

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

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

R. G. BEVERIDGE, a well-known local amateur photographer, of Oil City, Penn., has secured a snap-shot picture of a rattlesnake biting a man, and, so far as known, the picture is the only one of the kind in existence. It is hardly necessary to state that it was obtained by accident. Dr. C. J. Reynolds, formerly of Oil City, has been a few days in the woods in that vicinity assisting Rattlesnake Pete Gruber catch snakes for the latter's museum, and to illustrate the process to his friends in Pittsburgh, he determined to take a series of photographs. The box of twenty-two snakes already captured, together with the photograph outfit, was taken to a ledge of rocks near Siverlyville by Dr. Reynolds, Pete and Beveridge. The snakes were then photographed in different postures, and as a climax it was decided to illustrate how the biggest snake of the lot was captured. It was placed on top of a huge mass of rock, and the doctor posed as if he had just caught sight of the reptile, and was motioning to Pete, who was climbing up the face of the rock. In his anxiety to get a good pose, Dr. Reynolds failed to notice that while he was getting into position the snake had worked his way to the edge of the rock. When Pete put his hand over the edge of the rock to steady himself, the snake, over five feet long, struck savagely at the moving finger. Its teeth grazed the ball of the thumb, cut the skin, but did not draw blood, and a quantity of venom spread itself over the thumb, but was washed off with the contents of a bottle of ammonia and did not do any damage. The photographer was so startled by the snake striking that he convulsively squeezed the bulb connecting the shutter of his camera, and secured what is probably the most unique photograph in the State.

On a recent morning when Ray McCollum, living three miles from Farmer's Valley, Penn., went out to feed his cow he found her lying in a pool of blood in the barnyard. There were gashes in her flesh, on her lower left side, her legs were stripped of their flesh in many places, and her horns were covered with blood. She was still alive, but was shot to end her misery. As there was not a foot of ground in the barnyard that was not torn, and as the soil was drenched with blood, and the barn fence were spotted with it, it was plain that a desperate conflict had occurred during the night between the cow and some fierce animal. There was a break in the barnyard fence, showing where the trespassing animal had entered. David Marcy, neighbor of McCollum's, on going to feed his stock the same morning, discovered that a large and vicious Berkshire boar of his had broken from his enclosure. Marcy started to search for his missing boar, and heard of the plight in which McCollum had found his cow and barnyard. He was sure that the bloody duel that had taken place there the night before was between his boar and the cow, and this was made certain when he found the boar half buried in the soft mud on the edge of a swamp a quarter of a mile from McCollum's. The mud was red with blood for several feet around the boar. This had flowed from eleven holes in the animal's side where the cow had gored him. One of the boar's eyes was out, one of his tusks broken off, and his flesh was frightfully ripped. He was nearly dead and was shot.

HARRY MOORE, who for years was an engineer in Mexico, states that there are queer laws down there. He gives the following as a fact: "I was walking along one of the thoroughfares of the City of Mexico," remarked Mr. Moore, "when a man came along and tickled one of the hind legs of a mule. The animal pricked up his ears and both hind legs shot out, the hoof of one of the legs landing squarely in the face of his tormentor. The man was picked up and carried unconscious into a house near by. The poor fellow breathed his last half an hour later. A policeman came riding up at full speed, asked the cause of the excitement, and on being informed, arrested the mule and took the animal off to jail. A trial was had and the judge, without jury, sentenced the mule to the penitentiary for life, assessing a fine of eighteen cents a day against the owner to keep the mule in feed." Mr. Moore further stated that the Wells Fargo Express Company has a dog at their office in the City of Mexico which has been in jail several times for biting and snapping at Mexican pedestrians.

SOME twenty years ago a Klamath River Indian, had a difficulty with three other Indians, during which he was killed, and at the same time killed one of the other Indians. Several years later one of the surviving Indians died. The Indian killed by the other three in the trouble above referred to had a boy about one year old at the time. The boy being now twenty-one years old, and knowing from his mother the circumstance of his father's death, watched a good opportunity to kill the only surviving murderer of his father. He pretended at all times to be very friendly with the surviving Indian of the difficulty, but a few days ago, while smiling pleasantly before his victim, suddenly pulled a sharp knife from beneath his coat and slashed him across the body, from the effects of

which wound the murderer of his father died in a very short time, and the young assassin skipped to parts unknown.

THE honorary freedom confers a kissing privilege upon its possessor in the ancient borough of Rye, in Sussex, one of the Cinque ports. By one of the early charters, which had long been overlooked, but which was brought to light again the other day by a searcher among its ancient records, the possessor of the honorary freedom of this small but distinguished borough secures the right and privilege of kissing the Mayor. At Hungerford, in connection with the festivities of Hoektide, there are two officials known as "tith men," who have the privilege of taking a kiss from each member of the fair sex. They are appointed annually by the chief constable, who is head man of all the commoners.

THE Emperor of China is not content with the respect shown him by his subjects, and recently issued the following peculiar order: "After bringing our sacrifices to the highest being, we heard upon our return to the palace, near the gate leading to the Imperial quarters, a rather loud noise caused by talking. This shows that the people have not the proper regard for the majesty of the ruler, and also that the officers of the bureau-guards have failed to do their duty properly. The officers who were on post at the particular gate must be punished, therefore, by the Ministry of War. In the future, however, all officers, however, high or low, must see that a noise so improper shall not occur in our presence."

GEORGE FOX, of Angels Camp, Calaveras County, Cal., has a two-year-old colt which is to a certain extent a natural curiosity. For some months past the colt has had a tender spot near its right ear, and recently it resulted in an open wound. After trying in vain to heal it its owner decided to take the animal to a doctor of Stockton to have the wound treated. The doctor after a careful examination made an incision with his scalpel, and, taking a pair of strong forceps in his hand, he drew from the place a well-formed molar tooth, in form, shape and color exactly like those in the colt's mouth. The colt improved at once and the wound is healing.

In one of the big down town buildings in New York there is a restaurant whose walls are composed entirely of mirrors. The effect is startling to the person who looks into the dining room from the street or hallways. The curtains prevent his seeing anything except the ceiling and upper walls. In these, however, he can see mirrored all that the room contains. Of course everything appears inverted, and it is astonishing to see a man eating his soup with his head down and his feet in the air. The sight is sufficiently novel to attract crowds at times.

An interesting story is told of a wealthy collector named James W. Ellsworth, who amuses himself by spending thousands of dollars every year in making additions to his various collections. Recently he came in possession of an 1804 dollar that has an interesting history, as its existence was not known. It appears that a colored man received the dollar from his dying father, who had kept it as a means of remembering the year he became a freedman. The negro kept the coin for forty years and finally sold it to a Mr. Driefus.

A MAINE dog was presented by his Lubec owner to a man at Eastport. He was kept tied up for several days. When they released him he made for the water and tried to swim to the Lubec side, but the current was too strong. He came back crestfallen. He tried it again, with equally bad luck. But the third time he got to land, and ran four miles to the house of his old owner. He swam a mile and a half.

At the marriage of the eldest son of Babu Raj Kuma Roy, Zemindar of Narail, India, recently, the procession was a most imposing one, the bridegroom party alone consisting of 1,200 to 1,500 men. A notable innovation in the shape of an Indian female string band, which drove with the procession in a wagonette, attracted a great deal of attention.

MISS EMILY T. GERRY, a daughter of Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, has just passed her 90th birthday. She lives alone with her servants in her old-fashioned home in New Haven, and until five years ago, when she was paralyzed, retained complete possession of faculties of mind and body.

The rare instance of the coming of age of a whole trio of triplets was celebrated recently at Whitnast, near Leamington, England. Generally in case of triplets, the children die soon after birth, but occasionally they survive and reach maturity. One case is on record of quadruplets, all of whom were reared.

CHICAGO has a federation of women's clubs numbering twenty-two organizations. One of these is called the Olio Club, and is interested in almost everything under the sun. It has a peculiar rule to the effect that the President may address any member whose name she forgets as "Mrs. Tipps."

CAPT. CORNELIUS NYE, a pensioner of the War of 1812, recently celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday at his home in Lynn, Mass. He was born in Fairfield, Me., and spent most of his life there until eighteen years ago. His first vote was cast for James Monroe.

TWENTY years ago W. A. Van Sickle, of New Brunswick, N. J., lost

a watch in a field at that place, and recently a colored man unearthed it. After being soaked in oil the time-piece was found to be in fairly good condition.

"AUNT" RHODA STEARNS celebrated her 101st birthday at Highgate Center, Vt., the other day. Despite her great age, Mrs. Stearns rises at 3 o'clock every morning and builds a fire in an old-fashioned box stove.

ON TOP OF MT. ARARAT.

Nothing but Snow Covers the Peak Where the Ark Was Moored.

Mount Ararat has two tops, a few hundred yards apart, sloping on the eastern and western extremities, into rather prominent abutments, and separated by a snow valley, or depression, from 50 to 100 feet in depth. Thus, in the Century, writes Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben, the two young Americans who made a bicycle tour round the world.

"The eastern top, on which we were standing, was quite extensive, and 30 to 40 feet lower than its western neighbor. Both tops are hummocks on the huge dome of Ararat, like the humps on the back of a camel, on neither one of which is there a vestige of anything but snow.

"There remained just a little trace of the crosses left by Parrot and Chodko, as of the ark itself. We remembered the pictures we had seen in our nursery-books, which represented this mountain-top covered with green grass, and Noah stepping out of the ark, in the bright, warm sunshine, before the receding waves; and now we looked around and saw this very spot covered with perpetual snow. Nor did we see any evidence whatever of a former existing crater, except perhaps the snow-filled depression we have just mentioned. There was nothing about this perpetual snow-field, and the freezing atmosphere that was chilling us to the bone, to remind us that we were on the top of an extinct volcano that once trembled with the convulsions of subterranean heat.

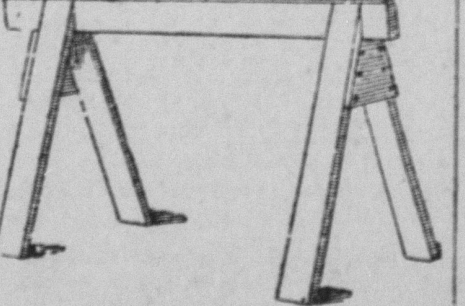
"The view from this towering height was immeasurably extensive, and almost too grand. All detail was lost—all color, all outline; even the surrounding mountains seemed to be but excrement ridges of the plain. Then, too, we could catch only occasional glimpses, as the clouds shifted to and fro. At one time they opened up beneath us, and revealed the Aras valley with its glittering ribbon of silver at an abyssal depth below. Now and then we could descry the black volcanic peaks of Ali Ghez forty miles away to the northwest, and on the southwest the low mountains that obscured the town of Bayazid. Of the Caucasus, the mountains about Erzerum on the west, and Lake Van on the south, and even the Caspian Sea, all of which are said to be in Ararat's horizon, we could see absolutely nothing."

CARPENTRY FOR BOYS.

A Pair of Horses.

Every boy who is interested in carpentry should have a pair of horses to work on. It is not a difficult matter to make a pair of horses, but it will require time and perseverance to construct a good pair.

Get at a carpenter shop a piece of



A GOOD HORSE.

soft ash, 4 feet long, 1 1/2 inches thick and 3 inches wide. Saw this in half, making two pieces each 2 feet long for the heads of the horses. With saw and chisel cut in each side of a head, four inches from the ends, for the top of the legs will fit as shown in fig. 1. Then get eight pieces of pine, thirty inches long, one and a quarter inches thick and two inches wide for the legs, and level the top of each as shown in fig. 2. Screw each leg securely to the head, and level the bottom of each as shown in fig. 3, so the horse will stand firmly on the floor.

At either end of the horse and just under the projecting end of the headpiece, fasten a board angle block, as shown in the illustration. This will help to strengthen the horse and prevent it from rocking.

Take care to make the joints at the top of the legs with the head tight and secure, so the finished horses will be solid and not wobbly.

Killed the Alligator on Dry Land.

The hide of an alligator more than six feet in length was brought to Dawson Saturday. The gator was killed in a field eight miles south of Dawson by a colored boy. It had crawled over a high rail fence on the way from one pond to another. It took two shots from a gun to kill it. Alligators often travel great distances over dry land in moving from one body of water to another.—(Atlanta Constitution.)

A Swedish copper mine has been worked without interruption for 800 years.

COLONEL CODY TALKS.

HE BELIEVES IN WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

He Enjoys the Life He Leads—Pursued by Autograph Hunters—Ideas on Other Subjects.

Big men are always gentle to women, so I was not afraid to interview Buffalo Bill. Like the good boy at school, he answered up according to his size—which is saying a good deal. Six foot three responded affably to five foot nothing, evidently recognizing the fact that the pen is mightier than—not only the sword, but the rifle as well.

"Now," said the Colonel, after introducing me to his stalwart business manager, Major John Burke, "what do you want to know?" "To begin with, Colonel, do you consider this life of yours the ideal life—I mean is it the life you would choose in preference to any other? I do not, of course, refer to the 'show' part of it, but to the outdoor exercise, the hunting, riding, etc., in short, the open-air life."

"I wouldn't lead any other kind of life," answered the cowboy chief; "no other kind of life on God's earth; no, sir!" The Colonel went up one in my estimation after this confession. You seldom meet a man who has had the gumption to grasp the life he likes, or to confess it if he has. The Wall



"I WOULDN'T ANSWER THAT QUESTION," SAID MAJOR BURKE.

street broker tells you that he longs to live "far from the madding crowd," in the middle of a ten-acre field; the actor yearns for some remote little back parlor behind a shop; the tradesman would sell his soul to be a professional. Buffalo Bill chose his mode of life and is content.

"Would you prefer the life, if it were not for profit?" Before the Colonel could answer Major Burke interposed:

"The Colonel preaches this life, shows the public how it's done—they that preach the Gospel shall live by the Gospel, you know—therefore the Colonel has a right to live by it."

"Do you think," I proceeded, "that the type of man produced by this sort of life is a pet with the women?"

"Why shouldn't women prefer men that are brave and strong?" asked the Colonel; "my boys have to be brave—why, they literally take their lives in their hands every day."

"Do you find that sport and exercise supply the place of women's society? Some horse lovers aver that it does."

"Emphatically no. A hardy outdoor life makes a man value women's society intensely. The men out West, where there are few women, have the greatest respect and admiration for women. No men think as highly of women as the Western fellows."

"Well, sir, have you any ideas on woman's suffrage? This is the question of the hour, you know, otherwise I wouldn't thrust it on you."

Col. Cody confessed that he had not thought much about it. "But, now that you speak of it," he said, "I am in favor of women voting. Why not? Women are developing wonderfully just now, and can do many things which they couldn't do twenty years ago. I think it's a good thing for women to have something to occupy their minds. Times have changed, and, whereas, a woman would have been hooted a few years back if she had dared to work in an office along with men, now we recognize that so long as she does her work well and is womanly, she is far better than wasting her time at home playing with the cat. My wife doesn't care about voting, but if she wanted to I'd let her trot right up to the polls every time."

"Do you think the majority of women capable of voting?"

"Yes, quite as much as the majority of men."

"Hurrah! Colonel, you're on our side!"

"Of course, I am."

"Then you don't condemn women's clubs?"

"Far from it. I'd a good deal rather feel that my daughter was at a club along with intellectual ladies than out with some men. In fact I think it is a capital idea."

"Do you approve of physical culture for girls?"

"Certainly, it makes them graceful."

"I would like to know something about your boys. Are they the terrorists painted by the dime novelists?"

The Colonel smiled. "They're the best hearted, pluckiest, most faithful fellows anywhere. Will stick by me and each other till the last. They're a bit wild sometimes, after they've been in the saddle for a few days at a stretch and not a drop to drink—nowhere to get it—miles from anywhere. Then they have a wild

spell. The reaction is perfectly natural. Men who drink every day never experience this."

"What will you do for buffalo in the future. They say that the race is dying out. Will you breed them yourself?"

"There are not enough left to breed them from, but that won't make any difference. The show won't shut up because of the buffalo."

At this point in the interview an interruption occurred in the form of autograph hunters—ladies of course. It occurred several times during the interview.

"Are you engaged, Col. Cody—we saw that you were talking to some one in the back tent?" said a lady.

"Oh, I've excused myself for a minute," answered the Colonel. "I'm only being interviewed." He spoke of the process as gently as he might of manure or chirology.

"Well, then, will you write us your autograph—we should value it so much?"

The hero of the saddle complied. And then I heard, "Thank you so, so, so very, very, very much!"

And they went home delighted. Then the interview went on where it had left off.

Here I caught sight of a peculiar and handsome ring which the Cowboy Chief wore, and as I admired it he told me the following story:

"This ring was given me by Prince Luitpold, Regent and heir presumptive to the Crown of Bavaria, who will probably become king now. He came to see my show several mornings in succession, and was skeptical about my bucking horses. He thought that we put tacks under the saddle or otherwise irritated them in some way to make them buck. He told me that he couldn't believe it was genuine."

"Well, Your Royal Highness," I said, "come round one morning and see them brought out, saddled and mounted for yourself. Then you'll be convinced."

"He made an appointment for the next morning at 8."

"However, it turned out that he had to review his men that morning at 8, so he came at 7, and, of course, I was not there. However, the horses were brought out just the same. Prince Luitpold observing everything narrowly. He asked who was going to mount it. Thought there might be something in that. He was told that any of the boys would mount, it didn't matter which."

"One of the boys was mounting when the Prince objected to the spurs. 'Take those off,' he said. 'A Prince has to be obeyed. They were taken off.'

"All this time he was standing dangerously near the bucking horse."

Every safe manufacturer has attached to his force expert locksmiths whose duties consist in opening safes which have gotten out of order.

Many of the accidents to safes occur from the gross carelessness of their owners, and at times the honest safe crackers enjoy a quiet laugh at the expense of a group of bank officers or the proprietor of some important establishment.

Not long since a large manufacturer telegraphed to a New York safe maker, requesting that a man be sent at once to his place of business, a town about fifty miles from the city.

Upon reaching his destination the expert, with his kit of tools, repaired to the establishment, and was informed that the vault, an old-fashioned affair, which locked with a key and which contained the safe and books of the concern, could not be opened.

The man examined the lock and then the key, opened his kit, took out a bit of wire and began to dig a mass of dirt, dust and lint out of the key. Then he inserted it in the lock, and while the proprietor, with a sickly smile, looked on, turned the implement and opened the door.

"What's your charge?" asked the manufacturer.

"Fifty dollars," replied the expert.

"Does any one know you are in town?"

"No."

"Well, then, here's sixty dollars," remarked the manufacturer. "I'll give you ten dollars extra if you'll take the first train back to New York without telling any one the price I've paid to have a man dig the dirt out of a key for me."—[New York Herald.

Sleeps Without Pillows.

"I happened to be in Kansas City while the Convention was on," said F. S. Nies, "and owing to the crowded condition of the hotels was compelled to double up with a stranger. He was a very pleasant man of German descent and did nothing erratic until he went to bed. Then he removed the castors from the legs at the head of the bed, so as to make it lower than the foot, placed his pillows at the foot of the bed, and went to sleep with his head at least twelve inches lower than his feet. He slept the sleep of the just and had to be called half a dozen times in the morning. We went down to breakfast together, and I ridiculed him for his peculiar sleeping posture. He quoted some German scientist with a five-syllable name as his authority, and so convinced me of the fact that it is entirely a mistake that pillows and bolsters are necessary that last night I discarded both and found to my surprise that he was right. The discovery was a revelation to me, but it is certain that to some people, at least a pillow is a nuisance instead of a comfort, if they only knew the fact."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why Two People Look Alike.

The fact that two people who live long together tend to grow alike, is accounted for by unconscious mimicry reacting upon the muscles of expression in the same way that a ruling passion does. This tendency to facial imitation is very general—in fact, almost universal—and may be so marked as to be easily noticed; so that when two people are engaged in animated conversation, the expression of the listener may often be seen to echo that of the speaker. How "infectious" is a smile or a laugh, even when the idea which gave rise to it in the first case is not transferred!—[Blackwood's Magazine.

How Annam, Under French Protection Destroyed Her Badge of Servitude.

Among the many unique curiosities in M. Jules Patenotre's collection at the French Legation at Washington is an imprint of the great Chinese imperial seal. The loss of the original die which the imprint represents was one of the greatest disappointments in the career of the clever diplomat. He wanted it for his collection, but the Orientals were a little too many for him at that time, and this is how it happened.

The French had been carrying on the war in Tonquin during the early part of 1883, and finally succeeded in forcing China to surrender her claim of suzerainty over the empire of Annam in favor of a French protectorate. All the State documents of the Annamite up to this period had not only borne the national seal, but likewise the imperial seal of China as a mark of vassalage. When on June 6, 1885, however, Patenotre obtained the signature to the treaty giving Annam over to the protection of France the great Chinese seal was brought before the convention of Annamite statesmen and diplomats. M. Patenotre, in his report to the Home Office, described the scene as follows:

"We took our seats about a large table in the parlor of the French residence. There were naval officers from Admiral Courbet's fleet and officers from the French garrison at Hue. The great seal was laid upon the table. It was five inches square and made of solid silver, weighing about thirteen pounds. The handle represented a kneeling camel.

"The Annamite Prime Minister made a number of impressions from the seal, and while this was done servants were preparing a small charcoal furnace at one end of the room. The Annamites were preparing to destroy the seal.

"I leaned over to the Prime Minister, and told him that it was not yet too late to save this interesting relic, and I begged him not to consign it to the crucible. He hesitated a moment, and then held a brief consultation with Nguyen-Van-Tuong, the Regent. The latter shook his head, and said that the last token of Annam's servitude must be destroyed. Five minutes later the great seal was nothing but a mass of molten silver."

And that is why there is only an imprint of the seal in the French Ambassador's collection, instead of the heavy silver, camel-handled die.

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"Well, then, here's sixty dollars," remarked the manufacturer. "I'll give you ten dollars extra if you'll take the first train back to New York without telling any one the price I've paid to have a man dig the dirt out of a key for me."—[New York Herald.

Sleeps Without Pillows.

"I happened to be in Kansas City while the Convention was on," said F. S. Nies, "and owing to the crowded condition of the hotels was compelled to double up with a stranger. He was a very pleasant man of German descent and did nothing erratic until he went to bed. Then he removed the castors from the legs at the head of the bed, so as to make it lower than the foot, placed his pillows at the foot of the bed, and went to sleep with his head at least twelve inches lower than his feet. He slept the sleep of the just and had to be called half a dozen times in the morning. We went down to breakfast together, and I ridiculed him for his peculiar sleeping posture. He quoted some German scientist with a five-syllable name as his authority, and so convinced me of the fact that it is entirely a mistake that pillows and bolsters are necessary that last night I discarded both and found to my surprise that he was right. The discovery was a revelation to me, but it is certain that to some people, at least a pillow is a nuisance instead of a comfort, if they only knew the fact."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.