

CLARA BARTON.

THE JOHNSTOWN DISASTER COMPARED WITH OTHER HORRORS

A Reception to Miss Barton—The Most Pathetic Case That Came Under Her Observation—An Elegant Testimonial Previous to Her Departure.

Miss Clara Barton, being about to leave our city, is attracting much attention. In fact she will not be fully appreciated until she has left us. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," is an old saying. The people are now beginning to see more fully how much good Miss Barton has been doing amongst us. Although she and the Red Cross have been appreciated ever since they have been here, their withdrawal will make more apparent what a blessing they were.

A part of a recent interview with Miss Barton was as follows:

"How does the Johnstown flood compare in its effects with scenes that you have elsewhere witnessed in war or pestilence?"

"The scenes here could scarcely be compared with those of war. This thing happened all at once, and it was done. War goes on. In the war the victims are not all killed. Some of them remain to be cared for. This would seem to have been like a battle in olden times, when the victors went through and slew all the wounded and left only dead on the field. In the matter of relief, it was easier to relieve here, for one was safe while doing so. I have been accustomed, while on the field, to give while under fire and in danger the kind of relief that I gave. Here one might work unmolested. This spectacle was as ghastly, for the first few days, as a battle with the burying of its dead. I should judge that, for the hours it lasted, while the people were in the flood, it was worse, more terrible, than a battle. The victims faced death more certainly. There must have seemed to them to be less chance of escape than even that of a body of soldiers engaged in a charge of the most perilous nature. In the matter of absolute, acute suffering of the people as I first saw them, it seemed to have been mercifully provided for. They were dazed. There were no tears, no wailings for the dead. They seemed to have come up to the measure of human suffering and horror and desolation—to have reached a point beyond which they could not feel. In their moments of danger they seemed to have suffered all that it was possible for human beings to suffer and still live. The survivors seemed surprised that they had escaped. I do not think that all of them were glad of it when they found themselves so utterly bereft of friends, but they could only seem astonished, dazed and steeled.

"There was another feature which made it incomparable with a battle—these victims were largely women and children. I have seen something like this after a siege, when a city was entered, and the hospitals filled with women and children. This is always regarded as the most dreadful and pitiful feature in such a spectacle.

"It is scarcely possible to bring the two pictures into actual contrast, as their similarity would mainly exist in their dreadfulness, their terrible."

"What has been, or is likely to be, the ultimate effect upon the sufferers, especially the women so far as insanity or melancholia is concerned?"

"I do not think that I have observed any general tendency toward insanity. It would be difficult to judge precisely what it would be that was weighing upon the mind of a woman, even if one saw her melancholy—whether it was the effect of the shock, or of the necessities it had brought her by the loss of friends and home and property, or of dread of the future. I am inclined to think that the latter are weighing more heavily to-day upon the mentality of these people than are the results of any shock which they may have sustained at the time of the disaster. Some, however, went insane at the disaster, and have never since recovered their reason."

A SAD STORY.

"What do you regard as the most pitiable case that came under your observation?"

"A young and very pretty girl, seventeen years of age, was brought to me a few days ago. At the time of the flood she had a father, a mother, a brother and a sister. They were Germans. When the waters came down, the father was at work in a coal mine, and knew nothing of the disaster until he came up the shaft at 6 o'clock in the evening. The two sisters were thrown out of an upper window as the house pitched. The one now alive caught hold of a tree and floated. The other girl found no tree, and sank to rise no more. The brother attempted to get the mother across the railroad track. He had got her as far as the middle of the track, when she fainted. The flood came with all its force against a 'dead' engine standing close by and pushed it upon him. It cut the unconscious woman completely in two. The son, in his further efforts to save even her body, was himself drowned. When the father came out of the mine and found himself, as he thought, bereft of his home and all his dear ones, he became insane, and is now in a retreat near here. The only one of his family who was saved is now homeless, friendless and sick. She was thrown into a fever, and taken away, but recovered and taken back to town, and is now here with a family whom she knew before the flood. She was badly hurt, and is still very feeble. When she was brought to me, my lady assistants took great pleas-

ure in fitting her to all she could possibly want, and I was equally happy in giving her a little home of her own, if she should ever again see fit to make one and become independent."

"How do you regard the future of Johnstown as a city?"

"It is already assured. The prospects are very bright. There is immense enterprise as well as great thrift here. Johnstown isn't going crazy on account of this calamity, no matter what pet theories may be. In five years it will be a busier, better and more beautiful city than it ever was."

Miss Barton has no definite plans for the future, but she may be depended on to find other congenial outlets for her energies and sympathies as soon as she shall be a little rested.

SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD.

Reward Saturday by the Finding of a Body—Description.

The work of searching for the dead, under the direction of the Executive Committee, was begun on Thursday by a small force of men, but yesterday the force was increased to sixty-one men and twenty-four teams. The operations were begun back of Honeymoon Row. The work was continued in that vicinity today. An observer says that there is quite a difference between the way these men, who are under the efficient management of Mr. Emanuel James, work and the way the State's forces conducted their operations. There is no friction, no waiting, no one getting in another's way to take up time, but all moves along smoothly. The deposit is removed and dumped on and near the Akers & Baumer's slaughter house. The idea is to raise the level of that part of the town, which has always been about the first to be flooded.

Yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock a body was found, and taken to Henderson's Morgue. The description as nearly as could be ascertained from the state in which the body was, is as follows:

No. 492, Male apparently not old, height five feet six inches, brown hair, white shirt, brown and mixed cotton socks, gaiter shoes, black corkscrew coat and vest, black pants with white thread, red bandana handkerchief, no collar or neckwear, as near as could be told, two collar buttons one pearl and the other gold plated, with set, one rubber sleeve-holder with steel attachments. From the pockets were taken a three-bladed knife, ring, shoe-button, lead pencil with steel fastener for vest pocket, street car check, and child's china ornament.

The work of searching for the dead will be continued for some time as the fund is growing rapidly. The Johnson Company's employees yesterday added about \$700 to the fund, and from other sources about \$300 were raised, making altogether nearly \$8,000 already contributed.

TWO MILES DOWN THE RIVER.

The Insurance Policy of Charles Kies Found in Cambria City.

Before the flood Mr. Charles Kies kept a bakery and confectionery on Railroad street. He had been married but a few months. He and his wife were both drowned on the black Friday. His body was found in Cambria City and buried from the morgue at St. Columba's Church. Mr. Kies carried a policy of \$1,000 in the New York Life Insurance Company. The policy was found on the river bank in Cambria and has been photographed by the company, and the company has a reduced plate copy of the policy very finely printed as a relic of the Johnstown flood. Until lately no Administrator for Mr. Kies was appointed. Mr. Robert Sagerson was authorized to administer the affairs of the estate, and yesterday he received from Mr. John McDermott, agent, the amount of the policy.

Mr. McDermott also paid Susan Young, widow of Emil Young, the Clinton street, jewelryman, \$1,031.88 being the amount of her husband's policy with the above named company. Both these claims would have been paid some time ago, but in the first case there was no one authorized to receive it, and in the other case the papers were not in the right shape till very recently. The New York Life was very prompt in paying off the policies of those lost in the flood. Eighteen policy holders with that company were lost.

FIRE AT NO. SIX BRIDGE.

Camp Sims Burned With All Its Contents. C. A. Sims' Camp at Bridge No. 6 was burned out Saturday about 6 o'clock. It was a four roomed house, and gave shelter to seven of the workmen engaged on the P. R. R. repairs. Those stopping in the house lost all their clothing, trunks, and other effects, the total loss of which is about \$1500. The fire caught from a hanging lamp in the dining room. The hook broke and the lamp fell scattering fire in all directions. Supper was nearly ready, and the workmen found difficulty in escaping, so rapidly did the flames spread. Two of the occupants, Wm. Luther and Lee Masterton, are from Johnstown, the others, C. A. Sims, Assistant Engineer of Construction, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Robert King, Ed. S. Hippy and J. C. Crawford, are from Philadelphia, and D. J. Foster from Harrisburg, and the cook from Pittsburgh. All the draughts made by the engineer for the second pier at No. 6 bridge were lost, and the work will be delayed somewhat. Robert King, one of the occupants, had a very narrow escape, being up stairs at the time the fire broke out.

If you are out of notes, envelopes or bill heads, call at the DEMOCRAT printing office and get a supply. You will be suited in quality and price.

THE FANCIES OF FASHION.

DESIGNS FOR SHADE HATS FOR OUT-DOOR WORKERS.

Just the Thing for Women-Folks Who Are Much in the Open Air and Who Cannot Be Troubled With Parasols. No More Tanned Faces If This Device Be Worn.

There seems to be nothing procurable just now that will furnish protection against the sun except what are termed garden shade hats, and one can hardly be comfortable wearing one of these on a hot day without a parasol also. They are very nice for some purposes, but for those who wish to spend long days in the fields they do not afford a very effective protection against tan and sunburn. Sun bonnets, so often resorted to by the uninitiated, though nice for the complexion if made large enough, are soon found to be a delusion as far as comfort is concerned, their close, flapping sides effectually shutting out sunlight and air. The arrangement here represented is the result of a sudden inspiration which came to a lady often called to spend a part of the hot summer days in the open field. Veils being a nuisance, parasols a hindrance and her out-of-door occupation a necessity, she happened to slip upon the device illustrated, which is simply a plaiting of paper tacked to the rim of a common garden hat. She tried the experiment for one day; it was so satisfactory that she has enlarged her hat in that way for several seasons and considers the question of shade settled, as she desires nothing better, lighter or more airy.



SERVICEABLE SHADE HATS.

Any hat with a rim that does not roll up will do to enlarge, but one that can be bent down at the sides is best; any kind of paper may be used except tissue. To make a four-inch plaiting, take a long strip of paper nine inches wide, fold it lengthwise in the middle and lay it in plaited folds on the rim down to the rim of a common garden hat. She tried the experiment for one day; it was so satisfactory that she has enlarged her hat in that way for several seasons and considers the question of shade settled, as she desires nothing better, lighter or more airy.

The centennial boating and tennis gowns worn this season are exceedingly stylish and charming. Their principal color-mixtures are red, white and blue not only celebrate the glory of the year, but follow a style originated by the Princess of Wales, who particularly affects these colors. Usually there is an open jacket of red and blue striped serge, with a very wide collar of dark red or blue velvet, vest and undersleeves of cream-white crepe cloth, or on more expensive suits these are of cream-white washing silk. These undersleeves are in full blouse style, gathered into a band at the wrist. They come from under close ones of the stripe, which reach just below the elbow, ending in a rounded point. Silver buttons like those worn by officers on royal yachts are set on each side of the jacket.

A Beautiful Toilet.
One of the most beautiful toilets seen this summer is made of palest golden green water silk, draped with green tulle sprayed with fine gold leaves. The dress is in princess shape, demi-trained. The bodice is cut out square front and back, and veiled lightly with the tulle. The sleeves are short, and the garniture consists of trailing sprays of pink roses and foliage, mingled with pale yellow honeysuckle blossoms. A tall slender blonde of the purest golden type wears this toilet to the admiration of all who behold her in it.

Artistic Tea-Gowns.
The artistic medieval tea-gowns, with cutlass corsage and full skirts, are very charmingly made of the soft beautifully tinted silk muslins, brocaded with roses and foliage. These are invariably made up over silk linings the shade of the gown. Neither ribbons nor flowers are worn with these dresses, except upon the corsage is a deep turn-down collar of Venetian lace, this reaching to a decided point on the front of the V-shape opening in the neck. There are lace cuffs to match.

Imitating the Men.
The caprice of borrowing details from masculine attire grows still more evident, and in tailor-made walking suits and tennis and yachting costumes there is really very little except the skirt to distinguish them from men's dresses. Soft felt hats in black, white and gray are worn, caps with cloth or leather visors, stiff neckties with scarf pins; sailor knots and collars, vests and outway jackets, link buttons, skirt waists with studs, and so on. These little affectations appear most charmingly with sweet sixteen.

Quotations from Shakespeare in raised letters appear upon some of the newest bangle bracelets.

Garden ribbons and half shawls of white muslin and lace are worn with hats of shirred muslin to correspond.

UNCLE JERRY AND THE PARCEL.

A Story of a Trade in a "Berkshire" Cow.

"Some years ago," Uncle Jerry Book says, "I was living in a small town where the folks are all mechanics and the village pastor even was not above making a deal now and then in farm products. He said to me one day that he had a fine Berkshire sow he would like to sell. He described it to me as a very fine sow, dwelling especially on its breed. I wanted such an animal at that time, and it did not take us long to strike a bargain. Dealing with my pastor, I took his word for the sow, and did not even go to see it. On account of the breed I paid a good round sum for the sow.

"He sent it around when I was away, and it was in the pen when I returned. I took my wife and two or three friends to see it, and we were all much pleased. I was quite proud of the possession and had a great deal to say of its fine points as we went. A hungry grunt greeted us as we approached. With great expectations we looked over the bars. There was as long-nosed, lank-sided old razor-backed sow as ever you set eyes on. I was provoked—that is to say, I was mad. I made no attempt to express my feelings there. I just told the hired boy to drive that critter around to Parson Blank's and before he had time to get the bars down I was at the parson's myself. 'She's a coming. I want my money back,' I said, as mildly as I could under the circumstances. 'Well, you won't get your money,' the parson replied. Then I was afraid I used a number of biblical expressions in a way the parson was not used to hearing them; for he got very pale, and I got my money.

"The parson was anxious that no hint should be generally known about the transaction.

"At church the next Sunday he preached an eloquent sermon. He had the congregation worked up. 'What did Jeremiah say? What did Jeremiah say? What—did—Jeremiah—say?' in the warmth of his eloquence he cried.

"He says as how he'd be d—d—if he wouldn't mash you all up if you didn't give him his money and leave your old sow! It was a contribution to the congregation who was speaking, and he thought he had answered the parson's question.

"So the story of the pig got out and the preacher left that diocese."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Patagonian Fur Dealers.

The southern part of the South American continent, extending 300 miles from the Rio Negro, the boundary of the Argentine Republic, to the Straits of Magellan, received from its early Spanish discoverers the name "Patagonia," on account of the large human figures they saw on its soil before they met any of the natives. These were fabulously reported to be a race of giants; but they are only a well grown, robust, peaceable savage folk, calling themselves *Lisonecas* or *Tehuelche*, divided into clans and tribes, often migrating from one district to another, and their total number is but a few thousand. Hunting is their chief occupation, and they are expert horsemen, trainers of dogs and shooters with the bow or arrow or throwers of the lance.

The huano (or guanaco), a species of llama, is the wild animal that mainly supplies these people with food, clothing and shelter. Their dresses and accoutrements being made of its skin, say the "London News." Few of them possess herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. In some of their habits there is likeness to those of the North American Indians who formerly subsisted on the buffalo or bison of the western prairies. The country is claimed as a part of the dominion of the Republic of Chili, but has not yet been accurately explored, but there are Chilean settlements on the shores of the Straits of Magellan, the chief of which is at Punta Arenas, or Sandy Point, near the entrance to those straits. Here the steam vessels passing through the straits are accustomed to stop, and Patagonian furs are often being on board for sale to the officers and passengers. Beautiful rugs of huano skins which have been prepared and sewn together by the *Tehuelche* women. The bargaining for this commodity is a lively scene.

Graveyards in London.

A return has just been issued from the Home office, dealing with the subject of metropolitan cemeteries. Of the twenty-three cases which have fallen within the scope of this inquiry, it appears that the City of London and Tower Hamlets Cemetery, Mile-end, leads off with a ghastly tenantry of some 247,000 bodies, while All Souls' Kensal Green, occupies the largest area comprising some sixty-nine acres, and also enjoys the priority in respect of age.

As regards the space allotted for each grave, some disparity is observable, 9 feet by 6 feet 6 inches being the maximum limit. The common interment system is very general, it being, for instance, the latest stage in the carrying of the body as light to ten adults, or twenty children and grown-up persons mixed, in a common resting place.—London Daily Telegraph.

Traveling on His Face.

The three assistant postmasters-general, the chief postoffice inspector and his eighty-five assistants and the superintendent of the railway mail service and his dozen assistants, all have passed signed "John Wananaker" that entitles them to ride free on all railroad, steamboat and stage lines which carry the United States mail; but the postmaster-general cannot issue one to himself, by and for himself, and so has to pay if he travels and steamboat and stage people refuse to take his word for it that he is the head of the postoffice department. His fame is so general, however, and his face so familiar to the readers of picture papers that the most officious gate keeper for once exercises what might be called his discretion.—Philadelphia Press.

A Georgia Marriage Knot.

ELBERTON, Aug. 3.—An amusing marriage took place in Elberton the other day. A couple came into the court house to be married. A new justice was called in. He had no form, and improvised a join hand, and then, after hesitating a while, he asked the groom these questions: "Will you stick to this woman through thick and thin, up and down right and left, hot or cold, wet or dry, and have no other wife but her? If you will, you can have her for a wife." Similar questions having been propounded to the woman, and affirmative answers given, he pronounced them husband and wife.

Increased Purchasing Powers of Grain.

In 1816 it took one bushel of corn to buy one pound of nails, now one bushel of corn will buy ten pounds of nails. Then it required sixty-four bushels of barley to buy one yard of broadcloth, now the same amount of barley will pay for twenty yards of broadcloth. It then required the price of one bushel of wheat to pay for one yard of calico, now one bushel of wheat will buy twenty yards of calico.—English Mechanic.

INTO A PILLAR OF FIRE.

A MINING EXPERT FACES DEATH TO EARNS \$1,000.

William H. Marvin's Hazardous Attempt to Remove the Caps of a Burning Gas Well—Covered with Asbestos and Wet Cloths, He Succeeds, but Suffers Terribly in the Effort.

Some few days ago the Luthvan, Ontario, gas well was set afire, it is supposed, by some disgruntled laborer. The cap over the top of the pipe was so fixed that the escaping gas rushed out directly toward the ground and made safe approach impossible. The roar could be heard in Kingsville, three miles away.

Local mechanism found it impossible to remove the cap. The heat was simply unendurable and grew worse every day. Gas experts from Ohio were called to the scene, but they, too, gave it up. The ground around the well became baked and when workmen tried to cool it with a stream from a fire engine the water went up in a cloud of steam before it had fairly struck the ground. All idea of cooling off the ground was given up. The owners of the well offered \$1,000 to any one who would remove the cap.

William H. Marvin, a mining expert, who had some acquaintance with natural gas, undertook the job. He tried several schemes for removing the cap by aid of a long lever, but they all failed, for the reason that his lever would melt away under the fierce heat as soon as he got it near enough to work. He determined to tear the well himself and cut off the cap. It looked like certain death for any one to approach the well, and even the owner advised Marvin to give up the idea. He made a suit of asbestos that was unique in its way. It was his purpose to go right up to the well, through the gas flame, and place a cold chisel against the pipe while his assistant worked on the chisel until the cap gave way.

The first attempt was a signal failure. Marvin only reached the flame, when he retreated. He had worn a heavy pair of cowhide boots, covered with wet cloths, and before he got to the flame the cloths had dried and burned away, and his boots were left burned off. So great was his hurry to escape that he dropped his cutting contrivance and was unable to see it get hot before his eyes. For his next trial he wore a pair of rubber boots and inside these thrust his feet into dampened rags. Outside the boots he put a heavy covering of asbestos. His coat of asbestos was cone shape. His arms stuck out through two holes in the cone and were wound in several thicknesses of wet cloth, which was covered with a heavy coating of asbestos. His contrivance for cutting the pipe consisted of a long and very sharp chisel, fastened at right angles to an iron staff.

In approaching the well he slid the cone along the ground, seeing his way through a glass set in the front. His assistant was roiled like himself and carried a long iron bar on which was fastened a small farmer's hammer. Two hundred people gathered to watch the man make this approach to the flame, and as Marvin disappeared in their circle a shudder swept over the on-lookers. There were not a half dozen in the crowd that expected to see Marvin come out alive, but in a second that seemed like an age they saw the edge of the chisel resting up against the pipe, just below the cap. Almost breathlessly they watched the assistant make a stroke at the chisel in a clumsy kind of a way. He did not hit it. The second trial was more successful; he hit the chisel squarely but lightly. The cone in the ring of fire wavered and a cry of "He's burned to death" went up on all sides. Some one moved again, the chisel fell and the people could see that Marvin was coming out.

Every body thought that he had given up in sheer despair, but not so. He had come out of the fire to get rest and air. He was nearly suffocated. When the cone was lifted off Marvin, for he was weak to lift it off himself, his eyesight to behold. His face was scarlet and his eyes protruded like door knobs. He was half roasted and it took him two hours to recover. Then he pluckily determined to try it again. His cone was thoroughly wet and he fixed up another chisel, saying, as the cone was put over him, that he would succeed or never come out alive.

The crowd cheered him and then watched him approach certain success of death. Again the hammer and chisel were brought into play, and little by little the people could see that the man's skill and pluck would win. All at once the roar of the well changed to a shrill whistle, and the cap was blown a few feet upward, while Marvin's cone stood at the foot of the pipe motionless. It was some minutes before it moved and the people thought again that he had perished in his attempt. His assistant was badly burned and had to be taken to the hotel for assistance. When Marvin's cone began to move the people sent up a tremendous shout and the more venturesome ran as far as they could on the hot ground to reach him. He was taken out and revived, badly scorched, but not hurt otherwise.

Marvin had earned his \$1,000. He put a contrivance on the pipe to shut off the flow of gas, and now Luthvan is quiet from the deafening roar. Marvin's cap is shaped like the letter T, and was placed on the pipe after three trials. The company estimate that over 11,000,000 feet of gas has been consumed each day. Marvin said that it was the nearest to death he ever expected to be until his time came. "Every breath," he said, "seemed to burn like fire, and twice I nearly fainted. My mouth was so parched that I could not even moisten my lips with my tongue. The suffering was dreadful and I would not pass through the experience again for fifty times \$1,000. This time, however, I was bound to win. Despite my covering, my body is blistered in several places and my hands and arms are one mass of burns. My feet are burned as if I had them in the fire."

A Polish Election Dodge.

At an election in Poland the other day a young candidate tried a manoeuvre which almost deserved to succeed for its ingenuity. Nearly all the peasants were against him, and the problem was how to prevent them from voting. The interval is very short between the time when they leave off work and the closing of the polls, so that at the last half hour a great crowd was waiting. Suddenly there was a cry of "fire" and a rattling of engines. But the ruse did not succeed, the stolid countrymen first waiting off to record their vote, and then hurrying off to discuss the conflagration.

Already Related.

"No, Mr. Jones, I cannot be your wife."

"But you'll be a sister to me, promise me that."

"It is unnecessary. Your brother proposed to me last week and I promised to be his sister. I have been your sister for a week."—Boston Courier.

AN ASTONISHING MEMORIAL.

Tribute of Deacon Pratt's Widow to His Memory.

The story of the queerest tribute to the dead on record comes from Lamberton, N. J., says the Philadelphia "Times." Near that town lives Mrs. Eliza Pratt, widow of Deacon Pratt, who was famous as a farmer, a gentleman and an ardent Methodist. He was particularly fond of tickling his appetite, and was deemed considerable of an epicure. His wife was an excellent cook, and her dinners were rare exhibitions of culinary skill for a rural neighborhood.

About a year ago a number of ministers were on their way to the camp meeting at Ocean Grove. There were just a dozen of them. Deacon Pratt had them all stop overnight at his farmhouse and gave them a rousing dinner early in the evening. It was a dinner modeled on the New England plan, as Pratt came from Vermont and so did his wife. There was every conceivable delicacy to eat and plenty of frantically hard cider to drink. The deacon was in the best of humor, and partook even more heartily than usual of the food. His wife, accustomed as she was to her husband's large appetite, was astonished at the amount he consumed, and made a mental inventory of the various articles and the amount of each that he swallowed.

The next afternoon Deacon Eliza Pratt died of cholera morbus. The physician said the dinner knocked him out. The funeral was the largest the neighborhood ever knew. Eight of the twelve clergymen present at the dinner acted as pallbearers and the other four officiated at the church and by the grave.

The widow was inconsolable for a while and talked about the tribute she supposed having prepared in memory of her husband. Everybody supposed she was going to erect a handsome monument and the makers of tombstones sent nobles. But they were all mistaken. Mrs. Pratt saw in view the most remarkable feat, but suggestive of menials. She had the work done quietly in Philadelphia, and it required some weeks to finish it.

When it arrived at the farm and some of the widow's intimate friends were invited to call and see the tribute, they were at first astounded and then shocked and finally they felt a disposition to laugh that was not warranted. It was a table in the parlor stood a large glass case. On top of the case was a small arch made of solid silver. Surrounding the arch was the figure in silver of an angel blowing a trumpet. Inside the arch and suspended from its center was a tablet of white marble, on which was inscribed the following words in deep black letters:

"This Is What the Deacon Died Of."

But it was underneath the glass case that the great surprise awaited the spectators. There on plates ranged in the order they were served, were exact duplicates in wax and some in glass shape, of the various articles of food the deacon had eaten at the dinner the evening before he died, and also exact duplicates in quantity and size of the amounts he had consumed. There was a large plate of soup, a big slice of meat, heaping plates full of vegetables, three cucumbers, huge slices of pie, a quart of watermelon, two plates of ice cream, a small cup of coffee and three goblets of beer. They were perfect pieces of work as well as perfect representations of what had passed down the deacon's throat at the dinner. The whole thing cost several hundred dollars.

The neighbors naturally ridiculed the tribute at first, but they all respected the widow, and when they found that she was really in earnest in her grief and in her regard for the wax memorial, they restrained their mirth and said little about it outside.

Nutmegs.

The nutmeg is the innermost kernel of the fruit of a small tree that grows about thirty feet high. It is a native of the East Indies, it is cultivated in other tropical lands. It has a small, yellow flower. The fruit is small and peach-like, but with a smooth surface and turns yellow when ripe. The exterior, a thick, leathery husk, dries up and cracks, disclosing the nut. The outer covering of this nut is what we know as mace. It is red at first, but turns to a light brown when dried. Next comes a hard, shining shell and inside that is the nutmeg.

The tree bears about the eighth or ninth year from the seed. The mace is taken off and dried in the sun for one day, and for eight days in the shade, then damped with sea water and pressed in bars. The remainder of the nut is very thoroughly dried, when the shell is broken and the nutmegs are assorted. They are first pickled in lime water, then left to sweat, and finally packed for shipment. The Penang nutmegs, the best, are about an inch long, pale brown, variegated on the surface, with red streaks in the gray interior.—London Standard.

Electric Platoners.

When the kerosene stove was invented housekeepers rejoiced over the prospect of something that would relieve them of some of the additional heat required in cooking, washing and ironing during the hot days that Maine had at that period, but if the Waterville man's new electric experiments work as is anticipated, unleaded heat will be reduced to a minimum.

In addition to his recently invented electric oven, Willis Mitchell has perfected a flatiron for which wonderful effects are claimed. It is connected with the iron, which is thereby heated for use, all of the heat going to the bottom of the flatiron when it is needed.

An iron heated in this way is always ready for use, and, it is said, can be run all day, or as long as the current is turned on, without the operator leaving the table when at work. The amount of heat given to the flatiron can also be regulated as desired.—Exchange.

The Price of Toothpicks.

Owing to the overproduction and inability to dispose of accumulated stock, most of the toothpick mills in the state of Maine are closed. The largest manufacturer states that he now wholesales his goods for less than one-twelfth of their cost when he commenced business in 1857. It would be interesting to know how far this result has been brought about by the improvement and cheapening in dentistry and also by improvement in manners.—Exchange.

The Naphtha Habit.

A prominent medical journal calls attention to the growth of the "naphtha habit" among the female employees of rubber factories. The inhalation of naphtha fumes produces a peculiarly agreeable inebriation. Naphtha is used to clean rubber, and is kept in large boilers, to the valve of which employes obtain access and breathe the fumes. The habit was introduced from Germany, and is chiefly found in the New England states.