

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

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

A BEAR hanging by his paws from the crook of a large oak tree in the woods on Neidle Ridge near Scranton, Penn., secured Ora Becker's spauld Topsy hat to death at sunrise on a recent Monday morning. Becker was on his way to Racket Creek to hunt grouse, and Topsy had run ahead of him so far in the woods that she was out of sight when she began to yelp furiously and catter toward him. He made her stop her noise when she reached him, and then he heard a bear bellowing and bawling some distance to the south. Becker cocked his gun and hurried toward the place, but Topsy was so badly frightened that she wouldn't accompany him. The bear had both paws in the jaws of a trap twenty-three feet from the ground, and he was digging into the bark with his hind claws and doing his utmost to keep his weight from pulling down on his imprisoned paws. He yelled and snarled with pain as he climbed and twitched, but the trap was fastened to a limb with a log chain, and the bear stood no chance at all of yanking himself loose. Becker had a charge of buckshot for wildcats in one of his barrels, and he put an end to the bear's suffering by shooting him in the head. Then he got Topsy and started for the valley to find out who owned the trap. It belonged to Edgar and Amasa Morehouse, who set it in the crook of the oak tree on Sunday and daubed it over with two pounds of honey. There was a colony of wild bees in the hollow trunk, and the Morehouse brothers discovered that a bear had been clawing and biting the wood where the bees went in and out. They made up their minds that the surest way to get the bear's lover of sweets was to get the trap with honey and fasten it in the crook of the tree, but they didn't expect to capture him so soon, and so they didn't go to look at the trap the next morning. The bear weighed 312 pounds, and the Morehouse boys gave Becker one-half of the carcass for shooting him. Amasa brought the skin to Scranton and got \$24 for it.

Mrs. JAMES HINCKLEY of Walnut Hollow, Conn., had an encounter with a hen hawk recently that nearly caused her death. Mrs. Hinckley is a widow, and manages a farm with the assistance of her only child, a 15-year-old girl. While she was throwing corn to the fowls an immense hawk swooped down and caught a hen in its talons. Without apprehending the danger to herself, Mrs. Hinckley picked up a stone and threw it at the hawk. The missile struck the bird fairly and seemed to madden it, for it flew at the woman. Mrs. Hinckley was unable to get hold of anything with which to defend herself. With the idea of attracting some one to her assistance, she screamed at the top of her voice, but her daughter had gone on an errand more than a mile distant, and her cries were unheard. The hawk's anger was apparently increased by the woman's cries. It aimed at the woman's face, which she protected with her hands and arms. From her arms and shoulders her dress was torn to shreds, and the flesh was lacerated so badly that her clothing was saturated with blood. For twenty minutes the bird fought the woman all over the yard until she fell in a fainting condition. She would probably have been killed by the bird had not her daughter arrived just as she fell. The girl is vigorous and fearless. Taking in the situation promptly, she secured a piece of heavy log chain that hung on the fence. The hawk turned its attention to the girl, but it soon got a blow across the back with the chain that rendered one of its wings useless, and it then became an easy victim for the girl. The hawk was one of the largest ever killed hereabouts. It measured five feet two inches across its wings from tip to tip, and weighed thirteen pounds.

A TALE of piracy comes from the South Seas that sounds like a romance of the middle ages. Two brothers, Rodrigues, highly educated and polished men, who, for some crime, had been committed to the penal settlements of New Caledonia, made their escape, and working their way into the South Pacific they managed to get into the good graces of the natives and foreigners there. They succeeded in getting possession of the yacht of the native Tahitian King, a very fast schooner, and manning her with a crew of two Europeans and five natives, they loaded her with goods and sailed ostensibly on a trading voyage. When they were one week at sea they gave the cook a bottle of strychnine, and by promising to divide the spoils with him, and threatening his life in case of refusal, persuaded him to put the poison into the food of the crew. While the unhappy victims were rolling on the deck in agony the Rodrigues set smoking and enjoying their tortures, and finally threw them to the sharks, that swarmed around the vessel and laughed to see them devoured. The vessel was then taken to another island, where a crew was engaged, and they set out to dispose of the cargo. Finally the cook demanded his share of the profits. He was refused and given to understand that he was their slave and must not leave the vessel. Finally they put into Manila, where the cook managed to get ashore and betrayed the pirates to the authorities. They were speedily arrested and decapitated on the cook's evidence, and he was executed at the same time as participes criminis.

"One of the coolest actions I ever observed in the course of my express experience," said an express messenger to a reporter of the Cincinnati Times-Star, "was that of a rough fellow from New Mexico. He was poorly dressed, and boarded our train at Tombstone on a second-class ticket, depositing at the same time a box in the care of the express agent, labeled 'Rattlesnakes—handle with care.' It was a small soap box and not very heavy, but you can bet that box was zealously guarded. At Kansas City he came and got the box and carried it off to a bank. The banker was a friend of mine, and meeting him the next day, I asked what that fellow did in the bank with the rattlesnakes. 'Rattlesnakes! Well, that's a good joke on the express company,' he replied. 'That box had exactly \$80,000 in \$10 greenbacks in it. If the money had been entered as money

void.—Richard Jork." In the next number of the paper the following appeared: "I hereby declare that with respect to the advertisement of the annulment of my betrothal, written and proclaimed, with Herr Jork I do not agree. I am and still intend to remain his betrothed.—Emma Ziegler."

A Newton county (Me.) woman has sued the Splitlog Railroad, based on the following claim: "She was a passenger on the road and was accidentally carried beyond her destination some distance, when the train stopped and she alighted. While returning she was chased by a bull, and in outrunning him impaired her health."

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

Holiday Entertainment for the Young Folks.

If you are to entertain a large circle of young folks of all ages at Christmas, it will be well to provide yourself beforehand with a list of amusing games.

"Fling the Towel!" Let the company form a circle, with one of the players in the center. One member of the circle then flings a large towel, aiming to hit some other member. If the player in the middle is adroit enough to intercept it and catches the towel on its way across the ring, he takes the place of the one who threw it, who then takes his hand in the middle. If it hits the one at whom it was aimed, he must try to get rid of it by throwing it to another player before the one stationed in the middle can catch it.

The game of "Santa Claus," which is not unlike that called "Donkey," is great fun. Tack upon the wall a big white sheet. Make a large paper Santa Claus; cut off his head, his feet, his arms, legs and pack; cut off his ears and nose; cut out his eyes, and paste his body on the sheet. Pinfold each player and give him a portion of the Saint's anatomy, and let him place it where he thinks it should go. You can have a bit of dried muck on the backs of these bits of paper; so that they may be moistened and stuck to the body. He generally turns out a most peculiar looking saint, with one eye on his heel, another on his thumb, his head where his feet should be, and nothing in the right place. You can have two simple prizes—one for the person who comes nearest being right in the placing of some member, and a booby prize for the one farthest out of the way. We have seen a whole roomful of grown people convulsed with merriment over this game.

"Gossip" is amusement for the older ones. All sit in a circle. One communicates a piece of gossip about some person in the room, who proceeds to tell it to the one next, and so it goes on until the last one is to repeat aloud just what he hears, and the starter gives the original sentence. They are generally just about as far apart as the gossip started at a sewing circle is from the same piece of news when it has made the village rounds.

"Metamorphosis." Let each member of the company be furnished with a sheet of paper and a pencil. Let him draw at the top of the sheet the head of some bird, beast, fish, or human being, and fold down the sheet so as to leave nothing exposed except lines to show on what part of the paper the body is to be placed. He then passes it to his next neighbor, who draws on it a body to suit his own fancy. It is then folded and passed to the next, who must draw legs, two or four. When the papers are examined, some very curious monsters, unknown to natural history, are displayed.

"Apprentice" is not too intellectual for the little ones. One of the players begins by saying, "I have apprenticed my son to a butcher," or dry-goods merchant, or to any tradesman, and gives the initial of the first thing his son sold. The rest must guess what the article sold was, and the one who guesses right must then "prentice" his son.

Family Graveyards.

"There is no place like Southern Indiana for graveyards," said William Yakey, of Bloomfield, Ind., to a Chicago Globe reporter. "Now, that section, including Green, Monroe, Brown and Sullivan counties, is a wonderland to traverse. It looks as though you could come to rest in any one of the graveyards of the State. Every mile or two, often far from any roadway, totally inaccessible to wagons without laying waste the fences, you come upon little rock-walled or rail-bound inclosures containing the dead of one family. Father, mother and several children lie there, and none others. These places have long been forsaken and forgotten. Weeds flourish in profusion and hide the wind and rain-stained tombstones from view. Often with a companion I have entered one of these little inclosures, trampled and torn out the weeds and righted the five or six headstones that had fallen and buried even the inscribed virtues of the dead into the wormy earth.

"These people had no country churchyard, no preacher except the visit 'n' parson, who came seldomly on horseback. They had no funeral in the present sense of the word. Plain wooden boxes were used for coffins, and often the sturdy youth of the family made the coffin for the dead parent or relative. These little spots were dear to those families. One can see that by the loving little inscriptions and decorations. When they were all dead no one remained to care for them, and they fell into decay and ruin.

"They are lonesome sights, those little groups of white pillars. In the winter, when the trees are bare and the grass dead, I have seen flocks of crows coming and circling about the clump of trees that usually cluster about those places. The bitter wind moans through the crackling branches, and those crows wheel about and caw and caw until the world seems truly a place of sorrow and death."

A Wonder in Eggs.

The number of eggs in the medium-sized cell at the beginning of the breeding season is stated by eminent authorities on fishes and their allied creatures to be fully nine millions (9,000,000), a sum so great as to almost paralyze the intellect that tries to grapple with it. To the naked eye a single one of these life-germs is almost invisible. A strong microscope, however, shows them firmly packed together, and on their tiny ends looking not unlike the covered cells of honey comb.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

DUST IN THE EYE.—Never rub the eyeball if a speck of cinder gets into it. Let the tears gather and flow—they will usually be sufficient to dislodge the dust particles and wash them out. If, however, they are not dislodged, raise first the upper eyelid and bring it down over and upon the outside of the lower one; if this fails, reverse the operation by lifting the lower out and upon the upper eyelid. Another good plan is to plunge the face in a deep basin of warmed water, then wink the lids rapidly, and roll the eyeball until all the particles are washed out. But a celebrated oculist in Utrecht recommends that if dirt, lime, or anything gritty, gets into the eye, that the sufferer lie down and have pure olive oil poured in upon the eye ball and socket until all the particles of a harmful nature are removed. This remedy is quite painless, and never fails to remove all foreign substances.

HARD WORK NOT INJURIOUS.—Dr. Pye Smith holds that there is no fear of the ordinary man using his brains too much for health and he does not believe that mental labor or hard work of any kind interferes with health or shortens life. He maintains that excessive eating is the abuse that tends to the injury of brain-workers more than any other cause. Many active brain-workers have suddenly broken down, and fancied that it was due to brain fatigue, when, as a matter of fact, it was due to over-stuffing of their stomachs. The furnace connected with the mental machine became clogged up with ashes and carbon in various shapes and forms, and as a result, disease came, and before the case was fully appreciated a demoralized condition of the nervous system was manifested and the prosaic cause for the collapse was suppressed under the euphemistic "mental overwork." Dr. Smith insists that if a man will take nutritious, digestible food, and works judiciously, quietly, and works regularly, at rest when fatigued, cultivating at the same time a philosophical habit, and keeping himself aloof from fret and annoyances, the chances are that he can do an almost unlimited amount of work for an indefinite length of time. He must, however, bear in mind that when weariness comes he must rest and not take stimulants and work upon false capital.

VENTILATION OF SLEEPING ROOMS.—The impurities of the air may be ranked under two heads: gases and matters held in suspension. The latter may be discovered almost everywhere by means of electric light, although our notice is attracted to them only when the direct rays of the sun fall upon them. From the soil or carpeted floors are wafted into the air particles of every chemical substance contained in the earth, and particles of carbon, hairs, fibres of cotton and wool, etc. The vegetable world contributes seeds, spores, germs, pollen, and light floating bodies. From the animal kingdom are also germs and worn out tissues. The organic vapors arising from the decomposition of animal and vegetable products have hitherto baffled man's attempts to discover their precise chemical constituents; a similar obscurity attaches also to the organic substances known as the specific virus of contagious diseases. They all deteriorate the atmosphere about us. In the process of breathing, the air loses a third part of its oxygen—the life sustaining principle—and receives in exchange carbonic acid gas—a gas not only incapable of supporting life, but actually destructive of it. Such is the change effected by a solitary act of breathing; and if this process goes on in an ill-ventilated room where several human beings are gathered together, the carbonic acid gas accumulates, usurps the place of the oxygen consumed, and so speedily renders the air less and less fit for the renewal of human life. Experiments prove that if the air of a room contain seven-tenths of carbonic acid to every 1,000 cubic feet it becomes offensive to even the sense of smell. Carbonic acid gas cannot support combustion; hence a lighted candle, partially or completely surrounded by it burns slowly or goes out, and so it is with human beings. When more or less completely enveloped in an atmosphere charged with this gas, all the functions of the body are tamely and imperfectly performed—the muscular tissues are enfeebled, breathing becomes oppressed, the head aches, and, in extreme cases, life is extinguished amidst sufferings of the most distressing nature. The fact can scarcely be too strongly stated that efficient ventilation cannot be secured unless sufficient space be made for the egress of the impure air from the upper part of the room, and provision in the lower part for the moderate (but sufficient) access of fresh air from the surrounding atmosphere. In the greater number of dwelling houses no direct provision at all has been made for this purpose; on the contrary, the only ventilation obtained is due to the imperfect fitting of windows and doors, although made as imperious as possible to the outer air, while the floors are covered with carpets, and in the ceiling no apertures exist for the escape of carbonic acid gas. In this particular all classes of the community suffer almost equally. The fact that carbonic acid gas is inimical to health and life shows the importance of making provision for its uninterrupted removal from our public places of assembly and our houses, but most of all from our sleeping apartments. Airy, well-ventilated sleeping rooms should be ranked with the most important requirements of life, both in health and disease. Bedrooms, in which about one-third of human existence is passed are as a general thing too small, too crowded, and too badly ventilated. The doors, windows, even the chimneys are often closed, and every aperture carefully guarded so as to exclude the fresh air. The consequence is, that, long before the morning dawns the atmosphere of the whole apartment becomes highly injurious, from the consumption of its oxygen, formation of carbonic acid gas, and the exhalations from the lungs and the relaxed skin. In an atmosphere loaded with effluvia, the sleep is heavy and unrefreshing, partaking more of the character of insensibility than of healthy slumber. There are certain diseases in which the cause of death is simply an accumulation of carbonic acid gas in the blood, and this condition exists, to some degree, in

a badly ventilated and over-crowded bedroom. Instances of speedy death from over-crowding can be readily recalled. Of the 146 prisoners confined in the notorious "Black Hole of Calcutta," 123 did not live through the night, many of the survivors afterward dying of putrid fever caused by being poisoned with carbonic acid gas. During a rough night, in 1848, when 150 passengers were confined in the cabin of the Irish steamer Lou odyssey, every aperture for the admission of fresh air was closed, and, as a natural consequence, many were made ill while seventy out of the number expired. Time may be sometimes required to develop bad effects, but they are now acknowledged to be the most potent and extensive of all the predisposing causes of disease, and especially that of consumption. If provision were only made for the admission of pure air and the escape of impure air, our sleep would be lighter, shorter and more invigorating. In nearly every instance the door of the bedroom may be left open and the upper part of the window let down a few inches—a greater or less extent, according to the state of the weather—with perfect safety, a current of air being prevented from playing directly upon the occupant by placing the bed in a proper position, or hanging a single curtain, or placing a screen beside the bed. If a person will take the trouble to stand in the sunlight and look at his own shadow thrown directly upon a white plastered wall he will easily perceive that his whole body is a smoking mass of corruption, with a vapor exhalating from all parts of it. This vapor is subtle, acrid and offensive to the smell; if retained in the body it becomes morbid—if reabsorbed, highly deleterious. Unpleasant as it is to dwell upon such a subject it is yet true that the exhalations from the human lungs and skin, if retained and undiluted with a continuous supply of oxygen (the active agent of all disinfectants), are the most repulsive and deadly with which we can come in contact, producing, as is acknowledged by all physiologists, a putrescence in the blood. We shun the approach of the dirty and diseased; we hide from view matters offensive to sight and smell; carefully eschew impurities in our food and drink, yet go on breathing impurities and effluvia that are prevented by the walls and ceilings of our bed rooms from escaping and which are, when thus confined, as deleterious and unwholesome to the system as so much poison.

Ice Without a Flaw.

In eastern Siberia lies Lake Baikal, which is a mile deep, and has an area one-third greater than Lake Erie, says a writer in the Arctic Ocean. From November to April it is frozen, and as the lake is part of the great commercial highway between Russia and China, it is crossed in winter upon the ice. For about a mile from shore the ice had a thin layer of snow over it, but we gradually left this sort of dazzling white carpet, and at length reached the clear ice, when I saw around me the most bewitching sight I ever beheld. Owing to the transparency of the water the ice presented everywhere the appearance of polished crystal, and although undoubtedly of great thickness, was so colorless that it was like passing over space. It gave me at first an uncanny feeling to look over the side of the sledge down into the black abyss beneath. This feeling, however, gradually changed to one of fascination, till at last I found it positively difficult to withdraw my gaze from the awful depth with nothing but this sheet of crystal between me and eternity. I believe that most travelers on crossing the lake on the ice for the first time experience the same weird and fascinating influence. About half way across I stopped to make a sketch and take some photographs. It was no easy matter, as I found on getting out of the sledge, for the ice was so slippery that, in spite of my having felt snow boots on, I could hardly stand. The death-like silence of the surroundings was occasionally broken, however, by curious sounds, as though big guns were being fired at some little distance. They were caused by the cracking of the ice here and there. I was told that in some parts of the lake were huge fissures, through which the water could be seen. It is for this reason that it is always advisable to do the journey by daylight. We reached Moussikay, on the opposite coast, exactly four and a half hours after leaving Liestvenitz, the horses having done the whole distance of thirty miles with only two stoppages of a few minutes each. It was evidently an easy bit of work for them, as they seemed as fresh when we drew up to the post yard as when we started in the morning.

Wild Cattle in Oregon.

It is not generally known that in several localities in this State there are animals running wild which have descended from domestic ancestors. In Pacific, Chehalis and Mason Counties there is a remnant of a herd of wild cattle which have roamed through the woods and over the prairies of that portion of the State for years. Many years ago a military post was maintained on Gray's harbor, and adjacent to this post was a large amount of cleared land, which was cultivated by the soldiers as farms. The troops owned a large number of cattle, which pastured on part of the garrison ranch. The post was suddenly abandoned, for some reason, and the soldiers found it impossible to drive their cattle with them. They were left in the pasture adjoining the fort and were uncared for. There were no settlements—or next to none—on the harbor or in Chehalis valley at that time, consequently the cattle roamed undisturbed where they pleased.

Notwithstanding the scanty fare which they often found and the depredations of the black wolves that then infested the woods along the coast, the cattle increased in numbers very rapidly and proved a source of constant annoyance to early settlers. Fences were broken down, crops destroyed and tame animals coaxed off to the woods. Many of the animals were killed by parties organized to exterminate them and the remainder of the herd has been driven well up into the skirts of the Olympics and into the coast range east and south of Gray's harbor.—[Shoshonish (Oregon) Sun.]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The work of incendiaries in the United States which insurance men believe causes great loss every year, has led fire underwriters to attempt to secure the enactment of laws providing for the adequate investigation of the causes of all fires and the prosecution of all persons believed to be incendiaries. The National Board of Fire Underwriters has sent to the Governors of different States a communication calling attention to the need of legislation on this subject, and has also issued a pamphlet containing the recommendations of insurance commissioners that laws be enacted requiring investigation of all fires. It shows that the fire waste has increased from \$84,000,000 in 1882 to \$143,000,000 in 1891. The Insurance Commissioner of Colorado, in his report for 1892, says that fully 35 per cent of the fires there are of incendiary origin. The Connecticut Commissioner says that the risk should be divided between the companies and the insured, to induce greater care against fires. Copies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire statutes on the subject, and of bills introduced at the last sessions of the New-York and New Jersey legislatures, are included in the pamphlet.

One of the curious experiences of some of the recent Greenland travelers was to learn after their return that an odd waltz performed by the South Greenland Eskimos was in reality a European dance all the rage last winter in Paris, thence transplanted to Copenhagen, and, by way of transition in a Danish steamer and in the person of a Danish officer or perhaps officers, taken to the fjord cut and glacier browed west coast of Greenland. It is the old, old story of going away from home to hear news or learn something of that that we should have known from the very association with it; but the incident after all suggests what a compressed little globe this is after all. Paris and Copenhagen, Hammerfest and Melbourne, Cape Barren and Cape Town are so near each other that one can almost touch them; while experience proves that to go to any out of the way place and not find something in common with the locality, its people or its visitor is so rare as to almost be an impossibility. Every traveler, even the most casual, is impressed with this; and as for the globe trotters the world to them is but a little back yard geographical patch, in which kingdoms and empires take the place of the long rows of cabbages and turnips.

Not even Heaven itself is sacred to the advertiser, and the Milky Way is about to become a valuable advertising medium. The other night at Ealing, a town half way between London and Windsor, an enterprising genius, rejoicing in the name of Sidney Hodges, succeeded in projecting a large and highly luminous letter on the sky by some means of his own invention, and demonstrated to an interested party of spectators that with the electric light there would be no difficulty on a favorable night in displaying, not only the letters, but words and signals in the same fashion. The heavens will soon be telling, besides their own story, one of certain people's soap, or liver pills, or porous plasters. To what extent this new branch of advertising enterprise will interfere with the science of astronomy can only be left to the imagination.

CAPTAIN C. W. ADAMS, of West Addison, Vt., has raised quite a large portion of the timbers of the Flagship Congress, of General Benedict Arnold's fleet, which was sunk in Lake Champlain, in October, 1776. The timbers, of which there are about thirty feet of the after part of the keel and keelson, with a number of the ribs attached, are of oak, and perfectly sound. The wood, when polished, is very dark and takes a beautiful finish. It will be either worked into canes and other articles, as relics, or kept intact for the World's Fair. Mr. Adams has also several shells and solid shot, grape and musket balls, which he has found near the wreck.

A NUMBER of German dentists have been heavily fined by justices in Prussia and Saxony for advertising themselves as doctors of dentistry on the strength of diplomas received from American colleges. The German laws recognize only four classes of doctors—those of law, theology, philosophy and medicine. Speaking of dentists, it is worth noting that the three dentists of Berlin, Dresden and Leipzig who have the largest and most remunerative practice are respectively Messrs. Sylvester, Jenkins and Young, all natives of Maine. The two last mentioned were formerly residents of Bangor. Sylvester and Jenkins are court dentists.

PROFESSOR L. F. BLAKE, of the University of Kansas, in an article on "Safety from Electricity," in the Electrical World says: "For buildings in cities, except churches and other high structures, rods, I think, are unnecessary. Lightning strikes seldom in the cities compared with the country, one reason being that the many electric wires—telephone and telegraph and electric light—are really safeguards. A building is safer with such wires over it than without. In the country, however, buildings may need protection."

FOUR years ago, it is said, General Harrison went to bed on the night of election before he knew the result. The wife of general Hancock declared that the latter went to bed at 7 o'clock in the evening on election day, 1880, being too tired to await news. Next morning he awoke at dawn and asked if there were any definite tidings. Upon her reply: "Yes, you are beaten," he turned over and went to sleep again.

A SAN FRANCISCO firm is about to attempt the revival of whaling in the Antarctic Ocean, which has not been carried on for as many as twenty-five years. A quarter of a century ago the catches of sperm and right whales used to be excellent there, and many of the whalers are now of the opinion that the Southern seas will again afford a profitable field for operations.

The red glow of the planet Mars has puzzled everybody but a French astronomer, who gives it as his opinion that the vegetation of that far away world is crimson instead of green. He also says that he hasn't the least doubt but that there are single flowers on the war god's surface which are as large as the incorporated limits of Paris.