

A Menagerie in an Ulster.

I had little idea when I boarded a Third Avenue car that I should be quietly along past Eighteenth street last evening, says a N. Y. Herald reporter, that it contained an invisible menagerie in transit.

There were only two other passengers in the car—an elderly woman, who seemed to be running a pony express, as her arms were loaded with bundles, and a man in a heavy ulster, with his head down as if asleep and apparently nursing an uncomfortable "jag." I had not been long seated when the noise of fighting cats was heard directly under the seat where the lady sat. In an instant the pony express was in the air and the bundles flew to all parts of the car.

"Kill them!" she shrieked. "Conductor, let me off the car—quick!" The conductor stepped forward to calm the terrified woman, but she refused to be pacified until her bundles had been gathered up, the car stopped, and she had reached the sidewalk in safety, where she gazed after the car with the look of a person who had been snatched from the jaws of death.

The conductor then began an investigation. Suddenly the cats broke out again, but this time in the coal box. There was a look of having met and captured the enemy on the conductor's face as he graped the car-hook and quietly raised the lid. But only the silent, dusky lumps of coal met his astonished gaze. He closed the box with a bang, while the horror that comes from the first suspicion of "jams" crept over him.

Suddenly he jumped back and looked down, and well he might, for the voracious growl of a bulldog was heard at his feet. But he saw nothing there except the company's barred trap for catching the change that falls from the hands of passengers.

Then the chirping of birds was heard above his head, and the whole car was transformed into a canary cage. Another instant and it was a small African forest of howls and cries of wild beasts. The conductor looked at me, but only the alternate of perplexity met his gaze.

A conviction of having "got 'em" was settling on his face when he noticed the edges of a quizzical smile creeping up above the coat-collar of the man in the ulster. Then he "tumbled." He asked the man if he were making that noise and was answered with a burst of laughter that could not be controlled any longer.

The gentleman would not give his name, but said he was a well-known ventriloquist and had traveled all over England and Europe giving exhibitions of his art. He apologized to the conductor, but said there was a certain kind of women he met in his travels that always excited an uncontrollable desire in him to spring a menagerie under them. He got off at Grand street.

A Small Boy's Heroic Independence.

A Lewiston little boy declared a philosophic independence and accepted the consequence in so matter-of-fact a way last week that it may make a story, even if it is not so very funny. His mother dressed him up in a flannel shirt Friday and sent him to school. The shirt irritated his cuticle, or, in other words, he itched. When he came home that night he was cross and very cross for so small a boy and he declared that he and the flannel had parted company for ever. The next morning as his mother prepared to dress him for school the boy drew the line at the shirt. "No," said he, "I don't wear that shirt." A brief debate ensued, in which the boy appeared to have formed his opinion and decided to stick to it. The question when put to the house, was carried by the boy, who would not don the shirt. "If you will not wear it," said his mother, "I shall send you back to bed." Back to bed he went. He got no dinner. Afternoon came. A neighbor went in to see him—his mother telling her that she had a bad boy up stairs. The boy lay there in bed, wide awake, his little cheeks flushed with the situation but showing no sign of change of heart. "Don't you want to go to school?" asked the neighbor. "School?" was the reply. "I shall never go to school again." "Don't you want to?" "Yes, but I can't. I've got to stay here." "All your life?" "Yes'm," was the reply. "All my life." I shan't ever get up again, prob'ly." What could a mother's heart do against so philosophic an acceptance of the termination of a life-career as this? What but kiss him at tea-time and go down and buy the little bunch of pluck, some downy little undershirts that should never tickle him even once!—Lewiston Journal.

How Far Can You Hear?

Some experiments in judging distance by sound were carried out recently by one of the London brigades of the Metropolitan volunteers. This branch of military tactics is quite a new departure in volunteering, and one which, if it is to be made of service, will require more than an ordinary amount of practice. It was first explained to the men that sound travels at the rate of 1,100 yards in three seconds, and on this basis they were to estimate the distance at which some rifles were being discharged in the darkness. The answers at first were wide of the mark, some of the men being as much as 150 yards out in their calculations. With a little practice, however, a great improvement was shown, many of the men guessing the distance exactly. I am told, however, that the experiments are not as satisfactory as was hoped, and it is thought some time must elapse before judging distance by sound can be relied upon with any certainty.—Life.

Sauerkraut and Champagne.

Mme. Janaschek, who is fond of German cookery, has invented a new and remarkable dish. It has been the habit with lovers of sauerkraut to pour a bottle of Rhine wine over the pickled cabbage. Janaschek, with the inspiration of genius, has substituted champagne for the Rhine wine with great success.

A cave discovered near Chico, Cal., is said to rival the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

Lively Fight With a Gator.

Tom Knott and Judy Branch, who left for the Branch plantation well supplied with guns, dogs, etc., had a terrible fight with a large alligator, says a Florida letter to the Globe-Democrat. It appears that the boys were out hunting some cattle, accompanied by their pet dog. In hunting around they came across an immense saurian, but as his gatorship was engaged in watching some calves, he did not notice the two "bloodes" from this place. The dog not being well up in the gator business, commenced the attack at once. As soon as his gatorship could change his mind from his lives to dogs he made a sweep with his tail that brought the canine around to his business end, and before the dog had time to think of his part, made a snap that would have ended his career then and there, but the gator miscalculated his distance, and instead of taking the whole dog, tail and all, he got his tail only. The dog, being thus freed, started on a home run; but the gator wanted to get it. He could not get calf and, therefore, started after him, rolling over and over. This method of locomotion was so unusual that the dog became disgusted, and made such good time that the gator gave it up and turned his attention to his human enemies. They, in turn, were so badly frightened they lost their gun, armed themselves with fence rails, and then the fight was fast and furious. The gator would take the rails between his teeth and crush them up as if he enjoyed them for a diet. To vary the exercises he would snatch a rail and sweep it round in a way that made his assailants give him plenty of room. Finally, after a terrible struggle, he was forced to go where all gators go, and hunt calves and dogs no more. Messrs. Knott and Branch say that he was, undoubtedly, the wildest gator they ever saw.

Freaks of Photography.

Most people are aware of the fact that with few exceptions the faces of their friends are unlike when viewed from opposite sides, but it is not generally known what causes this, in some cases, remarkable difference. Napoleon Sarony, the well-known photographer, has made human faces the study of his life, first by painting portraits and, later in his career, by posing his subjects before the camera. No one has ever doubted the excellence of his work, and the reason for his great success undoubtedly arises from his observation of his patron's features and quick determination which is the best side. Frequently, he says, these facial differences are caused by accidents received in youth while playing rough games, but the principal cause of the variation in the outline of the nose is due to carelessness of mothers in allowing their babies to lie and suck their thumbs, for then the forefinger is pressed against the delicate cartilage of the nose and slowly but surely is making an indentation thereon. Mr. Sarony proves his theory by the statements of many mothers who have remembered the childish trait in their boys and girls, and those who have even formed features, or faces which appeared exactly the same on each side, were those who scorned the comfort which is derived by putting the thumb in the mouth while sleeping. The poet Longfellow is cited as having a much better profile viewed from the right side than from the left, and General Hancock was another noted man who was always photographed in one position, his best side looking quite unlike the other. In fact, there was such a difference that two photographs, one of each side of his face, would hardly be recognized as the same person.

Doing the Right Thing.

The train was just pulling out of Weston, Mo., for St. Joe, when one of the passengers in the smoker put his head so far out of the window that a man near him felt it his duty to utter a note of warning. "Yes, it is a little risky," replied the man, as he pulled in his head and sat down, "but I was looking for a grave in that field. Reckon it has been ploughed under and forgotten." "How did they happen to bury him there?" "It's a sad story, gentlemen—very sad. It was just ten years this month, and I was living here then. A stranger came in from the West with three horses to sell, and he acted so queerly that we clapped him in jail. He never denied that he stole 'em, and one night the boys turned out and lured him to a tree back there. That used to be our way of discouraging the business, and I believe it is still practiced further west. We buried him near the tree, and it was his grave I was looking for."

"Never denied it, eh?" queried one of the listeners. "Never did, although we gave him every chance. Just a week from that time he was hung we found out that he was an honest, honorable farmer, living about forty miles below us. While he hadn't stolen the horses, he had killed a man, and he no doubt believed we were hanging him for that. We felt mean enough when we discovered that he was no horse thief, and that all he had done was to pop a man over, and a Kansas man at that, and he must have been sadly puzzled over our conduct. We made such reparation as we could however."

"In what way?" "Oh, we rounded up the grave, passed resolutions of sympathy for the wife, sent the horses on home, and a few months later I went up and married his widow. She's in the next car behind."

An Eye to Business.

Most young men have felt a longing to be independent and have formed visionary ideas of what they'd do if fortune should drop into their hands; but a Portland youth has hit upon a highly original way of asserting his good luck, should it come. "If I were left \$100,000," said he, "I'd strike my boss for a rise in pay the next morning."—Lewiston Journal.

An Orange Wrapper.

Some genius has invented a machine for wrapping oranges that does the work of three men. He says it can wrap 2,500 oranges in one hour.

HE SWEARS OFF.

How His Wife Induced Him to Give Up the Practice of Smoking.

A young benedict in this city, says the Kansas City Times, tells a good joke on himself which illustrates the influence a wife has over her husband, provided she can reach his pocket-book. The young husband is in charge of a department of one of the larger retail Main street stores, and before many months hopes to become a member of the firm. He is addicted to smoking, and in a moment of weakness confessed to his wife that his cigars cost him \$1 a day. "Do you smoke 10-cent cigars?" she asked. He replied in the affirmative, and the young bride, who had ideas of her own regarding economy, asked if he would not give her in the evening when he returned home 10 cents for every cigar he had smoked during the day for pin money. She explained that her idea was to break him of smoking, and as he acknowledged he wanted to quit, but did not have the courage to do so, he readily consented to the proposition. "I was as good as my word for one month," he said the other evening, "and kept a faithful account of the number of cigars I smoked each day. Sometimes it would be nine, but more often it was a dozen. When the month had passed my wife informed me that I had given her \$92. That made \$64 I had spent for cigars and my salary was only \$150 a month. I saw it would not do. I had numerous consultations with my friends before getting married as to whether a young man could afford to marry on a salary of \$1,800 a year and had been told that he could if he wasn't too extravagant in his notions. There were only two things to do, quit smoking or tell a story every night when I got home. I would hardly give me time to put on my smoking jacket before she would ask, 'Now, how many today?' Her tone expressed so much confidence that I would have to 'less up, and at last I told her that, with her permission, I would swear off. She readily consented, and I haven't smoked a cigar since."

A Dog's Good Sense.

A rare instance of brute intelligence was witnessed on Chestnut street the other evening in a dog which was at the wrong end of the rope; a drunken man was at the right end or, in other words, the relative positions of the two animals have been reversed. The attention of several men who were passing was first attracted to the pair by the antics of the dog. The brute—that is, the four-legged one—was almost a fully bred pointer, and when first noticed, was jumping up in the most singular manner, each jump succeeding a tug of the rope in the hands of the man. At times the canine man, and rope would become tangled in the most intricate snarl as the man and dog made their way up the street. "Just watch that dog," suddenly said one of the men who were looking on. "He knows more than the man, by Jove!" The man, dog, and rope had just got out of a snarl, when the man gave the rope a vicious tug. It was then noticed that the rope, which was about the thickness of a lanyard, was fastened around the dog's neck in a slip knot, no collar being around the dog's neck. At each tug of the rope it was plain that the brute—the fore-legged one—was almost strangled, and when the strain was removed the dog made his regular jump. One of the onlookers indignantly started to rescue the suffering quadruped, when he was stopped by one of his companions, who said: "Let them alone. Just see what the dog will do."

The dog had just completed one of his jumps, when it was seen that he had taken the rope in his teeth and thus relieved the strain on his throat. He then trotted along contentedly until the man gave another tug and pulled the rope from between the animal's teeth. This had evidently gone on for some time, to judge by the weariness around the dog's eyes. He was plucky, tried again, and again, and succeeded each time in saving himself a choking.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Latest Fads in Bangles.

"Have you seen my new Shakespeare bangles?" asked Genevieve. Shakespeare what? replied the astonished friend. "Is it possible you don't know? See here!" and she thrust out a round, white wrist. The entire forearm was covered with narrow, plain bands of oxidized silver. There must have been twenty or twenty-five of them, and through the center of each ran a row of lettering, embodying a suitable sentiment from the great bard. One from Cymbeline ran: "Her pretty action did outstep her gift, and street, which it too," and one from Coriolanus was still prettier: "Now the fair goddess Fortune fall deep in love with thee." "But this Shakespeare idea is rather old," said Genevieve regretfully, as she replaced the slender bands. "To be utterly swayed one must have the new 'name set.' It's very discouraging and wearying work, this keeping up with the procession. I assure you, you see I had just completed my Shakespeare set when the name set came out."

"And that is—?" "Oh, yes! You must have a bracelet for every letter in your name, with one letter cut in each band, and your friends must present them to you. But I had actually forgotten the Kendal. That's the very latest. The latest of everything is the Kendal, you know. Well, the Kendal is the chime bangle. That can be made in silver or gold, and has only three strands, each with its own tiny bell that rings out the most delicious little note, the first one high and clear, the second a little deeper, and the last the deepest of them all—ding, dang, dong, don't you see? That was one of the clever Mrs. Kendal's inventions. She's very clever, Mrs. Kendal is."—N. Y. Evening Sun.

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