

PEOPLE WHO MARK MONEY.

Some Queer Things That Result From This Mania.

A mania for advertising and putting strange communications on the back of the paper money of the Government has broken out. As a general thing torn bills are used, as that gives the man with the mania an excuse for his work, for he uses the slip with which the pieces are put together for his purpose. On a bill that came into the hands of one man on Dearborn street, Chicago, was a slip on which was printed "Shake the bottle." When he turned it into the bank the receiving man, whose quick eye caught it, asked: "Did you bring the bottle with you?"

On a \$5 bill handed over a bar on Monroe street was a slip on which was this:

"Touch not, taste not, handle not." A Dearborn street bank took in a \$500 bill not long ago on the back of which was pasted a slip that had printed on it the Ten Commandments.

A cashier in a mercantile house on Randolph street has a bill of \$2 denomination on which is a slip, and on the slip is written in a woman's chirography an offer of marriage. The writer puts it thus: "I give up my last money on this. I send it out into the world, hoping it may return to me with a good man who will love me and take care of me." But no address accompanies the offer.

A bill is in a frame in an express office. There is a hole in the bill, and a note explains that the hole was made by a bullet fired by a train robber. The bill was in the side pocket of an express messenger.

A bill handed in at a cigar store on Madison street had this on the back:

"Don't come back to me until you can bring your silver brother with you."

A periodical dealer on Washington street received a remittance by mail. The enclosed bill had been pasted up by a newspaper clipping which contained a cut of the newsman. The sender does not know the dealer, and it is not at all likely that the former ever suspected that the cut was that of the man who was to get the money.

A physician in the Venetian building has a private mark on a \$5 bill which he sent afloat several years ago. It comes back to him about twice a year. A wholesale merchant over on Adams street was in China and Japan a few years ago. He gave a Japanese functionary a \$5 bill as a souvenir, placing on the same a private mark. About three weeks ago it came into his possession again. He is confident that he is not mistaken in the mark, and does not feel complimented over the idea that his Japanese acquaintance did not think enough of him to keep the bill.

A business man of this city relates this: He went from Chicago to Pittsburg on a steamer. He paid the conductor for his berth, giving him a marked \$5 bill. He went from Pittsburg to Cleveland the second day, and on the third day he bought a sleeping car ticket for his return trip. The conductor handed him the same bill he had given to the other conductor.

This story was told to a funny man, who told this: "I went down to Washington a few years ago, and just before quitting the train I handed the porter of the car in which I had traveled a \$2 bill and I have never seen it since."

There is a bill floating about the country somewhere on the back of which is a prescription, written by a reputable physician several years ago. It is a "sure cure" for the grip, and was put there by the doctor out of a fancy that it might save somebody's life.

Another one is in circulation, presumably, on which is written: "If this should fall into the hands of Reuben Middleman, he will please communicate his address to his brother James, General Delivery, Boston, Mass., on or before January, 1896. After that in England. He knows where."

Then the funny man got hold of one on which he pasted a slip and then wrote: "You are all the world to me because I am stuck on you."

A dollar note in the possession of a La Salle street lawyer has this written across the face of it: "This bill has saved my life three times, but I give it up."

His life or the bill? Who knows what story that dollar bill could tell? There is a \$5 bill somewhere, if it isn't destroyed, on the back of which is indorsed the statement that the man who had it passed it a number of times at the World's Fair—first in purchasing a ticket, then at various times at the cafes, and finally, as he supposed, in old Vienna. And then he paid his hotel, in part, with the bill, indorsing that on it the last time he saw it, as he supposes.

A banker on Washington street told the writer that he has a collection of bills on which are written or painted or drawn many strange things and pictures. His collection represents a face value of more than \$200.—Chicago Tribune.

WALKING IN FLAMES.

A Device Used by the Fire Fighters in Germany.

There are some fire apparatus and appliances in which the firemen of Berlin are undoubtedly ahead. Of these apparatus the most notable is the fire "scaphander." The word "scaphander," which means either "hollow man" or "hollow to receive a man," is generally applied to the suit of impermeable material in which the diver arrays himself be-

fore he goes down into the water. The fire scaphander is on the lines of the diver's scaphander, the only difference, in fact, being that it is made of a different material. The fire scaphander is made of asbestos and rubber, and is absolutely proof against fire. It neither takes fire nor is it permeable to the heat of fire. A man in an asbestos suit or scaphander can take a leisurely walk through roaring flames or through the thickest volume of smoke with comfort, or at least with complete immunity from being burned or choked. The helmet is donned apart from the rest of the suit and is hermetically fitted to the suit, the riveting being so perfect that the air is excluded. A plate of glass, specially prepared to stand great heat without cracking, is imbedded in the front of the helmet and allows the wearer to see plainly. To the fireman thus equipped air is supplied, just as it is supplied to the diver at work, through a tube, the one end of which is held at the earth's surface and the other end is in the helmet.

It would be scarcely necessary to say that the scaphander is not intended to be, and is not the ordinary equipment of a Berlin fireman when he is fighting a fire. There is only one scaphander, perhaps, to a company, and the fireman donning one of them is detailed to perform a special or exceptional task. Occasionally at fires, as everyone is aware, a particular room in a house or hotel, of which it is known that there are occupants, may be so enveloped in flames or in a stifling smoke that a rescue of the occupants is impossible, as the attempting rescuer would add the loss of his own life to theirs. It is in case of such a situation as this, not uncommon by any means, that the scaphander is brought into use. A fireman dons the scaphander, marches unhurt through smoke and flames in which a person ordinarily attired could not live a moment, and rescues inmates of the burning building who would otherwise inevitably perish. He carries with him, also, when he enters, a bag or two of rubber and asbestos, which are known as "life saving sacks," and stowing the imperiled inmates in these sacks, he either carries them out, if they are light weights, or hangs the bag containing them on the asbestos tube providing him with air, and on another line connecting the bag with the firemen below, and shoots them out from the window on to terra firma by that route. In the operation he is assisted, of course, from the ground.

TWO GUILTESS FARMERS.

They Sell Bogus Chickamauga Relics to Northern Visitors.

A war relic that has been fondly cherished by Walter H. Durfee, of this city, for the last few months has turned out to be a fraud. Mr. Durfee has discovered that his supposed memento of the battle of Chickamauga is a common, everyday sort of an oak tree, which, even if it was standing so long ago as the time of the war, may never have been under fire. He is certain that the choice collection of rifle balls, solid shot and fragments of shells that are imbedded in the old trunk were inserted there by some skillful worker in wood.

The tree, which is live oak, is about twenty feet long and is stripped of its branches. In various positions throughout its length there are twenty-five rifle balls, two pieces of solid shot, and twelve fragments of shells. It was purchased of two old farmers in Chattanooga last December by a friend of Mr. Durfee, and shipped to this city. The farmers very innocently said they had cut this tree, as well as several other specimens they had, from a position in the vicinity of the famous battlefield.

The two men did a comparatively extensive business. Mr. Durfee accidentally made a discovery while repairing the broken top of his tree Saturday. He intended boring a hole lengthwise in the trunk and inserting an iron rod to fasten on the broken piece. He chanced to loosen one of the rifle balls, and, looking into the opening that was left, the hole was perfectly cut with an augur, and the small hole made by the point of the augur was unmistakable. Further investigation showed that the solid shot were also inserted in holes carefully cut out, and some of the other rifle balls were removed with a similar result.

The man who did the work was an artist. Places were chosen for the insertion of the solid shot and shell where the bark had been broken and had subsequently grown partially over the place, so that when the ball or shell was inserted the appearance gave the impression that a growth of years surrounded the metal. Pieces of bark had also been ground and broken and inserted in the fine cracks to increase the ancient appearance. The work shown in fixing up the tree must have required a man over a week to accomplish, and in the result one may be excused for being deceived.

Miles of Cigarettes.

There was a contest before Patent Commissioner Seymour at Washington as to the ownership of a patent for a cigarette making machine that is warranted to make five miles of cigarettes per day. The tobacco is spun out in an endless rope and fitted into an endless roll of paper, and is then cut into the proper lengths.

The wedding ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand.

THE SURRENDER OF LEE.

How General Grant Received the Stately Southerner.

General Grant has a most peculiar temperament. In common and ordinary matters he always found it hard to interest himself. If it had not been for the war of the rebellion and the tremendous responsibilities that were thrown upon him he would doubtless have remained the obscurest man in the little town of Galena.

Most of the descriptions of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox that have been written, except that in Grant's memoirs, have had more or less of fiction mixed with them. At no time in General Grant's career did his wonderful common sense stand him in better stead than in the hour of victory.

On the morning of the 9th Lee made an attack on the Union cavalry, but finding that they were supported strongly by infantry he sent a flag of truce and forwarded a note to Grant, asking an interview. General Grant was on the road near Appomattox Court House. He replied that he would move forward and meet Lee at any place he might designate.

On the afternoon of the 9th the two generals and their staffs met at the famous McLean house at Appomattox. The Confederate general Lee and his staff were in full uniform, with their swords at their sides. Grant was the most unostentatious appearing individual in the



GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT. (From His Favorite Photograph.)

company. He did not have on the uniform of his rank, even; but he proceeded to prepare the document which, when signed, would practically end the war. It took about three hours to do all the business. The Confederates evidently expected that they would be called upon to deliver up their swords and side arms. The room where the negotiations went forward, and where the papers were prepared and signed, was very plainly furnished and contained simply a table and some chairs.

The surrender consisted, as everybody knows, of an exchange of letters. General Grant wrote a letter in duplicate addressed to General Lee, and when it was finished handed it to him. General Lee slowly put on his spectacles and read it. He then proceeded to write a note addressed to General Grant, acknowledging the receipt of his letter and accepting the terms mentioned therein. When the letters had been exchanged, which made the surrender complete, a general handshaking and introduction took place. The Union officers were presented to General Lee and the Confederate officers to General Grant. Grant was not elated or excited in the least over the surrender. As he rode to his camp he heard the firing of salutes in celebration of the surrender. He sent immediately, ordering that it be stopped. The picture of that surrender scene has never been made yet. All who have attempted it have filled it with fictions. The contrast between the Confederate vanquished and the Union victors was very marked. General Grant wore his Union soldier's blouse and did not even have his sword. The Confederates were as clean and stylish as though on dress parade, with their full uniforms and arms. The unostentatious, natural, common sense way in which Grant got at this important business will always live as one of the most picturesque as well as remarkable events in history.

Jefferson's Sweetheart.

Mrs. Nellie E. Stockton, widow of Captain F. C. Stockton, United States Navy, a direct descendant of Richard Stockton, of Revolutionary fame, recently received a valuable and interesting treasure in the portrait of her great-great-aunt Rebecca Burwell, historically known as "the lady love" of Thomas Jefferson. His great-granddaughter, Sarah Randolph, in her book on his domestic life, gives a letter of his when a college boy to John Page, a friend for whom he entertained a life-long devotion, dated 1762, of which the following is an extract:

"Write me very circumstantially about the wedding. Was she there? Because if she was I ought to have been at the d— for not being there too. If there is any news stirring in town or country, such as deaths, courtships or marriages, let me know it. Remember me affectionately to all the young ladies of my acquaintance, particularly to the Miss Burwells. I would fain ask the favor of Miss Becca Burwell to give me another watch paper of her own cutting, which I would esteem much more though it were a plain round one than the nicest in the world cut by other hands. I am afraid she would think this presumption after my suffering the other to get spoiled."

Monster Tortoises.

Among many recent arrivals at the London Zoo the most interesting are four great tortoises from the Galapagos; these creatures are the biggest things in their line that exist at the present day. So large are they that Darwin rode upon them, though he found it a little difficult to keep his balance; so heavy are these animals that they make beaten paths running to and from their drinking places.

"King of Quaker Farmers."

Colonel James Young, "king of Pennsylvania farmers," died at his home in Middletown, Pa., the other day as the result of an accident. He began life as a canalboatman, and in 1856 invested his earnings in a small farm. His agricultural operations have been so shrewdly conducted that he amassed a large fortune, and at the time of his death owned 3,000 acres of the choicest lands.

"That a curious typographical error," said Mrs. Partridge. "The title of this new book is printed, 'The Viking Age.'"

"Well, why not?" asked Partridge. "What ought it to be?"

"Why—Biking, oughtn't it?"

It is also related that he prized highly a pair of garters presented to him by Miss Burwell, the unique gift, doubtless, instigated by the style of dress of that period—the knee breeches, silk stockings and silver-buckled shoes. Faint heart never won "fair lady," and Jefferson, although a giant in intellect, was shy and awkward in his affairs of the heart, and whilst cherishing dreams of success in winning the beauty his hopes were destroyed by her marriage to a son of Governor Page, her sister afterward marrying his brother, who was the great-great-grandfather of the picture, which until now has been preserved in an old family homestead in Yorktown.

Catch Questions.

Very simple questions will sometimes catch the wisest napping. If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight what is the weight of the goose? Who has not been tempted to reply on the instant fifteen pounds? The correct answer is twenty pounds.

The following catches are even simpler, yet many have been puzzled by them.

How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth fifty yards long, one yard being cut off each day?

A snail climbing up a pole twenty feet high ascends five feet and slips down four feet every night. How long will the snail take to reach the top of the post?

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the answer to the first question is not fifty days, but forty-nine; and to the second, not twenty days, but sixteen—since the snail who gains one foot each day for fifteen days, climbs on the sixteenth to the top of the pole, and there remains.

The Government's Orchids.

The government has a large and costly collection of orchids. There are about 2,000 in the White House conservatory, and possibly as many more in the Botanic garden. They have been gathered in all countries of the tropics which produce the rarest species, few of value coming from colder climates. The care of these wonderful and delicate plants requires the close attention of the horticulturists, and costs a considerable sum annually. In the hothouses the epiphyte orchids, or those which grow on the bark of trees, or on other plants are fastened to cork bark, and the roots enveloped in a species of moss which is gathered in the swamps along the Potomac. It is used to hold the moisture essential to the life of the orchid. Peat is also employed for packing around the roots, and is brought from Oregon.

Women Tin Workers.

Half a dozen Welsh women began work last week in the tin plate works in Pittsburg. They receive the plates as they come from the rolls and separate the black sheets. This work heretofore has been done wholly by men. It is hard and rough. The women wear great leather shields on their hands, leather aprons and hobnailed shoes to protect them from the heat and metal. They are paid \$1.50 a day. Men received for the same work \$1.35. The forewoman gets \$1.75. This is the first time women have been employed at such work in this country. This is not very much harder work, after all, than that of many working women, and is a rare example of women getting at least as good pay as men.

Why the Cashier Smiles.

Mrs. S—, a widow of two years' standing, drew a check for \$150. Presenting it for payment, she observed an amused expression on the face of the paying teller, but she received her money and departed. A month later her book was written up and her vouchers returned, and the amused expression on the face of the paying teller was explained. Her check of a month previous read: "The Blank National Bank will pay to bearer one husband and \$50." The lady is thinking of suing the bank for the balance due, for, as she says, she certainly has not collected all the check called for.

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

MY BROTHER.

Who was it picked up all the chips, And strewed the floor with strings and whips, And in the washtub sailed his ships?

My brother.

Who was it ate the currant jell', And threw my kitten in the well, And made me promise not to tell?

My brother.

Who was it taught me how to skate And sat me on the ice to wait, While he went home with Cousin Kate?

My brother.

Who was it, when he older grew, To tops and marbles bade adieu, And tried, but could not learn to chew?

My brother.

Who does a tiny mustache wear, And oils and colors it with care, And in the middle parts his hair?

My brother.

Who is it tumbles up my curls, And buys me bracelets, rings and pearls, And flirts with all the pretty girls?

My brother.

And talks to me about his clothes, And all my little secrets knows, And teases me about my beaux?

My brother.

Who is it that I love the best, Of all the boys in East or West, Although he is a perfect pest?

My brother.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

The whip-poor-will is a native of North America, and is found from the Pacific to the Atlantic. In winter it travels southward, and spends the cold season in the forests of Central America. It is a brownish-gray bird, and has a large mouth, armed with bristles at the base of the bill, with which it retains the moths and other soft bodied insects upon which it feeds. It is a very shy bird and hides itself all day, coming out at evening and early morning to skim along with noiseless flight near the ground, seeking its food. It is sometimes called the night swallow. It makes no nest, but deposits two greenish eggs, spotted with blue and brown, in some snug corner, among fallen leaves on the ground.

BRAVE PUSSY.

During one of the balmy days of last December in western Pennsylvania a family cat became engaged in a very strange combat. She was trotting toward the barn, carrying in her teeth a piece of meat for her young family, when a bald eagle, which had been in the habit of hovering over the farmyard in search of chickens, suddenly descended upon pussy and whirled her upward in rapid flight. The path of ascent was clearly indicated by loose feathers violently tossed from the point of combat. In time the struggling pair attained a giddy eminence and came to a standstill in the sky. The eagle's wings had dropped now and then and he had given plain evidence of pain and terror, yet not once had his awful grip appeared to relax. At length a descent was begun, with a rapidity which every moment increased, and eagle and cat struck the ground at the very point where they had first encountered each other, but the eagle was dead, and pussy, as soon as she felt terra firma beneath her feet, shot away for the barn. Investigation proved that the cat had so lacerated the eagle's throat and breast that his body was literally laid open. After his death in mid air, however, puss had been too clever to relax her hold and thus fall to the ground, but had let her enemy serve as a parachute to ease the descent. At last accounts pussy was none the worse for her aerial flight and battle.

NEST ARCHITECTURE.

English sparrows apparently have taken a lesson from their human fellow citizens and are making notable improvement in their domestic architecture. Hitherto these truculent little immigrants have been satisfied with a small bunch of dried grass perched in a tree crotch, just enough to accommodate the mother bird and her growing brood. This simple affair has always been open at the top and the calow younglings have been protected from sun and rain by the hovering parents. But now these little Englishmen have grown progressive, and their nests this season mark a distinct advance. They seem to have lost their fear of prowling cats and the destructive small boy.

Many nests are now built in the crotches of trees near the main trunks, where the cat would have no difficulty in approaching. Cats, however, have learned to respect the doughty little fighters whose war chrip can assemble an army large enough to rout half a dozen cats. It is only the just fledged youngster whose still weak wings are over-weighed that Tabby or Tom will attack.

It is in the form of the nest, however, that the urban sparrow shows his superior civilization. This year a bunch of bay as large as a child's muff is the chief material. This is guyed and fastened to limb and trunk in a fashion that is strong enough to resist a cyclone. Instead of the open top Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow now hollow a good sized apartment out of the middle of the muff, with a round door just large enough for one to pass. This door always faces southward, and in a few cases a porch like the leaning-to of a prairie shock is built out, seemingly as a further protection against the elements. Just how they have furnished the interiors of these cozy homes could not be learned without dispossessing the tenants.

EXHORTIN' DOWN IN GEORGIA.

Colored Preachers Description of the Trip to the Land of Promise.

Straying into a dark church in the "low country" of Georgia, says a writer in the New York Tribune, I happened upon a real "exhortin'," which is a very different affair from an every-day "meetin'." A toothless, white-haired old preacher had reached the red-hot stage of "his disco'se"; singing and swaying he was shouting out a protest against "de trials ob de present life, breddern," and picturing with lusty roars the contrasting joys "ob de life eberlastin'." He used his text—which seemed to have nothing in common with his remarks—to fill up the waste places, ringing it in whenever he ended one thought and before he started on the devious paths of another. He seemed to use it on the same principle that a stuttering man swears or whistles, to launch himself successfully upon a sentence.

"An' blow ye de trumpet all aroun' about de camp! What is you niggas good fo', anyhow, down in dis vale ob teahs? Yo' ain't no 'count in de peardashun ob de white fo'ks, unless it's de votin' time in de city! An', breddern, takin' in de sibern, don' yo' know dat down on de yearth yo' ain't got no bolt no whar longside ob de white fo'ks? Yo' hiear a po' ole niggal now, an' yo' know hits de turf he's a tellin' yer, an' yo' jes' better come de come dis day to de Lawd. When yo' go to make a little jant on de railroad train, yo' can't go in de white fo'ks waitin'-room in de cyar-shed, an' yo' can't go in de white fo'ks cyar on de train, yo' done gottor go in de place fo' de black fo'ks. In de schools yo' can't run up agin dem white fo'ks, yo' mus' allers stay wid de dull peop'les—(an' a heap s'ight better com' in' yer is, too) Yo' can't eben go to de white fo'ks ch'uch to hear de word of de Lawd ob us all, unless yo' set in de spherical seats fo' de dull fo'ks—(voice very loud and sing-song here)—"but when we git a ready-fo' to lace up—dem a wings—bress-de-Lawd—an' to cross ober—dat Ribber Jordan—an' go thur—them a pen'ly gates—into Canaan up there—we won't find no black fo'ks waitin'-room! De gospel train'll take us right into de presence of de great white frone. An' de black man shall be dere, and de yaller man shall be dere an'—an' de red man an'—an' de blue man! an' blow ye de trumpet all 'roun' 'bout de camp!"

Dangers in Hot-Water Bottles.

Many as are the blessings of the hot water bottle, it must not be forgotten that it is also a source of some danger. Always see that the stopper is absolutely tight and never use it without a thick cover. Many a painful burn has been given, especially to an unconscious patient or to an old person. In old age, the circulation being weaker, the vitality becomes low. A thick cover will keep the water warm longer as well as insure against burns. Filling the bag quite full will also cause the heat to be retained for a longer time, but will not be as comfortable as when half full. When not in use, the bag should be emptied.

Hinderwax is a Simple Remedy.

It takes out corns, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c. at druggists.

Want legs as shipped from Missouri direct to furniture makers in Scotland.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Cottontail meal is a Missouri product.

Wife used "MORRIS'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved, suffered but little, recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSON, Buffalo, Ala.

Artificial flesh is made of wood pulp.

I believe Piss's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLIE DODD, Lefroy, Mich., Oct. 30, '94.

To feed upon one's own area need is to become a victim of cranial gout.—"COOK."

Neither Who Use Parker's Glycer Tonic insist that it benefits more than other medicines for every local ailment.

The ancient Egyptians used wooden rollers to move their huge blocks of stone.

Dyspepsia

And distress after eating are cured by the tonic, appetizing, blood purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this letter: "I am happy to write a few words about the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me. I was troubled with dyspepsia. My food distressed me and I had dizzy spells and a dull, heavy feeling in my head. Since using several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla my food no longer distresses me at all and my head has been relieved from all dizzy spells. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for any trouble as I was." HENRY J. CLEVELAND, Roxbury, Vermont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS THE BEST FOOD

NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS,

CHILDREN

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.