

A HOTEL GHOST.

The Narrative of a Singular Experience of Lord and Lady Dunraven.

Appropos of a report that the Brevoort House was to be closed, which was denied, however, there is a story that Lady Dunraven has been known to tell about the famous old inn. The countess is described by those who know her as a woman much more inclined to common sense than to ghost haunted Cock lanes, even with Dr. Johnson's authority. She used to tell the facts in the tale simply for what they were worth.

It was more than one decade ago, years before the Valkyrie was thought of, when Lord Dunraven was first interested in the mining regions of northern Michigan. He and Lady Dunraven were staying in New York for a few days before starting west and had taken rooms at the Brevoort—pleasant rooms, with a view of the avenue and a nice glimpse of Washington square. The first night, being tired with their journey, they went early to bed, but, as it happened, they were not to sleep. Both the earl and countess were blessed with hearty English constitutions. They were not at all accustomed to lying awake till the small hours.

They wondered what they could have done, what they could have eaten or drunk to afflict them with such gratuitous vigilance. Just at a venture finally they bundled themselves out into the adjoining parlor, made themselves extempore couches there and slept soundly till morning. Next night and the night after there was the same wakefulness and in the end the same migration to the adjoining room for relief. They began to think they should have to leave town earlier than they had planned, for they would not for the world have made any pretext to shift chambers.

The explanation of the mystery, if it was an explanation, came out by chance. They had a call before long from an old time New Yorker whom they had met in England, an authority on all matters pertaining to the town's minor history. "I wonder," he remarked casually, "that they should have given you these rooms. You know it was in that room there, not so long ago, that a Mr. X—hanged himself." It was in that room that Lord and Lady Dunraven had tried in vain to sleep, and they exchanged significant glances. Of course it was only a coincidence, they said, but the next day they took their departure for the west.—New York Tribune.

INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE.

The Characteristic of Savants Is Their Unfailing Optimism.

The best that we gain from the pursuit of research is, Professor C. S. Minot writes in The Popular Science Monthly, our characteristic optimism. We are engaged in achieving results, and results of the most permanent and enduring quality. A business man may achieve a fortune, but time will dissipate it. A statesman may be the savior of a nation, but how long do nations live? Knowledge has no country, belongs to no class, but is the might of mankind, and it is mightier for what each of us has done. We have brought our stones, and they are built into the edifice and into its grandeur. My stone is a small one. It will certainly be forgotten that it is mine; nevertheless it will remain in place.

How different is the pessimism toward which literary men are seen to tend! Harvard university lost James Russell Lowell in 1891 and Asa Gray in 1888. The letters of both of these eminent men have been published. Lowell's letters grow sad and discouraged, and he gives way more and more to the pessimistic spirit. Gray is optimistic steadily and to the end. The difference was partly due to natural temperament, but chiefly, I think, to the influence of their respective professions. The sublimity of the literary man is familiar, human nature and familiar human surroundings, and his task is to express the thoughts and dreams which these suggest. He must compete with the whole past, with all the genius that has been. There is nothing new under the sun, he claims. But to us it is a proverb contradicted by our daily experience.

Galvanic Bronzing.

By means of a recent French improvement the process of galvanic bronzing is said to have been made not only more simple, but capable also of giving every tone, from that of barbedian bronze to antique green, governed by the length of time that the copper is allowed to remain in contact with the liquid. After the piece has been well scoured it is covered by means of a brush with a mixture composed of 20 parts of castor oil, 80 of alcohol and 40 parts each of soft soap and water. Thus treated, the piece left to itself for a period of 24 hours becomes bronzed, and if the duration of contact be prolonged the tone changes, a very great variety of tones, pleasing in their appearance, being obtainable in this manner. The drying is finally effected with hot sawdust, the only remaining operation being then that of coating the piece with a colorless varnish largely diluted with alcohol, thus insuring work of the finest character.—New York Sun.

At the Fearly Gates.

St. Peter (from within)—Who agitates the celestial lute-string?
Strong Voiced Shade—"Tis I, the new woman. A mere man is with me."
St. Peter—"Tis well. Let each state his attributes."
New Woman—"You know me. I came, I saw, I conquered."
The More Man—"My office is to salute, submit and surrender."
St. Peter—"The 'I's have it. Place you cyphopt on the toboggan and step inside.—Washington Times.

Voice of Experience.

Grinnen—Dying at a hotel is, it seems to me, the saddest thing on earth.
Barrett—There is only one thing sadder—lying at a hotel.—Chicago Tribune.

IT ANNOYED HIM.

He Came From the West and Was Puzzled That New Yorkers Knew It.

His coat was a trifle too long and his trousers an inch too wide at the knee to be strictly and exactly fashionable; but, aside from these nice discriminations, he was dressed according to the dictates of the fashion autocrats.

We took the "L" together at Park place, and I noticed a puzzled expression, half amusement, half annoyance, on his face. At Thirty-third street he surrendered his seat to an elderly woman and stood in the aisle in front of where I sat. It was evident that he was anxious to tell some one of the subjects on his mind, so I was not surprised when he caught my eye and opened the conversation.

"Just now," he said, "as I was hurrying to the station, a man caught hold of my arm and stopped me. He was a respectable looking fellow, well clothed, and wore a grayish beard parted in the middle.

"I've been on a drunk," the man said to me, "and I am sobering up. I live in Hackensack, and I want to get home. I haven't a cent and want a quarter."

"I looked him over carefully," continued my chance acquaintance, "concluded he was telling the truth and gave him the money. As I hurried on, he shouted after me:

"I knew you were from the west, and I knew you would give me the money. They are white out there!"

"Now, what I want to know," said my acquaintance, "is how did he know I was from the west? It's true, but how did he know it? Would you know it? Am I marked? Have I any tag on me to tell others that I am a westerner?"

"None that I know of," I assured him, "unless it be such little things as giving your seat up to ladies. That generally indicates that a man is not a native New Yorker."

I got out at Fiftieth street and left him with the same quizzical expression as if the question had been only half answered.—New York Journal.

DRINK WITH MEALS.

Liquid Food an Aid to Digestion, and Cold Drinks Refresh Heated Persons.

The incessant adjuration not to drink with meals we have always held the reverse of truth from theory and from experience. The latter is that dry meals cause heartburn, the former shows that splitting up the meal of solid food with liquid acts precisely like splitting logs of wood into kindling for the fire, giving the digestive fluid easy access to the small particles, instead of sizzling and making gas on the outside of a wad of thick paste. And the talk of diluting the gastric juice is nonsense, because the surplus fluid drains quickly through the stomach. Better drink too much than too little.

We are glad now to be re-enforced by an English sporting man, Mr. Horace Hayes, who says that drinking nothing during or for an hour and a half after meals is the best of ways to train down weight, but he cannot do it because it always brings on rheumatism—probably from the solid food producing overconcentrated salts in the circulation, and consequent deposits in the muscular fiber. The same writer says that the notion about animals being injured by giving them a drink when heated is a stupid and cruel piece of barbarism; that it only does them harm when the drink is very cold, by producing nervous shocks as it would to a man, while if the chill is taken off it first, it refreshes a heated horse to take a good drink just as it does a heated human being.—Travelers' Record.

We Are Slaves to Greed.

If to be free is to live in a country (the United States) where you are in mortal dread of the press and the police, where you are heartily ashamed of having any one connected with you engaged in politics, where corruption reigns in every department of the government and the municipalities, where the only aristocracy is that of wealth and not of honor, and where the liberal professions are all counted lower than Wall street, where, in effect, men are the veritable slaves of greed and gain, why, give me the old fashioned slavery of the old country and the domination of some recognized honor which is at least the fountain of honor.

One doesn't have to apologize in England for going to court, but it seems a necessity in America if one is in any way connected with the White House. When I first came here, I thought a member of the house of representatives held a position at least analogous to the average member of parliament. I find, on the contrary, he is about as much esteemed as an outside broker on the Stock Exchange, and for much the same reasons.—Temple Bar.

Marriage of the Adriatic.

"The Marriage of the Adriatic" was instituted in commemoration of a naval victory won by Sebastian Zivi, doge of Venice, over Otto, son of Frederick Barbarossa, 1174. In consequence of this victory Pope Alexander III, who had been driven to take refuge in Venice, gave to the doge the sovereignty of the sea, and every year the doge used to go in grand procession in his state barge and throw a gold ring into the Adriatic, saying, "With this ring I thee wed." Flowers were then thrown into the sea, and the procession returned. The sentence delivered by the doge on the occasion was literally, "Desponsamus te Mare nostrum in signum veri perpetueque domini."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Apposed.

He (just introduced)—What a very ugly man that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Hobson.

Mrs. Hobson—Why, that is Mr. Hobson.

He (equal to the occasion)—Oh, indeed! How true it is, Mrs. Hobson, that the ugly men always get the prettiest wives.—London Answers.

A QUEER ANIMAL.

The Australian Duckbill Carries a Sting In One Leg.

Australia certainly holds the palm for queer and uncouth animals. Chief among these is the duckbill, or ornithorhynchus, which Sidney Smith described as "a kind of mole with webbed feet and the bill of a duck, which agitated Sir Joseph Banks and rendered him miserable from his utter inability to decide whether it was a bird or a beast." It was only recently that it was proved beyond a doubt that this curious animal lays eggs like a bird, though this had long been reported by travelers. Now comes the news that it has a sting on its hind leg, capable of killing by its poisonous effects. We quote from The Lancet:

"For a long time it was considered to be quite harmless and destitute of any weapon of offense, although the hind legs of the males were armed with a powerful spur, apparently connected with a gland. Then the opinion was advanced that this might be a weapon allied to the poisonous armory of snakes, scorpions and bees, all of which possess a sort of hypodermic poison syringe. Though one set of observers asserted that this was the case, another set denied it, and so Dr. Stuart determined, if possible, to solve this question. He received two independent accounts, which coincided perfectly, and from them he concludes that at certain seasons, at all events, the secretion is virulently poisonous. The mode of attack is not by scratching, but by lateral inward movements of the hind legs. Two cases are reported in dogs. One dog was 'stung' three times, the symptoms much resembling those from bee or hornet poison. The dog was evidently in great pain and very drowsy, but there were no tremors, convulsions or staggering. It is worthy of note that a certain immunity seems obtainable, for the dog suffered less on the second occasion and still less on the third. Two cases of men being wounded are reported, in both of which the animals were irritated, one by being shot and handled, the other by being handled only; the symptoms were the same as in the dog. No deaths are reported in human beings, but four in dogs."—Literary Digest.

The Right Way.

At Park place and Broadway, New York, as a mail wagon turned into the latter thoroughfare to go up town, the horses knocked down a pedestrian who was hurrying into City Hall park. For a wonder the driver pulled up, and though the man was at the horses' feet he escaped the wheels. He came crawling out, covered with dirt and more or less hurt, and the driver looked down at him and coldly inquired:

"Do you know what you have been doing, sir?"

"I do," replied the man as he brushed away at the dirt, "but I couldn't help it. I'm not the man to interfere with the United States mails."

"Better look out in future."

"Yes, I will."

I followed him into the park, where he sat down on a bench to get his breath, and told him that a mail wagon had no more right to run over him than an ice cart.

"Is that so?" he asked in doubting tones. "Well, by gum, but this is the fourth time I've been run over by them, and next time they try it on I'll raise a fuss."—Detroit Free Press.

The Goddess of Life.

Vesta was the goddess of life and of home. Her altar stood on every hearthstone, her fire burned on the floor of every public building. Emigrants, when leaving their country, always carried with them fire from the public hearth. The vestal virgins spent 30 years in service—ten in learning their duties, ten in practicing them, ten in teaching novices. After this term had expired, they might, if they chose, leave the service of their divine mistress or marry, but few did so. Honors were showered upon them. They rode in chariots, a privilege in Rome accorded only to royalty; the best seats in the amphitheater were reserved for them; they pardoned or condemned the gladiators. If a criminal led to execution met a vestal, he was instantly released, no matter what his crime.

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Wanted to Know Too Much.

Broncho Bill—Whatcher shoot de tenderfoot for?
Firewater Jake—W'y, de kid hed nerve ter ax me where I got five axes!—Syracuse Post.

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AS THE ROMANS SAW IT.

A Classic Performance In the Old Theater at Orange.

Of scenery, in the ordinary sense of the word, there was none at all. What we saw was the real thing. In the opening scene of "Edipus," the king, coming forward through the royal portal and across the raised platform in the rear of the stage, did literally "enter from the palace" and did "descend the palace steps" to the "public place" where Orest and the priests awaited him. It was a direct reversal of the ordinary effect in the ordinary theater, where the play loses in realism because a current of necessarily appreciated but purposely rejected antagonistic fact undercuts the conventional illusion and compels us to perceive that the palace is but painted canvas, and even on the largest stage only four or five times as high as the prince. The palace at Orange, towering up as though it would touch the very heavens and obviously of veritable stone, was a most prepotent reality.

The fortuitous accessory of the trees growing close beside the stage added to the outdoor effect still another very vivid touch of realism, and this was heightened by the swaying of the branches, and by the gracious motion of the draperies, under the fitful pressure of the strong gusts of wind. Indeed the mistral took a very telling part in the performance. Players less perfect in their art would have been disconcerted by it, but these of the Comedie Francaise were quick to perceive and to utilize its artistic possibilities. In the very midst of the solemn denunciation of Edipus by Tiresias, the long white beard of the blind prophet suddenly was blown upward so that his face was hidden and his utterance choked by it, and the momentary pause, while he raised his hand slowly, and calmly freed his face from this chance covering, made a dramatic break in his discourse, and added to it a naturalness which vividly intensified its solemn import. In like manner the final entry of Edipus, coming from the palace after blinding himself, was made thrillingly real. For a moment, as he came upon the stage, the horror which he had wrought upon himself—his ghastly eyesockets, his blood stained face—was visible, and then a gust of wind lifted his mantle and flung it about his head so that all was concealed, and an exquisite pity for him was aroused—while he struggled painfully to rid himself of the incumbrance—by the imposition of this petty annoyance upon his mortal agony of body and of soul.—"The Comedie Francaise at Orange," by Thomas A. Janvier, in Century.

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