

The Americans are, on the average, the greatest eaters in the world.

Crime in Germany is said to increase or decrease according to the price of bread.

The first Ph. D. degree given by the New University of Chicago was conferred upon a Japanese.

One undoubted Americanism has taken firm root in England; the London Times has adopted "gerrymandering."

Methodism has in the United States nearly 5,000,000 communicants. More than half of these are contained in the Methodist Episcopal branch.

Chile is importing German officers to train her military. She is evidently preparing for war. She also proposes to raise a loan of \$10,000,000 in Europe.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has affirmed the validity of the law which provides that a sentence of life imprisonment operates as an ipso facto divorce for the wife or husband of the convict.

That signals of lights may be seen at a greater distance if the flashes follow one another at irregular intervals has been conclusively shown in a series of experiments made by M. Henry at the Depot des Phares. A revolving drum moved by clockwork, and illuminated by a light placed at the axle, was used, the surface of which was pierced by sixty holes. The speed of the drum and the brightness of the light were varied, and some of the holes closed at regular and irregular intervals. The chief difficulty found was in bringing the observer's eye back to its normal condition after each experiment.

A rather strange novel is being prepared in Paris just now. Five well-known humorists—G. Auriol, Tristan Bernard, J. Courteline, Jules Renard and Pierre Vepes—will produce it. Such a combination is not unknown, but the novelty comes in their method of work. The writers work by turn and by lot; no plot may be forecast. Each must begin where the other leaves off, and the first is to choose title and hero. The latter may not be killed or attacked by fever or disease. The first lot has fallen on Vepes and Auriol will conclude the tale (which is in thirty-five chapters). Profits are to be fairly divided, and the authors will try to show the possibility of division of labor.

A physician points out that several fallacies are common with regard to the weight of the human body. The man who congratulates himself on his gain of several pounds in weight over a given period may have no cause for rejoicing, for he may be under a delusion. Very few persons say this investigator, have any correct idea of their own weight. As a matter of fact the weight of the body is continuously changing owing to innumerable influences. On a warm day after breakfast a man will lose more than a third of a pound per hour. Seventy per cent of the body consists of water and its weight varies constantly. The inference to be drawn from the loss or gain of a pound or two may be mistrusted. Fluctuations of a few ounces are a sign that the body is in a healthy state.

Every intelligent person must view with satisfaction the signs of growing interest in the subject of road improvement, says the New York Tribune. Here is a reform question in which politics cannot enter. Democrats, Republicans, Populists, Prohibitionists, men (and women) of all faiths, political or religious, share alike in the conviction that good roads are a good thing, and we are glad to believe that the number is large and increasing of those who think that good roads are a necessity to the well-being of any community. While railroads have been of immense benefit to this country, it cannot be doubted that they have had much influence in retarding the improvement of highways. The old Romans built excellent and permanent roads, because all transportation had to pass over them, and the building of the good roads of Europe in general antedated the era of the locomotive engine. But in this country we had scarcely emerged from the period when a trail through the forest constituted the sole means of communication between one place and another before the iron horse came to render first-rate highways less necessary than they would otherwise have long ago become. That condition of things is passing away, and the need of good roads, usable in all weathers, is now coming to be generally recognized.

The Dawn of Freedom.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
Yet may not see its dawn sublime,
We high hopes make the heart thro' lighter!
Our dust may slumber underground
When it awakes the world to wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round—
Have heard its voice of distant thunder!
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!
'Tis coming now, that glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffolds gory!
Time passed, but, lo! The work they wrought!
Now the crowded hope of centuries blossoms;
The lightning of their living thought
Is flashing through us, brain and bosom:
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age,
But the great people's ever youthful!
And it shall write the future page
To our humanity more truthful;
There's a divinity within
That makes men great if they but will it!
God works with all who care to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being;
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-saturated, grow far-singing;
Thou shalt unfold our bitter part,
And in our life-up yield more honey;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart:
And love's own world with smiles more sunny!
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!
—GERALD MASSEY.

ONE HONEYMOON.

Jack and I had known each other from childhood. We had quarrelled and made up times without number, kissed and quarrelled again. Finally, after we had reached the age when young people decide to do something rash rather than submit to the monotony of an everyday existence, we made up our minds to run away and be married. This decision was not at all necessary, for our parents would have made no objection to our marrying in the usual decorous fashion. It was just because they cast no obstacles in our path that we decided to give them a shock.

Unfortunate day. We had scarcely started on our wedding trip before our troubles began. We were duly united by a timid little parson in the next town, who visibly trembled at his responsibility in assisting what was plainly a runaway match, yet gave us his blessing with pathetic earnestness while his sympathetic wife offered me a kiss of encouragement.

We were naturally in a great state of excitement. After dinner at one of the little bustling hotels in the place we took a train for New York, arriving in time for the opera.

There was a very pretty singer in the cast whom I noticed Jack admired more than was quite considerate of me, under the circumstances, and I fancy I perceived a smile of recognition on her lips as she looked in our direction, for we sat very near the stage—in fact, in the second row in the orchestra. I teased him to tell me if he had ever seen her before, but he proved very tantalizing, and I could make nothing out of the affair; still, I grew insanely jealous, and when we went to our hotel I refused to speak to Jack for the rest of the evening. Then he left me to go down to the lobby for a smoke, he said, but I was sure he had some other design.

Next day we went to a watering-place which was near a fort overlooking a wide expanse of water. We walked about until we were tired, but found everything very stupid. I decided to sit in the pavilion munching some cakes Jack had bought for me while he hunted a conveyance to take us for a drive along the beach.

He was absent so long that the delay became intolerable. Finally I decided to pay a visit to the fort, which was not far distant, and let Jack hunt for me on his return.

I had no sooner reached the entrance than on the further side, charmingly posed against one of the great guns, I saw—good heavens!—Jack with that opera singer, and her hand laid caressingly upon his shoulder, while he was offering her his field glasses for a look over the bay.

Whatever put the idea into my head I do not know, except that I had a few days before glancing over an article on modern coast defenses in a popular review, illustrated by drawings showing the manner of handling and firing the guns by electricity. I fairly flew to the quarters where I judged the operating mechanism to be. Fortunately, the place was for a moment vacant. Not even a sentry interposed to stop me. Inside was a row of buttons and a chart, which I studied for an instant, and then pressed the key I judged to control the gun whose recoil would give me my revenge.

Instantly there was an explosion and a great uproar. Half stunned, I ran

out expecting to find the perfidious pair mangled and senseless.

My heart leaped up with joy in spite of my rage as I saw Jack strolling toward me, although that hateful woman was at his side. As soon as he saw me he hurried up, and, would you believe it, introduced his companion as his cousin Nell, of whom I had often heard as winning a career in the opera, but I had never seen.

I shall never forgive Jack. He says he wanted to cure me of my jealous disposition but he made me try to kill him. It makes very little difference to be told that I only rang an electric bell in the guard house, and that the explosion was the sunset gun.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Frozen Seas of the South.

There is living at Oxford, Md., Thomas Sinclair, seaman, a survivor and perhaps the only one, of the celebrated Wilkes exploring expedition when the so-called Antarctic continent was discovered, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat. Captain Wilkes, United States navy, sailed from Norfolk, Va., August 18, 1838, in command of a squadron of five vessels and a storeship, to explore the southern seas. Sinclair was one of his men. The expedition visited Madeira, Cape Verd, Terra del Fuego, the Hawaiian Islands, the Samoan group and Australia. December, 1839, Captain Wilkes left Sydney and sailed toward the south pole and discovered what has been called the Antarctic Continent, as it appears even today on the maps. For several weeks he sailed along vast ice fields. Landings were made at several places during this period, and Seaman Sinclair was one of the men who manned the boats, and actually trod upon the icy fields of the Antarctic Continent. They were not prepared to make any attempt to explore this ice tract in the direction of the pole. The expedition did much other exploring. It was gone nearly four years, arriving at New York June 10, 1842. Mr. Sinclair was with the expedition all these years, and has many reminiscences of the voyage, or series of voyages, and stories which never got into the books. He speaks of Captain Wilkes as a very able commander and a very strict disciplinarian. As a rule, he was better liked by the men than by the officers. Indeed, after his return he was court-martialed on charges preferred by some of his officers, but he was acquitted all except for illegally punishing some of his crew, for which he was reprimanded. Mr. Sinclair is considerably over eighty years old. His memory is first-rate, and his mind strong and clear. He suffers much from rheumatism and other ailments of old age, due to the exposure he underwent when with Captain Wilkes.

Uses of Wood.

Pine is the wood most used on account of its abundance. The timber of the oak, which combines in itself the essential elements of strength and durability, hardness and elasticity in degree which no other tree can boast, has been used as a material for shipbuilding since the time of King Alfred. It is also employed in architecture, cabinet making, carving, mill work, coopering and a thousand and one other ways, while the bark is of great value as furnishing tan and yielding a bitter extract in continual demand for medicinal purposes. The timber of the pine is also used in house and ship carpentry. Common turpentine is extracted from it and much tar, pitch, resin and lampblack. Splinters of the resinous roots serve the Highlanders instead of candles. Fishermen make ropes of the inner bark, which the Kamchadales and Laplanders steep in water and utilize for making a coarse kind of bread. The oil obtained from the shoots of the dwarf pine is a kind of universal medicine among the peasants of Hungary, while the soft-grained silver fir is in much requisition for the sounding board of musical instruments, and the Germans employ it almost exclusively in their vast toy factories. In the manufacture of lucifer matches, and above all, paper pulp, thousands and tens of thousands of acres of pine forest are cut down every year, and the timber, constituting the chief material of English and American builders is more used than all other kinds of wood put together.—Atlanta Constitution.

The New Woman.

Mrs. Newera (waking suddenly in the night)—What noise is that? Is it you, Cyrus?
Mr. Newera—Y-yes, my dear.
Mrs. Newera (composing herself to slumber again)—You won't find anything in my pockets, Cyrus. I put it all in the bank this afternoon.—Chicago Tribune.

A Man-of-War to Fight Ice.

For many years the Michigan Central, whose northern Michigan road runs to Mackinaw City, has been engaged to fight with the ice across the Straits of Mackinac to St. Ignace, where connections are made with railroads into the Upper Peninsula. For some time the Michigan Central had an ordinary ferryboat, the Algoma, in service at the straits. Then it built the St. Ignace, which was supposed to be able to fight its way through any kind of ice. But the St. Ignace, like the Algoma, was occasionally beated in these conflicts. The ice would get too thick and too hard for the steamer to force its way through. In consequence, traffic between the two peninsulas would be interrupted for a week at a time. Two years ago an iceboat, which was the result of a dozen years of experience, was constructed at Detroit. It was called the St. Marie and consisted mainly of solid oak, engines and room for a dozen freight cars. There was a wheel at the bow, two at the stern, and enough power to have equipped two ordinary lake vessels. In appearance the ferry resembles an iron-clad man-of-war. As yet no ice has been encountered which the St. Marie cannot drive clear through. Nowhere on the lakes does the ice become heavier than in the straits. Into that landlocked passage of water southwest winds drive the vast fields of ice from Lake Michigan and pile them up in windrows until they lie in solid bodies from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness. The current through the Straits of Mackinac, which southwest winds invariably cause, pushes these windrows together with resistless force and by the middle of winter the straits become one vast body of ice. It is said that the problem of ice navigation has been fully solved in the St. Marie, and it could force its way through any kind of ice, regardless of wind or weather. The hull of the boat, particularly the bow, is somewhat of a curiosity. The heavy oak frames are set so close together that they practically form one piece. Outside of this is a coating of heavy steel plates, and it simply is impossible for ice to make any impression upon the hull, regardless of its firmness. This boat is said to be the first successful iceboat ever built in the world.—Chicago Tribune.

Rats Caught by Clams.

They tell big stories about the feats of Puget Sound clams, but the one told by Edward A. Chase of the North Pacific Fish Company is just a trifle ahead of most of them.

Saturday morning, when Mr. Chase went into his warehouse, he heard a rustling in a box of clams. On investigating he found that a rat had invaded the box, and, just as he approached, the jaws of a monster clam shut down on the rodent's tail, holding it fast. The rat squealed, but the clam held it tight. Mr. Chase, anticipating the comment of friends who would cry "clam story" when he would relate the circumstance, called witnesses and then set about extricating the imprisoned rat. The result was that the rat was released, but got away minus an inch of tail.

An hour or so later Mr. Chase returned to the warehouse to find that another daring rat had ventured into the box, and in an attempt to pull some of the clams out of the shell with his forefoot, had also been made a prisoner by the clam shutting down on the member. For several hours the firmly attached pair were exhibited, and then the rat was killed.—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

Trimming a Bear's Claws.

Carl Hagenbeck, the menagerie man, tells how he acted as chiropodist for a big Polar bear. "I suppose," he said, "I am pretty well the only man in the world who ever performed such an operation. The bear's nails had grown into his feet and he was in great pain. We had vainly tried to get hold of the feet through the bars of the cage to cut the nails. At last I got him into a narrow cage with an iron barred front, and turned it so that the animal stood on the bars. I went underneath with a sharp pair of pincers and managed to pull the nails out. Then we gave him a foot bath to cool the wounds and in a day or two he was all right.—Chicago Mail.

Another Theory Disputed.

"Six hours' sleep for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool," is one of the most pernicious proverbs ever invented. The British Medical Journal denounces it in good round terms. Physiology, it says, is against the early rising theory, and the desire to get up with the early morn is a sign, not of strength of character, but of advancing age.

SAW LINCOLN SHOT.

Graphic Recital by an Eyewitness of the Tragedy.

Pursued J. Wilkes Booth and Identified His Body.

It is thirty years ago since Lincoln died of the wounds received in Ford's Theatre at the hands of Booth. And there now lives in Washington a gentleman who saw the whole scene and was the first to reach the wounded man in the prevailing panic. Mr. William Flood is the gentleman name, and he gives the following graphic account, which is taken down in his exact words:

"At the time the president was shot," said he, in answer to a query, "I was in the United States navy, and was acting ensign and executive officer on board the steamship Captain Teazer. Silas Owen was the commander, and the ship was located at the navy yard on April 14. On the afternoon of that day Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, drove over to the yard in a carriage and sent for me. I came out to the carriage and Mr. Lincoln said the secretary of war had informed him that the ship Monitor was at the yard and he wished to see it. So we went around and looked at the Monitor. It was not until we arrived there that anyone in the yard even suspected that the president was anywhere in the vicinity, and when they did discover it a number of salutes from the guns were fired in his honor.

That evening Captain Owen, who had been over in the city during the day, came to the ship and suggested that we go to the theatre that evening, as Laura Keen was to play "Our American Cousin" and the president was to be there. We went to the theatre and secured seats in the parquet or orchestra chairs. The president occupied the second from the stage. Just as the curtain fell on the first act I heard a shot and saw a man jump from the president's box to the stage. As he jumped his foot caught in the folds of the flag that draped the box and he fell sideways on the stage. It was quite a good jump and he came very near falling back in the orchestra. He got up and limped away across the stage, brandishing a great long knife in his right hand and shouted "Sic semper tyrannus."

"In less time than it takes to tell it I was on the stage. How I got there over the heads of that orchestra I really don't remember. Just as I reached the stage Mrs. Lincoln looked out of the box. She was crying and wringing her hands and said: "They have shot papa; will no one come?" I answered that I would come, and immediately climbed up the side of the boxes to the one the president occupied. I don't know how I got up there either, but just as my hands touched the railing of the box a young lady took hold of them and helped me up. The name of the young lady was Harris, and I think she was a daughter of Senator Harris.

"The President was sitting in a large arm-chair, with his hands on his arms and his head thrown forward, just as if he had fallen asleep. He was breathing, however, and we at once laid him on the floor of the box. I looked for the wound, but at first did not discover it. Miss Keene brought a pitcher of water, and I bathed his forehead with that so as to revive him. I then discovered the wound in the back of his head where the ball had entered, and the blood ran out on my arm and down the side of my coat. Some army officers brought in a stretcher and he was placed on that and carried out. I then went to the front of the box and motioned for the audience to remain quiet. Every one was talking and there was a general uproar. As soon as it ceased for a minute I told them that the President was still alive, but had been shot, and was no doubt mortally wounded. Captain Owens and I then went out to the front of the building and found a platoon of police in the street. The side walks were so crowded with people that we had to get out in the middle of the road to get down the street. We went to the National Hotel, and by the time we got there the mob was so dense we could get no further, so a couple of police took us through the hotel to C Street, at the rear, and we got a cab and were driven to the navy yard. I was so bloody from the wound, my right arm and hand being covered, that it is a wonder I was not hanged by that mob. They were intensely excited at the time, and it would have taken very little to have driven them into a frenzy.

"The next day our ship went down the river to head Booth off, and did not return until after he was killed. I was then sent for to go down and identify him. I recognized him very readily as he jumped from the box as J. Wilkes Booth."—Philadelphia Times.

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The Migration of the Salmon.

No less mysterious than the migratory impulse of birds is that which regulates the seasonal movements of salmon. That they should ascend the river in September and October is intelligible enough, seeing that they spawn in November and December. Like the birds, their instinct takes them to their native shallows to reproduce their kind, for salmon and brook trout were probably originally of one species. Adventurous individuals of the trout kind dropped into the estuaries in search of food, just as yellow trout may be observed to do at this day; thence the boldest of them pushed on into the ocean, where food of the richest kind is most abundant. They thrived lustily, their complexion changed, they gave themselves all the airs of sea fish and despised the timid landsman. None the less, they are compelled, year after year, to creep into the head waters, where they are born, hastening away as soon as the domestic task is over to surfeit once more on marine dainties. All that is easy enough to understand. But what is the impulse that is forcing salmon at this season, nine months before the earliest spawn is ripe, to desert the waters of plenty and enter icy island torrents, where there is not enough food to sustain one of a thousand? It cannot be in search of food that they come. That has already been almost proved by the researches which a German savant is conducting into the habits of Rhine salmon. He has shown that salmon enter a river with their stomach in a highly servicable condition—an elastic, capacious sac. No sooner are they within the fresh water than it begins to shrivel, the sides of it thicken and become corrugated, till at last it shrinks to the thickness of a man's finger, and is incapable of admitting any food at all. Probably it will turn out that spring salmon are fish surfeited with sea diet; their tissues are glutted with fat; they can eat no more. So, to escape purposes and seals, they ascend the rivers to rest, descending again when their appetite improves, and reascending in time for the autumn honeymoon.—New York Telegram.

Lentil Farming in Egypt.

It is in Egypt that the lentil crop is of the most value, for in the land of the Pharaohs the lentil forms one-sixth of the food of the people, beside being extensively exported to other countries. It is well suited to the soil and climate, as it requires little irrigation save what the Nile provides. The Egyptian lentils are reputed the best and most nutritious in the world, says Chambers's Journal.

From Cairo to Assouan, the farmers of the Nile valley regularly rotate the crop with wheat of maize, gathering it in about the end of April. Every peasant grows enough for his own consumption, making it into porridge, which he finds both wholesome and sustaining and the cheapest food he can obtain. In Cairo, Alexandria, Ismailia, Suez, Port Said and the other towns the consumption in soup is very large. Most of the export goes to London, there to be converted into invalid or "patent" food, under some fanciful name at a fanciful price.

Chickens as Weather Prophets.

A grizzled, gray old farmer formed one of a group of men who were discussing weather signs in the Terminal market at Philadelphia the other day. "I always know when there is to be a wind storm," he said, "by watching the turkeys and chickens go to roost at night. In calm weather the fowls always roost on the poles with their heads alternating each way: that is, one faces east, the next west, and so on. But when there is going to be a high wind they always roost with their heads toward the direction from which it is coming. There are reasons for these different ways of roosting, I take it. When there is no wind to guard against they can see other danger more readily if they are headed in both directions, but when wind is to arise they face it, because they can hold their positions better. But the part I can't understand," he concluded, "is how the critics know that the wind is going to rise when we mortals lack all intimation of it."

The Secret Out.

"Ma" said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves we."
"Why?"
"So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."