The Greatest Monkey in Mistory-Mon Was Captured in the Wilds of Some Facts About Chimpamete

mess, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

To the first in order of these belonged Mr. Crowley, of New York, the affable and artful demonstrator of the Darwinian theory of evolution, who recently succumbed to the ravages of a distinctively human and ultra form of consumption, in his apartments in Central park. Mr. Crowley was more extelled, both in prose and verse, during the five years of his brilliant and meteoric career, than any other chimpanses whatsoever within the memory of man.

For Mr. Crowley was a chimpansee. It is revolting to be obliged to say so, but a sense of truth compels the statement that he really was a chimpansee. This galling fact was a painful thorn in the side of Mr. Crowley himself, and when, in the days of his greatness, a group of beslobbered urchins would stand in front of his apartment (a cage, never!) and taunt him with the withering fact that he was a monkey, and jeer at the cut of his beard, he would take on a deceptive air of noble resignation, scratch his ear four times, and suddenly expectorate voluminously into those four boys' eyes, with a degree of accuracy in his marksmanship as surprising as it was unique.

He was a fellow of infinite jest and del-

unique.

He was a fellow of infinite jest and delicate fancy. He could do everything but talk, and "Jake" Cook, who was his keeper for five years, swears that he could even talk.

could even talk.

Crowley was about 5 years of age when he died. He passed his childish days in the fastnesses of the Congo forests, in Africa, where with his father and mother he munched the succulent cocoanut, climbed the tall trees, and was happy. But one day a party of Liberian hunters came across the happy family, when Crowley was frisking about his mother's knees. Chimpansees are valuable, and as the hunters did not care for the mother on account of her ferceity, they killed on account of her ferocity, they killed her and took the young one—the then unnamed Crowley. The captors presented the little missing link to Mr. W. H. Smyth, the colored minister resident of the United States to Liberia. Mr. Smyth was on the point of starting for the the United States to Liberia. Mr. Smyth was on the point of starting for the United States, so he took little Crowley on the saling vessel bound for Liverpool, where he was put in a first class cabin on a White Star steamer and brought to New York, arriving in June, 1884. Mr. Smyth in turn presented the chimpanzee to the Central Park menagerie.



On his arrival there the baby chimpanzee was believed to be about 9 months old. He weighed but fifteen pounds and was only eighteen inches tall. He was named Crowley (a corruption of creole), and as he was one of the only two chimpanzees in the United States—the other being in Philadelphia—he made a hit. He was at first quartered in the superintendent's office, but he svinced such a mania for tearing up papers with his hairy hands and wrought such havoc generally that a fine, large cage was made for him at a cost of \$500. Here he grew apace, both in body and mind, and he was gazed at by hundreds every day. Several scientists from England examined him, and they all agreed that he just fell short of being human. "Jake" Cook became his keeper and tutor and taught him many tricks. The beast eventually became so intelligent that he did many On his arrival there the baby chimpan-

became so intelligent that he did many little clever things of his own, without any instructions whatever.

He grew to the height of 4 feet 9 inches and weighed 100 pounds. It is said that and weighed 100 pounds. It is said that he was as powerful as two men, and last spring, when he grew morose from ill-ness, he very nearly broke his keeper's back in a tussle. The keeper, a large, powerful man, conquered, however, by giving Crowley a well directed blow be-tween the eyes, and Crowley was from

giving Crowley a well directed blow between the eyes, and Crowley was from
that time very humble. The recollection
of his being obliged to strike his pet
brings tears to the keeper's eyes when he
speaks of it now. On the night that
Crowley died he would not allow Jake to
leave him, and when the keeper, thinking
Crowley asleep, ventured to tiptoe softly
toward the door of the cage, the dying
chimpansee would throw off his blanket,
run over to him, and, putting his arms
around him and looking into his face,
would moan so piteously that Jake was
obliged to sit down again.

"Was there any affection between us?"
said Jake afterward, in relating the death
scene. "Well, I reckon there was. Ain't
I been with him every day for the past

scene. "Well, I reckon there was. Ain't I been with him every day for the past four years, and haven't I taught him everything he knew—all his little man-ners and tricks at the table?"

Some time ago a female chimpanzee, Kitty, they called her, was put in a separate compartment of Crowley's cage, and it was intended, in the fullness of time, that the two should be mates. But Crowley, who in his latter years became years explain a sould have proposed became

very cynical, would have none of her, so he remained a bachelor.

Crowley had great, bright, sorrowful brown eyes, that somehow looked as if there was a human soul shut in behind there was a dumai sout shut in beama there, struggling to understand what this world was. Dr. Spitzka, who dissected Crowley, said, after the autopsy: "Crowley's brain was in splendid con-dition, and many anatomists would be unable to tell it from a child's brain—in fact in all exsential characteristics it is

fact in all essential characteristics it is immature human brain. It shows to me that the functions of speech and sight were fighting for mastery and that sight had the best of it, which retarded his in-

The chimpanzee, of all animals, comes nearest man. It is far ahead of the ourang outang, and there are twenty three points of difference between these animals, in all of which the chimpanzee has the advantage. The chimpanzee is a native of Africa only, and is found princi-pally on the Guinea and Congo coasts, and in Gaboon.

Can Your Boy Swim? Can your boy swim? No? Then do not trust him in any sort of boat until he has learned the art, and feels as much at home in the water as upon dry land. You might just as well send him out alone into a crowded street before he had learned to walk. He wight possibly cream alone. to walk. He might possibly creep along all right, and reach home alive, or some-body might pick him up and care for him, but the chances would not be in his favor. So in boating, the boy who cannot swim may get along very comfortably for a while, and not suffer from this defect in his education, but the time will assuredly come when he will have cause to bitterly regret it. It is one of the simplest things regret it. It is one of the simplest things in the world, too, and can be learned in three or four intelligently directed lessons, such as can be had in any city swimming achool or from the experts in any country village. By all means talk swim to your boy before you talk boat, and stipulate as one of the conditions of his having a boat that he shall first be able to swim a quar-ter of a mile without resting.—Harner's ter of a mile without resting .- Harper'

Sighing for Union Square. "The world is mine," exclaimed the tragedian, in "Monte Cristo," and the comedy man waiting for eight weeks' back salary, murmured faintly: "Cut me off a piece of New York, please."—The Idea. MONING THE TREATY.

The whites of this continent have had indian councils and indian treaties these 800 years and more, but few so interesting as that lately concluded in Dalota. There were \$2,000,000 acres of land at btake, signing the treaty involved the adoption of an antirely new policy for the indians of the northwest, and their phones representatives were the most talented men of the greatest and most war-like tribe that survives.

The Dakotas were when first encountered the largest tribe of one language ever found on this continent.

The Chippeways pushed them down from Manitoba and northern Minnesota, and they have slowly retreated before the white man from western Wisconsin to the high plains west of the Missouri. For sixty years the United States government has made a pretense of accuring them in "final and permanent reservations." The blunt alternative is now presented to them:



WRIGHT. PRATT. CLEVELAND. "Live as white men do, by cultivating the land, or starve. This is your last chance to secure permanent farms. You cannot keep this large tract as a park, a waste and a hunting ground. Civilization needs it and will have it."

Of course the usual division arose; the

Of course the usual division arose; the "conservatives" wanted to live in the old way; the "cranks" were willing to try if matters could not be bettered. But the new feature in this conference was the appearance of a third party—wily Indians who knew well enough that the land must be given up, but wanted to "scare" the white man and get all the advantage possible. And it looks very much as if they had succeeded. The commissioners say they have never met or heard of three Indians the equals in talent of Gall, Mad Bear and John Grass. Mad Bear has a noticeable resemblance to Henry Clay; his forchead and general profile would not misbecome the United States senate. profile would ne States senate.

Of the three commissioners Rev. Mr. Cleveland, of Dakota, is presumably best acquainted with Sioux character. Judge Wright, of Tennessee, is a man of wide experience in discussions requiring delicate management. The third commissioner, Capt. Pratt. of Carlisle, Pa., may be presumed to represent what is some. presumed to represent what is some-nes called the "humanitarian view" of

PROFESSOR VON ESMARCH.

With His Princess Wife He Is Now in

A princess is just now in America. Her full Christian and maiden name is Caroline Christina Augusta Emily Henri-etta Elizabeth, nee Princess of Schleswig-Holstein - Sonderbourg - Augustenbourg But, like most ladies, she changed he rame for love's sake, and is now plain Professorin von Esmarch. The first word may be translated "Mrs. Professor." She is of interest to us because she surrendered all her royal, ducal and imperial titles and claims to marry a doctor and professor. professor, and equally so because her husband has become eminent and is in the United States to attend the great medical conference of this month at Washington.

Mrs. Von. Esmarch was born Aug. 2, 1833, her father being prince of Schleswig, etc. She is, therefore, sister to the late Duke Frederick, whose son has a possible right to the Norwegian succession. and aunt to the present empress of Germany. Dr. Esmarch, father of the fessor, was physician to her father, prince; and thus the young people met and loved. With the consent of all her



PROP. ESMARCH. PRINCESS HENRIETTA. relatives she waived her rank, surren-dered ancestral claims, abandoned for her dered ancestral claims, abandoned for her children all ducal, princely and other semi-royal rights, and on Feb. 21, 1872, married Herr Esmarch in the castle of Prinkenan. It may detract a little from Prinkenan. It may detract a little from the romance that she was then 37 years old. Her husband was professor of sur-gery at the University of Kiel, a man of already wide reputation, and the mar-riage attracted much attention all over Europe.

Professor Von Esmarch was born at Fanning, in Schleswig-Halstein, in 1823; and took a thorough course in medical in-struction, first under his father and then at the University of Kiel, finally graduat.

at the University of Kiel, finally graduat-ing from Goettingen. He has since steadly risen in his profession. The noble prefix, "Von" has been placed before his name by the government, and—Schleswig-Hol-stein having been absorbed by Prussia in 1865, do be has been red by Prussia in stein having been absorbed by Prussia in 1865-66—he has been made private counselor of the empire and surgeon general of the German army. The Germans of New York gave him and his noble lady a brilliant reception, some 500 guests being present at the Lexington Avenue operahouse, including many veterans of the German army, some of whom the princess—or "Professori"—decorated with the -or "Professorin"-decorated with the famous iron cross. Being uncle by marriage to the empress, the professor is familiarly known among the Germans as the "Citizen-Uncle."

Surgeon General Hamilton.

Surgeon General J. D. Hamilton, who has lately been rather severely criticised dresses in the

for his action in regard to the yellow fever quarantine in Florida, is a short, bulky little man, of very calm, unexcitable temperament. He height of fashion, though in good taste, and drives a splendid horse in his light bug-gy. He lives in substantial oking house on B street, south-east, at Washington, and his win-

dows look out up- J. D. HAMILTON, M. D. on the rolling J. D. HAMILTON, M. D. lawns and tall trees of the Capitol grounds. His offices at the war depart-ment are luxuriously furnished, and he is considered a hard worker. He is very popular in Washington society, and his rank—one of the highest in the service—gives him the entree into the councils of the diplomatic and army and navy circles—considered the most ultra "sets" of the rational capital. national capital.

A remarkable mirage was seen on the Baitie at Hudiksvall on July 15. It reprepresented a ship going down in a terribly agitated sea, a boat being on the point of putting off for the vessel. The mirage lasted five minutes.

NEBRASKA NOMINEES.

per Put Up for Governor by Republ

Gen. John M. Thayer, recently nominated by the Republicans for governor of Nebraska, has had a very lively and interesting career, and is still young enough to aspire to further honors. A native of Massachusetts, he was graduated at an early age from Brown university, and soon after went to the territory of Nebraska. The growth of that state has been contemporary with his own growth in fortune and rank.

He entered the Union service at the outbreak of the civil war, and soon rose to the rank of colonel of the First Nebraska volunteers. He brought his regiment to a high state of efficiency, and won high honors at Fort Donelson—the battle which laid the foundation of so many great reputations. At one time, on er-Completion.

At one time, on Feb. 15, there

was an irregular line of Federal J. M. THAYER. line of Federal J. M. THAYER.

regiments extending from the extreme right three miles westward, in which every regiment and brigade was commanded by men since famous, including Lew Waflace, John A. Logan and John M. Thayer; while opposed to them were such men as the present Governor Buckner, of Kentucky; Gen. Pillow, Col. Hanson, of the Second Kentucky (Confederate); Col. Cook, of the Thirty-second Tennessee; Maj. Brown, of the Twentieth Mississipply besides many other gallant southrons. It was a combat of giants. Many of the survivors have since met in the halls of congress or border state legislatures, and for the most part with mutual courtesy and respect.

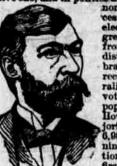
for the most part with mutual courtesy and respect.

When Pillow and Forrest broke the Federal right on the morning of the löth Gen. Charles Cruft's brigade was hurried to that point—in it were Col. Benjamin H. Bristow and Col. (since Gen.) James Shackleford—and was in turn broken. Then Col. Thayer's Nebraskans were started that way; but met the enemy's center on the ground just left by Gen. Cruft. A desperate fight took place in the brush, and Thayer's brigade won a decided success. Col. Thayer came out of the war a major general and was prominent in organizing his territory into a state.

In 1867 Nebraska was admitted as In 1867 Nebraska was admitted as a state, and her first senators were Gen Thayer and the Rev. Mr. Tipton, late a chaplain in the army. After an honorable term in the United States senate Gen. Thayer devoted himself for some time to private-business, always taking his share of political work, however, and in 1886 was elected governor of Nebraska, for which place he is now renominated. Ho is 57 years etd.

Hon. John A. McShane, whom the Democrats have chosen to contest with

Democrats have chosen to contest with Gen. Thayer for the governorship, is a much younger man—too young to have a war record—but his life has been a very active one, and in politics he has been phe-



nomenally suc-cessful. He was elected to con-gress in 1886 from the First district of Nebraska, not only receiving a plu-rality of 7,023 votes over the popular Church Howe, but a ma-jority over all of 6,980, thus win-ning the distincning the distinction of being the first Democrat in

J. A. M'SHANE. Song ress from Nebraska. Mr. McShane was born at New Lexington, Perry county, O., Aug. 25, 1850, worked on a farm till 21 years of age and obtained but a meager education at the country schools. In 1871 he went to Wyoming and in three years acquired a small competence in the cattle business. In 1874 he located in Omaha, foresaw the great future of the city, invested his great future of the city, invested his means there when property was at its lowest—following the great panic of 1878—and now enjoys the rich rewards of his lath. faith. He is one of the city's most active business men, promoter of the Union stock yards, president of the Stock bank and dealer in real estate. In 1880 he was elected to the lower house of the legisla-ture, in 1882 to the senate and re-elected in 1884. In 1886 his party sent him to congress, and now they ask him to try for higher honors.

Remarkable Change of Climate. The British consul at Bussorah, on the Persian gulf, in his last report states that a remarkable improvement has taken place in the climate of the country round Bussorah, with the substitution of date and wheat cultivation for that of rice. and wheat cultivation for that of rica. The malarious fever, to which Bussorah gave its name, is now comparatively rare; and sallow complexions and worn looks, which some years ago were universal, are now no longer seen. The northwest wind, which prevails in the hot weather, instead of being moist and clammy, as it used to be, is dry and hot. The month of September, when the marsh which is formed yearly by the overflow of the Euphrates is drying up, is still the least healthy season. December and January are cold, July and August are intensely hot. The season. December and January are cold, July and August are intensely hot. The rest of the year is very much like the spring and summer of southern Europe.

Boston Transcript.

His Eye Got Too Hot.

Glass eyes never produce irritation or become painful except when exposed for a long time to a strong flame. This is strictly prohibited. A very amusing in-stance came under my notice some time ago. A horse dealer, who visited a well known auction and salesroom in this city, purchased a horse, which, to all appear ances, was a model of symmetry and per ances, was a model of symmetry and per-fection, but two nights afterward, while standing in front of a lamppost on Broad-way, he suddenly became restless, and darted through the streets in great fury. When stopped his owner became alarmed on discovering the animal's eye blazing hot, but further investigation laid the swindle bare, and the glass eye was at once extracted.—Joseph W. Gavan in New York Press.

Results of Mental Overwork.

The English Anthropological society has been cuiling from reports of school-masters' observations on the symptoms of mental fatigue. The observations reveal that weariness of mind reveals itself under the aspects of irritability and in-

capacity.
Children at school showed such signs of Children at school showed such signs of mental irritability as sleeplessness and nervous laughter, while those who were fatigued could neither sleep nor get up their taskwork. The flagging will showed itself by lolling, yawning, and a languid manner. Headache also resulted from overstrain in study, when combined with defective ventilation.—Youth's Companion.

Honesty by Weight. "Is that boy the new junior?" the president of the bank asked the cashier, pointing to a youth in the office.
"Yes, sir."

"Have you tested his honesty?" "Yes, sir. I left him alone in your room for half an hour or more to count a pile of gold, which I told him had not been counted."

"Of course it had been counted?" "Not at all," replied the cashier; "I weighed the gold myself first."—Pittsburg Dispatch. "No. sir."

A Theater Goer's Suggestion

An English woman is responsible for
the suggestion that along with other improvements to theater scats, there be an
arrangement by which they can be sunk
through a trap in the floor into a saloon
below, so that men can go out between
the acts and see a man without treading
on the toes of all the women near tham. A Theater Goer's Suggestion

MOW A SWORD IS MADE.

FROM THE CRUDE IRON TO THE HIGH TEMPERED BLADE.

Tusting the Finished Weapon on a fite Process of Preparing the Steel-The "Grind Mill"-Great Skill of the Grind-

"Here you are," he said. "See if you can knock a piece out of the sword on that stone."

I took the handle in both hands and struck the stone with all my might. But to my astonishment a piece flew off the stone, while the sword did not show even the least evidence of the blow.

"Every one of these weapons has to stand that test," I was informed, "or we do not put the mark of our firm on it, nor do we deliver it as a first class weapon."

Weapon."

I went all through the factory, which employs over 1,000 men exclusively in the manufacture of fine weapons. They are now filling an order for the German government for a new bayonet. Eight hundred thousand are to be made, and the firm delivers 1,500 a day. The weapon is twelve inches long, and the government pays six marke for each of them when finished.

Before a piece of steal is converted into

Before a piece of steel is converted into such an instrument of war it has to go through quite a process. To show me this Mr. Roch took me into a large space at one end of the factory, where I at once noticed pieces of steel varying in length from ten to twenty feet, standing all around the walls. In the center of the room stood a large machine, where one man and a boy were occupied.

"This is where the steel is cut before it has received a streke yet toward the shape of a sword, so we might call this the storeroom for raw material." Thus my kind informant began his explanation. The long pieces of steel, which were about 2½ inches wide, were then put under the machine, id by the turning of a crank pieces of aboue twelve inches fell one after the other into a basket. The boy then handed the man another piece of steel, put an empty basket under the machine and carried the short pieces into an adjoining apartment. We followed, and from the number of fires all around I guessed that we must have arrived at the forces. and from the number of fires all around 1 guessed that we must have arrived at the forges. And so it was. Each one of these pieces of steel was put into the fire, and when it was white with heat, a man put it under a steam hammer, which struck the heated steel in rapid successions. struck the heated steel in rapid succession about twenty times on every particle of its surface. When it was pulled out, the pieces was about eighteen inches long. It was now thrown into a large barrel filled with water. Now the would be sword had gone through the hardening process, and a number of boys gathered them again into baskets to carry them to the rolling department. In the front of each of these rolls I had my attention called to a big coke fire. This fire was stirred up to an enormous heat, and then the pieces of steel were one by one put into the fire. There are two men occupied at each roll, viz.—the roller and his helper. As soon as the steel is hot again it comes under the roll, from where it emerges about one-eighth of an inch thick, and the eventual shape of the sword stamped on it.

sword stamped on it.

Again the pieces of steel are carried
off, and this time they go to the center off, and this time they go to the center presses, where they are put under a contrivance which cuts the margins off the steel, and when they leave here you can see that the thing looks like a sword. Hitherto, however, you have seen nothing but a dark blue plece of dirty steel, while we now come into the departments where the metal is brightened. There is at first the "grind mill." This is a large place which looks like a barn. From one end of the room to the other I observed rows of immense grindstones, some of rows of immense grindstones, some of them eight feet in diameter.

them eight feet in diameter.

THE ORINDER'S SKILL.

In this factory I saw forty stones, and in front of each sat a grinder. He has a little wooden seat, wears a woolen shirt, no cap and a pair of overalls. But over the latter up to his knees he has wooden gatters, made out of four pieces of wood. His feet are also inclosed in wooden shoes. The stones are turned by steam and watered automatically. In the front of this stone the man sits from 6 o'clock in the morning until 13 o'clock at noon. Then he has an hour for dinner, when he Then he has an hour for dinner, when he sits down again from 1 o'clock until 6 o'clock in the evening. He has a boy who brings him 'he instruments as he wants them. The grinding department is the most important in the entire factory, and the grinder has to be very skillful. He has to have a keen ever he my know. the grinder has to be very skillful. He has to have a keen eye; he mu know when to press the steel hard against the stone and when not. A single scraping of the stone too much spoils the whole weapon, and it has to be thrown away. Most of the other work is mechanical, while here it is intelligence that does the work satisfactorily.

while here it is intelligence that does "the work satisfactorily."

From the grinding stone the piece of steel comes bright and sharp. It is now taken to the burnishing rooms. This part of the work is chiefly performed by boys, who vary in age from 12 to 16 years. In this place there are a number of wheels, but they are very small. Some of them are of stone, others are covered with leather, which, if the article has to receive a polish, is covered with a powder which lends the blade a high polish. The knob and the back of the handle are now brilliantly burnished, and the weapon is alliantly burnished, and the weapon is al-ready very dangerous. But still it is un-finished. The different holes which are made in the handle, the one which fastens the blade on the gun and several others are now bored. This is done, however, by machinery, and takes but a very short time. Then the handle is covered with leather, and now that the blade itself is

thoroughly completed, it is taken to the controlling room.

In this department we find, as a rule, a number of old men who have been at work for the firm for long years. They are not able to do actual hard work, but still in this department their services are indispensable. Their duty is, in fact, to examine the article and see whether there examine the article and see whether there is a blemish anywhere. As soon as he detects a flaw he knows where it was done, whether in the burnishing, the grinding, the rolling, or any other department, and the man who is found to have made the mistake has to make it good, or, in other words, he has to pay for the damage.—Solingen (Germany) Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

LOVE HATH BETRAYED THEE.

Weep in the silence, oh heart, my heart, Love hath wearied of thee! And thou in the gloom of the shadow of doom Forever alone must be. Weep in the slience, oh heart, my heart, Love hath betrayed thee!

Break in the silence, oh heart, my heart, Love bath hidden his face! Hath deafened his ear till he cannot hear; Hath left thee to thy diagrace. Love hath betrayed thee!

Die in the silence, oh heart, my heart, Thy pleading prayer beats the empty air Like the bruised wings of a bird. Die in the silence, oh heart, my heart, Love hath betrayed thee!

—Susie M. Best.

The Garden of America.

Bearing on the proposition of Maj Powell to reclaim the Colorado deserts for which congress has already made a preliminary appropriation, is an article by Joaquin Miller on 'The North American Nile." He urges that the land instead of being a desert is in reality enormously fertile. "These ruins of fertile. "These ruins of Arizona are older than history—as old as the oldest ruins on the Nile of Egypt. The region then was densely populated. No allurements of gold; nothing but the generous soil and the genial climate built up cities here that rivaled in extent those of Ferri here that rivaled in extent those of Egypt. If then these primitive people made a garden of this land, where we now insist on locating a desert, can we not do some-thing with our improved methods?" Very clearly this region was once the garden of America, and it is reclaimable. Miller says he never ate finer bananas than those grown near Fort Yuma. His article is full of enthusiasm and poetry, but also of

he is right in calling it the North American Mile: and every way more interesting for its antiquities, as well as natural grandeurs, than the Nile of Africa.—Globe-Democrat.

SLAUGHTER OF FOWLS.

A Difference Between Amateur and Pro-fessional Work—The Chicago Way. Killing a chicken is a feat that few men care to undertake a second time. It is not half so easy as it looks. A man withnot half so easy as it looks. A man with-out experience may approach his victim confidently, seize it by the neck with a vise-like grip and swing it round his head and shoulders until he is tired or until poor "chick" ceases to flop her wings or wriggle her feet, and the chances are that the half strangled bird will go cavorting all over the back yard the instant it is laid on the ground. Its slayer, tired and sweaty and covered with dust and feath-ers, chases it around a circle, and finally, after a number of desperate plunges, re-gains his grip on the limp but unbroken neck.

ers, chases it around a circle, and finally, after a number of desperate plunges, rogains his grip on the limp but unbroken neck.

"Take the ax and cut its head off, John," suggests his wife, who has been an interested but silent spectator of the attempted slaughter. John acts upon the advice with a promptness that proves that he knows a good thing. The ax is procured, and again the wriggling bird is imprisoned. John carries it in triumph over to a block of wood, lays its neck out as evenly as the muscular contortions of its body and legs will permit, and then raises the keen blade for the fatal blow. It descends with unerring aim, and the severed head rolls off the block. But before John has time to congratulate himself on the success of his expedient the head gives one flutter that is its last, and a tiny stream of blood hardly bigger than a darning needle spurts from the gaping wound like a geyser, and stains his white shirt front a deep red. Then he vows in language that will hardly bear reproduction that he has killed his last chicken. If the victim is an aged and tough hen with a steel spring neck and extraordinary vitality the work of slaughter is even more difficult. This is the way a man kills a chicken intended for his own table. Down in South Water street there are fourteen hicken slaughter houses that turn out an average of about thirty thousand dead birds every twenty-four hours. The process is aimpler and more rapid. There is an institution near the corner of Clark street which alone is ready to kill off the feeshered tribe at the rate of 10,000 a day if the consumption of chicken meat warrants the wholesale slaughter. The chickens are brought to the place by thousands and turned loose in immense coops that occupy whole floors, and there they crow and cluck and ent corn until the remorseless hand of the professional butcher closes on their necks. When this happens there is no time for another crow. The needle-like point of the keen knife that the butcher carries in his right hand is defity inserte

the other. But it is in the "plumping" room that the hen has schance to exhibit its vitality. In one corner of this apartment, which is always half filled with wet feathers, is a big iron tank full of boiling water. Into this the bodies of the birds are thrown as this the bodies of the birds are thrown as fast as they fall from the butcher's spout, and after they have been there half a minute they are hauled out by the legs and stripped of their feathers. This process requires but two sweeps of a hamlike hand, and the bird, denuded, is flung into a cooling box. From there they go downstairs to another cooler, and then they are narked for shipment. then they are packed for shipment.—

A Balloonist's Big Jump. "I have made," said Professor E. D. Hogan, "163 ascensions and three jumps. One jump, made out in Jackson, is the biggest on record—9,800 feet. I shot down 400 feet before my parachute opened. The popular impression is that the parachute opens with a snap, but this is not so. opens with a snap, but this is not so.

First one section opens, then another, and so on by easy degrees, and as I've watched it opening when it was just above me and was thousands of feet up in the air it reminded me of a rose opening to be the received.

above me and was thousands of feet up in the air it reminded me of a rose opening in the morning.

"How did I feel when I made my first jump? Oh, well, rather afraid. I looked down and saw the hills and fields away below me, and the people looked barely a foot high, and the buildings looked like toy houses. I looked down and shivered when I saw the space between me and the earth, and then looked at the barometer and found the distance to be almost one and a half miles; but all the same I jumped. I leaped into space hanging to the parachute, and down I went like a shot for 200 feet. The parachute then began to open, gradually lessening my velocity. I heard the people's applauso very faintly. It rose up to me like the merest suspicion of a sound. I afterward learned they clapped and cheered for all they were worth. The parachute was oscillating somewhat, and I came near being banged against several chimney tops. The buildings are our greatest terror. Many an aerouaut has been dashed against a building and killed—more, in fact, than being dragged over rugged ground. I met with one accident. See here," pointing to a big bulb on his right ankle. "I got that in Nebraska in August of 1883 by being dragged over a heap of rocks. I never could bend that ankle since—can's even stand on that foot alone. e since-can's even stand on that foot

"You see a great panorama from a bal-loon in mid air," continued the professor, "but, of course, the landscape is all in miniature and through a slight haze."—

one Child's Voice in Singing.

Frederick S. Law, in The Voice, dwells at length on some of the dangers of al-lowing children to sing in public, par-ticularly when under the care of ignorant ticularly when under the care of ignorant or irresponsible conductors. One case is mentioned of a girl who was permitted to sing in halls large enough to test the powers of experienced artists, and who, consequently, at the age of 16, although she had started out with great promise, had no voice at all left. "It is," says Mr. Law, "as much of an impossibility for a child to produce full and sonorous notes as it would be to load it down with heavy weights and expect it to walk at heavy weights and expect it to walk at once. Many who would regard the latter as an act of cruelty will listen with com-placency to a child straining every nerve to fill a large room with a voice that from its nature is not intended for such use." Mr. Law concludes: "The instruction of children, as regards the voice, should be almost entirely negative—that is, they do not require teaching what to do so much as what not to do. They may be tracted to form trusted to form their tones as they please, if they do not sing too loudly nor with any undue effort. If these conditions cannot be secured, they should not be allowed to sing at all. Nothing is more painful than to hear a child struggle to fill a large room with a voice crippled from an attempt to wrest from nature what is not there. In no way can we find compensation for such an exhibition. The mind receives no pleasure, as there can be no intellectual grasp of the subject, while the ear is tortured by shrill and distorted sounds which awaken a natural anxiety trusted to form their tones as they please the ear is tortured by shrill and distorted sounds which awaken a natural anxiety for the child's future welfare. A healthy child possessed of a good ear is the most natural singer in the world, because the most unconscious. It is only when tampered with by those who should know better that disastrous results are to be feared."--Brooklyn Eagle.

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