

SULLIVAN AND THE REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms---\$1.00 in Advance; \$1.25 after Three Months.

VOL. XII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1894.

NO. 41.

New York City has more Southerners than any city in the South.

It is estimated that there are in London fully three million people who never enter a place of worship.

The Supreme Court has decided that a telegraph company is not liable for errors in the transmission of a cipher dispatch.

The New York Times notes the fact that "the only part of the country which seems disposed at present to invite or encourage immigration is the South."

The island kingdom of Tatiota, near New Zealand, with all the rights, privileges, prerogatives and appurtenances of royalty—including a throne and crown—is for sale to the highest bidder.

The English are pushing north from Yambesi and west and south through and beyond Mashonaland; in the latter direction lie the elevated pastures or plateaus of this part of Africa blessed with a temperate climate and fertile soil, and destined ere long to be the seat of a great empire.

C. P. Huntington says wheat in California is ceasing to be a factor of much importance in the wealth of the State. Although the State has produced 60,000,000 bushels a year, he believes that in a few years it will not produce 10,000,000 bushels. Other crops are taking the place of wheat with much more profit.

The installation of the big electric searchlight at Sandy Hook, N. J., marks the beginning of an important change in the lighting of the Atlantic coast. When the giant at Fire Island is completed, and proposed changes are made in the illumination of the harbor channels, big ocean liners will have no excuse for trying to cut across Long Island in their efforts to reach New York in a hurry.

An English exhibitor at the World's Fair has returned the medal and diploma awarded on the ground that they are without value, states the Courier-Journal. All exhibitors, he says, received them, and amateurs whose exhibits were of a trifling character received awards equal in value and merit to those made to the largest and most important exhibitors.

New York Judge remarks: "The chair for murderers has greatly simplified the legal taking of human life. The curiosity attending the business has died out, and within a few weeks several criminals have been killed with the slightest attention from the newspapers, a paragraph or two by telegraph being all the notice they got. The killing is done expeditiously and thoroughly, and the rope for such purposes has come to be looked upon as barbarism. We mention this because many wise newspapers declared when the chair was first used that it must be abolished."

Jennie Creek, ten years old, and living at Muckford, Indiana, has reason to be very proud and her friends have good cause to be proud of her, and without doubt are so. While Jennie was walking along the railroad track near her home last summer, she discovered that a trestle across a deep ravine was on fire, and she knew that a train bearing a load of passengers for the World's Fair would soon be along. With wonderful presence of mind the child ran to meet the train, and flagging it with her apron brought it to a stop. There were many French passengers on board, and on their return home they reported to their Government the conduct of the child. And so Jennie Creek has just received as a reward for her courage and presence of mind the medal of the Legion of Honor.

It is hard, admits the New York Independent, for an old-fashioned farmer on an isolated farm to bring himself to believe in the widespread prevalence of tuberculosis among cattle, and still harder for him to realize that fatal germs, that will eventually carry off tender infants, can hide themselves in the innocent looking milk. But not so very long ago a dairy, not far from New York City, was suspected of the infection. Specimens of milk from twelve out of twenty-five cows were found to contain tubercle bacilli, and portions of this milk were injected—with thorough aseptic proportions—into a healthy Guinea pig. The animal gradually emaciated, and in three weeks died. The autopsy showed cheesy tubercles at the centers of the mesenteric and inguinal glands, and the liver and spleen were teeming with miliary tubercles. The dairy from which that milk came was promptly condemned by the Health Board.

SOME HEARTS.

Through days a-weary, and scenes so dreary,
Some hearts in the shadow must stay,
White the aching eyes scan gloomy skies
For a light in the far away.
Through the darkness deep, dread agonies creep,
And steel the reluctant perfume
Of the flowers rare, that fate seemed to dare,
On the grief-stricken soil to bloom.
Through the dismal mists, of weeping and fears,
Some hearts, with the burden of woe,
On the grim highway, there no sunbeams play,
Through the blackness of night must go.
Some hearts must weep while other hearts sleep,
N'er dreaming of pain or sorrow;
Some hearts are sighing, some hearts are crying
O'er visions of dread to-morrow,
Some hearts must kneel and the chast'ning feel,
As hopes that were framed in the past
Fall into decay, and, swift, pass away,
Too frail, through suffering, to last,
Some hearts are aching, and silently break—
While the lives of others are crowned
With rapturous delight, that never takes flight—
Where despair's dark face never frowns.
—Edward N. Wood, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE STOUT PASSENGER.

In the city of Brussels a great deal of very pretty lace is exposed for sale. English women admire this lace and buy it. If they go straight from Belgium to England they can take it home without having to pay any duty, but if they pass through France they have to pay on all their new Brussels lace at the French Custom House. And many English women pass through France on their way from Belgium to England, because they prefer the short passage from Calais to Dover to the longer one from Ostend.

The Misses Wylie were charming, middle-aged ladies, fond of travel, fond of dress, fond of lace and very bad sailors. They had been excursions in Germany, had come down the Rhine and had spent a week in Brussels. More attractive than the field of Waterloo and more fascinating than the Musée Wiertz was the Galerie St. Hubert. Miss Melissa Wylie could not resist the white Brussels lace; Miss Annora Wylie could not resist the black. Each of the ladies bought; led on by the tempter, in the shape of a seductive shop woman, the Misses Wylie bought lace fichus, lace collarettes, lace by the meter. Day by day they added to their stock.

At length it was necessary to make for England and to pass through that dreadful France, with its protective duties. Then they realized their position. How about the lace?

"We cannot conscientiously say," remarked Miss Melissa, "that we have 'rien a declarer' (nothing to declare), because this lace is dutiable."

"And we dare not risk packing it," returned Miss Annora, "because they might take it into their heads to examine our boxes."

"How can we get it through?" mused the elder sister.

"We must get it through," declared the younger sister.

Presently Annora exclaimed: "I have it! We will wear it! No duty is paid on what one is wearing."

"Yes, yes," said Melissa, "but how can we wear it? The white will get soiled and the black torn in traveling. Besides, if it looks unnatural, as it would on our dresses and mantles, and officials will be sure to notice it."

"It would not look unnatural on our bonnets," said Annora.

They set to work to decorate their bonnets with the lace. They mingled white and black, fichu and flounce, in the most skillful manner, and though the bonnets looked somewhat overdone, yet they carried the lace, and it was probable that the male eyes of the Custom House officials would not notice anything abnormal.

The Misses Wylie rejoiced in their cleverness. They sat in the train on their way to France with clear consciences and light hearts. They had rien a declarer—nothing dutiable. In the compartment with them was only one other passenger, a stout man, of good-humored aspect, evidently from his extreme flabby stoutness and his extreme good humor, a middle-class German. Now, Germans who understand English are very sociable with their English fellow-travelers. As this German did not address the Misses Wylie, they felt sure that he did not understand English, and they talked freely to each other.

"I suppose," said Melissa, "that my bonnet looks all right? It does not strike the eyes as being too much trimmed, eh, Annora?"

"Well," said Annora, laughing, "it is too much trimmed for good taste, but then on this occasion you have had taste. What about mine?"

"Oh, quite artistic, a study in black and white, as the artists say."

The ladies laughed together, full of glee at their coming triumph over the Custom House officers. The German wore the fatuous grin affected by people who listen to a language which they do not understand.

At last the train slowed into Blandin station, the frontier. Out jumped the Misses Wylie with their hand baggage. They calmly awaited the approach of the officers. Out lumbered the German with his fatuous smile. He sauntered up to one of the chiefs of the douane.

WISE WORDS.

"Rien a declarer," said both ladies. "Eau de cologne, dentelles, tabaco, spiritueux" (cologne water, lace, tobacco, spirits), the officer ran off.

"Rien, rien," said the Misses Wylie. The man said nothing more, and the ladies, expecting the cry of "Et volture, s'il vous plait!" felt extremely happy.

But at that moment the official to whom the German had been speaking came up to them and said, in very fair English: "The ladies are fond of lace?"

Their hearts sank within them. "Rather," they concurred.

"And to carry it on the bonnet is a convenient manner of avoiding the duty."

They were undone!

"But we are wearing it," screamed Annora. Melissa panted.

"Mesdames, I admire your ingenuity, but such an amount of new lace cannot be passed even on your bonnets. Two, three, five meters," he went on, measuring the unlucky lace with his eye, "fichu, flounce, etc. So many francs or I confiscate it."

"En volture, s'il vous plait!" was heard.

The sum demanded by the officer added to what they had paid in purchase would have made the lace the dearest that ever was bought. They tore off their bonnets, pulled out innumerable pins, set free the fichus, flounces, etc., put them into the officer's hands and ran to their seats. Out of breath and out of pocket, they were most unhappy. Successful cheating is one thing, but unsuccessful cheating is another, and causes sharp pangs of conscience.

"Too bad!" cried Melissa as the train moved on. "We were entitled to what we wore."

"It was that German," said Annora. "He understood English. He heard what we said. He told the official. Oh, a man may grin and grin and be a villain!"

They groaned over their misfortune. The first time the train stopped the villain entered their compartments still grinning. They glared at him, but he still grinned. They took refuge in silence. He began to speak: "Ladies," he said in Londonese English, "I was very sorry to have to incur your displeasure, but I felt that it was my duty to report you at the douane. You had innocently told me all about the lace on your bonnets, and for the credit of our country, for the sake of English honesty, I was constrained to point out your bonnets to that official. Can you forgive me?"

"No," said Annora.

But Melissa thought that, notwithstanding his wicked cruelty, there was something very pleasant in his smile.

"I entreat your forgiveness, ladies; more, I humbly ask a favor."

"Sir?" exclaimed Annora.

"Miss Wylie, Miss Annora Wylie"—the presuming wretch had seen their names on their luggage, even their Christian names—"you will confer a great favor on me if you will tell me your address."

Annora reddened; Melissa blushed. Perhaps he was ashamed of the cruel part he had played and was about to offer an apology; perhaps their brave and gentle endurance of misfortune had touched him; perhaps their charms had won upon him that he wished to see more of them, with a view to their suppositions broke off rapidly.

Annora looked at Melissa, and Melissa looked at Annora. Then the elder sister spoke. "We live at 113 Angelina gardens, Edin Square, South Kensington, S. W."

The stranger made a note of the address. Melissa was on the point of asking his name when he said abruptly, "You shall hear from me." Then he discoursed on the country through which they were passing, after which he buried himself in a Figaro and talked no more. At the next stoppage he said a brusque "Good morning, ladies," and left the compartment, and they saw no more of him.

There was a considerable flutter in the breast of Melissa, who was of a romantic turn of mind, and who could only imagine one reason why this stranger should want her address. She still believed that he was a German who spoke English remarkably well, and she had seen that he was not a gentleman; she therefore made up her mind to refuse the offer of marriage which, no doubt he would shortly make.

Arrived in Angelina gardens, the Misses Wylie were occupied in arranging the household, and a couple of busy days were spent by them. On the third day after their home-coming they received by the same post a parcel and a letter. Annora opened the carefully tied and sealed parcel, while Melissa read the letter. Having read it once to herself she next read it aloud to her sister:

Mesdames: I felt myself under a very great obligation to you the other day at Blandin. I am a very thin man, but I was swathed round with hundreds of yards of the Brussels lace, and I thought that the best way of drawing the attention of the custom-house officers from myself was to draw it to you. It was partly in self-defense that I directed the raid on your bonnets. Having been the cause of the loss of your lace, I wish to make you due compensation, and I beg leave to send you some finer lace than that which you lost. I am, obediently yours,
YOUR STOUT FELLOW-TRAVELER.

Miss Melissa's possession of a black lace flounce and Annora of a dozen yards of white lace and a lace-edged handkerchief, and they quite forgave the stout German for his cruelty and for his stoutness. —Strand Magazine.

CAROLINA'S SEA ISLANDS.

A PECULIAR SECTION OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST. Numerous little islands on which Many People Work in Various Industries—Last Year's Storm.

LONG the southeastern Atlantic, from Savannah to Charleston, and from Charleston north to Georgetown, the shore-line is very irregular, perhaps more so than elsewhere on the Atlantic seaboard. Savannah, Beaufort, and Charleston, while seaport cities with their large shipping interests, are, in a sense, inland towns. They are reached through rivers, sounds, and bays, and the open ocean is seen only by glimpses if at all. These rivers and sounds cut the South Carolina coast into points, peninsulas, and islands varying in size, outline, and sometimes in general character or location. If one looks at the coast chart he will wonder how the pilots ever learn the channels, and how, having once mapped them, it is possible to follow the changes all the time in progress. The mainland runs into the sea like the fingers on one's hand, and the sea in its turn crosses the fingers and penetrates them like the veins. The water is often fresh or salt according to the ebb or the flow of the tide, and the rivers have two currents, one towards the ocean and the other from it.

There are some ninety of these islands, as they are recognized, but their number is doubled by heavy rains. These islands are wooded with pines and oaks, and the soil produces, when fertilized and attentively cultivated, abundant crops of cotton, rice, corn, watermelons, and a variety of vegetables. An industry which has become profitable during the past few years is taking from the rich beds, both on the land and in the rivers, their stores of phosphate rock. This business gives employment to thousands, as in the immediate vicinity of Beaufort 160,000 tons of this rock are taken out and washed preparatory to treatment every year. The rice plantations claim much of the tillable soil, and their product may be called one of the two leading staples. The other is cotton; not the common upland kind of Georgia and Mississippi, but the more sought-for Sea Island cotton. During the season of 1891-2 the crop of the islands was 11,501 bales. The past season yielded but about 2100 bales, showing the loss sustained in this one crop on account of the storm. These products are mentioned to show that the Sea Islanders in fair times are able to support themselves.

The population of these islands is forty thousand or more, depending somewhat on the season and the vigor with which the phosphate mines are operated. Eighty-five per cent. of these people are colored; the remaining fifteen per cent. include the planters and their agents, the storekeepers, the owners of business plants, and some scattered "crackers." As a whole, this population of forty thousand is not well-to-do. It dwells in huts and cabins rather than in houses. It lives contentedly on hominy and bacon, with boiled rice for variety, and sweet potatoes and chickens for luxuries. The majority of the blacks do not lose sleep because their crops are often mortgaged when they are planted.

The awful tidal wave of August 2, 1893, could hardly have found in the United States a section whose topography was more inviting to its fury. The surface of these islands is, for the most part, a scant five feet above tide-water. Almost everything but the tops of the pines was submerged by a wave which at its highest is said to have reached fifty feet. Cabins, fences, bridges, boats and everything securely anchored were carried out to sea; the growing crops almost ready for the harvest were washed out of the ground or killed by the salt water; desolation spread over the islands.

Prompt measures were adopted for relief, but the extent of the disaster increased as the truth became known. At Charleston and at Beaufort committees were organized, and contributions came to them from the generous North, though business depression then shadowed the country. Much had been done, there was vastly more to do, when on the 14th of September, Miss Clara Barton, President of the American National Red Cross, with assistants, arrived. Miss Barton came by the united requests of the Governor of South Carolina and the two United States Senators. Accompanied by Governor Tillman, Senator Butler, State officers and prominent citizens, an investigation was made. This was thoroughly and conscientiously done, even to the taking of a census of the destitute. The islands were divided, distributing centres located, trained nurses and physicians and experienced helpers were summoned. Very soon the Red Cross had an organization nearly perfect, and was familiar with every part of the islands. Delegations of sufferers called at first to present their needs, and later to state what they could get along without. The impression at the beginning was that the Red Cross is a second edition of the old Freedmen's Bureau, a distributing agency. It required six weeks to explain the character of the relief to be given, to impress it upon the sufferers. —Harper's Weekly.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The skin of the cactus plant is air tight.

The apple has a larger proportion of phosphorus than any other fruit.

There are no known means by which the scars made by smallpox may be removed.

Giants usually have weak constitutions, and are shorter-lived than dwarfs.

A Hungarian inventor claims to be able to make from wood pulp a fabric suitable for durable clothing.

A Frenchman has invented an electric mosquito bar which electrocutes insect pests which come in contact with it.

A microscopic examination of a hair will determine with almost infallible certainty to what kind of animal it belonged.

Scientific men have demonstrated that a speed of 200 miles an hour can never be attained by anything that moves on wheels.

Electric pianos, which play themselves, are keys being depressed as though by some unseen hand, are now being manufactured.

Plants are affected by various substances, just as animals are; electricity will stimulate them, narcotics will stupefy and kill them.

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the bursting power of freezing water. Twenty-pound shells have been burst asunder as though made of pottery.

An astronomer calculates that if the diameter of the sun is daily diminished by two feet, over 3000 years must elapse ere the astronomical instruments now in use could detect the diminution.

Italian grape culturists are now making illuminating oil from grape seeds, from which they get a product of from ten to fifteen per cent. It is clear, colorless and inodorous, and burns without smoke.

The light from the sun reaches the earth in seven and one-half minutes, though the distance is such that a cannon-ball fired from the sun and continuing its velocity unabated would require more than seventeen years to reach the earth.

A horse can draw on metal rails one and two-thirds times as much as on asphalt pavement, three and one-third times as much as on good Belgian blocks, five times as much as on good cobbles, twenty times as much as on good earth road, and forty times as much as on sand.

The migrating instinct is uncontrollable in birds that have it at all. Geese hatched from the eggs of the wild variety, though they have had no opportunity of learning, take wing in the fall and fly off to the South; if their wings be clipped they will walk off as fast and go as far as they can.

In a recent lecture, Sir Robert Ball said that a telegraphic message would go seven times round the earth in a second, and if a telegraphic message could be sent to the moon it would reach its destination in a little more than a second. He also thought that it would take something like eight minutes to arrive at the sun.

More than three hundred species of fish hitherto unknown to naturalists are described by M. Leon Vaillant as inhabiting the lakes of Borneo. Many other fish are identical with species living in the waters of the Sundra Islands and off Indo-China. As these species never reach the sea, they furnish another argument in favor of the theory of a former connection of these countries.

AT PLAY.

Play that you are mother dear
And play that papa is your beau;
Play that we sit in the corner here,
Just as we used to, long ago.
Playing so, we lovers two,
Are just as happy as we can be,
And I'll say "I love you" to you
And you say "I love you" to me!
"I love you" we both shall say,
All in earnest and all in play.

Or, play that you are the other one
That some time came, and went away;
And play that the light of years ago
Stole into my heart again to-day!
Playing that you are the one I know
In the days that never again may be,
I'll say "I love you" to you
And you say "I love you" to me!
"I love you" my heart shall say
To the ghost of the past come back-to-day!

Or, play that you sought this nestling place
For your own sweet self, with that dual gain
Of your pretty mother in your face
And the look of that other in your eyes!
So the dear old lovers shall live anew
As I hold my darling on my knee,
And I'll say "I love you" to you
And you say "I love you" to me!
Oh, many a strange true thing we say
And do when we pretend to play!
—Chicago Record.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A game bird—The shuttlecock. — Truth.

It may also be said that homeliness is only skin deep.—Puck.

The man who plays football, only has a fighting chance for his life.

The man who lost his temper wasn't proud of the article when he found it.

Some men are in the hands of a lawyer or doctor all the time.—Aitchison Globe.

Talent is the ability to make use of the results of some one else's genius.—Puck.

The greatest organ in the world with no stops—woman's voice.—Lowell Courier.

Whenever a man makes a good guess he begins to talk about his good judgment.—Puck.

A hint to the wise is sufficient, provided the wise are disposed to take it.—Galveston News.

When a man is beside himself he should not place much dependence on his companion.—Puck.

Usually when a woman's ear begins to burn she is talking about somebody.—Galveston News.

It is a mighty good boy who likes to have his school teacher meet his parents.—Boston Transcript.

One of the greatest pleasures in life is found in counting the money one is about to make.—Galveston News.

He madly loved a lass, alas!
Who was to him aversé
Because there was a lack, alas!
Of money in his purse.
—Kansas City Journal.

There is much tenderness in this seemingly cruel world—but the butcher rarely finds it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pathos sometimes is very near to humor; and some people's humor is very near to pathos.—Somerville Journal.

To learn to play the trombone it is necessary to have good lungs and indulgent neighbors.—Philadelphia Record.

A great many persons have been kept from making their mark in this world by copy books.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Muriel—"And how are you getting on with that Boston girl?" Jack—"Swimmingly. I've succeeded in breaking the ice."—Harlem Life.

Love—"I assure you, Herr Meyer, I cannot live without your daughter." Herr Meyer—"Oh, you overestimate my income."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Her brow was like the snowdrift,
Her throat was like the swan
When she'd bought complexion powders
And strewed them thickly on.
—Chicago Tribune.

She—"I believe the affection you professed for me was all put on." He—"Same as your complexion was in those days, eh?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Little boy, doesn't it pain you to see an elderly woman hanging on to a strap?" Boy (keeping his seat)—"No'm, less it's my ma."—Boston Journal.

When a woman puts on a nice apron around the house to save her dress, she puts on another apron on top of that to save the nice apron.—Aitchison Globe.

Rose—"Harry has such a cheerful disposition. He never borrows trouble." Daisy—"I have been told he makes an exception of that."—Harlem Life.

He—"They are not on speaking terms, you know." She—"Why, they are dead in love with each other." He—"For that reason they don't speak; they just sit and gaze at each other."—Philadelphia Call.

Mabel—"Papa is getting anxious about your calls. Yesterday he wanted to know who you were." Ador—"Um—I say, Mabel, if he mentions the subject again tell him you heard me grumbling about high taxes."—New York Weekly.

"Mary Jane," said the rector solemnly, "the steak is cooked to a crisp and the potatoes are raw. You have left undone the things that ought to be done, and cooked to do done the things that ought not to be done."—Indianapolis Journal.

Sunday Morning Wife—"Come, John, why don't you get up? Your breakfast was ready an hour ago, and it's spoiled by this time." Husband—"Is it? Very well, then I don't want it. Call me in season for dinner."—Boston Transcript.

FOUR CURIOUS EPIGRAMS.

"Arthur C." writes to the New York Press as follows: In a recent issue of the Press I find several curious epigrams. Two of them I think your correspondent has changed a little or else received an imperfect copy of the originals. The first, which is inscribed on a tombstone in the Isle of Wight, should read:

To the memory of Martha Gwynn,
Who was so pure and clean within
She cracked the outer shell of skin
And hatched herself a cherubin.

The last one as presented by Mr. Harrison is more perfect in rhythm than the original, which reads as follows:

Beneath this sod, in hopes of heaven,
Lies the landlord of the Lion;
His son sticks to the business still,
Resigned unto his father's will.

Having interested myself (in younger days) in collecting curious examples of churlish poetry, I might add to the list two of which perhaps the following is the most peculiar:

Father and mother and I
Chose to be buried asunder
Father and mother lie buried here
And I lie buried yonder.

A neighboring county furnishes the following epigram, which proves the "woman's rights movement" is not of recent origin, but was in full force in the rural districts of England even in the early part of the last century:

Here lay the man Richard
And Mary, his wife.
Their surname was Pritchard,
And they lived without strife;
But the reason was plain,
They abounded in clothes.
They no care had, nor pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.

Would not our modern cemeteries "Forests of Marble" be more interesting if there was a little more variety in the legends which tell of the virtues of the dead, even though our obituary poets should be compelled to gather a little inspiration from their illustrious predecessors?

THE OLDEST HUMAN HABITATION.

The most ancient architectural ruins known are the temples at Ipsambul, on the left bank of the Nile, in Nubia. The largest of these temples has fourteen apartments, the whole of which has been hewn from solid rock. Some idea of the immensity of these temples may be gleaned from the fact that one single apartment of which measurements were taken was found to be fifty-seven feet long and fifty-two feet broad, the vaulted dome-like roof being thirty feet above the floor and supported by two rows of massive square pillars, four in a row, and each of the same material of which the roof, side and floor of the temple are composed. To each of the pillars is attached a colossal figure of a man, the feet being on the floor and the head touching the roof. These human figures are necessarily of enormous proportions, and are each painted in gaudy colors. In front of this wonderful rock-out temple are seated four still larger figures of human beings, two of which are sixty-five feet in height, and are believed to represent Ramses the Great, whose remarkable military exploits are to be found depicted all over Northern Africa. Reproductions of two of these colossal figures on a small scale, were made and exhibited at the celebrated Crystal Palace, Sydenham, England.—St. Louis Republic.

A MAN WITH A DOUBLE HEART.

When the Mercer County (New Jersey) Medical Association was in session a few years ago a colored man named William King came before them for examination. He claimed to have two hearts, but a careful examination revealed the fact that his heart was double instead of being two separate blood-pumping organs. Besides having two distinct pulsations, which could easily be felt, he had wonderful control over his double life engine, being able to stop its beating for sixty months without inconvenience.—St. Louis Republic.

TRUTH ABOUT HINDOOS.

Despite all the talk about the Hindoos being so kind to dumb beasts, there were 745 cases of cruelty to animals in Calcutta alone last year. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals employs twenty-three agents, and collected in June 18,622 rapeseeds.—Denver Times.