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THE TAJ MAHAL BY MOONLIGHT.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

Not purest marble from Carrara hewn
Or Paros, not the everlasting snows
On Himalaya's primal peaks, nor those
About the cone of Fuji-yama strewn
By April storms, not summer clouds at noon
That drift across the blue, or in repose
Lie banked at even like aerial floes,
Glisten more white than thou beneath the moon!
Thy pearly dome, and spires, and fretted walls,
Upborne upon the terraced marble, seem—
So full the magic flood of moonlight falls—
To hang more lightly than the gossamer
That floats at daybreak from the dreaming fir,
Self-poised in ether o'er a crystal stream!

—*Spectator.*

Mehalah.

"Look you here, Glory! the moon is full, and that always makes him madder. I have to keep him short of food, and strap his shoulders, or he would tear the walls down in his fury."

"Let me attend to him," asked Mehalah.

"You'd be afraid of him."

"I should pity him," said the girl. "He and I are both wretched, both your victims, both prisoners, wearing your chains."

"You have no chains round you, Glory."

"Have I not?" I have, invisible, may be, but firmer, colder, more given to rust into and rub the flesh than those carried by that poor captive. I have tried to break away, but I cannot. You draw me back."

"I told you I could. I have threads to every finger. I can move you as I will. I can bring you into my arms."

"That—never. You may boast of your power over me. You have a power over me, but that power has its limits. I submit now, but only for my mother's sake. Were she not dependent wholly on me, were she dead, I would defy you and be free, free as the gull yonder."

Elijah put his hand inside his door, drew out his gun, and in a moment the gull was seen to fall.

"She is not dead," said Mehalah, with a gleam of triumph in her sad face.

"No, but winged. The wretch will flutter along disabled. She will try to rise, and each effort will give her mortal agony, and grind the splintered bones together and make the blood bleed away. She will skim a little while above the water, but at length will fall into the waves and be washed ashore dead.

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"Will you let me attend to your brother?"

"No, I will not."

The shutter was dashed off its hinges, flung out into the yard, and the two ghastly hands were again seen strained through the bars. Again there rang out in the gathering night the piteous cry, "Glory! Glory! Glory!"

"By God! you hound," yelled Elijah, and he raised his whip to bring it down on the white wrists.

"I cannot bear it. I will not endure it!" cried Mehalah, and she arrested the blow. She caught the whip and wrenched it out of the hand of Rebow before he could recover from his surprise, and flung it into the dyke that encircled the yard.

"You are civil," sneered Elijah. "What are you in this house? A servant? Then speak and act as one."

A hard expression settled on Mehalah's brow.

"Do what you will with that brother of yours. I am indifferent to him and to his fate. Everything in the world is all one to me now. If you had let me think for the poor creature and feed him, and attend to him, I might have become reconciled to being here; I could at least have comforted my soul with the thought that I was ministering to the welfare of one unhappy wretch and lightening his lot. But now," she shrugged her shoulders. "Now everything is all one to me. I can laugh," she did so, harshly. "There is nothing in the world that I care for now, except my mother, and I do not know that I care very much for her now. I feel as if I had no heart, or that mine were frozen in my bosom."

"You do not care now for your mother!" exclaimed Rebow. "Then leave her here to my tender mercy, and go out into the world and seek your fortune. Go on the tramp like your gypsy ancestry."

"Leave my mother to your mercy!" echoed Mehala. "To the mercy of you, who could cut your poor crazed brother over the fingers with a great horsewhip! To you, who have stung and stabbed at my self-respect till it is stupefied; who have treated me, whom you profess to love, as I would not treat a marsh briar. Never. Though my heart may be stunned or dead, yet I have sufficient instinct to stand by and protect her who brought me into the world and nursed me, when I was helpless. As for you, I do not hate you any more than I love you. You are nothing to me but a coarse, ill-conditioned dog."

She walked moodily away and regained her room. She went to the window, the window that looked toward the Ray, and drawing the curtains behind her, remained there, her head sunk, but her eyes never wavering from the point where her home had been when she was happy, her heart free, and her self-respect unmangled. So passed hour after hour. There was a full moon, but the sky was covered with clouds white as curd, scudding before a north-west wind. The moon was dulled but hardly obscured every now and then, and next moment glared out in naked brilliancy.

Everything in the house was hushed. Elijah had gone to bed. Mehalah had heard his heavy tread on the stair, and the bang of the door as he shut it; it had roused her, she turned her head, and her face grew harder in the cold moonlight.

Then she looked back towards the Ray. There yonder on the marsh was something very white like paper, flapping and flashing in the moonlight. What could it be? It moved a little way, then blew up and fell and flapped again. Was it a sheet of paper? If so how came it not to be swept away by the rushing wind. No, it was no sheet of paper. Mehalah's curiosity was roused. She opened the window and looked out. At the same moment it rose, fluttered nearer, eddied up, and fell again. A cloud drifted over the moon and made the marsh gray, and in the shadow the restless object was lost, the flash of white was blotted over. When the moon gleamed out again, she saw it once more. It did not move. The wind tore by, and shook the casement in her hand, but did not lift and blow away that white object. Then there was a lull. The air was still for a moment. At that moment the white object moved again, rose once more and fluttered up, it was flying, it was nearing,—it fell on the roof of the bakehouse under the window. Now Mehalah saw what this was. It was the wounded gull, the bird Rebow had shot.

The miserable creature was struggling with a broken wing, and with distilling blood, to escape to sea, to die, and drop into the dark, tossing, foaming waves, to lose itself in infinity. It could not expire on the land, it must seek its native element, the untamed, unconfined sea; it could not give forth its soul on the earth.

Was it not so with Glory? Could her free soul rest where she now was? She who had lived, free as a bird, to be blown here and there by every impulse, when every impulse was fresh and pure as the unpolluted breath of God that rushes over the ocean. Was she not wounded by the same hand that brought down the white mew? There she was fluttering, rising a little, again falling, her heart dim with tears, her life's vigor bleeding away, the white of her bosom smeared with soil that adhered, as she draggled in the mire, into which he had cast her. Whither was she tending? She turned her face out to sea—it lay before her ink-black. Red Hall and its marshes were to her a prison; freedom beyond its seawall.

She was startled by a sound as of bricks falling. She listened without curiosity. The sound recurred again, and was followed after awhile by a grating noise, and then a rattle as of iron thrown down. She heard nothing further for a few minutes, and sank back into her dull dream, and watching of the poor mew, that now beat its wings on the roof, and then slid off and disappeared. Was it dead now? it did not matter. Mehalah could not care greatly for a bird. But presently from out of the shadow of the bakehouse floated a few white feathers. The gull was still wending its way on, with unerring instinct, toward the rolling sea. Just then Mehalah heard a thud, as though some heavy body had fallen, accompanied by a short clank of metal. She would have paid it no further attention had she not been roused by seeing the madman striding and then jumping, with the chain wound round one arm. He looked up at the moon, his matted hair was over his face, and Mehalah could not distinguish the features. He ran across the yard, and then leaped the dyke and went off at long bounds, like a kangaroo, over toward the sea wall.

Mehalah drew back. What should she do? Should she rouse Elijah, and tell him that his brother had wrenched off the grating of his window and worked his way out, and was now at large in the glare of the moon on the marshes, leaping and rejoicing in his freedom? No, she would not. Let the poor creature taste of liberty, inhale the fresh, pure air, caper and race about under no canopy but that of God's making, making. She would not curtail his freedom by an hour. He would suffer severely for his evasion on the morrow, when Elijah would call out his men, and they would hunt the poor wretch down like a wild beast. She could see Bebow stand over him with his great dog-whip, and strike him without mercy, She rouse Rebow? She reconsign the wild maniac to his dark dungeon, with its dank floor and stifling atmosphere? The gull was forgotten now; its little strivings overlooked in anxiety for the mightier strivings of the human sufferer. Yet all these three were bound together by a common tie! Each was straining for the infinite, and for escape from thraldom; one with a broken wing, one with a broken brain, one with a broken heart. There was the wounded bird flapping and edging its way outward to the salt sea. There was the dazed brain driving the wretched man in mad gambols along the wall to the open water. There was the bruised soul of the miserable girl yearning for something, she knew not what, wide, deep, eternal, unlimited, as the all-embracing ocean. In that the bird, the madman, the maid sought freedom, rest, recovery. She could not go to bed and leave the poor maniac thus wandering unwatched, She would go out and follow him, and see that no harm came to him

She took off her shoes, shut the window. Her mother was sleeping soundly She undid the door and descended the stairs. They creaked beneath her steps but Rebow, who had slept through the noise made by his brother in effecting his escape, was not awakened.

As she passed the bakehouse she lit on the bird. In a spasm of sympathy she bent and took it up. It made a frantic effort to escape, and uttered its wild, harsh screams; but she folded her hands over the wings and held the bird to her bosom and went on. The blood from the broken bone and torn flesh wet her hand, and dried on it like glue. She heeded it not, but walked forward. By the raw moonlight she saw the madman on the wall. He had thrown down his chain. He heeded it not now. There had been sufficient intelligence or cunning in his brain to bid him deaden its clanking when escaping from the house.

He sprang into the air and waved his arms; his wild hair blew about in the wind, it looked like seaweed tangles. Then he sat down. Mehalah did not venture on the wall, but crept along on the marsh. He had got a stone, and was beating at his chain with it upon the stone casing of the wall on the sea face. He worked at it patiently for an hour and at last broke one of the links. He waved the chain above his head with a shout, and flung it behind him into the marsh. He ran on. Mehalah stole after him. He never looked back, always forward or upward. Sometimes he danced and shouted and sang snatches to the moon when it flared out from behind a cloud. Once, when at a bend of the wall, his shadow was cast before him, he cowered back from it, jabbering, and putting his hands supplicatingly toward it; then he slipped down the bank, laughed, and ran across the marsh, with his shadow behind him, and thought in his bewildered brain that he had cunningly eluded and escaped the figure that stood before him to stop him. He reached the mill that worked the pump. He must have remembered it: it was mixed up somehow with the confused recollections in his brain, for it did not seem to startle or frighten him. He scarcely noticed it, but, uttering a howl, a wild, triumphant shout, sprang upon a duck punt hauled up on the wall. It was Elijah's punt, left there occasionally, quite as often as at the landing near the house, a small, flat-bottomed boat, painted white, with a pair of white, muffled oars.

In a moment, before Mehalah had considered what to do, or whether she could do anything, he had run the punt down into the water, and had seated himself in it, and taken the oars and struck out to sea, out toward the open, toward the unbounded horizon.

He rowed a little way, not very far, and then stood up. He could not apparently endure to face the land, the place of long confinement, he must look out to sea.

Mehalah stood on the sea wall. The waves were lapping at her feet. The tide had turned. It flowed at midnight. She had forgotten the gull she bore, in her alarm for the man. She opened her arms, and the bird fluttered down and fell into the water.

The moon was now swimming in a clear space of sky free of cloud-floes. In that great light the man was distinctly visible, standing, waving his arms in the white punt, drifting, not rapidly, but steadily onward. In that great light went out also, on the same cold, dark water, the dying bird, that now stirred not a wing.

Mehalah watched motionless with a yearning in her heart that she could not understand, her arms extended toward that boundless expanse toward which the man and the bird were being borne, and into which they were fading. He was singing! Some old, childish lays of days that were happy, before the shadow fell.

There stood Glory, looking, indistinctly longing, till her eyes were filled with tears. She looked on through the watery vail, but saw nothing. When she wiped it away she saw nothing. She watched till the day broke, but she saw nothing more.—From "Mehalah," a story of the English Salt Marshes.

The Canal of Joseph.

How many of the engineering works of the nineteenth century, remarks *Engineering*, will there be in existence in the year 6000? Very few, we fear, and still less those that will continue in the far-off age to serve a useful purpose. Yet there is at least one great undertaking conceived and executed by an engineer which during the space of four thousand years has never ceased its office, on which the life of a fertile province absolutely depends today. We refer to the Bahr Joussuf—the canal of Joseph—built, according to tradition, by the son of Jacob, and which constitutes not the least of the many blessings he conferred on Egypt during the years of his prosperous rule. This canal took its rise from the Nile at Asiut, and ran nearly parallel with it for nearly two hundred and fifty miles, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile valley, with many a bend and winding until at length it gained an eminence, as compared with the river bed which enabled it to turn westward through a narrow pass and enter a district which was otherwise shut off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends.

The northern end stood seventeen feet above low Nile, while at the southern end it was an equal elevation with the river. Through this cut ran a perennial stream, which watered a province named the Fayoum, endowing it with fertility and supporting a large population. In the time of the annual flood a great part of the canal was under water, and then the river's current would rush in a more direct course into the pass, carrying with it the rich silt which takes the place of manure and keeps the soil in a state of constant productiveness.

All this, with the exception of the tradition that Joseph built it, can be verified today, and it is not mere supposition or rumor. Until eight years ago it was firmly believed that the design has always been limited to an irrigation scheme, larger no doubt, than that now in operation, as shown by the traces of abandoned canals and by the slow aggregation of waste water which had accumulated in the Birket el Querun, but still essentially the same character.

Many accounts have been written by Greek and Roman historians, such as Herodotus, Strabo, Mutianus, and Pliny, and repeated in monkish legends or portrayed in the maps of the middle ages, which agreed with the folk lore of the district. These tales explained that the canal dug by the ancient Israelites served to carry the surplus waters of the Nile into an extensive lake lying south, and so large that it not only modified the climate, tempering the arid winds of the desert and converting them into the balmy airs which nourished the vines and the olives into a fullness and fragrance unknown in any part of the country, but also added to the food supply of the land such immense quantities of fish that the royal prerogative of the right of piscary at the great weir was valued at $250,000 annually. This lake was said to be 450 miles round, and to be navigated by a fleet of vessels, while the whole circumference was the scene of industry and prosperity.

Superstitions About Old Garden Herbs.

Borage, from since the days of Lycurgus, has been supposed to give courage, or, in the language of Lord Bacon, "repress the fuliginous vapors of dusky melancholy."

Thrift, the old garden plant, was invariably planted before a new house in "Old Connecticut days" to bring economy and wealth.

No one, in far away days, dared to pull or dig the root of the mandrake, because, though it was grown in the herb-bed for use of the leaves in medicine, it was deemed murderous to touch the root.

CATECHISM IN ELECTRICITY.

1. How strong a current is used to send a message over an Atlantic cable? A. Thirty cells of battery only, equal to thirty volts.

2. What is the longest distance over which conversation by telephone is daily maintained? A. About 750 miles, from Portland, Maine, to Buffalo, New York.

3. What is the fastest time made by an electric railway? A. A mile a minute, by a small experimental car. Twenty miles an hour on street railway system.

4. How many miles of submarine cable are there in operation? A. Over 100,000 miles, or enough to girdle the earth four times.

5. What is the maximum power generated by an electric motor? A. Seventy-five horse-power. Experiments indicate that 100 horse-power will soon be reached.

6. How is a break in a submarine cable located? A. By measuring the electricity needed to charge the remaining unbroken part.

7. How many miles of telegraph wire in operation in the United States? A. Over a million, or enough to encircle the globe forty times.

8. How many messages can be transmitted over a wire at one time? A. Four, by the quadruplex system, in daily use.

9. How is telegraphing from a moving train accomplished? A. Through a circuit from the car roof, inducing a current in the wire on poles along the track.

10. What are the most widely separated points between which it is possible to send a telegram? A. British Columbia and New Zealand, via America and Europe.

11. How many miles of telephone wire in operation in the United States? A. More than 170,000, over which 1,055,000 messages are sent daily.

12. What is the greatest candle power of arc light used in a lighthouse? A. Two million, in the lighthouse at Houstholm, Denmark.

13. How many persons in the United States are engaged in business depending solely on electricity? A. Estimated 250,000.

14. How long does it take to transport a message from San Francisco to Hong Kong? A. About fifteen minutes, via New York, Canso, Penzance, Aden, Bombay, Madras, Penang, and Singapore.

15. What is the fastest time made by an operator sending messages by the Morse system? A. About forty-two words a minute.

16. How many telephones are in use in the United States? A. About 300,000.

17. What war vessel has the most complete electrical plant? A. United States man-of-war Chicago.

18. What is the average cost per mile of a trans-atlantic submarine cable? A. About $1,000.

19. How many miles of electric railway are there in operation in the United States? A. About 400 miles, and much more under construction.

20 What strength of current is dangerous to human life? A. Five hundred volts, but depending largely on physical conditions.

Told By Old Sol's Face.

The most pronounced effects on a solar disturbance are felt as it appears by the sun's rotation on its axis and as the disturbance crosses the sun's meridian. The six and a half days between appearance by rotation and meridian passage are marked by storms, auroras, heat or earthquakes. After meridian passage the storm influence of a solar disturbance appears to cease. In this use of the word storm all the other phenomena are included. All are kindred. When solar disturbances follow each other in rapid succession the storm period is prolonged. The effects of solar disturbances which break out on the sun's hemisphere turned towards us produce sudden and powerful effects in our atmosphere. Storms known as cloud bursts have been most frequently noted in connection with these sudden outbursts on the sun's face. As a rule the marks of solar disturbance cannot be seen until the storms on the earth cease. The spots form after the storm-producing eruptions.

Tornadoes are more numerous during periods of violent solar agitation. The number and violence of tornadoes are directly proportioned to the number and violence of solar disturbances. Observations made during the past winter and spring show that solar disturbances are in some cases not marked by spots until a month or two after the eruptions begin. Fifty-two days after the great storm of Jan. 9 and 10, 1889, spots appeared by the sun's rotation. Spots also appeared by rotation fifty-two days after the great Samoan hurricane of March 15 and 16, 1888, which wrecked several men-of-war in the harbor of Apia. This disturbance on the sun was followed upon reappearance on May 29 and 30 by the floods which wrecked Johnstown, Pa., and drowned Williamsport, Pa.

When solar disturbances become obscure, their storm action can be traced by counting the twenty-six day period. The solar disturbances which caused severe and widespread storms during the first eight months of 1889 are now obscure, spots being rarely seen. But there is evidence of some activity at the seat of the disturbances. Whenever violent action is resumed, our atmosphere will be vexed in proportion to the violence on the sun.

Too Hasty.

There are some things which men do from excellent motives, but for the doing of which they afterward find it hard to forgive themselves. Such a paradoxical experience is related by a Rhode Island soldier among his reminiscences of the war. The incident occurred at the Battle of Pegram's Farm, when the Union Line broke, and it looked for a time as though the enemy would force a passage through.

In company with other officers, I endeavored to rally the men fleeing to the rear, and of course made use of my sabre when a man refused to stop. I hit one man a pretty heavy blow.

He stopped immediately, and, thinking he meant to discharge his piece at me, I was preparing to strike again, when the expression of his face, upturned towards me, disarmed me of my suspicions.

"Colonel," he said, "I'm not a coward and I'm not running because I am afraid. I will stand as long as you or any other man, but I am badly wounded."

He turned his head and showed me a fearful bullet wound across the side of his neck.

I remember the expression of his face as well as if I had seen it yesterday. No fear, no animosity, no anything but a look of indignation that he should have been suspected of cowardice.

I made the best apology I could under the circumstances, and after that I did not strike any man till I had made sure he was running from fear

Abraham's Oak.

The old oak at Mamre in Syria, or, as it is known everywhere, "Abraham's Oak," is one of the most famous and venerable trees in the world. It is reverenced alike by Jew, Christian and Mahometan, for it is supposed to mark the spot where the patriarch pitched his tent in the desert There is a superstition in Jerusalem, and in all the country about, that whoever shall cut or injure this tree will lose his first-born son. So for centuries it has been allowed to toss its gnarled and contorted limbs in the gales which sweep from the Mediterranean over the Syrian plains.

This tree was visited by Sir Joseph Hooker in the autumn of 1860; and in his paper upon Syrian Oaks, read the following year before the Linnæan Society (Transactions, xxiii.), he gave a description of it and a portrait drawn by his own hand.

Abraham's Oak was found to belong to Quercus pseudo-coccifera, which, to quote from Sir Joseph's paper, "is by far the most abundant tree throughout Syria, covering the rocky hills, of Palestine especially, with a dense brushwood of trees eight to twelve feet high, branching from the base, thickly covered with small evergreen rigid leaves, and bearing acorns copiously.

On Mount Carmel it forms nine-tenths of the shrubbery vegetation, and it is almost equally abundant on the west banks of the Antilebanon and many slopes and valleys of Lebanon. Owing to the indiscriminate destruction of the forests in Syria, this oak rarely attains its full size." The circumference of the trunk of "Abraham's Oak" is given as twenty-three feet, and the diameter of the spread of the branches as ninety feet.

Quercus pseudo-coccifera is an evergreen species with the general appearance of the Ilex of Southern Europe, and closely related, botanically, to Q. coccifera, a common and widely distributed scrub oak of Southern Europe and of Algeria; indeed, Hooker was of the opinion that the two plants were merely geographical varieties of the same species.—Garden and Forest.

Macaulay's Picture of Queen Elizabeth.

"'Elizabeth was now in her twenty-fifth year. Personally, she had much of her mother's beauty; her figure was commanding, her face long, but queenly and intelligent; her eyes quick and fine. She had grown up, amidst the liberal culture of Henry's Court, a bold horsewoman, a good shot, a graceful dancer, a skilled musician, and an accomplished scholar. She read every morning a portion of Demosthenes, and could "rub up her rusty Greek" at need to bandy pedantry with a vice-chancellor. But she was far from being a mere pedant. The new literature which was springing up around her found constant welcome in her court. She spoke Italian and French as fluently as her mother tongue. She was familiar with Ariosto and Tasso. In spite of the affectation of her style, and her taste for anagrams and puerilities, she listened with delight to the "Faery Queen," and found a smile for "Master-Spenser" when he appeared in the presence. Her moral temper recalled in its strange contrasts the mixed blood within her veins. She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Ann Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage, and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, manlike voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger, came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated nobles as if they were school-boys; she met the insolence of Essex with a box on the ear; she would break now and then into the gravest deliberations to swear at her ministers like a fishwife.'"

The Match Is Off.

The details of a decidedly romantic affair, which culminated last season, have just leaked out through the friends of the young people therein concerned. The young lady is the daughter of a wealthy official of the last administration—during which he successively held two cabinet positions—and a handsome foreigner as generously endowed in the matter of a fortune as with good looks. In addition to his other attractions, the young foreigner possessed a magnificent voice, on account of which he was courted and feted in a manner sufficient to have turned the head of many an older and wiser man. Notwithstanding his manifold attractions and devotion to the ex-secretary's daughter, his suit at the last appears to have met with disfavor, for when the young lady left the city with her parents after the inauguration the diplomat suddenly applied for orders detailing him to duty in Paris, where according to the latest advices, he is devoting himself heart and soul to his musical studies.—Washington Letter.

A Royal Lunatic.

The poor demented king of Bavaria had a narrow escape the other day. The enormous chandelier in the dining room at the castle of Furstenried, where the unhappy monarch is confined, suddenly fell, smashing the table at which his majesty was sitting and wounding an attendant. In consequence a commission of architects was sent to examine the state of the castle, with the result that the whole building has been declared in a state of collapse, and it has been considered necessary to close all the principal rooms, except two, which are occupied by his majesty. In all probability, therefore, King Otto will shortly be removed to some other castle, probably Berg, one of the famous architectural residences left by the late King Ludwig.

STRONGER THAN SULLIVAN.

A Little Georgia Woman Who Gives Some Remarkable Exhibitions of Strength.

Georgia has produced another lady who is as full of electricity, or something very like it, as was the wonderful Lulu Hurst, of the same State, who used to throw big men around without much trouble. This lady, who gave a private exhibition, last night, at Fords to a few spectators, is Mrs. Annie Abbott of Milledgeville, a petite body of only ninety-eight pounds. She is a blonde of twenty-three years, and of pleasing appearance. When seven years old she went up to her father's chair, one day, and astonished him by saying she could lift him up. He laughed at the childish remark, but she put her hands on the chair and it came up from the floor. From that day it was apparent that she had more than muscular power.

She showed her peculiar power in her own State at charitable entertainments' but never thought of appearing in public until last February, when she was travelling in Florida with her husband, for her health, when the managers of the sub-tropical exhibition at Jacksonville prevailed upon her to show what she could do. Since that time she has appeared several times in public in Georgia and South Carolina, and will do so again to-morrow evening, and the remaining evenings of the week, at Ford's. Last night there were half a dozen or so pretty heavy and strong men on the stage, but she was more than a match for any or all. A man sat on an ordinary chair, leaned back on its rear legs and when Mrs. Abbott simply put her hands under his ears the chair and man jumped up about three inches. Five men were then piled up on the chair—the heaviest 216 pounds, and all the others over 160—and when she laid her hands on the big man's ears the chair jumped up again.

She stood on one foot and let a billiard cue rest in her hands without grasping it, and one, two and three men could not push her over. The combined weight of the three men, exerting all their muscular power, was over 400 pounds. She pushed them all about the stage. Heavy men sat in a rocking chair and with her fingers just touching the back, they could not rock. The 516-pounder and others put their hands under her elbows and tried with might and main to lift the ninety-eight pounds, but in vain. In none of the trials could the men do anything with her. Several years ago she was at the Hot Springs in Arkansas, when she was matched against John L. Sullivan, but the brute slugger could do nothing with her. When she has her hands on the chair or on any wooden substance, she waits for about a minute, and suddenly the power comes, but the muscles do not become rigid. She says the feats never tire her, but just before a trial she feels nervous and weary. She sleeps well after throwing strong people about.

She must stand on wood and operate with wooden chairs and sticks. When in contact with carpet and iron she can do nothing. Recently, when exhibiting in the South, somebody connected a wire with her body and grounded it, and immediately she was powerless. When one pushes against her the impression is that of the resistance of a wall. She looks quite delicate. She is a quiet lady, and very modest.

Very Literal Obedience.

"People are always making fun of as Russians for taking things so literally," said a Russian major in whose company Mr. David Ker was ascending the Dnieper; "and not without some reason, I must admit. You remember that story you told me the other day about a man who had a china cup given to him as the model for a complete set, and finding that it had been cracked and mended turned out the whole set cracked and mended in the very same way? Well, I could find you half a dozen men in any Russian town you like who would do the same thing themselves."

"Very likely," said his companion, "though I doubt whether they would carry their literal obedience quite so far as did the American printer who was told to 'follow his copy,' and when the copy flew out of the window jumped after it and broke his leg."

"Well, I can match even that," laughed the major, much amused. "Did you ever hear how the telegraph line between St. Petersburg and Peterhoff was left unofficered? Well, you know, before the electric wires were laid, we used to telegraph in the old fashion, by signals, and all along the Peterhoff road there were signal stations, planted just within sight of each other, and at each station a clerk, with strict orders to repeat exactly any signal made by his right-hand or left-hand neighbor. One day the first clerk on the line, in a fit of despair at having lost all his money, hanged himself on the nearest telegraph post. His next neighbor, seeing this, took it for a signal, and instantly strung himself up in like manner, and the end of it was that all the clerks on the line hanged themselves in regular rotation."

"Well," remarked his companion, "that's no worse than the story of the order sent from Peking to the authorities of a great Chinese town, commanding that a certain native merchant should be 'hung up in his counting-house;' and then, after his execution somebody discovered that the words should have been translated 'suspended in his office.'"

Strange Death of an Artist.

A curious accident, which, unhappily has since proved fatal, befel M. Boutet, an artist, residing in the Avenue Victor Hugo, on Saturday morning. M. Boutet was working in his studio, when, inconvenienced by the sun, he asked his boame to go on the roof and pass a light linen covering over the glass. As the woman was arranging his awning she slipped and, falling through the glass, alighted on the table at which her master was seated. Oddly enough, she sustained no injury worth mentioning. M. Boutet, however, was not so fortunate. A piece of the broken glass struck him on the neck, severing an artery. He tried to stanch the blood, and falling, ran out of the house in the direction of a neighboring druggist's shop; but he fell down fainting ere he reached the place, and two hours, afterward he breathed his last.—*London Times.*

DOWN BY THE GATE.

There is a dew on the grass and the throstle is still,
But the crickets are piping above on the hill;
The fireflies are lighting their lanterns, and see!
There's the smile of the moon through the boughs of the tree.
And I catch the perfume of the rose as I wait
For the sound of light feet tripping down to the gate.

"Will she come? Will she come? cries a hope in my heart,
Till the stir of a leaf makes me tremble and start;
And I peer through the dusk till my eyes are a-blur
With a warm mist of love that is only for her.
O, the minutes drag by like the slow feet of fate
As I listen and look for her down by the gate!

There's a step on the path, there's a glimmer of white.
And the darkness around me grows suddenly bright;
And there's no one to see, save myself and the moon,
This fairest of all of the roses of June.
With a soft hand in yours would not you linger late
For another "good night" o'er the bars of the gate?

—*Munsey's Weekly.*

FUN.

The language of the deaf mute goes without saying.—Boston Post.

An electric spark—making love by telegraph.—Washington Capitol.

Backus is the patron divinity of race-horses.—Merchant Traveller.

The blacksmith welds iron with sealing whacks.—Washington Capitol.

The shoe dealer will do work which is beneath other people.—Yonkers Statesman.

The note of the prima donna is negotiable only when indorsed by the public.—Life.

Every fat man has a theory on how to dispose of the surplus.—New Orleans Picayune.

There is music in the air when the bill comes in for an accordion skirt.—New York Morning Journal.

In spite of their proverbial slowness, telegraph messengers go about with a good deal of dispatch.—Boston Post.

Truth is mighty, but she is ignominiously worsted when she encounters a fishing excursion.—Merchant Traveler.

The bad small boy, when his mother calls, is like the echo. He answers, but he doesn't come.—Somerville Journal.

"What a distinguished air that little man has! He's almost a dwarf, too." "Yes, he has a compressed air"—Time.

The destruction of the peach crop has commenced again; and this time it is a real ruin.—Pittsburg Courier-Telegraph.

It is a little singular, to say the least, that after a man has been painting the town red he usually feels blue.—Boston Courier.

The prohibitionists are out gunning for those prophets who promised a dry summer. Thus far every state has gone "wet."—Puck.

When a man affirms that "there's lots of money in leather," don't dispute him—purses are made of leather—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A financier—Dorothy, I think you are dreadfully extravagant to buy all those things." "But, my dear Rufus, I had them charged."—Life.

A pocketbook made of rattlesnake hide, which is so repulsive to ladies that they won't touch it, is having quite a sale among married men.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Old Lady—"I hope, my boy, you don't sell newspapers Sunday?" Small newsboy (sadly)—"No, mum. I ain't big enough to carry a Sunday edition yet."—Harper's Bazar.

"Well, Mr. Assessor, what are you going to make out of your boy?" "I think he will do for a policeman, because I can never find him when I want him."—Fliegende Blatter.

There are two great needs of our present civilization—a flannel shirt that will not shrink and a white vest that can be washed without losing its respectability.—Baltimore American.

The doctors are doing their best to convince the public that ice water is dangerous. Perhaps it is, but then, so are whiskey, and toy pistols, and matrimony, and lots of things.—Washington Critic.

The average girl is not afraid of danger, and the reports of exploding soda water fountains and poisonous ice cream do not interrupt the delightful placidity of her appetite.—Baltimore American.

Enter Seedy, with manuscript,—Good morning, sir. Want any jokes? My forte is the absurd and ridiculous. Got a place for anything like that? Editor—Certainly. Take a seat—Philadelphia Press.

Inventor—"I would like to get you interested in my improved fly-paper." Capitalist—"What makes you think it will be successful?" Inventor—"Because its gotton up in imitation of a bald head."—Life.

In a St. Louis hospital a man recently had a dream which covered six month's time and 10,000 miles of travel. There is a great deal of sight-seeing embraced in a drink of St. Louis whiskey.—Chicago Herald.

Wife—"I'll take the $20 you gave me and buy my bonnet this morning, dear, as you want what's left to get your hat." Husband—"All right, dearest. I'll go down at once and order a sixty cent hat for myself."—New York Sun.

Old schoolmate meets Thompson, whom he has not seen for several years Old Friend—By the way, old man, how did your scheme of marrying so you could have some one to talk to pan out! Thompson—Not so well. You see, that's what she married for, too.—Terre Haute Express.

When the rich man worketh the poor man saith he ought to be ashamed of himself for that he crowdeth the poor man out of a job. When the rich man worketh not the poor man saith he ought to be ashamed of himself for he consumeth while he produceth not. Verily, the lot of the rich man, though it be worth $1,000 a foot front, is hard.—Binghamton Republican.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Ireland's exiles are 70,000 a year.

—London has more Irish than Dublin.

—A locomotive "to run on ice" is new.

—Filberts originally came from Greece.

—Koch's lymph, is a clear, reddish-brown fluid.

—It is said that a Chinaman never goes crazy.

—Thomas Jefferson invented the hillside plow.

—Maryland's State Museum has a petrified oyster.

—The United States has more miles of railroad than all Europe.

—Savannah, Ga., policemen wear their revolvers in their belts.

—An oyster eleven inches long has been found off the Connecticut shore.

Beavers and otters are still trapped in Northern New York in large numbers.

—A lawyer of California has just received $95,000 for five years' work on one case.

—In 1744 the war between England and France, known as "King George's War," began.

—Cincinnati (Ohio) physicians propose the enlargement of the head as a cure for idiocy.

—Queens College, Oxford, England, has just celebrated the 550th anniversary of its foundation.

—Farthings are legal tender in England up to one shilling, but are frequently refused if offered for even a penny.

—An Oregon man ploughed his field with a steam engine, turning over the soil at the rate of sixteen acres a day.

—A society for the prevention of cruelty and neglect of pet birds and animals has been started in London, England, under royal patronage.

—The class of buildings struck most frequently by lightning are, first dwellings; second, barns and granaries; third, oil tanks and oil works.

—Two years ago forty sacks of seedling oysters were planted in an arm of the San Diego (Cal.) Bay; today the beds extend over twelve hundred acres.

—A series of stalactite caverns, surpassing any similar ones in Europe, have been discovered in German East Africa. Millions of bats frequent them.

The London Vegetarian Society reports a membership of 541, but the movement is said to have spread throughout England, Europe and the colonies.

—A collection of wild flowers is said to be in preparation from the State of California, for the World's Fair at Chicago, Ill., by the school children of that State.

—A pair of Texas cattle horns were found in Scott Bluffs County, Nebraska, the other day that measured five feet nine inches from tip to tip.

—Millionaire Crocker, of California, is said to have four diamonds in the crown of his teeth. The stones are valued at $1500.

The skeleton of Tonti, the famous French explorer, has been unearthed at Starved Rock, on the Illinois River. It was identified by the iron hand.

—In Yorkshire the English peasant if he happens to see the new moon without having a piece of silver money in his pocket immediately turns heels over head to change his luck.

—A curiosity in the home of Nicholas Levisler, of Baltimore, Maryland, is a wooden model of a country residence which he made with a penknife after thirteen years of work.

—A goose at Tarrytown, N. Y., has reached the age of twenty-two years and is still sound in mind and body, and apparently good for five years more. She has furnished enough feathers in her life to make three feather-beds.

—Probably the most unique and expressive annual pass for 1891 is that sent out by President John Hoey, of the Adams Express Company. On the face, delicately engraved, is a skull, and above it in fine letters is the word "deadhead."

—For many years it was believed that the atmosphere had a great deal to do with thread-making, and that good thread could only be made in Scotland. It is now known that it is all in the twist and nothing in the atmosphere.

—One of the old sights in Chicago recently was the moving of a stately elm tree through the streets from Grosse Point to Graceland Cemetery. The tree was lifted as it grew and transported, upright, in a crate, giving the impression of a travelling tree.

—The only foreigner in the service of the Emperor of China is Frederick A. Bee, a tall man, with close-cropped, mutton-chop whiskers and shaggy gray eyebrows. Mr. Bee is a Consul in His Mongolian Majesty's service, and has been honored with several titles. He has received these honors as a result of his services at the time of the Kearney Sand Lot riots at San Francisco, Cal.

—D. C. Pitner, of Uklah, Cal., is preparing an incubator on a large scale. His hot house is to be converted into one. The house contains two rooms, each twenty-four feet square, with a capacity of 16,000 eggs. He will begin by trying 8,000 eggs in one of the rooms.

—In the palmy days of Rome the number of lions brought from Africa averaged 400 per year for nine years, and with these leopards, tigers, hyenas, elephants, buffaloes, and serpents almost without number. For several years there were 8000 men employed in Africa in trapping wild animals to make sport for the people of Rome.

A Remarkable Canal.

The most remarkable canal in the world is one between Worsley and St. Helen's, in the north of England. It is sixteen miles long and under ground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined; many years ago the Duke of Bridgewater's managers thought they could save money by transporting the coal under ground instead of on the surface. So the canal was constructed and the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canal boats are used, but the power is furnished by men. On the roof of the tunnel-arch are cross-pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the coal and push with their feet against the cross-bars on the roof.