

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

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

A RATHER perplexing trick of photography recently worked out by F. A. Gilmore, of Auburn, N. Y., is explained as follows: The trick is that of taking what appears to be the head of a living person on a platter forming part of the furnishing of a dining-room table. Although the way in which the work is done is very simple, pictures made in this manner have been extremely puzzling and are of especial interest to amateur photographers, as they suggest other methods of producing novel effects. In this case a centre leaf was removed from an ordinary extension table, the lady to be photographed then being seated so that her head appeared just above the table top, on which the cloth and other articles were arranged as nearly as possible in the usual way, as shown in one of the views, the table being built up in place of the removed leaf sufficiently to support the cloth and other articles. To make the illusion complete, a pan cut away so that it may be conveniently placed around the neck, has the appearance in the photograph of being an ordinary platter bearing the head of a living person.

"I NEVER took any stock in dreams," said J. L. Santer, of Lexington, Mo., "but from recent experiences I am inclined to believe that there is something in the mysteries of sleep after all. About two months ago my wife informed me that she had dreamed of a marriage and that it was a sure sign of death. Two days afterwards my grandfather was killed by a train at Omaha. Following this up, my better half warned me to look after my financial interests, as she dreamed I was being treated for hysterics. To dream that I was being treated for anything, she informed me, was a never-failing sign that I would suffer a financial loss. In less than a week came the Sedalia Bank calamity, and I am out \$2,000. Just before I left home I accidentally broke a looking-glass. Now I am told that I will have seven years of trouble. It has not materialized, but I expect to receive a telegram before morning informing me that my boy has been drowned in the river, my house has been destroyed by fire, or that something else equally as horrible has occurred."

"The hardest thing to train a wild beast to do is to perform with a weak, defenceless animal," remarked A. L. Hutchins, an old circus and menagerie hand, who has deserted the arena and ring for mercantile pursuits. "I remember once several years ago an effort being made to persuade a very docile lion to lie down with a lamb. The idea was certainly a good one, but it took several lambs and also several weeks before the lion, which was willing to jump through a burning hoop, sham death on being shot, etc., could be persuaded so allow a lamb to enter his den with impunity. Twice he killed a lamb in the presence of his trainer, and the second time he nearly killed the trainer, who rather recklessly tried to get away the carcass. Finally the lion would tolerate a lamb in its den just as long as the keeper stood over it with an iron bar. But the effort was so evidently forced, and the performance was so utterly lacking in smoothness and interest, that it was abandoned after two or three attempts."

In company with "Skinny," a celebrated pickpocket and housebreaker, Professor F. Starr, of the University of Chicago, has left Chicago for southern California and Old Mexico. Professor Starr is a specialist in anthropology and criminology. He believes that the criminal is as much different from the law-abiding citizen as the savage is from the civilized man. So he has chosen a crook for a companion, in order to have a good opportunity of studying him and trying the effect of a different environment. In southern California the professor will make a study of the Penitentiary that practise cruelty on one of their number every Good Friday. He will be joined there by Professor Harley, and together with their companion will explore the ruins of Sonora, the ancient city of the old Mexicans. There is considerable speculation in Chicago as to the outcome of the professor's experiment with "Skinny." The police are almost unanimous in the belief that the professor will get the worst of the bargain.

The latest Methusalem story comes from England. This time it is not from a man who has a distinct recollection of Napoleon's grandfather, or an old, old lady who witnessed the execution of Charles the First, or nursed the infant Cromwell; nor yet does this story tell of a devoted couple who arm in arm have wandered down the path of time together since their wedding day, the same day that George Washington's father and mother were married, and are now about to celebrate their platinum wedding. This time the hero is a horse, and a very grandfaterly old horse, too. He belonged to the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Co., but left their employment recently and embarked for the happy hunting grounds at the green old age of sixty-two.

A QUEER enough place is the dog farm hidden in a hollow of Crow Hill, between Brooklyn and

Flatbush, N. Y. It is, perhaps, half an acre in extent, and is owned and managed by an elderly Englishman and his wife. This couple occupy the smallest and stuffiest of board shanties, and they live surrounded by a mass of dogs—big dogs, little dogs, good dogs, bad dogs, one-eyed and two-eyed dogs, Newfoundland, St. Bernards, collies, terriers, spaniels and plain dogs. The surrounding region is of bare hill, with slimy pools in the pouches of land. There are snakes, catbirds and smells. But the dogs seem to enjoy it, and their loud chorus can be heard afar when an infrequent stranger stumbles into the neighborhood.

A VERY strange electric phenomenon is reported as having been seen at the village of Flora, Ind., the other day. A heavy black cloud was seen approaching from the west, accompanied by a sheet of fire. As it came over the town it settled to the earth, causing a wild panic among the frightened villagers. Its descent to the ground was followed by a terrific explosion that shook the earth for miles and shattered windows to fragments all over the town. The leaves were burned from the trees, but no buildings were set on fire. The broken glass was invariably sucked outward, instead of falling inside the houses. There were no thunder reports. The explosion was instantly followed by a dead calm and a clear sky.

A FEW Sundays ago the family of Mr. W. A. Wykeham Musgrave entering their pew in Thames Park Chapel, Oxfordshire, England, they were surprised to see a partially built robin's nest on the book ledge against a prayer book and a hymn book. The family immediately decided to occupy another seat and to leave the little red breast unmolested in its strange abode. On the following Sunday the nest was completed and contained five eggs, and on the succeeding Sunday the bird sat on the eggs during the whole of the service. It has now been found, says the London Standard, that the bird hatched four young ones, and the mother flew in and out of the chapel during the service last Sunday with food for her young.

An application has already been made for this year's award of the celebrated prize the "Dunmow Fitch of Bacon." The prize was instituted in 1244, for "that married couple who will go to the priory and, kneeling on two sharp-pointed stones, will swear that they have not quarrelled nor repented of their marriage within a year and a day after its celebration." The awarding of the fitch has been revived of late years, and is the occasion of a great festival of fun. It will be awarded this year some time in August.

The visible supply of dogs in Evanston, Ill., was somewhat reduced one day recently by an iron post of the North Shore Electric Railroad. Through imperfect insulation the post became charged with electricity, and six vagrant dogs rubbing against it after the manner of their kind were ushered into the canine hereafter with great suddenness.

A CURIOUS case of death from blood poisoning is reported from a Berlin (Germany) hospital. The victim was a young girl, and it was proved that her death resulted from the light-blue tunic of her sweetheart, a soldier, touching a scratch on her arm. It appears that there was some poisonous ingredient in the dye of this particular uniform.

MISS KATE JOHNSON, of Hamilton, Mo., got angry because a horrid man said no woman could drive a nail straight. She grabbed a hammer, and proved him a base fabricator by pounding ten nails into one square inch of a block of wood within thirty seconds. Then she felt better.

ELIHU SCRIVNER, of Beattyville, Ky., had a line set in the river with a crawfish for bait. A catfish swallowed the crawfish, and then a pike swallowed the catfish. Elihu says the first victim spread his fins out inside the second one, so as to hold him fast.

WILLIAM HOLMES, of Sandersville, Ga., has a young turkey that has four perfect feet. Two of these are located on the site of a missing tail. The bird's wings are all right, and invariably prevent any close investigation of its structure by unsympathetic parties.

A BLACK French poodle in Gavers, Columbian County, Ohio, has adopted a brood of ducklings, and crouches over them at night, like a hen over chicks. The intelligent animal has learned to modulate his bark so that it sounds something like a quack.

Two young Kentuckians caught a wild cat in a trap. They loosened the trap from its moorings and set their three dogs on the wild cat. Two of the dogs are dead, and the wild cat, with the trap attached, is missing.

A WHALE 100 feet long was washed ashore on the north beach at Yaquina Bay, Cal., a few days ago. The terrified natives killed the monster with axes and tried out its blubber, with fun and profit to themselves.

Corns.

Hard and soft corns are cured only by removing pressure and rubbing. Corn plasters are very useful. The best have a salicylic preparation in them, which softens the corn. If the round hole in the plaster is too small, it is easy to slit the plaster a little way from the centre outward in four places and stretch the hole. Wet the plaster before applying. Turn the stocking wrong side out all but the toes, and then carefully draw it over the plaster. Keep one on uncured.—[New York Witness.

AGRICULTURE IN CHINA.

Small Farms and Primitive Methods with Excellent Results.

An interesting report of Chinese agriculture has been recently published by the Washington Department of Agriculture. The system of culture is said to be very primitive, but is conducted with the greatest care and closest attention. Thus the productiveness of the soil is maintained, and the vast population is supported without difficulty.

The two most characteristic features of Chinese agriculture, and to which its success is mainly due, are manure and the system of irrigation. Manures are gathered from every available source. Many devices are used for irrigation. Where there are no running streams water is laboriously raised by hand from wells and cisterns.

The agricultural implements are few in number and of the rudest character. They are chiefly the plough, the hoe, the harrow, the rake and the stone roller. A complete outfit for farming, including a water buffalo or a donkey, may be bought for \$20 or less. The principal crops are wheat, rice, beans, millet, sesamum, Indian corn, cotton, tobacco, poppy, barley and buckwheat. Large areas are devoted to the growth of mulberry trees for silkworm culture. All cereals are carefully planted in furrows, wide distances apart and hand cultivated. The yield is larger than the average in this country.

The condition of the farmers, in comparison with other classes, is one of reasonable comfort. The land holdings vary greatly in different provinces. In the southern provinces, where the land is most fertile, the farms are small, averaging not more than two acres. One-sixth of an acre supports one person, and five acres is a desirable farm, while it is a wealthy owner who can boast of seven acres. Notwithstanding the greater fertility of the soil in the south, the condition of the people is not equal to that of the north, where the land is less fertile and the farms are larger. There are farms here of 400 and 500 acres cultivated by families of unusual numbers, some having as many as 200 members living and working together in peace and prosperity.

The wages paid farm laborers vary considerably in the different provinces, running from \$7 to \$20 per annum, with food and lodging. It is possible for a farm laborer, commencing with nothing, to acquire a competency for the support of himself and wife—two-thirds of an acre of land and the necessary farming outfit—in twenty-six years.

In theory the land is the property of the State, and is held by the proprietors on condition of payment of taxes. Practically, however, land is held and conveyed like other property. Agrarian questions troubled China centuries ago, and most of the proposed remedies have been tried without success. Several hundred years ago an attempt was made to improve the condition of agriculture by loaning farmers the money of the State at 2 per cent. interest. The scheme was a disastrous failure.

The report concludes by remarking on the peace and contentment of the agricultural classes, due to the equality of the citizens before the law. The system of selecting officials by competition by rendering the son of the humblest agricultural laborer eligible to the highest offices is directly responsible for this state of contentment, and it is this which so largely contributes to the stability of the Government.

Tattooing the Eye Ball.

There is no telling what medical science will do next. Edward Shaw, United States Consul at Asuncion, Paraguay, and son of the well known newspaper correspondent, is here on leave of absence and is at the Riggs House. Mr. Shaw's legion of Washington friends were shocked beyond measure when they perceived upon greeting him that his left eye was a dull, whitish gray disc instead of a sparkling mate for its hazel companion.

"My eye became affected as you see it from rheumatic iritis," said Mr. Shaw to a commiserating cory of former days, "but I am here for treatment, and the oculist assures me that I will regain my sight and have my eye restored to its natural color, or nearly so. The light will be let in above the pupil and the color will be put there by means of tattooing. I know it sounds singular to speak of one's eye being tattooed, but that is what my physician is going to do to mine, and I have no doubt the operation will be as satisfactory and successful in my case as it has been in that of others whose optics have been similarly treated."—[Washington Star.

Stronger Shafts Needed.

The weak point in the modern ocean steamship, as developed by the competition in the "greyhound" line, appears to be the propeller shaft; and this is the particular object to which engineering inventive skill should address itself. That a shaft can be made which would be capable of withstanding any strain, however tremendous, that tempestuous seas might hurl upon it will not be doubted by scientific minds; and if it be possible in the scientific sense it should be attainable practically. Success would not only insure great profit to the inventor of such a shaft, but by its use the ocean voyager would be relieved from an ever-present source of danger.—[Philadelphia Record.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The yearly average of suicides in Germany is about one in every four thousand of her people. This is greater than in any other civilized country.

TURKEY has for some time been planning a great exhibition, to be held in Constantinople in 1896. The Sultan has just decided to postpone it until 1897 or 1898 on account of the Millennium Exhibition, which is to be held at Pesth in 1896, and at which Turkey will be an extensive exhibitor.

ALTHOUGH women have equal access with the men to the College of Pharmacy in New York City, comparatively few avail themselves of the privilege. Of all the callings requiring careful special training there is none so poorly paid, or where the men are worked so hard, as in the retail drug business. It must be that the women know this.

A GERMAN aeronautic society is to send up a large number of air balloons containing self-recording meteorological apparatus. They are expected to reach altitudes very far above the extreme limit attainable by man, and important results are expected from the experiments. Emperor William is greatly interested and has contributed largely toward the cost.

THE uneasiness which was felt in India recently by the smearing of the mango trees in some of the provinces has been much allayed. As it occurred prior to May 10, the anniversary of the great mutiny, it was interpreted as a mysterious native signal portending some seditious movement, but that date having passed, Sir Alfred Lyall, Lord Landsdowne and others have concluded that it had no political significance.

THREE generations of Dabolls have continued without interruption for 122 years the annual publication of the New England Almanac and Farmers' Friend. David A. Daboll, the present editor, has made all the calculations since 1864. He is now eighty years old. His grandfather, Nathan Daboll, began it in 1772, and his father, Nathan Daboll the second, continued it. David A. Daboll has kept a daily journal of the weather for forty years, with the exact position of the sun and the moon.

THE Philadelphia Press says: "That the South has within it the elements of a great future is clear to any one who has visited it or studied the census returns or watched the tentative progress it has made during the last fifteen years. It is useless to pile up figures to demonstrate the fact. Its timber, its coal and iron mines and its broad fertile acres of unplowed land are all evidences of the foundations the Southern States have to build their future greatness upon. The sixteen Southern States could easily sustain ten times the population they have and their wealth should be twenty times what it now is."

THE old veterans in the United States Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, Cal., have been buying town lots lately at a rapid rate, and have formed a little village which they have named "Keeley." This, says the New York Tribune, is in grateful recognition of the effects of the gold cure, for many of the old soldiers were unfortunately most fit subjects for the treatment. On the quarterly pay-days for the pensioners, the dusty road from Santa Monica-by-the-Sea to the Soldiers' Home, a distance of three miles, would be lined with the poor soldiers who had spent their meagre and fitful incomes in riotous living. The public-spirited people who live in the town took a practical interest in the sad fallings of the old soldiers, who have used the cure with effective results and who now propose to do some hard work in their new village.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT, says in the Forum, that out of every 100 adults in the United States in 1890, there were 26 single, 65 married and 9 widowed. There were 31 single, 64 married and 5 widowed out of every 100 males, as compared with 20 single, 27 married and 13 widowed out of every 100 females. The United States still shows the smallest proportion of single and the largest proportion of married adults, while the reverse is true in Ireland and Scotland. The excess of males over females in the country at large is 1,513,510. The excess of single males, however, is nearly twice as great, or 2,761,588. In Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont there are practically 54 single, 42 married and 4 widowed males, and 49 single, 42 married and 9 widowed females. These three States have the smallest proportions of single, and the largest proportions of married, in the whole country, while the proportion of widowed is fairly as large as in any other part of the Union.

PROBABLY few Americans know that in Westminster Abbey, among the memorials of those whom Great Britain delights to honor, is a bas-relief of him whom more than any other America reveres. Not that it was put there in honor of an American, oh, dear no! But forty odd years after his execution Maj. Andre's remains were moved from their place of interment near the Hudson River to Westminster Abbey, and a marble tablet ornamented with a group of figures was raised above them. In this group two personages are conspicuous. One is Andre, apparently waving a farewell to his British comrades in the distance; the other is George Washington, seemingly refusing an entreaty for the prisoner's release. Of the few who know that the

"father of his country" thus stands in effigy in Westminster probably fewer are aware that he occasionally gets his head knocked off by some fervent Briton who resents the intrusion of so distinguished a rebel among England's loyal dead. A glance shows that Washington's head has been freshly replaced, and the information is given that the last of these emphatic vindications of Saratoga, "the field of the grounded arms," occurred over a dozen years ago.

A HISTORICAL retrospect of the efforts to control and restrict the use of spirits suggests an evolution and growth that has not been considered before, says the Popular Science Monthly. Outside of biblical literature, whose teachings and laws are so often quoted, a remarkable chapter of legal enactments and restrictions can be traced. Beginning with the fragmentary inscriptions found on Egyptian papyri and monuments, and extending to the codes, philosophies and enactments of the greatest philosophers, rulers and judges of Grecian and Roman civilization, there is a continuous record of prohibitory laws and restrictions concerning the use of spirits and drunkenness. The laws of the Spartans were far more absolute than any modern enactments, and were also remarkable for the clear comprehension of the nature of spirits and their action on the body. These laws were active for many years, and were highly commended. English history contains many records of prohibitory, restrictive laws, some of which were very prominent for a time, then fell into disuse. Laws of similar import have followed the path of civilization from the earliest dawn and wherever spirits have been used. They have been urged and defended by the greatest philosophers, teachers and leaders of civilization.

THE proposal to establish a Pasteur Institute for India, originally made in Bombay, has been followed by public meetings at Madras and elsewhere, and has brought into prominence the double aspect of Indian benevolence—that tenderness towards animal as well as towards human life, which is an essential feature alike of the Buddhist and the Brahminic faiths. The Indian press is willing on the whole, to accept the statement that a Pasteur Institute would probably save many men and women from a horrible death, but it expresses fear that the probable saving of human life could only be accomplished at a cost of certain suffering and death to multitudes of animals. A curious discussion, on a more philosophic basis than that of the anti-vivisectionists, is going on in India with regard to this view of the case. The immediate result seems to be that the richer Hindus shrink, not only on humanitarian considerations, but also on religious grounds, from giving subscriptions in aid of a project which otherwise would have had their generous support. Even if the humanitarian arguments for and against such an institute be regarded as fairly balanced, the religious doctrine of the sanctity of life of all sentient beings, they say, still remains. The question is whether the influence of Western teaching or of the Oriental tradition will prevail in the end.

From Small Beginning.

"One of the best salesmen we have on the road, if not the very best," said a well-known wholesale dealer, "came to us ten years ago from the backwoods, and a greener fellow you never saw. I met him the first time he came into the store, and gave him his start. He told me about the kind of country he lived in and its remoteness, and said he wanted to sell from house to house, but he didn't want to be a common peddler. 'We can't give you a salary,' said I, 'but we will allow you a commission of twenty-five per cent. on all you sell for cash.' 'I don't rightly understand this commission and per cent. business,' said he, scratching his head, 'sein' I ain't used to it; but I'll tell you what I'll do; you just agree to give me ten cents on every dollar's worth I sell and I'll undertake it; that's plain enough for anybody to understand.' 'I let him go at that,' laughed the merchant in conclusion, 'and made it up to him at the end of the year by putting him on the road with a good salary, and permission to tell the story every time we gave him a raise, and I've told the story a good many times.'—[Detroit Free Press.

Laugh.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good-natured man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.—[Detroit Free Press.

Rosalind means beautiful as a rose. The name is Italian, derived from the Latin.

DANGERS IN FLOWERS.

Their Odors are Hurtful to Health, Science Says.

Science has succeeded fairly well in making humanity shudder over every bite or sup it takes because of the deadly microbes that are said to abide in everything eatable or drinkable, and now it has started off on an entirely new crusade. You mustn't smell flowers now, or, if you do, you take the consequences which science says this aesthetic pleasure entails.

A very learned French specialist, M. Joal, has just issued in Paris a treatise bearing the title "Le Danger des Fleurs." He writes most profoundly of the chemical decomposition of the atmosphere caused by the odors given off by flowers, and the consequent great increase of carbonic gas; of the partial asphyxia which results to human beings breathing this vitiated air; and of the poisoning of the system caused by inhaling the emanations of the essential oils contained in flowers. He backs up his assertions as to the subtle viciousness of flowers by citing individual cases.

M. Joal says the smell of flowers is especially injurious to the vocal organs. The rose, and all flowers with a strong scent, should, he protests, be avoided. He knows of operatic singers who have completely lost their voices through their passion for certain flowers. To some persons the perfume of the violet is particularly injurious. Others should avoid the lilac, and others the gardenia. Personal susceptibility has much to do with the injurious effects that may result from smelling certain flowers, and M. Joal cannot therefore, say what particular flowers should be avoided by certain temperaments.

The writer cites a case of a young woman who used invariably to faint at the smell of orange blossoms. The curious conjunction of a susceptible young woman and a bridal wreath in this illustration might lead to the supposition that there is more in the case than M. Joal makes apparent. He tells of a soldier who lost consciousness under the effect of the odor from a peony, and alleges that persons have been known to suffer a violent attack of coryza from smelling roses. It is suggested that a great percentage of the headaches, colds in the head, and the like ailments from which people, especially women, suffer on the morning after attending a ball, dinner party, or other social function, is a direct result of the odors of the floral decorations. This will, at least, be useful in supplying a new excuse to the man who wakes up in the morning with "a head."

As to the evil effects of flowers on the voices of opera singers, the teacher Faure in his work on the voice and singing cautions singers against keeping flowers in their homes or in their dressing rooms at the theatre. Mme. Richard of the Paris Opera, forbids her pupils to have flowers about them, and it is asserted that Mme. Krauss, one of the star singers now at the Opera, refuses to stay in a room with a bunch of violets. Another singer can stand the smell of roses, but the perfume of lilacs makes her hoarse. Even Mme. Calve is cited as saying that she suffers from dizziness and headache after sitting in a room containing tuberoses or mimosa. She is quoted as giving an instance where, after singing at a concert, she received a bouquet of lilac, and after inhaling the perfume a minute or so, she completely lost her voice, and did not regain it until she had taken a walk in the open air.

This suggests a serious consideration of the custom of presenting bouquets of flowers to singers, or of sending boxes of flowers to one's best girl. In fact, if M. Joal knows what he is talking about, science's new crusade means revolution, as well in the world of fancy as in that of fact.

Mark Twain's Philosophy.

Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits. Behold the fool saith, "Put not all thine eggs in the one basket"—which is but a manner of saying, "Scatter your money and your attention"; but the wise man saith, "Put all your eggs in the one basket and—WATCH THAT BASKET." If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man.

We know all about the habits of the ant, we know all about the habits of the bee, but we know nothing at all about the habits of the oyster. It seems almost certain that we have been choosing the wrong time for studying the oyster.

Even popularity can be overdone. In Rome, along at first, you are full of regrets that Michelangelo died; but by and by you only regret that you didn't see him do it.

July 4th. Statistics show that we lose more fools on this day than in all the other days of the year put together. This proves, by the number left in stock, that one Fourth of July per year is now inadequate, the country has grown so.—[The Century.

Last of the Great Bustards.

There are no living great bustards in England now, but a stuffed specimen of this remarkable bird, shot in 1820, and said to be the last ever seen in this country, was sold recently from the collection of Sir Thomas Thornhill, Riddlesworth Hall, Norfolk, for £46. A dead bustard is worth more than a living egg.—[London Telegraph.

Of 100 cases treated for obesity, thirty-six are men and sixty-four are women.