

Philosophers believe the frying pan has been responsible for more suicides than despair.

It is estimated that there are less than 10,000 paupers in the Japanese Empire, with its population of 37,400,000.

Ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont is said to have been almost the only exception to the rule that the Supreme Court practice of a lawyer soon dwindles after he becomes a United States Senator.

Lucy Stone, the advocate of female suffrage, says that the women of America ought to do something generous for the relief of unfortunate Anna E. Dickinson while she lives, and not wait to expend their money on a monument to her memory.

Italy is offended at the frankness of the German Chancellor for acknowledging lack of confidence in the efficiency of the former country in the event of war. This frankness, the New York Mail and Express thinks, may result in the dissolution of the triple alliance.

"Murder will out" is a pithy saying, but somehow or other, philosophizes the San Francisco Chronicle. It conveys a meaning that results do not always justify. If any one has a doubt on this point let him review some of the mysterious murder cases of recent years.

Of the 300 girls who have been educated by George W. Childs, the Philadelphia Philanthropist says that the teachers and nurses and the graduates of law and medicine have all been successful. The elocutionists have made the most money and the musicians earn salaries ranging from \$500 to \$5000.

Reports from the natural gas regions in Northwestern Ohio and Central and Northern Indiana are calculated to produce the impression that this wonderful fuel is giving out. Manufacturers, it seems, are beginning to use the cheap oil, also found in that part of the country, in place of the gas, and with most satisfactory results.

They are having so many suicides of late in Denmark that the government proposes to pass a law requiring that the bodies of all suicides shall be sent to the dissecting-rooms of the universities. They have already got such a law in Sweden, but it doesn't appear to dissuade people from making away with themselves there when they take it into their heads to do so.

An important result of the recent congress at Brussels, Belgium, on criminal anthropology has been the discrediting of the so-called "criminal type," or habitual criminal. The person who was born a criminal, and must be one unless violent, was supposed to have a smaller capacity of skull than the average, a more retreating forehead, the back of the head large, the lower jaw very strong and pronounced, the ears often deformed, the hair coarse and thick, the beard scanty, and so forth. Dr. Tarnowski, of St. Petersburg, and Dr. Naecke, from a very large collection of data, maintained that there was no special peculiarity in the physique or criminals, male or female, and the general tendency of the papers read, and discussions on the subject, was to regard crime as the result of social and physical rather than physical peculiarities.

An electrician, who recently visited Helena, is very enthusiastic about the prospects for the future of that industry in Montana. In substance he said: "We are on the level of what will, undoubtedly, be the greatest period of development ever known in this country, and it will be largely in the line of electrical inventions and their practical adaptation to the ordinary uses of mankind. New processes soon to be introduced in the market, will so increase the electrical energy to be derived from coal, that the expense of running plants will be greatly reduced. But in the Eastern states, except in favored localities, the item of fuel will always be an obstacle to the general use of electricity. In Montana and other mountain states we find our widest field, because in all localities where water power is abundant, electricity will be almost as cheap as air. The conversion of cold water directly into light, heat and power, with our present understanding, seems to be the limit of economical existence. The numerous water powers of Montana will soon be under harness, and the energy developed will propel all railroad trains as well as push tramways into public roads."

Human Greatness.
The stars are myriad suns that float
Each one a luminous golden mote,
And each within his little place
About the loneliness of space.
They float and drift and swim and swim,
In human vision faint and dim,
And still beyond our keenest eyes
They throng a million other skies.

Imagination falls, and thought
Before the threshold halts distrust,
While blackly o'er the spirit brood
The terrors of infinitude.
And what's the earth? A satellite
That whirls about a cosmic mite,
A grain of dust impalpable,
Of which all space is sifted full.
And here's a man upon the earth
Who prides himself on wealth or birth;
Who struts his little breast elate;
And cries: Behold me, I am great!

—[George Horton, in Chicago Herald.]

A Plucky Little Woman.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

In the building of the first great trunk line of railroad across the continent upward of 10,000 men were killed by the Indians or met death through sickness or accident. During the first three or four years of train service tramps and toughs and terrors made life a burden for all train conductors, and the small stations were entirely at their mercy. There were plenty of telegraph operators out of a job who could not be induced to take a lone station at any salary, and sometimes the company had to send three men to one station where there was little or nothing for one to do.

Lone Pine station was up in the mountains, just at the east end of a long stretch of snow sheds. It was thirteen miles from Bad Creek to the west and eleven from Big Rock to the east. The names of these stations, together with dozens of others, have since been changed. At the date I write of a man named Clark had the Big Rock station. I had Bad Creek and a new agent and operator had just taken possession of Lone Pine. That station had been vacant for a week. It had been held by a young man named Reed for about three months, but one night he was found dead and robbed—the work of the lawless element then overrunning the West. The first news I got from the new agent came from herself over the wire one day, and this is what she said: "Allow me to introduce myself as Mrs. Hadley, the new agent at Lone Pine. I am just out from Chicago, charming place this, and I know I shall like it. Hope to become better acquainted."

I found out later on that she was a widow about 26 years old, good looking, well educated, and possessed plenty of courage and common sense. Just why she didn't do as most other young widows do was no one's business but her own. Finding that she must earn her own living, she learned telegraphy and came down the road in search of a place. They didn't want to give her the station at Lone Pine, but she was so persistent that she was finally installed. As at many other stations, she had to gather her own firewood and cook her own provisions, and there were many annoyances to be encountered.

Clark and I were both knocked out to find that a woman had been sent to Lone Pine. Had it been a man we should have expected him to take care of himself, but as it was we couldn't help but worry. There was hardly a day that we didn't have to drive some tough out of our houses at the muzzle of a shotgun, and both of us had twice been held up and cleaned out by gangs. Her station was even more isolated, and though her sex might be respected by some, there were men abroad as wicked as the old-time pirates. In response to our inquiries she assured us that she had been provided with the regular outfit of weapons by the company, and that she should not hesitate to shoot if she found it necessary.

It was in May when the little woman took possession. In describing her I did not say that she was little, but such was the fact. Her weight was not over 100 pounds, and she looked more like a girl of 16 than a woman of 26. I got a chance to run up and see her one afternoon in the month, and found her nicely settled. She had been more or less annoyed by roughs, but there had been no occasion to test her nerve as yet. I found her doubled-barrelled shotgun loaded with buckshot and her navy revolver ready for business, and she assured me that she should not hesitate to fire upon any man who menaced her safety.

I went home much relieved in mind. Outside of the fraternal feeling so strong outside of the brotherhood of the key, there was something in the thought of that little woman being

perched up there alone among the grim hills and wild forests calculated to keep a man awake when he should have been sound asleep in his cot. The first alarm came one night early in July. In the forenoon of that day two very rough-looking men had come up the track from the west. They halted at my station, sized me up, and then demanded something to eat. I might have given them a bite had they requested instead of demanded; but when I saw that they meant to pick a quarrel and have an excuse for assaulting and robbing me, I brought out the shot-gun and obliged them to walk on. As soon as they were out of sight I notified the little woman at Lone Pine to look out for them. She replied that she would, and up to 10 o'clock at night I heard from her every hour, but the tramps had not put in an appearance. It was 11:30 o'clock and I was sound asleep when I heard Lone Pine call me over the wire. I rolled off my cot and ran to the instrument and asked what was wanted.

"The tramps are here," was the reply.

"They are knocking on the door and asking for food and shelter."

"But don't let them in. Get down your shotgun, lay it across the table, with the muzzles pointed at the door, and if they break in pull both triggers!"

"They are cursing me and declaring they will set the cabin on fire if I don't open the door," telegraphed the little woman a moment later.

"If you open the door they will murder you! You have a sliding window to the right of your door, if I remember right?"

"Yes."

"Take your revolver, slide the sash back, and fire upon the fellows."

"But I may kill one of them!"

"That's what you want to do—both, if possible! If you show any fear of them they will batter the door in, and then God help you!"

"It's awful to shoot!"

Then came a break. I knew that the fellows were making some demonstrations which obliged her to act, and during the next sixty seconds I heard every beat of my heart. Then came the tremendous message:

"I—I've shot one of them, and what—what—shall I do about it?"

"Did you fire from the window?"

"Yes."

"Don't do anything except wait and watch. If you've hit one the other will likely make off. If he tries to get in, however, give him the same dose. Do you hear him about?"

"No; I think he's moved off, but the one I shot is groaning and taking on awfully."

"Let him groan. You'll have a train from the east in 35 minutes. Keep me advised."

I had two more messages before the train reached her. One was that the man had ceased to groan and was probably dead, and the other was that the other tramp had tried to burst open the door, but had been driven off by her firing one barrel of her shotgun into it from her side. When the train rolled in a dead man was found at the door and a wounded one lying on the ground a few yards away. There wasn't any inquest on the dead. The body was carried a few miles west and dropped into a gulch, and the wounded man, who had a dozen buckshot in his shoulder, was turned over to the first sheriff. The little woman's adventure made her a heroine for many weeks, and I was not mean enough to let on that I had been obliged to brace her up and direct operations for a distance of thirteen miles.

Everything went well at Lone Pine until the 13th of September. That fall there was a regular army of tramps headed for the West, and the employes of every passenger and freight train had to be armed to the teeth. In some instances the gangs took possession of freight trains and ran them to suit their own convenience. The number of trainmen killed or wounded every week was something astonishing. On the 13th a gang of twenty tramps seized a freight train at a water tank twenty miles east of Big Rock and ran it to the station. There happened to be a big construction gang at Big Rock, and they turned to and overpowered the tramps and scattered them in every direction. It began raining at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and when night fell it was as dark as pitch. At 8 o'clock a train loaded with bridge material and accompanied by twelve mechanics reached my station from the west on its way to Big Rock.

Just as it came in I got word from Clark over the wire that a handslide had occurred between him and Lone Pine and no trains would be able to pass it before next day. This, you

will observe, cut Lone Pine off on the east, and it held the bridge train at my station. I turned in about 11 o'clock, with the rain coming down as if everything was to be drowned out, and it was just half an hour after midnight when I was called by the little woman at Lone Pine.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," she said, "but I fear I'm going to have trouble."

"What's wrong?"
"A number of those tramps who were bounced at Big Rock today have reached here and taken possession of two empty freight cars on the siding. The whole crowd is half drunk and raising Cain."

"If they have shelter and something to drink they won't be apt to bother you tonight. However, I'll sit up with you for a while for company's sake. Are your firearms loaded?"

"Yes. The gang appears to have four or five revolvers, and two bullets have been fired through the window."

"Well, don't show any light, and you had better bunk down on your cot. The fellows will get over their hilarity pretty soon."

It was five minutes before I heard from her again. The engine of the freight train was standing almost opposite the door, and during the interval I went out and roused the sleeping engineer and fireman and told them what was going on at Lone Pine. If things got desperate with the little woman I proposed to take half a dozen of the mechanics and go up to her relief. When she called me again she said:

"One of the gang has routed me up and demanded whiskey and something to eat. When I ordered him away he made threats of what they would do."

"Don't get shaky," I replied. "It's probably a bluff. Construction No. 8 is lying here, and in case you need help a lot of us will come up on the engine. We'll have a clear road and can make it in fifteen minutes."

It was seven minutes before she called again. The locomotive had been fired up, and the fireman had gone back to the caboose and routed out six men who had revolvers, and they were ready to make a dash with us.

"You remember the old caboose car at the end of the side track?" queried the little woman at Lone Pine.

"Yes."

"Well, they have made a bonfire of it, and it's blazing away even in this rain. There are fourteen of the fellows and the toughest lot I've ever seen. I think they mean to attack the house. Hadda't you better come up?"

"I don't want to take the responsibility unless it is positively necessary. You are expected to stand them off if you can. No one will blame you if you wipe out the whole gang. Talk right up to them if they come to the house."

Three or four minutes slipped away, and then she announced that they had given her five minutes in which to surrender, and that one of the empty freight cars had been fired.

"They can't set fire to the house with the water falling like this," I replied. "You have a stout shutter at the window, and they can only attack by way of the door, if at all. They can't shoulder it in with two bars across it, and if they bring up a battering ram you want to fire on them through the lower panels."

What was to be the last message came about ten minutes later.

"They brought up a beam," telegraphed the little woman, "and I gave them the buckshot through the lower panels. I think I hit three or four. Some of them are now firing into the house, while others are bringing up firebrands to burn me out."

"Coming—don't give up!" I rattled off to her, and thirty seconds later the engine was moving away with our crowd. We had a wet track, but a clear run, and after the first two miles we simply flew. We had some fear that the fellows might have turned the switch or pushed a freight car down on the main track, but no such idea had occurred to them. We went through two miles of snow shedding like a rocket shooting along a tube, and when we popped out at the eastern end we were among the tramps. The two cars were blazing away, and a fire had just been started in a third. Firebrands were piled up against the house at three different places, and three or four fellows with revolvers were blazing away at the door and window.

Before the engine had come to a stop we dropped off and began shooting to kill, and in five minutes we had cleaned out the gang. Perhaps you remember the way that certain newspapers pitched into us about that affair, calling it a massacre, and howling for our arrest. There were four

killed and seven wounded. Three men were hit when the little woman fired through the door. I know what became of the killed, for I helped to bury them, but the wounded were taken East that afternoon.

When the little woman opened the door to us she had her revolver in her left hand, because one of the stray bullets had passed through the palm of her right. She had also been grazed on the shoulder, and two bullets had passed through her clothing. She had fired both barrels of the shotgun and eleven bullets from the revolver, and was doing bravely when we turned the scales. And did she continue at Lone Pine? Oh, no. A division superintendent fell in love with her, re-arranged the tender passion in her breast, and away she went to settle down on the Pacific slope and became a nobody—that is, she couldn't be a heroine any more.—[New York Sun.]

Methods of Vultures.

In the month of December, as our party were ascending the gorge which leads to Petra from the Wady-el-Arabah, one of our camels suddenly dropped down dead. This was in the evening, and we returned to our camp without succeeding in our object that day. But early next morning we started again for Petra, and on reaching the carcass of the dead camel in the early dawn we found about a dozen vultures congregated around it, some of which had already gorged themselves and were almost unable to fly. Now, when the camel dropped down, none of these birds were in sight; but here next morning, while the carcass was quite fresh, they had swooped down on their prey. There could have been no smell of carrion from this carcass; but it might easily have been within sight of a bird soaring at an elevation which would have rendered it invisible to a traveler; at the same time, an animal of the size of a camel lying motionless on the ground would have been easily visible to a vulture while out of sight.

In order to account for the assembling of a group of vultures in so short a time as is here indicated, while none of these birds were apparently within sight, we may suppose that the birds spread themselves at wide intervals throughout an extensive district and at a high altitude; each bird soars about, keeping a steady gaze on the ground for the carcass of some animal, at the same time being within sight of his fellows. As soon as prey is sighted by one of the group he swoops down toward it, and this action is a signal to the other birds that a meal is to be had where the bird descended, and they all flock down accordingly. "Wherever the carcass is there will be the eagles (vultures) be gathered together."—[The Spectator.]

A Voting Machine.

A mechanic of Rochester, N. Y., named Myers, has perfected an automatic electrical voting machine applicable to the Australian method, which, predicts the Boston Transcript, is, perhaps, destined to remove the only defects of that otherwise admirable system. It is simply a mechanical electrically controlled device for recording votes; all the voter needs is the name of the candidate whose election he desires, together with the ability to read, the power to distinguish color or the sense of touch. As every body possesses at least one of these three latter requisites, it is safe to say that any man who knows for whom he wishes to vote can do so without the possibility of a mistake. This ballot machine is a sheet steel booth, five feet square and seven feet high. One foot of space is set off for the secret mechanical counters by a solid steel partition. The voter knows the standard designating color of his party ballot; he has examined the nominations published in newspapers and on the chart at the polls. After qualifying, the voter enters the ballot machine. If the voter is illiterate he pushes in the knobs having the same color as his party ballot. Having done so he simply goes out of the exit doors. Opening the outer exit doors returns the knobs in readiness for the next voter. When the polls close the count is made and registered plainly in figures. The first trial of this machine was made at Lockport, N. Y., and the way in which it superseded brains and watchfulness led to its almost immediate adoption in numerous sections of this State.

Gallantry Wins.

"I do not ask you for much," he said.
"You ask my hand," she replied.
"Yes, but it is so small, it seems like asking nothing."
With a pretty blush, she placed it in his.—[New York Press.]

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

THE USE OF TURPENTINE.

Turpentine has nearly as many uses in the house as borax. It is good for rheumatism, and mixed with camphorated oil and rubbed on the chest is one of the best remedies for bronchial colds. It is an excellent preventive against moths, although naphtha is preferable, the odor leaving much sooner; it will drive away ants and roaches, if sprinkled about the shelves and closets, a spoonful into a pail of warm water cleans paint excellently and a little in the boiler on washing day whitens the clothes.—[New York News.]

CLEANING WHITE RUGS.

There are many inquiries of how to clean white goatskin rugs. They can be cleaned by washing or with naphtha. Wet a small part of a rug with naphtha and rub with a soft cloth until that space is clean; then clean another place, continuing until the entire rug has been treated in this way. Hang in the air until the odor has disappeared. Take care that no gas is lit in the room while the naphtha is being used.

To wash the rug put into a tub about four gallons of tepid water and half a pint of household ammonia. Let the rug soak in this for about an hour, sopping it up and down in the water frequently. Rinse in several tepid waters and hang on the line to dry; if possible in a shady place. Select a windy day for this work. Even with the greatest care the skin will become hard when washed. Rubbing it between the hands tends to soften it, or it may be folded lengthwise, the fur side in, and then be passed through the clothes-wringer several times. This, of course, should be done only when the rug is dry.—[St. Louis Republic.]

HOW TO DARN STOCKINGS.

The secret of successful darning lies in "running" the thread of the darning cotton so far on each side of the hole that it does not immediately fray and pull out of the goods. Take a long thread of darning cotton to begin with and run it at least half an inch along the goods on each side of the hole. Continue this until the hole is snugly covered. Now cross these threads in the regular darning style, taking care that the same precaution is observed. A large hole requires a patch. Such holes almost always occur in the heel, so that in treating of the method of mending them it is safe to take the heel for a model.

From the body of an old stocking cut a kite-shaped piece about five inches long and four inches across. Turn the stocking wrong side out and lay the kite upon the heel so that the long, pointed end runs up the back and the lower rounded part is at the base of the heel. "Run" down the centre of the kite with a stout linen thread, taking rather large, loose stitches. Now "run" in the same way across the kite-shaped piece, letting the thread be very slack. Next sew the patch tightly to the heel by stitching it around the outside. If deftly done there will be neither wrinkle nor crease. Patches made of material other than bits of old stockings are apt to be harsh.—[New York World.]

RECIPES.

Milk Sherbet—Take one quart of milk, the juice of three large lemons and one pint of sugar. Mix and freeze the same as cream. The milk will curdle by the addition of the lemon, but come all right in the freezing process.

Hard Gingerbread—Two cups of molasses, two-thirds of a cup of butter or lard, one-half cup of warm water, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one of ginger, flour to roll of soft as you can; wet the top with milk and sift sugar over before baking.

Oyster Salad—Clean one pint of white celery, and cut into fine pieces, season with salt; parboil one pint of oysters, drain, and when cold mix them with a French dressing, add the oysters and celery, cover with a mayonnaise dressing, and garnish with pickled barberries.

Ham Toast—Melt a small piece of butter in a stewpan until it is slightly browned; beat up one egg and add to it. Put in as much finely minced ham as would cover a round of buttered toast, adding as much good gravy as will make it moist when quite hot. When all the ingredients are in stir them quickly with a fork. Pour upon the buttered toast which may after, ward be cut into any shape desired, and serve hot.

Two hundred and eighty-nine bull fights took place in Spain during the past year.