

OPALS OF HONDURAS.

They Are Plentiful and Cost Very Little.

Writing about the gold deposits and mines of Honduras John R. Spears says in the New York Sun:

Quite as interesting, though by no means as profitable, are the opal mines in the department of Gracias. When I was in Tegucigalpa I went into the one jewelry store the town contained and asked to see some of the native opals. The jeweler unrolled a length of soft cloth and displayed a hundred or more of various grades. Among the lot was one of a pear shape that was of very good color and just about right for a scarf pin. So I casually asked the price.

"That will cost you a dollar," he said, "on account of its color. There are larger ones here for less money, if you like."

I took the jewel at a dollar, the Honduras dollar being then worth 68 cents gold. In New York the jewel was plainly mounted by Tiffany and then sent to my address in the Adirondacks. Now, as it happened, the railroad station burned down on the day of the pin's arrival, and all the express goods were destroyed; so in order to file a just claim with the express company for the loss application was made to Tiffany's for an estimate of the value of the opal. They replied that they could not furnish it equal for less than \$20.

I do not mean to say by this that \$20 opals can be purchased every day in Tegucigalpa for 68 cents each, but I do believe that if one knows a good opal when he sees it and knows how to win the good will of the natives there he would have no difficulty in picking up several thousand dollars' worth of jewels at a very low price—say at from one-tenth to one-twentieth of their salable value. In times of peace the native miners bring the jewels to the city. It is no uncommon thing to see a barefooted Indian with a pocket full of gems, the majority of which are very common things; but if one will ask the man to have a cup of coffee and a bite to eat, or, better yet, invite him to a square meal, saying nothing of gems until it is over, he will then see opals whose flames will fairly seem hot enough to burn the hand.

When I was in Acapulca, Salvador, I met a Yankee carpenter who had once gone riding through the opal district to see the country. One night he stopped with an old Indian who was trying to mend some simple article of furniture in the house, but was not succeeding very well. So the Yankee took hold and made a good job of it. The next morning the old Indian brought out some opals to show, and, as the Yankee thought to offer them for sale. The Yankee saw one as big as the end of his thumb that was of better color than the rest and asked the price.

"It is not for sale," said the Indian. Then the old fellow picked up a shot bag in which the Yankee carried his silver money, and, emptying the money on the floor, disappeared. When he came back five minutes later the bag was half full of exquisitely beautiful opals, which he gave to the Yankee with the big one already mentioned.

"Well, that was great luck," said I, when the carpenter related the adventure. "How much did you get for them?"

"Get for them? Luck, was it? That was the worst luck I ever did have. I hadn't carried the devilish things three days till I lost all my money and spent a day hunting before I found where I dropped it. The next day my mule slipped over a precipice, and but that I caught an overhanging limb of a tree I'd gone to smash with him. Footing on to the nearest place where I could buy another mule I got caught in a freshet in one of those mountain streams. How I ever got out is more than I know, but I didn't take any opals after that. I'd had enough." He threw away the whole lot and would not so much as look at an opal.

As the mines are described there is a bed of clay like earth, very hard, but yet soft enough to be chipped away with a stout knife. The natives work out a chunk of this earth and then gradually cut it to pieces. The opals, ready polished, are found lying in this stuff.

Telepathy Among Insects.

Can it be that bugs are endowed with a wonderful sixth sense? Prof. C. V. Riley thinks he has discovered satisfactory evidence of telepathy among insects—that is to say a sixth sense by which they are able to communicate ideas from one to another at great distances. The power, as illustrated in the case about to be mentioned, evidently depends not upon sight or smell or hearing. The fact that man is able to transmit sound by telegraphy almost instantaneously around the globe may suggest something of this subtle power, even though it furnishes no explanation thereof. Once upon a time Prof. Riley had two alanthus trees in his front yard. They suggested to him the idea of obtaining from Japan some eggs of the alanthus silkworm. He got a few and hatched them, rearing the larvae and watching anxiously for the appearance of the first moths from the cocoons. He put one of the moths in a little wicker cage and hung it up out of doors on one of the alanthus trees. This was a female moth. On the same evening he took a male moth to a cemetery a mile and a half away and turned him loose, having previously tied a silk thread around the base of his abdomen to secure subsequent identification. Prof. Riley's purpose in this performance was to

find out if the young male and female moth would come together for the purpose of mating, they being, in all probability, the only insects of their species within a distance of hundreds of miles, excepting only the others possessed by Prof. Riley himself. This power of locating each other had previously been remarked in these insects. In this case, sure enough the male was found with the captive female the next morning. The latter had been able to attract the former from a distance of a mile and a half.

The Muniments of War.

"Twelve years ago last month," said Mr. Beltzhoover, of Pennsylvania, "I had an interesting experience on the floor of the House over a term used by me in the course of debate. I had been criticizing Gen. Hazen, who was at that time chief signal officer of the army. I referred to him as wearing the muniments of war, and in other ways depicting himself in public places. Hazen was defended by as brainy a quartet of men as ever sat in the House. They were Ezra Taylor, Garfield's successor; Ben Butterworth, of Cincinnati; Judge Converse, of Columbus, all three Ohio men, and Mayor Calkins, of Indiana. Judge Taylor ridiculed my use of the term 'muniments of war.' While he was speaking I slipped out to the congressional library and asked Ainsworth Spofford if it was correct. He replied that it was, and picking up a copy of Shakespeare which lay on his desk he opened it at the second act of 'Coriolanus' and pointed to the passage which contained it. It was quick work. It showed the thoroughness of Mr. Spofford's literary training and enabled me to get back at my opponents in a manner particularly gratifying to myself."

The Land of Romance.

That the ancient Egyptians were novelists and readers of novels was what no one suspected till Mme. d'Orbiney purchased her famous papyrus in 1857. The Egyptologists of Europe were, in fact, fairly scandalized to find that these "grave and reverend seignors," whose mummies were so eminently respectable, had tastes as frivolous as our own. Since that time many more specimens of ancient Egyptian fiction have come to light. Tales of adventure by land and sea, tales of enchantment and magic, even historical romance and ghost stories. These discoveries have cast a new light upon the early history of literature. They show us that Egypt was not only the birthplace of all our arts and all our sciences, but that the valley of the Nile was in truth the cradle of romance.

It was from Egyptian sources that Herodotus derived many a narrative which he innocently repeated for fact, and repeated as history, and it is from these sources that the Arab story tellers of the middle ages drew many an incident familiar to us all in the pages of 'The Thousand and One Nights.'

Beecher's Repartee.

Henry Ward Beecher was lecturing on "Communism" in the Old Wigwam in Chicago, before an audience of ten thousand people. Everybody was subdued; the audience was breathless with interest. He was telling the story of the rise of the power of the people. Presently he ended a ringing period with these words, pronounced in a voice so deep and fervid and full of conviction that they seemed to be uttered then for the first time: "The voice of the people is the voice of God!" But in the silence which followed this utterance came the voice of a half-drunken man in the gallery: "The voice of the people is the voice of a fool!" Would Mr. Beecher be equal to such an interruption which made the sympathetic crowd shiver? He certainly was.

Looking toward the gallery from whence the voice came, he replied with simple dignity: "I said the voice of the people, not the voice of one man."

Possibilities of Hypnotism.

London is watching with considerable interest just now the doings of a hypnotist at the Aquarium, who put his "subject" into a trance for a week at a time, during which period he takes no food, is unconscious of all external happenings, and is, in fact, practically dead to the world. The hypnotist says there is no reason why the trance should not be extended almost indefinitely. Humorous commentators suggest that in this way many of life's evils might be avoided. One who hates travel by railway might be hypnotized at the station, and with a label bearing the name of the town where he wants to go upon his back be packed on the train like a side of beef. Those subject to seasickness would find the process a most useful preparation for crossing the channel, and workmen with no employment, rejected lovers, or men "sent up" for ten days, might all derive advantage from dreamless sleep, prolonged to any necessary extent.

The Realism of Death.

Realism on the stage has educated audiences to such a fine point of appreciation that when an actor's clothing caught fire and burned him to death during the progress of a performance the other evening the spectators took it for granted that the accident was a part of the show purpose in this performance was to

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

An Unwelcome Visitor.—A Matter of Business.—What He Does.—An Artist Must Draw.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

The physician—Your fever always seems to leave you when I come in? The patient (irritable)—Can you blame it?

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

Clerk—I'd like to get off for a week. Employer—Business or pleasure? Clerk—Business. I'm to be married.

WHAT HE DOES.

Mrs. Watts—Don't you ever do anything at all? Weary Watkins—Oh, yes, mum. Sometimes I do time.

AN ARTIST MUST DRAW.

Peacock—Tonsorial artist! How can a barber be an artist? B. Brewster—Isn't he one when he draws blood?

UNTIL THEY SENT IN THEIR BILLS.

Life with him was real and earnest, and the grave was not its goal; The united efforts of six doctors Failed to put him in the hole.

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Father—How is it you never have any money? Son—It's not my fault; it's all due to other people.

THE WISE SPIDER.

The spider wove his filmy web Across an open door Through which a merchant found his way Into and out his store.

"Don't weave your web across the door." A bee was heard to say, "Because before you've got it done 'Twill all be swept away."

"I guess I know what I'm about," Replied the spider wise; "I know the man who runs this store; He doesn't advertise."

EMPTY PROFESSIONS.

"That shows the insincerity of human nature," said the pessimist. "What's the matter now?" inquired the sympathizing friend. "That collector said he didn't want to hurry me for his money. And he's been hurrying me for it for the last six months."

TIME WASTED.

Digler—I courted my wife three years before I got her, and it was nearly all wasted time.

Bigger—Why, isn't she a most excellent woman? Digler—She is, indeed; but I've discovered since that I could have got her in three months if I had had the gumption to ask for her.

A FRUITFUL FIELD.

Editor—You ask for a criticism on your work. Well, the matter is atrocious, the sentiment mawkish and the words balderdash. Wood B. Byron (sorrowfully)—You advise me to forsake the muse, then? Editor (testily)—No; go write popular songs.

THE HARDEST THINGS IN LIFE.

Gaggs—What's the matter? You look glum. Wags—Well, that's the way I feel. I've just lost a thousand dollars in a business deal. Gaggs—Oh, cheer up, old fellow, and take things as they come. Wags—Any fool can take things as they come. What I find it hard to do is to part with things as they go.

REASON FOR COOLNESS.



Is he suing for her love and is she spurning him? Oh, no! He is not suing for her love. Why, then, does despair sit upon his face and cold disdain upon hers? He is miserable because she says she wears B's. She is cold because he says he can fit her only in 5 D's.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

A small Boston girl who was an unnoticed listener at dinner the other day suddenly piped up with: "Say, mamma, is everybody wicked?" "Why, no, my child, of course not," answered mamma. "Why do you ask such a question as that?" "Because you haven't said a nice thing about anyone to-day!"

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME.

John Henry Jackson had to fight To win Miss Hattie Rose, And when he married her at last, He gloried over those Who didn't get her; and he said, In language strong, though neat, A Rose by any other name (than his) Would not be near so sweet.

A DIFFICULT COMBINATION.



Mr. Meantall—I wish I had the key of your heart. Miss Mercy Naree—It has no key. It works with a combination. Mr. Meantall—Is the combination a secret? Miss Mercy Naree—Oh, no. It is wealth, position and a title.

IN ADVANCE.

"Huh," sniffed the boarder, "can you give Me a word to rhyme with hash?" The landlady smilingly answered him "Suppose, sir, you try cash."

THE SERVICE WAS GOOD.

Customer (in restaurant)—I know that the service here is quicker than at other places, but the portions are only half the size. Waiter—The same thing, sir. Remember that "he gives twice who gives quickly."

AN UNREASONABLE TENANT.

Landlord—What's Hawkins giving up the Newark house for? Clerk—He says the cellar is full of water all the time. Landlord—Well, what the deuce does he want there—champagne?

PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.

"There he is, Mr. Young. S-s-h! He wakes so easily. That's baby. Doesn't he look cunning?" "Yes, indeed, Mrs. Jones. It's a beautiful child. That's what I always say. I mean—Er—I mean—that is—how old did you say it was?"

HIS THIRD COUSIN.

"He's your first cousin, isn't he?" said Mrs. Dimling to 6 year old Freddy, alluding to a new baby of whom Freddy was very fond. "Oh, no," replied Freddy. "I had two cousins before he was born."

A Very Valuable Old Stamp.

Stamp collectors will be interested in the valuable "find" recently made by C. K. Sturtevant, of Oakland, Cal., a real estate agent. While rummaging about an unoccupied building he found four or five good sized wooden boxes filled with letters, documents, etc. Mr. Sturtevant had gone carefully through several bundles of papers, when he picked up a letter bearing a stamp that every collector dreams of possessing. It was what is known as the 5 cent Hawaiian missionary stamp, canceled, but in what the stamp auctioneers would describe as magnificent condition, and is catalogued at \$500.

Among others who had heard of the find was H. J. Crocker, of San Francisco. The latter gentleman was particularly anxious to secure this specimen, as he had but recently bought the 13 cent stamp of the same issue at an auction sale of the Chicago Philatelic society for \$130, and the latter was not nearly so fine a specimen as that possessed by Mr. Sturtevant. He arranged an interview, and in less than fifteen minutes the stamp and the letter to which it was affixed became the property of Mr. Crocker, while Mr. Sturtevant carried off Mr. Crocker's check for \$250.

The San Francisco Call says that this transaction beats the Pacific coast record for the price paid for a single stamp. The nearest thereto was \$300, paid to W. Sellschopp for the 3 cent Saxony error by Mr. Crocker, and \$250 paid W. A. H. Connor, also to Mr. Sellschopp, for a 5 cent Baltimore local stamp.

Limits of Human Intelligence.

M. Flournoy, of Geneva, recently devised a novel experiment for testing the limits of human intelligence. He arranged a series of common articles of all sizes, and requested his class to put them in order of weight. The weight of all was really exactly the same, but only one student discovered this fact. The majority placed a small leaden weight first, and a large wooden basin last. The ordinary mind, apparently, ranges the weight of objects in inverse proportion to their size. Only when the eyes are shut does a true appreciation become possible, showing that the sensations of innervation, by which we should be enabled to tell when the support of different objects calls forth the same expenditure of energy, do not properly exist.

How Lobengula Died.

A correspondent, writing to a South African contemporary, supplies what he states is the true story of the death of the great Matabele chief, Lobengula. It is a pathetic story. The correspondent relates: Lobengula, suffering from smallpox, worn out by his long flight, disappointed in his hope of peace, and altogether broken down by the loss of his country, his power and possessions, came to a halt at last among the mountains north of the Shangani River.

Here he begged his witch-doctor to give him poison with which to end his life, but the man refused. The despairing chief went up a hill to the foot of the crag which tops it, and, sitting there, he gazed for a long time at the sun as it slowly sank toward the west. Then descending, he again demanded poison of his doctor, and insisted, till finally, it was given to him. Once more ascending the slope, he seated himself against the krantz, took the poison and gazed at the setting sun, stolidly awaiting the death which presently put an end to his sufferings and his blood-stained life.

There is something pathetic and grand in the picture. It is the last scene of the great epic, the conquest of Matabeleland. His followers found him seated there in death, and, piling stones and rocks around him, they left him. Whether he was placed in his royal chair, flanked by guns and covered over with his blankets and other possessions, as described in the South African Review, I know not. All this may be true, and also that a strong palisade of tree trunks was planted round the spot, but I give the story as I heard it, and believe that, as it emanates from Mr. Dawson, it is the correct one.—Westminster Budget.

A Japanese Paper Uniform.

As we write we are clad in a suit of paper as supplied to the Japanese soldier on service. It is thoroughly light, easy under the arms and over the chest. The trousers, it is true, are knickerbockers, and lead to the impression that the Japanese soldier invariably wears his left leg shorter than his right; but this, we believe, is the result of art rather than nature. It is said that this paper never tears, is very warm, and seldom wears out. We should recommend the poor to wear the P. M. G. under their coats this cold weather. A man might make a handsome living by having advertised-printed of himself, after the manner of the praying machine. These clothes would also make useful pajamas, being elegantly fitted with tapes and buttons, just like real. Lo Ren likes them. We got into them without tearing them, but we are not quite sure whether we shall ever get out again. Later.—We got out of them, but they are very difficult to fold up.—Pall Mall Gazette.

If he is wise, the King of Corea, LI HI, will lie low.

Spring Medicine

Or, in other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is a universal need. If good health is to be expected during the coming season the blood must be purified now. All the germs of disease must be destroyed and the bodily health built up. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to take in the spring. It will help wonderfully in cases of weakness, nervousness and all diseases caused by impure blood. Get Only Hood's Because

"My little girl has always had a poor appetite. I have given her Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since I have given it to her she has had a good appetite and she looks well. I have been a great sufferer with headache and rheumatism. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am now well and have gained in strength. My husband was very sick and all run down. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he began to gain, and now he has got so he works every day." Mrs. ANNIE DENLAP, 335 E. 4th St., St. Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the Public Eye Today.

His Own Little Railroad.

About a year ago a complete railway a mile and a half in length was laid down by a London firm of small engine builders in the grounds of the Marquis of Downshire, who acts as his own engine driver and stoker. The train in connection with this private line, which was also supplied by the firm in question, consists of a locomotive—the exact model of a Northern Railway passenger express—weighing three tons, one carriage, and a guard's van.

The engine cost 1200 guineas, can travel forty miles an hour, and consumes something like 200 pounds of coal per day. This railway precisely resembles a big railroad, only, of course, it is in miniature. There are the usual signal boxes and switches, these latter being strictly necessary, as his Lordship's railway runs across the carriage drive. Besides this, the Marquis of Downshire has a model of a Great Eastern Railway engine five feet in length, which is fitted with Joy's patent gear. It cost 800 guineas, and runs through the conservatories, a distance of about a quarter of a mile.—Chambers's Journal.

The Colorado Canon.

The longest canon in the world is that of the Colorado River, in the Western United States. It is also the most marvelous of all the wonders of nature known to contemporary mankind. If some rich man would explore it with a corps of artists and scientists as thoroughly as it deserves he would confer an inestimable boon upon his fellow.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

HIGHEST AWARD

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