

A FIDDLER WANTED.

HE WAS FAMED AND AT DANCE MUSIC DID VERY WELL.

Fun and Frolic in a Washout on the Oregon Short Line—Millionaires and Immigrants Attend a Dance and Experience a Musical Surprise.

On St. Patrick's day, 1894, five through trains, bound both to the eastward and westward of the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific, were tied up at Glenns Ferry, Ida. They had been caught between two serious washouts, one at Peocatello and the other at Indian Creek, three days before, and had to wait at Glenns Ferry for track repairs along the line before they could proceed. Glenns Ferry is a bleak little railroad and sheep herders' town of 800 or 400 inhabitants, situated on a sagebrush bluff overlooking the unspeakably dark and dreary Snake river.

The five stalled trains carried 600 passengers of as miscellaneous a character as could be gotten together at a carefully selected congress of types. There were emigrants and millionaires; soldiers on the move; dainty women in palace cars and women bound for Creech and Cripple Creek in day coaches; miners who killed time during the wait in shooting muggles circling over the Snake river; Shoshone Indians traveling to the limits of their reservation; well behaved and quiet people, noisy and tumultuous people. But all were stuck alike, and they made the best of it. Lines of social demarcation were for the time erased. All hands mingled easily on the little station platform and in the little station waiting room. The supply of food on the dining cars gave out the first day of the hitch, and everybody was fed, and well fed, too, in the station eating room. They sat down at the tables in relays and patiently awaited their turns.

The railroad employees and their wives were to give a dance at the little town hall on St. Patrick's night. The switchman who had been customarily employed to fiddle for them had been switched to another division. In a quandary, the dance committee tored the trains and station to ascertain if any of the stalled passengers happened to be carrying a violin and was capable of producing music on it. In one of the sleeping cars they came across an artistic looking man, with very long hair, a scrupulous, clean-shaven countenance and exceedingly baggy clothes. They were looking for a fiddler, they said. Did he know of any on the train? Well, he didn't know (in outrageously bad English); he played a little himself once in awhile, and had rather a fair fiddle with him. The long haired man accented the "fiddle" rather curiously. But the railroad men were overjoyed. Would he play for them to dance with their wives and sweethearts? Certainly! Did he know dance music? Well, some.

All of the stalled passengers were invited to the dance, and they all went. A good many of them could not get in. The baggily clothed fiddler turned up in good time. The pianist was waiting for him. So was the railroad dance committee, one of the members of which slipped \$3 in one dollar bills into the fiddler's hand as payment in advance for his evening's work. It was smilingly accepted. The dance began. The fiddler's wife, who played the piano, played an old bedlumb violin and panned tone back and turned to the fiddler. She told the fiddler, at the end of the first dance, that he did pretty well, only he went too fast. Then there was a wait. The fiddler was informed by his accompanist that he was getting along finely, and everybody in the room began to pick up his ears at the sweetens of the violin music, although the fiddler's were common enough and tawdry enough.

Another waitress—the "Beautiful Blue Dancer"—All of the dancers on the floor stopped dead at the first bar, and the travelers with cultivated musical ears moved close to the piano. The pianist eyed d. She wished to listen. The violin music was marvellous. The player swung from side to side as he phrased. He appeared to be oblivious of his surroundings. He improvised variations of inspiring tenderness. He out-Strauased Strauss. His violin sang, throbbled with passion. When the last note died away, the people in the hall appeared to be in a dream—all but one.

"M. Yaaye," said Charley Fair, the son of the late United States Senator Fair, stepping from the throng, "won't you play that lively, rattling thing you gave us at the Bohemian club in San Francisco the other night? It's been running in my head ever since."

M. Yaaye played Berlioz's "Piano!" as he perhaps never played it before.—Washington Star.

The Du Maurier Woman. In an article which the late Mr. Du Maurier wrote some years ago for The Magazine of Art apropos of the typical "pretty woman" of his drawings, occurs the following quaint and characteristic passage: "I do hope the reader does not dislike her—that is, if he knows her—I am so fond of my myself, or rather so fond of what I want her to be. She is my piece de resistance, and I have often heard her commended, and the praise of her has sounded sweet in mine ears and gone straight to my heart, for she has become to me as a daughter. She is rather tall, I admit, and a trifle stiff—

but English women are tall and stiff just now—and she is rather too serious, but that is only because I find it so difficult with a mere stroke in black ink to indicate the enchanting little curved lines that go from the nose to the mouth corners, causing the cheeks to make a smile."

In the Omnibus. Conductor—Beg pardon, madame, but these papers are counterfeits. Lady—Oh, nonsense! Keep those for a few. Here are some good ones. Conductor (with a deep bow)—Many thanks, madame.—Punch & Fun.

WINGED SEEDS.

The Wind Plays an Important Part in the Spreading of Plants.

The usual way for seeds to be carried is by the wind. Sometimes they are so small and light as to be easily wafted by the breeze. This is the case with the seed of the mosses and ferns and meadow plinks and the other beautiful plants of our woods and bogs called orchids. And the tiny bodies, like atoms of dust, termed "spores," that answer to seed in ferns and mosses and toadstools, are borne away by the lightest breath of air. But most seeds are themselves too heavy for this. So they are oftentimes provided with thin, broad wings that carry them before the wind as a sail carries a boat. The pairs of "keys" that hang in clusters from the maple trees in spring are such winged fruits. When ripe, they float slowly to the ground, or if a high wind is blowing they are carried farther from the tree. The ash has thick bunches of winged fruits much like these, but single. The elm has a thin, papery border all around its small seeds, which makes them quite conspicuous as they hang on the branchlets before the leaves have come out.

Numbers of plants have about the seeds delicate hairs or bristles that take the place of wings. A dandelion "clock," or a head of thistle down, is a bunch of seeds, each with a circle of fine bristles on the summit. When the seeds are ripe, along comes a breeze, and, puff, away go the seeds, hanging from their tufts of bristles as the basket hangs from a balloon. The bunches of long silky hairs that come from a bursting pod of milkweed and fill the air around have each their precious cargo in the shape of a small brown seed. The seeds that ripen in heads on the clematis after the handsome purple flower leaves have fallen have long feathered tails, like slender bird plumes, that do the same work that is given to the silk of milkweed. The "cotton" around the seeds of the willows at the riverside and of the poplars along city streets serves the same useful purpose. Cotton itself is only a bunch of fine white hair around the seed. Ages before men thought of spinning it and weaving it into cloth it was making itself useful to the cotton plant by helping to scatter its seeds.—"How Plants Spread," by Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

NOT GOOD EVIDENCE.

It Is an Easy Matter to Change Photographic Pictures.

Photographic copies of an original, it is claimed, are not acceptable as proof before a court, inasmuch as the photographs may easily be changed to suit the wish. Expert picture makers can take a photograph, and by various processes secure a composite containing several features desired that did not exist in the original.

A celebrated photographer of this city declared that it is an easy matter to change photographs. Pictures can be made to show the body of one person with the head of another, or it is possible to insert certain features desired in a photograph. The producers of art photographs often use the form of one subject and the head of another in order to obtain the most symmetrical results and thus form a sort of composite picture.

"By the use of nitric acid," he said, "any part of the silver print photograph, the one commonly used, can be erased. If the picture were a platinum print, which is unlikely, the same effect could be secured by the use of aqua regia or a liquid composed of a mixture of nitric and muriatic acids, which acts as a solvent for gold or platinum prints." It was shown that original signatures could be erased and others pasted or copied thereon and then a photograph taken which would seem that the result was a perfect photograph of an original paper.—Philadelphia Call.

Sunday in Chinatown.

The population of Chinatown on Sundays is about 4,000 or 5,000, on weekdays very much less. The difference may be accounted for by the fact that on Sunday the Chinese from all parts of New York and Brooklyn, and from Long Island, New Jersey and Connecticut towns, flock to Chinatown to visit their friends and to do business. Since the American Sunday does not permit laundry work on that day, the laundrymen seize upon it as a general recreation day and go to Chinatown by hundreds. This, therefore, is the great business day of that region, and all the stores are open and every employee is constantly occupied.

Here the laundries buy all their dry groceries, their clothing and their laundry supplies. Here, also, are the great family headquarters whither comes the mail from China and where the Chinese meet to discuss the affairs of their people and incidentally the various phases of American anti-Chinese legislation.—"The Chinese of New York," by Helen F. Clark, in Century.

"Stripes" Has No Friends in the Jungle. Birds and monkeys will often warn the jungler of the approach of a tiger; the latter especially take every opportunity to express by loud howlings the intensity of their feelings at the hated presence of either of the dread beings of their jungles. I have heard, too, that peculiar bark of the sambar stag sound again and again in the night air from out the dark jungles on the banks of the Nerbudda as he sends out a warning to his kind that murderous "stripes" is stalking near.—"Familiar Shooting in Central India," by Captain G. J. Melham, in Scribner's.

How It Got There.

A young man took his watch to a jeweler and asked the reason of it stopping. "Well," said the jeweler, "there is a badbug in it." "Why, how could a badbug get in a watch?" "Easily enough," said the jeweler. "It went in between the mains."—Hannover Press-Democrat.

FYEE: MAN TO TAKE ETHER.

It Was Administered to Him by Dr. Morton in 1846.

Some interesting facts regarding the first patient under ether are told by Dr. Samuel A. Green in his Groton Historical Series.

The subject was Ebenezer Hopkins Frost, a native of Groton, now dead, who is well remembered by many persons in Boston. He was a son of Solomon and Dorcas (Hopkins) Frost and was born on Dec. 7, 1824. He became noted as a singer and teacher of vocal music, and was a member of the Handel and Haydn society of Boston.

Dr. Morton first tried on himself the experiment of inhaling ether, and in describing the effect it produced he said: "Delighted with the success of this experiment, I immediately announced the result to the persons employed in my establishment, and waited impatiently for some one upon whom I could make a fuller trial. Toward evening a man residing in Boston came in suffering great pain and wishing to have a tooth extracted. He was afraid of the operation, and asked if he could be mesmerized. I told him I had something better, and saturating my handkerchief gave it to him to inhale. It was dark and Dr. Hayden held the lamp while I extracted a firmly rooted bicuspis tooth.

"There was not much alteration in the pulse and no relaxation of the muscles. He recovered in a minute, and knew nothing of what had been done to him. He remained for some time talking about the experiment. This was on the 30th of September, 1846. I considered it to be the first demonstration of this new fact in science. I have heard of no one who can prove an earlier demonstration. If any one can do so, I yield to him the point of priority of time."

Immediately after the operation Frost gave a certificate corroborating the statements and signed himself as then living at 43 Prince street, Boston. Nearly 20 years afterward he died at Fitchburg, on Sept. 7, 1865.

THEY BOTH GOT MAD.

A Mountaineer Visits a Postoffice and His Experience There.

He was a typical mountaineer from his brogan shoes to his wool hat, and he had walked to a neighboring town to visit his wives. It was his first visit away from his home. The second day after he arrived he went to the postoffice to get a letter from his girl. He was sure it would be there, as she had tearfully told him she would write him while he was away.

"Air thar any mail fer me?" he inquired of the postmaster.

"What's your name?" was the inquiry.

"Londer."

"I say, what's your name?" asked the postmaster in a little more positive manner.

"Londer."

"I say, what's your name?" yelled the postmaster, sticking his head through the window into the face of the young man.

"Why, dad drat your ugly time, I've told yer three times my name was Londer," yelled the mountaineer. "T. J. Londer, and if yer didn't belong to the gov'ment I'd crawl over thar and pick your ears. Soon as a man gets or gov'ment job round here he begins to put on airs, and I'm not one to put up with it."

The postmaster fished out a letter from a musty hole and gave it to him, although he was mad himself.—Washington Star.

St. Patrick and the Snake.

There is an old legend to the effect that St. Patrick banished all reptiles from Ireland by beating a drum, but no one, probably, seriously believes the story. According to the myth, he took his drum out for the purpose mentioned and commenced pounding it so vigorously that he knocked a hole in the drumhead, thus seriously endangering the success of the miracle. While pondering what to do St. Patrick was astounded by the appearance of an angel, who immediately set to work to mend the broken musical instrument. After the hole had been mended the angel vanished, and St. Patrick continued the work of serpent banishing, being successful in ridding the island of every representative of the snake tribe except one old stayer who had lived so long that his tusks protruded from his mouth like horns. This monster refused to leave the "land of his fathers," and the good saint resolved to practice a little piece of strategy. He removed the patch which the angel had put on the drumhead and then persuaded the serpent to creep into the drum for the night. When the reptile had done as requested, St. Patrick glued down the magic patch and then threw drum, serpent and all into the sea. A sunken boulder off the west coast of Ireland is called St. Patrick's drum.—St. Louis Republic.

A Conscientious Game.

In "The Hutchinson Family" Mr. John W. Hutchinson tells this story of the Rev. Humphrey Moore, years ago minister at Millford, N. H.: "On one occasion he was asked to officiate at a Maconic celebration where a prayer was considered germane to the proceedings. All his denomination were opposed to the mystic order, and at first he hesitated, but finally complied, and at the appointed time and place made his appearance and offered the following prayer: 'O Lord, we pray for we know not what. If it is good, bless it; if it is bad, cursit. World without end. Amen!'"

A Lepers Hospital.

Outside the walls of Jerusalem is a lepers' hospital tended by deaconesses from the German religious houses. Year after year these heroic women, without pretentiousness, without any trumpeting of their work, almost unknown to the world, have waited upon lepers, they themselves literally dying by inches. Their courage has only come to light by the chance notice of travelers

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PUBLIC NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between J. K. Johnston, A. T. McClure and F. D. Smith, was on the 23d day of January, A. D. 1897, dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are receivable by the said A. T. McClure and F. D. Smith, to whom all claims and demands against the same are to be presented for payment. JAMES R. JOHNSTON, A. T. MCCLURE, F. D. SMITH.

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