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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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VEGETABLE POETRY.

Potatoes come from fair Virginia;
Parsley was sent us from Sardinia;
French beans, low growing on the earth
To distant India trace their birth.
But scarlet runners, gay and tall,
That climb upon your garden wall—
A cheerful sight to all around—
In South America were found.
The onion travels here from Spain,
The leek from Switzerland we gain;
Garlic from Sicily obtain,
Spinach in far Syria grows,
Two hundred years Ago or more,
Enroll the artichoke sent o'er;
And Southern Europe's sea-coast shore,
Beet root on us bestows.
The cabbage of Europe has its claim
To beans, but some from Egypt came.
The radishes, both thin and stout,
Natives of China are, no doubt;
But turnips, carrots and sea kale,
With celery, so crisp and pale,
Are products of our own fair land;
And cabbages—a goodly tribe,
Whose sober pens might well describe
Are a native, I understand.

A MISTAKE THROUGHOUT.

Mr. Matthias Coddleman was a broker in the city, and like many other brokers, he was possessed of a small house and garden in one of the outlying suburban towns, to which he was wont to retire when his day's work was over. He was, in short, a plain, every-day merchant, about thirty years old, and by no means lacking in manly dignity and good looks.

Mr. Matthias Coddleman certainly seemed to be a very matter-of-fact and good young man, for he regularly attended to his business, and was, moreover, the superintendent of a Sunday school in the town where he lived. He was nevertheless possessed of a romance, and a very substantial romance it was, weighing, I should think, nearly two hundred pounds; for Mr. Matthias was a married man.

This is how it came about. Some two years before the time at which I write, he had taken his summer outing at one of the popular seaside resorts, and there had met for the first time the future Mrs. Coddleman. Etta Sayles, as she was then, was a plump and pretty maiden, under the charge of an old aunt, her father being dead, and her mother and only sister in Europe.

Etta's aunt had but one failing, and that was the the Patagonian savages. On learning of the deeply religious nature of Mr. Matthias, this estimable gentlewoman pounced upon him forthwith, and so much was she interested in discussing with him plans for the conversion of these heathens, that she perceived the conversion of Etta, as affected by Love and Mr. Coddleman, till it was too late.

As Mrs. Sayles was a great invalid and had gone to Europe for her health, it seemed useless to wait for her return. So after much letter-writing and discussion, it was decided that the young couple should be married, and they were the very next spring.

They had now been man and wife for more than a year, and thus far nothing had occurred to mar their tranquillity. Indeed, there was no reason why there should, for Mrs. Matthias believed her husband to be perfection, and Mr. Matthias returned the compliment. His wife, indeed, almost merited that belief, for she had but two failings; one a failing of eyesight, and the other a most inordinately jealous disposition. Of the first of these failings her husband was aware; of the second he knew nothing, because he was such a thoroughly good young man that even his jealous wife could find nothing to carp at.

The day of the tenth of July, 1875, was noted for two things: the arrival of Mr. Coddleman's sister-in-law from Europe and the arrival of the green-eyed monster, jealousy, in his household.

Shortly before the time of which I write, Mrs. Sayles had died abroad, and her daughter was now returning to live with her married sister. The day in question opened auspiciously enough, for, though sultry, it was very beautiful.

As Mr. and Mrs. Coddleman rode into town that morning, he to his business and she to meet her sister, no pair of turtle doves could have been more devoted. Before the train had proceeded far on its way, however, an accident occurred to ruffle the composure of Mrs. Matthias, and this was the loss of her glasses.

"Oh, Matt!" she cried, when she had discovered the fact, "I have left my glasses behind me at home; what shall I do? Why, I should not know my sister without them unless she was within three feet of me."

"Well, my love," replied he, "it strikes me that you can't find her without them, and can't go back to get them, the best thing will be for you to wait at the station and let her find you."

His wife agreed with him in this, and so the matter ended.

All through the heat of the day Mr. Coddleman toiled at his desk, stopping occasionally to wonder how he should like his sister-in-law, whom he had never met, and whether she had yet found his wife. When four o'clock came he arose from his work and sought the railway station with joy.

All the trouble from that unfortunate afternoon arose from his extravagance, for as he knew that the common car would be both hot and crowded, he determined to treat himself to the luxury of a drawing-room seat.

Entering the first of the coaches he found it full, and passing through it, secured one of the two remaining chairs in the forward car. He had scarcely settled himself when, just as the train started, the porter showed a lady, laden with many bags and bundles to the next seat. Just then the car gave a lurch, and before she could seat herself, her baggage flew in every direction. As the porter had meanwhile disappeared, Matthias came to the rescue and collected her scattered belongings.

"So kind of you," she murmured, as she sank back in her seat with a sigh of comfort.

"Not at all," he replied, "but you should have some one to assist you with these bundles—they are too heavy for you to carry."

"I was expecting some one to help me," she returned, "but was disappointed." After a moment she continued, "I do not know this part of the country, and if I would not be asking too much, I should be so much obliged if you would give me some information about reaching my destination."

He hastened to assure her that, far from being a trouble, he should esteem it a great honor to be of any service to her, and begged that she would tell him where she was going.

"Why, to be sure," she replied, "the place is, is—I declare I have forgotten the name. But I have it on a card in my pocket-book, which is in my little bag—no, not that one," as he picked up a brown traveling case, "the one nearest you. Ah, thanks. Why!" she cried, as she opened it, "the card is not here after all, I must have lost it; but I can remember the name, I guess. Let me see, Bell—Bell—Bellville; that's it, I think. Is there such a place?"

Mr. Coddleman said that there was, and told her, furthermore, that she must change at the next station, and that he himself would put her on the other train.

Mr. Coddleman was by nature retiring, but the lonely position of the lady and her trust in him inspired him with the idea that he must make himself agreeable; in which he succeeded so well that it seemed but a moment before the junction was reached.

"Oh, really this is too much!" she expostulated, as he loaded himself with her baggage; "I can't think of allowing you to carry all of it."

"Do not speak of it, madam; it is nothing at all," he pantel, from beneath his load of bags and shawl straps.

They had crossed the station and boarded the other train, when Mr. Coddleman, happening to turn, saw his wife standing on the platform of the car he had just left, with a hard, cold look on her face that boded no good or him.

He was aghast; she had seen part but not all, and evidently thought he was going off with a strange woman. He must hasten back to explain her mistake. But first he must get rid of his load and likewise of the lady. He therefore hurried after her, found her a seat and excused himself as quickly as possible; but before he could leave the train it was in motion; and by the time he reached the platform it was moving at a good rate of speed.

Mr. Coddleman was inclined to be stout, and, moreover, was much flurried, and this fact, coupled with an absolute ignorance of the laws of moving bodies, may account for his jumping with both feet together, and in the opposite direction from which the train was moving. The result of this manœuvre was a complicated series of somersaults, which landed him in a heap on the floor of the station; from which he gathered himself up just in time to see his own train disappear in the distance. This involved a three hours' wait, during which he meditated on the events of the afternoon and the reception that awaited him at home.

It was after ten at night when he at last, weary and worn, reached his house. It took him a little while to summon up courage to enter.

In the parlor sat his wife, bolt upright in a chair by the table, reading the family Bible—an ominous sign.

"My dear," he faltered, in his meekest tones, "I missed my train, and have just arrived. I trust you have not been worrying about me."

Mrs. Coddleman on his entrance slowly closed the Bible, laid it on the table, folded her hands before her, and waited.

Matthias began to get nervous.

"Has—has not your sister come, my love," he asked hesitatingly.

"Wretch!" returned his spouse, and dissolved into tears.

"What is the matter, my angel?" he inquired, in a vain attempt to appear at ease.

"Monster!" she ejaculated, and swept by him, out of the room and up stairs, and this was the extent of their conversation that night.

By personal observation he discovered that her sister had not yet arrived, but of the circumstances he could learn nothing.

At breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Coddleman wore the expression of a martyr undergoing torture; she poured the coffee with a Christian resignation beautiful to see, and the manner in which she passed her husband the butter would have brought tears to the eyes of the most hard-hearted. Mr. Coddleman determined to make a bold break, and summoning up all his courage, addressed his wife.

"My dear," he said, "I fear you did not rightly understand the events of yesterday; in short; that—"

"No explanation can avail, Matthias; I saw it all."

"Saw all what my love?"

"Do not attempt to deny it. I saw you when you passed through the rear car, though you did not see me; I followed you into the front one to speak to you, and saw you meet that odious woman—by appointment, I've no doubt. I saw you devote yourself to her, and finally go off with her, I don't know where. It is well for her that I was without my glasses, and could not see her to know her again, or—"

Just at this moment a carriage laden with trunks drove up to the door.

"There is your sister, my love," said Matthias. "For Heaven's sake don't let's have a family row just as she is arriving."

"Coward!" replied his wife, scornfully, and left the room.

Mr. Coddleman groaned, and awaited results in the dining-room. He now heard the voice of his sister-in-law in the hall; it sounded strangely familiar to him.

"My darling, what a happiness this is!" she cried. "I thought I should never get here, for I could not find you at the station, and one of the stupidest men you ever saw offered to help me, and put me on the wrong train, and sent me off ever so far. I got the name of your town mixed up to be sure, and told him I wanted to go to Bellville instead of Belmont; but he ought to have known, even if I didn't; men are so dull—why, that's the very man!" she gasped, as she entered the dining-room. "Who is he?"

"That," replied Mrs. Matthias, smiling for the first time that day—a smile in which surprise and relief were curiously mingled—"that is my husband."

Riches do not insure wealth.

Some ordinary house flies which had been imprisoned in the shaft of a mine at Bangor, Cal., for a long period by the closing of a light well were found, when the shaft was reopened, to have turned to a clear white.

A bicycle relay run between Indianapolis, Ind., and Columbus, Ohio, a distance of a little less than 200 miles, was made at an average speed from start to finish of a mile in three minutes 27¼ seconds, or 17.35 miles per hour.

Dolls' heads of thin iron are now sold in the fancy shops in London. The heads are said to be well cast, and when enamelled and finished by a handsome head of hair, a very good-looking, if rather heavy-headed doll is the result. The bodies are made of kid as heretofore.

Considerable astonishment was recently excited in a zone of Sweden and Russia, comprising the towns of Stockholm, Elisavetgrod, Pinsk, Kovno and St. Petersburg, by the appearance in the air and the eventful deposit on the ground of large clouds of powder of a peculiar appearance.

Why She Was Sick.

It was in California. Judge Blank asked after the health of a gentleman's wife.

"She's si-si-sick," said the husband who stuttered.

"I'm sorry to hear that. Not serious, I hope?"

"She a-a-ate cucumbers."

"Great heavens. Ate eight cucumbers? I should think she would be ill."—Texas Siftings.

Sweepstakes.

"Well, I'll be durned, Tildy. I've tasted beef steaks and pig steaks, but I'll swar I never see sweep steaks afore."—Truth.

Didn't Dare Take the Bet

"How time flies!" said the fat man, who always rides down-town on the front platform of the car.

The driver thought he scented an invidious comparison and merely grunted.

"My son came of age to-day," continued the fat man. "I don't suppose I would have thought of it if he hadn't offered to bet me $10 I was a liar in answer to an assertion I made at the breakfast table."—Exchange.

The Farming That Pays.

Bunker—I see that Ducklow, who lives out of the city now, has made quite a success of farming.

Hill—Yes, I understood that he was making money from it, and I didn't know how he managed it.

Bunker—Easy enough. His farm is right off the railroad track and he got all the clothing men in town to put their ads. in his back yard.—Exchange.

A Bad Sign.

Mrs. Van Winkle—Is your husband any better?

Mrs. Von Blumer—I didn't know the man was ill. What do you mean?

Mrs. Van Winkle—Why, he told my husband that the other night while you were away the boys had beaten him out of his shirt.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Dante Never Saw It.

Jinks—I don't believe Dante's description of the Inferno is correct.

Winks—Why not?

Jinks—Not one of the shades said to any other shade, "Is this not enough for you?"—New York Weekly.

A Little Too Short.

Employer—What do you do with your Saturday half holiday?

Clerk—Oh, I have a good time thinking where I would go and what fun I could have if it were a whole holiday.—New York Weekly.

Jack in the Pulpit.

Boggsy—How do you like your new minister, Woggsy?

Woggsy—As a preacher he amounts to nix, but as a contortionist he is a howling success.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Truthful.

G. W.—I did it with my little Hatch It.

Up to His Motto.

Guest—I have been here a whole month and have given you nothing.

"Yes, sir."

"And you have been very polite and attentive."

"Yes, sir."

"How does that happen?"

"I am living up to my motto, sir."

"What's that?"

"The patient waiter is no loser."—Detroit Free Press.

Hard to Bear.

New Nurse—I'm going to leave when the week is up, mum.

Mistress—Dear me! What's the matter?

New Nurse—Please, mum, your childrens is just gettin' the measles an' all the other nurses cuts me dead.—New York Weekly.

Au Revoir.

Judge Duffy—I hope I shall not see you here again.

Regular Customer—Not see me here again! Why, you ain't going to resign your posish, are you?—Texas Siftings.

The Reward of Industry.

Le Grand Stanned—Why is the crowd being kept back so forcibly?

Kirby Stone—So as to give the police a chance to see the procession, I fancy.—Texas Siftings.

The biggest tree in Northern Vermont stands on the main street of Derby Line. Its height by careful measurement is 102 feet. Three feet from the ground its circumference is exactly 20 feet, while at 5 feet it is 18 feet and 2 inches.

M. Dameny has taken successive photographs of the lips of a speaker, so that on arranging them a deaf mute, able to read from the motion of the lips, can understand them.

TALKING BIRDS.

"How many talking birds have we, hen?" was the exclamation of a few friends one evening, our conversation having run upon singing birds and their powers of speaking. Well, I will tell you, having studied the subject a little. I should say about eight or nine possibly, who possess the ear and power of mimicry, and imitating the voice of other birds and sounds. But I have not known all these to have possessed the power of speech. I should say that gift was confined to about five, beginning of course with the parrot. Second to that bird is certainly the mynah, or mind-bird of India. I prefer his voice myself to the parrot. He is a pretty creature, his color being a deep velvet black, with the exception of a mark on the base of the quill feathers of the wing. The bill and legs are yellow, and from the eye to the back of the head are two wattles, of a bright yellow color. Well, as I said before, I prefer his talking powers in preference to the well-known grey parrot. You may doubtless have noticed a certain hollowness about the voice of the parrot, which, to my mind, is not so perceptible in the mynah. Of course it always is so more or less with all birds, as that well-used instrument in the human body, the tongue, does not come into play with birds at all, so naturalists say. The voice and formation of words no doubt comes straight from the larynx, so the tongue takes no part in uttering sounds. The vocal organs of birds are attracted to the termination of the trachea, or wind-pipe. There are four pairs, or muscles, attached to the windpipe in singing and talking birds, whereas in the stork there are none, showing and accounting for the entire absence of voice in that bird. There is a membranous tongue at the opening of the larynx, which no doubt helps to modulate and articulate words.

You may have heard of ignorant people splitting the tongue of singing birds under the impression that it will give value to their notes; but I need scarcely say that it is a very cruel and useless practice, from which more often than not a bird dies. Carefully watch any talking birds, and you will then see that the voice comes from the throat,* although the Rev. J. G. Wood, in his *Feathered Friends*, says the construction of the bill and tongue and other corresponding organs of the parrot, is very curious, as it is that construction, together with its implanted imitative instinct, which enables it to give utterance to articulate sounds. The resonance of human sounds is produced by the hollow construction of the beak, and the thick fleshy tongue gives its aid in the formation of consonants. But naturalists say the tongue has nothing whatever to do with it, so at present we trust to their knowledge as I think they have settled the question.

Many are the interesting anecdotes one naturally hears in conversation with those who take interest in our dear little feathered friends. But I should like to see our little birds better understood. People like them and pet them, but don't study them. I am often astonished at the ignorance of some folks with the advantages we have now in natural history literature. My esteemed friend Mr. Wolf, the well-known animal painter, tells me it is not so in Germany. He says people there are much more enlightened regarding ornithological study, and even at the smallest cottage door you will see little boys teaching their bullfinches to pipe. I often have a delightful evening with Mr. Wolf, and many are the pleasant stories he has to tell. He possessed one little jackdaw who could imitate any sound that was repeated a few times within his hearing. For instance, when he got up from his easel to see to his fire in his stove, he had a habit of tapping his pipe upon it, to clear it before charging it again, when the echo of the sound was sure to come from some corner of the studio, where Master Jack would sit watching his master. Of course, jackkaw-like, he got into all sorts of mischief; but when taught young they will learn a great deal, although they are not the best talkers of the crow tribe.

It has often struck me as odd that the power of speech should be confined to a few small birds, when Sally, the ape that used to charm us at the Zoological Society's Gardens, had been taught to count as far as ten by picking a desired number of straws from the bed she sat on, and could distinguish the difference between a little piece of apple and a big piece. When told to take the smaller, she could do so without a moment's hesitation. Why, that is clearly understanding. Yet not a word could she utter or be taught, although she appeared to learn anything else readily enough.

Now the little jackdaw, with all his impudent cleverness, has no such great reasoning power. The late Rev. J. G Wood gives an instance of this in his *Anecdotes of Birds*. A jackdaw he was watching was carrying a long stick to his nest in the hollow of an oak tree. Well, he held by his bill in the middle, but could not get it through, and he had not the sense to take it at one end and try again, but, after a number of ineffectual efforts, gave it up, quite exhausted and went for another, perhaps with the same result, except by accident he might have been successful. So we must accept things as they are, as it is intended no doubt for the best.

I have given a few sketches of birds that I have known—the two mynahs, one of which is unfortunately dead; but the one still living can be seen any day, and he will afford a great deal of amusement to all those who would like to hear him. He will probably address you by "Who are you?" "What do you want?" "How are you?" "Good morning, Polly!" "Be quiet!" "All right!" etc. His words are quite distinct, and uttered quite humorously. And then, perhaps, if you should be unfortunate enough to have a cough, he will mimic you. I recollect an old gentleman once came into the house while I was there sketching, and I was very much amused to see his face when he heard somebody addressing him, as he thought—"Hallo! Who are you?" He thought I was speaking to him, as I was apparently the only person in the house. So I pointed out to him from whence the voice came, and he approached the cage and began to laugh at the comic birds, and they mimicked him; so for a moment or two it was a laughing match. And he told me he had never seen or heard the like—never knew any bird could talk but a parrot. So it is with many, who appear to go through life with their eyes and ears closed.

The sketch of raven and monkey illustrates an amusing incident I heard of a raven belonging to the Rajah Duleep Sing. He had a beautiful place, where he kept many animals and birds. Well, this raven would worry a monkey that used to be chained up in the yard all the summer-time in this way. Whenever he got anything he thought the monkey would like, he used to put it down within an inch or two of his reach, then say, "Get it!" when Master Jacko would make an ineffectual effort to get at it and then retire. Master Raven would then put it an inch nearer, and say "Try again!" This kind of thing went on until they fell out, and had a regular fight, the poor monkey almost invariably getting the worst of it.

Ravens are excellent talkers. I heard a very good story the other day about this intelligent bird. It appears he had the run of a large park, where a number of rooks and crows and daws used to assemble round him. When there was a sufficiently large crowd to suit his purpose, our friend the raven would suddenly bawl, "Hallo!" The sound of the human voice among them naturally terrified these wary birds, and sent them off in every direction, to the complete gratification of the raven, who then had the field to himself.

I have made a little sketch of a mythical story I read some years ago which is worth recording of Apollo and the raven. In the olden days, when Apollo had entered into the first state of his perpetual youth, he chose his favorite bird. Jupiter, his father, took the eagle; Minerva, his sister, took the owl; Juno, his stepmother, chose the peacock; Venus, preferred the dove; he himself the raven. In those days the raven was one of the most beautiful of birds, for its plumage was as white as snow, its beak was rosy pink, its eyes were blue, and its voice surpassed the nightingale in melody.

There was on earth a grove sacred to Apollo. The trees were vines, and figs and roses stretched themselves up their trunks, and, bending over, formed an arbor, in the midst of which the fountain Helicon sparkled. It so fell out that Apollo thirsted for the waters of his own sacred fountain; so he called the raven to him, and, giving the bird his cup, bade him descend to the earth and bring him some of the cool water. The raven took the cup and sought the fountain.

Now, the raven was a very vain bird, and if he had been formerly proud of his looks and voice, he was ten times prouder since he had been the favorite of Apollo. So he stood at the edge of the fountain admiring his beauty, and then burst into song, extolling himself and his patron. Then he thought he would refresh himself with the fruit; but it was not quite ripe, and, after tasting several bunches of grapes and some figs, he determined to wait until the morning, when they might be ripened.

In fine, he idled away his time, until he remembered he had been absent for several days. So he filled the cup, and, seeing a brilliant serpent gliding in the grass, seized it in his beak and carried it with him. He came before Apollo, and made the excuse that he had found a serpent polluting the sacred waters, and that he had just vanquished it after a combat of seven days. But Apollo seized the lying bird and hurled him to the earth. He flew immediately to contemplate himself at the fountain; but the first glance revealed black plumage, and when he uttered an exclamation of horror, his voice had lost all its melody.

A very amusing bird is the piping crow. The one I speak of has evidently been brought up in the poultry yard, for he imitates and mimics the fowls, and the crow of the old barndoor cock. But these birds do not appear to catch hold of the human voice so well, although they correctly imitate any sound.

Master Magpie, you see, is up to his usual tricks, always attracted by an irresistible desire to steal anything that looks bright and slittering. But he is also an excellent talker, and a very amusing bird. The title of the bird is a compound of "mag" and "pie," the latter being the primary name and the former added. I suppose we get the word "pie" from the word "pica," or from the ancient British name "pipogen," and the syllable "mag" is as probably added on account of the chattering propensities of this individual; for the word "mag" is used in many parts of England to signify an amusing talk; so that the whole word simply means "chattering pie," which, it must be admitted, is quite appropriate. Some people fancy that the bird is called a pie on account of its pied color; but that is a question, as magpies were known long before colors were mixed. Shakspeare called the bird a "magot-pie," from which magpie may possibly be derived. *Magot* in French signifies "monkey;" and as he is a very monkey among birds, it is a very appropriate name.

Master Jackdaw is running away with a spoon, which he does not appear at all anxious to give up. He only ejaculates, "What for?" when remonstrated with.

In the sketch of the two mynah birds, one is saying "How are you?" the other coughing.

Now we come to the starling. I think there are very few of our readers who know what powers this very pretty little bird has. He belongs to the crow tribe, of which he is the smallest resident here. They are great favorites with fanciers, and when taken young, can learn anything. If taken from the nest, you can bring them up well on a little bread and milk and a few mealworms; and as to their ills, why, they have scarcely any, as the crow tribe do not have any of the ailments that singing birds usually suffer with. But of course for all such matters there are plenty of excellent books to refer to upon the management and treatment of cage birds. Naturally, my only object in this little sketch is to open up a subject which I have not seen treated before, and which must be of interest to many of my readers.

Our sketch represents Master Starling sitting on the back of his mistress's chair, evidently very much interested in the tea-table talk going on, and putting in a word or two to keep up the conversation when it flags a little, as I have often seen him do at my friend's house.

The grey parrot we must say something about, although of course he is a well-known talker, and many are the quaint stories told about him. He is represented as laying down the law to the piping crow. Mr. Crow, in reply, is simply crowing.

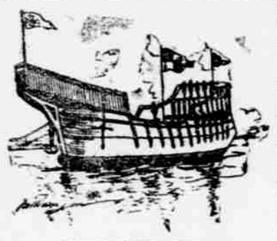
I could give you many interesting anecdotes concerning these birds, but space will not allow. What I want you, my good readers, to do, is, to study these birds for yourselves, and I am sure they will amply repay you for any trouble you may take; and there are plenty of bird-fanciers who will procure you any bird you may want. Of course the mynah is more expensive as it is a native of India, and especially as you naturally want young birds. Old birds are slower to learn, and never speak so well as when taught from the nest. A. T. EDWES.

* In fact, a ventriloquist cultivates his voice, and uses it in much the same way as a bird speaking straight from the larynx, using the tongue but little. What wonderful ventriloquists birds would make.

COLUMBUS' FLEET.

The Santa Maria Already Built and Others to Be Constructed.

The Santa Maria, which took part in the Spanish celebration of the 400th anniversary of the departure of Columbus for America, at Palos, Spain, is supposed to be an exact re-



COLUMBUS' SHIP PINTA.

production of the Santa Maria of Columbus' fleet. The vessel was launched at Caraca, Spain, June 26, 1892. Her length over all is 29.10 meters. The length between the perpendiculars is 26.60 meters; the extreme beam, 9.86 meters. The weight of the hull is 187 tons. There are five decks, a mainmast, foremast, mizzenmast, and bowsprit. The armament consists of six falconets and two lombards. The lombards are on the main deck. The expense of building the Santa Maria was borne by the Spanish Government.

Reproductions are to be made of the other two vessels of Columbus' fleet, the Pinta and the San Juan. They are being constructed at Caraca by a joint committee of Spanish and United States officials. The expense

A COPY OF COLUMBUS' SHIP SANTA MARIA RECENTLY BUILT IN SPAIN.

of building these two vessels will be borne by the United States Government.

As soon as the other vessels are completed it is expected that they will start for America, arriving in New York to take part in the Columbian celebration. After that celebration the vessels will sail by the way of the St. Lawrence River and the lakes to Chicago, where they will constitute a feature of the Columbian Exposition.

A Juggler's Trick.

The wonderful feats of East Indian jugglers have formed the theme of many a letter from travelers in the Orient, but none are more surprising than that for which an old sea dog, now lying at the water front, vouches. While he was an officer on board the P. and O. steamers, two natives came aboard at Madras, he says. They were a juggler and his assistant. After they had performed a number of minor feats and gathered quite a crowd around them, they called for a sack and a piece of sail cloth.

These having been provided, the chief juggler made a small, tent-like structure with the canvas and some stools. He then placed his assistant in the sack and allowed a sailor to tie the knot which bound him a fast prisoner. This done, the chief carried the sack into an open space, warning the people to stand back some distance, and then carried on an animated conversation with his assistant, whose replies could be distinctly heard coming from the sack. Suddenly the chief rushed forward, picked up the sack and dumped it overboard, where, to the horror of the passengers and crew, it sank out of sight.

Immediately the captain rushed forward and seized the man, under the full belief that he had murdered his companion, but the juggler only smiled, and, pointing to the canvas, asked that it be raised. This was done and the supposed drowned man was discovered squatting on the deck. So realistic had been the throwing overboard, however, that it was some time before the surprised passengers could realize that a murder had not been committed.—San Francisco Call

He Pressed the Button.

A resident of Riverside, Cal., owns a lazy horse. He fixed up a battery in a buggy to give the animal an electric shock occasionally instead of using a whip. He was to press the button with his foot, and the electricity was to do the rest. At the first pressure, however, the horse kicked the carriage so hard that some portions of it have not come down yet.

Streator Has Rivals.

A corporal, not long ago, seeing a recruit in the ranks with long and unkempt hair, at once knocked the fellow down and asked what he meant by appearing with untrimmed locks. Then he had kerosene oil poured on the private's head and a lighted match applied. It is gratifying to be able to add that this happened in Austria, not in Pennsylvania.

Railroads Are Increasing.

Statistics recently compiled show that about 1,200 miles of new railroad were built in this country during the first six months of this year.

A silver dime of 1804 is worth $4, of 1797, 1900 and 1802 $8, and of 1798 $2.50. Silver half dimes of 1802 will fetch $30 each, and a value from $1 to $3 attaches to these coins of the issues of 1794, 1796, 1797, 1801, 1805 and 1846.

WONDERFUL ST. PETERSBURG.

As Seen Through the Eyes of a Famous American Correspondent.

I wish I could give you a stereopticon view of St. Petersburg, writes Frank G. Carpenter. It is one of the queerest, one of the fastest, one of the gayest, and by all odds the most unique capital of the world. Lying as it does on the great Gulf of Finland, a river as wide as the Mississippi at St. Louis runs through it and great canals cut it up so that it looks like a second Venice. It is a city of wide streets, of big three, four and five story flats; of vast palaces, many of which cover acres; of a multitude of gorgeous churches, of great schools, of art galleries, of factories, and the thousand and one other features which make up the capital of the greatest empire on the globe. You have heard the story of its building. I stood yesterday in the log hut

ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.
(One of St. Petersburg's most magnificent edifices.)

that Peter the Great built on the swamp here when he decided that he would make this point his capital. All this was a forest, a marsh and a wilderness. The Russia of that day, as the Russia of this, was in the interior, but Peter decided he wanted to have his capital where he could look out upon Europe and he called St. Petersburg his window, and, like Aladdin, he made it rise upon the mud in almost a night. He made every noble in the empire build a house here. Every boat on the Baltic and the Russian rivers had to draw a load of stone to the city, and 40,000 men worked year in and year out till the great capital rose. Fully a generation after New York was founded the wolves howled in the wilderness on the site of St. Petersburg; now a city of stone and brick twenty-five miles in circumferance floats here, as it were, almost upon the waters, and 100,000,000 heads bow down to this as the seat of their ruler. Piles by the million have been driven down to make foundations. The great River Neva is walled for miles with granite docks and all the streets are paved. Our public buildings at Washington are large, but those of Russia cover far greater areas. The only things that compare with them are the mammoth structures of the Chicago Exposition, and as to the churches here, one of them, St. Isaac's Cathedral, has cost nearly $20,000,000, or as much as will be the total outlay of the Exposition. There are other churches nearly as expensive, and the whole city has been built without regard to cost. It is almost a Sabbath day's journey to go through some of these palaces. The winter palace, on the banks of the Neva, would spoil the area of a ten-acre field, and its corridors, if stretched out, would reach miles. There is a tradition that some of the unused rooms were turned into a barnyard by the servants in years past, and that when the palace once burned a cow was hauled out with the furniture. It is the same with private houses. The people live in flats, and these flats make up in area what they lack in height. It takes nearly a square for the ordinary house, and the Hotel de l'Europe, where I am stopping, has halls which seem to be a mile long, and I lose myself again and again going to my room. The business blocks are big, and there is a great bazar here, where hundreds of merchants have stores facing a vaulted arcade which covers a vast area, and which is thronged from morning till night with thousands of shoppers.

Around in Twenty-five Seconds.

Medical workers have made many curious experiments, but none more wonderful than that by which they ascertained the exact time required for the blood to make one entire trip through the system, which all students of physiology know means a complete circulation through the lungs, veins, arteries and the general capillary arrangements. Profs. Dalton, Hering, Poissenille, Mattuci, and Blake have been the chief investigators in this line, the first named having become more eminent in this particular branch of research from having the experience of others to fortify himself with. All the old school anatomists believed that a considerable time elapsed, say from three to nine minutes from the time when the blood left the right side of the heart, traversed the whole system, and then again returned to the starting point; Dalton has shown that the time is much shorter than was formerly generally supposed. The chief agent used in his experiments was a salt known to chemists as ferrocyanide of potassium, which can be readily detected in the blood on account of its chemical reactions. Prof. Dalton describes the operation in the following language: "Blood was drawn from the jugular vein of the opposite side, and the interval which elapsed before the appearance of the foreign salt in blood drawn from the second opening indicated the time required for the blood to pass from the point of injection through the vena cava to the heart, from the right side of the heart through the lungs to the left cavities, from the left ventrical through the carotid arteries and the capillary vessels of the head, and thence downward to the jugular vein on the opposite side. Dozens of carefully tabulated tests of this somewhat extraordinary subject show that the blood of man makes a complete circulation once every fifteen to twenty-five seconds, according to the physical conditions of the subject experimented upon."—Medical Record.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The ancient Greeks' Holy Land was Elis.

—There are 300,000 blind people in Europe.

—The new testament was first printed in Irish in 1662.

—It cost the present Emperor of China $10,000,000 to get married.

—Four salmon weighing from eight to thirteen pounds, were caught in the Hudson River recently.

—The English mint possesses an electrical machine which counts coins with precision and accuracy.

—A pet rattlesnake at New Smyrna, Fla., recently committed suicide by biting itself in the neck.

—Eight nationalities are said to be represented in a choir of sixteen little girls at St. James' mission, New York city.

—The shortest street in the world is Mansion House street in the city of London. It is not more than a few yards in length.

—Father Cre, a French priest stationed at Jerusalem, recently found a talent of the time of King David in his door yard.

—A novel feature of the Springfield, Mass., street car system is the letting of electric cars to parties who wish to hire. The price is $2 an hour.

—In the time of Henry VIII parliament passed a law which declared that on and after that date pins should not be sold for more than 6s 8d per 1,000.

—A pair of gloves passes through about 200 hands from the moment the skin leaves the dressers until the gloves are purchased by the intended wearer.

—Squirrels are bothering the farmers in Oregon and destroying their crops. Many acres of grain have been completely destroyed in various parts of the state.

—In speaking of the solidification of a body cooling, Professor Dewar says that water can be made to become solid by the evaporation of a quarter of its weight.

—The colored population of the United States consists of 7,470,040 of African descent, 107,475 Chinese, 2,039 Japanese, and 58,806 civilized Indians; 7,638,360 in all.

—A curious relic of old Roman life found recently at Lanurium (Porto Portese), and now stored in the British museum, is a thin slab or stone that was anciently a circus poster.

—At Aix la Chapelle there is a newspaper museum founded by Oscar Von Forckenbeck, which contains files of specimens of more than 17,000 different newspapers.

—Russia has recently celebrated the nine hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the first Christian bishopric in the Volhynia, under the reign of Vladimir.

—The Romans used the first shaving brush and razor, B. C. 300, and Pliny tells us that Scipio Africanus was the first individual Roman to shave daily.

—Mrs. Anna Jack, of Farmington, Ill., was taken with a severe coughing spell some time ago, and a lump was ejected which is reported to have been a mass of common pins.

—A Japanese soldier has invented a gun which enables the possessor to send a "cloud of blinding dust" into the eyes of a foe at a distance of twelve feet.

More than 18,000 letters are put in the postoffice of the United States every day that, through the misdirection or miscarriage of some kind, bring up in the dead letter office.

—There has just died in Poland a once celebrated beauty, who refused the hand of Napoleon III. She was the Princess Helene Sagonsko, and died unmarried at the age of fifty-seven.

—Mr. Peter Marie, of New York, is said to have the finest collection in existence of the miniatures of pretty women, unless there is excepted the collection of the late King Ludwig of Bavaria.

—The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around their eyes and ornament their faces with representations of various figures.

—Elizabeth Robins Pennell advocates that a perfect cycling dress should be a skirt of gray tweed, made without foundation, with a deep hem turned up on the outside and secured by rows of stiching.

—Newcastle-on-Tyne spent $50,000,000 some years ago in digging out a shallow stream. The income from that investment has since been $28,000,000, besides the increase in trade and the enhanced value of property.

—Polo has been rapidly gaining in popularity in France, and there has been a good deal of play this season upon the ground belonging to the Cercle des Palmeurs, in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

—Mrs. Joseph W. Delano, of San Francisco, possesses the dress worn by Laura Keene on the night of Lincoln's assassination. Lincoln's head rested for a moment on Miss Keene's lap, and the bloodstains thus caused are still visible.

—Rhode Island will present its World's Fair building to Chicago after the exposition closes. The structure will be very picturesque in appearance, being a reproduction in part of the famous "Old Stone Mill" at Newport.

—Four cities in Europe stand wholly or in part on islands. Venice is the best known on account of its historical past; next comes St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, and the two last are the cities of of Ghent and Amsterdam, situated respectively in Belgium and Holland.

—A census bulletin shows that our males within militia age number 13,130,168. Is there another civilized nation on the globe with over 13,000,000 fighting men? With so much food for gunpowder we are sleeping over our opportunities.

—Market gardeners, whose crops will be fairly large, expect to reap a golden harvest this year on account of the practical failure of the apple crop in New York and Michigan, the two great apple producing states.

A shad twenty-six inches long, three and a half inches thick and weighing nine pounds three and a half ounces was caught in the Hudson River recently at Esopus, N. Y. It is considered to be the largest shad ever taken from the river.