

CONTENT.

BY FRED WARNER SHREVE.
The German Emperor and I
Within the self-same year were born
Beneath the self-same sky.

LOVE AND WAR.

BY WILLIAM WESTFALL.
A summer night at Geneva, and a
nautilic fete on Geneva's historical lake.
The narrow stretch of water between
the two sides of the city thronged with
boats, great and small, all aglow with
Chinese lanterns; rockets shooting skywards
in rapid succession, their course
marked by trails of fiery rain; at intervals
the boom of cannon and the shouts
of excited spectators.

place there were continual affairs of out-
posts.
"Meanwhile the army was in a state of
dire confusion, marching and counter-
marching without apparent object, for
the Marshal hesitated; he could not
make up his mind whether to follow the
dictates of prudence and fall back on
Paris, threatened by the third German
Army, under the command of the Crown
Prince of Prussia and Saxony, or yield-
ing to the entreaties of the Government
to march to the rescue of Bazaine, who was
at bay under the walls of Metz.

this regard being accepted as proof of
my good faith, I was set at liberty. More-
over, the chief of the medical staff
offered me a position as supernumerary
staff surgeon, an offer which I gladly ac-
cepted, and accompanied Baron von Ho-
henstein to Paris, there to take part in
the siege.
"And now, Hermann, I think I may
leave you to tell the sequel."
"I will try," said the Baron, knocking
the ashes out of his pipe. "I will try,
and all the more willingly as it can be
told quickly. I like not much speaking,
"But I must first of all tell you that
Victor is too modest. He has omitted a
material part of his story. He obtained
his liberty and his appointment less be-
cause of what he did after the battle
than of what he did during the battle.
He, a prisoner on parole and accused of
being a spy, risked his life to save that
of his captors. He dressed the wounds
of my dear old friend, General von Elsen-
baum under fire, there being no other
surgeon at liberty, and helped to carry
him out of action. For that brave deed
he received the personal thanks of the
king and von Moltke. He showed more
courage that day than many a fighting
officer who won the Iron Cross.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adven- tures Which Show That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

"SPEAKING of strange bets on an elec-
tion," said Col. Joe Rucker of Colorado,
"the one that takes the ribbon over any
I have ever seen mentioned was bet, lost,
and paid by an enthusiastic Greenbacker
many years ago. One of these enthusias-
tically at that time, whose view of the
political situation was seen through the
rosate-hued spectacles of a reform
organ, was certain that a man by the
name of Brown would be elected Gov-
ernor of Missouri, and bet everything he
had except the clothing on his back and
a young wife. Either his affection for
his wife or his knowledge of law pre-
vented his making a wager of her, so as
a last bet he wagered his services for
a year against \$500. "Of course he lost,
and, borrowing a few dollars from a
friend, he sent his wife back to her
folks in Missouri, while he presented
himself to the saloon keeper in Denver
with whom he had made the bet. The
latter, more as a joke than anything else,
prospit him and sent him out to
prosper. The first month a small find
rewarded his labors, and cupidity then
caused the saloon keeper to insist on the
payment of the wager in full. To cur-
tail the narrative, he carried out his
wager of a year's service scrupulously,
and located two more mines, from which
the winner, though now wealthy, is still
drawing dividends. Upon the fulfill-
ment of his obligation he sent for his
wife, and is now employed by one of
the street car companies of Denver at
about \$50 a month, and will probably
never get above that figure."

At the head of the extensive widening
of the St. John's River, in Volusia town-
ship, Florida, that is known as Lake
George, lie two or three swampy islands.
One of these has a few acres of ground
that stand high enough out of the water
to encourage orange trees and other
renumerative growths, and also to afford
room for a cabin. The cabin is occupied
and the trees are cultivated by a queer
old fellow who has built a long ram-
shackle bridge from dry land to a little
dock that stands in the sedge close to
the main channel. Here the steamer
stops on his signal to take oranges and
letters, or to deliver flour and other
groceries. He is a hermit who seldom
ventures to the mainland. Passengers on
the river steamers occasionally see him
busied about the little shed on his wharf,
an extraordinary figure in a homespun
suit of brown, with a patch of startling
white on the seat of his trousers and an
indecipherable hat that may once have
been a "plug," but that has been
chopped and banged and battered and
unroofed until it resembles the wreck of
a Napoleonic chapeau more than any-
thing else. He is indifferent to criticism,
however, for he lives apart from men.
His nearest neighbor is a lighthouse
keeper, who would have to hunt for him
with a telescope. Some affect to believe
that in his younger days he was a pirate.

A VERY strange freak of nature is re-
ported from Roseburg, S. C. It is a
baby, whose right hand bears the imprint
of a human face. The face occupies the
entire palm, and is as clearly outlined as
though painted on porcelain. It is the
countenance of a little child about three
years old lying asleep, with the eyelashes
drawn in fine dark lines on the full
cheeks. The mouth seems to be slightly
parted, and the lips are delicately tinted.
The baby whose hand contains this
singular portraiture is the child of Clarke
Osborne, a merchant of Roseburg, and
Mrs. Osborne declares that the face in
the infant's palm is that of a little girl
she lost about three months ago. Relat-
ives and intimate friends profess to be
able to see a strong resemblance to the
dead child. When the baby was first
put into its mother's arms she looked at
the hands, and with a loud cry fainted
away, but on coming to herself exhibited
the little creature's hands to the
attendants, who saw at once the strange
likeness to the dead and gone sister.
Mrs. Osborne was at first much frighten-
ed over the singular circumstance, but at
last became convinced that the strange
portrait was sent to comfort her. The
image on the palm was clearer the first
few days of the baby's life than now, and
it is thought to be gradually fading away.

A LITTLE post office near Wither-
saw, on the main line of the Pennsylvania
Railroad, enjoys the unique distinction
of being the only office in the country
wherein a dog officiates as assistant post-
master. Postmaster Musselman's canine
assistant is a little St. Charles spaniel
called Beauty, upon whom has devolved
for five years the task of bringing from
Withersaw Station, a half mile distant,
the bundle of morning papers from Phil-
adelphia. Two bundles, a large and a
small one, are thrown off at the station,
says the Philadelphia Record. Regularly
every morning Beauty trots over the
fields to the station and patiently awaits
the arrival of the train. When the two
bundles are thrown off Beauty seizes the
smaller one in her mouth and trots di-
rectly home. She never makes a mis-
take, always taking the small bundle;
never does she loiter along by the road-
side, but covers the distance between
Withersaw and the cross-roads post office
at a speed that would almost do credit
to Nancy Hanks herself. Beauty has
been assistant postmaster almost since
her birth, and could hardly be replaced.

A MOST peculiar custom which has
been preserved since the Middle Ages at
Friburg-Brisgau is that of climbing
the cathedral tower upon the anniversary
of the birth of the reigning Duke of
Baden. This tower is 400 feet high, and
to scale it from the ground to its apex is
a very difficult performance attended
with great danger. It is done by climb-
ing from one projection to another, these
being on the average one foot apart. A
single false step means death. To
ascend is also no easy task. Each
person who makes the climb and the
descent safely receives five marks from
the State and a ticket of admission to
the annual dinner given in honor of the
day. The seventy-six anniversary of the
birth of the present Duke was recently
celebrated, and three men performed the

feat successfully. One of the three was
coolheaded enough to pause when he had
climbed about 200 feet and indulge in an
acrobatic performance. He was warmly
applauded by the enormous crowd of
spectators which always gathers on the
Duke's birthday anniversary.

A CURIOS freak of nature has taken
place in the person of a young man named
Jones, aged 22 years, living at Stamping
Ground, Ky. About two years ago he
complained of a severe pain in his left
shoulder and arm to the elbow. He
suffered intensely for several months,
when the part affected began to change
color until it became a dark brown, and
at the same time the pain diminished
until it finally ceased, when it was
noticed (this was about a year ago) that
a thick growth of brown hair had made
its appearance on the brown or discolored
parts, extending from the elbow to the
collar bone, covering the shoulder blade,
and at this time the hair is over one inch
in length, the pain has entirely dis-
appeared, and the young man has almost
twice the strength in that arm that he
has in the other.

GEORGE B. CLARK of Derby Village,
Conn., had extraordinary luck bagging a
partridge a few days ago. He was driv-
ing along a country road at the edge of
a wood in Woodbridge, when his dog,
that had been scouting about the forest,
flushed a couple of partridges. The
birds burst out of the brush with a great
whirr, flying side by side, and as they
were passing over Mr. Clark's head he
made a sudden vicious cut with his whip
at them. Curiously, the long stiff whip-
stock smote one of the birds and broke
her neck. The selectman exhibited his
bird to all his neighbors, triumphantly
declaring that he is the only man in the
world who ever stopped a partridge on
the wing with a whip.

THE little village of Bersted, near
Boggor, possesses an unique curiosity in
the form of an inn room papered with
postage stamps. The apartment is fanci-
fully decorated with many descriptions of
used stamps, and even the passage leading
to the room is similarly papered. Some
five years was occupied in making the
collection, which numbers some thou-
sands of stamps. The room being com-
pleted in 1887 received the name of the
"Jubilee Stamp Room." Indeed, some
members of the royal family, interested
in the collection, are said to have added
to it a number of stamps on their own
account.

THERE is a big hotel in San Francisco
that pays delicate attention to its guests,
and also gets some valuable advertising
for itself, by the liberal use of flowers
among the guests. There, when a man
and wife arrives, and are ushered into
the most cheerful of habitations, a hotel
bedroom, the desolation is soon relieved
by a bell-boy coming with a basket of
flowers, which he says "Mr. —, the
manager of the house, sends to Mrs.
Blank, with his compliments." This
little attention has made the hotel
famous.

The great attraction at the London
Aquarium continues to be the "slugging"
matches between Professor Laudermann
and an Australian kangaroo. The kan-
garoo is seven feet in height, and accord-
ing to all reports he is no mean "slugger."
Several men who faced him for a few
rounds are now in the hospital. Sarah
Bernhardt offered the Professor \$5,000
for the kangaroo, but he is considered
worth many times that sum.

WILLIAM SPOONER, about seventy
years of age, died suddenly at Milan,
Tenn., recently. He had gone to a
neighbor's house and eaten breakfast,
when he dropped dead. He was a
singular character. For eight years he
has refused to live in a house, and for
a number of years lived in a hollow tree,
doing his own cooking and washing.
He was robbed of several thousand
dollars and this loss probably unbalanced
his mind and caused him to live a her-
mit's life.

A WOMAN in Kingston, N. Y., recently
met with an accident which necessitated
the amputation of one of her feet. Her
husband is buried in St. Mary's cemetery
in that city, and as she expects to be
interred in the same grave with him she
caused it to be opened and the foot
buried there. Is this the "burial by
installments" system?

A "JUNGLE man" was recently caught
in China and is now being exhibited in
Ceylon. The creature stands two feet in
height, has a head and a face like a
monkey and a body which, but for its
diminutive size, appears to be similar to
that of a human being. The hands and
feet are perfect. The missing link is
about four years old and is attracting a
great deal of attention.

WHILE some Wesleyan students were
practising baseball on the college campus,
one of them saw what he supposed to be
the ball rapidly approaching him. He
put out his hands to catch it, when much
to his surprise it was found to be a full-
grown quail. The bird was given to
Ornithologist E. H. Hubbard.

Do Rocks Grow?

The question in the headline is often
asked, and not infrequently by scholarly
people, too. By way of a general answer
to all such questioners I would say that
the best authorities have come to this
conclusion: That rocks do not grow in
the sense that plants do. They may in-
crease in size by means of accretion, and
they may also undergo other changes.
Old sea beds lifted up and exposed for
ages become stratified beds of sandstone
or limestone; volcanic ashes or lava
strewn over hills and plains become tufa
hard enough for building stone, and the
pebbly shores of rivers and smaller
streams may sometimes change into con-
glomerates. The simple mineral, how-
ever, does grow, especially when it takes
upon itself the form of a crystal. A
sparkling prism of quartz increases from
an atom to monster crystals of varying
length and size by what geologists know
as a "process of addition and assimila-
tion." This process is wonderfully slow,
but with a mathematical exactness that
is a surprise to persons even "well up"
in the science of geology. In one sense
stones grow; in another they do not. The
crystal may become longer or larger, but
the boulder on the roadside will not in-
crease a hair's breadth in length or width
in the next 10,000 years.—(St. Louis Re-
public.)

French Peasants.

M. Betham Edwards, in her "Francs
of To-day," speaks again and again of
the benefits accruing from the owner-
ship of land by the peasantry. As a
native of England, she seems to have
been peculiarly impressed by this
feature of life across the Channel.
She writes with special enthusiasm
of Osse, "a remote Pyrenean village
admirably adapted for the study of
rural life." "A beautiful spirit of
humanity," she declares, "a delicacy,
rare among the most polished socie-
ties, characterize these frugal sons
and daughters of the soil."

As sordidness carried to the pitch
of brutality is often imputed to the
French peasant, let me relate an in-
cident that occurred hereabouts not
long before my visit.
The land is minutely divided, many
possessing a cottage and field only.
One of these small owners was sud-
denly ruined by the falling of a rock;
his cottage, sow and pig were de-
stroyed. Without saying a word, his
neighbors, like himself in very hum-
ble circumstances, made up a purse
of five hundred francs, a large sum
with such donors, and, too delicate-
minded to offer the gift themselves,
deputed an outsider to do it anonym-
ously.

Another instance in point came to
my knowledge. This was of a young
woman servant, who, during the ill-
ness of her employers, refused to
accept wages.
"You will pay me some other time,"
said the girl to her mistress. "I am
sure you can ill afford to give me the
money now."

Peasant property, and rural life
generally, here presented to me some
wholly new features. One of these is
the almost entire self-sufficiency of
very small holdings, their owners
neither buying nor selling, making
their little crops and stock almost
completely supply their needs.

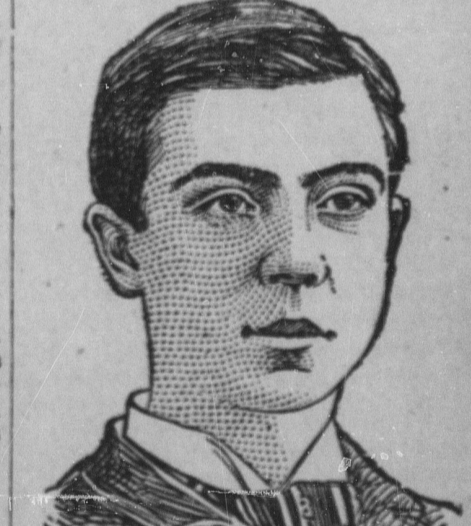
On a field or two enough flax is
grown with which to spin linen for
home use, enough wheat and Indian
corn for the year's bread-making,
maize being mixed with wheat for
flour. Again, pigs and poultry are
reared for daily consumption.

Expenditure is reduced to the mini-
mum. Coffee is a luxury seldom in-
dulged in. A few drink home-grown
wine, but all are large milk drinkers.
The poorest is a good customer of the
dairy farmer.

The Letter R.

In early English R was always
trilled, says a writer in Science, as it
continues to be in Scotland, where
most of the characteristics of early
English are still prevalent. But in
modern English the trills have been
softened away wherever R follows a
vowel, until little r is left of the R
but its vowel quality. We are accus-
tomed to the entire omission of it in
negro speech, where do and sto are all
that we hear for door and store; but
in educated utterances there is some
phonetic effect left in R even where
it is least manifest. Such delicate
shades of sound are the distinguish-
ing marks of refinement in pronun-
ciation, and they should be carefully
preserved by teachers and by writers
on phonetics.

In an operative performance in Par-
is the cornets are fitted with a new
echo apparatus, which differs from
those hitherto devised in not alter-
ing the natural tone of the instru-
ment. It is simply a small chamber
of silvered copper so constructed as
to produce the echo when adjusted to
the mouth of the trumpet.



Mr. Herman Hicks
"Three years ago, as a result of CATARRH,
I entirely lost my hearing and was
Deaf for More Than a Year.
To my surprise and great joy when I had
taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla
I found my hearing was returning. I kept on
till I had taken three more and I can hear
perfectly well. I am troubled but very little
with catarrh. I consider this a remarkable
case." HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street,
Rochester, N. Y.
Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

Advertisement for Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root. Includes text: 'DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT', 'THE GREAT KIDNEY CURE', and 'Beware of cheap imitations'.