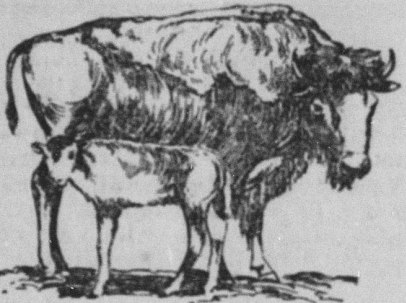


## OLD PETS MADE OVER.

AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY THEY APPEAR AS IF ALIVE.

The Vicious Old Elephant Will Be Stuffed Like Other Park Animals Which Died Before Him.

Few New Yorkers appreciate the mine of information and entertainment that they have at their command in the American Museum of Natural History. The immense museum building in its park between 77th and 81st streets, and Columbus and Eighth avenues, is a familiar sight to all, but of the interior and its contents it is surprising what a large proportion of old New Yorkers are blissfully ignorant. How many people are there who know what becomes of their old pets at the Central Park "Zoo" after they are missed from their cages and reported as among the long list of the dead?



BUFFALO COW AND CALF.

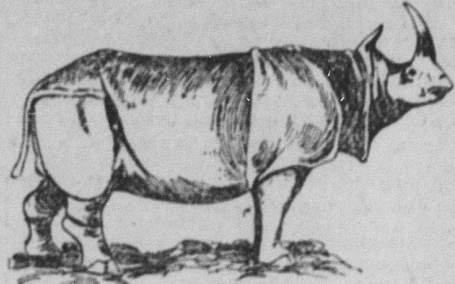
Would it not surprise a great many of those who were on terms of familiarity with Crowley, the almost human chimpanzee, which attracted so much attention for several years at the Park menagerie; with Kitty, his mate, whose antics when she was first introduced to her future lord and master, were all told in the newspapers; with Bombe, the great unwieldy rhinoceros which was fed every day by an admiring fringe of awed visitors who surrounded his huge swimming tank; with dear old Jumbo, upon whose broad back half the children of New York were carried around Madison Square Garden; or with Tip, the vicious old elephant, which had such a long record of crimes committed, "with malice and intent aforethought"—would it not

present trip is from the central part of the western coast down to the southern. In this expedition he will take in many cities of the ancient cliff-dwellers, as well as those of the Aztecs, and his collection is expected to be a very fine one. The specimens from his first trip have arrived at the Museum, but they have not been unpacked as yet, for there is no room to exhibit them. They will be shown when the new building is opened.

But the most interesting part of the work at the Museum—at least, the most interesting to the general public—is that which is carried on down on the ground floor in the taxidermists' department, and in the room of the osteologists—that is where the skeleton and bones are mounted. There the work of preparing for exhibition, the animals which die at the Park Zoo, and those which are presented to the Museum, is carried on. A force of men is kept constantly at work under Taxidermist John Rowley, cleaning, preparing and mounting the skins of specimens for exhibition. It was to this department of the Museum that the carcass of the murdered Tip was given after the vicious old brute had received his quietus. The work of preparing the hide and bones of the former pet of the Central Park Zoo and the terror of his keepers, was a difficult one and will take many months.

Tip was skinned at once in the cage where he was killed, and the flesh carried off and dumped into the river. The skin was taken to the museum to be prepared for mounting, while the bones were sent into the country to be macerated. They now lie in tanks of water up in this State near Schenectady, slowly rotting off the flesh, to prepare them for being mounted. The hide was at once taken to the basement of the museum and a force of men set at work paring it down for mounting. An important group of moose was in preparation when the skin of old Tip arrived, so his mounting had to be delayed. The skin, when cleaned and thinned down somewhat with drawer-knives, was put away in the cellar to soak in an antiseptic solution. The moose group will occupy the attention of the taxidermists for some months to come, so it is not expected that the work of mounting Tip's hide will begin until the first of

he was doubtless very proud of, but his keepers in captivity decided that his high tusk was dangerous to his visitors and themselves, as well as to his cage, and it was gradually sawed off closer and closer, until at his death Bombe had only a short knob left. This omission has been taken from some more fortunate rhinoceros out in India and shipped to New York for Bombe's special benefit.



THE RHINOCEROS "BOMBE."

One special feature of this specimen which Taxidermist Rowley called attention to was the beautiful wrinkles in the skin. These might not ordinarily be looked upon as great attractions, but Mr. Rowley says that Bombe is the first rhinoceros in this country to enjoy the distinction of having wrinkles in his hide after death, and that they were put in there only after the greatest trouble. Long iron rods had to be placed under the skin in the places where the ridges were in life, in order to keep the wrinkles from being smoothed out.

One of the most attractive cases to the many children who visit the museum is that which contains the stuffed bodies of their two former pets at the old Zoo—Crowley and his fiancée, Kitty, the two chimpanzees which died in captivity at the Park. Crowley has been mounted and on exhibition for some time, though Kitty is a comparatively recent addition to the museum. She died, it will be remembered, of a broken heart, and, incidentally, a complication of other and more serious bodily ills, in 1880.

New features are constantly being added to the museum's stock, and when the new wing is opened next year, and the capacity of the building is increased, as it will be, there will be many new collections to be seen there. At any rate, it will even now well repay any one to make a visit to New York's great Museum of Natural History.

### At the Top of Pike's Peak.

The view from the peak once beheld, can never be forgotten. The first sensation is that of complete isolation. The silence is profound. The clouds are below us, and noiselessly break in foaming billows against the faces of the beetling cliffs. Occasionally the silence is broken by the deep roll of thunder from the depths beneath, as though the voice of the Creator were uttering a stern edict of destruction. The storm rises, the mists envelop us, there is a rush of wind, a rattle of hail, and we seek refuge in the hotel. Pause a moment before entering and hold up your hands. You can feel the sharp tingle of the electric current as it escapes from your fingertips. The storm is soon over, and you can see the sunbeams gliding the upper surfaces of the white clouds that sway and swing below you, half way down the mountain sides, and completely hide from view the world beneath. The scenery shifts; like a drawn curtain the clouds part, and, as from heights of another sphere, we look forth upon the majesty of the mountains and the plains. An ocean of inextricably entangled peaks sweeps into view. Forests dark and vast seem like vague shadows on distant mountain sides. A city is dwarfed into the compass of a single block; water-courses are mere threads of silver laid in graceful curves upon the green velvet mantle of the endless plains. The red granite rocks beneath our feet are starred with tiny flowers, so minute that they are almost microscopic, yet tinted with the most delicate and tender colors. The majesty of greatness and the mystery of minuteness are here brought face to face. It is in vain that one strives to describe the scene. Only those who have beheld it can realize its grandeur and magnificence.—[Cassier's Magazine.]

### Sparrows Kill Locusts.

The English sparrow, which has been voted an unmitigated nuisance in this country, seems to have at least one redeeming trait. He loves to kill the seventeen-year locust. It is reported from Woodbridge, N. J., where the locusts are superabundant, that the sparrow has evidently declared war on them, and has killed large numbers of them. The sparrows do not seem to care to eat the locusts, but appear to enjoy killing them, which they do by picking out their eyes. When these are gone, the locusts speedily drop to the ground and die.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

### Antidote for Cyanide of Potash.

One of the deadliest and most subtle poisons known to the pharmacopoeia is cyanide of potash. It is now reported that a Hungarian chemist, Dr. Johann Antal, has discovered a sure antidote for it, the efficacy of which he has proved in numerous cases, first on animals and afterwards on more than forty living persons, who had been accidentally poisoned with prussic acid. The antidote did not fall in a single instance. The antidote is a newly-discovered chemical compound, nitrate of cobalt.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

## OCEAN CABLES.

### FOURTEEN OF THEM CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

How the Continents Were First Connected By Telegraph—Materials Comprising Submarine Cables—Cost of Cabling.

Of the fourteen submarine cables which lie at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, connecting the United States with Europe, the oldest now in use, according to the New York News, is that laid in 1873. It is 21 years ago to-day since that elephantine monster, the cumbersome side-wheeler Great Eastern, completed the laying of the first 50 miles of the cable westward from Valentia, on the southwest coast of England.

There are now over 1,500 telegraph cables under water in the different parts of the world, 1,277 of which connect with London, and thus indirectly with this country. These measure in length 178,000 miles, and as several of the longest contain two or three conductors, they make in all over half a million miles in length of copper wire, sufficient to go around the earth 20 times. Only a small fraction is owned by the different European Governments, the bulk being in the hands of private concerns, capitalized for nearly \$200,000,000. The British Government naturally has more cables under water than any other nation. They are 118 in number, and bring the most remote portions of Hindostan or other obscure points in British India in as quick touch with the Government at London, as is Cork, Ireland.

The Pacific Ocean, widely picturesque with its thousands of fathoms of water which cover up an uneven and mountainous bottom, abounding in huge precipices and yawning chasms, has defied human cable ingenuity. The sea is copper-bound to Gibraltar, the Mediterranean, the Black, the Red, the Arabian seas and the Indian Ocean, but the great Pacific remains still free unless a short line from Sydney, Australia, to New Zealand, is considered as in this ocean.

As almost everybody knows, the first Atlantic cable was laid with money raised by Cyrus W. Field. He went abroad from here in 1856, and a company was formed in London, the cable made, and on August 7, 1857, the ship Agamemnon belonging to the British Government, and the United States steam frigate Niagara left Valentia, Ireland, with the cable, which was paid out over a wooden drum. On the fourth day out the cable parted and the end was lost in water two miles deep. That which had been sunk was 335 miles long. After two more unsuccessful attempts in the early summer of 1858, thirty-six years ago, the great work was accomplished, communication being opened on the 5th of August of that year. However, only 732 messages were sent over this line, as the cable was imperfect and was never opened for toll business. The fifth dispatch sent was from New York to Mr. Cunard, at London, telling him of a collision between the steamships Europe and Arabia.

The breaking out of the civil war stopped negotiations in the cable business between this country and England, and during the great strife we had no telegraphic communications with the other side. After peace was restored, however, Mr. Field was again in London organizing another company. The new cable was made much stronger, and the Great Eastern was chartered for the laying, the supposition being that the vessel's prodigious size would relieve the cable of any sudden jerks or strains. It was on a lovely evening, July 24, 1865, that the Great Eastern, with the cable stored comfortably away in her hold, steamed westward from Valentia. All went well until she was within 600 miles of Heart's Content, Newfoundland. Mr. Field was on board, and every now and then, with batteries aboard, trials were made to see if it was all right. Suddenly it broke in the very deepest part of the ocean and was lost. Having lost all the grappling gear the Great Eastern steered homeward.

The next year the Great Eastern tackled the job again, and on July 27, 1866, landed the shore end of a cable at Heart's Content. Then the expedition returned to the spot where the cable was lost the year before, succeeded in grappling it, and in a short time America and Europe were connected by two lines of telegraphic communication.

Submarine cables are now constructed differently than formerly; that is, the different sections vary in size. The shore ends are two inches in diameter and heavily armored, while the deep sea section remains about as of old, viz: three-quarters of an inch in diameter. In the new Commercial cable there are 1,100,000 pounds of copper, 9,500,000 of steel wire, 1,800,000 of jute yarn, 1,800,000 of compound and 800,000 pounds of pure gutta percha. This costs about \$1,500 a mile, and laid, nearly \$3,000, so it is safe to estimate that the actual cost of laying all the submarine cable in use to-day is \$500,000,000. The heavy cable costs \$2,500 a mile, as it is armored with 36 steel wires three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and 20 of one-sixteenth inch.

The cost of maintaining ocean cables is also immense. At present there are 40 steamships employed as repairers in the service, and these generally have to be built for the purpose. Cables about the fishing banks of Newfoundland are often broken by the anchors of fishermen, but the repairers now have the work

down so fine that they soon have it mended again. The repair-ship arriving at the point of breakage, which, by a peculiar sounder, can be readily ascertained at the nearest terminal, drops its grapnel overboard and steers at right angles with the line back and forth until the hook catches the cable. This is then pulled up and anchored to a buoy until the other end is found in the same way. Then the two ends are scientifically spliced with another piece and let go again to the bottom of the ocean.

Only 18 years ago it cost Dom Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil, \$20 a word to cable back to Rio Janeiro during the Centennial Exposition. Now a message can be sent all over the known world, starting at San Francisco, thence across the continent by Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific to New York; thence following the world's northern telegraphic boundaries through England, Norway, Sweden, Russia and Siberia, going south touching at Wagsasaki, in Japan, Hong Kong, China, Singapore, Java, Sumatra, across Australia to New Zealand; thence to Bombay; thence to Ceylon and Aden, around the Cape of Good Hope, leaving the line at Zanzibar for interior lines in Africa, up the West African Coast to St. Louis, to Senegal, across the South Atlantic to Pernambuco, Brazil, traversing South America to Rio Janeiro, over to Valparaiso, Chili, on the west coast; thence north through Mexico to Galveston, Texas, and to New York for \$18 a word.

### BURIAL AT SEA.

It Sobs Crew and Passengers and Is Oppressively Solemn.

"I can't imagine a more oppressively solemn ceremony than a burial at sea," said Captain J. A. Denby, to a St. Louis reporter. "It is solemn enough on land, except when the remains of the late lamented are being carried from Washington in charge of a Congressional committee; but a burial at sea surpasses the ceremony on land in point of solemnity as much as the awful grandeur of mid-ocean surpasses the mild, soft beauty of a tranquil lake. Men of the sea are not given to sentimental musings.

"The constant menace to life makes them reckless and ribald. But when a death occurs on board ship the meek and humble piety which characterizes both crew and passengers would do credit to a Quaker congregation. The great, desolate stretch of water, with its towering billows and its howling gales, seems to invest the presence of the grim reaper with a more merciless character and brings to the minds of the living a more realizing sense of the terrors of death than is felt on land, with its houses and rushing trains and carolling birds trilling a trefery from every bough along the line of march from church to graveyard. You can depend upon it, that no matter how rough and hardened the sailor, he takes off his hat and bares his head to the pitiless sky whenever he passes the corpse.

"The feeling of oppression which extends all over the ship when a death occurs is so overpowering that for this very reason, if for no other, it is necessary to get rid of the corpse with all possible speed. And the getting rid of it is a climax to the tragedy more shocking than anything the man who has never experienced it can imagine. The idea of dropping the cold insensate mass of mortals clay into the limitless, bottomless ocean, to be gnawed at and nibbled by the greedy monsters of the deep is horrifying to the stoutest heart. And yet there is ever present to the captain that horrible realization that it must be done, and, as everybody shrinks from doing it, it devolves upon him to do it with his own hands.

"The body is strapped to a bare board, face up. To the foot of the board are attached heavy weights, usually cannon balls. Then this board is shoved out over the bow of the ship by some of the crew, who, after doing this, make haste to scurry back out of sight of the final proceedings, leaving no one there but the captain, whose duty it is to tip up the board and let it drop into the sea, feet foremost. Maybe you think you can sleep after doing that. If you do, just volunteer to perform this service for the first captain on whose boat you are passenger, when a death occurs. I assure you that you won't get any more sleep for a good many nights afterwards."

### Science in Old Shoes.

A French savant has invented a new science which he terms scarpology, whereby he proposes to diagnose mental qualities from the appearance of the shoes worn by the subject. He claims that shoes that have been worn are full of faithful indications as to lack of energy, fickleness, bad temper, or the opposite qualities, as the case may be. If the sole and heel of a shoe, after two months' wear are equally worn, the owner is an energetic business man, an employe that can be relied upon, a good wife or an excellent mother. If the outside edge is most worn, the owner is adventurous to rashness and of a bold and persistent turn of mind. Wear of the inside edge indicates irresolution and weakness in man and modesty in woman.—[New York Telegram.]

### HER WANTS.

Butcher—Have you any orders this morning, madam?  
Young Wife (who is keeping house)—Yes; that calf's liver you brought me last week was very fine. I want another one, but be sure and get it from the same calf, as my husband is very particular.

## DISPERSED BY SAUERKRAUT.

Peculiar Cause of the Children Quitting the Old Home.

They were talking about the desertion of farms by the younger generations for the alluring charms of the cities; how young men and women left the home nest in the country as soon as they felt any confidence in themselves and flocked to the paved streets and brick walls of urban life in the hope that work would not be so hard and money would come easier. "Our family furnishes a case in point," said a young German, who has latterly appeared in minor roles in twenty-fourth ward democratic politics. "We're all in the city now except the old folks, who stick to the farm, and are doing pretty well. Our reasons for abandoning the farm, however, were not those usually given, and I doubt if a parallel case can be found." Then he told his story:

With two brothers and three sisters he lived on a farm 100 miles from Chicago, and they all aided a phlegmatic old father in operating the place. It was a fine piece of land, and the family was happy and prosperous. But dark disaster came in the shape of a cabbage crop. The Chicago market showed a strong demand for sauerkraut, and the farmer decided to go in for a profitable crop. With the three boys he planted several acres in cabbage, with excellent results. The crop was cut up and packed and there were 350 barrels of the finest sauerkraut made.

Communicating with a friend in the grocery business on the North Side, the farmer received an order for ten barrels. A few days later the grocer announced that the best he could offer was 85 cents a barrel, the top market price. The old man couldn't stand such a drop as that, so he had the shipment returned, paying the freight charges both ways. Purchasing forty fine young pigs, he began fattening them on his high-grade sauerkraut. All went well for a few days, but the porkers soon tired of the diet and began to run from it. The pig grew high, and a few of the stronger pigs jumped the fence and ran away, while others sickened and grew weak from starvation.

It was a puzzler for the old man, but he was determined to derive some benefit, and the boys juggled the stuff up to the orchard near the house, where it was spread about as a fertilizer. By this time the entire family grew turbulent at the mere mention of sauerkraut, and when the sun poured its hot rays on the pickled cabbage the girls rebelled. The farmer was odorous, and the three girls packed their effects and came to the city. The kraut became so powerful that even the old man could not stand it, and the boys were instructed to cart it down to a distant field and spread it. The boys had been on the verge of mutiny several times, and this settled it. They all "lit out" for Chicago, and have been here ever since. The girls are in service, and once in a great while they all meet with the lonely and disappointed old Teuton on the farm. When it was all over the Chicago sauerkraut market went booming again.

### A Young Eagle.

The eagle, as many of you know, is the king among birds, just as the lion is the king among mammals. It is strange that these birds which display the greatest strength when full grown give no sign of these qualities in their youth. The royal eagle, just emerged from the egg, is the most helpless creature under the sun. Wrapped in a thick white coat of down, he slips out of the shell, and for many days afterward the young bird lies huddled against the breast of the mother-bird, for it cannot even sit up straight. Weeks pass by before it can trot about the nest. The first sign of the flapping of the wings does not occur until the bird is ready to leave the nest.

The young birds are amply fed by their parents with meat, which the latter digest in their craws before feeding it to the little ones. When they are about half grown the eagle nest looks like a slaughter house well stocked with provisions. The parent birds scour the neighborhood for miles, gathering all the prey they can.

When the birds are full grown they are permitted to leave the nest. The parents go with them, teaching them first how to fly and then how to assail and steal their prey. By that time autumn has come, and now the family separates. The youngsters leave the parental nest, and sometimes roam about for eight or ten years before they set up an establishment of their own and in their turn raise young birds. In 1719 an eagle died in Vienna, Austria, who had lived in captivity for over 104 years.—[St. Louis Star-Sayings.]

### She Swims in Her Sleep.

A young woman of Crab Creek, Adams County, indulges in frequent freaks of somnambulism. One of her recent exploits was as follows: She arose from her bed about three o'clock in the morning and was seen to approach Crab Creek in her night robe. Upon reaching the stream the young woman waded in for a short distance, as if feeling her way, and swam safely across. Upon reaching the opposite bank she awoke, half frightened to death, dripping wet, shivering from the cold, and made her way to the house of a neighbor, where she was cared for and taken to her home.—[Morning Oregonian.]

Insanity is common in the royal families of Europe.