

AMONG THE AINU.

They Are to Japan What the Indians Are to America.

A Fast Dying Race With Many Curious Customs.

The Ainu in Japan occupies the same position as the Indian in America, and like the Indian, he is, the aborigine of the country. It is a race fast dying out, replete with curious traditions and superstitions. Mr. John Batchelor has made this strange people, their customs and their folk-lore, his special study, and he gives the results of his investigations in an interesting article in the Journal of American Folk Lore entitled "Items of Ainu Folk Lore."

A person, for instance, with a bad memory, is called "otter-head." Mr. Batchelor, made inquiries and discovered the following legend which he translated from the language of the people.

"The otter is a most curious and wasteful creature, and can remember nothing at all. As soon as he has caught a salmon, he drags it ashore and just takes one mouthful out of the back near the head and leaves all the remainder of the fish. No sooner does he take a bite than he forgets all about it, throws the fish away, and sets out to catch another meal. He very seldom returns to finish what he had previously caught. He forgets all about it. This is the reason why a person with a bad memory is called 'otter-head.'" Such is the legend.

When the Ainu find fish which have been killed by others they carry them home and use them for food. But when they eat such fish, or partake of the flesh of the otter itself, special prayers are said to the goddess of fire, asking her to protect them from the machinations of the evilly disposed otters. Not only so, but while eating, both men and women, old and young alike, tie a tara, i. e., "a sling used in carrying bundles," round their heads. The sling is said to keep the spirit of the otter from entering the brain, which the Ainu suppose to be the seat of memory. Should a person neglect to wear a tara while partaking of otter's flesh or fish caught by otters, he will pay the penalty by being possessed by an otter; and the next time he goes to the mountains to work he is certain to forget a knife or an axe or a hoe or some other tool.

Finding a name for the new baby is a much more important matter with the Ainu than it is with us. No one may be called by the name of a person who has passed away. When anyone dies his or her name must die also. Should the name of a dead person be applied to a boy or girl, it is supposed that it would grieve the soul of the departed, and be likely to call forth his or her displeasure. Some evil would be pretty certain to follow, for the spirits of the dead can, it is thought, act upon the living for good or evil. No person can therefore take the name of his deceased parent, friend or ancestor. In the same way he must not take the name of his living neighbor. Should such a thing be done it would be looked upon as a kind of theft and treated accordingly.

The naming of Ainu children does not take place before the child is two or three years of age. The parents generally wait till some trait of character has developed itself, or the child has performed some peculiar act, before they give a name. These circumstances decide what it shall be called, for the word used generally points to something which took place in early life, and is sometimes not at all a 'bad index to character.

Blood Poisoning Among Meat Packers.

"It would surprise you to know," recently remarked an officer of one of our large packing houses, "how frequent cases of blood poisoning are among our employees, and the cause in most instances would doubtless surprise you more. A scratch on the hand from a bone of a calf's head or a pig's foot often disables a man for a week, and, strangely enough, in almost every case that has come under my notice the scratch has been so slight as to be almost imperceptible.

"The first intimation the man has of his injury is a swelling of the forearm, accompanied by a smarting pain. Both swelling and pain generally extend to the shoulder, under which a large lump sometimes forms. Even after the presence of the scratch has been in this manner demonstrated, it is often impossible to detect it. It is usually caused, in the case of the calf's head, by the sharp edge on the bone of the neck, due to the carelessness of the butcher who severs the head from the carcass. If he does his work well and his cleaver has severed the joint

perfectly, all is well, for there is no sharp edge to cut; but if he has missed the joint by even a hair's breadth, which happens in five cases out of ten, there is an edge on the bone that will probably work mischief.

"Of course, none of these cases has ever resulted seriously, as prompt measures are always taken, and as we always insist that a man so injured immediately consult a physician. This rule we never vary, for we feel bound to retain a man on the pay roll while suffering from such an accident, even though he be unfitted for work, and the unskillful treatment of an apothecary, on which many of them would like to rely, or the even less satisfactory methods of home surgery, would only prolong the term of idleness."—New York Sun.

Deepest Hole in the World.

Shaft No. 3 in the Tamarack copper mine at Opechee, Mich., has now reached a depth of over 4,200 feet, nearly a mile, which is the greatest depth man has ever attained into the earth.

A trip three-quarters of a mile into the bowels of the earth is a decided novelty, says the Chicago Record. Entering the cage, which is an iron elevator, fitted with all modern safety appliances and hoisted or lowered by an inch and a half wire cable passing over a great drum in the engine house near the shaft, the signal is given to lower. A separate cage is always used for carrying men and the rate of speed is less than where rock is hoisted or timber lowered in the other compartments. The trip requires five minutes, and, as the cage sinks at the rate of speed equal to that of the swiftest elevator in a modern sky-scraper, the dark walls of rock, on which a faint light is thrown by the candles and oil lamps of the party, seem to be swiftly shooting upward, while the cage is standing still. At last the bottom is reached. A dozen miners, covered with grime and dust, are busy at work. Powder drills, fed by compressed air coming almost a mile through iron pipes, are tapping the rock petulantly. Men are shoveling the rock blasted from the lode into the cars, which are trundled into cages and hoisted to the surface. The candles throw weird shadows, and as the reflection comes to the mind of the mortal from earth's surface that he is deeper down under the earth's crust than man has ever penetrated before, the desire to ascend to fresh air and sunshine is apt to come uppermost.

A Locomotive Race with a Moose.

The morning express from Houlton had a queer experience Tuesday forenoon. Between Island Falls and Crystal, about thirty miles out of Houlton, the engineer saw a huge moose on the track, watching the approaching train and evidently undetermined whether to derail it or jump off and let it go about its business. The engineer blew a succession of sharp blasts with the whistle. Mr. Moose evidently took this for the word "Go" for a race between himself and the huge monster which he saw approaching. At any rate, he turned, and, with the train not more than a dozen rods from him, he set sail down the track. The train was moving at the rate of forty miles an hour, but the moose flew like the wind, and kept his distance. The passengers heard the warning blast of the whistle, and knew that something was on the track, but not until the train reached Crystal Station did they learn that they had been racing with a moose. For a quarter of a mile the big animal kept up the almost incredible pace necessary to keep ahead of the train, and then, as if satisfied that he had convinced his competitor that there wasn't anything in the steam line that was coming up into Aroostook and do him in a sprinting match, he left the track and plunged into the woods.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

He Will Be Puzzled.

That New Zealander, whom Macaulay fancied in some future age standing on the ruins of London bridge and contemplating the relics of a forgotten civilization, if he follows the example of some of our nineteenth century archaeologists and goes about delving in the tombs of the prehistoric race to learn what he can about the people of the past, may come across something in a churchyard there that will give rise to some curious speculations as to how many mouths the dead and gone English had. A dentist was recently buried there, and with him in the coffin were placed by his express directions a collection of more than 30,000 teeth, which he had extracted during his professional career from aching jaws. He carefully preserved every tooth that he extracted, and considered the collection the most valuable of his possessions.—New Orleans Picayune.

DAINTY HEADGEAR.

MANY OF LAST WINTER'S FANCIES HAVE BEEN REVIVED.

Ornaments That Adorn the Coiffures of Fashionable Dames—Some of the Latest Ideas in Sleeves.

THE indications are that many of the fashions popular last season will appear again, with certain novel modifications, this year. This is fortunate for the needs of "the majority." Not a few women are forced to rejuvenate hats and gowns that have seen good service through a season or so, to do duty during the winter.

The ultra-fashionable always seem to be a whole season ahead of "the majority." Diamond Mercury wings and other highly ornamental ones adorned the coiffures of a few of the dames last winter. These dainty fallals in headgear have not been relegated to the shelf. They appear again for evening wear, with but little variations from those that fluttered about crinkly tresses last season. This cunning headdress will be most gladly received if it causes the large, picturesque theatre hats to entirely disappear from the playhouse.

The illustration displays one of these pretty head ornaments which consists of two tiny wings fastened in

perpendicular opening, adds to the ugly thin effect of the arm, while the former with its round curves makes even a slight arm seem pretty.



EVENING BODICE WITH LACED SLEEVE.

The sleeves of this pretty evening bodice are banded just below the elbow with velvet which matches the belt. The garment is made of pale blue accordion plaited mousseline de soie over pale blue silk. It fastens at the side and has a small decollete bordered with bands of Irish guipure. Similar



CAPIES OF THE SEASON.

The Manille (No. 1), says the Mail and Express, comes in any shade of faced cloth and in the finest quality. In tan or navy it is very fetching. The top cape is elaborately trimmed with ornamental strappings of cloth, tapering to the neck and broadening in the descent, and is cut open at the back, where the trimming is continued in the same fashion as in the front of the mantle. The collar is faced with velvet. It is one of the latest London fashions.

The same may be said of the cape No. 2, the Doris, which is of rich purple velvet, with loops of black satin ribbon from the shoulders, and further trimmings of tapering jet brightening and beautifying the smooth velvet pile. The fur, put on in box fashion, is smoked fox, soft and becoming to the face, and the rolled collar is conveniently adapted to stand up or down at will.



DAINTY HEADRESS FOR EVENING WEAR.

Hats or bonnets that generate heat are conducive to baldness and should not be worn by women who wish to preserve their "crowns of glory" intact.

SOME IDEAS IN SLEEVES.

It is now announced that the single nutton leg sleeve is not enough, so a double one is shown. The outer part of it appears to have come loose from the arm hole, except under the arm, and all its fullness falls in close folds down over the top of the arm to about the elbow, disclosing not the bare arm but an undersleeve of contrasting color. This makes the girl with the ugly elbow stop and think, and her party gown will show an adaptation of this notion. She will have a shoulder strap and to this will be attached on the underside an open gigot, which will fall loose from the top of the arm, but which will come into a band at the elbow and so cover the elbow in bag fashion.

If the top of the arm above the elbow is good, as is often the case when the rest of the arm is ugly, she will let it show; if not she will fill in with tulle where the gigot falls away. She can meet the elbow band with long gloves. This sort of sleeve is more effective and newer than the usual trick of the gigot split, like a ripe chestnut, on the top of the arm. The latter, making a

A DELAYED REPORT.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

An After-Dinner Toast That Was Interrupted by Gen. Sherman.

When the national convention of lawyers met in the west some years ago, Mr. Du Bignon was sent to represent Georgia, his native state. Being one of the rising young men in his region, he was also invited to respond to the toast, "The Young Manhood of the South," at the large banquet to be given.

The young lawyer prepared his reply with care, feeling he had done his best, which was all he could expect of him. His toast was the tenth line, and the toast-master had pronounced in distinct tones the title of the toast, and added that Mr. Fleming Du Bignon, of Georgia, would reply.

The lawyer rose slowly glancing as he did so down the long double line of expectant, polite, upturned faces, smiling at him, encouraging him to proceed.

His "piece" was all clearly in mind; he remembered every planned gesture, every turn and "point" he proposed to make.

"Gentlemen of the bar," he began, "—"

"General Sherman," delightedly broke in the toast master, and "Sherman," "Sherman" was echoed all down the table, which saw dozens of men rise to their feet to greet the great soldier-lawyer as he entered the room.

Gen. Sherman had promised to attend this convention, but had been detained by other engagements until this late hour, and his vent was hailed with a burst of welcome as he advanced down to his vacant chair. Everyone was shaking hands with him creating quite a hubbub.

When it finally subsided the toastmaster turned again to the young Georgian and said:

"Will Mr. Bignon now proceed with the toast, 'The Young Manhood of the South?'"

The Georgian sat for an instant dazed. He was young and the excitement breaking into his speech had "floored" him.

What was he going to do? What was he going to say? Every line of his prepared toast had left him, every bit of his plan of thought had deserted him. To stand there a confused dillard; to be unable to respond to the toast that involved all his patriotism, when that speech was intended to show the southerners just what the southerners could do and be. It was humiliating; it was agonizing.

All this, however, did not occupy the space of time it takes to tell it. It flashed through his brain like lightning, and even during the latter part of these thoughts he was rising mechanically to his feet.

He stood still for a second and saw Gen. Sherman's face looking at him with interest. The silence was appalling; he felt that every one was thinking "Poor fellow he doesn't know what to say."

In a quiet tone, in which, however, he felt a quiver, he commenced:

"Gentlemen, I am confounded! The advent of so noted a warrior as Gen. Sherman has made me forget every word of my speech—the men all looked anxious and interested—but I think you can scarcely wonder at my confusion. Georgians are so used to the fact of Gen. Sherman following them that it is enough to simply paralyze any one of them to be asked to follow the general." There was a pause for an instant over the young fellow's audacity, and then the room rang with appreciative applause of his excellent wit.

Men leaned over their plates and immediately fixed themselves into attitudes of interest; they at once perceived that, at least, an original young chap was going to speak.

Mr. Du Bignon felt the personal magnetism he had excited reflect on himself, and continued with more assurance.

He said that he would tell a story about the young manhood of the south; the young manhood, including his first impressions of Gen. Sherman.

The time was the civil war, the place Millersville, Ga., "I was only a little shaver," he stated, "but I was taking care of my mother and younger brother. All the men had gone to war. The cry started early in the morning 'Sherman is coming! I increased from a whisper to a frightened shout. The old negroes who were at home left the field and plow and gathered in their calicoes, exactly as if it had been said 'The Judgment day is coming!' People stood irresolute in the street, not knowing what to do, whether it was best to go anywhere. Even the chickens and cows seemed to understand that portentous phrase that was filling the air—'Sherman is coming!'"

"And later on, he came. Soldiers and horses, they began to fill the little town and the people's houses, and fear was the prevalent element."

"I insisted that the Shetland pony and my brother's pet rooster must be saved. My mother equally insisted that I must stay in the house, for if not the soldiers would carry me away. I was made a prisoner, but owned a riding and when I saw out of the soldiers go under our house and catch the rooster and wring its neck, I was certain my pony would go next. So, jumping out of the window, I ran to the soldier, and, doubling up my fist, cried: 'Dog-gone you, old Yankee. If you let that pony I'll report you to Gen. Sherman.'" He stopped for an instant, and then continued, courteously: "General, he did take my pony, and this is my first opportunity to report to you."

Mr. Du Bignon, of Georgia, won the day. Men cheered him as he took his seat for his cleverness, and Gen. Sherman, jumping up, said: "Will someone present me to the young rebel?"—Detroit Free Press.

A REMARKABLE PONY.

It Is an Affectionate Animal and Shows Almost Human Intelligence.

John C. Krantz, of Baltimore, is the owner of a Western pony in which he takes a great deal of pride. The horse is named Dick and is one of those pieces of horseflesh which seem to have almost human understanding. Dick is small enough to go through the small door cut in the stable door which is intended for the entrance of a mule. He prefers to enter by the milder door and sometimes tries to take the carriage to which he is harnessed in with him. This it is needless to say, results in failure. He considers him self above the common herd, and will not have his harness put on in the stable, but must be taken into the carriage for that purpose. He then consents to be led out to be hitched to the carriage. Dick is very fond of cream peppermint drops; the ordinary lozenges he will not touch. In order to get these at the end of each drive he is taken to one of Mr. Krantz's stores. His driver then goes in for the candies. If he wishes to do so Dick will calmly walk across the pavement and enter the door, much to the astonishment of the onlookers and the children. The sweetmeats are given to the animal and he backs out.

He always goes after his master with a look of inquiry in his eyes and puts his fore feet on the pavement when Mr. Krantz leans on the carriage. Mr. Krantz thinks his pet can be taught to do almost anything and he has had the time would try to educate Dick himself. The horse is very fond of his master, and on all occasions shows this affection. There is nothing so good for sick and he evidently deserves it.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS

STATE FINANCES.

Treasurer's Books Show Them to be in Good Condition.

The healthy condition of state finances continues. When State Treasurer Jackson closed his books on the last day of October he had in the general fund \$4,844,967.67, and had received during the month \$1,066,167.27. For 11 months of the fiscal year of 1893 the receipts were \$11,633,718.02, or \$36,291.48 less than for the same months this year. The entire revenue last year was \$13,252,727.88, and it is expected that within a number of large corporations make settlement this year the amount will be more than that received last year.

AN UNGRATEFUL THIEF.

A negro thief, who had been feebly in the evening, afterward gained an entrance to the house of R. J. Fay, of Altoona, and stole a gold watch, a ring, a sum of money, a pair of trousers and vest, together with the entire wardrobe of the hired girl. He was discovered, and in his hurry to escape, dropped the seal-skin coat of Mrs. Fay, and the best coat of her husband.

WORK FOR MANY MORE MEN.

The Pittsburg Reduction company, at New Kensington, which manufactures about 90 per cent of the aluminum used in this country, intends to enlarge its works and manufacture ware and light articles of aluminum. An extensive stamping and finishing department will be added, which will employ about 100 extra men.

CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Michael Saphaw was arrested at Wilkes-barre charged with the murder of John Kosok known as the "Hungarian King." Kosok was killed on February 10, 1893, he was found dead by the roadside, and it was supposed that he had been killed in a runaway. Kosok's son, at whose instigation the arrest was made, says his father was a victim of a murderous conspiracy.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

At Gorton, near Phillipsburg, on the Beech Creek road, Stephen Blake, a brakeman, was killed by a train backing over him while he was watching a train on another track. His conductor, James Peed, in endeavoring to rescue him, received injuries from which he died a few hours later.

DEHORNS SEVENTY COWS.

For the purpose of seeing whether it would make any difference in milking qualities, 80 head of blooded milk cows were dehorned at the Pennsylvania State College Agricultural Experiment Station at Bellefonte.

The dead body of a man in a great decomposed state was found at a ravine near Manor. It was thought to be that of Joseph Baughman, of Penn township, who disappeared several weeks ago. The body was covered with leaves. It is thought he was murdered for money.

An effort is being made to have a manufacturing industry locate at Kittingham. Five acres of land will be donated and a cash bonus given. Eight men have subscribed \$2,000 and others will subscribe more. A sheet and tin plate mill, costing about \$100,000, and employing 300 men, is one of the probabilities.

Dennis O'Connell, an Altoona detective, was held for court by Judge Lowery to answer the charge of extortion and collecting money from Blair county by false pretenses. The officer had traveled on a pass to Pittsburg to make an arrest and then charged the county with the mileage.

The Forest Oil company has completed its No. 5 Bryant, in the old Wildwood field, and has a light producer. The rig for No. 5 Smith at Brush Creek has been completed. Their No. 2 Dyke, east of Peterboro, has started to drill. No. 1 on this farm, completed last week, was a good gusher.

Albert Cooper, son of Rev. D. Cooper, of Bentsleyville, accidentally shot himself, death resulting. The father of the young unfortunate is pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Bentsleyville.

John Painter, of Freedom, Clarion county, was instantly killed Thursday afternoon by being struck in the stomach, with a piece of flywheel that had exploded.

Two highwaymen robbed Joseph Beale and his son of \$30 and some valuable papers near Freeport. Two arrests have been made but the men cannot be positively identified.

The Fort Pitt Gas company is drilling in the hundred-foot test well on the Samuel Scott farm, located in advance of the Forest Grove development, to the southwest.

The dead body of Thomas Painter, of Skysville, near Reynoldsville, was found hanging in the woods there Saturday.

Postmaster Charles Earle, of Erie, fell into a coal shaft Thursday night and was probably fatally injured.

Wm. McKenzie, a miner, living near Mammoth, Westmoreland county, was fatally injured Thursday by a fall of slate.

Fierce mountain fires are raging on the western side of the Chestnut ridge, and large quantities of valuable timber have been destroyed.

Notice posted in the Gauthier rolling mills Johnstown announce that the mills will operate on Saturday and Sunday nights hereafter.

Mrs. Priscilla Penny, colored, of Hookstown, died suddenly in the Cleveland & Pittsburg station at Beaver.

M. A. Dunbar has been appointed postmaster at Carr, Butler county.

SOIL READY FOR THE REED.

It will never do to listen to the suggestions of the tempter to defer an opportunity for doing good. Much practical instruction may be gleaned from this simple incident, related by an Indian colporteur—"I called at a house where two women were on a visit. I was disposed to make their presence an excuse for not introducing the subject of personal religion, arguing that it does little good to converse with one in the presence of others. However, my conscience would not be satisfied. I spoke to one. She wept and confessed that she felt her need of an interest in the Saviour. She had been endeavoring to seek the way of life for several weeks, and had no one to converse with her, and explain the way of salvation. I soon saw that the other women were in tears. I found with her too the spirit had been striving. For weeks she had been trying to pray, and exhorting her husband to turn from his sins. Thus was I rebuked for my timidity and unfaithfulness."

KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.

We have no right to say, "I know Christ," unless he has spoken to us and we to him. Unless we have access to his privacy, and can tell him our secrets. Unless we go in and out with him, and talk with him, as a man talketh with his friend. Unless we have not only read in Scripture that he is wise and merciful, powerful and long-suffering, but have also acted upon that information, and found him so ourselves. Unless in compassion we have cried to him, and received strength, unless in trouble we have had recourse to him, and our soul has been refreshed, unless in difficulty we have applied to him and experienced a very present help, a very real direction.—Dean Vaughan.