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Out of 12,000,000 American families
the income of 4,000,000 of these families
is less than \$400 each per year, and
the incomes of nearly 80 percent
of the entire number are less than
\$1000 each per year.

According to the Buffalo News there
are 257 farms in New York state that
make the culture of trees their principal
business. The valuation is \$3-
607,107. Vermont has four similar
farms valued at \$28,500.

The old saying that "His note is as
good as gold," has been modified in
Kansas to "His note is better than
gold." A Reno county farmer has
just brought suit to compel a mort-
gage company to accept money for a
note which it holds against him.

The agricultural building at the Lou-
isiana Purchase exposition in St. Louis
will be 700 by 2000 feet and will cover
over two acres more of ground than
did the big manufacture and liberal
arts building at the Columbian expo-
sition in Chicago. In this thought the
St. Louisans take great delight.

The American match and the Ameri-
can watch are becoming more and
more popular in the remotest corners
of the globe. With American matches,
and American oil, and American lib-
erty the irrepressible Yankee is doing
a great deal of lighting and enlighten-
ing, and with his watches he is also
marking time for the progress of civil-
ization.

Joseph L. Thompson of Franklin, N.
H., who is now in the 85th year of his
age, has taught school in that town
and vicinity for 65 years. He says, as
one thing learned in his long practice
of his calling, that one-third of a
teacher's time is taken up in maintain-
ing order. On the wall of his "study"
hangs a card with the word "Why?"
in large letters. This, he says, has
been his motto all through his life
and studies.

A great many California oranges are
shipped east in what are known as
tramp cars. There is no fruit the
price of which fluctuates as much as
does that of oranges, and thousands
of carloads of oranges are, therefore,
started east with some uncertain des-
tination. The car may be consigned
to Kansas City, but in the meantime
there are agents watching in the east
for the best markets and on telegraphic
information the car may be ordered
on to Chicago or New York City.

Reporters are often more active and
more gifted with an instinct for de-
tail than the officers, says Charles E.
Grinnell in the Atlantic. Together
they make a formidable combination.
But they are often divided in opinion,
and yet often in their sympathies.
Reporters, like the average citizen, are
more apt to pity the prisoner, if for
nothing else for the very reason that
the police are down upon him. It is
an ambition of reporters to unearth
more facts than the police. Newspa-
pers print news from a prisoner's
friends as readily as news from his
persecutors. Nevertheless, they spread
abroad the charge against a suspected
person more than he or his friends
wish. Since the newspapers begin
long before a trial to work up a popu-
lar interest in all the persons con-
cerned, the results cannot be other
than an exaggeration of the impor-
tance to the public of what stimulates
and gratifies curiosity, whether or not
it affects the question of the prisoner's
guilt.

A Great Mistake.
The late Lord Morris did not gain a
very favorable impression of the house
of lords when he made his first speech
there. When asked how he had got on,
he replied: "Well, I made a mis-
take. I should have practised speak-
ing to a lot of gravestones before I ad-
dressed their lordships."

Woman vs. Woman.

She gave a little gasp and sat down.
The hotel porter discreetly looked the
other way; he was enjoying the little
scene greatly; the Mt. Seymour Hotel
provided many of them. The girl was
young and pretty; the hand which
toyed with the letter before her was
studded with valuable rings, among
them a narrow one of gold. It was
evident that she was a wife. There
was no husband to greet her, though
the car with her luggage from the mail
boat was standing at the door. Al-
phonse had had the pleasure of hand-
ling her the letter; it had been given
to him by a handsome, dark-eyed man
only a few hours before.

"Monsieur le Capitaine he say, 'Give
to de lady direct she come.' Hein, I
do give."

The girl arose, her blue eyes dim
with tears; the susceptible Alphonse
was overwhelmed.

"Marie," she said to her maid, "Capt.
Molyneux has been ordered up to Pre-
toria; he only left today. Please see
to the boxes."
She crossed the hall toward the ele-
vator and disappeared.
Many eyes had watched the little
drama; the lounging chairs in the hall
were all occupied; officers on sick
leave, men convalescent and men on
their way up to the front or back to
old England. Women, too, some grass
widows, a few real widows, many more
with no special concern in the war at
all. But it was the war which had
drawn them to Cape Town—the war,
or, rather, the soldiers who were fight-
ing. Where else but to the Mt. Sey-
mour Hotel should they go? Rank and
fashion, joy and misery, virtue and
vice rubbed shoulders in that fashion-
able and exorbitant hostelry.

"Ah, a pretty woman," drawled
young Dennis of the—Lancers.

"Who is she?" queried his compan-
ion.

John Beresford rose languidly from
his chair and satisfied his curiosity at
the porter's office.

"It's Bob Molyneux's wife," he said
to his friend, "Fancy. One of my old-
est pals. I was so sick at having missed
him this morning. He left just before
I got here. Ah! there is Mrs. de la
Fane; she's a pretty woman, if you
like. I was introduced to her this
morning by old Vigors."

He sprang to his feet and offered his
chair to a tall, graceful woman who
had entered the hall as he spoke.

She accepted it with a smile, and in
a moment the little group attracted all
the eyes. Mrs. de la Fane was one of
the leading spirits of the hotel; the ac-
knowledged beauty, whose wonderful
eyes drew every man into her toils.
Her husband was rolling in money;
she was reported to be a Johannesburg
millionaire; but the reports were ra-
ther vague. It was sufficient for her
admirers that he spent his money like
water, gave the best dinners a man
could wish to sit down to, and did not
scowl when other men smiled at his
wife.

"What brings you down to Cape
Town, Capt. Beresford?" asked Mrs.
de la Fane. "Major Vigors tells me
your regiment is in the thick of it
just now." She raised her great violet
eyes to the young man's face as she
spoke.

The implication underlying the word
stung him. He flushed, and tapped a
side pocket in his coat.

"I have got a little bag here," he
said with meaning—which contains—
well, a few papers of importance."

"Oh!" laughed Mrs. de la Fane. "I
see. You are one of Kitchener's mes-
senger boys. Rather a satisfactory
berth, isn't it, Captain? No risk, no
worry, no exertion."

John Beresford caught those violet
eyes again full in his own. His heart
beat faster. He did not care to appear
as one of no importance in this wom-
an's eyes. His mission demanded se-
crecy, yet for the moment his tongue
ran away with him.

"You are wrong, Mrs. de la Fane,"
he smiled in reply. "The papers would
be worth—well, a lot to Kruger or Bot-
ha."

A sudden gleam came into the wom-
an's eyes. John Beresford saw it, but
thought nothing of it. The silken toils
were already about him.

"Come and lunch with me, Capt.
Beresford, and you, too, Mr. Dennis,"
said Mrs. de la Fane.

Two days passed away. Muriel Moly-
neux felt inexpressibly lonely. This
bustling, frivolous atmosphere of hotel
jammed on her. Tortured with anxiety
for her husband, she hated the laugh-
ter, the music, above all, the society.
She kept aloof from it all. Her hus-
band was an intelligence officer; she
knew that he was never sure from day
to day where he would sleep the fol-
lowing night. To attempt to follow
him to the front was impossible.

Now Muriel, for all her great love
for her husband, was an enthusiastic
little patriot. This dreary, useless idleness
to which she was condemned
taxed her nerves to the uttermost. The
quiet of the gardens overlooking the
sea appealed to her. After dinner on
the third evening after her arrival
Muriel slipped out alone and paced the
gravel paths in angry impatience with
her fate. The gardens were empty.
Her white dress looked ghost-like in
the shadows.

In a little summer house at the fur-
thest limits of the garden, bitter tears
rose into her eyes as she thought of
her own incapacity, her own enforced
idleness. Suddenly a voice at her el-
bow startled her. Some one thrust a
note into her hand, with the words:
"Will you give me your answer to-
morrow, or shall I wait for it now?"

Taken unawares, and anxious to hide
the trace of her recent tears, Muriel
stammered hastily, "Tomorrow? No;
the day after," and the next moment
she was alone again. Bewildered, she
turned the note over in her hand.
There was no address upon it. She
rose hurriedly and hastened to the
door of the summer house. A man's
figure, evidently that of a gentleman,
was disappearing out of the garden
gate on to the high road. It was too
late to recall him.

She opened his note mechanically.
In the dim light it was difficult to
trace the writing, but a second glance
left no room for doubt.

"The Societies Office, Stellenbosch.
"To Mrs. de la Fane."

"Have you procured the dispatch
case carried by the officer, J. B. yet?
If so, the bearer of this is to be trust-
ed; give it to him. If you have not
yet secured it, tell him when to see
you again. "J. X. de W."

Muriel drew her breath sharply. She
sat motionless, her brain busy. She
realized at once that she had been
mistaken for somebody in the pay of
the Boers; a plot was hatching, and
she—

At that moment she heard foot-
steps hurrying down the pathway. She
thrust the note in the bosom of her
dress. Suppose the messenger had
discovered his mistake, and was re-
turning? Her heart beat wildly. With
sudden resolve Muriel had made up
her mind. The summer house had an
inner room, to which a small doorway
gave admittance. Opening the door she
plunged into the darkness. Holding her
breath, she peered through the half-
open door, not daring to close it
for fear of making a noise. A man
entered the summer house. A quick
sigh of relief escaped Muriel's lips. It
was not the messenger. She glanced
at the man's face; then started back
in horror. She recognized him as a
man she had frequently seen in the
hotel; but his eyes were now blood-
shot, his expression wild, his manner
distracted.

John Beresford (for it was he) drew
a revolver from his coat and raised
it against himself.

Muriel waited no longer. With a
little cry she flung open the door and
threw herself upon the man. The re-
volver fell from his hand.

"Oh! stop, stop!" she cried. "You
can't know what you are doing."

John Beresford stared at her as
though she were a ghost. He stood
motionless, his arms hanging limply by
his side, his wild eyes searching her
own.

"Can't I help you?" whispered Muriel,
gently, all the sympathy of her na-
ture going out toward him. "Please
let me try."

"Help! I am beyond help!" echoed
the man, struggling with the words.
"Leave me, for pity's sake, Mrs. Moly-
neux." There is only one way out of
this."

"How do you know my name?"
asked Muriel, in surprise.

"Molyneux was an old pal of mine,"
answered the other. "He would not
speak to me now."

A sudden inspiration flashed across
Muriel's brain. "What is your name?"
she asked.

"John Beresford. For pity's sake
leave me."

"Your initials are J. B., then? Have
you—are the dispatches—"

"How do you know about that?"
said John Beresford, raising his head
with a gleam of hope in his eyes. "Not
a soul but myself and the thief knows
that it was stolen from me within the
last 24 hours."

Mrs. de la Fane glided down the
footpath leading toward the summer
house. She was dressed in white. As
she drew near she caught the sound
of voices, and walked slowly past the
doorway.

She gave a little dry cough when
she recognized John Beresford and Mu-
riel Molyneux.

She seemed annoyed to find the sum-
mer house occupied at that moment.
She paced the footpath for a few mo-
ments and then returned to the hotel.
She went to the pigeonhole where she
generally found her letters and tele-
grams. It was empty. Soon after
midnight she went to the pigeonhole
again. There was a sealed packet
waiting for her. With a sigh of relief
she carried it hastily to her room and
read:

"The Societies Office, Stellenbosch.
"To Mrs. de la Fane:"

"Have you procured the J. B. docu-
ments yet? If so, the bearer of this is
to be trusted. Give them to him. If
you have not yet secured them, tell
him when to see you again.
"J. X. de W."

A second note in another handwrit-
ing was inclosed:

"Madam—Not finding you this even-
ing at the appointed place, I am leav-
ing this note for you at the hotel. I
shall be there tomorrow evening at
8.30 to receive your answer.
"J. X. de W.'s Messenger."

Mrs. de la Fane slept the sleep of
the just that night.

On the following evening she kept
the appointment. She was again
dressed in white. Punctual to the mo-
ment she heard a man's footstep on the
path outside, and a tall, bearded man
stood in the doorway.

"Mrs. de la Fane, I presume?" He
spoke in a deep, gruff voice.

She handed him a carefully sealed
packet, saw him place it inside his
breast pocket and waited till he dis-
appeared. The next morning she re-
ceived an invitation from Capt. Beres-

ford to dine with him that evening.
She handed the note to Mr. de la Fane
and remarked, callously:
"What nerve the man has. Surely,
he knows there is nothing for him to
do but shoot himself. * * * He's
ruined * * * silly creature."

Mr. de la Fane laughed harshly.
So that evening a cheerful party as-
sembled in the private dining room.
Mrs. Molyneux and Mrs. de la Fane
were the only ladies present, but some
half-dozen men made up the party.
With the dessert, John Beresford
looked around at his guests, and placed a
leather case on the table.

"I've had the queerest adventure
since I've been in the hotel," he said
laughing. "It's too rich to keep to my-
self; it might amuse you."
"Fire away," said some one.

Mrs. de la Fane turned very white,
but Muriel, watching her every move-
ment, felt no pity.

"You know, of course," Beresford
continued, "that I was sent down on
special service to deliver some dis-
patches to Gen. G—, who arrives
here this evening. Like an ass, I made
no secret of my errand. I shall be
wiser another time. Well, two days
ago the case with the dispatches dis-
appeared. You can imagine what
felt like. After wild searchings for 24
hours there was only one thing to be
done."

He then described his meeting with
Muriel in the summer house, and her
adventure with J. X. de W.'s messen-
ger.

"I wrote a note," he continued, "and
inclosed it with the original letter,
addressing it to a certain lady, whose
name does not matter, asking her to
meet J. X. de W.'s messenger last
night. In disguise I myself represented
the messenger and received my dis-
patch back into my own hands."

The men laughed loud and long.
"The sequel, too, may be interest-
ing," said John Beresford, coolly. "A
couple of detectives are at this minute
collaring J. X. de W.'s man."

"What about the lady?" he was
asked.

"Well, I fancy you'll hear that she
and her husband have been presented
with tickets to Europe by the next
boat."

A little choking cry came from Mrs.
de la Fane's lips. She had fainted.—The
Onlooker.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A costly marble monument stands in
a fashionable cemetery at Seattle,
Wash., sacred to the memory of a
faithful horse. The animal's owner
was himself buried beside the horse
recently.

The other day James Pelter, who
lives near Winchester, Va., killed a
bald eagle, whose spread of wings was
seven feet. Mr. Pelter had lost several
lambs and thought it remarkable that
the thief left no tracks nor other sign
of his visits to the farm, but when
the eagle tried to carry off a dog
which followed him, he concluded that
the bird was the robber.

During the recent session of the Brit-
ish parliament no fewer than 6448
questions were asked in the house of
commons. This number has only once
been exceeded in recent years—namely,
in the session of 1893-4, when the num-
ber of questions asked was 6534. But
the house sat on 226 days during that
session, while there were only 118 sit-
tings during the late session.

There are three nut cracking plants
in St. Louis, Mo., giving employment
to considerable numbers of people.
The nut crackers are driven by electri-
city, each nut being fed individually
into the crusher. After the shells are
cracked the nuts are winnowed by an
air blast, and the meat is picked from
the crushed shells by hand, women
and girls being employed for this part
of the work.

A curious case came up the other day
before the court in Caroline county,
Md., when an ancient resident was
charged with the larceny of nine eggs.
Extra jurors had to be summoned, and
it cost the county \$250 to try the case.
The accused was 73 years old. His
counsel said he had known the de-
fendant for 40 years, and it was in-
credible that he would steal eggs. He
argued that anyhow the state had not
shown that the eggs were sound and
nine rotten eggs would have no value
at all. The jury staid out 15 minutes
and returned a verdict of not guilty.

A Hamburg schoolteacher recently
undertook to find out what his pupils
knew about common things. Out of
120 children between 10 and 16 years
of age, 58 had never seen a flock of
sheep, 70 had never seen a violet
growing, 90 had never heard a night-
ingale, 89 had never seen the sun rise,
and 33 had not seen it set, 49 had never
seen a man plow. He asserts that
while city children may know about
theatres and concert exhibitions, muse-
ums and stores, hundreds of the sim-
plest things in life are mere words to
them that convey no coherent idea.

Seemingly Dangerous.

According to Nature, the French
minister of war has asked the Paris
Academy of Sciences to give an opin-
ion as to the possibility of danger
arising from the establishment of wire-
less telegraph stations in the neigh-
borhood of magazines containing pow-
der or other explosives. It is suggest-
ed that the nature of the cases con-
taining the explosive may be an im-
portant matter for consideration in
connection with the subject.

The average woman feels that her
life is wasted if she doesn't belong to
a society for the suppression of some-
thing.

FEEDING WILD ANIMALS

IT HAS BECOME A GREAT SCIENCE
IN MODERN TIMES.

Thirty Thousand Dollars Spent for the
Food of the Living Curiosities Main-
tained by New York City—Snakes Are
Most Fastidious Creatures in Captivity.

The feeding of wild animals in cap-
tivity, so that they will thrive and
grow contented in their confinement,
has become a pretty accurate science
in modern times, and the keepers of
wild animals in zoological parks, men-
ageries and circuses, have attained
such success in this direction that it
is rarely an animal dies because of
improper feeding. Twenty-five years
ago this was not the case. The mor-
tality among menagerie animals was
considerable, and the losses were so
great that a systematic inquiry was
made in regard to the feeding of wild
animals in captivity. Partly as the
result of that inquiry, and partly be-
cause of the accumulating experience
in handling the animals, present meth-
ods of feeding have practically elimi-
nated all danger to the animals from
the food they may get.

The feeding of wild animals, birds,
and fish in any large park or menage-
rie is consequently of scientific inter-
est and value. Something less than
\$30,000 worth of food is needed annu-
ally for the animals, birds and fish in
the public parks, menageries and aquar-
iums in the limits of Greater New
York. A close analysis of the food
purchased by this considerable sum
shows that the largest amount of the
money is spent for meat, fish and fowl.
There are altogether some 40 to 50
different kinds of food used, and all
of it is as good as the market affords.
The common idea that scraps and
waste food can be fed to wild animals
is hardly consistent with modern men-
agerie experience. Such food would
in a short time cause sickness and dis-
ease among the animals in captivity.
Hence all the food is carefully select-
ed, and is of the very best. In feed-
ing the animals fish the greatest dan-
ger comes from ptomaine poison. Sev-
eral fine otters and seals have been
lost through feeding them with fish
that had become tainted. The seals,
sea lions, otters and pelicans are great
consumers of fish, and they are fed
every morning with medium sized her-
ring, packed fresh in ice and delivered
daily at the Zoological park. When it
is impossible to secure good herring,
other fish are procured and cut up,
if too large to suit the fastidious
creatures who live on a fish diet. These
fish eating animals and birds are very
susceptible to poor food, and any vio-
lent change in the quantity or quality
of it almost instantly causes sickness.
Probably more sea lions have been lost
to zoological gardens in the past
through insufficient knowledge concern-
ing their food than any other class
of valuable specimens. The slightest
taint of the fish produces symptoms
which usually terminate in sickness
and death.

The snakes are also very suscepti-
ble to the kind of food given them, and
they prove extremely fastidious crea-
tures when held in captivity. It is im-
possible to supply some of the reptiles
with the special food they like, and
substitutes are not taken kindly to at
first. Thus the big cobras in their na-
tive haunts live chiefly on other
snakes—the small harmless varieties.
Now it is manifestly impossible to se-
cure sufficient small snakes to supply
these voracious eaters at all seasons
of the year. Nevertheless, the keepers
of the Central Park menagerie and the
Zoological park in the Bronx make
great efforts to collect small snakes
for the valuable cobras. These come
from different points in considerable
numbers, shipments often amounting
as high as 150 at a time. Fed on these
live snakes the cobras thrive in cap-
tivity and appear satisfied with their
lot; but it becomes necessary to ap-
pease their appetite with rats and
mice when snakes are scarce. While
new cobras will not touch these ro-
dents when they are first placed before
them, they can sometimes be enticed
to swallow them when tied to the tail
of a small snake or even when stuffed
in the skin of a dead reptile.

The other snakes are fed mostly on
toads, mice and rabbits. Even Eng-
lish sparrows are purchased in con-
siderable numbers for the reptiles. The
average prices paid each year for these
snake foods are 2 cents each for spar-
rows, 4 to 5 cents each for toads and
frogs, and 2 to 3 cents each for live
mice. At these quotations many boys
make quite a little pocket money, and
the Zoological park managers find the
supply at times greater than the de-
mand, so eager are the youngsters to
feed the snakes. In the winter season,
however, it sometimes becomes a ques-
tion of considerable importance how
to secure fresh food for the reptiles.
At one time more than a dozen rattles-
nakes had to be killed because of the
keepers' inability to find plenty of live
mice to keep them from starvation.

The wild carnivorous animals of the
jungle need a certain amount of meat
each day, and if they had their tastes
always gratified they would accept
nothing else; but stale bread is fed
them in addition to the meat. The
bears, monkeys and other beasts of the
jungle learn to eat bread with evident
relish, but the lions and tigers look
forward eagerly to their fresh meat,
and are not satisfied until it comes.
About the usual feeding hour each day
these creatures grow restless and pace
anxiously up and down their cages,
the appearance of the keeper with
their dinner is a signal for whines and
growls, and when the fresh meat is
thrown to them they snap and snarl
shrilly until they have disposed of it.
Horse flesh has been found an excel-
lent treat for these animals, and a

cheap food at that. It probably forms
the principal diet of the lions and tigers
in Central park, while the Zoologi-
cal garden bears receive a limited
amount of "chuck" beef every day.

There is a great variety of food given
to the other animals, and the mess
department of the park is an interest-
ing place. There the cooks are prepar-
ing for the apes and monkeys cus-
tards and puddings made out of tapi-
oca, oatmeal or rice; chopping meat and
fish for the aquatic turtles, and prepar-
ing vegetarian compounds for the land
tortoises. There are great quantities
of cabbages, melons, squashes and let-
tuce piled up for daily use for a long
list of creatures which never touch any
flesh or insects. The birds have im-
mense graneries where hemp, rape and
other seeds are stored. Every morn-
ing a butcher delivers at the storage
house a huge basket of chicken heads,
which have been chopped off in the
markets for use at the menagerie.
These fresh heads are fed to the foxes,
which eat them greedily, and to some
of the small carnivora. Roots and
vegetables and fruits of all kinds are
concocted there. These are fed to the
elks, deer, buffalo, birds, monkeys and
many other creatures to keep their
systems in good order. They represent
a sort of medicinal food to counteract
any evil effects of the heavier diet.

Hay, oats, wheat and corn naturally
form a considerable part of the daily
diet of the elephants, rhinoceri, hippo-
potami and similar herbivorous ani-
mals.—G. E. W., in the Scientific
American.

BOOKS BOUND IN HUMAN SKIN.

Volume Enshrined in the Epidermis of
a Beautiful Countess.

Some of the French bibliophiles
have caused a number of volumes to
be bound in the skin of human beings.
Might not these weird literary treas-
ures be designated in a very literal
sense as "human documents?" A Pa-
risian trade paper devoted to the leath-
er industry declares that the skin of a
human being is admirably adapted for
book binding, that it is finely
grained, of excellent quality, and dura-
ble besides. In England Dr. Anthony
Askew caused a book on anatomy to be
covered with the skin of a notorious
sorecress who was executed for murder.
In the catalogue of the library of
M. M. L. Veydt, minister of finance
of Belgium, attention was called to a
book entitled "Philosophy and Litera-
ry Opuscles," covered with human
skin; the price was not prohibitory,
being only 20 francs. In the Biblio-
theque Imperiale, Paris, may be seen
a Bible of the 13th century bound in
the epidermis of a woman. A copy
of Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris"
was enclosed in a similar ghoulishly
binding. A plate inside the volume at-
tests the fact.

Strange to say, there is a sentimental
side to this weird fancy. A charming
French countess, of extraordinary
beauty, whose shoulders elicited ex-
clamations of admiration from Flam-
marion, France's author-astronomer,
rewarded the devotion of her admirer
by leaving him, as a precious legacy,
the skin from those same lovely
shoulders, to do with as he pleased.
Wishing to have it within his reach,
he sent it to a tanner, who prepared it
in the accepted manner. With the gal-
lantry worthy of a Frenchman, the
renowned astronomer caused a volume
of an edition de luxe of his "Terre et
Ciel" to be covered with the adorable
epidermis of the sprightly countess.
The edges of the leaves are of blood
red, sprinkled with golden stars. On
the dedication page one may read:
"Souvenir d'une Morte."

Even a more ghoulish idea was that
of a lawyer, M. Edmund Leroy, who
caused the works of Delle, the trans-
lator of "Georgics," to be covered
with the poet's own skin. Mr. Leroy
was present when the body was em-
balméd, and bribed the undertaker to
strip off a portion of the dead man's
epidermis. In these lugubrious frag-
ments his writings were preserved.
This curiosity is to be found in the
library of Valenciennes, France.

There are a few specimens of bind-
ings of human skin in the United
States. A bibliophile in Cincinnati
owns a couple of volumes, one, Sterne's
"Sentimental Journey," done up in the
dusky skin of a negress; the other,
"Tristram Shandy," covered with the
skin of a Chinese woman.

Not only has the skin of human be-
ings been occasionally employed by
the bookbinders, but that of almost
every animal known to the naturalist.
The monkey, the crocodile, the ape,
the dog, the horse, the panther, the
wolf, the elephant, the cat and the
mole have all been subservient to the
fantastic fancies of book lovers. For
instance, a book on hunting, brought
out in London, was bound in doe skin;
a book on dogs in dog skin, etc., etc.
"Realism" in book binding may be
carried too far. It gives one a curi-
ous sensation consciously to finger the
tanned cuticle of a departed person.
Were the reader superstitious, he
might fancy that the spirit of the
defunct would rise up and haunt him
for the desecration.—Comtesse de Mon-
taign, in the New York Post.

Xarque from Argentina.
The manufacture of xarque, or dried
beef, the bilting of the Boers, forms
one of the most important industries
of the Argentine Republic, whence it
is shipped in large quantities to Bra-
zil and other South American states.
A shipment of xarque is about to be
made to the Italian colony of Erythra,
in Africa. According to a Brazilian
paper, this dried beef is not at all bad
when properly cooked, while it is far
more nutritious than tinned beef, at
a quarter of the latter's cost. Indeed,
some foreigners not to the manner
born get to like it so much that they
insist on its appearing at the tables
once or twice a week.