

SAVING LIFE AT SEA.

Lives Sometimes Put in Peril to Make One Rescue.

Much imperiling of life is demanded in the mid-ocean rescue of a drowning man, and such an incident always furnishes intense dramatic interest for a spectator. The Baron de Malortie, in a recent interesting work, recalls an exciting scene he witnessed years ago while crossing the Atlantic. The ship was several days out, when one afternoon he was idly lounging about on the upper deck.

"Suddenly," he says, "I saw a man approach the bulwark. He threw overboard some objects—we learned afterward that they were his Bible and a rosary—and followed them with a header into the foaming sea. 'Man overboard!' I cried, but the storm covered my voice, and I rushed up to the bridge to call the attention of the officer on duty to the accident. Stop! Half speed astern, and orders for the lowering of the boat were the affairs of a minute or two. 'Volunteers to man the boat!' shouted a young midshipman, cutting a lifeboat from the davits. Ten men came forward for every one wanted, and, selecting four of the most powerful tars, the midshipman was lowering the boat, when a young doctor, quickly pocketing a flask of brandy for a restorative, let himself down one of the ropes and reached the boat as a monumental wave was dashing over it. The men pulled with a will and the gallant little nut-shell fought bravely up and down the mountains of angry waters. As to the midshipman, he was far astern, and only from time to time could we see the something like a human form emerge on the top of a white-crested wave.

"Oh, the anxiety with which we watched both the boat and its goal! Disappearing altogether at moments, when we feared we had seen the last of these noble fellows, another gigantic wave would toss them up again like a cork. It was exciting. But the boat was gaining; nearer and nearer it came, while we were slowly following in its wake.

"There! The doctor throws a life belt. They are only some yards off now. But no, a cruel wave has tossed them past the object of their tremendous efforts. There, they are throwing round her nose; the midshipman has passed the rudder to an old quarter-master, and, armed with boat hooks, he and the doctor stand ready for action. Another second and the life belt is hooked; the man is grasping it desperately, but he has no strength left; there he slips—all is lost, just at the critical moment.

"But who is that jumping overboard? Three cheers for the brave man—it's the doctor! But he, too, disappears. Are there to be two victims instead of one? No, no! And there—hurrah!—there is the doctor, his precious burden before him. The men pull like mad to reach the two etc they sink again. The gallant young midshipman is watching for the right moment. More life belts are thrown. They help the doctor to keep above water; another pull and the boat hook has done its duty, and while two of the men stick to the oars, the others are busy dragging rescuer and rescued on board.

"The long cold bath, the fright and the proximity of death had wonderfully sobered the would-be suicide, whom remorse for a drunken spree had driven to this mad freak. It did not require many restoratives to bring him to, and two hours later he had an opportunity of recapitulating his adventure in dire solitude, having been condemned to be kept in irons for the rest of the voyage, a well-deserved punishment for exposing six valuable lives to this perilous venture."—*Montreal Star*.

The Parrot That Scared the Cat.

Cats may not be superstitious, but they object to being startled just as strongly as any nervous old maid, particularly by a parrot. When a parrot in a large cage arrived in a passenger's baggage at the Great Northern depot yesterday morning, Baggage-master Miller set him on the floor of the baggage room. There he stood for two mortal hours in dead silence, and no coaxing of the passengers could arouse his loquacity.

When the crowd had left the depot a large sleek cat appeared on the scene, and spying the bird, marched majestically up to the cage and sat down. He poked his nose between the bars and sat contemplating Poll, thinking what a dainty morsel he would make if those pesky bars were only out of the way. He had sat thus for an hour, and the silence had gradually grown denser when Mr. Miller was crossed by the unearthly screams from Poll's direction:

"Ha! ha! Come on, boys."

The cat did not care to continue the conversation; he just went, his tail up, lifted and swollen with fear till it looked like a feather duster. The parrot smiled a gleeful smile, and the cat did not come back to trouble him.

Modern Cave Dwellers.

On King's Island, in Behring Straits, thirty miles off Port Clarence and the shores of Alaska, there are about 200 of the most curious islands that ever were seen.

The island, of rock, they inhabit is about half a mile wide and little more than that distance long, and the islanders are cave dwellers and live on whale blubber, seal and walrus meat.

On the southeast side, closely nesting against the cliff, is a village of the cave dwellers. One abode is built over and under the other, and to the right and left, presenting a most curious appearance.

These strange people are usually as strong and vigorous as can be found anywhere. They have no government, no chief and need no laws. Living in families and setting forth every day in their kiaks for the whale, seal and walrus, they return each night to their caves, or pole tents, caring nothing for the outside world. They are respected for their sagacity, but that is all.

A PECULIAR INDUSTRY.

Professional Pig Rescuers in a New York Court.

A new industry was brought to light in the Jefferson Market Court this morning, when William Hansche, eighteen years old, a resident of Brooklyn, and Richard Ferner, nineteen years of age, 880 Eleventh avenue, were arraigned for disorderly conduct. The complainant was William Cunningham, 603 West Forty-third street, who is employed as a watchman on the stock yard dock at the foot of West Fortieth street. Policeman McAnany, who made the arrest, opened the case. He said:

"Your Honor, these men are professional pig rescuers. It is the custom around the stock yards on the West Side, where a pig falls or jumps into the river, to pay the man that fishes it out \$1. The prisoners here have rescued innumerable pigs, but of late the pigs have been very cautious and not many have fallen overboard. To make up for the loss of rewards, these men have recently been driving the pigs into the river, and then pulling them out. They made so much noise doing this that they disturbed this watchman here, and I caught them in the act last night. That's the case."

Cunningham then addressed the court as follows: "Judge, I've warned these men a number of times not to disturb the pigs. At 7 o'clock last night they came to the dock, and seeing a pig asleep on the stringpiece, they threw him overboard. Before they had a chance to go after him, the policeman here, who was laying for them, grabbed them. I don't know what became of the poor pig. Maybe he drowned, or maybe some other rescuer got him out."

Cunningham was visibly puzzled at the case. Turning to the prisoners, he asked them to tell their side of the story. Hansche, who spoke with a strong German accent, said:

"We didn't throw that pig overboard. We came to the dock and as soon as the pig saw us he fell overboard from fright." The speaker was not a very prepossessing looking man, and the Magistrate said:

"Cunningham said that inasmuch as the men had been locked up all night and that it was impossible to bring the pig to court to find out whether it had fallen or was thrown overboard, he would not press the complaint. Magistrate Wentworth thereupon discharged the prisoners, with a warning."

Carlo Shows Advancement.

A man in New Orleans, Harris by name, has a dog which he is training to write on the typewriter. It is a pretty tedious business, and will, it is supposed, result in nothing but a little amusing trickery. Harris says the dog has learned to strike the keys with considerable correctness, but the process of teaching him to strike the letters will be more difficult. Of course, Harris has to dictate to the dog, as it would be impossible to teach the animal to read copy, and this he does by calling off one letter at a time, patiently training the dog to associate the picture of the letter with the sound.

So far, the dog has learned to spell his own name, Carlo. Harris calling off the letters slowly and distinctly one by one. Harris appreciates the fact that the dog's dexterity can never be put to any practical use, and says his first intention was to sell Carlo to some museum, but that he has become so much attached to him in the course of the training that he feels he never will part with him.

The Origin of Mrs. Grundy.

How many who daily use the name of Mrs. Grundy have any idea of her origin? It is generally believed that Dickens was somehow responsible for her, but a writer in the Dundee Advertiser points out that this is an utter mistake. The real creator of Mrs. Grundy was Thomas Morton, the dramatist, (born 1764, died 1838), the father of the author of "Box and Cox," and she is referred to in his comedy, "Speed the Plough," which was first performed in 1798. Mrs. Grundy is not a character in that play; she is merely a mysterious personage whom Dame Ashfield, the farmer's wife, constantly quotes, much in the same way as Sairy Gamp alludes to Mrs. Harris.

Ripening by Electricity.

By lighting his hot-houses at night with electric lights of 5,000 candle-power, all told, Dr. Werner von Siemens, an eminent German electrician, ripens raspberries in seventy-five days, grapes in two months and a half, etc. The expression "in season" may soon lose significance in this connection, since by the application of electricity fruits and vegetables can be had at any time of the year. The fruits thus produced are remarkable for brilliant color and fine aroma, but are not as sweet as those ripened by the sun. The process may serve to amuse wealthy scientists, but it is not likely to come into universal use.

Lead Mining Declining.

The United States geological survey report says that the lead mining industry for 1894 was one of exceptionally low prices. Mining declined and it was necessary to draw on foreign sources to supply deficiencies. The production of refined lead in the United States was 219,000 short tons in 1894. The production of 1893 was 229,000 short tons.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The total yield of cereals this year is placed at over three and a half billion bushels (3,600,000,000), or 1,300,000,000 bushels more than the production of last year. If he had 70,000,000 people in the country this would give 250 bushels to each family, with 100,000,000 bushels to spare. The figures are large, but no larger than the problem of marketing the surplus so as to get an approximation to its real value.

The Chicago News tells of a queer case that will soon come up in the Minnesota courts. In that State the moose is protected game. While out shooting a man named Phair was attacked by a moose. Owing, he says, to the fact that shooting moose was prohibited by law, Phair did not attempt to use his gun. The consequence was he was seriously injured by the animal. Phair is now instituting damage proceedings against the State on the ground that the animal is a ward of the State, and that he was thus handicapped from defending himself.

Once when Pasteur was dining with his daughter and her family at her home in Burgundy he took care to dip in a glass of water the cherries that were served for dessert and then to wipe them carefully with his napkin before putting them in his mouth. His fastidiousness amused the people at the table, but the scientist rebuked them for their levity and discoursed at length on the dangers in microbes and animalcules. A few moments later, in a fit of abstraction, he suddenly seized the glass in which he had washed the cherries and drank the water, microbes and all, at a single draught.

SPECIALISTS in the nervous diseases of women, and doctors in general who have an extended practice among the more gay and wealthy classes in this country, and especially in New York and the big cities, are expressing much surprise at the startling popularity that absinthe is acquiring. Girls scarcely out of boarding school are sometimes slaves to "the absinthe habit." Women of the gay world are particularly given to its use. Its useful effects are soon seen. Indeed, it is evident that those who succumb so readily to its seductive horrors do not know what the fearful drug is that they are taking into their systems.

The Supervisors of San Bernardino County, Cal., have decided to issue a map of the Colorado Desert on which shall be indicated the roads, trails, water supplies and prominent landmarks of the desert. Heretofore many lives have been lost, and the object in view is to make it possible for prospectors to travel that arid region with comparative safety. In addition to this signboards are to be erected at water supplies, and also along the trails and roads, giving any information that be needed, especially as regards the nearest water sources. There is also talk of developing water where none is found, and of cleaning and protecting springs from pollution by wild animals and careless prospectors.

PERSSIA does not occupy a very prominent position among the naval Powers of the world. In fact, it will be news to most people that she possesses a fleet, which consists of one solitary ship, called the Persepolis, and is now lying at anchor in the port of Bombay, proudly flying the flag of the Shah. For many years the Persepolis was a tramp steamer famed for the extraordinary number of mishaps which she had encountered. But since the Persian Government has acquired her and fitted her with guns and with a ram, which, being only insecurely fixed to her bow, has a knack of slipping its moorings and diving downward, she has become a very powerful and magnificent man-of-war—that is to say, in the eyes of patriotic Persians.

The old war frigate *Minnesota*, which figured with the Congress and the Cumberland in the Monitor-Merrimack fight at Hampton Roads in March, 1862, is, according to a Washington dispatch, to be turned over to the State of Massachusetts at once for the use of the naval militia. This disposition of the *Minnesota* is in accordance with the act of Congress of August 3, 1894, authorizing and empowering the Secretary of the Navy to loan unserviceable naval vessels to the naval militia organizations for in-shore armories for purposes of instruction and drill. Under this act, the *New Hampshire* (frigates) is loaned to New York, the *Wyandotte* (monitor) to Connecticut, the *Ajax* (monitor) to New Jersey, the *St. Louis* (frigate) to Pennsylvania, the *Nantucket* (monitor) to North Carolina, the *Date* (corvette) to Maryland, and the *Minnesota* to Massachusetts.

"Few people," says the Philadelphia Record, "have any idea of the enormous expense of keeping the big ocean greyhounds in shipshape. It costs the International Navigation Company an average \$10,000 a month for repairs to the various vessels. They are thoroughly overhauled every month, and the amount of small repairing necessary would astonish even the old voyager. In the shops at Jersey City there is a duplicate of every bit of machinery used in the makeup of an ocean liner, from enormous pieces of shafting down to the smallest bolt. At the conclusion of each voyage the company hires a professional rat-catcher, who clears the ship of the little pests. He baits his traps with the core of a head of lettuce and places a rat in each one, his experience being that the others will then more readily enter. On an average, fifty rats are caught in this manner after every voyage.

The work of gathering statistics of the loss of life and property from lightning has never been done with care and comprehensiveness that seem to be demanded. The Weather Bureau began in 1890 to keep a record of deaths from lightning. For the four years 1890-'93 these numbered 784, an average of 196 a year. Prior to this the only known record of this kind in the United States was kept by Mr. H. F. Kretzer, of St. Louis, Mo., his sources of information being 192 newspapers, daily, weekly, and monthly. He found that for the five years 1885-'89 there were 1030 deaths caused by lightning, an average of 206. So far as the records show, and there are no returns at all from several States, there were in the United States in the eight years ending 1892, 3516 fires caused by lightning, and entailing a loss of \$12,663,875, or an average of more than 400 a year, with a yearly loss exceeding \$1,500,000. Of the buildings struck there were 235 barns, 664 dwellings and 104 churches.

The Parisian police are now in charge of an unexploded bomb which is a source of much speculation and wonderment among the members of the force. It walked into one of the police stations the other day, and is in the form of a man. This human bomb bears the name of Balthazar, is a chemist by trade, and being anxious to destroy himself on original and scientific lines, and remembering that chloride of potassium and bromine on coming into collision explode, swallowed first the one ingredient and then the other in large quantities. He then waited for the explosion that was to take place in his stomach, and to blow him into very little pieces, indeed. This did not, however, take place as he had anticipated, and with a view of compelling the two recalcitrant drugs to recognize one another, he drank a quantity of water. Still there was no explosion, and regarding himself in his unexploded state as a menace to public safety and to the life of his fellow-citizens, he walked over to the police station and asked the authorities to take charge of him. They are now waiting for him to "go off" with as much patience as they can muster under such particularly trying circumstances.

It is generally conceded that sixty miles an hour is the practical limit of speed on steam railways, as at present constructed. It is rather startling, therefore, says a Lippincott writer, to be told that a company has been formed and that capital has been obtained for the purpose of erecting a railway which will bear trains at double this speed. A hundred and twenty miles an hour is a speed that, if maintained, would carry one around the world in a trifle over eight days. It is faster than the hurricane, the carrier-pigeon, or anything else that moves upon this mundane sphere. Yet the National Rapid Transit Company is asking the United States Senate for privileges looking to the establishment of a line between New York and Washington, and specifying in the proposed bill that the schedule-time shall not be less than one hundred miles an hour, which necessitates a speed of a hundred and twenty miles per hour to cover loss from stops. Further, the General Electric Company of New York is willing to guarantee motors, generators, and other electric mechanism for such a road, warranting them to maintain a speed of one hundred and fifty [note the fifty] miles an hour when delivering a hundred horse-power per motor with two motors per car.

WHEN do trippers drink most? From some figures worked out by Dr. Gillespie, registrar of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, concerning patients admitted with alcoholic symptoms, it would appear that the largest number of admissions occurred in January (143), the next largest in July, August being a little behind. The large number of cases in January is explained by the New Year drinking, while the explanation given of the numbers in July and August are the holidays and trips in these months, February, June, October and November show the lowest figures in the admission of males. The majority of the females, on the other hand, were admitted from June to October, the earlier part of the year showing a decided minority. Some curious facts appear in Dr. Gillespie's statement regarding the occupations of the drinkers. Of the 329 women, 169 were housewives, 33 laundresses, 21 charwomen, 20 shop-girls and seamstresses, 19 beggars, tramps, etc., 18 servants, 18 factory hands, and 10 were girls at home. Among the others, five were barmaids and two teachers. Of the 935 males, 461 were of the laboring class, comprising—Laborers, 99; skilled laborers, 172; trade laborers, 161; factory workers, 16, and railway employes, 13; 119 were of the professional class, including 49 clerks; 84 belonged to the liquor trade, and 26 were beggars, tramps, etc. The months of January, April and July were the months in which the laboring class generally were admitted.

The Bicycle Led Horse.

The crowning insult to the horse went unresented the other day. Down Grand avenue rolled a man on a wheel, leading a fine, sturdy, middle aged horse, in the prime of life and usefulness. The horse jogged along after the wheel with his head hanging dejectedly and shamefully. He evidently realized his degradation, but was too hopeless and heartseer to resent it. And lovers of the horse man's intelligent friend and companion, looked after him pityingly and wished he would back up, pull the man off the wheel and dance on the machine—but he didn't.

SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

It Will Shorten the Journey Round the World by Twenty Days.

The works in connection with the great Siberian Railway are being pushed along with much energy, and there can be little doubt but that this extended line will be completed earlier than was anticipated. Before six, and perhaps even before five, years have elapsed it will be possible to complete in ten, twelve or fourteen days a railway journey over a vast region which a few years ago was comparatively unknown, and the trip around the world will probably have been shortened by some twenty days. From St. Petersburg the journey via Moscow and Soomra to the Ural Mountains can be done in three days. The distance from St. Petersburg to the Siberian frontier by rail is about 1700 miles. At Tschetjinsk commences the West Siberian Railway, which has a length of nearly 900 miles. This section of the line passes through a flat, fertile, somewhat monotonous country, and crosses the four rivers, Tobol, Ischjin, Irtzsch and Ob. The cost of this portion of the Siberian Railway has proved to be rather less than was originally calculated, and the works have been so rapidly advanced that it was possible in the early part of the present year to open the Siberian section to the town of Omsk, on the Irtzsch. Before the end of 1895 the railway will be completed as far as the river Ob, and there will then be an unbroken line stretching eastward from Paris for a distance about 950 miles greater than the longest American transcontinental line. In nine days it will then be possible to travel from the borders of the Atlantic to the heart of Asia.

Construction becomes more difficult between the river Ob and the city of Irkutsk, which is close to the Baikal Lake. The works on this section have been pushed forward rapidly during the last two or three years.

At Krosnojarsk a bridge of 3200 feet length across the Jenisej is required. Although the transport of rails has been very difficult, there is every reason to believe that the railway will be completed as far as Krosnojarsk before the end of 1895. According to the original plan, it was expected that the line as far as Irkutsk would be opened for general traffic by the year 1900, but it may now be confidently predicted that this date will be considerably anticipated. The Krosnojarsk-Irkutsk section will now be pushed forward with a considerably increased staff of workmen.

There will be about 200 railway stations distributed over the line. Wherever it is impossible for passengers to obtain private accommodations hotels will be attached to the stations. The rolling stock will comprise 2000 locomotives, 3000 passenger carriages and 36,000 wagons. The passenger traffic will, with few exceptions, be confined to third and fourth-class, and the tariff will be very low. The whole distance from Tscheljabinsk, at the Asian frontier to Omsk costs a present about 23s third-class, and half that on fourth-class. Between any two stations (which on the average are twenty-six miles apart) the fares are respectively 1s 4d and 8d. According to travel tariffs, it will be possible to travel from one end of Asia to the other for about £15. There will be restaurant cars on some of the trains.

The average speed decreases eastward. Whilst from London or Paris to St. Petersburg the average speed is some twenty-seven to twenty-eight miles an hour, it is barely twenty-two miles between St. Petersburg and the Ural Mountains, and in Siberia only fifteen miles an hour. The goods tariff will be fixed at a very moderate basis, and although the distance between Wladivostok and Paris is about 8150 miles, it is expected that valuable goods, such as silk, tea, spices, etc., from the East, westward, and dry goods, machinery, in the opposite direction, will be profitably carried by the Siberian Railway.—*Engineering*.

Petty Economies.

Shoes were the pet meanness of a distinguished English nobleman whose ground rents in London alone would have shod all its inhabitants for centuries to come. It is related of him that he once took his favorite pair in person to a cobbler, and that after carefully examining them the man said to him, "I never saw the like since I've been at the business. You are either the greatest pauper in England, or the Marquis of—." "I am the marquis, and not the pauper," said his lordship and far from being offended, seemed greatly amused. To mount a new pair of shoe-strings, even in pain and grief to him, and a new pair of shoes always brings on a violent fit of gout, so vehemently is he opposed to the sad necessity of donning them at all.

Lord Eldon was a peer of this pattern, only he proceeded to the other extremity, and would never allow his wife and daughters but one bonnet between them. One wonders what pretty Betty Surtees saw in him to induce her to elope with him, cost what it might.

There is a Frenchman whose eccentricity in respect of a pet meanness is very often commented upon in Paris, for, though he has a model establishment and positively rolls in money, he cannot bear to use towels freely—his own or his neighbors'. It is said that upon staying at one of the old castles of Brittany for a week he took his hostess aside privately and showed her over three dozen towels that he had been gloating over for days. "All these, madame, I have saved," he remarked, with great delight. "Your servants put them in my room, it is true, but I and my wife have only used one between us. Servants are careless, wasteful creatures. I return the rest."

It Rained Popped Sparrows.

One of the slickest men I ever saw was a young fellow out west who was selling baking powder and was up to all the dodges to advertise his goods. He happened to strike one little town in which English sparrows were a great nuisance, and the authorities had offered a bounty on sparrow heads. The baking powder man saw a golden opportunity to give his goods a big reputation, and offered to exterminate all of the sparrows in town inside of two weeks.

His proposition was gladly accepted, so he began his work. He selected a large vacant lot as the scene of his operations, and every evening would go out there with several bushels of corn, which he fed to the sparrows, until they began to get acquainted with him and came to the lot in bigger droves every day. In the meantime he had sent east and bought a barrel of empty capsules, which he filled with the baking powder, and then put salt on the outside of them.

When he saw that all of the sparrows in town were coming to the feed ground he had a large tank of water placed there and was ready for the grand climax. On this eventful evening he took his salted capsules of baking powder to the lot instead of corn and threw them out to the unsuspecting sparrows. Of course the salt made the birds thirsty, and they immediately flew to the water tank and drank, and the result was something awful.

The water melted the capsules and made the baking powder rise. The poor little birds tried to stay on the ground, but the baking powder was too strong and compelled them to rise straight up into the air and finally popped them open. The spectators could plainly hear the sparrows pop, and said that it sounded like the popping of a paper bag. It rained popped sparrows all night, and the next day not a single live one was visible. It is needless to say that there is only one brand of baking powder for sale in that town.

Causes of Diphtheria.

It has been asserted that there is an observable increase in diphtheria cases among school children almost immediately upon their return to school after holidays, and a gradual decrease as the term advances. This is accounted for by the fact that during vacations the drainage is imperfectly attended to, but with the opening of school there is abundant flushing of pipes by reason of constant use. This theory is interesting when it is taken into consideration that a number of violent outbreaks of this disease have followed long dry spells. Under such circumstances an abundance of water becomes a matter of the utmost importance. Indeed, many physicians and scientists are willing to assert that an ample supply of good water, with the free use of potash or good soap, would do much toward keeping not only diphtheria but many other diseases in check.

Long-Suffering Couple.

The Monroe County Court has appointed a guardian for the estate of Isaac Brewer of Stroudsburg. This is the climax of a strange career. He and his wife, Alice, had had ups and downs with the most alarming frequency during the twenty-two years of their married life. In that time the wife has, it is asserted, deserted her husband forty-two times. Forty-one times Isaac was able to coax or hire his better half to return home, but the forty-second time she refused, and she is now living with her daughter. They would have a slight disagreement, and the wife would leave home. Perhaps she would be absent several days, and then Brewer would go in search of her. The twenty-third disappearance was caused by a custard pie, and it cost the husband \$200 in cash and the deed of a house to get his wife back. It seems their tastes differed as to custard pie, the husband seeming to have peculiar ideas about its make-up. Now the wife says she cannot be hired to go back home, and a guardian has been appointed.

Fun With Peanuts.

A peanut hunt is lots of fun for an evening party. The hostess hides peanuts in all sorts of queer places about the room, sometimes putting two or three nuts in the same place. Then she provides each of her guests with a little basket tied with gay ribbons, and then the "hunt" begins. Sometimes a march is played and the hunters must keep step to the music, stopping when it stops, and starting again when it starts. After a certain time the finds are compared. The one who has the largest number wins the first prize, while the "booby" prize is fittingly awarded to the one having the fewest.

Some other trials that are great sport are often introduced. One is to see who can carry the most peanuts in one hand from one table to another. A boy ought to win this. Forty-two is a good number.

Shot by a Horse.

A peculiar accident occurred in East Monmouth, Me. A man by the name of Prescott was leading a colt, when the animal whirled and kicked, striking Prescott in the region of the hip pocket, where he carried a loaded revolver. The revolver was discharged, the bullet lodging in the calf of Mr. Prescott's leg.

Where Tobacco is Grown.

Tobacco is grown in forty-two States and Territories, but nearly half the crop comes from Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and Connecticut.