

## SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

### ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

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

A MISSOURI farmer recently dehorned a steer by a process that must have been cruel and unusual, for afterward the steer was able to breathe through the holes left in its head by the operation.

A MAINE paper tells the story of a colt which strayed from pasture on the upper St. John River, N. B. Last summer two moose hunters came upon the colt running wild with two bull moose. It was fat, but wild, and they built a raft to take it to its owner.

When Catherine of Russia was on the throne an ingenious peasant presented her with a marvelous watch, which is at present being exhibited in St. Petersburg. In size and shape it somewhat resembles a chicken's egg. When wound up to the proper pitch it plays religious chants, accompanied with scenic effects.

MICHAEL CARRIER was engaged to Ellen Verveine in Pennsylvania. Then he went to jail in Ohio for four years. A parole was offered him, but he wouldn't take it because he would have to stay in the State. Recently his term was finished, and there was a blushing bride within a reasonable number of hours thereafter.

The citizens of Dijon, France, have just voted a tax for putting a railing around a tree which stands within the city limits. The tree bears a label which informs the sightseer that it is the oldest poplar in France. The town Council has a record tracing the history of the tree since the year 732 A. D. It is 122 feet in height and 45 feet in circumference at the base.

IMAGINE a household numbering 6,000 persons in which no woman is allowed any share in the management. Such is the case at Dolma Bagtche palace of the Sultan. Perhaps the women would object to his Majesty's manners, for he never uses a plate and is seldom open to the attractions of a knife and fork. His dinner services are of gold and silver, however.

A PHILADELPHIAN reports that a family living near the Falls of Schuylkill were aroused the other night by a tremendous clatter on the roof. The head of the house rushed to a window, and was about to give an alarm to the police in apprehension of burglars when two immense cranes, with load flappings of wings, passed over his head and disappeared down the river. The head of the house quickly disappeared, too.

The Princess of Wales has a remarkable collection of hats and bonnets, consisting of all those she has worn during the thirty years she has led London fashion. Each hat or bonnet, carefully put away, bears the date of the season of its use, and a history of the whims, vagaries and changes of feminine fashion, which are never so capricious as in matters of headgear, might well be written upon this interesting collection.

NATHANIEL STRAUGHAN, who lives in Crawford county, Ind., will be 102 years old next April, and has a child living who is 80 years of age. This old man's mind is unimpaired, and he can remember things that happened nearly a century ago. He came from Kentucky in 1820, and has lived continuously in Crawford county ever since. He says that he was never under the influence of liquor in his life, and never uttered an oath.

In China there is a profession for ladies, strange because openly and handsomely remunerated in the current coin of the realm. It is carried on by elderly ladies, who go from house to house of rich people, announcing their coming by beating a drum and offering their services to amuse the lady of the house. This offer accepted, they sit down and tell her the latest scandal and the newest stories and omissions, and are rewarded at the rate of half a crown an hour, besides a handsome present should some portion of the gossip prove particularly acceptable.

A MILLIONAIRE living in London, who is somewhat of a loss to know what to do with his money, has hit upon the idea of employing detectives to keep a watch on the doings of perfectly harmless people of note in various walks of life. It interests him, apparently, to know that at 3.30 p. m. Mr. Gladstone was seen taking out his pocketbook in Downing street, or that the author of "The Light of Asia" ordered dinner for six at Willis's Rooms five hours later. Mr. Halfour and Mr. Tree have been subjected to this peculiar form of espionage.

At a late meeting of the Zoological Society of London a most remarkable instance of evolution in the adaptation of animal organisms to their environments was demonstrated. Mr. Tegetmeier said that the English rabbits imported into Australia were gradually changing their habits and becoming tree-climbers, the available food for them there being largely the bark and leaves of trees. In evidence of his assertions he showed the feet of some Australian rabbits, which showed that they are althogether than those of their English progenitors, and their claws are longer and sharper.

A REMARKABLE case was presented to the students of Sterling Medical College at Columbus, Ohio, by Dr. Loving. The patient had been subjected to an operation for pleurisy by a Buffalo physician and five ribs in front and four in the rear were removed. The left lung was entirely gone; an open cavity extended through the chest. The heart was laid bare, covered only by the pericardium, and could be clearly seen pulsing in its normal activity. Dr. Loving stated that there was probably not another case like it in the United States. The man is 38 years old and is in fairly good health. It is a marvel that he is alive.

A RESIDENT of Seattle, Wash., came down stairs in the middle of the night a week ago to investigate a racket in the kitchen, and found there a half grown bear cub with its head in a pan of blackberry preserves that had been left on the floor to cool. The bear left the jam and started for the man, but the latter

slammed the door and went after his gun. After wakening four women in the house, so they would not be scared by the report of the firearm, he returned and killed the bear. Seattle is a pretty big city, and the house invaded by the bear is not far from its center, so that the presence there of the bear is a good deal of a mystery. It found access to the house through a door left ajar.

ENNEST HIGHHOUSE, of Pittsburgh, has only one lung, the missing one having been cut out. Only a membrane of little more than the thickness of the skin covering a chicken's egg immediately inside the shell separates his heart from the open air. Four years ago Highhouse's lung was removed after suppuration had set in, in consequence of an attack of pleuro-pneumonia. Three pieces of ribs were cut out in front and four in the back. The lung was then removed. Highhouse states that breathing with two lungs is all a matter of habit. It is just as easy to get along with one lung, he says. Dr. Stewart, of Pittsburgh, lately took Highhouse to the Mercy hospital, where he was examined by about fifty of the leading physicians and surgeons of the city, who said his was the most remarkable case they had ever seen.

A PARIS letter says: Five years ago a Russian princess, who died in this city, left by will \$1,000,000 to the person who would consent to remain for the space of one year in the chapel which is erected over her tomb, in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise. The princess lies in a crystal coffin. Thus, the whole body is distinctly visible, and this is what causes so much fright to all who have as yet attempted to gain the prize. But the will forbids all visitors. The candidate must be alone with the dead for a whole year before the \$1,000,000 is won. No work is allowed. Books and newspapers, however, are permitted and a servant brings meals regularly to the watcher. One hour's walk a day is allowed, but this must be undertaken before 5 o'clock in the morning in summer and 8 o'clock during the winter months. Several Frenchmen have essayed to win the prize, but all have given up after a short trial. One lasted out nearly three weeks, by which time he had completely lost his reason and still remains a jabbering idiot. The will makes no mention of foreigners being ineligible; there is every chance therefore for a strong-minded American who fears neither ghosts, ghoulis nor gravestones to be come rich in the short period of 365 days. Application to be made to the municipality of Paris.

A YOUNG man by the name of Rodwell, in the employ of the Grinton Coal Company in North England, has shown wonderful powers in his occupation as professional "water finder" or "water witch." Professor E. R. Lankester, the great English scientist, stated very plainly in one of the journals that he doubted the attributed powers of either the "witch" or the "divining rod," with which he is armed in all professional operations. This evoked the following from Dr. McClure, the chairman of the Grinton Company: "I deny emphatically that the lad is an impostor! He has been tested time and again and has never failed to locate veins of either mineral or water, depending upon what the search was being conducted for. The 'divining rod' which he holds only moves in obedience to the muscular contractions of his hands and arms, and he can use a rod of any kind of wood or material, providing it be what is known as a 'good conductor of electricity.' Another oddity about the lad, and one of which I have never heard in connection with 'water witching,' is this: The lad habitually walks with his hands clasped behind him and as soon as he steps upon the ground directly over a mineral or water he is powerless to unclasp them until he moves away from the region of the lode or conduit."

A Human Iron Mine.

The most wonderful fish story that ever came from Berks County is the following: Cosmus Eckenrode, of Tilden Township, felt a soreness on top of his head the other day. When the doctor was called in he extracted a fish hook with part of the bait and a section of the line and sinker still attached. Mr. Eckenrode, when a boy five years of age, when fishing for halibut along the Tulpehocken, tramped upon a hook, which entered his foot. In the 80 years that have passed since then it had traveled through his body till it came out on top of his head. A curious circumstance connected with the case is that the hook is about three times as large as when it first entered his foot. This is accounted for by the supposition that it is made of magnetic iron, and as it passed through his body accumulated additional iron from the blood. Mr. Eckenrode has been a very unfortunate man in this direction. In addition to a large number of needles which passed through his body, he has at present six tenpenny nails and a railroad spike which are at present plowing their way through his body and have not yet been extracted. —(Lebanon Penn.) Report.

Confederate Financial Legislation.

The currency legislation of the Confederate States reminds one forcibly of the similar policy of the colonial Legislatures. The act of February, 1864, was a repetition of the colonial system of bills of credit, "new tenor," exchangeable at a fixed ratio for the depreciated notes, "old tenor." This sort of a debt was not the only case of recession in the history of the Confederate States to the earlier colonial ways. The Southerners returned to those earlier days in their laws fixing prices; in their other expedients to lower prices, and improve the standing of their Treasury notes; in their taxes in kind, their produce loans, and their system of barter in general, but particularly in their dislike of heavy taxation. To the credit of the Confederates, however, it should be said that in one particular they did not follow the example of their colonial ancestors. They never passed a legal tender act. Mr. Memminger's position in opposing any such law on grounds of expediency was much to his credit, and compares favorably with the position Mr. Chase took in the matter. —(Professor Schwab in Yale Review.)

## A PATRIOTIC SHRINE.

### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE TO HAVE A MONUMENT.

#### Two Ideas are Under Consideration—One is a Building of Granite, the Other a Huge Boulder.

There is to be another shrine on the historic Potomac. The birthplace of Washington, at Wakefield, Westmoreland County, Va., is finally to be marked by an appropriate monument. Wakefield is seventy-five miles down the river from this city, says a Washington letter to the New York Times. All that remains of the house in which Washington was born is a ruined hearthstone and chimney. Old maps of Virginia call attention to the site by the inscription: "The Birthplace of Washington."

The idea of erecting a memorial on this historic spot was advanced many years ago, but for a long time the Congress displayed the utmost indifference to it. Finally, in June, 1879, an appropriation of \$5,000 was provided for the erection of a suitable monument, and the Secretary of State was authorized to see that the money was properly expended.

It appears that nothing was done to carry out the wishes of the Congress until the following year, when Mr. Everts, then Secretary of the State, made a visit to Wakefield.

Mr. Everts submitted five drawings of the proposed commemorative structure. These plans contemplated a building of granite with a tiled roof and a bronze tablet bearing an inscription, bronze doors, and windows so arranged with bronze screens that the interior of the building might be plainly seen from the outside.

The neglected burial place of the immediate ancestry of Washington, close to the homestead, suggested to Mr. Everts the protection of their remains from further exposure and dishonor. He provided in the plans for securing in the outer walls of the structure the ancient tablets and headstones to be taken from the neighboring burial ground.

Nothing more was heard of the matter until February, 1881, when Congress appropriated \$30,000 for the purpose of marking the birthplace. The act provided that this sum was to purchase the old homestead and to erect a suitable monument thereon. Under this stimulus the State Department brought about the transfer of the property to the Government, and also obtained the right of way for a road to a suitable landing place on the river.

General Casey of the Engineers, who had not then attained his present position as the head of the Engineer Corps, maintained that, in the interest of the public generally, a landing place on the river was an absolute necessity. Without such a landing place the materials for the monument would have to be hauled over a very inferior road for at least six miles, and the cost of this long haul would, of course, be included in the cost of construction.

Surveys were made and estimates furnished, but nothing was done toward constructing the memorial. In April, 1884, General Casey submitted a plan for a wharf, to be constructed of cast iron screw piles, with a timber deck. The plan provided that the dock should be 1,050 feet long by 16 feet wide, the head to be 40 by 60 feet. This great length was made necessary by the shallow condition of the river opposite Wakefield. Nine weeks of inactivity followed upon the preparation of this plan. At its last session Congress approved the plan and authorized the expenditure of \$11,136 for the construction of the wharf, out of the original appropriation of \$30,000. The unexpended balance of that appropriation is \$24,712, so, by deducting the amount specifically allotted to the wharf, there remains \$15,576 for the monument proper.

Colonel John M. Wilson, United States Army, the present Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, is now in charge of the undertaking, and proposes to push it to completion. The contract for the construction of the wharf has been awarded to I. H. Hathaway & Co., of Philadelphia. The contract price is \$9,870. Work on the wharf must begin May 1 next, and be completed by August 1.

Nothing will be done toward the construction of the monument until the wharf is completed. In the meantime the plan of the proposed memorial will be decided upon.

So far as can be learned, the ideas advanced by Mr. Everts thirteen years ago do not meet with general approval. Colonel Wilson is of the opinion that the proposed building would hardly be appropriate. To his mind a more rugged memorial, befitting the character of Washington, would be more appropriate. He said to the writer that if the matter were left to his judgment, he would lay in the space occupied by the ruins of the house a solid foundation of cement, and on this place a monster piece of granite, to be transported from some quarry. On this stone he would place the proper inscriptions.

"Such a memorial," said Colonel Wilson, "would last for ages and would never require any care. It would be a common sense memorial, and I have no doubt of its acceptability to the masses of the people."

It remains to be seen whether Colonel Wilson's idea will agree with those of the State Department. With a wharf at Wakefield, there is good reason to believe that in the years to come the birthplace of Washington would receive a good deal of attention from the great army of tourists which each year invades this region.

The great distance of Wakefield from Washington makes it reasonably certain that the visitors to the shrine will never equal the number of those who annually visit Mount Vernon where Washington's body lies. Mount Vernon will always be the chief show place along the river. It is replete with memories of Washington, and the beauties of the ancient estate are increasing year by year.

PEIXOTO.

A Glance at the President of Brazil's Republic.

In an editorial on "The Brazilian Republic," the South American Journal gives the following interesting information concerning President Peixoto:

It may be interesting to glance at the career of Marshal Peixoto, whose name is now so prominently before the world, and who, from the position of a private soldier, has risen to the point of becoming the ruler of a great nation. Born in Alagoas, he is at present about 49 years of age. By good conduct, application to the special study of military science, and the display of exceptional ability, he secured admission to the military school at Rio, where he graduated with high honors. Shortly before the outbreak of the Paraguayan war he had been nominated a sub-lieutenant, and played a gallant part in several of the early battles which took place during that protracted and sanguinary struggle. His promotion was rapid, and at the final conflict at Aquidaban which brought the campaign to an end, he was in command of the Ninth Regiment of infantry. When the overthrow of the empire was accomplished, in November, 1889, he had attained the rank of major general. This was confirmed after the revolution, in which he had no active participation, by Senator Benjamin Constant, minister of war in the provisional government. The following further particulars have been given by the Daily Graphic:

When Senator Constant became minister of education, General Peixoto was offered and accepted the portfolio of war. He resigned, with his colleagues of the provisional government, as a protest against the scandalous affair of the port of Torres. His native state of Alagoas immediately elected him a senator, and he took part in the deliberations of the constituent assembly which elaborated the new constitution. In the election of officers which followed he was almost unanimously appointed to the vice-presidency of the republic. In this capacity he officiated as president of the senate. Since his accession to the presidency, General Peixoto has exercised his powers with moderation, and it was thought at one time that he would overcome the rebellious spirit of Rio Grande and San Paulo without any serious effusion of blood.

Fleet-Footed Zebra.

The rapidity with which the different zebras have been exterminated, owing to the advance of civilization in South Africa, is shown by reference to such works as that of Sir Cornwallis Harris, written in 1840, in which the author tells us that the quagga was at that time found in "interminable herds," bands of many hundreds being frequently seen, while he describes Burchell's zebra as congregating in herds of 80 or 100, and abounding to a great extent; but now, after the expiration of but fifty years, the one species is extinct or practically so, while the other has been driven much farther afield, and its numbers are yearly being reduced, says the Saturday Review.

This author's description of the common zebra is well worth repeating. He says: "Seeking the wildest and most sequestered spots, the haughty troops are exceedingly difficult to approach, as well on account of their extreme agility and fleetness of foot as from the abrupt and inaccessible nature of their highland abode. Under the special charge of a sentinel, so posted on some adjacent crag as to command a view of every avenue of approach, the chequered herd whom 'painted skins adorn' is to be viewed perambulating some rocky ledge on which the rifle ball alone can reach them. No sooner has the note of alarm been sounded by the vidette, than, pricking their long ears, the whole flock hurries forward to ascertain the nature of the approaching danger, and, having gazed a moment at the advancing hunter, whisking their braided tails aloft, helter-skelter away they thunder down craggy precipices and over yawning ravines, where no less agile foot could dare to follow them."

Of Burchell's zebra he says: "Fierce, strong, fleet and surpassingly beautiful, there is, perhaps, no quadruped in the creation, not even excepting the mountain zebra, more splendidly attired or presenting a picture of more singularly attractive beauty." Zebras are by no means amiable animals, and though many of the stories told of their ferocity are doubtless much exaggerated, they have so far not proved themselves amenable to domestication.

Hunting the Hare.

In the heart of a big evergreen swamp, or solemn Northern forest, the coldest of winds has no chance, and a man can keep comfortably warm in any well-chosen "stand." On sparkling, moonlight nights the big snowshoes of Sir Hare print the tell-tale surface with many a busy triangle for ever noses to follow. The white fellow loves to squat close of a morning. He is snug in his form "neath some close tangled cover, and he hates to bestir himself till he needs must. The busy beagles poke here and there puzzling out cold trails, and at last a searching nose catches a whiff of the loved scent coming from a pile of brush, a fallen tree top, or a tangle of small growths. Sir Hare must away now. A rustling yelp almost in his long, quivering ears, gird him for flying speed. With a graceful, curving bound he clears the sheltering cover, and, as a jangle of bell-like music thrills his sensitive nerves, he swings his furry snowshoes for every ounce that in him lies. Away he flies, a leaping, flying image of white speed. At every bound he hears fierce hal-lenges in the storm of trumpet tones behind. Speed now at any price! Yet, run as he may, unerring nostrils read his course in air and snow; red hot throats clang his doom amid the echoing forest aisles. A mile, or more, he covers at nervous speed, then he curves his flight and circles for his starting point. The ringing tumult in his wake whimpers dying far away, only to rise and swell again in wilder, stronger chorus. He must try new tactics—a swift dart across a narrow open will enable him to gain a saving swamp. One leap from the cover his bulging eyes mark a new terror. An awful shape moves near a screening bush; a frightful thunder fills his dying ears, and from the dark woods whence his course has been, pours sudden, loud and exultant, a torrent of approving dog-music—for right well do the excited rogues know what has been the end.—(Outing.)

## THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

### JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

#### A Musical Heir—She Didn't Understand Him—His Claim—Only Half—Slow—So It Was—This Dilemma is Called Love, Etc., Etc.

A prominent citizen of Harlem had occasion to punish his son Tommy. While Tommy was being chastised, instead of crying he sang "Two Little Girls in Blue" and other popular melodies. "What do you mean by singing when I am punishing you?" asked the exasperated parent. "Can't you let me amuse myself while you are amusing yourself?" asked Tommy, breaking off in the middle of "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow." —(Texas Siftings.)

SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM.

Count Spaghetti—Miss Bonds, I have come to ask you a question; one which—ah—which—Miss Bonds—Yes, I understand, Count, but it may not be. I am already engaged to be married. Count Spaghetti—You mistake me, madam. I was not about to ask your hand, but—ah—I wished to know if you could lend me \$10 for a week. —(Vogue.)

Physician (severely)—I have no hesitation in saying, sir, that your wife's nervous fits are occasioned by your staying out so late every night. Witherby—Great heavens, doctor, I didn't know she was suffering from an incurable disease. —(New York Sun.)

THEY WERE HALF.

The man had a scheme on foot in which there was going to be big money to him, and he had tried to get backing but without success. "Why don't you organize a trust company?" suggested a friend. "Can't," he said. "I can get the company, but where in thunder can I get the trust?"

What is Willie Wibbles doing? asked a business man. "He hasn't moved for five minutes." "I asked him that question. He said he was collecting his thoughts." "Well, he can sympathize with us. He evidently finds collections pretty slow." —(Washington Star.)

SO IT WAS.

Maud—Cholly Smoothlip hasn't much of a moustache, is it true; but you ought not to abuse it. Marie—Nonsense. How did I ever abuse his moustache. Maud—He told me the other day that you called it down.

THIS DILEMMA IS CALLED LOVE.

"I'm afraid I should be awfully unhappy if I didn't marry Charley!" "Marry him, then." "Then I know I should be unhappy." —(Chicago Record.)

BOUND TO TAKE SOMETHING.

He may be called an honest man. As one could wish to behold; But if you'll notice you surely will find He's not above taking cold. —(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

WHAT FOR?

The landlady at a Cass avenue boarding house was mad because the boarder came down when the breakfast was cold, and the boarder was meek as a lamb. "What are you coming in so late for?" she asked, most unpleasantly. "For breakfast," he replied with a feeble smile, and the boss softened and gave him something edible. —(Detroit Free Press.)

TRAGIC.

In life's great play a sorry part I've had; rough are the boards I tread. The heroine first broke my heart, And then her father broke my head. —(New York Herald.)

HAD REJECTED HIM.

"Van Wither is a singular man," said he. "Yes, said she, blushing somewhat guiltily, 'but it isn't his fault.'" —(Vogue.)

THE LONGED-FOR QUESTION.

Mr. Caller—Miss Antique, I have been wanting to ask you something for some time. Miss Antique (blushing)—You— you may ask it. Mr. Caller—My mother wants to know if you are not the Isabel Antique she used to go to school with! —(Truth.)

FROM FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

Are you housekeeping yet? He—Yes, but it seems just like board-ing. "No care nor trouble?" He—Not that; but we have boiled rice and fried liver so often. —(Inter-Ocean.)

ECONOMY.

"John, dear, I wish you would get me a horse and brodifham." "Great Scott, Jane! Didn't I tell you we had to economize?" "Yes, that's why I want the brodifham. Think of the car fare I'd save." —(Harper's Bazar.)

SHE ONLY WANTED TO "SHOP."

Wife—Can you let me have some money, dear? I am going shopping. Husband—Great heavens! Marie, you'll ruin me. Wife (calmly)—All I want is ten cents for car fare. —(Globe Review.)

HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.

Wife—To-morrow is your birthday, darling, and I am going to stop at the jeweler's and buy you a present. Her Hubby—Get something cheap, pet; I haven't paid him for my last birthday present yet. —(Spare Moments.)

UNERRING INSTINCT.

Mrs. Comehome.—You say you are a good washer and ironer; how do you tell when the irons are too hot? Servant (looking for a place)—How? By smelling the burning linen, mum, of course. —(Vogue.)

HIS CLAIM.

Perdita—Ernest is awfully frank. Penelope—And do you love him because he is Frank? Perdita—No; because he is Ernest. —(Truth.)

A FINANCIAL TRANSACTION.

His Son (just returned from Africa)—I bought a silver mine down there, father, for five thousand dollars. His Father—I knew they'd swindle you. So you were fool enough to buy a mine? His Son—Yes; I formed a company and sold half the stock to an American for ten thousand dollars. His Father (breathing heavily)—You did! I'll bet I'm the one who bought it!

HIS SON TRYING TO APPEAR AT HOME.—I know you are.—(Truth.)

A COMPARISON.

Swell of the Period—Oh! Doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; but I must confess I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science. Doctor—Oh! that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same. —(Tagliche Rundschau.)

ROYAL CONTEMPT.

"Come hither," said Queen Liliu-etc. "What does your majesty desire?" "Have you any of those mean editorials printed by the United States newspapers about me?" "Yes." "Bring them hither; I am told that they will make my hair curl." "So am I, your majesty." "I will see that the prophecy is fulfilled. I will use them for curl-papers." —(Washington Star.)

THE APT CALLOW.

Butler—There's a man below to see you, sir. Mayberry—What did you tell him? Butler—I told him you told me if it was a lady to say you were in, and if it was a man to say you were out. Mayberry—What did he say then? Butler—He said to tell you he was a lady. —(Harvard Lampoon.)

SAD MEMORIES.

"Mylam," said the tramp, "take back yer loaf of bread. I return it unbroken." "What's the matter?" "It brings back too many sad memories. I can't touch it." "Does it?" she asked, gently, "make you think of the bread your mother used to make?" "No, 'm. It makes me think of when I was doin' time on the rock pile." —(Washington Star.)

GLOOMY FOREBODINGS.

"Velvet will be worn as much as ever this winter," said the wife of a prominent New York journalist, who was reading a fashion journal. "Yes, I am afraid the velvet there is left on the collar of my last winter's overcoat will be more worn than ever before the robin's nest again," was the pensive reply of the moulder of public opinion. —(Texas Siftings.)

HE SKIPPED.

Millionaire's Daughter—Hurry, Geoffrey! You'd better take your cue and skip. Walking Gentleman—Yes; good night, darling! I'll get out before the old man's foot lights. —(New York Press.)

WHICH KILLS LOWEST.

Doctor—You can either take this medicine in capsules or in liquid form. Patient—Which kills lowest? —(Texas Siftings.)

THE MATTER WITH IT.

Hoon—Look here, waters! I don't care for any more milk like that you left yesterday morning. It was altogether too cynical to suit my taste. Waters (the milkman)—Cynical! What do you mean? Hoon—It seemed to have been prematurely soured. —(Puck.)

FURTHER INSTRUCTION POSTPONED.

After leading carefully up to the subject the teacher of the class in the Waifs' Mission Sunday school felt confident he had made an impression on Stub-Nosed Mike, the bootblack. "And now, Mike," he said, adapting his style of talk to the vocabulary of the class, "what sort of kids do you think go to heaven?" "Dead ones," answered Stub-Nosed Mike, solemnly. And the moral lesson ended right there. —(Chicago Tribune.)

No Waiting for a Bite There.

Mr. W. K. Reynolds, Jr., in a letter to his father from British Columbia, tells the following remarkable story: "Was at Duncan's two nights; spent an hour at the Cowichan River each evening catching salmon by the tail and throwing them up on the bank or back in the river. I suppose you will think this overdrawn, but it is a fact just the same. The river is literally swarming with them, and the water can hardly be seen for fish. The banks are covered with dead fish, and the stench is horrible. The people are complaining, but apparently nothing can be done. I caught about forty, one after the other, and got pretty wet over it. The sport is more exciting than fishing with a rod. Every little slough in the river is filled with them, places where the water is only six inches deep; but they force themselves along very fast, and are fearfully strong; the average weight is about ten pounds; but there are many heavier and few lighter." —(Halifax Academic Recorder.)

Strength of a Whale.

Sir William Turner, the eminent anatomist of the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, with the help of a Glasgow ship-builder, has been making some calculations as to the strength of a whale. The size and dimensions of a whale stranded some time since on the Scotch coast furnished the necessary data. This whale was 80 feet long, 20 feet across the flanges of the tail, and weighed 165,000 pounds. The professor calculates that to attain a speed of twelve miles an hour, an ordinary rater for a whale, the animal would have to exert 145 horse-power.