A WEIRD TRADE.

THE WORK OF THE FRENCH PUBLIC EXECUTIONER.

M. Diebler, Who Handles the National Guillotine, Talks About His Ghastly Business.

A great deal from time to time has been said about the public executioner of France, but still more remains to be told. He was always an interesting personage in the eyes of the Parisians, and perhaps this is why his post is so eagerly sought after. The last time it became vacant no fewer than 3,000 aspirants applied for it, and when M. Diebler retires from the profession the number will no doubt be still greater. That there is a weird attraction about it is proved by the confessions of all those who have filled it, and the attraction is furthermore increased by the official title of the berth, l'Executeur des Hautes Œuvres, which is high-sounding enough to flatter anybody's vanity. Let it be recorded at once, however, that the present holder of it bears his honors with commendable modesty, and is not above being interviewed like any common mortal. Hence I was able to approach him after the last execution.

Mr. Deibler never courts popularity by parading himself in public. No sooner has he done his duty than, leaving his assistant to take down and clean the guillotine, he withdraws from the prison by a back door, and repairs, unperceived, to a small wine shop in the Rue Folie-Regnault, where he takes a plate of soup before going home to his family. His two aids, having carefully packed up les bois de justice and deposited them in a shed set apart for the purpose, also repair to the same wine shop, and the three together compare notes as to the way in which the condemned prisoner underwent his punishment and was put out of the world. M. Deibler then calls for a cup of coffee and petit verre, and, rolling up a cigarette, proceeds to chat with the customers, who are anxious to learn all about the last moments of the departed criminal.

This is the moment to observe him. He is a man who looks much younger than he is—a fact which shows that his lugubrious calling does not weigh heavily on his mind. He is on the road to 60, but nobody would think him to be more than 40. He is of rather small stature, thick set and muscular in spite of an infirmity from which he suffers. He dresses in black with immaculate linen, and his whole get up would be most appropriate but for a heavy gold chain and big breast pin. At first sight his face has a savage air about it, but when you examine him closely he improves, and he then appears to you in the light of a typical bon homme. His eyes are soft and at times roguish. He is fond of his joke, but his laugh has a strange ring about it, and gives a kind of unnatural expression to his countenance.

One odd feature is a small rough tuft of beard or barbiche, into which a few white hairs have crept and which clashes with his otherwise gentle mien. His voice, too, is peculiar. Sometimes it is harsh, at others caressing. He talks slowly, and timidly as if he were afraid of compromising himself. To sum up he is a curious character, a mixture of the tender hearted father of a family and the inexorable messenger of death, a man who has two lives—his home and the guillotine.

"So you wish to know how Vodable behaved himself?" began M. Deibler. "Well, very well indeed. I should like to have such men always. He was one of the pluckiest I ever had to operate on. He bore up to the last second in the most heroic style. Pity his courage was spent in crime."

"What about Pranzini? He was the very reverse. The papers said he died bravely, but that was not true. He trembled all the time, and when he reached the guillotine he nearly fainted away. Altogether he was a sorry fellow." Evidently M. Deibler admires criminals who do not show the white feather; this to him is their crowning sin. Questioned as to a female convict on whom he will shortly have to exercise his skill in the provinces, he said: "I am fond of traveling; it relieves my mind and strengthens me to work: but I don't like to have any thing to do with women. It is a disagreeable task. They cry so much, kick up such a noise and give themselves such airs By the way, I don't like you journalists; you are not always reasonable.

"For example, where you say I am too long about my job, whereas, in reality, I do all I can to get through it speedily. But I cannot risk losing my place to please you. Supposing I failed, and made a mess of the execution, it would create a scandal at once. I am not always sure of my assistants. I am obliged to watch them. When they have laid the condemned man on the sliding board I arrange his position in my turn, and it is not till I see that he is all right that I let the knife drop. It is a serious affair, you know, and I am bound to take precautions to avoid mishaps. I hope you will remember this in future and do me justice." Having delivered himself of this mild rebuke, he returned to the immediate subject of the interview. "I do not, as some people imagine, see the prisoner when he is woke up for the last time by the authorities. I wait in the adjoining cell, which is called the salle de toilette. I am not curious to see him. If I were not in the profession I should never dream of going out of my way to witness an execution, for it is not a pleasant sight by any means.

When he first began to operate he felt a trifle uneasy, but has got quite accustomed to it, and thinks no more of it than of smoking his cigarette. He has now taken part, either as chief or assistant executioner, in 300 cases. He meditates retiring on his pension, but not yet. "When one has children," he remarked, "one is in duty bound to make a position for them. But for that I should retire to-morrow. I hope, whoever may be my successor, that he will be as attentive as I have been toward the criminals placed in my charge to undergo their final expiation." At this moment a man entered and saluted M. Deibler. "I say, young fellow," said the executioner to him, "you must look after the zinc pail; there is a hole in it and you must get it mended." This was the pail into which the head of the executed offender falls as the knife separates it from the body. By this time Pere Deibler, as the wine-shop keeper calls him, had finished his coffee and cigarette, and rose to return to his family.

The interviewer wished him un bon sommeil. "Ah, I am much in need of it," he replied. "On these days I try to sleep a little before beginning work, but I find it impossible." So putting on his hat and taking his umbrella, which he carries in all weathers, he left, but not before exclaiming, with a malicious look at the journalist, "Au revoir!"—[London Globe.

A PORTSMOUTH (Ohio) man named Kingsley has a well-developed apple growing on an ordinary grapevine, the result of skillful grafting.

CENTRAL AFRICAN COOKERY.

Queer and Palatable Dishes Eaten Without Much Ceremony.

As a rule, only one principal meal is eaten in Central Africa, in the early part of the evening. It usually consists of parrot soup, roasted or stewed monkeys, alligator's eggs (also well liked by Europeans) and birds of every description. They also have moambo, or palm chops, and fish. A great delicacy, so considered by Europeans and natives alike, is elephant's feet and trunk. These have somewhat the taste of veal. To prepare them the natives dig a hole about five feet deep in the sand and in it build a large fire. After the sand is thoroughly heated the fire is removed, leavin, only the ashes in the hole. The trunk and feet are placed in this hole and covered with leaves, and afterwards with hot sand. In two hours they are done.

All carcasses of animals which are to be cooked are placed on a block of wood and pounded until every bone is broken, care being taken not to tear or bruise the skin. They are then boiled or roasted in an open wood fire or in hot sand or ashes, without removing the hide or feathers. The cooking is of a very inferior grade, the only spices used being salt and pepper. The kitchen utensils consist of common earthen or wooden ware. Very little time is taken for setting or decorating the table; knives, forks and napkins are dispensed with.

Africans have several vegetables well liked by Europeans. N'gutti-n'sengo is a dish eaten all over Africa. It consists of egg plant, small fish somewhat like our sardines and the roots of the cassava or manioca plant (called d'gutti), which have a knotty appearance and often weigh as much as twenty pounds.

As the latter contains poison, the manioca is soaked in water for three or four days to extract the poisonous substance. It is then cut and sliced and small tomatoes are added. All is placed in a vessel with water and seasoned with salt and pepper and boiled. Moambo, or, as the Europeans call it, palm chops, is also a favorite dish. The palm nuts are first boiled in water until the pulpy substance loosens from the pit, then the shell, which contains a very delicious oil, is placed in a wooden mortar and crushed to obtain the oil. Whatever the meal consists of, meat, fish, mussels, is put in a vessel, adding the oil and the pulpy part of the palm nut, also red pepper and salt, and is boiled. Roast or boiled squash (loenge) is generally eaten with it. Sweet potatoes (m'balla benga) are more farinaceous and sweeter than ours, but do not taste so good. They are boiled or roasted.

Bananas (bitaebe) weigh about half a pound each and are about 15 inches long. When half ripe they are cut in slices and boiled in water with salt and pepper.

N'sensi is a little red bean, which is boiled in water without salt or pepper, and is freely eaten. For peanut bread (chisulu) the peanuts are first roasted and then crushed. This mass is then rolled and put into the skin of a banana, adding a little pressure, forming it into a body. It readily retains this shape from the pressure of the oily substance in the peanut.—New York World.

NEW YORK'S HORSE MARKET.

Wonderful Improvement in Trotting Blood in Recent Years.

New York has come to be looked upon as the great mart for blooded equines, and instead of colts and fillies being displayed, as of yore, in their ancestral paddocks, they are transported to that city and exhibited in the American Institute building. The dangers of travel are more than offset by the larger attendance of rich buyers secured in the metropolis, and the consequent increase in prices obtained. The smallest man and the shrewdest inspector of horses at the sales of last spring was Robert Steel, of Philadelphia, the introducer of the happy medium strain into the trotting blood of the United States, and one of the first men to largely engage as a business in the breeding of fast trotters.

As he looked with kindling eyes upon the glossy skins of the youngsters being paraded before him on one occasion, he said: "How marvelous has been the improvement in our trotting horses within the last ten years, and, more wonderful still, with breeders increasing in numbers and consequently fast horses also, the prices of good horses have grown enormously. Less than ten years ago a brood mare which brought $1,500 was a phenomenal animal, and the announcement of such figures astounded people. Now such horses range in price from $1,000 to $15,000, and a man who possesses a brood mare, one of whose progeny has made a great record, owns enough to support him, unless his ideas of living are extraordinarily lavish.

"Why is it that the price of blooded horse-flesh has increased so rapidly? There are two chief reasons. The first is that horses to-day, as a result of additional knowledge on the part of trainers, and owing to constant experiments in crossing strains, are finer bred than ever before in the history of the world, so that from the expression of twenty years ago, '2.40 on a plank road,' being an expression of superlative swiftness, we have come now to a condition of equine affairs in which if a man's every-day roadster cannot trot down in the twenties he is sneered at by the drivers he brushes with upon the road.

"The second reason is that men who drive horses for pleasure keep more now than they did ten years ago. Then few men who enjoyed this most delightful pastime kept more than one horse, but they found that a lameness to-day, a soreness to-morrow and cough the next week doomed them to frequent disappointments, and so now gentlemen drivers who can afford the luxury rarely keep less than three fast horses."—[Turf, Field and Farm.

Queer Beliefs.

The Fijian cannibal's emotions have reference for the greater part to food. He worships the god Matawaloo, who has eight stomachs and is always eating.

The Tongans have a very curious dogma to account for a day and night being twenty-four hours long. It used to be less; the sun used to go down too quick. So one day a man caught it with a noose, and it had to go slower thereafter.

The ancient Peruvians believed that the sun once came down to the earth and laid two eggs and then went back again. From these two eggs men sprung.

The American Indians had a dogma that the sun was the one supreme god, and the moon was his wife. One tribe inhabiting a fearfully hot district worshipped the moon alone, saying that they had no use for the sun.

In the days of Columbus scientific dogmas asserted: If a ship should reach India she would never get back again, because the rotundity of the globe would present a kind of mountain, up which it would be impossible to sail even with the most favorable wind.—[Chatter.

The obelisk in London cannot stand the climate

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

ONE evidence of the economy practiced by American railroads during the past year is that the percentage of the increase of steel rails in the track was less in that year than in any year since 1886.

THERE is a prospect that somebody will make a mint of money out of Stanley's lectures in America. The lecturer and his wife will be carried from point to point in a palace car now building for that special purpose.

ONE of the most amusing of the many grotesque blunders which English newspapers continually make in commenting upon foreign matters occurred recently in the Spectator, of London. It spoke of "Mr. John De Quincey Adams."

MRS. MARY MILLON, of Madison County, Ky., was the first woman in that State to be elected County Superintendent of Public Schools, and her administration was so successful that at the recent election there was no candidate in the field against her. Her example had proved somewhat contagious, as there were at that election women candidates for that office in eleven counties in the State.

EIGHTEEN words have come into the language—probably temporarily, most of them—to denote the act or state of electric killing. They are are as follows: Electromort, thanelectrize, thanatelectrize, thanatelectrisis, electrophon, electricise, electrotony, electrophony, electroctony, electroctasy, electricide, electropœnize, electrothenese, electroed, electrocution, fulmen, voltacuss, and electrostrike.

THE announcement that a machine has been invented which will gather cotton balls from the plant is causing a great deal of talk among New Yorkers who deal in the Southern staple. Some of the members of the Cotton Exchange believe the machine will do the work successfully and supersede hand labor. If the hope of the inventor is realized, the cost of preparing cotton for the market will be wonderfully diminished.

AN Iowa judge has given an interesting decision. A man was brought before him charged with drunkenness, and five witnesses swore to the truth of the charge. But several other witnesses had seen the prisoner an hour and a half before the time at which he was said to have been drunk and he was not drunk then. The judge rendered the remarkable decision that an hour and a half was not time enough to get drunk in, and the prisoner was therefore discharged.

THE Shah of Persia became a father at the age of sixteen years, and all his children are well advanced in life. He has eight daughters, all married. His eldest daughter is called the Glory of the Kings, the second the Light of the Empire, No. 3 is the Pride of the Empire and No. 4 the Purity of the Empire. All these daughters have married rich husbands, and the Shah has promptly seized the possessions of his sons-in-law, with one exception. This son-in-law is chief priest of the Teheran, and he holds his avaricious father-in-law in check through religious influences.

ACCORDING to a gentleman who has recently spent some time abroad, the two Americans best known outside their own country are Mark Twain and Dr. Talmage. "Every sermon Talmage preaches," said he, "is published in journals in Scotland, England, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. You meet very few people in those countries who haven't heard of the doctor and who don't take a great interest in anything you can tell about him. Mr. Clemens is even better known. His books are to be found in all the libraries and in all the bookstores, and any information you can give regarding the man is listened to eagerly."

MRS. MARY E. BEASELEY, of Philadelphia, is the happy inventor and patentee of a barrel-hooping machine which gives her an income of $20,000 a year; her machine, it is claimed, being capable of hooping twelve hundred barrels a day. It is not, perhaps, generally known, says Harper's Bazar, that the invention of the cotton-gin, which revolutionized the cotton trade, and established African slavery on so firm a foundation in the United States, was really due to a woman, the widow of the famous General Greene, at whose house Eli Whitney was visiting when she explained her idea to him, and showed him how to make the model on which to claim his patent.

BRUSSELS, not content with having more beautiful public buildings than any other European city save Paris, has now determined to rival Paris itself. King Leopold has just laid the foundations of an Arch of Triumph one-third larger than the celebrated one in Paris, and it is announced that this gigantic work will be completed by the close of the century. Brussels already has the most monumental court-house in all Europe—a magnificent pile, which cost vast sums of money, and which contains some superb halls. The Paris Triumphal Arch cost two millions of dollars; that of Brussels is to cost three millions. It will be richly ornate with sculptures, some of which will be of gigantic proportions.

THE reign of William Tell as an historical character must now be considered at an end, he having at last succumbed to the vigorous attacks of the iconoclasts. By order of the Cantonal Government of Schwyz, he is henceforth to be religiously excluded from all school histories published by authority, and it is officially proclaimed that the Tell stories are neither more nor less than fanciful, if patriotic, legends of German origin. The despair of the Swiss who kept and exhibited Tell's chapel, pointed out the exact spot where he made his famous shot at the apple, and who owned and navigated the steamboats that brought credulous travelers to the shrine, may be imagined.

THE gross debt of counties has decreased since 1870, but increased since 1880. Throwing tables aside, it is found that the Middle States show a decrease of debt of 8 per cent., the Southern States an increase of 15 per cent., and the Western States an increase of 31 per cent. The increase of county debt in the West (over $27,000,000) is easily explicable by the sudden growth of that region requiring, or seeming to require, an increase in county expenditure. It ought to be observed that while the gross debt of counties, so far as reported, is $145,693,840, the net debt, after deducting the sinking fund, cash in treasury and total available resources, is only $115,344,654, with an annual interest charge of $7,318,374. It is expected that the increase in local indebtedness will be counterbalanced by the decrease in State indebtedness, and that the final showing will be gratifying in view of the rapid progress of the country in wealth and population.

THE question of child insurance is comparatively a new one here, but it is an older one in Great Britain, where it is said that at the present time 600,000 children have their lives insured. The amount of insurance is small, equal usually in our money to about $12.50, with which it is understood the funeral expenses are to be paid in the event of the death of the child. The ordinary premium is two cents a week. The law, as it stands at the present time in England, limits the insurance of a child at five years of age to thirty dollars, and of a child between five and ten years of age to fifty dollars. It is asserted in England as in this country that this small insurance fund is not a direct incentive to infanticide, but there are so many reasons to suppose that parents do neglect their children even unto death for the sake of getting the insurance that a select committee of the English Parliament has been appointed to consider the question. It seems incredible that the desire to obtain a small sum of money would be sufficiently strong to overcome those parental instincts which are found even among animals, and yet there seems to be good evidence that such is the effect of this system of insuring infants.

SAVED BY AN OILED TRACK.

A Railroad Man's Account of a Thrilling Episode.

"Talk about fast time," said a railroad man on the Missouri Pacific train the other day to his companion, "but I have never heard of a trip that would beat one I made myself some years ago, nor of any half so exciting. I formerly lived at Garrett, Ind., the terminus of the central division of the Chicago division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I had little to do, and made the railroad yards my loafing headquarters. At that time the 'Billy-O' had an arrangement with the Wabash to transfer all New York freight at Auburn Junction, nine miles distant, to the east of us. This was done by the old switch engine, the 642, which made two trips to the Junction daily. Well, one day I climbed aboard a box-car when the engine left with a few cars of merchandise to transfer. There were six of us in the party—four yardmen, another fellow and myself. We had a jolly time going down; made the transfer and were to come back 'light,' that is, with nothing but the engine. We had all crowded on the tender, the signal was given, and Gent Potder, the engineer threw himself forward, pulled at the throttle valve, and the engine jumped forward as if shot from a catapult. We did not think much of this at the time, as Gent was a fine engineer, and handled the engine to suit his fancy. We were tearing over the railroad crossing and frogs in a manner that was frightful. The tender rocked as if on hinges. Something must be wrong, we thought, as Gent was placing our lives in jeopardy. Climbing over the coal we found the cab full of steam, and Gent and the fireman hanging at the side of the engine.

"'Jump, boys,' said they; 'jump, for God's sake! The throttle-valve is pulled clear out and the engine is running wild.'

"To jump would have been death. As one of the boys said afterwards, the telegraph poles looked like a fine-tooth comb. The mile posts flew by with unseemly rapidity. The yard foreman claimed that a mile was covered in thirty-eight seconds, and not one would doubt his word. St. Joe was in sight. Would the track be clear? Only three miles to Garrett, with its network of tracks, switches and spurs. The steam-gauge registered ninety pounds. There were no hopes of the engine dying out in five or six minutes. With presence of mind the foreman dashed off a few words:

"'Engine wild. Telegraph Garrett to clear track.'

"This he dropped as we passed St. Joe, and the operator, clear to comprehend the situation, sent it to the despatchers on the east end, without a 'call,' as we learned afterward. There was Garrett in sight, with its tall chimneys belching forth smoke; there were the yards filled with freight cars and engines. As we got closer we could see men running hither and thither. The other yard engine was rushing madly to the west end of the yard. The main track was clear. We passed the depot like a pursued victim. Pale faces watched us in our mad flight. We passed the railroad shops, and hundreds came running to see the cause of the commotion. The engine was in a quiver, the bell was ringing wildly with each sway of the engine, the escaping steam whistled as if demented, and fire blazed from the hot-boxes. Then we saw something which made us think we were doomed. The switch in the coal chute was open, and the long ascent could only end in our destruction. We looked again, saw men working on the track, and then we knew we were saved. What were they doing? Why, bless my soul, friend, those fellows were oiling the track of the chute. We struck the ascent and slid up about 100 feet, and then the old 642 stood still and the wheels flew around; sparks came from beneath them like from an emery wheel. Gradually the engine slid down, the wheels still in the forward motion, and thus the engine died out. We all suffered a severe shock to our nervous system, but had it not been for the presence of mind of the master mechanic, who ordered the oil poured on the chute track, I might not have been here today."

"How fast did you go?"

"Well, the first six miles were made in less than five minutes; the last three were made in much slower time, as the steam was exhausting itself rapidly."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Giant Talks of Giants.

James Roberts is a half-breed Cherokee, seven feet and four inches high in his stocking feet. He is straight as an arrow, weighs 325 pounds, and is well proportioned. He has great strength of bone and muscle, and his power of endurance is something phenomenal. He is twenty-seven years of age and lives with his parents on a large tract of land owned by them in Benton County. His father is an American and his mother is a Cherokee. He is a great reader of history and literature, and withal is a pretty well educated man.

Speaking on the subject of giants Mr. Roberts said: "The giant as a curiosity has been seen by almost every American boy. The stories of great giants of the past ages are more than interesting. Og, King of Bashan, was 11 feet in height. The great Goliath of the Bible is reported to have been nine feet and nine inches high. The Emperor Maximinius was nine feet in height, while many other Romans of equal stature are said to have lived during the reign of Augustus. Skeletons have been exhumed in England measuring eight and nine feet in length. M. Theves of France, in his description of America, says that he saw a skeleton in South America that measured eleven feet and five inches in length. Walter Parson, who acted as porter to James I. of England, was seven feet, six inches in stature. The Chinese claim to have had among them in the last century men who measured fifteen feet in height, but this is hardly probable."—Chicago Sun.

A REDWOOD GRANT.

Plan for a Public Park that Will Be Unlike All Others.

The newspapers have got hold of a story that our townsman, Col. Armstrong, is to present the State with a tract of redwood land in Sonoma county for a park. We made inquiry of the donor and found the rumor correct, only that he does not intend to give it to the State or to any particular municipality or society, but to trustees, for the use of the people, for posterity and for all time. This magnificent gift of 600 acres lies in Big Bottom, near the extremity of the branch of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway, about one mile from the river at Guerneville, in Sonoma county, and accessible by rail from San Francisco, which is seventy miles distant.

It is the last considerable tract of these big trees in this region or so near the city. Of course there are other scopes of scattered timber in the hills, scrubby in growth and out of the way. But this is a grand forest of monstrous trees, much on level land, bordered by the side of the Mount Jackson range, with tree trunks from five to fifteen feet in diameter and more than 300 feet high, intermingled with various other sorts of growth, occasional firs, laurel, and other woods adding to the beauty of the spot.

The donor says the gift will not be fully appreciated for the next fifty years. Then, when no other spot like it can be found in reach, his motive will be understood. The trustees will be selected about as follows: Perhaps the Chairman of the Golden Gate Park trustees of San Francisco, the landscape gardener of Central Park, New York City, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and a local trustee in this county. These gentlemen and their successors forever will have control, under but few restrictions in the deed of trust. One will be that no timber shall ever be cut or trimmed, unless it be blown down. Another condition will be that the park shall not be a place for encampment, for fear of fire, and shall only be visited in daylight.

There will be drives, paths, and the like, as well as many ornamental structures, and a gateway and fountains in keeping with its purpose, for which a sufficient endowment is to be placed in the hands of the trustees. The details cannot be given for publication, nor, in fact, are they completed. But it is understood that some of the work will be done in the time of the owner, and that he will retain control for the present and as long as he lives. Out of the 600 acres, about 200, with valuable improvements, orchards, buildings, &c., are being put into condition for yielding a considerable income, and much of it is as fine land as lies in Russian River bottom.

After its income may no longer be required by the family, it is provided that it shall become part of the park, and the trustees will be directed to use such portion as may be convenient to erect glass houses for propagating strange plants, flowers, trees and shrubs, to be used in bordering the drives and ornamenting the ground.

It will be seen from the sketch that the plan is for posterity, and it will take a long while to work it out, though in the main the natural features of a wild forest are intended to predominate always.—Cloverdale (Cal.) Reveille.

Hard Fight With a Vicious Stallion.

A terrible conflict with an ugly stallion occurred recently at Castle Hill, Prosque Isle, Me. During the winter Harvey A. Smith drove a team in the lumber woods, one of his team being a large stallion of such vicious disposition that no one but Smith could handle him. At the close of the winter's operations Smith took the stallion with him to his home in Castle Hill. On this day he harnessed him and his mate to the horse-hoe and began work, when all at once the stallion became vicious and frantically attacked his mate with teeth and hoofs. Mr. Smith quickly unhooked the traces and succeeded in uncoupling the horses. Then the stallion attacked his master. Smith is a powerful man, and after a fierce stuggle, in which he was severely wounded in the hip by the animal's feet, he succeeded in subduing the horse and led him to the barn, where he hitched him. He removed the harness and was taking the horse to his stall, when the vicious animal violently attacked him again. The wind blew the barn door shut, and Mr. Smith found himself imprisoned on the barn floor with the frantic brute. For nearly half an hour he fought him with no weapon but his fists, leaping aside to avoid the assault as much as possible, but being often knocked down and fearfully bruised. He found his strength failing, and was just making up his mind that he must be killed when the horse in some way disengaged a sled-stake from the side of the hay-mow and Smith saw it rolling toward him on the floor. Seizing the stake he swung it with all the strength of desperation, and, striking the stallion just behind the ear, with one blow laid him dead at his feet. A reporter drove out to see Smith and found him badly bruised in all parts of his body, and in a sadly crippled condition. The physicians in charge say that he will recover.—[New York Tribune.

A Troublesome Dead Elephant.

The recent Indian papers describe the difficulty attending the disposal of the body of an elephant at Nowsaree, in Baroda, which illustrates the Indian saying that an elephant must be buried where it dies. It appears that a tame elephant, which had been kept at Nowsaree for many years past, died. The news was at once telegraphed to Baroda, and sanction for expenses incidental to the burial of the animal was obtained. The local authorities then held a council as to how the remains should be removed to a distant part of the town, where they could be interred without endangering the health of the inhabitants. It was suggested that the dead body should be cut up into pieces, which might then be removed and disposed of, but this idea was rejected. It was then resolved to drag the remains out of the town, and with that object to pull down one of the walls within which the animal had been confined. Hundreds of coolies were pressed into the service, and a number of carpenters, ironsmiths, and other artisans were engaged to construct a huge car on wheels to convey the dead animal. But the body, which weighed several tons, could not be lifted, much less removed from the place where it was. Various attempts were made for three days, but they failed one after the other. When the authorities saw that they were baffled in all their endeavors to remove the body, they resolved to adopt the suggestion made at the outset, and event ually caused it be cut into pieces, which were then buried at a short distance from the place. When the body was submitted to the operation it emitted such repulsive odors that Ranee Jumnabai, the adopted mother of the Gaekwar, who lived in the neighborhood, had to move into another bungalow.—London Times.

An Interesting Experiment.

A number of men were talking of the wonderfully fine teeth presented by discriminating nature' to her sons and daughters of Africa, when Dr. R. G. Himlett, recognized as one of the most observant physicians in the country, remarked:

"Yes, the negro has the finest teeth in the world, but do you know that this distinction will not long remain with them?"

"Why not?" some one asked.

"Education."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Everything. So long as a negro is ignorant, his teeth remain sound, but so soon as you begin to educate him, his teeth begin to decay. This fact is now attracting the attention of the American Dental Association, and several interesting experiments have been tried. A negro boy, 18 years old, and possessing remarkably fine teeth, was selected. He could not have spelled out his name had he seen it printed in type a yard long. He was placed in school, and being of naturally bright mind, learned rapidly. Every day or two a committee appointed for the purpose would examine his teeth. For a time no change was apparent, but after a while, when the youth had learned to parse 'John found his hat in the road,' a black speck was discovered on one of his jaw teeth. The boy was urged to bend himself to his studies, and the more he strove the larger the speck became. Well, the fact is that the day after he had mastered that grammar, the tooth hurt him so badly that he had to have it pulled. In order that the experiment should be perfect, he was withdrawn from school, and a slight speck that had appeared on one of his front teeth soon faded away. About a month later he was again placed in school and was given the study of philosophy. His progress was so rapid that within two weeks the speck reappeared on his front tooth, and two months later, when he had almost committed the book to memory, the tooth became so painful that in his agony he snatched it out himself. To make a long story short, that boy was graduated with a fair harvest of honors, but he hadn't a tooth in his mouth."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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When an article has stood the test of public trial upward of forty years, like Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment, there can be no doubt about its possessing real merit. Convince yourselves of the fact if you have not already done so. A single trial will be sufficient to render you the knowledge that it is a superior article, and the best in the world for pains and aches of all descriptions.

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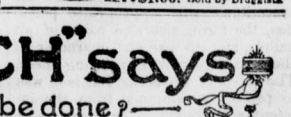

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