

BIG SHIPS BORN THERE

GREAT SIGHTS AT CRAMPS' YARDS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Largest Derrick in the World. Four-Day Steamers Declared Impossible. Electricity on the Ocean.

The first impression of the visitor at Cramps' shipyards in Philadelphia is likely to be one of simple bewilderment. Workmen in apparently countless numbers are everywhere busy at all sorts of strange and noisy occupations. Some are pounding away like mad, in squads, with small hammers, upon great plates of cold iron and steel; others are using powerful steam hammers upon comparatively small bits of white-hot metal. Here and there, moving in different directions, are "teams" of six or eight men, carting metal bars and sheets on iron trucks, and if the observer does not look sharp while watching this man-power transportation, he will find himself in the way of a locomotive crane, bustling noisily about on a winding track, picking up tons of metal in one part of the yards and depositing the load in some other location a few minutes later, as easily as a boy might handle a stick of stove-wood.

Looming high in the air are to be seen the massive hulls of numbers of vessels—battle ships, merchantmen, pleasure yachts—as yet unlaunched and in various stages of construction, which fairly swarm inside, outside, above and below, with striving workmen. Sitting low in the water, between broad, long piers, are one or two fighting boats, which by and by will take their places in the list of American naval triumphs.

After a while, details of the place begin to unfold themselves to the stranger. He sees that despite the apparent chaos, there is really order everywhere. There is no aimless running to and fro, there is no confusion. Over there is the boiler shop, near it the blacksmith shop, the pattern shop, the machine shop, and so on.

It is in these shops that many of the yard's mechanical wonders are to be seen, but whoever is asked concerning the most interesting machines is sure to direct the visitor to "Atlas," the great floating derrick.

"This machine," says Mr. Buell, of the executive staff, "cost more money than all the capital invested in the Cramp yards forty years ago. It is the largest in the world, and it can handle 125 tons, the equivalent of two good sized locomotives. With the maximum weight at the end of the arm, the displacement of the 'Atlas' is 1,563 tons, or as much as a fair-sized coasting steamer. The height of the mast is 116 feet 7 1/2 inches. The 'net hoist' is 50 feet 4 inches, and the swing of the boom is 36 feet, all of which is needed in shipping the boilers of such battleships as the Iowa, with a beam of 72 feet. The 'Atlas' took an 80 ton boiler for the Minneapolis from the wharf, transported it 100 feet, and put it exactly in place in just twenty-seven minutes. No single appliance in the yard saves as much labor or gives such satisfactory returns as this."

If there is any place in the United States where the prospects of American shipbuilding are carefully studied, it is at Cramps', but if there is any expectation there that the industry is about to boom no one will acknowledge it, nor will he admit the probability—hardly the possibility—of a practical four-day ship at Cramps'.

"Undoubtedly a ship able to cross the Atlantic in four days could be built," a recent inquirer from The Press was told, "but it would take such a vast amount of money for construction and operation that it would surely be a losing venture, since its cargo capacity would be almost nothing, owing to the great quantity of coal it would have to carry. It is doubtful whether the present marine engine and boiler can ever be improved so as to economize coal consumption sufficiently to greatly increase the practical speed of steamships over present standards."

"Electricity as power for ships? We see no way to utilize it. As used, electricity is not a power, only a method of transmission. We use it to operate some of our machines, but we make the power by steam and transmit it by wire instead of belts or shafts. A steam plant for the generation of electricity on shipboard would be as expensive, as heavy and as great a coal consumer as a modern marine engine, and in addition, there would have to be electric motors to turn the screws, Ocean trolley lines are out of the question, and there would be insuperable objections to the storage battery, even if it had been brought to a reasonable degree of perfection, which it has not."

Regarding the probable influence of the building of the Nicaragua Canal and the new "canal era" generally on American ship building, it is said that little is expected from that direction at Cramps'.

"Ship building and ship owning will never become dominant interests in America," it was said further, "until more money can be made out of such ventures than manufacturing and general investment. The United States will hardly enter the list seriously as a world's carrier until its territory is so crowded that it must seek outlets for its products and employment for its capital other than self development. That will not be in my day nor in yours. When it does come, there will be a tremendous contest of some kind between John Bull and Uncle Sam, for Great Britain could not exist without its shipping, and the fittest will survive."

WOOD MADE FIREPROOF.

Successful Test With a Fire-Resisting Compound.

A successful test was made recently in New York of a new electric fireproof compound which injected into wood it is claimed renders it fire-resisting, and which has recently been adopted by order of the Secretary of the Navy in the construction of the war vessels of this government. The object of the experiments was to determine the value of the compound when applied to building work. The test was witnessed by Superintendent Stevenson Constable, of the New York Department of Buildings, who at its conclusion expressed himself guardedly as surprised at the ability of the materials so treated to resist a tremendous heat.

The test was conducted under the supervision of Howard Constable,

brother of the Building Superintendent. Mr. Constable has caused to be erected in the open lot bounded by Broadway, Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets two model wooden stairways, enclosed and winding in their course like those of the ordinary tenement. These stairways were built so that their wooden frames or houses were in close juxtaposition. The frames were ten feet high, by six broad and about six feet in depth.

The stairways were in all particulars exactly similar, each having strings, treads, risers, lathing underneath, wainscot, balusters and rail. Each frame was provided with a door, attached to the side with heavy iron hinges. The stairs were covered with matting, and the handsome ash balusters were highly polished.

The only difference between the stairways was that one was treated with the electric fire resisting compound, while the other was not. The test consisted in building fires under each, in much the same way as the recently detected "frabugs" proceeded. The same quantity of shavings and kindling wood was placed under both stairways, and then the structure was saturated with kerosene oil.

The untreated building blazed up in a minute into a solid column of flame. The wind, blowing as it did from the west, blew this flame over upon the adjoining structure which had been treated with the new compound. The bonfire under the stairway of the latter blazed away cheerfully, but the wood did not ignite. In fifteen minutes the untreated was a mass of live coal, while the other was simply carbonized under the fierce heat to which it had been subjected in the close contact with the roaring furnace at its side.

The Secretary of the Navy, upon the recommendation of the Board of Naval Engineers and Constructors of the United States, ordered that all vessels built for the government in future should be constructed as to the wood used of materials which had been treated with this fireproof compound. Existing war vessels are to be remodelled, so as to conform to this regulation.

COUNTRY OF CAVES.

Another Mammoth One Found Near Brookhaven, Ky.

Mr. Hugo Sultan, of New York, who is an enthusiastic naturalist, was in Cincinnati a few days ago en route home from Kentucky, says the Cincinnati Times.

During this trip, he, in company with Professor Gordon Curry, dean of the College of Pharmacy, of Louisville, and a botanist of considerable note, spent a day in the neighborhood of Rockhaven, a Kentucky village about thirty miles from Louisville, on the Louisville, St. Louis and Toledo railroad, in search of rare insects and plants. While on this search, near Rockhaven, climbing hills and crossing dales, they discovered what proved to be the mouth of a cave heretofore unknown, and which is reached only after a hard climb by a steep hillside. The mouth is in the side of the hill and is so small that to enter it is necessary to crawl, but the opening soon grows larger, until finally it is a dome. The cave is over three miles long, and is filled with stalactites and stalagmites.

Mr. Sultan is very enthusiastic over the discovery. He said: "The cave is one of the prettiest I have ever seen in my life. It is fully three miles long, as near as I can judge, and we found many beautiful stalactites and stalagmites in all processes of formation. Prof. Curry found lakes of the calcareous matter from which they are formed, and some of the half formed stalactites were as beautiful as any I ever saw in my life. About half way in the cave, or a mile and a half from the mouth, he found an underground river, which wound across the rooms in a zigzag course.

"The water was as clear as crystal, and very cold, being of a temperature of about 40 degrees, or near the freezing point. We were greatly surprised to find that it was as cold as ice water, while the temperature of the cave was as warm as 60 degrees. In some places the water was four or five feet deep, while in other places it widened out into little pools. We waded the stream and went to the end of the cave, or as far as we could see that it extended.

"It was after we had crossed the river that I found that which interested me even more than the discovery and exploration of the cave. This find consisted of some very rare insects of the beetle species, whose technical name is Anophthalmus tenuis. I have never seen any of their kind anywhere else. They have no eyes, and nature seems to have made no provisions in them for those organs. They are a small insect and nest in the crevices between the rocks of the chambers. The only way in which I could get them from these crevices was by dashing water against the walls of the cave.

An Arctic Mirage.

Richard Willoughby, the discoverer of the so called "Silent City," in Alaska, has arrived in San Francisco. Ninety miles north of Juneau is a glacier, with a face 300 feet high. It was at this place that the professor thought he saw the mysterious white city of beautiful design. He was standing near the glacier when an undistinct figure in the water attracted his attention. He returned to the spot the next day, and there far below the water he saw the buildings of an ancient city. Several weeks later he returned with a companion, who took photographs of the alleged city.

INFLUENCE OF A SONG.

It Caused Artist J. G. Brown to Emigrate to America.

After thirteen months in Edinburgh he went to London. Every young man in the United Kingdom with a particularly brainy head, and a fine plucky confidence in his ability to hew out his fortunes, drifts to London, just as in America clever young fellows from all parts of the country come to New York.

There in the vast metropolis the young art student made designs for a manufacturer of stained glass windows and also painted portraits. He was getting away from the glass factory a little, and was taking a stronger hold on art. He was perfectly willing to paint a portrait for eight or ten dollars. He could finish two of them a week.

One night he heard Harry Russell sing some of his emigrant songs. Russell was a concert singer of those days, he had a sympathetic voice and sang popular songs. That settled it for young Brown. He would emigrate. He must "cross the wide blue sea." And he did. He arrived in New York on his twenty-second birthday, and he has been here ever since. As usual, when he made a change from one place to another, he at once sought for his art instruction in the new field. His three pound prize and his portrait painting at ten dollars a portrait had not yet enabled him to sink the artisan and be only an artist. So he got employment in a glass factory, and went to the night classes of the Academy of Design, then on the south-west corner of Broadway and Thirteenth street. Thomas S. Cummings had charge of these classes at that time.

So far young Brown's career had been very like that of the good young man in the story books. Now, in the story books, the good young man, as a rule, marries his employer's daughter. So that though this is always a most beautiful and delightful thing, it does not seem thrillingly novel or original on the part of the hero. Still, this is what J. G. Brown did some two years after he arrived in America. He married Miss Owens, the daughter of his employer. They went to live in Brooklyn, where Mr. Brown took a studio on Atlantic and Clinton streets. And after that he had been one year married Mr. Owens died, and a year later came the panic of 1857, in which whatever property the Owens family had was lost. Mr. Brown is ever so much better able to endure these hard times to-day when he is sixty-three than he was when he was twenty-six. But he went ahead with the grit that has always marked him, painting portraits, and about this time he began to paint children, pictures of little boys and girls, with a "story" in them. His fondness for this class of subject brought it about that after a while he was spoken of as "The Child-painter." He is still entitled to this appellation, though his "tough" little newsboys and bootblacks are all too bold and independent to be styled children. Most of them are little men.

The Army of Tramps.

There can be no doubt that the tramp is, in a certain sense, the maker and chooser of his own career. The writer's experience with these vagrants has convinced him that, though they are almost always the victims of liquor and laziness, fully four-fifths of America's voluntary beggars have begun their wild and restless ways while still in their teens, and have been furthered in their wrong tendencies by unwise treatment applied to them when young.

Year after year, even month after month, trampdom is increased by squads of youths who will soon take and hold the places of their elders, who will naturally drop away with the years. These boyish roadsters are proper subjects for State care and guardianship. And the fact that every tramp in the United States has spent some part of his youth in a reform school, or, worst of all, in jails, demonstrates that there is a failure somewhere in our system of correction and reformation, and makes it necessary and only fair that the sociologist as well as the reformer should know the tramp from boyhood to manhood. Superficial and unsympathetic studies of his character, with shallow theories about remedial measures, have so far failed signally in checking his malign influence upon society.

Automatic Bobbin Feeder.

An important invention, now making a place for itself in textile manufacturing, is a loom which feeds the bobbins into the shuttle automatically. As this hitherto has been one of the chief duties of the weaver, the new device promises to supplant a considerable amount of labor. Five persons can take care of eighty of these looms where now six looms are most commonly assigned to a single operator. They can be run an hour or two after everybody has left the factory at night and throughout the noon hour, when the operatives are at dinner. How important the invention is may be judged from the fact that, where tried, it is saving one-half the labor cost in weaving, and about one-fourth the whole labor cost of manufacturing.

New Uses for Electricity.

Electricity is now used to seal cans of fruits and preserved meats. A conductive layer is formed on the lid of the can and a metal coating deposited by the ordinary methods of electro-plating. The process is also being applied to the sealing of bottles of wine, beer or chemicals.

FOE TO RATTLESNAKES.

The Little Kingsnake Always Tackles the Venomous Serpent.

No matter what the size of the Arizona rattlesnake, a little, harmless two and a half or three foot kingsnake will tackle these monsters and vanquish them sooner or later. He not only seeks the king of venomous serpents, but also destroys all other poisonous kinds whenever he has an opportunity. For this reason people of that region, black or white, who have lived in the territory for any length of time, will never kill a kingsnake knowingly or willfully. Soldiers in camp always welcome his presence, for as they never do any harm themselves it is a sure thing that no poisonous snakes will ever venture in camp while kingsnakes are around. The extreme length of this serpent is seldom more than four and a half or five feet. His body is slender and lithe, evidently built especially for constricting in color he is a bright sea green, mottled with white and black spots, and quicker even than the coachwhip.

A citizen of Tucson, of no undoubted veracity, a year ago described to the writer a fight that he and his wife had witnessed between a kingsnake and a black water moccasin while camping on a stream of water over the line in Chihuahua, Mexico.

"I was sitting," said he, "on a fallen cypress which extended some distance into the water, catching perch for supper. I noticed a large water-moccasin sunning himself on a level bench of dry mud that formed a part of the bank near me. I watched him for half an hour, when suddenly I heard a slight rustling on shore and saw the moccasin start for the water at double quick, but he was too late. Like a green flash, a beautiful kingsnake about four feet long came darting through the grass and placed himself between the moccasin and the water. Then began one of the most singular and interesting contests I ever witnessed. The moccasin, finding his retreat cut off, instantly threw himself into a coil, and, with his head raised about a foot above his body and swaying to and fro, his eyes glittering with an angry fire and his forked tongue flashing back and forth, gathered all his energies for defence in the deadly conflict which he knew was bound to follow.

"His smaller and more active adversary eyed him for a moment and then began to run with great rapidity around him in a gradually narrowing circle, keeping his own head raised a few inches above the earth and apparently watching for an opening. The moccasin always turned slowly in his coil, so as to always face his assailant. Once or twice he led viciously at the latter's head, but recovered in time to prevent a counter. This went on for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, when suddenly—and far too quickly to be followed by the eye—there was a flash of green and white in the air, and then a confused mass of writhing, twisting serpents rolling over and over on the ground, resembling the magic-lantern display of colored wheels.

"Presently the mass began to take definite shape, and then it was seen that the kingsnake had caught its big adversary by the lower jaw and was holding on with bulldog grip, while he wrapped his own body around that of the moccasin like a cord around a pole. Then the squeezing process began, and soon the huge moccasin began to straighten out, while the folds of the kingsnake were drawn so closely as to almost bury themselves in his body. Finally the moccasin grew quiet except for a slight wriggling of the tail, and after lying still for some ten minutes or more the kingsnake still holding his grip by the jaw, gradually unwound himself from the body of the other until they lay side by side on the ground.

"He waited in this position some minutes longer, apparently to assure himself that his opponent was really dead, and then let go his jaw hold, took one or two farewell trips around the body, and disappeared in the brush.

"This experience is somewhat similar to one I had near Benson Springs two years ago. I was climbing a hill hunting for millipedes when suddenly I came upon a very big rattlesnake and a very small kingsnake engaged in a deadly combat. The fight had no doubt been in progress for some time, as both combatants were nearly used up, so to speak. I watched them with interest, saw the little green fellow had his favorite jaw grip, and still he was slowly but surely squeezing the life out of the big Crotales horridus. The latter's eyes were bulging from the terrific pressure, while his adversary seemed pretty well worn out in drawing his coils tighter and tighter. They were sunk into the rattler's body in great ridges, and were so reduced from the awful tension as to resemble a small coil of whipcord around a piece of large rope. When the rattler was dead the poor little kingsnake was so far gone as to be unable to uncoil himself. I performed this kind office for him, and after cutting nine rattles from the big one's tail I placed the conqueror in a small jar, and now have preserved him in alcohol for all time to come, in honor of his great and glorious victory.

Wildcat Whipped By Tabbies.

A wildcat was killed in Farmer Ephraim Staynor's barn, at Wheeler's Farms, Conn., one night recently, in rather a remarkable way. Mr. Staynor has a family of nine pure Maltese cats, of which he has always been very proud. People from all over this region have heard of their rat killing accomplishments, and tried to buy some of the kittens, but he would never part with one. They are of an unusually short legged, heavily built breed, and though not large, are extremely strong. They seem to fear nothing, and two or three good sized prowling dogs have been killed by them within the last year, and a farm hand who kicked one was set upon by the whole family of cats and barely escaped total blindness, receiving very severe injuries about the face and arms. Rats, mice, weasels, and skunks have been practically extinct within the limits of the Staynor farm since the arrival of these fierce pussies.

They live in the barn, granary and stables, and never come into the house. The hired man, Patrick Nolan, hearing a fearful disturbance in the cowstable about twilight, ran in, pelted in hand, to see what was the matter. He merely took one

look around the stable door, and seeing a big wildcat crouched in the furthest corner ready for a spring, he slammed the door and ran to the house. Mr. Staynor's wife and son Ben were the only ones at home, and the latter got his revolver and proceeded to the stable. There he found the savage lynx engaged in mortal combat with the whole tribe of Maltese. The snarls, spittings, hissings and growls were frightful, he says, and when the wild cat saw him he attempted to leap for the door. He closed it all but an inch, thrust his revolver through the opening and waited for a chance to shoot. When he got it he hit only one ear of the beast, but that was fatal, for when the great cat raised her head a moment to see whence the blow came, Dinah, the old mother Maltese, sprang in and curled around her neck, sinking two rows of teeth in the jugular vein. A second of fierce struggle, of vain attempt to fling off the tame puss, and then the wild one gave up the ghost. She weighed fifty-one pounds, and is the biggest wildcat ever taken in this vicinity.

A Winged Kentucky Snake.

Jackson Watson, the well known Parkville merchant, has discovered a new specimen of the serpent family. While hunting in the knobs back of Parkville, Ky., yesterday, his attention was attracted by a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, was attracted by a peculiar whirring sound in the air near him. Quickly turning his head he was amazed at the sight of a snake flying through the top of the bushes along the roadside. Mr. Watson being an experienced hunter, was not so overcome by fright or astonishment that he could not fire his gun.

Taking careful and deliberate aim he fired at the monstrosity with a load of bird shot. It fell. Hastening to the spot Watson found that he had not killed, but simply wounded the thing, which had somewhat recovered its power of locomotion and had begun to wriggle away in true serpentine fashion. Mr. Watson grabbed a forked stick near at hand and succeeded in capturing his prize, which is now the wonder of the village of Parkville.

Robert Smith, who lives near the ground on which the snake was killed, says the snake was about eighteen inches in length and near an inch and a half through its thickest part. It appears to be of the black snake variety, and aside from its wings bore no other peculiar marks. The wings were attached on each side and about midway of its body, and were somewhat of the color and construction of the wings of a bat.

Child Finds a \$1,000 Draft.

At Steven's Point, Wis., Little Mabel Ennor, while cleaning her doll's house a day or two ago, found in an old mathematical treatise a \$1,000 draft on the Adams Express Company.

The draft was obtained by her grandfather, Thomas Woodward, in 1851, in San Francisco, and is payable at sight in Chicago through the private banking firm of G. H. Smith & Co.

Mr. Woodward was an eccentric Englishman, at one time a member of the British House of Commons. He made a fortune in California during the gold craze in '49, but had a profound distrust of banks, and several times lost large sums of money by secreting them in odd places.

The draft is still good, despite its age and the stains of time. It will be taken to Chicago next week and presented to the officers of the Adams Express Company for payment by Judge Gate, attorney for Mrs. Woodward.

The Great American Desert.

"Within a few years the Great American Desert will be transformed into one of the most fertile spots in creation," is the prophecy of Col. W. H. Beardsley, of Phoenix, Arizona, "and all this will be due to the work of irrigation. Already the Salt River Valley is a blooming bower, with its earliest and sweetest oranges, vegetable and fruit products of all varieties, and surprising combinations in the propagation and elevation of many vegetable grades. A movement is now under way to dam the Agua Fria River in the highlands west and northwest of Phoenix and bring thousands of acres of arid land within cultivation. This entire country, at one time unproductive of anything but cacti and sage brush, will soon be considered highly valuable and worthy of attention."

Odd Scarecrows in Trees.

The stuffed calico cats made of print cloth stamped with the picture of a tabby and stuffed with cotton in quite a lifelike counterfeited of the animal, which were a common toy with children a few years ago, have been put to a novel use lately in Lincoln County, Me. The farmers have fastened the calico cats up among the branches of their fruit trees, and it is said they most effectually scare away predatory birds. It would seem the idea could be extended into the making of lifelike stuffed calico huntsmen for use as scarecrows in cornfields and melon patches.

Discovery of the Mammoth Cave.

The most plausible and reliable date for the discovery of the Mammoth Cave, says Elder Thomas B. Howe, is 1,806. During that year a crippled hunter named Hutchins pursued a wounded bear into it and shortly afterward announced his discovery.

THE MANATEE.

One of the Strangest of Animals Native to America.

Of all the large animals of the American continent, none is more remarkable in form than the Manatee. Although this strange creature is of godly size, often reaching a weight of several hundred pounds, and sometimes attaining a length of thirteen feet, yet I venture to say that not more than one person out of every four thousand in the United States could now arise and correctly answer the question, "What is a Manatee?" Whenever you mention the name of the creature to any one save a student of quadrupeds, or a surety you will have that question to answer forthwith.

The Manatee is an animal that lives exclusively in the water, and while it is shaped somewhat like a seal, it is very far from being one. I mention the seal by way of comparison solely because it is the only quadruped which can be used. The heavy, bag-like body, short neck, blunt nose and round head of our harbor seal do indeed suggest the form of the Manatee; but there the resemblance stops short.

Instead of having hind flippers like a seal, the body of the Manatee terminates in a very broad and very flat tail, which forms an admirable propeller. Its front limbs are simply big, flat paddles, by no means so shapely and useful as the front flippers of a sea lion. It has no hair—or, at least, none to speak of; a smooth, but very thick and tough skin, small weak eyes and a blunt nose. Instead of having teeth like a seal, and feeding on fish, it has only a set of rather weak molars, and lives solely on aquatic plants.

It lives in the mouths and lower reaches of rivers that flow into the sea in tropical latitudes, and while it does not object to salt water, it is most at home in water that it is either brackish or else quite fresh; and the latter is preferred because of its aquatic vegetation. Unlike the seal, it is quite unable to come out on land.

I am glad to be able to say that even to-day this remarkable animal is an inhabitant of one portion of our strangely diversified United States.

For some particular reason, probably the abundance of good food combined with a good depth of the water a number of Manatees have chosen to inhabit the St. Lucie River, Brevard Co., Florida, which flows into Indian River, eighteen miles above Jupiter Inlet. Their presence there has been well known for twenty years or so; but, fortunately for them, they possess neither the checked leather hide of the sad eyed alligator, the spun glass plumes of the unhappy egret, or the delicious flesh of the wild turkey, and so as yet they have not been entirely exterminated.

Terrapin Farming.

An enterprising citizen of Palton, Fla., Mr. Hole, is the pioneer in a new industry for that State—diamond-back terrapin farming. In his pen, built in the water, he has 1,000 terrapin and next year hopes to have five times that number. The Florida terrapin are of the same species as the Maryland terrapin. There is said to be no difference in the taste of the precious morsels, but there is a great difference in the price paid for them. While Florida terrapin bring only \$20, those taken from the waters of Chesapeake Bay sell at from \$36 to \$60 a dozen. Even at \$20 a dozen, however, Mr. Hole expects to make the business a paying one. The great difficulty to be encountered in supplying the demand is the unusual ability of the terrapin to hide themselves. They are easiest caught in the hatching season, when they make tracks in the sand to and from the nest; but this is the closed season, and the law provides a heavy penalty for violation. In the open season terrapin are captured in nets. Mr. Hole says that terrapin possess a fatal curiosity. If there are terrapin in a creek, all you have to do is rap on the boat, and their little black heads will bob to the surface. Then the dragnet is called into play, and the terrapin are bagged.

A Horrible Tragedy.

A horrible tragedy took place not long since in a menagerie at Lyons. A clerk had the entrance of the menagerie, and it was on friendly terms with the staff of the show. He made up his mind to be photographed in the central lions' cage, and went to the menagerie without the knowledge of the proprietor in order to carry out his intention. He entered the cage, which was, of course, empty, and while the photographer was getting ready his camera he approached the neighboring cage, in which an enormous lion, named Romulus, lay sleeping. He did all he could to excite the animal through the bars, and while pressing against the partition inadvertently opened the trap door which separated the two cages. The lion bounded through the opening, and springing upon the unfortunate clerk, seized his head in its mouth, crushing it terribly. The young fellow was killed almost instantaneously.

Fancy velvets, velours and velvetens will also be features of the autumn and winter. Velvets printed in Indian fine patterns, green, dark blue, crimson and a deep orange, are to be used with the cloth gowns quite profusely for accessories. Mandarin yellow will have a place also, but in smaller quantities, as a little make a great show, but judiciously used looks very well in combination with the dark blues and greens, peeping out among the many lapels and folds.