

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., AUG. 22, 1889.

Great Britain has \$500,000,000 invested in our railways.

Another expedition to search for the North Pole has been organized.

Englishmen in New York who can afford to talk freely predict that royalty in England will not oust the Prince of Wales.

Out of thirteen clergymen interviewed in Cincinnati on the project of preaching sermons for little children, twelve decidedly opposed it.

Nearly one hundred officers of the British army have qualified as interpreters in foreign languages, thirty-eight of the number being in Russian.

The New York Globe is of the opinion that Cuba is the plague spot of this continent, a standing menace to the life and health of the surrounding countries.

Spain has for the first time begun the issue of paper money. The bills are of the denomination of one, five and ten francs, a franc being equal to sixty cents of American money.

It is on record that the daily interests of the United States foot up to the enormous amount of \$5,000,000,000, while the entire banking capital of the country is only about \$971,939,000.

London is said to be full of money. In the first six months of 1889 there were 1309 new joint-stock companies organized and registered there, with a total capital equal to \$573,000,000.

The "Angulus," Millet's painting, which was recently purchased in Paris by an American, will have cost \$150,000 when the duty has been paid. It is only 22 inches wide and 27 inches in length. This makes it cost \$3200 a square inch.

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier suggests that if the watermelon should be utilized for the production of syrup it might become a formidable rival with sugar cane and the sugar beet as the source of the syrup supply. The taste of watermelon syrup is pronounced to be excellent.

Despite recent gifts to the American colleges, which amounted to \$3,000,000 as a whole, these institutions, it is said, do not have sufficient money and feel financially embarrassed. Yale College, it is reported, needs \$2,000,000; Harvard \$4,000,000, and Columbia College requires \$4,000,000.

The Pester Lloyd, a German paper, ridicules in the curious fact that strikes and labor riots are most frequent where laborers are best paid, in France, in England and in the United States, while the artisans of Turkey and Eastern Asia work without a murmur for twenty cents a day.

The manufacture of postage stamps, which for twenty-eight years has been carried on at New York city, is to be transferred to Philadelphia, Charles F. Steele of that city having put in the lowest bid. The business is a large one. Two hundred hands will be employed and the annual output will be about 140,000,000 sheets.

The knapsack by which the weight of the burden carried is transferred to the hip from the shoulders has been under trial for some time by the authorities of the United States War Department. So favorable have been the reports received from the officers testing it that the Ordnance Bureau has been ordered to manufacture two thousand for use in the army.

The officers of several of the European steamers running to the port of New York, are trying to suppress gambling by passengers. The rules against it have been strictly enforced upon some of the lines, but entirely disregarded upon others. It has been found by long experience that it is a hard business to deal with on the high seas, just as it is on the dry land.

The Boston Investigator should have investigated the laws of probability before publishing the following hunting story, which certainly surpasses all recent achievements, even of our far Western specialists. The anecdote in question describes the adventure of a duck-catcher old tomsac that used to hide in a canebroke frequented by swarms of waterfowl. His plan was to pounce on the bird unawares and kill it after dragging it ashore; but the last time he tried that trick his claws got fastened in the down of an old greenhead drake, and seeing its advantage, the bird took wing and flew away with its would-be captor.

SCYTHE SONG.

Mowers, weary and brown and blith,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that over and over,
Sings the Scythes to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush! the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swing-
ing
Over the clover, over the grass!
—Andrew Lang.

DRIVEN AWAY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITZ.

I am sitting in my Grandmother Godfrey's rocker at the window of the east room looking out upon the family burying-ground at the foot of the hill, the meeting-house on its summit, and the Merrimac, which winds round it, in the distance. Here, fifty years ago, she used to sit with her knitting in the afternoons.

She dearly loved to talk, and, as I was her favorite, many of her quaint observations were addressed to me. One of them I now recall, as it has a certain relation to the matter of this narrative. More than once, as I sat near her, have I seen her kind brown eyes fixedly regard me over her steelbowed spectacles, and heard her say, with perfect gravity, "My dear, I think you'll be an old maid. You're a Rolde through and through, and most of their womenfolks were that kind. Indeed," she added, reflectively, "I came near being one myself."

The prophecy of the good old soul has been fulfilled, but it was my choice that made it so. When I was twenty-four, Joshua Goss came back on a visit from the West, whither he had gone ten years before to seek his fortune. He was of the pushing, thriving New England type, already prosperous in his new home beyond the Mississippi, and promising to become rich, perhaps famous.

I had corresponded with him occasionally since he went away. I had been his favorite among the girls at school, and was not surprised when he told me one day that his chief object in coming back at this time was to induce me to cast my lot with his.

It was in this very room that he asked me. Little Percy, only four years old then, had come in tired from his play, climbed into my lap, and fallen asleep. Joshua waited for my answer seriously and anxiously. My heart said yes, but I looked at the child, and duty bade me say no. It cost me a dreadful pain, yet I did not hesitate.

Very frankly I answered that this little orphan in my lap was my charge; that my brother Ephraim would never marry, and that my duty forbade that I should leave the old home. Joshua listened. He did not remonstrate nor argue, but I had never seen upon his face just such an expression as it then had.

"For your own sake, Patience," he said, in a trembling voice, "I hope you have chosen wisely. Whether so or not, I know you too well to try to alter your resolution. Good-by!"

I gave him my hand—for an instant—watched him as he slowly walked down the road until the turn hid him from my eyes, and then my life went on again the same as if no interruption had occurred.

His life since then has not been unknown to me, nor to the country. Should his true name be given here, it would be recognized as that of one whose voice has often been heard in the Senate of the United States.

When Percy was four years old and I twenty-four, Ephraim was twenty-six, and we three were the survivors of the long line of Ballards, Godfreys, Robins, Halls and what not, running back far beyond the War of the Revolution, who had dwelt in this ancient homestead and tilled this rocky farm.

In the last two years death had been busy with us. First, Grandmother Godfrey, full of years and ready to depart, was laid by her father, and within the twelvemonth both our parents were stricken down by the terrible scourge that visited the village that summer. They were carried to one grave on the same morning, while Percy picked clover-tops in the yard, and laughed as the long procession moved toward the hill.

In the six or eight years following I think we were happier than ever again while Brother Ephraim lived, for those were the years when Percy's sweet childish ways and cunning prattle filled the house with sunshine and music, and before any troublesome question as to his future had come in to divide us.

God's blessing and compassion, after our sore tribulation, seemed given us in this dear child. He was not at all like us, either in looks or actions; he never was. Ephraim and I were dark, almost sallow, like our father, and we had his slow, thoughtful speech and ways; but the child was like mother, fair, blue-eyed, with all her lightness of heart and cheeriness of voice.

The picture that comes back to me most vividly from those old days is that of Ephraim, stern and serious, even when a young man, as he read the Bible aloud at our early bedtime in his strong, nasal tone, and bore with a patience that he would not have exercised toward another the interruption caused by Percy's putting his chubby hands upon the page.

The boy grew up bright, quick and affectionate, but not over studious. He was full of fun and spirit, and hated confinement. I date the beginning of our troubles about him from the time that a copy of "Robinson Crusoe" fell into his hands.

The book absorbed him. He was thirteen years old at that time, but he said to me, with all the gravity and positiveness of a man, that he could never be anything but a sailor. I thought little of what he said at the time, and treated it as a mere boyish whim; but he never changed his mind.

He was almost seventeen when he left us for the sea. I think of what occurred before that day with pain and sorrow, but it must be told. It was one night after Percy had gone up to his chamber; Ephraim had been sitting some time in silence, and I saw there was something on his mind. At last he spoke: "Patience, that perverse boy will be the reproach and disgrace of our lives. He is bent on going to sea."

I knew something of Ephraim's stern will, but I had not often seen him so aroused. He tried in vain to repress his anger as he continued: "For a hundred years our fathers before us lived here, doing their duty in the way that God had called them. They tilled the land, and were not ashamed of their calling. There have been no rovers nor vagabonds among them, so far as I have heard; but here we have an idle, shiftless fellow, too proud to work on the farm, who must needs go off and herd with profane and rum-drinking sailors."

Useless as it was to argue with him, I could not bear to hear him speak so of Percy. "Ephraim, pray don't wrong him. He is not proud; he does not despise labor; he is a loving and truthful boy. My heart is sore enough to think of his leaving us in that way; but I remember how different he is—"

Ephraim rose, candlestick in hand, and cut short the discussion before it had fairly begun. "I am his guardian; I stand in the place of his father; I know what is for his good; I will never consent. He is almost a man, and quite able-bodied. Do you know that I am paying five and three-pence a day for labor? He shall be informed of his duty to-morrow."

I hoped that the explosion which was now to occur would be in my presence, that I might stand between these two brothers, so different in age and temper, and try to moderate their passions; but it was not to be. Nothing was said on the subject at the breakfast table. When the meal was finished, Ephraim said to Percy that he wished to see him alone, and walked out behind the barn. Percy followed him. At noon Ephraim returned to the house alone, his face darker and sterner than before.

"Where is Percy?" was my anxious inquiry. "I do not know," he replied. My heart was heavy with apprehension. Other questions that I asked he would not answer. The day passed, and supper-time came, but not Percy. I thought I should be sure to hear what had passed between them before another day, but Ephraim continued to be morose and silent, and I passed the most unhappy night that I had known since our parents died.

As we sat mute and oppressed at another and almost unattractive breakfast, the door opened. I looked round and uttered a cry of joy, for Percy stood there, his hand on the door-latch. He looked very tired, and his shoes were white with dust. "I couldn't go this way," he said, "so I walked all night to come back and just say good-by. Ephraim, don't blame me. I've tried to think as you do, but I can't. I know I've tried your patience, and I want you to forgive me. We must part friends."

He took a step toward the table, and held out his hand. "You disobey me; you quit this house without my leave," said Ephraim. "Undutiful boy, never speak of forgiveness, nor offer me your hand, until you have ceased to rebel!"

He left the room, and during that last twenty-four hours that Percy remained under the roof, Ephraim saw him no more. A brief letter to me from Boston told me that our trunk had shipped for a voyage to Canton. He put the world between us at the start, and not another letter was received by us from him.

Almost ten long years passed before any intelligence of him reached us. They were years of secret grief for me, which only the cares and labors of the house made tolerable. Not a day but I thought of Percy; not a night but I prayed for his safety. I used to scan the marine news in the paper to find something about him, and for his sake I was doubly kind and hospitable to the blue-jackets who sometimes came our way.

We filled those years with hard toil, and the unvarying round occupations that our situation afforded. There was rest and the comfort of coming nearer to God on the Sabbath; there were the prayer meeting and the choir meeting, and an occasional visit with a neighbor.

But it seemed as if the larger part of my life had left me with Percy. I had known that he was dear to me; but not before the sorrowful morning of our parting had I realized how closely my heart was bound to him.

His name was never spoken between Ephraim and me. Sometimes I fancied that some of the petitions which my brother offered in his prayers must be intended to refer to Percy; and once when he read the chapter containing the story of the Prodigal Son, his voice grew husky, and he finished it with difficulty. But he never mentioned Percy's name, nor did he encourage me to do so.

The 16th of March, 1853, lives in my memory as the darkest day of my life. Ephraim had gone to the village after supper, and did not return till near nine o'clock. The candle-light was bad and I did not see his face well when he came in. When he had hung up his hat and turned round I was scared by his looks.

"What is it, Ephraim?" I asked. He took a copy of the Boston paper of the day before from his pocket, and handed it to me, pointing as he did so to a paragraph which reported that the ship Emma Montford had arrived from Calcutta, and that the master reported the loss of Percy Ballard, able seaman, who had fallen overboard, while reefing.

We sat there together till the candle had burned low. The selfishness of my own consuming grief possessed me; I hardly thought of Ephraim until he spoke. He sat with his elbows resting

on the table, and his gaunt hands clasping his head.

"God humbles and smites me to-night for my hardness of heart," he said. "You never knew what happened on that morning when I took the boy aside to reason with him. I did not reason; I was harsh and tyrannical with him. When I peremptorily forbade him to go to sea, he tried to coax and persuade me. I cut him off with a stern command; he answered me shortly, and I chastised him severely."

"Think of it, Patience!"—Ephraim's voice was broken. "I beat him like a dog. He ran away; but his great heart reproached him, and he came back, penitent and weary, to ask my forgiveness. You saw me—you heard me. Pride and hardness filled my heart, and I—I repulsed him."

His face was turned from me; if there were not tears in his eyes, his voice belied him. For an hour longer, before I went to my sleepless bed, his heavy tread sounded from the chamber above, as he paced the floor. The door was open and the light was burning as I passed along the hall. I looked in and saw Ephraim kneeling by the bedside.

Thereafter came a dreary stretch of years, in which I toiled, suffered and prayed. Our affairs went from bad to worse. Ephraim was not the same man after that night. The remorse that afflicted his spirit seemed also to have stricken his body, and he wasted into the mere shadow of his former self.

I tried to console and comfort him, as did also our good minister, but even in his distress of mind he seemed as far removed from human sympathy and influence as he had ever been. Often in the night, when I awoke to think of Percy as I last saw him, the deep and earnest tones of prayer from the adjoining room told me that Ephraim was wrestling for the pardon which his abject spirit almost declined in advance to receive.

He, too, soon slept in the family burying-ground. Poor, self-accused brother! I have suffered, but never as he did.

In better times and with average seasons, I am vain enough to think that, though a woman, I could have managed the place with the average prosperity. But the crops failed, and then came on the war-time, when help was scarce, and the demands of labor were high. Next the barns were burned by lightning, and most of the stock perished in them.

With each new misfortune I nerved myself for new efforts; but I came at last to realize that I was contending against hope. Years were piling their weight upon me; my strength was failing. Yet I struggled on.

For two years the interest on the old mortgage which dated back to father's time had not been paid, and threats of foreclosure had reached me. The prospect of being turned out of this dear old home was rudely thrust upon me. I could think of nothing else. I was thinking of it one evening, just at dusk, as I stood at the door.

A poorly dressed man, leading a little girl, came out of the obscurity of the road, hesitated and stopped. His face was half concealed by hair and beard, and his shabby dress prejudiced me against him; but the roll in his walk betokened the sailor, and inclined me at once to charity.

"We're hungry, ma'am—sissy and me," he said in a gruff voice. "Some bread and milk, please."

I motioned them into the kitchen. "Go in there," I said, "and I will come in a moment and get you some food."

I was gone no longer than was necessary to bring the lamp that I had left lighted in the sitting-room. At the kitchen door my feet were arrested by the spectacle of the man's impudence. He had actually gone to the buttery, brought out a pan of milk and a loaf of bread, dark as it was, and out of a dipper full of the milk, he was giving the child a drink.

I was very indignant. "How dare you take such a liberty?" I asked. He turned his face over his shoulder to me, and the merry expression of his eyes stopped my scolding abruptly. He spoke—this time in a voice that I knew at once.

"Why, Patience, this is the way I used to do, you know." I did not faint; but I must have dropped if he had not caught me. "O Percy!" I sobbed, "has God given you back to me?"

"Yes, sister. Where is Ephraim?" I pointed toward the hill.

We talked so late that night in the sitting-room that his little girl went to sleep in my arms. The report in the newspaper could not have referred to him, as he said that he had never seen the ship Emma Montford.

Bronzed and bearded as he was, he had the beaming eye and the laughing voice of his youth; but when I told him more about Ephraim, his eyes moistened and he was silent for a long time.

Later he told me the story of his wanderings which I put in a few words. He had sailed to almost every quarter of the globe, and in the first year of his absence he had twice or thrice written to me. For some reason I did not receive the letters. As he did not hear from me he became careless, and for a long time was a wild and reckless rover.

Later, he settled in Australia, where he married and reared a family. "I thought I was happy in those days," he concluded. "But when, one after another, my beloved wife and children were taken from me—all but Clarice—my eyes were opened to my ingratitude and selfishness, and I said to myself that these afflictions were judgments upon me. Away off there on the other side of the globe I grew homesick for the old place and the dear, familiar faces—and here I am."

His words filled me with delight, and also pained me, for how could I tell him that the place was about to be sold? He was quick to see the change in my face, and asked me what was troubling me. He would have to know soon, and it seemed better to tell him at once. His eyes actually brightened as he heard me.

"Is that all?" he asked. "All? why, you don't comprehend me. I told you there was two thousand dol-

lars and two years' interest due on the mortgage, and—"

He drew a leather wallet from his pocket, and tossed it into my lap. "There, Patience, examine that at your leisure. You'll find three thousand dollars in it; you can use what's over to fix up the old house. Fudge! be quiet! it's only a drop out of what I have accumulated. Did you suppose I'd been farming off in rich Australia for so many years with nothing to show for it?"

I was laughing and crying all at once. "You looked so shabby, Percy, I did not think—"

"No more would any one. But you might expect that when I did come back, all my boyish fun would come with me."

This happened one evening long ago. The years since then have brought to us all the happiness that was foreshadowed in Percy's return. On this mellow Indian summer afternoon my heart is filled with joy and gratitude.

From the east window I see Percy and Clarice as they stroll among the mounds in the little enclosure where our parents and Ephraim are sleeping. He told me on the night of his return that the dear child should always be with me, and that much of his own time should be spent here. He occupies the little chamber which was his in boyhood; he will have no other.

Ah, is not life worth living, in spite of all the clouds and crosses, when it brings so bright a sunset as this? Yea, not only in the world to come, but here, also, do we have our rewards.—*Youth's Companion*.

A New Use for Watermelons.

The watermelon crop of Carolina, Georgia and Florida is rapidly getting too large—more than the market requires. There is profit in the business, but what with the high freight rates, and the large yield of melons during a favorable season, the profit is not as great as the melon growers would like, and the latter are looking around for some other use to which they can put their superfluous fruit.

Colonel William Duncan, of South Carolina, has made a suggestion in this matter, which has received the approval of a number of Carolina newspapers and melon growers—this is the manufacture of syrup from the melon.

Colonel Duncan insists that the melon can be more easily and more generally raised than the sugar cane, and as it grows above ground it is more conveniently cultivated than the sugar beet. He has experimented in the manufacture of syrup from melons and finds it excellent, more like preserves than the cane syrup, he says, and likely to become popular with every one who tries it. He has made the syrup and sold it, and found no difficulty in getting a good price for it.

Nor does the value of the melon cease here, for after the juice has been extracted, the refuse remains excellent for feeding to stock, and as a stock food repaying the cost of making the syrup.

Figuring on an average melon crop of one South Carolina county, Barnwell, Colonel Duncan estimates the profits to the farmers if their crops were made into syrup at \$200,000, which is more than it would yield were the melons sold as fruit.

These figures are likely to stagger the melon growers, but they are backed up by Colonel Duncan from his own personal experiments. It is true that these experiments were on a small scale, and it may be that if every one goes to making melon syrup it will prove a drug on the market.

The suggestion, however, appears to have met with favor on the South Atlantic coast. The melon growers of that section have had a great deal of trouble with their crops during the height of the season, and have received very low prices therefore, and it is highly probable that with this experience they will accept Colonel Duncan's suggestion, and test the fact whether the manufacture of melon syrup can be carried on profitably on a large scale.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

The Speed of Fishes.

The speed of fishes is almost an unknown quantity, being, as Professor G. Brown Goode says, very difficult to measure. "If you could get a fish," said Professor Goode to a *Post* reporter, "and put him in a trough of water 1000 feet long and start him at one end and make him swim to the other without stopping, the information could be easily obtained, but fish are unintelligent and they won't do this. Estimates of the speed of fish consequently are only approximated, and more or less founded on guessing. You can tell, however, at a glance whether a fish is built for speed or not. A fast fish looks trim and pointed, like a yacht. Its head is conical shaped, and its fins sit down close to its body, like a knife blade into its handle. Fish with large heads, bigger than their bodies, and with short, stubby fins, are built for slow motion."

"What are the fastest fishes?" "The predatory fish, those which live on prey, are the fastest swimmers. The food fish are generally among the slowest, and are consequently, easily captured. Their loss is recompensed, however, by the natural law which makes them very prolific in reproduction. Dolphins have been known to swim around an ocean steamer, and it is quite safe to say that their speed is twenty miles an hour, but it may be twice as much. The bonito is a fast-swimming fish. Just what its speed is I do not know. The head of the goose fish is very large—twenty times as big as its body. It moves about very little, and swims at the bottom of the ocean. The Spanish mackerel is one of the fastest of the food fishes. Its body is cone-shaped and as smooth as burnished metal. Its speed is as matchless as the dolphin, and in motion it cuts the water like a yacht."—*Washington Post*.

The Dampest Place on Earth.

The heaviest annual rainfall on the globe, 600 inches, is on the Khasia Hills, in India, about 500 inches of which falls in seven months. This astonishing amount is due to the abruptness of the mountains, which face the Bay of Bengal.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Melons were found originally in Asia. The Mormons founded Nauvoo, Ill., in 1840.

Sage is a native of the South of Europe. An Atlanta (Ga.) store is built entirely of paper.

In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a lawyer. There is only one lawyer in Millville, N. J., a city of over 10,000 inhabitants. It is an ancient belief that a change in the body of a man occurs every seventh year.

Mr. C. W. Oldrive walked five on the surface of the water near B. recently.

There are 450,000,000 postal cards manufactured annually, and their use is increasing daily.

The New York Custom House has an efficient clerk, William O. Fitzgerald, who is a deaf mute.

The present English national debt may be said to have commenced in the reign of William III., 1689. Ship building was begun at Salem, Mass., about 1640. So began the ship building industry in this country.

It is said that the number of deaths recorded each month in the North Atlantic alone varies from twenty-five to forty-five.

About a week's association with thrashing machine will pitch a farmer's voice fully an octave higher, as all town folks know.

A Jefferson City (Mo.) man is making a living by following up parties and gathering up the empty cans which they leave.

Tombs from the squares before the Philadelphia electric light poles are fest on the friezes that trouble them sizzling hot.

The Minnie rifle was invented at Vincennes, France, about 1833, by M. Minnie, who from a common soldier raised himself to a high rank.

A Pennsylvania boy found a bird's nest that contained eggs of four different colors—white, pink, blue and green. All were of the same size.

A Chicago detective has just had a pocket picked of \$600, which he has drawn from a building association to make a payment on a house.

A goat at Dallas, Texas, which came upon a rattlesnake, walked back a few yards, and taking a running start, made a long jump, alighting with his legs bunched, and cutting the snake in two.

Spiders have been known to come out of their webs and crawl down the side of the wall at the sound of music, seemingly enchanted by the sound, and hurrying back to their hiding-places as soon as the music ceased.

The latest development of the slot machine is a brass frame enclosing the slot directory, which permits the volume to be opened only when a cent has been inserted in the slot. It is hailed as a blessing by druggists and others whose directories are in constant demand by the public.

It is believed by the Moslems that the Judgment day printers will be required to furnish with souls all representations of human beings which they have made. Falling in this opinion, they will lose their own souls as a forfeit for their presumptions imitation of the work of the Creator.

One method of keeping the railroad track clear of sand near the Cayman Islands to soak the road-bed with sea-water. In other places it is protected with armor of clay. Palisades are sometimes used to stop drifting. Another method employed is the cultivation of hardy plants, such as are used for the same purpose on the Danish coast.

Romance of a Famous Mineral Water.

David Andreas Saxlehner, owner of the Hunyadi Janos, died recently while in his way to Carlsbad. He was a man of limited education, but practical in the extreme. After failing in several undertakings, he established a "national drinking-house" in Buda Pesth, in which home-goods alone were sold. Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, consented to act as Saxlehner's clerk for several days in consequence of which the business increased enormously. While Saxlehner was sitting one day in his office, a peasant entered and complained that he could get no fresh water on his farm. He had bored wells in a number of places, but succeeded in getting only a peculiarly scented fluid, which he feared to use. Saxlehner was interested. He asked the peasant to bring him a sample-bottle of the water, had it analyzed, and decided to purchase the estate. He paid one thousand gulden per acre for the farm and established a factory as soon as possible. The water became popular at once, and the red label upon the bottles is a famous trade-mark. Of late years, the sales reached four millions annually, and made Saxlehner many times a millionaire.

An Algerian Horror.

A performance which is quite out of the common rut is that of the Aissoums in the Algerian concert at the Paris Exposition. The Aissoums are not actors, dancers, or athletes; they belong to a tribe where religious jugglery is kept in great honor. To please the Divinity they eat the leaves of the thorny cactus, and their eyes project from their orbits, pushing their cheeks with long needles, and themselves bitten by vipers, snakes, snakes or keep their equilibrium on a dagger, and all this is accomplished without shedding blood and without apparent pain or injury to themselves.

After roasting for a few minutes over a heated holding hot coals, they look intoxicated and give to the head a rotary impulsion which leaves them in a sort of hypnotic state. Then, at the sound of a particular sort of music, they perform before the public all the acts that I have just enumerated. It is terrifying, even repulsive, but all the same it is very curious, and is one of the great attractions of the Exposition.—*Chicago Herald*.