket should be thrown over the knees, covering bucket and all.

VALUE OF EGGS AS FOOD.—Six large eggs will weigh about a pound. As a flesh producer, one pound of eggs is equal to one pound of beef. About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment, which is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones and tough pieces that have to be laid aside. Practically, an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. Eggs at average prices are among the cheapest and most nutritious articles of diet. Like milk, an egg is complete food in itself, containing everything necessary for the development of a perfect animal. It is also easily digested, if not damaged in cooking. Indeed, there is no more concentrated and nourishing food than eggs.

The albumen, oil and saline matter are, as in milk, in the right proportion for sustaining animal life. The yolk, or important nutrient, is contained in the yolk, and hence this portion of the egg is most useful in some forms of disease. A weakly person in whom nerve force is deficient and the blood impoverished, may take the yolk of egg with advantage. The iron and phosphoric compounds are in a condition to be easily assimilated, and, although homopathic in quantity, nevertheless exert a marked influence on the system. The yolks of eggs, containing as they do, less albumen are not so injuriously affected by heat as the whites, and a hard-boiled yolk may be usually eaten by invalids without inconvenience.

A boiled egg, being easier of digestion than meat, supplies a means of graduating the amount of nourishment. The celebrated Guinard de Reinyre, who consecrated his life to studying the delicacies of the table, affirms, in his "Almanach des Gourmands," that eggs can be served in more than 600 ways, and a book is published in London by a French cook who gives 150 receipts for cooking eggs. The feeble man who has regained strength by eating boiled eggs for several days, will continue the same comforting food when presented in the form of an omelet, which is the one principal food preparation made with eggs.

The phosphorus in the egg is very good for all those who have brain work to do. —D. L. Simonds.

HEADACHES.—Of the many ills to which human flesh is subject, writes a physician, there is one class which, in its own peculiar way, probably causes more trouble and discomfort in general than an epidemic of more serious features. This is headache, and the term carries within its eight letters a cognomen for a multitude of conditions not in harmony with health. Of headaches it may be said that, irrespective of their variety, they arise from things internal and things external. The former operate in a very great majority of cases and have a proportionate importance. The principal headache which arises from within is the "sick headache." This is a complaint which is probably one of the most annoying and persistent of all the ills of flesh—it is a periodical and almost, one would say, a habitual affliction. "Sick headache" is a form of neuralgia, and is in many respects allied to epilepsy. It begins in a spasm of certain groups of nerves, expends its energy on the brain and ends in exhaustion of one degree or another. There are two forms, but as they practically have the same origin it is used as to separate them for discussion. "Sick headache" arises from an over-sensitive or weakened condition of the nerves, or from a disordered digestive system. It is both preventable and curable, and people who habitually suffer from it may well bear in mind that they may do much in a small way to make life endurable. The cure of "sick headache" is of less importance than its prevention, and the good old adage which compares an ounce to a pound comes in very aptly at this point. A few rules may be laid down for keeping this complaint in a metaphorical quarantine. 1. Do not sit up all night in order to worry over something which can be better settled in your mind by a few minutes of thought in daylight. 2. Do not eat a supper which experience may teach you is unfit for your powers of digestion. 3. Do not neglect your hours of rest, nor indulge in anything so stimulating that a subsequent exhaustion is occasioned. These precepts, limited though they may seem to be, are not devoid of sense, and in giving them it is understood that proper attention to clothing is given. Persons with a tendency to headache may not escape its coming at all times, but may lessen the periods in great measure. There are many little domestic measures which can be employed for the relief of a "sick headache," and are at times most useful when the doctor is not conveniently near. They do not consist of heavy drugs, but act on purely mechanical principles. In the first place comes the matter of regulating the light of the room; in the second place is the matter of temperature, and next come the simple remedial agents which come directly in contact with the body. Light is of greatest importance, for individuals differ in regard to the tolerance of light, one being benefited by its absence and another by its presence. Generally, however, the eyes are extremely sensitive and painful during an attack of "sick headache," and darkness is an essential to relieve the strain occasioned by viewing any object which is bright or even by such slight reflection as comes from substances of dull color. It is well, in this connection, to make it a cardinal point to soften the light of your room as much as possible. The temperature of the room is also a variable quantity, but even if one a little lower than is ordinarily comfortable gives a sense of ease it should be avoided. Cool air has simply a temporary soothing effect at best, and in the long run does not possess the good properties of an ordinary even temperature. Proper ventilation may be secured without producing draughts of air, and this is all that is essential. The hands and the feet are usually cold, at least during a part of an attack of "sick headache."

When this period prevents a hot mustard foot bath, soaking the hands in hot water and putting a warm piece of flannel about the body, is often of inestimable service in lessening the pain and in shortening the duration of the attack. While employing these measures a mustard leaf—such as your druggist sells in little tin boxes—applied to the back of the neck will be found to be a valuable accessory. Persons who suffer habitually from "sick headaches" can nearly always predict the advent of an attack, and, if they can, an emetic of hot water followed by a laxative dose of salts or magnesia may save the patient any otherwise might suffer. It is, as a matter of routine domestic treatment, a good plan to wash out the stomach in the beginning of the attack, even when it has not been anticipated. This may be done without much discomfort by swallowing sufficient lukewarm water to give the stomach a feeling of tension. The rejection of this clears the stomach of mucus and irritants which might tend to aggravate the complaint.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

PORK CHOWDER.—Chop one onion very fine; boil one or two beets and one dozen potatoes; pare and slice together in a dish with the chopped onions raw; melt one large spoonful of butter and pour over the whole, together with half a cupful of warm vinegar; season with pepper and salt. Have ready to accompany this dish half a dozen slices of salt pork, cut thin, and fried tender. Then, when done, take out of the frying pan and dip in a batter made of 3 eggs well beaten, 1 tablespoonful of milk (sweet), and 1 cupful of flour mixed with half a tablespoonful of baking powder. Fry in the pork fat and serve warm.

CHICKEN WITH RICE.—Chicken with rice is an old familiar dish. The chicken is well pickled, drawn and trussed into shape in the same way as for roasting, but without stuffing. It is then laid on its breast in boiling water. Add to the water half a carrot, an onion with two cloves stuck in it, half a bayleaf, and a sprig of parsley. Let the chicken cook very slowly in this water for about half an hour. Then add a small cup of raw rice, and let the whole cook for twenty minutes longer, still very slowly. There should be a heaping teaspoonful of salt added when the rice is put in. Take up the chicken and surround it by a border of cooked rice. Strain the remainder of the rice and broth through a juicer sieve. Add a pint of hot milk, and let this soup boil up for ten minutes. Serve it with pieces of bread cut in fanciful shapes when softer, then dried and fried brown in butter. The appearance of the chicken may be improved by scattering fried breadcrumbs over it, though some people prefer to serve it white, as it will be when cooked in the rice.

PORK-CHOPS.—Pork-chops make a very acceptable breakfast dish these cold, frosty mornings. They are especially nice at this time broiled. To broil them, trim them well, flatten them with a mallet, rub them with a little sweet-oil, and let them broil for about seven minutes on each side. Sauce-Robert is the time-honored sauce to serve with pork-chops. A simple rule for making this calls for half an onion sliced and fried with a teaspoonful of butter, till they are quite brown. Add a teaspoonful of sugar, sprinkling it in. This is to glaze the onions. Add half a wine-glass of white wine, and cook for six minutes. Then add a pint of sauce Espagnole or brown gravy. Let the mixture boil for about fifteen or twenty minutes slowly. Then add a teaspoonful of English mustard, wet with a little cold stock. If you do not care to prepare so elaborate a sauce as this, serve the chops simply with mustard or maitre d'hotel butter. Most people like the piquante sauce with pork-chops or pork-tenderloins. Pork-chops look especially nice arranged around a little mound of mashed potatoes.

A Contrast of Various Nations' Ships.

American ships have less drop to their courses and a greater depth to their topsails than any other ships in the world. Almost all European ships and Englishmen have standing gaffs for their spunkers; American ships never, and these latter carry much larger spunkers than the foreigners. American ships almost all have elliptical sterns, with the exceptions of the few iron ones and some Portland craft which are looked upon as rather slow sailers. Vessels flying the English flag, except those built in the provinces, are nearly all of iron or steel and have round sterns. In the "channel" there are still a few small wooden vessels built, and here the top-sail-schooner rig is the favorite. Many of these little craft may be seen in Newfoundland waters. They carry a sail to the island and take away a fish from it and from Labrador. Among these vessels, some of which are very old, yet as hard as a rock, one will often observe the old-fashioned, rectangular, overhanging stern that was so common once on English yachts. Probably there are not three full-rigged brigs under the American flag, and this is a rig of the past, and is comparatively rare among all people but the Greeks. With them everything from the size of a long boat upwards must be a full-rigged brig. Ships hailing from St. John, New Brunswick, are generally credited with being not over speedy, and with them, as with some of the Portland, Me., ships, the round stern is quite common. —New York Post.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

To preserve the elasticity of India rubber, wash it five or six times a year with slightly alkaline water. White cotton duck makes the nicest of all bags for soiled linen, as it is very substantial and can be so easily laundered. If ornamented with blue and red cotton, worked in Russian cross stitch, it can be made very ornamental also. Copper utensils or brass articles may be thoroughly cleaned and made to look as bright as new by washing them with a solution of salt and vinegar. Use as much salt as the vinegar will dissolve, and apply with a woolen rag, rubbing vigorously, then polish with pulverized chalk, and the article will look like new, with the expenditure of little labor, as the acid of the vinegar is very efficient in removing stains from either brass or copper.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BABY LOGIC.

She was ironing her doll's new gown,
Maid Marian, four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown,
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise;
'Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?'

Then lifting her face like a rose,
This answered the wise little tot;
'Now don't you suppose
The good Lord he knows
This little iron ain't hot?'

—(Elizabeth W. Bellamy in Wide Awake.)

NARCISSEUS.

Narcissus was the son of a nymph and a river god. Once, while gazing into a fountain, he saw his own image and immediately fell in love with it. He thought it was some beautiful water spirit and plunged in his arms to embrace it. Of course it fled at his touch and then returned again after he with drew his arms, to fascinate him afresh. This unrequited love of his finally killed him, and his blood was changed into the narcissus flowers, the pretty daffodils and jonquils. —Voice.

A TEST OF HONESTY.

"Paper, sir? Evenin' paper?" shouted a little newsboy in one of the principal streets.

A gentleman looked down curiously on the mite of humanity, and said with a slight smile—

"Can you change a quarter?"

"I can get it changed," was the prompt reply. "What paper do you want?"

"Star," said the gentleman. "But," he added, hesitatingly, "how do I know you will bring back the change?"

"You don't know it," replied the little fellow, sharply.

"Then I must trust to your honesty." —"That's about the size of it. Or—hold on! Here's your security. There's thirty-four papers in this bundle. Ketch on to 'em."

Before the gentleman could remonstrate, the boy had placed the bundle of papers in his arms, and was off like a flash.

He was gone perhaps three minutes, but during that time the gentleman was rendered completely miserable. Half a dozen of his acquaintances passed, and each one stopped to inquire if he had gone into the newspaper business, and how it paid, while the newsboys gathered around and jeered him, under the impression that he was an interloper. So he gave a great sigh of relief when the boy returned and put the change into his hand.

"I didn't run away, did I?" he said with a cheerful grin.

"No," answered the man with a groan, "but if you hadn't returned in a minute I would have run away."

"And cheated me out of ten cents?" demanded the boy, indignantly.

But the gentleman did not stop to explain. —[Yankee Blade.]

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a stranger lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mother into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To build a fence correctly.

To fill the wood-box every night.

To shut doors in summer to keep flies out.

To shut doors without slamming.

To shut them in winter to keep the cold out.

To do errands promptly and cheerfully.

To get ready to go away without the untidied efforts of mother and sisters.

To be gentle to their little sisters.

To wash dishes and make their beds when necessary.

To sew on a button and darn a stocking.

To be kind to all animals.

To ride, row and swim.

To be manly and courageous.

To tell the truth. —[Cincinnati Gazette.]

SENSELESS CRESTS.

While many Americans are looking up their remote ancestors to provide themselves with a crest and coat of arms, a few follow the example of early English families and adopt some emblem which suggests a noteworthy incident in their own history.

One millionaire, not ashamed of the source of his wealth, has a derriek engraved on his seal. Another family, enriched by the manufacture of furniture, has adopted a tree as a crest.

The most interesting of these modern symbols, perhaps, is found engraved on the plate and books of a family of Pennsylvania Friends, who would probably be unwilling to call it a crest. It is a cat, carrying a rabbit in its mouth.

There is a legend to explain it. The first of the family to emigrate to this country was the father of eleven children. He sailed in the same year as Penn, and died on the voyage, leaving his wife to land alone with her helpless flock. She had a grant of land, but no money. They took refuge, as did many of the first emigrants to America, in a cave dug out of the side of a hill.

Winter came on. Provisions failed. The widow saw her children grow pale and weak for want of food. The day arrived at last when there was not a grain of meal in the barrel. She fell on her knees and prayed in an agony of supplication. When she arose she smiled, her children sat after her, as if she had seen an angel coming with bread.

Going out, she saw no angel, but the cat with a freshly-killed rabbit in its mouth. The rabbit made a good meal,

of which pussy, we may be sure, had her full share.

The family, which has been a prosperous and influential one, preserve this symbol of their early history to commemorate their gratitude to the two despised animals and to God, Who used them as His messengers. —[Youth's Companion.]

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

THE WILES UNDER THE SEA.—The world's submarine cables now measure about 143,011 nautical miles, in 1,168 sections. Different governments control 833 sections, or 13,383 miles—France claiming 3,269 miles, Great Britain 1,565, Germany 1,597, and Italy 1,027 miles. The remaining 335 cables, aggregating 129,628 miles are owned by private companies. This great length of cable has been nearly all made on the banks of the Thames, but Italy now has a cable factory, and France will soon have two. To lay and repair the cables requires the constant service of a specially equipped fleet of 37 vessels, of 56,955 tons.

GROWTH-MOVEMENTS OF PLANTS.—Photography is marvellously widening our field of vision. It has shown us millions of stars hitherto unknown, it has revealed astonishing details of animal locomotion and caught the rifle bullet in its flight, and it is now being made to record the movements of the growing parts of plants. Especially curious are the results with certain climbers, such as the hop-convolvulus, pampoa, etc. The young stems move in a succession of irregular circular or elliptical curves, which vary every moment, even in direction, and are due to irregular growth in different parts of the stem. During the sleep of plants, movements do not cease, but consist of alternate upward and downward vibrations.

CHEMICAL PRODUCTION OF LIFE.—If science has limitations, man is slow to recognize them, and at least one eminent French biologist contends that it is not folly to expect that human intelligence will even create life itself from inorganic matter! Not an insect, a bird or a man—the student's aspirations do not soar to such complex creations—but simply a one-celled organism, a living lump of protoplasm. This, says a reviewer of M. Armand Sabatier, may possibly be done, and is even a probability, though the reason why the particular chemical mixtures should give life may remain forever a mystery. Modern chemists have produced by synthesis many substances which occur in nature only as products of living matter, but it has been argued that these—such as alcohol, urea and formic acid—are the products only of the decay of the living creature, and that, while the artificial formation of the cellulose which it is made cannot be reproduced. This objection has been now swept away by the artificial building up of the peptones—that is, the nourishment of the higher creatures, the food albumen as transformed by the digestive process and made ready for immediate assimilation. Chemistry, moreover, has given isomeric changes in a number of bodies, and in the view of M. Sabatier nothing repels the hope that, having produced from albumen a non-living creature, it will one day be able to determine the isomeric change which will make it a living creature. What then?

The Ticket Seller's Parrot.

Ben Lusbie, who for fifteen years was one of the greatest features of Barnum's circus in the capacity of "lightning ticket seller," had a wonderful parrot, which had been presented to him by one of the cavaliers of the show, who was at one time a sailor on a steamer plying between Boston and Fernandino, in the Bahamas. Lusbie used to have a way of quieting the scrambling mob of the ticket-purchasers around the ticket wagon by saying: "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen. There's plenty of time." "Don't crowd each other." "One at a time, gentlemen," and such like expressions. The parrot, which was perched upon the safe in the wagon just back of Lusbie, got to learn these little speeches after a season's tour and often broke out in a piercing squawk with one of them, much to Lusbie's amusement. The parrot, which was quite a little vagabond, broke loose from her fetters one day and flew over into a neighboring woods, near the circus grounds.

A searching party was made up, and they had not proceeded far before they heard a vast racket, apparently made by squawking birds. Hastening to the scene they found poor Pol clinging as best she could to the limb of a dead tree, surrounded by a screaming flock of crows. The parrot had only two or three tail feathers left, and the hostile crows were striking, pecking and plucking her right and left. Hanging on as best she could the parrot was shrilly screaming: "One at a time, gentlemen!" "Don't crowd there!" "Take your time!" "There's plenty more left." —[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

An Honest Servant.

One of the first women who was assigned work in the Treasury building was a colored woman, Sophie Holmes by name, says the Chatauquan. One night when Sophie was sweeping the refuse papers in her room she found a box of greenbacks that had been cut, counted and packed to transfer to the vaults and had been accidentally overlooked. She did not dare call the watchman for fear he would be tempted beyond resistance. She thought of her four small children at home alone with no one to give their supper or put them to bed, but the one duty that stared her in the face was to protect that money. She sat down upon the box and quietly waited for the hours to go by. At 1 o'clock in the morning she heard the shuffling step of General Spiner in the corridor, and heard him open the door to his room. She quietly slipped along the corridor, knocked at his door and told him what she had found. The general had the box taken to his room and sent Sophie home in his carriage. The next morning when she returned she found the general still keeping guard. That night he sent for her and placed in her hand her appointment papers given for honesty, and for thirty years she has earned and drawn her \$30 per month. Fifty thousand dollars was in this box. At another time she found \$50,000, for which the testimony can be seen over General Spiner's own handwriting.