

She has smiles toward her kind—  
A cruel tongue and a jealous mind.  
Void of pity, and full of greed,  
She judges the man by her narrow creed.  
A brewer of quarrels, a breeder of hate,  
Yet she holds the key to "society's" gate.  
The other woman, with a heart of flame,  
Went mad for a love that married her name.  
And out of the grave of her murdered faith  
She rose like a soul that has passed thro' death.  
Her aim is noble, her pity so broad  
It covers the world like the mercy of God.  
A healer of discord, a soother of woes,  
Peace follows her footsteps wherever she goes.  
The worthier life of the two, no doubt,  
And "society" locks her out.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### ALFRED'S PIPE.


Gran'ma Hubbell did not like tobacco smoke. Throughout the many years of her wedded life she had tried hard to learn to like the odor of it, but had failed. Her husband, however, supposed that she was fond of it. Men are clumsy about such things. They do not feel out the truth as women do. They trust to their senses and their reason, and therefore women cheat them.  
"It is the dear man's only fault," Charlotte Hubbell had said to herself when she was a young wife, "and he shall never know that I dislike it."  
For more than forty years she had lovingly deceived him. After supper she would bring his slippers and his pipe; and he, stupid lover, would puff and toast his feet and say and feel:  
"Here is peace that passeth understanding."  
Then he would look up into the lightly curling smoke and try to think how miserable he should be if he had found a wife whose tastes were not thus suited to his own. And he would lay her head upon his shoulder and kiss her; and that was all she wished. It told her he was happy in her love.  
Once, in the street, she passed a man and faintly caught the odor of his freshly lighted cigar. She rather liked it.  
"If Alfred would smoke cigars!" she thought.  
Slyly she laid away spare money until she had enough. Then one day she called the judgment of a friend into service, and that evening she brought the slippers and a box of choice cigars.  
Her husband took her in his arms and blessed her for her thoughtfulness.  
"Always thinking of my pleasure," he said. "But, sweetheart, you should have purchased something for yourself instead. The pipe is good enough for me."  
"Nothing but the best is good enough for you," she said, honestly and proudly. She had really forgotten that she had bought the cigars for herself.  
"You precious woman!" he replied, still holding her in his arms, and there in sweet, deep silence they drank the joy that blesses only such immortal souls as merge thus, two in one.  
"But, my darling," he at length continued, "I am not going to smoke these cigars. They are too choice, too expensive. I cannot afford such luxuries. We will keep them for special occasions, when our friends come to see us." The old pipe is good enough for me.  
He thought he had said it well, awkward man. And she let him continue to think so, tactful woman. But she knew he liked the pipe better.  
Alfred Hubbell was not the kind of man to become wealthy. He had not an extravagant habit, unless indulgence of a generous nature be extravagance. He was a furrier with a well established trade, but he was honest and charitable, and these two qualities are seldom united with that other quality which piles up fortunes. Yet he was content and his wife was content, and after all contentment is the only real wealth.  
"My pipe is the only luxury I want," he said.  
"His pipe is his only vice," said she.  
When he had his smoke in the evening he always laid his pipe upon the little lampstand near his easy chair. The next morning Mrs. Hubbell put it out of sight. Sometimes it made her almost sick to handle it, for, like all true lovers of the pipe, he clung to one until it was so saturated with tobacco oil its odor was unpeasable.  
The children of the neighborhood had learned to love her and call her "gran'ma." In the years long gone she had borne and nursed two babes, but they had died upon her breast. Let no man try to tell what this must mean. The language of imagination fails. Experience alone can know the thrill of motherhood, the purifying sorrow of its loss. She was everybody's gran'ma now that she was and ever must be nobody's.  
When the financial panic swept like a blight over the country the furriers were among the first to feel its damning breath. When economy becomes necessary to men accustomed to the luxuries they buy more wine, they go oftener to the theatre, they get fatter, and costlier horses; these are the diversifying influences that keep their minds turned from their troubles. But it is the women who support the furriers, and women suffer losses in another way—a harder and a braver way. Man runs away from sorrow; women faces it and bears it. He flees and frightens it with laughter; she stays and welcomes it with tears. He spends; she saves.  
Mr. Hubbell now passed his evenings down town. The presence of the men he met inspired him with the courage he felt he soon should need, for men are brave only in groups. Pride is the bravery of man.  
When the sheriff put his padlock on the Hubbell store the proprietor felt better, more at ease. The worst had come. The agony of expectation, at least, was at an end. Then, too, he had been providing against this situation, and had engaged provisionally with a wealthy eastern house to go to Hudson Bay and spend the winter buying furs for it. Gran'ma, too, had been prepared for this. She had wept in secret over the dread prospect, and bravely smiled when he was near. It was their first parting.  
"And he so old and feeble and accus-

pipe more vigorously than ever before since the night prior to the birth of their first little one. He tried to hide behind the bank of smoke that trouble might not find him. Gran'ma slowly rocked back and forth in her little low chair, her hand in his upon her lap. Both had a single thought. Neither spoke.  
At last he laid the pipe upon the stand, and soon the house was dark.  
Gran'ma's kindly eyes were red with weeping. She sat alone. She had never felt so much alone before.  
She arose to put the house in order. She put out her hand to take the pipe, the old black pipe, from the stand where he had laid it. Then she stopped and brushed her eyes, and went about the other work. More than once she started to remove the pipe, but stopped and said: "Not yet."  
Neighbors came in to cheer her up. All sniffed the pipe and made her sad. One of them said:  
"What is that I smell?"  
Gran'ma answered: "It is Alfred's pipe. It is dreadful; but I—I can't take it away—not now."  
"Nor I wouldn't," said the woman tenderly.  
"I will after a while," said gran'ma, the tears coming to her eyes again.  
When a week had gone by the pipe still lay upon the stand. A neighbor's child came in.  
"Gran'ma, why don't you throw that nasty old pipe outdoors?"  
"I can't, my child."  
"I can," and the child reached for it.  
Gran'ma grasped the little arm so suddenly, almost roughly, that the child began to cry.  
"Don't touch it—don't ever touch it," said gran'ma, with something like severity, and then she knelt and pressed the frightened child close to her breast and smoothed it with her tender kisses.  
Poor gran'ma's eyes were red most of the time now. The passing days did not seem to take her grief away with them. The pipe was in its now accustomed place, and gran'ma cautioned everybody not to touch it. She talked so much about it and was so earnest in her warnings that the people in the neighborhood looked sorrowful and tapped their temples with their finger tips and shook their heads. The children went still further. They told glib stories about the old black pipe, and one of them declared that she had seen a pair of fiery eyes down in the bowl and heard a groan.  
In a few weeks nobody but the post-man made calls on gran'ma. One day at last he also ceased to come. Poor gran'ma sat and watched and waited, but he passed the house and went upon his way. Then for hours the dry eyed woman sat and gazed upon the dear old pipe and felt that it was all of life for her. Could she but have wept! But grief had dried the fountains of her heart.  
"Why did I let him go from me? Why did I let him go?" she moaned.  
One night she thought she heard a tap upon the door. Her heart stood still.  
"They've brought his body home," she thought.  
The blood rushed and bounded through her head. She heard only its heavy sound. She swooned and sank from her chair.  
When she regained her consciousness she looked first to see that the pipe was undisturbed, then hurried to the door. It was dark and dreary. No one was there. She went to bed, and nature kindly sent her off to sleep.  
Some time in the night she awoke with a great indefinable joy in her heart. What was it? A presentiment of some impending happiness? She seemed to breathe it from the very air. It touched her senses from afar and penetrated to her very soul. What could it be? It seemed to come with greater and still greater force. It was—yes, now she knew—it was tobacco smoke. And then her husband softly opened the chamber door and she saw him standing there, the old black pipe between his lips and curls of smoke above his head.  
"You did not get my telegram?" he asked when they had wept and laughed together on each other's breast.  
"No. When?"  
"Why, yesterday."  
It was the messenger who brought the glad news whom she had heard the evening before.—Washington Post.

An Ancient Art in Which the Britons and Romans Were Adept—The Process as It Is Carried on in a Modern Shop—Not a Very Lucrative Calling.

Wicker work is world wide and of ancient date. The Romans found wicker boats covered with skins in use among the ancient natives of Britain. Round boats of wicker work, covered with bitumen or skins, were used on the Tigris and Euphrates in the time of Herodotus, and similar boats are still used there. In India boats of a similar form and construction are still in use for crossing rapid rivers; they are made of bamboo and skins and require only a few hours' labor.  
The ancient Britons manufactured wicker vessels with extraordinary skill and ingenuity. Their costly and elegant baskets are mentioned by Juvenal in speaking of the extravagance of the Romans in his time. The natives of South America made baskets of rushes so closely woven as to hold liquids. The natives of Tasmania wore similar water-tight vessels of leaves.  
The Kaffers and Hottentots are skilled in weaving the roots of certain plants, Shilshil, in ancient times, were constructed of wicker work, plain or covered with hides, and are still in use among certain savage tribes. Wicker work is now largely used for the bodies of light carriages. In different parts of the world, houses, huts, gates, fences, sledges and shoes are formed by this ancient and universal art.  
In the construction of the rudest kind of a basket the twigs or rods are assorted according to their size and use and left considerably longer than the work to be woven. They are laid on the floor in pairs parallel to each other and at small intervals apart and in the direction of the long diameter of the basket. Two large rods are laid across the parallel rods, their thick ends toward the workman, who is to put his foot on them and weave them one at a time alternately over and under those first laid down, confining them in their places. This forms the foundation of the basket and is technically called the slat or slate.  
Then the long end of one of these two rods is woven over and under the pair of short ends all round the bottom till the whole is woven in. The same is done with the other rod, and then additional long ones are woven in till the bottom of the basket is of sufficient size. The sides are formed by sharpening the large ends of enough stout rods to form the ribs, and plaiting or forcing the sharpest ends into the bottom of the basket from the circumference toward the center, then raising the rods in the direction the sides of the basket are to have and weaving other rods between them till the basket is of the required depth. The brim is formed by bending down and fastening the perpendicular sides of the ribs, whereby the whole is firmly and compactly united. A handle is formed by forcing two of three or four rods of the right length down the middle of the sides close to each other, pinning them fast about two inches below the brim, so that the handles remain in position when completed. The ends of the rods are then bound or plaited in any way the workmen may choose.  
There are twelve firms of basket makers in Detroit, employing about 100 persons, mostly men and boys. It is seldom that a girl is employed in this business, and there are no women. The reason assigned is that the only thing they could do would be to plait, and there is so much bending over in the work. Besides this the cutting of splints and bands is very heavy work. The men and boys work ten hours a day when they do not work by the piece, and the average wages are from \$5 to \$10 per week. These workers sometimes average \$18 per week, but that is when the basket maker is especially skillful.  
The basket principally manufactured in the city is the splint, the splints being shavings cut from Norway pine and in a large variety of sizes, some covered and some open, from a quart to a bushel and a half. The largest sized covered baskets are used extensively by florists in which to convey cut flowers, and are packed in the delivery wagons. Traveling lunch baskets are made of the Norway splints, and are used generally for the festive picnic and for traveling purposes where a cold lunch is the comfortable and economical idea. The splints are woven in diamond shape, and the market baskets of this material are called diamond baskets.  
Other market baskets are made of the osier willow, the osiers coming from various parts of Michigan. Of the willow baskets, there is the clothes hamper, the clothes basket and open and covered market baskets varying in size, but all having a special form.  
The willows are prepared by the boiling process for the purpose of peeling them. They are then allowed to cool, and are tied up in bundles for future use. They are split as they are needed for use by passing them through a small knife, set in a block. A great many wild willows are used, but only in rough baskets, such as open market baskets. Cultivated willows are used for the finer qualities of baskets and willow chairs and cradles, and the tops of children's carriages. The willows are grown in swampy places that cannot be utilized for other purposes without draining.  
The fancy baskets are principally imported from Germany. The gaudily stained Indian basket is made on Walpole island, but there is not so many made on that island as heretofore. The wood, principally black ash and latterly rock elm, has been exhausted, and they have got to get their material in Canada. Most market baskets are made by the Indians.  
The general condition of those who are engaged in the manufacture of baskets and wicker work generally is one of fair living, with close economy, since the business is one which is not of a nature to develop great establishments and concentrate great wealth.—Detroit News.

editor, who desired to publish a complete list of ladies who would receive New Year's calls, arrayed a dozen or twenty reporters in immaculate dress suits, put them in carriages and started them around to investigate. There was an un-



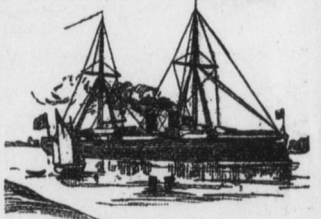
THE BOYS IN SWALLOW TAILS.

certain feeling among some, who were not used to the costume, as they rolled up to stone front houses in luxurious coaches—a nervousness at the scantiness of their coat tails, their vast white shirt fronts, their ministerial ties. But the scheme panned out well in results, and the ingenious editor, who had pressed into the service many a novice in social customs, spread page after page of very choice news before his readers.  
There is nothing that a newspaper man can stop at in order to get information. When Commodore Vanderbilt lay on his death bed the city dailies kept relays of reporters in a room convenient to the house, and every moment of the day and night for many days each paper had its eye on the events passing within the stricken home. It is needless to say that the interest of the general public was just as great as that of the newspaper men, and the first greeting of the morning and one repeated all day was, "What is the news about Vanderbilt?"  
This was merely waiting for the expected, and was a case of sheer patience. It is the man or woman who refuses to be interviewed, and places all manner of guards against the newspaper man, that gives the trouble. The noted burglar and murderer, Edward Ruloff, after the discovery of his identity, which proved him an old and hardened villain, sullenly refused to talk to anybody except the sheriff. Ruloff was in jail at Birmingham, under trial for murdering a clerk who had attempted to defend his employer's premises from burglary. He had a New York history, and was anxious to keep it hidden, so he told the sheriff that he would refuse to see all newspaper men. The first real interview was obtained by a native of the town, who was a New York newspaper man, and whom the sheriff introduced under the pretense of investigating Ruloff's philological system. The burglar-murderer was a modern Eugene Aram, and had a hobby in philology. The key of all languages, according to his system, was L, M and R. The moment these were mentioned he would talk and unravel his scheme, and incidentally, in recalling the wonderful triumphs, as he called them, of discovery and collation, he told enough about himself, at least about his past, to furnish all the clues needed for his complete identity, and also disclosed his habits and personal characteristics—points on which he was reserved to the point of ugliness.  
What Floored Him.

A good theme for an article is thrift and its great value in the practical world. I cannot find a better text than this wise utterance of the facetious Mr. Wilkins Micawber to his young friend David Copperfield: "My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds, ought and six pence; result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene and—and, in short, you are forever floored, as I am." Mr. Micawber had felt the power of money and the extreme foolishness of lavishly throwing away time and opportunities and he posed as a counselor before young Copperfield.—Detroit Free Press.

The English Cruiser Blake.

Here is a picture of the new English cruiser Blake, riding at anchor in Portsmouth harbor. She is remarkable as being the heaviest unarmored cruiser in the world, her only protection being the steel deck which extends from end to end of her hull inside and covers all the vital parts. Speed is to be the Blake's particular characteristic. She will have two independent sets of triple expansion engines, which, under forced draught, will (or so my lords expect) develop 20,000 horse power and drive her twenty-two knots an hour; and under natural draught will develop 13,000 horse power and drive her twenty knots. Her armament will consist of two 9.2-inch 23-ton guns and ten 6-inch breechloaders, be-



THE BLAKE AT ANCHOR.

side machine guns and torpedo tubes. Her length is 375 feet, her breadth 55 feet, her draught 37 feet forward and 28 feet aft, and her estimated cost £430,000. If she does all that her builders expect she will be cheap at the money.

within fifty yards from me a flat, oval rock, some ten feet across, covered with bright green moss. In the center of this mossy couch a 2-year-old buck lay with his left side toward me, his head erect, his large eyes glistening. I instantly covered him with my rifle. Then the true sportsman part of my nature came up and prevented me from pressing the trigger. I held the rifle in position and studied the picture, which was one that even a Landseer or Vogt could not faithfully portray—the combination of shades of the dark evergreens in the background and the brilliant coloring of the mossy carpet that covered the rocks, then the deer as it lay there a model of symmetry and alertness.  
As my arm began to tire in holding out the gun, the old Norse feeling took possession of me. A quick glance around the sights, a pressure of the trigger, then the report and the air was full of smoke, and the beautiful deer lay on its side motionless. I approached it and saw that the bullet had gone true to its aim and entered the neck near the shoulder. I laid my rifle down, stepped on the rock and took it by the hind legs to turn it, so that its head would hang over the edge of the rock as I held it. The next moment I was where—no matter where. It's nobody's business but my own—and the deer's—where I was, whether reclining or erect, head or heels up. Whew! but talk about a mule's kicking, no double team of mules could kick out as that dead deer did. I picked myself up and also picked up my gun hastily. There lay the deer apparently dead. I cautiously approached it again and punched its head with my rifle. Not a move. Then I touched his shoulder, which caused a slight quivering of the muscles of the shoulder and forward. I touched his hindquarters; then how his heels flew out. There it lay without further motion. I stooped over and placed my hand over its heart and felt it beat, and came near getting my head kicked off, which caused that kind of non-sense to be summarily stopped.—Forest and Stream.

A Headless Ghost.

The negroes living on Craig's Branch, just south of Tallahassee, Fla., says The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, are very much exercised over the appearance of a ghost in that neighborhood. It is described as a tall, headless man, dressed in flowing white robes, and has been seen by several of the negroes walking alongside the branch, as though in search of some lost object, evidently his head.  
An aged negro man, who has lived there many years, says that about sixty years ago a beautiful young lady, daughter of a wealthy citizen of Tallahassee, went out one bright Sabbath, accompanied by her Newfoundland dog, for a walk to Craig's Branch, plucking wild flowers along the wayside. Just before reaching the branch her dog became very much excited, and tugged and pulled at her skirts as though attempting to make her turn back. She paid no attention to his antics for some time, and finally caught her skirt in his teeth and refused to budge another inch. She turned and saw her lover coming toward her. When within several feet of her several Indians sprang from cover, bringing their guns as they rose, and the young man fell at her feet a corpse. She ran and reached the city in safety. A party from Tallahassee went out and brought in the body, its head being completely riddled with buckshot. This old negro says he has seen the ghost on several occasions.

Collapse of Falstaff's Stomach.

This is the way Hackett, the most noted of modern Falstaffs, had a bad joke played on him in an Edinburgh theatre. On this particular occasion, in one of his great scenes, Hackett found that his stomach began to collapse. He wore, as all Falstaffs do, an immense paunch, which, in Hackett's case, was made of a wind bag. It was found that a stuffed "stomach" in hot weather was a terrific burden to an actor, and at last some costumer invented one which fitted the dress to perfection, but was filled with air. The wearer blew it up, screwed on the top and then it was all right. One of Hackett's enemies this evening had pricked a hole in his false abdomen, not large enough to make it collapse all at once, but by degrees, and Hackett found at the end of one scene that he was not quite as stout as he was before, and said to his dressing man: "This is not all right; I feel a looseness; see if this screw is not unfastened." Everything was apparently in order, and he went on again. He continued to decrease in size, till at last there came a rush of wind and the stomach disappeared altogether, the actor finishing the scene as best he could and the audience convulsed with laughter.—Philadelphia Press.

A Wonderful Lily.

One sometimes hears of the wonderful productivity of the golden lily—Lilium auratum, Lindley. Some years ago an instance was recorded of one stalk, under cultivation, bearing no less than thirty-five flowers. This happened at Pitlochry, in Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1888. The record is quite beaten by a plant in the garden of a foreign resident at Karuzawa, which is now bearing no fewer than fifty-seven flowers on one stalk. The stalk itself is six feet high, and toward the upper end it flattens out, the buds hanging like keys on a board. The upper extremity is cleft. Room is thus allowed for the remarkable luxuriance of flowering just described. In The Far East of Sept. 16, 1872, it is stated: This summer there grew in the garden of Mr. G. C. Pearson, on the Bluff (No. 111), Yokohama, two stems from one bulb. One was a fair specimen of the ordinary flowering of the plant, having eighteen flowers upon it; but the other, upon a broad, flat stem, about an inch and a half in width, but thin as a lath, had no less than sixty-three buds, of which fifty-two were, in full flower at one time.—Japan Weekly Mail.

men's minds. If one of the many enterprising newspapers of the day was to inaugurate a competition in which every man had to give an accurate description of the kind of woman most prone to fascinate him, many readers would, I think, be astonished.  
Noah Webster's definition of the word fascination is, "The exercise of a powerful or irresistible influence on the affections and passions," and he gives as secondary explanation, "Unseen, inexplicable influence, witchcraft, enchantment." In the words "inexplicable influence" the learned doctor seems to have summed up neatly the whole question. Who can explain what is frequently the case, that of two men of as nearly as possible the same cast of mind, the one will find a woman irresistibly fascinating, while on the other she might not exert the slightest attractive influence? Such a problem is as hard to solve as why the guileless rabbit, instead of putting his best leg forward and making a bolt, circles round the snake, which he knows only too well intends to make a meal of him.  
The wise heathen Aristotle said: "No man loves but that he is first delighted with comeliness and beauty, and beauty is for the most part the bait which lures a victim into the meshes of the snare, but not always." Dr. Webster, too, seems to imply by his definition that in the power of fascination, whether exercised by man or woman, there lurks a certain sexual affinity. Yet one of the most fascinating women of history was Germaine Necker, afterwards Mme. de Stael, though contemporaneous record tells us that she was anything but a beauty, and that her dress was not only hideous, but sinned against every principle of good taste.  
Women, however, whose names will be handed down to posterity as having founded noted salons, or having provided the magnetic influence to gather a brilliant coterie of wit and talent, have, for the most part, been beautiful. "Beauty is the common object of all love; as jets draw a straw, so doth beauty love." Beauty will always attract, at any rate momentarily; but most men, if they find that a lovely face is but a mask covering a void cranium, will cease to flutter around the flame. There are, however, striking exceptions to this rule on record.  
Perhaps the best instance is that of the infatuation of Prince Maurice de Talleyrand, once Abbe de Perigord and Bishop of Autun, for that lovely blonde, Mme. Grant, afterward Mme. Talleyrand. Her gross stupidity was proverbial, and furnished amusement for the salons of Mme. de Stael and others, which her husband frequented.  
But in the majority of cases something more is necessary than comeliness of face to really fascinate men, especially such men as the "Prince of Diplomats," and this something is the instinctive faculty which enables a woman to adapt her mind to and enter into the spirit of her companion for the time being.  
Thus, in my own experience, I have seen a learned professor discoursing eloquently on the sculpture of ancient Greece to a young lady whose tastes were in reality centered in dogs and horses. Had he known her true proclivities, he would have stood aghast at such utter barbarism; yet such was his genial, sympathetic influence on his mind that he pronounced her the most charming of her sex—second only, of course, to his stout and learned wife. Had the intercourse been indefinitely prolonged, doubtless the potency of the spell would have vanished; for, in reality, there was little or nothing in common between the two minds.  
The power of fascination inherent in woman may, however, be divided into two kinds. All of us have seen the old lady, generally white haired, with kindly, pleasant features, on which time has set no unfriendly mark, who still retains all her attractiveness. Note how the boys and girls adore her; they will go to her and confide their sorrows, their hopes, their ambitions, even when they would not breathe a word to their mothers. The kindly, living interest in a lad's affairs by such an one has time and again first implanted the impulses in his heart which eventually led him to an honorable career. Quickly, almost by stealth, the good is done by such, and the good seed sown which will ripen in after time into a rich and abundant crop.  
On the other hand, we have most of us seen, perhaps in real life, certainly on the stage, the fascinating adventuress who, by her entrancing beauty de diable, enslaves men's souls and leads them (on the stage) to dare all for her sake. Such is directly opposed to the sweet old lady in her old fashioned chair, and these two form the opposite poles between which the women who fascinate vary.—Francis Trevelyan in Saturday Review.

The First Lightning Rod.

Everybody believes that Franklin was the inventor and constructor of the first lightning rod. In this one particular everybody is mistaken. The first lightning catcher was not invented by the great philosopher, but by a poor monk of Seutenberg, Bohemia, who put up the first lightning rod on the palace of the curator of Preditz, Moravia, June 15, 1754. The name of the inventive monk was Prokop Dilwisch. The apparatus was composed of a pole surmounted by an iron rod, supporting twelve curved branches and terminating in as many metallic boxes filled with iron ore and inclosed by a wooden box-like cover, traversed by twenty-seven iron pointed rods, the bases of which found a resting place in the ore box. The entire system of wires was united to the earth by a large chain. The enemies of Dilwisch, jealous of his success, excited peasants of the locality against him, and, under the pretext that his lightning rod was the cause of the excessive dry weather, had the rod taken down and the inventor imprisoned. Years afterwards M. Melisen used the multiple pointed rod as an invention of his own.—St. Louis Republic.