

The Black Bean of Death.

The following story is told of the late George Jones, the Count of Joannes, whose eccentric ways and inordinate vanity made him the leading butt of ridicule in New York for many years. It seems that George Jones, the Count's father, was an English chemist, who about the year 1818 emigrated with his wife and two children, of whom George was the oldest, to this country. His brother was but four years old, he only six, and his sister a baby in her mother's arms. The vessel, an old sailing ship, fitted out after the ordinary method of emigrant vessels in those days, was a bad sea boat, and, meeting with terrible storms on the Atlantic, was driven far out of her course, and with difficulty kept above water. When at last the weather moderated it was found that the provisions, of which there had been an insufficient quantity at the start, were running short. Everybody was put on short allowance, but when at last the ship was on her direct course for Boston, whither she was bound, a further reduction had to be made. This was soon again reduced, and at last there was no food left on board, and starvation stared the crew and passengers in the face.

Driven desperate by hunger the crew mutinied, and the captain could only recall them to their duty by agreeing that beans should be drawn from a box, and the one upon whom the black bean fell should be killed for food for the others. Officers, crew and passengers, women and children, everybody on board was included in this horrible lottery, and with heavy hearts the furnished emigrants came on deck to participate. The beans were all wrapped in pieces of paper, and it was agreed that none of them should be opened until noon on the day of the drawing, so that if, during the two hours that intervened a ship or land were sighted, the doom of the drawer of the fatal black bean might be averted at the eleventh hour.

The captain was the first man to put his hand into the death box. He drew it out, and unable to master his anxiety to know his fate at once, he tore off the covering, and discovered a white bean. He was sacred, and as the officers, one by one, drew the beans from the box they followed the captain's example, pulled off the papers, and showed white beans. The first man among the crew who drew was the lookout, who came down from the masthead, secured a white bean, and resumed his lofty post. After the crew had all drawn, the black bean still remained in the box, and it seemed clear that the victim was to be found among the passengers! They drew by families, and comparatively few beans remained in the box when Mr. Jones with his wife and children advanced to take their chances. The father and mother drew white beans, and then the little boy, George, was led to the box. He scarcely comprehended the full nature of the terrible ordeal he was undergoing, but he plunged his little hand in and drew out a bean. His father hastily snatched it from him and was about to tear off the paper, when the shout of "Land ahead!" came from the masthead. Amid the tears, laughter and feeble cheers of all on board, Mr. Jones cast the bean into the sea, and the future Count never knew whether it was a white or a black one.

California Prices for Poetry.

Replying to many letters in indifferent prose, we beg to state that the price we pay for poetry is regulated entirely by the merit of the production, as determined by the gentleman who last week asked to be supplied, and who this week ("The Burial of Moses," and who this week (as elsewhere explained) received seven thousand copies of that rare poem transcribed from as many school books, and from recent numbers of this journal. When Tennyson, Whittier, or any of the free-for-all bards, send in a verse or two, a check of \$100 is returned by the next mail. Ordinary poetry known to the trade as "B1," and which grades a little above the productions of high-school girls, is quoted this week at 3000.85 per column, agate measure, while the general run of lyrics are unsalable. In all cases the poetry editor considers himself at liberty to reconstruct the little gems that come to this office. A fair specimen of the work is as follows:

Sample fall poem:
The glorious autumn days are come,
With many a gorgeous dye;
The woods beyond the meadow brown
Stand red against the sky.
Same thing reconstructed:
The glorious autumn days are come,
And gorgeously they dye
The red-headed woods beyond the field,
Like rainbows in the sky.

It will be noticed that the sen timen has been preserved, and the language whooped-up a little so as to give greater effect to the verse. The central idea of the poet is to convey the intelligence that there has been a frost in the neighborhood, and that, as usual upon such occasions, the leaves have changed color. None of this has been lost; the news is all there, but worked up in a rather more sensational and attractive manner—that is all. As long as our present poet (the hero of "The Burial of Moses" incident) wields the amending pen at their office the bard's need not fear that their fancy will suffer mutilation.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Fish Killed by Lightning.

A correspondent of *Land and Water* says: A curious incident of the whole of the occupants of a small fish pond being destroyed by a flash of lightning, is reported from Seck, grand duchy of Nassau. The *Nassauer Bot* states that during a very heavy thunder and hail storm at night time, a flash of lightning struck a small pond well stocked with various kinds of fish, the property of the pastor of the parish. The following morning the whole of the fish were discovered dead upon the surface of the water. They had all the appearance of having been half boiled, and crumbled to pieces at the least touch, just as is the case with fish after being boiled. Neither any external nor internal injury could be observed, the scales being intact and the swimming bladder filled and well preserved. The water in the pond was still muddy and dull the morning after the storm, as if the lightning had only struck it.

The Tichborne case has once more tried to disgust and trouble England. A writ of error has been sued out on the ground that the offenses of perjury for which the claimant, Arthur Orton, was sentenced to two terms of seven years in prison were one and the same, and that he should have been sentenced to only one term.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashions in Jewelry.

Very simple jewelry is now worn. The diamond earrings and gold necklaces seen in street cars and with walking dresses during the shoddy period are fast disappearing with the return to simple dressing. The absence of all jewelry in the daytime is the rule with many ladies of taste, while others have abandoned all merely ornamental pieces with street costumes, reserving their gems for evening and full-dress toilettes, where display is more appropriate. The useful articles that are almost necessary to complete a lady's dress are the brooch, sleeve-buttons, and a very modest watch chain, and when any fanciful piece is now added to these, it is not the locket or pendant lately in favor, but some curious bracelet, not a bangle, but a slender band, or else a serpentine gold braid that is twisted around the wrist to keep the long glove smooth, or perhaps it is thrust higher up the arm out of sight, and worn as a token or a talisman.

The favorite brooch is the useful shape, long and slender, with a strong pin, and is known as the lace pin, because of the prevailing fashion of wearing lace on the throat and bust. This style is used for diamonds and pearls, as well as for the simple gold or silver brooches worn in the morning. For diamonds there is an Etruscan gold band, or better still, a frame in which the pendant diamonds swing. This is the popular design for a diamond brooch, but more rare ones represent a long spray of flowers with the foliage of incrust diamonds, and a ruby in the center of a wild rose, or else rose-buds of pearls of different colors, such as the pink pearl, the yellow, like a tea-rose, or the pear-shaped white pearl. Rich colored stones, such as the ruby, sapphire, or emerald, are now combined with diamonds. Sometimes there is a massive bar of gold with a single diamond sunk in the center; this makes an elegant and durable brooch. Stones are mounted in more solid work than formerly, and diamonds look especially well when set in silver. What is called the gypsy setting, where the diamond is imbedded in the gold, is more fashionable than the knife-edge setting that merely caught the stones. Colored stones, such as rubies, the moon stone, cat's-eyes or sapphires, are mounted in this way, and are *en cabochon*, that is, merely polished on the upper surface without being cut in facets as diamonds are. As a rival to the straight "lace pin," those of crescent shape are perhaps most liked. When diamonds are the jewels used, they are either massed in silver or imbedded in gold. Next in favor are the colored pearls swinging from an Etruscan gold bar. Sometimes the pearls are shaded from black, through gray and silver, to white. Sometimes they are all cream-colored, or else all pink. A novelty is a massive knot of yellow gold with a swinging horseshoe of precious stones. The plain gold lace pins are not nearly so large as those of last season, and are best liked when very light and slender and in some artistic design. A long round bar with a pine cone at each end is a pretty brooch, at \$5. A favorite pattern is geranium leaves of pale green-tinted gold; the Japanese and the Crenola patterns are quaint and tasteful.

Sleeve-buttons are quite large, and the square patterns so much worn by gentlemen are also in favor for ladies. The linked buttons now preferred have a gold bar passing through one button-hole, and an ornamental button through the other. Sets of gold jewelry are seldom sold nowadays, as it is the custom to buy different and fanciful pieces; hence the prices are much less than formerly, and the set of lace pin and tiny earrings is sold for \$20 up to \$10 or \$50. If a lady insists upon wearing gold earrings, she is advised that the smallest ones are the most stylish, representing a tiny daisy, or a clover leaf, or a pine cone resting against the lobe of the ear, and costing from \$3.50 to \$5; for more expensive ones are pendant balls of Etruscan gold, for \$7.50, or else the ball is studded with turquoise or pearls, for \$14.50 to \$18. To conceal solitary diamond earrings for safe-keeping when ladies wear them in the daytime are balls of gold that clasp around the diamonds, incasing them entirely.

As we have said, the one fanciful piece of jewelry now worn is the bracelet, and some ladies go so far as to wear it instead of the linen cuff or other lingerie at the wrist, which it can never replace. For this purpose the serpent bracelet is used, as it is flexible, and may be made to clasp any part of the arm and remain stationary. The wide gold bands are abandoned for dress, and instead is a very thin light band of gold, with an ornamental mezzalon, or spray, or horseshoe of diamonds or colored stones, on top of the arm. Still another fanciful piece of jewelry is the gypsy ring—a massive gold finger-ring, with a diamond, or sapphire, or ruby, or perhaps all three, set deep in the gold, showing only the surface of the stone. The necklaces of gold are in Eastern designs, made up of swinging pendants, but when a jeweled locket or a single valuable pendant is worn, it is attached to a very light slender chain, which may be partly platinum or it may be all gold. Watch chains for ladies are like the short bar chains worn by gentlemen, or else they are chateaines suspended from a pin on one side.

Large carbuncles are revived, and are with garnets coming to be the fashionable stones. The garnets are not the small Bohemian clusters, but single large stones, and, like the carbuncles, they are mounted with very little gold visible. Silver jewelry is the most inexpensive of tasteful styles, a quaint brooch costing \$3 only. An extravagant novelty is the use of gold or silver pins for the toilette, just as ordinary pins are now used; those of silver in various sizes cost from fifteen cents to seventy-five cents each, according to size; gold pins, some of which have pearl's bezels, cost \$1 to \$6 each.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Fashion Notes.

Patent-leather slippers are again popular. The floriated pattern most in favor for beaded gimps is the acanthus leaf. Jointed china dolls and china animals are among the cheap playthings. Irish poplin is substituted for silk in many of the long circulars lined with fur. The majority of mantles continue to be made very long and with visette or dolman sleeves. The newest style of hair dressing is to wave the hair all over the head, and to wear loose curls or a knot at the back. Gold or silver braid is something let

into the wrist of long gloves. It has the effect of bracelets without breaking the outline of the arm.

Letters from Paris report a tendency toward the revival of the Josephine styles, the short round waists, the wide belts, the straight skirts, and the sashes of childhood.

The fan is a favorite design in 'ace pins, brooches and earrings. These articles come not only in solid gold set with precious stones, but in silver, nickel and gold plate.

Paris dressmakers are working from ideas gained from old Venetian paintings. It is from these that they are drawing the combinations of rose and dark red, blue and amethyst, and golden, yellow and green which are now fashionable.

Novelties in hair brushes are those with metal backs in place of celluloid, rubber and the like. Some of these are of silver, handsomely embossed; others are of gilt plate, and all come put up in elegant cases.

Fans for evening occasions show a revival of the shell sticks. The Russia leather ones are quite out of date. Some of the handsomest fans are finished with shaded feathers, others exhibit satin covers that are hand-painted.

The present fashion of dressing the hair brings ornamental combs into use. Some are of tortoise-shell in low, high backs and half coronet shapes. Others are of silver in half-high tops in open work, while others again exhibit devices so suspended as to take a tremulous motion and thus add to their brilliant effect at night.

Worth's latest contrast in color for costumes is that of trimming brown with green. For example; a dark chestnut-brown dress is trimmed in the skirt with three wide bands of cloth, almost covered (except the width of piping on each edge) with a band of dark green satin. The drapery is stitched by parallel rows of dark green, and the coat bodice has green satin revers and green buttons.

There is an important change to note in evening dresses, and that is the revival of the closely-fitting jacket bodice, which differs from the skirt both in material and color. The satin skirt will have scarves of cashmere or richly embroidered gauze, crossed and recrossed over it, while the jacket may be dark red, or bronze, or black velvet, with gold embroidery, or cashmere bead fringe, forming altogether a striking contrast to the skirt; it is in fact the spencer of forty years, but with modifications.

Jackets take various forms. Some are tight-fitting basques, others are coats with long, slender lapels extending down the sides of the train and holding the drapery of the skirt in position; others are cut away from the front and terminate at the back in narrow coat-tails. Whatever shape these jackets are, and whether made of velvet or satin, they may be turned to account in a multitude of ways by those who go much into society, for they can be worn over both white and colored skirts.

Bridal Costumes of Fernando Po.

As with us, the Fernando Po bride is clad in white—not the gauzy, flowing robe, however, but a plastering of earthy paste resembling plaster of paris. She wears a bridal veil, too, composed of tiny white shells, strung together, and which covers the face from forehead to chin, while her plentifully pomatumed tresses are surmounted with an enormous helmet made of cowhide. The Fernando Po bridegroom is even more elaborately decorated. It is a work of time as well as of art to make the young gentleman ready to take the necessary vows before the two mothers—his own and his intended's—who act the part of guests. Like his bride, he is thickly plastered over with the white *tota* paste, and he wears on his head an enormous disc of fine bamboo plait skewered to his hair with long pins with blue and red beads for leads. His marriage raiment is of strung shells, and it being notorious that the instant a young man commences to make himself ready for marriage malicious evil spirits are in close attendance, and on the alert to baulk his laudable intent, as an antidote against their malevolence he carries in his hand the whole time, and never takes his eyes off, a piece of a yam shaped like a heart, and in which the red feather of a parrot is stuck. The marriage ceremony is the essence of simplicity. The mother-priests place an arm of each round the neck of bride and bridegroom, and deliver a short address to them on their respective duties, after which the calabash of palm wine is produced, and the contracting parties ratify the condition by drinking the one to the other, after which the officiating mothers-in-law pledge each in the remainder, and the ceremony is at an end.—*London Globe*.

The Thimble.

The name of this little instrument is said to have been derived from "thumb" and "bell," being at first thumb and afterward thimble. It is of Dutch invention, and was brought to England about the year 1695 by John Lottin, who commenced its manufacture at Islington, near London, and pursued it with great profit and success. Formerly, iron and brass were used, but latterly steel, silver and gold have taken their places. In the ordinary manufacture thin plates of metal are introduced into a die, and then punched into shape. In Paris gold thimbles are manufactured to a large extent. Thin sheets of sheet-iron are cut into disks of about two inches diameter. These, being heated red hot, are struck with a punch into a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth to give them the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished and indented round its outer surface with a number of little holes, by means of a small wheel. It is then converted into steel by the cementation process, tempered, scoured and brought to a blue color. A thin sheet of gold is then introduced into the interior, and fastened to the steel by means of a polished steel mandrel. Gold leaf is then applied to the outside, and attached to it by pressure, the edges being fastened in a small groove made to receive them. The thimble is then ready for use. Those made in this manner do not wear out, as so many ordinary gold thimbles do, but will last for years. The gold coating, if cut away by the needles, may be easily replaced; but the steel is of an excellent quality and very durable.

Newspaper publishers have as much charitable feeling for their fellow-man as any other class of philanthropists; but the question that particularly interested in just now is how much longer is that paper famine going to last?

How the Captain Won His Wager.

"I say, Captain Brown, tell us—is it true? They say you win every bet you make."

"Yes, colonel," said the captain, smiling, "it is quite true."

"Nonsense!" chorused a dozen voices.

"It isn't nonsense," said the colonel; "for I am told on very good authority—namely, his old colonel, a dear friend of mine, that it is true. He told when it was first settled that Brown was to exchange, and now you hear, he attests it himself."

"Proof, proof!" cried the others.

"Ah!" said the colonel, "proof. Come, Brown, how is it you manage it? You won't mind telling, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Brown, smiling, "I don't mind telling. You see I study the countenance of the man I bet with, and know beforehand how matters will be. I can read a man's face enough for the purpose of a wager."

"You can read mine, then?" asked the colonel, chuckling.

"Oh, yes," was the calm reply.

And the officers around the table grew interested.

"What can you read there, then?"

"Captain Brown looked at him intently for a few moments, and then said:

"Well, for one thing, I can read that the old wound on your back has broken out afresh."

"Nonsense!" roared the colonel. "I never had a wound on my back."

The younger officers exchanged glances, and the colonel saw it, and it made him more angry.

"You do not like the subject touched," said Captain Brown, gravely. "Then we will pass it over. I beg your pardon for touching so tender a place."

"But, confound it all, sir!" roared the colonel, "I have no wound on my back to break out afresh."

The captain smiled.

"Come, then," said the colonel, fighting hard to keep down his anger, "you are a betting man; I'll bet you two ten-pound notes to one that I have not got a wound, nor even a scar of a wound—even a scratch—upon my back. Will you bet?"

"With pleasure, if it pleases you, colonel."

"It does please me, sir! I want this cleared up. A wound on my back! I never turned my back to the enemy in my life, sir! Now, sir, will you bet?"

"I will," said the captain, speaking reluctantly, as if he were forced into it; while the colonel was evidently growing purple from suppressed rage.

"Good, then," said the colonel; "twenty pounds to ten. The mess here are willing to obey, and, heated by wine, the colonel, in his rage and desire to show his new captain to be what he mentally called a humbug, proceeded to divest himself of all his upper garments, revealing several bullet-scars and sword-cuts upon his chest and arms; but there was not the vestige of a scratch upon his back.

"Come, look all of you!" cried the colonel; "I'm not ashamed. You'll find no old wound upon my back."

One and all inspected the old gentleman, and declared there was not a scar.

"Now, Captain Brown," said the colonel, "perhaps you will come and look, sir, and satisfy yourself?"

"I'll take the word of these gentlemen, colonel," said Brown. "I have lost. I was mistaken."

"Humph! I'm glad of that," said the colonel, snatching himself back into his clothes, and at last buttoning up his coat. "I'm afraid, sir, you could not read my countenance."

"No, sir, I confess I could not; I am beaten. There are your ten pounds."

The colonel chuckled and looked delighted as he pocketed the money; for this, and the feeling that he had been too much for the new captain, put him in the best of humor. So joyfully was he that he patted Brown affectionately on the back when they parted.

"You wouldn't mind reading me, eh? No, no; rather too deep for you, eh?"

"Much too deep, colonel. I was beaten," said Brown.

And from that day, for a whole fortnight, Brown's glory as a better was under eclipse. At the end of that fortnight there was a change.

The reason was this:

Colonel Rollin was so delighted at having, as he said, beaten the betting man, that he wrote to his friend, the colonel of the lanciers regiment:

"DEAR WARREN—That was all gammon about Brown's luck at betting. He said he could read people's faces, and so on in that way; and hang me if the first night he was here he didn't bet that I had a reopened wound on my back. I bet him, of course—two to one—proved to him that I had not, and pocketed his ten pounds. It will be a lesson for him. He is a nice fellow, though, and we all like him very much.

"Yours, very truly, JOHN ROLLINS."

An answer came back in the course of a post or two:

"DEAR ROLLINS—Glad you like Brown. Hang him! we don't. He has bitten us too often, and has just bitten us again. Confound him! The night before he left us I was talking about what a sharp officer you were—quite a Tartar—and he laid a wager with me, that was taken, too, by half the officers in the mess, that he'd do as he liked with you; in fact, that the very first time you dined together he'd make you take off your shirt before the whole mess, and that you would write and tell me. You may keep Brown. We don't want him back. Faithfully yours,

FRANK WARREN."

Josh Billings on Marriage.

Byawl means, Joe, get married, if you have a fair show. Don't stand skivvering on the bank, but pitch rite in and stick your head under and the shiver is over. That ain't any more trick in getting married than there is in eating peas. Many a man has stood skivvering on the shore until the river runs out. They have been all picked up long ago. Remember, Joe, you ain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for beauty exclusively; beauty is like ice, awful slippery, and thaws dreadful easy. Don't marry for love, neither; love is like a cooking stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be some bety becomingly dressed, with about \$250 in her pocket, a gold speller, handy and neat in her house plenty of good sense, tuff constitution and by-laws, small feet, a light step; add to this sound teeth and a warm heart. The mixture will keep in any climate and will not evaporate. If the cork happens to be left out the strength ain't gone. Joe, don't marry for pedigree unless it is backed by bank notes. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.

A HUMAN MONSTROSITY.

Frighful Deformity of a Michigan Pioneer—A Man who is Half Turtle, with a Fish.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* writing from Battle Creek, Mich., tells a remarkable story of the discovery of a monstrosity in the poorhouse of that State, known as "the turtle man." The correspondent says he visited the poorhouse to satisfy himself as to the truth of the numerous stories he had heard regarding this creature. The keeper of the institution introduced him to the monstrosity, calling the four feet high dwarf, who stood before him, by the name of Samuel Keene. He says: Keene, at the command of the keeper, managed, by a singular side movement of his body and pushing his slouch hat from his head by his queer-shaped claws, to make a courtesy. As he stood before us, bareheaded, he presented the most wonderful specimen of man amalgamated with the animal kingdom that can be imagined. On speaking with him he apparently understood every word, but lacked sufficient intelligence to frame a reasonable answer, just as a dumb brute can comprehend but cannot give an intelligent reply. In stature this singular being is short, thick set, and flat rather than round. His legs and arms are short, the hands turning instead of fingers the widest palm ends in webbed claws. The feet are fashioned in the same manner, and when he walks it is with a sidelong, ambling gait, moving the entire side of the body in the manner peculiar to a tortoise. In his actions and talk he has a slow, measured jerking style. The inside of his dirty claw or fin which he held out to shake hands with, was of a yellow color, as were also his feet and stomach, the skin having the same ribbed appearance and color of the under part of a turtle. It was reported that he had a shell upon his back, but upon examination it was found to consist of tough layers of cuticle, which, however, are growing harder each year, and may soon become ossified. The peculiar color of different portions of his body, some being dark and others white, had led to the conclusion that his flesh is multi-colored or of different construction in tissue. Although so small, he is thirty-two years of age. The most singular and startling feature of the monstrosity is the head, which seems to be a continuation of the neck, with a flat face and head coming to a point on the top, the same as that of a snake. He is almost constantly moving his head or eyes from side to side. The back portion of his cranium is directly perpendicular to the neck, and covered with short, bristly, black hair, but no hair grows on any other portion of the body; no whiskers or mustache, only a few bristles at each corner of his mouth. The nose is flat. The mouth extends from jaw to jaw, very wide, and is furnished with a full set of teeth. He constantly keeps his mouth open, with his large tongue lolling out, and it is this more than anything else, that causes his unintelligible jargon. But the eyes are the most striking portion of his features. The whites are excessively large and rolling, the pupils, small and black, and possess a wild, staring, yet fascinating quality, which, when piercing and glistening from underneath the broad eyebrows. In temper he is perfectly docile and harmless unless aroused to anger, when he is sullen and snappish. In habits he is not very social, scarcely ever says anything unless spoken to, and, when young, never mingled with the boys or engaged in juvenile sports. His parents were very poor, and both died when he was very young. He has brothers and sisters well off in worldly goods and respectable, but they refuse to support him, and he is a pauper upon the charity of the town.

The cause of this terrible deformity is said to be a fright received by the mother previous to the child's birth. It furnishes one of the most startling proofs of paternal influence on record. The parents resided near Diamond lake, and, being very poor, often caught fish for food. While fishing out a boat one day, with her hands just touching the water and holding the line, an enormous turtle, attracted by the moving fingers, suddenly jumped up and bit her. She never recovered from the fright, and when the child was born, a few months afterward, it had indelibly stamped upon its entire body the form of the turtle. It was not so noticeable at first, but grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. The first habit which was noticeable was its desire to creep turtle-fashion, even after it could walk. Afterward, upon examination by doctors, the joints of the arms and legs were found to be double and turned outward, like a tortoise. As the horrible truth grew upon the mother, the child became loathsome to her, and it was probably to shame and grief that the early death of the parent was due. During boyhood it was found impossible to educate the boy beyond a few words which he utters hourly. As he has no memory of facts or incidents, he cannot tell even his age, or anything connected with his life, and it is to him a blank. He exists only in the present, and, like the brute, seems to have no care for the morrow or sorrow for the past. In summer his greatest delight is to go in bathing, and he will remain under water a long time. He was a constant care to his parents during childhood as he had to be fed, his claws or fins not being large enough to grasp food; but lately he has learned to feed himself. He is fond of vegetable food and fish, but will eat anything he sees the rest of his fellow-companions eat. He seems to have no passion or affection, and cares no more for the opposite sex than for his own. He takes the greatest pleasure—which is the only sense he seems to possess—in tending baby and for one amusement the keeper brought in an infant. Sam's features lighted up with a smile which would have done credit to an Egyptian idol. His mouth opened still further and his tongue protruded as he saw the child. Sitting down in a chair and crossing his dwarfed limbs to form a cradle, he tenderly took the poor unfortunate infant left on the steps a few days before and began to rock it with his knees, while he made a most singular, low mumbled noise, which he called singing. Sammy, as he is called by all the inmates, has very little idea of the great world. All his world is the house and farm on which he lives. He seems to possess but little or no emotion, and upon the announcement of anyone's death, takes it as calmly as a call to dinner. We were informed that Barnum was negotiating for him as a companion to his *batman* man.

Paper bricks are now being made in Wisconsin.

A Splendid Charity Festival Directed By Parisian Journalists.

The *fete* given on the night of December 17 for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundation in Spain is said to have been the most brilliant event of the sort since the great Exhibition. It is gratifying to record that the affair was got up and directed by Parisian journalists. It was given in the Hippodrome and was attended by a great number of celebrated persons. The ex-Queen of Spain, the chief members of the French government, and, according to one report, "all that is most notable in Paris, whether in poetry or statesmanship, in journalism or oratory, was represented in the assembly" which, moreover, was "a serried mass of the beauty, wealth, genius and valor of France." The flags of all nations were lit up by electric lights, the city of Murcia was represented in pasteboard with amazing accuracy, and all the principal actresses of Paris sold flowers and sweetmeats and gloves. There were fountains and grotesque and bazaars. Mile, Sara Bernhardt wrote autographs, Mlle. Judie told fortunes, Mlle. Theo cried violets, Mme. Carvalho sold music and Mme. Croisette sold the journal of the *fete*. The cover of this sheet was designed by Gustave Dore, and Grevin was the caricaturist; and the contents were from such pens as those of Dumas, Sandeau and Feuillet. The pictures inside were drawn by Meissonier, Detaille, Vibert and others, and the money article was written by M. de Rothschild. The advertisements netted six thousand dollars, and there was an *edition de luxe* of the journal printed on vellum. There were eight hundred musical performers, a procession of bull-fighters, a lottery, a concert of twenty piano-fortes in unison and another of fifty harps. The orchestra for dancing included two hundred instruments. All the chief artists of the Theater Francaise and of the opera assisted. The festivities were kept up until morning, and were perhaps of unprecedented splendor and variety.

It is pleasant to hear this for several excellent reasons. The substantial results that have been gained for the poor peasants of the Murican plain supply the first ground for felicitation. We are charmed, in the next place, that a celebration devised and carried out entirely by journalists should have done honor to the craft by its immense success; and, finally, it is refreshing and grateful, amid the continual jabs and jealousies and ominous clanking of arms so constantly resounding from most of the great European nations to hear sounds of peace, and charity and good will, which testify that among some at least of the peoples there still exists a sympathetic recognition of the great bond of human brotherhood.—N. Y. Evening Post.

A Fight With an Eagle.

T. W. Wright, the well-known taxidermist, had quite a novel experience on Tuesday, which was not altogether without danger, but he was so fortunate as to escape injury, and has two trophies of his skill and prowess as mementoes of the event. Mr. Wright is a skillful hunter, and on Tuesday was seven miles east of the city, and near the bank of the Missouri river, on the lookout for game suitable for preservation. While thus engaged, partly hidden from view, a large eagle came hovering in range of his trusty double-barrel shotgun, and he discharged one round, which brought the noble bird to the ground. Not wishing to risk breaking its wings or legs by another shot, or otherwise disfiguring it for the taxidermist's use, he refrained from shooting it a second time. Throwing his gun down he ran to the wounded bird, seized it when it gave a scream and immediately he felt something strike him quite forcibly and he fell to the ground. Great was his surprise when he found that another eagle, a companion bird, attracted by the fall and cries of its mate, had made an attack on him. The eagle remained on the ground for a few moments, fluttering around. He struck it with a stick, when it flew upward.

Mr. Wright felt assured from its movements that it was preparing for a second assault and seized his gun, but not a moment too soon, for the infuriated bird, with its strong beak and talons and propelled by its powerful wings, made a sudden sweep at him, when he discharged his gun, a portion of the shot taking effect in one of the wings, causing it to sheer from its course and fall to the ground. The taxidermist ran and seized it, when a desperate struggle ensued, lasting some little time, as he was desirous of securing the bird alive. Finally the eagle was worried out and he succeeded in fastening its legs together and then turned his attention to the first bird, which was dispatched. With his gun and the dead and eagles, all making a heavy weight, Mr. Wright started home, and had the trophies of his exciting day's sport safely cared for. He is not desirous of repeating the experience, as the capture of a slightly wounded eagle is no pleasant task and attended with some danger. The live eagle measures seven feet six inches from tip to tip of the wings and the dead bird seven feet five inches. They are about as large specimens of their species as have ever been seen in this part of the country.—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

The Hyde Estate.

The heirs of the Hyde estate met in Baltimore a short time ago and organized a union known as the Hyde Association of the United States of America. The Rev. John P. Hyde, of Martinsburg, W. Va., occupied the chair. Mr. George A. Hyde, of New York, attorney for the heirs of Thomas Hyde, was elected secretary, and Thomas Hyde, of Washington, treasurer. The questions discussed were: "Do the estates exist?" "Are they attainable by the American heirs?" "Is the nature of the claims such as to warrant legal steps being taken with a view to obtain the property?" A great deal of documentary evidence was read, dating back as far as 1730. From the proofs at hand it was decided to take steps to enforce the claim. A fund is to be created to pay expenses, and George A. Hyde, of New York, who has made himself familiar with the law on the subject and the facts will probably be appointed attorney, and will visit England to prosecute the suit.

The heirs claim that there will be from fifteen to twenty-six estates, variously estimated in value from \$60,000,000 to \$600,000,000. The Hydes of Maryland are the descendants of Thomas Hyde, who came to America from England and landed at Annapolis in the year 1734. The association resolved to make Baltimore its headquarters.