

The Marquis' Shot.

There is a good story told of the Marquis of Waterford (Lord Charles Beresford's uncle) and the way he served a young fellow whose indifference to the lives and limbs of other people when out shooting with them had gained for him somewhat of a reputation. The young man, though he ought to have been deprived of his gun license by special act of parliament, was the son of a duke of such high standing in the political world that nobody ventured more than a mild rebuke with him for his carelessness, and while few cared to join a shooting party of which he made one, his position got him invited where men of more caution but less blood would have been excluded. It so happened that one October both the marquis and Lord Joceline Clinton—the young man in question—found themselves staying for the shooting at Wolterton park, Lord Orford's place in Norfolk. There was a large party staying at the house, and more than one fortunate escape from Lord Joceline's reckless gun was the nightly topic in the smoking room. Several of the men had already been grazed on one or two occasions by shots fired at close quarters, and one who had been his nearest neighbor one morning had one of his whiskers and eyebrows singed off by a flash from a muzzle heedlessly placed within an inch of his cheek. Lord Joceline paid small heed to the remarks he heard, and laughingly treated all that was said as a joke. But Lord Waterford smoked his pipe in silence, only joining in the talk so far as to confide to a friend, who sat near, his determination to put an end to the young man's exploits should it come in his way to do so. It is said that Lord Joceline overheard the remark but said nothing.

At all events, next day the party went out as usual, and, as chance would have it, when shooting an outlying cover, Lord Waterford and Lord Joceline stood ten feet apart. In the midst of an exciting battue a rabbit started out of the bushes and ran between the two. Lord Joceline, disregarding all orders to the contrary, leveled and fired at it. The rabbit got safely away, but about a dozen of the shot intended for it lodged in Lord Waterford's legs. His back happened to be turned at the moment, but wheeling around without a sign of pain, ere the reverberation had died away, he called out in a loud tone: "Whoever fired that last shot hold up his hand!" Lord Joceline, in the bravado of the moment, held up his hand with a laugh. Hardly had he done so when Lord Waterford raised his gun and let him have the contents of one barrel in his palm. Fortunately it was a defective cartridge, from which most of the shot had fallen, else it would have been a bad day for Lord Joceline. As it was, he carried away enough leaden pellets among his finger-joints to make a sadder and a wiser man of him, and cure him effectively of the peculiarity that had made him a terror in the shooting field. No one after that had ever cause complaint against him.

Quickly Settled.

In Geneva and some other parts of Switzerland a very practical custom exists for the rapid punishment of certain petty offenders. A policeman who sees a publican keep his house open after closing hours, a cabman driving after dark without his lanterns lit, or a servant shaking a carpet out of a window overlooking the street, does not summon the transgressor before a magistrate, but serves him with a card, which, setting forth the nature of his offense, adds: "If you acknowledge yourself to have committed the aforesaid breach of police regulations, you are to pay a fine of five francs at the police office on such a day. If you deny your guilt, you are hereby summoned to appear on such a day at the Tribunal of Police, where you will have to answer to my charge." By this system the expense, waste of time and worry involved in attending at a police-court to meet a trivial charge are avoided, and no injustice is done, since the accused has the right of appeal to a magistrate if he thinks he has been improperly fined.

A Brave Engineer.

Joseph A. Sieg, an engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, saved the lives of six hundred passengers by his presence of mind and heroic daring. The cab of the engine had caught fire, and forced the engineer and his fireman from their posts. The train at the time was going at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. Great consternation prevailed among the passengers. As a last resort Sieg, the engineer, climbed back into his engine through flames and smoke, and succeeded in stopping the train. He was horribly burned, his face being disfigured and his clothing completely burned from him. He is in a very serious condition.

Industrial Accidents in Germany.

A recent German paper contains an interesting census of accidents that occurred in the factories and manufacturing establishments throughout Germany during August, September, October, and November last year. The inquiries extended over 93,554 shops and factories, employing 1,615,253 workmen and 342,295 women—in all, 1,957,548 individuals. Of these, during the four months, 662 were killed, eleven of them being women. In addition, there were 124 rendered completely, though not permanently, incapacitated. Temporary loss of work through accident happened to 27,644 men and 708 women, the total number of these who had suffered being 29,574. Taking this calculation for the year (although it should not be forgotten that accidents fluctuate according to the time of year) the total would be 88,732, or about 45 per 1,000.

Among the list of industries that figure in these accidents, the greatest number of fatalities was experienced in coal-mines, which employ (not including women) 187,522 work-people, in which the number of mortal or totally incapacitating accidents was 292; iron and steel works, employing 115,128, showing eighty-six accidents; machine shops, employing 161,069, with eighty-seven accidents; quarries, employing 47,937, with sixty-four accidents; building works, employing 44,221, accidents fifty-seven; mills of various kinds, employing 70,103, accidents fifty-seven; sugar mills, employing 44,402, accidents fifty-six, etc. Classifying the occupations according to their degrees of danger and the number of fatal accidents, we find that mines are the worst, and to them succeed building works, chemical works, distilleries and sugar-beet mills, quarries, works of lighting and heating (gas), saw-mills and wood-workers, machine works, metal works, paper mills and tanneries, textile factories, printing and photographic establishments.

The Squirrel's Winter Habits.

John Burroughs, in an article in the *Century*, speaks as follows of the cunning of the red squirrel:

"I have said the red squirrel does not lay by a store of food for winter use, like the chipmunk and wood-mouse; yet in the fall he sometimes boards in a tentative, temporary kind of way. I have seen his savings—butternuts and black walnuts—stuck here and there in saplings and trees, near his nest, sometimes carefully inserted in the upright fork of a limb or twig. One day, late November, I counted a dozen or more black walnuts put away in this manner in a little grove of locusts, chestnuts and maples by the road-side, and could not but smile at the wise forethought of the rascally squirrel. His supplies were probably safer that way than if more elaborately hidden. They were well distributed; his eggs were not all in one basket, and he could go away from home without any fear that his store-house would be broken into in his absence. The next week, when I passed that way, the nuts were all gone but two. I saw the squirrel that doubtless laid claim to them on each occasion.

There is one thing the red squirrel knows unerringly that I do not (there are probably several other things), that is, on which side of the butternut the meat lies. He always gnaws through the shell so as to strike the kernel broadside and thus easily extract it, while to my eyes there is no external mark or indication in the form or appearance of the nut, as there is in the hickory-nut, by which I can tell whether the edge or the side of the meat is toward me. But examine any number of nuts that the squirrels have rifled, and you will find that they always drill through the shell at the one spot where the meat will be most exposed. It stands them in hand to know, and they do know. Doubtless, if butternuts were a main source of my food and I were compelled to gnaw into them, I should learn, too, on which side my bread was buttered.

Cordial Relations Broken.

Mrs. Bezumbee, a tall, elderly lady, who always dresses in deep black, and is very much given to making calls, will from now on make no more friendly visits to the mansion of Colonel Bailey Dayton. She was sitting on the gallery surrounded by the family, when a large turkey buzzard alighted on a tree near the house.

"What a large buzzard!" remarked Mrs. Bezumbee.

"Is that a buzzard?" asked little Emily, very much amazed.

"Yes, my child, that's a buzzard."

"But it don't look much like you?"

"Of course it don't look like me. Who says a buzzard looks like me?" asked Mrs. Bezumbee, indignantly.

"Why, ma does. Every day when she sees you coming, she says, 'there comes that old buzzard again!'"

Tableau.—*Texas Skiftings*

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The tomb of Adam is still shown to travelers, about ten miles from Damascus.

The ground upon which Cincinnati stands was purchased by J. C. Symmes, about ninety years ago, for sixty-seven cents per acre.

A French paper records the case of a lady whose hair turned from black to gray between the hours of 2 and 7 A. M., during a very severe attack of neuralgia.

The first washing machine was patented in England in 1691, by John Tynacker; it was called "an engine to be worked by one or more men for the well and more easy oiling and dressing of leathers and cloth."

Why is it that a young man and a young woman will sit for hours and hours together in a parlor without saying a word; and then, when it is time for him to leave, stand an hour talking earnestly on the front stoop in the still pneumatic air?

The first trial of transfusion of blood on man was made in Paris in 1666. Some of a sheep's blood was conveyed into the veins of a maniac, who seemed to become more sensible, but who died during a repetition of the experiment.

A Nova Scotia lady has a canary which one day found the water in its glass too low to reach, and, after several unsuccessful attempts to drink, hopped on its perch, and sat quietly for a few minutes. Suddenly it turned around, pulled a loose feather out of its tail and dipped the tip into the water, putting its claw crosswise on the feather, and wetting its beak in the moisture. The canary repeated the trick several times, till its thirst was quenched.

The elderdown duck feeds chiefly in Iceland on the refuse of fish thrown out from the houses. In Spring the female duck plucks her breast to line her nest, and, instinctively known that Summer is coming, lines it lavishly. When it is stolen she plucks her breast again, and on its being stolen a second time assesses the drake for some down from his breast, and the nest is built for a third time. The quantity of genuine down obtained is but about 7,000 pounds a year.

The value of mesmerism was illustrated in Louisville, Ky., recently, in the following manner: A man named William Pell, was affected with a tumor of the throat and face, and had a difficult operation performed on him by Dr. F. W. Koehler. Before using the knife the patient was mesmerized by one of the students, and while in that condition the tumor was removed. The patient never felt the slightest pain during or after the operation, and is doing well.

The Tomb of Jackson.

The "Hermitage," writes a Nashville (Tenn.) correspondent, is approached through a long row of cedars on either hand. Here, in this quiet old building, main rooms and shed rooms of brick, with wooden columns and wooden coping in front, reside Colonel Andrew Jackson, adopted grandson of the hero, with his wife and mother and two old negroes, man and wife, about sixteen years old when purchased by Jackson, nearly sixty years ago. General Jackson and his wife sleep side by side in the little garden near the residence, each beneath a broad granite slab. Inscribed in old fashioned Roman letters are the words on the slab which covers Mrs. Jackson composed by her devoted husband:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d December, 1828." The old hero had been elected President his first term, but did not take his seat till March 4th following. The inscription recounts her virtues in words forcible and tender, and closes:

"A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, vile slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even Death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of God."

The day of the funeral Jackson, feeble and heart-broken, walked slowly behind the coffin, leaning upon a long cane he was accustomed at the time to carry about his farm. As the friends of the dead gathered about to look for the last time upon her face, General Jackson lifted his cane as if appealing to heaven, and by a look commanding silence, said slowly and painfully and with a voice full of bitter tears:

"In the presence of this dear saint I can and do forgive all my enemies! But those vile wretches who have slandered her must look to God for mercy."

One of the most beautiful and redeeming traits in all this rugged and heroic nature was the unalterable love and devotion he bore his wife. For seventeen years after her death the memory of this noble woman was cherished, until the summer of 1845, when he was laid to rest beside the only woman he ever loved—loved with a romantic tenderness and strength surpassing the dream of fiction.

SLAIN BY HIS WIFE'S LOVER.

A Louisiana Carpenter Robbed of His Wife and Killed.

The excitement consequent on the murder of the old carpenter, W. F. Fackler, is unalloyed, and rumors as to the true cause are as many as leaves in fall. There is now but little doubt as to the events which occurred before the murder and which led to the tragic deed.

Fackler knew, or at any rate professed to know, who the man was that had alienated his wife from him, and that man he said was P. L. McClum. Fackler, who was 65 years of age, was married to a young and beautiful brunette. Sometime ago he obtained employment on McClum's plantation, in St. Bernard Parish, some distance below the Slaughter-House, and removed thither with his young wife.

She was as coquettish as she was beautiful, and being without very pleasant company, McClum, Fackler's employer, became acquainted with her and frequently paid visits to Fackler's house. He became deeply interested with the young woman, but did not permit his feelings toward her to betray him to the husband. Fackler could not help notice with alarm the frequency of his employer's visits, but he concealed his jealousy from the world, and from his wife also, and scarcely dared admit to himself the terrible suspicion of his wife's infidelity that would force themselves on his mind.

Fackler came to the city and returned to find that his wife had fled. She had boarded the stage at the plantation, and Mr. McClum had sent a horse to the house for her to ride as far as the road. Fackler wheeled around, and with rapid strides retraced his footsteps to the car. During the long ride he revolved in his mind what had best be done in the premises; should he accuse McClum to his face and charge him with betraying him, or should he throw a cloak over his bitterness and conceal the dreadful struggle that was going on in his inmost soul.

The latter he deemed the best course to pursue. His cup of bitterness was full to overflowing. He loved his wife despite the disparity in their ages. It was a union of June and December, yet he cherished the idol of his heart, and lavished all on her, and such was the gratitude she made. This was her retort; so had she fulfilled the vows she had taken to love, honor and obey him. Yet he had conquered, and that same day he stood in the presence of the man whom he had every reason to believe had robbed him of all he held dear, and greeted him with a smile. The betrayed and betrayer walked together and started out in search of the woman.

In this city they entered a bar-room on St. Louis street, and after a few glasses together the old man accused McClum of stealing his wife. The latter drew a pistol and shot his companion dead. As Fackler was armed McClum surrendered himself, and stated that he acted in self-defense, as it was only a question of who could shoot the quickest. McClum gave bail to await the action of the grand jury, and has gone North, presumably accompanied by Mrs. Fackler.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Chiromancy.

M. Alexandre Lumas is preparing an important work treating of the science of chiromancy, in which he is an ardent believer. According to him the hand is the indication of the character; past, present and future are written in the lines of the palm. When Lambert, who was organizing his Polar expedition called on M. de Sauley and told him that everything was ready, and that he was starting under auspices which guaranteed his success, he met Desbarolles, who told M. de Sauley, when Lambert had gone, that the expedition would prove a failure. Desbarolles was laughed at, but before the enthusiastic Lambert could start, the war broke out, and he joined a free corps to meet his fate—a Prussian bullet—under the walls of Paris.

In 1860, when the empire was at its zenith, the same man read in the hand of the Empress the catastrophes which were to befall her after so much happiness. He saw the reverse of the medal, and grief choked his utterance. He could not tell what he had seen, but the empress told him that when she was quite a child a gitana had read her fate, predicting her marriage to an emperor, her splendor and then her fall, with a long period of suffering, and then the scaffold. Desbarolles admitted that much of what had been predicted would be fulfilled, but that the lines of the palm denied that the lady would meet the same fate as Marie Antoinette, although her life would probably be ended in exile.

It was stated before the American Medical association that only nine of the States are now without a State board of health. These are Florida, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Vermont.

THE OSTRICH WALTZ.

An Odd Sight in the Central Park Deer Park.—How to Pluck an Ostrich.

Mr. J. Protheroe, a young Englishman who has in Central Park, New York, a herd of twenty-three ostriches recently imported from Buenos Ayres for breeding in America, went one morning with his herdsman, an ebony Cape Towner, named Johnson, and a reporter, to the deer hut in which the birds are confined. When Johnson opened the door he was greeted by a series of sounds suggestive of the noise made by a fog horn.

"That's what the Dutch natives of Cape Town call 'bromming,'" said Mr. Protheroe. "It expresses the same feeling with an ostrich that cooing does with a dove. I'll show you how we pluck an ostrich. Johnson, bring the stocking."

The dark herder, whom the birds regarded with mild-eyed affection, produced a long, white stocking. He caught one of the birds by its neck, and inserted the head and neck in the stocking. The blinded bird exhibited some nervousness.

"This herd have been so long in confinement," said Mr. Protheroe, "that they are comparatively gentle when the stocking is pulled over their necks. They fight and kick vigorously sometimes when they have been accustomed to the liberty of a large farm."

Johnson led the bird up to a side of the hut, against which, with one hand, he held its neck. He held up a wing with the other hand, while Mr. Protheroe held the other wing, and with a pair of shears clipped off a white feather one inch from the flesh under the wing. "It would not do," continued Mr. Protheroe, "to pull these feathers out. Inflammation might set in. We pull out the tail feathers and those on the outside of the wings. One month after we cut off the large feathers under the wing, new feathers push out the old quills."

While Mr. Protheroe was speaking the long-necked birds were making friends with the reporter. One of them seized his shirt collar, but was frustrated by Johnson in his attempt to swallow it. Another tried to gulp down the reporter's cane, but finding a stiff neck the result, desisted.

"If you will stand behind me," said the young Englishman, "we will open the door and let the birds out for their morning airing. They are dangerous when let at liberty."

Johnson pushed back the sliding door of the hut. "Now," continued Mr. Protheroe, "you will see something that you have not had the privilege of seeing in America before. Johnson gave a low, peculiar whistle, resembling somewhat the 'bromming' of the birds as he walked out of the door into the grassy inclosure. The ungainly bipeds rushed after him pell-mell. Their necks were craned out and their mouths were wide open. They ran about the inclosure in a break-neck fashion for several minutes, occasionally bumping into one another. Then they began flapping their wings and waltzing. It was a veritable waltz, and is so termed by ostrich farmers. The birds turn rapidly round and round, dipping their necks and swaying their bodies at each turn. A rhythm that could be set to music pervades their motions.

"It would be unsafe to go among them now, unless, like Johnson, you were familiar with them," said Mr. Protheroe. Two of the male ostriches began to fight at this point. They faced each other with distended mouths, flapping wings and glaring eyes. Then they began a pecking match, which was followed by some high kicking, forward, backward and sidewise. "While they are too tough to be much hurt by their own kicks, they have been known to break the arms and legs of men by them," said Mr. Protheroe. The birds are destined for California. Mr. Protheroe thinks his ostrich farming in America will be entirely successful.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Don't start the day's work without a good breakfast, is advice given by *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*.

To relieve toothache apply to the troublesome tooth a tiny piece of cotton saturated with ammonia.

A delicate child suffers most from neglect of its lower extremities. The worst result may follow from chilling the legs.

By a law of transmission, a feeble mother enflees her child in tending and fondling it, even if she does not nurse it.

Do not eat in a hurry. Masticate your food well, and do not make the stomach perform work that the teeth were intended to do.

A bit of cotton batting sprinkled with black pepper and wet with sweet oil and inserted in the ear will immediately cure earache.

A teaspoonful of the white of an egg, well beaten and mixed with lemon juice and sugar, taken occasionally will relieve heartiness.

Compensation.

Changes that are seeming losses,
All with recompense are blest,
For the good to better growth,
And the better into best.
When the Spring's frail flowers wither,
Summer roses take their place,
And when blooming Summer leaves us,
Bright-robed Autumn's radiant grace
Deck the woods and fields with glory,
Until Winter strips them bare;
Then the white snow flowers blossom
In the garden of the air.

See! the beauty of the morning
Turns to glowing gold at noon;
Royal hues of sunset yield them
To the radiance of the noon.
Though the darkness following daylight
Seemingly its brightness mars,
Yet the night is crowned with beauty
In the grandeur of the stars.
So we find full compensation
For all changes life doth bear;
Sun and shade alike are pleasant,
And the world is ever fair.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Good-for-nothing—O.

On the beat—Your heart.

The crow is a shy bird, but he generally has caws for alarm.

The easiest way to "put up" a stove is to send it to the pawnbroker's.

When a powder magazine blows up it can, we suppose, be called flash literature.

It is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions when she is adding up a grocery bill.

Earth has nothing softer than a woman's heart, unless, perhaps, it be a tomato in the prime of life.

"What maddened me," said the man, "was not that the goat chased me, but that the sympathies of the folks looking on were all against me."

The largest bar of gold ever cast in the United States weighed 450 pounds. An invitation to walk up to the bar would have been accepted by almost any man.

Mr. J. J. H. Gregory says that an acre of land may contain six tons of worms. So it may; but if Mr. Gregory ever tried to dig a box of bait on ten minutes' notice of an invitation to go fishing in a dry time, he knows it don't.

A few years ago a fat fellow asked old Sir Francis Burdett, while in Parliament, for some position, saying: "Don't you remember me? I used to be a page." "Well," responded Sir Francis, "you have grown into a volume."

"I thought I'd call round," as the ball said when it came through the window pane. "I'll get square with you," soliloquized the housemaid, hiding it in the cupboard. Then the boys called round, but the housemaid made them pay for the broken square.

The *London Lancet* says that people who sneeze often are the healthiest. A sneeze sets the blood circulating and throws off a cold which is trying to settle. This medical opinion is evidently made in the interest of snuff, and the public is not yet up to it.

One of Curran's friends, a notorious and lucky gambler, getting entangled in conversation with him, gradually lost his temper, and at last said, with great vehemence: "No man, sir, shall trifle with me with impunity." Curran corrected him by saying: "Play with you, you mean."

A gentleman in India, putting on his boots, felt a horrid prickly object, like a centipede, in one of them. With great presence of mind, instead of withdrawing his foot he forced it violently down and stamped furiously, though enduring exquisite agony in the process. But it was not a centipede—only a small blacking brush left there by a careless servant.

Chinese Filial Piety.

The mother of a young gentleman being ill, he secretly prayed that his own life might redeem hers. His prayer was, however, unsuccessful, for the lady died. Thereupon her son, unable to take up his abode at her tomb, owing to the duties he owed his father, visited it three times a day regardless of wind and rain; and when his father died he built himself a rush hut at the grave of his parents, with only sufficient room in it to allow him to crouch in a most uneasy attitude, and continued the last sad rites long after his three years' mourning had expired. He was found one day in this wretched dwelling by the local magistrate, engaged in punctuating the Yi king for the benefit of the neighboring students. His example has had a most ennobling effect upon the people, and he is now rewarded by the bestowal of imperial honor.—*Penki (China) Gazette.*

There is but little originality of character in the world. Most men are imitators. They do that they have seen others do, and they say things they have heard said. Few have the genius or courage to strike out a new path in thought or action. The general mode of education tends greatly to this result. Everything is based on books, youth are hardly allowed to think for themselves; they are not taught to look within, and draw upon the resources which nature has placed there.