

A Trophy of the Bloody Angle.

One of the happiest men who returned from the Gettysburg memorial encampment is C. W. Bishop, of Harrey's Lake, this county. He was a private in Capt. Rice's company, Fifty-third Pennsylvania volunteers, at Gettysburg, and his wounds were so severe that he was almost killed. He was lying on the ground, and a bullet striking him in the right arm and another entering near his right thigh. This occurred near the bloody angle and not far from the spot on which the regimental monument stands. As soon as he received the wounds he set to work to bury his musket. He fell near a big rock, and, though suffering great pain and bleeding profusely, he managed to scoop out enough dirt at the base of the bowlder to slip his musket into the excavation. Afterward he carefully covered it and wondered whether he would ever see it again.

Bishop accompanied the surviving members of his old regiment, the Fifty-third Pennsylvania volunteers, to Gettysburg on the occasion of the dedication of their monument. While there Bishop, accompanied by several old comrades, started out to look for the musket he had buried twenty-six years before. The bloody angle was easily found, and he soon distinguished the huge bowlder at whose base he had fallen and where he had hidden the gun. It took but a few moments to dig the earth up, and, to his joy, he struck the old musket and quickly resurrected it. It had the appearance of Rip Van Winkle's fowling piece. The stock had fallen apart, but was still in a good state of preservation. The barrel was bound about with a thick coat of rust, and the lock and other portions were in the same condition. But Bishop lifted the old musket tenderly, and, as the recollections of the past filled his mind, he kissed it with the enthusiasm of a father who has found a long lost child. Bishop brought the musket to Wilkesbarre this afternoon. He says he is poor, but no money will buy the musket.—Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Cor. New York Sun.

A Queer Set of Turks.
Among the last batch of Syrians arriving at Castle Garden were three Druses. Two were farmers and the third was a shoemaker. They went from Castle Garden to Baltimore.

These three men are the only Druses who have ever come to this country. An isolated and peculiar race, the Druses have lived for generations near Mount Lebanon. Their total number is about 40,000. Hakem, the third Fatimite caliph, is claimed by them as their founder. They honor him as a divine being, and faithfully observe the curious religious rites which he established.

They are divided into two classes—the elect and the ignorant. The elect are the high priests, and the ignorant are those who are too young and inexperienced to be initiated into the mysteries of their religion. The high priests guard the mysteries of their faith zealously, and tolerate neither Hebrews nor Christians. The ignorant are far less conservative, and frequently mingle socially with believers in their creeds.

The elect Druses believe that Jesus Christ was merely an ordinary prophet, and that Hakem was really God, manifested in the flesh. They are confident, too, that the number of orthodox Druses can never decrease or increase.

These three Druses in this country are fine looking men, and are evidently possessed of unusual intelligence.—New York Herald.

A Russian Icon.
Mrs. George Kennan, the wife of the Siberian traveler, is the possessor of a genuine Russian icon. The Russian craze was epidemic in unusually severe form last winter, and the fur dealers are importing Russian skins, and modistes are getting ready to make much of Russian gowns. The modern young woman thinks her den incomplete without an icon, but as there are not for sale in this country a dozen of these images which ever saw the land of the czar it may be guessed that Mrs. Kennan's specimen, which the explorer of Siberian prisons picked up at the Nijni Novgorod fair, has a better authenticated history than most before which prejudices are placed and brass lamps kept burning. Some hard wood, presumably oak, is the material, but like all Russian work it is covered so profusely with white paint and gilding as to make close examination next to impossible. The features are those of some saint of the Greek church, and the figure has brawny chest and shoulders which fall off into an indeterminate block, the arms, hands and all but the upper part of the body being represented with a rude conventionalism that has not altered by so much as a line in the hands of centuries of carvers, as covered by a gold tinsel screen. Much of Mrs. Kennan's table service is the work of Russian silversmiths and is gilded and embellished with old Russian proverbs.—Philadelphia Times.

Gifts to the Samoans.
In connection with the distribution of rewards to the followers of Mataafa, the Samoan correspondent of a Sydney paper writes: "The American congress having voted \$5,000 in recognition of the generous efforts of the Samoans to save life during hurricane, the money was received here last mail by the United States consul, \$1,000 in gold watches and presents, and \$4,000 in gold. After a careful consideration of the claims of the chiefs and the men assisting, the money and presents were distributed on the 16th. Each of the high chiefs received a gold watch, and Mataafa one of each of the other articles distributed, which were clocks, barometers, thermometers, etc. A good deal of amusement was caused by the efforts of the chiefs to understand the use of the latter articles. One of them to whom a large wall barometer had fallen listened attentively to the careful description of its virtues, given by an old sea dog present, and said at last he thoroughly understood all about it. "Very fine thing," said he; "but I want the key to wind it up." This timely distribution of money will go far to allay the distress among Mataafa's followers, for food has been very scarce lately, also the wherewith to purchase it."—London Tablet.

Want Volapuk in the Boston Schools.
A petition was received by the school board from the Volapuk club requesting permission to use a room in one of the school buildings of the city proper for the purpose of teaching Volapuk. The club offers to furnish teachers free of charge for such pupils as shall attend, with the understanding that the conduct of the schools shall be under the supervision of the school committee. An order giving the club the permission asked for was assigned to the next meeting.—Boston Record.

THE TEMPLE ROBBERY.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Large Deposit of State Treasures.
It is by no means surprising that the strange case of the now famous Tirupati Temple treasure should have excited such an extraordinary feeling of indignation as it appears to have done among the Hindoo population of India. Tirupati is the Mecca of Hindoostan—if, indeed, the comparison is at all allowable, seeing that the temple which has just been so grossly defiled was erected, in the first instance, close upon 5,000 years ago. The trial in connection with the robbery of the Tirupati treasure is probably the most remarkable which has ever come before a British court in India. The sacred temple stands on the Tirumalalai range, some 2,000 feet above sea level, and commands a tract of about 100 square miles, the whole of which, up till quite a recent period, was regarded, in the strictest sense, as holy ground, nobody but a Hindoo being allowed to ascend the ghats.

Even at the present time the collector and the superintendent of police are the only Europeans whom the government permit to invade the sacred territory, excepting, of course, on special occasions, such as that which arose the other day, when the services of a civil engineer were required within the precincts of the temple to superintend the excavations. The temple itself has, in reality, never been entered by a white man, and all its available entrances are jealously guarded by armed men, who have instructions to strike down, and, if necessary, to kill any unauthorized person who attempts to invade the sanctuary.

The sacred edifice is inclosed by three stone walls, of which the outer one is twenty-three feet in height. From the devotee's point of view the sacredness of the place is centered in a great flagstaff, which penetrates from floor to roof, and is 37 feet high, 3 feet in diameter at the base and 15 inches at the summit. The staff is incased in copper overlaid with gold, and set in a slab of granite nearly three feet in thickness. In the immediate neighborhood of the flagstaff the image of the god is preserved, while the staff itself is actually supposed to be the abode of the temple god—of its "mantric essence."

Some seventeen years since, it seems, certain coin treasure, valued roughly at two lacs of rupees, was discovered in the temple, and was duly handed over to the mahant as manager and trustee of the edifice. In 1880 the Mahant Dhurma Doss died, and was succeeded by Sir Hathirajee Muttam Baghavan Doss Jee. The new mahant appears to have discharged his sacred and responsible functions to the satisfaction of everybody concerned, and in 1877 it was resolved to replace the old dastumbur, or sacred flagstaff, by a new one. Before the work was completed the idea appears to have suggested itself to the mahant to bury the treasure—the two lacs of rupees—in the foot of the flagstaff. This was accordingly done, the proposition having met with general approval from the adherents of the temple. The treasure was placed in six copper vessels, the covers of which were duly sealed up, and they were then buried in the receptacle prepared for them. Now it is found that the gold has all been removed from them, and copper coins substituted.

Four temple servants—by name Narasimha-Kusal, Gopalara and Haribhajan—were, in 1877, intrusted, after being duly sanctified by divers mysterious rites and ceremonies, with the burial of the treasure pots, and a fact that appears to interest the police and others a good deal at present is that two of them, Kusal and Haribhajan, are now each worth a lac of rupees, although the whole four were discharged some time ago, and none of them are known to have what is sternly known as "lawful visible means of support." On the other hand, an astonishingly clear-looking case made out against the mahant himself, who, it is asserted, allowed his cupidity to overcome the scruples of his sacred calling, and "collared the swag" himself. The question as to who has really appropriated the treasure becomes a difficult one, as far as the inquiry has proceeded, to determine, and it is possible that the affair may never be satisfactorily cleared up.

Probably the most notable feature in connection with the affair—from a Hindoo point of view, at all events—is the peculiarly apathetic demeanor of the Tirupati god, who should have been deeply interested in the proceedings. The "mantric essence," which has exercised such an omnipotent power over the Hindoos for centuries past, appears to have lain dormant while the temple was defiled and the mean trick of substituting a few hundred rupees worth of copper money for two lacs worth of gold coinage was done right under the pillars of the Tirupati sanctum sanctorum.—Colonies and India.

Love and Law.
When two fellows are in love with the same girl, and one of them happens to be a postmaster, what a big advantage the latter has over his rival! A Maine postmaster recently found himself in this situation and made the best of his opportunity—or the worst, just as you may think. The girl sent her new lover papers through the postoffice. The seller of stamps thought all was not right, and upon investigation discovered that within the paper was a letter written to his fortunate rival. The postmaster reported the case and the girl was fined \$10. The fine was subsequently remitted. And now the lady is, doesn't the postmaster wish he hadn't done it?—Leviathan Journal.

Eating Soup and Salad.
In the matter of eating soup many persons are at fault. The spoon should not be shoved into the mouth, but the liquid ought to be sipped from the side quietly and without any sound whatsoever. The minding of salad into small bits is not to be tolerated. Lettuce should never be cut, although the cooperation of the knife is needed to assist in rolling the leaves around the fork, in order to convey them successfully to the expectant mouth.—Jennett-Miller Magazine.

A Wonderful Agate.
Pliny, a well known writer about the time of Christ, mentions having seen an agate, the lines and markings of which formed a perfect picture of Apollo and the Nine Muses. Pliny says that little children recognized it on sight. In this wonderful natural picture, as well as in artificial drawings, Apollo was represented seated in the midst of the muses with harp in hand.—St. Louis Republic.

AN AMATI VIOLIN.

Once Sold for \$35, Now the Sum of \$15,000 is Offered for It.
Mr. Frank Bell, a well known young man of this city, has in his possession a violin nearly three hundred years old, and which is believed on good authority to be a genuine Amati. About three years ago Mrs. Bell, who is a widow, and her family went to live in Richmond. Her son Frank went to one of the public schools of that city, and at home took lessons on the violin from a local teacher, a German musician, Professor Teloe. As the lad progressed in his study he grew dissatisfied with his fiddle and decided to buy a better one. Talking it over with a schoolfellow, young James, who boyfitted him of an old fiddle at home and offered to sell it to Frank. This was the famous Amati. The boy knew but little of the history of the fiddle, but when it was fitted with strings and keys the wonderful tones which the German professor evolved from it decided him that it was an extraordinary instrument, and he sold it to young Bell for what seemed to him at a great figure—\$35. By Professor Teloe's advice the fiddle was sent to New York to a firm who make a specialty of repairs. In cleaning the inside of the violin they discovered a scrap of paper, yellow with age, on which was given in Italian the exact record of this Cremona.

"Do you know what you have got?" the New York firm wrote, and when the instrument had been thoroughly refitted and restrung the musical people in New York went crazy about it, and offers ranging from \$100 up to \$1,500 were made for it.

On its merits as a violin before returning it to Richmond, Professor White, of New York, and the late Professor Beuf fette, of Washington, both well known artists, gave a recital to a party of seventy or eighty musicians, in which the Cremona was tested for nearly four hours. The old violin discoursed to the musicians in tones mellowed by two and a half centuries of age. Amid plaudits they named it the "King Amati."

Then came offer after offer, and the fame of "The King Amati" crossed the ocean and the virtuosos heard of it. Signor Spigherine, of Rome, offered \$8,000 for the violin, and after his death his son, who won celebrity as a violinist, made the offer \$10,000. The latest bid made for the fiddle is by Wadsworth & Co., London, dealers in antiques and curiosities, who have the refusal at \$15,000.—Montgomery (Ala.) Special.

Mystery Solved and Patrimony Won.
Over thirty-three years ago Washington Tucker, then a resident of this city, lost his wife, who left him two very young daughters. Soon after he mysteriously disappeared, and it was commonly believed that he was murdered. The girls grew up to womanhood and were married.

Last fall a letter strangely came into the possession of Mr. P. W. Armstrong, husband of one of the girls, which spoke of the disappearance of a man in Edgar county, Ills., fully twenty-five years ago. The letter further said the man had left a great deal of property. Mr. Armstrong engaged a detective, who went to the county and discovered that the man was the missing Washington Tucker. He had come to that section, married, and lost his second wife, by whom he had five children. He then married again. About a year after this marriage he disappeared. A year later, in clearing new ground, the remains of a man were found, which, by some fragments of clothing, were identified as Washington Tucker. There were five heirs by the second marriage, who were in possession of the property by inheritance.

Bottled Chicken.
A resident of Marion street, Charlestown, is a great fancier of fowls. A day or two ago, when he turned out his last brood to scratch for themselves, one of the chicks ran across a pickle bottle and squeezed itself through the neck with some difficulty, and could not get out again. When morning came the old hen missed her chick and went in search of it. Having found it, and not being able to extricate it from its imprisonment, she flew around like mad, and finally became so violent that her owner came from his breakfast table to learn the cause. The old hen was then rolling the bottle over and over with her feet. In breaking the bottle the chicken's throat was badly cut. The wound was sewed up and the chick is now able to grub for itself, although its neck is still done up with a white rag.—Boston Herald.

A Swindled Emigrant.
An old German peasant arrived at Castle Garden one day last week whose experience is an example of how foreigners are duped by tales of American wealth. He had been told by an emigration agent that gold was so plenty in this country that the people gave golden trinkets to the children to play with, and trimmed the carriages, buildings and street lamps with golden ornaments. He accordingly sold his little place, and after buying a ticket for New York, spent the remainder of his money, in giving his neighbors a banquet. On his arrival here he had just seven francs left. The old man was desperately ignorant, but when it dawned on his mind how he had been duped, he wept like a child. He will be sent back.—New York News.

Curious Result of Cigarette Smoking.
Two young men of our town addicted to the constant smoking of cigarettes are singularly affected, not so much in mind as in body. They are becoming spotted all over their bodies, giving them the appearance of leopards. Their minds, though now apparently sound, are in imminent danger, for their nervous systems are so affected that neither of them can sleep without smoking several of these abominable cigarettes after retiring.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Savings and Bonds.

Two Opinions About Ancient Bones.
Clark Brown examined at Fish's point, on the Upper Mystic road, the other day, what are believed by some persons to be relics of the first American man, antedating, possibly, the age of mound building. There were parts of a human skeleton that crumbled at the touch, two rough copper vessels, mostly corroded, a smoothly rounded pestle and two peculiarly shaped glass bottles with crooked necks. Skeptics, however, profess to think that the things belonged to a prehistoric apothecary that was swallowed up in an earthquake. Mr. Brown may submit them to the inspection of an antiquarian.—Stonington Telegram.

A Lady's Idea.
Mrs. Charles Carleton Coffin has sent to the war department a new design for the forty-two stars in the flag. It has thirteen of the stars made into a six cornered star for the center to symbolize the thirteen original states. The rest of the stars are to be arranged about this in straight rows. The device is much admired by army officers who have seen it.—New York Home Journal.

The Manuscript of Burns' Poem.
The manuscript of Burns' poem, "The Whistle," has recently been purchased for \$253 by Lord Rosebery.

RESURRECTING OLD WRECKS.

Speculators Raising Hulks of Ships Sunk on the Fatal Coast of Jutland.
There is perhaps no coast known to navigators of the present day more dangerous than that of Jutland. More ships have been lost on that little treacherous stretch than on any other in the world, not excepting foggy Sable Island.

The whole coast is strewn with wrecks. The bottom of the sea off the coast is covered with the decaying carcasses of hardy vessels, blown to their destruction by hostile gales.

The Danes are a thrifty set of people, and on the principle that it is indeed an ill wind that blows no one any good, have gone to work to reclaim the majority of these old craft. Many speculators are in the scheme, and are now engaged in raising the old wrecks and recovering their cargoes and machinery. The first thing was to purchase the old wrecks and the privilege of raising and selling them. The owners were found without great difficulty, and were only too glad to get anything for the wrecks. Experienced divers were engaged and the work began several months ago.

Twenty-one years ago the Russian frigate Alexander Nevsky stranded off Jutland. She had a cargo of 30,000 pounds of brass. Several years after she went down the greater part of this cargo was recovered. The frigate was one of the first wrecks to be bought and examined by the speculators. She was found to be free in twenty feet of water. Her machinery is in a fair state of preservation, and the old Russian will before many months see the surface of the ocean. The machinery, if unfit for the ships of the present date, is still fit for the market. If the speculators find it unprofitable to rebuild the ship they will be able to sell her at a good profit.

Two of the other ships purchased for restoration are the Britishers Helen and Westdale.

The Helen was sunk years ago. She carried a cargo of copper, none of which has ever been recovered, and all of which is now in a very good condition, considering the years it has been in the water. Divers who recently went down to her found her free and her machinery in good condition. The ship will be raised and sold.

The Westdale went to the bottom on Dec. 24, 1888, off Thornsminde. She carried 2,000 tons of pig iron in her hold. The speculators have recovered all of this and will also recover the ship's machinery, fittings and trappings. Other wrecks are being negotiated for and will undoubtedly be recovered, with their cargoes and machinery. New York shipping men think that this would be a good way to rid our coast and waters of the many dangerous derelicts which are a menace to safety at sea.—New York Evening Sun.

Earning His College Course.
Speaking of snobbishness, the Listener is glad to have occasion to note a case of old fashioned many absence of that unpleasant reality. Spending a Sunday recently with a friend in a very delightful summer resort not far away, where a good many pleasant cottages have been built on a cliff commanding a fine view of the summer sea, the Listener happened to be sitting on the veranda with his friend as a milkman's wagon drew up in the street. The milkman, a sturdy young fellow, of pleasant face, dismounted, rang a bell by way of warning to the maids of the vicinity to get their pitchers ready, and then started around with his cans and his pail measure. As he passed around to the back door of the cottage, the Listener's friend nudged him as one gentleman salutes another. And when the milkman had gone the other said:

"That young man is a member of the class of '90 at Harvard college."
"Indeed?"
"Yes. He is carrying himself through entirely by his own exertions, and he takes this way of helping himself out. I dare say he makes enough money selling milk at a good figure to the people here in the summer time to pay the greater part of his expenses for the remainder of the year at Cambridge."
"Does he water his milk?"
"Not perceptibly. It is very good milk, and I have no doubt he is as honest as the business allows."

There was a young man in the house who belongs to the class below the milkman's in college, and he testified to the excellent standing of the young man at Harvard.

Such an incident is one of a good many which go to prove that Harvard men are by no means all idle swells. Perhaps there is not nearly so large a proportion of students at Harvard who earn money in the summer time by table waiting at the mountain and seaside resorts as at Dartmouth or Amherst, but there are certainly a good many men there who earn every cent of their college expenses.—Boston Transcript.

A Live Rattlesnake in a Depot.
A colored waiter in the New Central Railroad depot restaurant in Jersey City saw a rattlesnake crawling along the floor near a party of ladies. He yelled "Snakes!" and the ladies ran out into the car shed screaming. The waiter had an armful of dishes. As the snake was heading for him he dropped the dishes and ran. Two men who had been eating at the lunch counter followed him. One of the ladies who had run out told John Van Pelt, a conductor, about the snake. Van Pelt got a stick and a friend of his got another, and they went into the restaurant. Half a dozen waiters, a cook and three passengers were sitting on the lunch counter. They were freed. The snake was crawling toward the door, shaking its rattle savagely. Van Pelt and his friend made a combined attack. Van Pelt's stick was pointed, and he speared the snake through the neck, pinning it to the floor. The other man beat the reptile to death. Then the waiters and cook and passengers came down from the counter. The snake was about two feet long. It had four rattles. How it got into the depot is a mystery. Possibly it had been shipped as freight, and had in some way escaped from confinement.—New York Sun.

The Cotton Worms.
That one drug house in Vicksburg should receive orders for fifteen tons, or 30,000 pounds, of paris green in one day demonstrates the extent of the apprehension felt by cotton planters concerning the cotton worms in the large area of country tributary to or trading with that city. With the cotton worms apparently so formidable in their second generation, the third generation, which forms a vast increase over its progenitors, may do very serious damage. It is extremely unfortunate, if it be true, that the available supply of paris green has been already exhausted. It is likely that far more than the amount already used will be needed. Where these pests are unchecked by poison, in their third generation, they have been known to ravage cotton fields and leave the stalks as bare of foliage in the latter part of August and September as they are in early February before being pulled up and burned, preparatory to the planting of a new crop.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE SWEET CLOVER.

A Remarkable Growth That Is the Delight of Council Bluffs.
No one knows just how or where it came from or why it came, but a snowy and sweet treated intruder has come into the city to dispute with the lordly sunflower his long and undisputed title of suzerain sovereignty to all the vacant lots and blocks in Council Bluffs, Iowa. And the meek little blossoms on the summits of the sweet clover plants are looking upon the swift and certain destruction of the pioneer sunflower. Over one-third of the bottoms, where a year ago nothing but the gigantic resinous weed turned its black and yellow face to the sun, and where it grew in such luxury that even the noxious cockle burr was choked out of existence, the fragrant sweet clover has appeared and holds undisputed dominion over every other green thing. Over hundreds of vacant lots in the new additions the tiresome yellow has given place to the dark, rich foliage and fragrant perpetually blooming sweet clover.

Local botanists who have examined the new plant with a good deal of interest and care say that it is positively a new species, produced by some unknown and accidental cross, and that its vigor and spreading proclivities are the most wonderful features of its nature. The old fashioned sweet clover was a frail and ghostly plant, that loved the friendly shade of the groves and the longest moonlight summer nights, a characteristic which made it a proper love emblem, but this new and thrifty product of Council Bluffs spurns the protection of the trees and goes out boldly in the fields and meads and conquers the sun loving sunflower in his chosen grounds. As a foliage plant it is perhaps one of the most remarkable in existence for its luxuriance. In many respects it resembles the alfalfa clover, but it is stronger, thrifter, and of much more rapid growth than that remarkable plant that furnishes three crops of hay a year in western territories.

It grows to the height of four or five feet, with a dense leafy foliage and a perfect brush of sweet scented blossoms. The leaf is small and juicy, of a rich dark green, very much resembling the clover. It is so new and its habits so little understood that it is not known what its value may be as a forage plant for stock. In its present rank character stock will not eat it, but, tamed by repeated clipping and cultivation, it may become one of the most valuable plants to the stockmen and farmers.

But whether it has any value or not in the development of beef and horseflesh, it is of inestimable worth to the people of Council Bluffs as a swift destroyer and fragrant substitute for the ubiquitous sunflower, that has furnished provocation for so many sad reflections upon the city, notwithstanding enthusiastic assertions have sought to popularize the meek yellow crowned weed by painting it on panels and wearing it on their bosoms. It is a lovely and lovable plant, so sociable that it will come right up to your doors and crowd its white head into your windows, and so determined upon having the company of its fellows that it makes a covenant with the soil that where one plant grows this year thousands must grow next. A year ago there was perhaps not enough of the plant in the entire city to cover half an acre; now there are hundreds of acres densely covered with it. The odor from the acres of white flowers fills the air, and after a midsummer shower the peculiar and delicate fragrance is indescribable, and as sweet as the breath of peris.—Omaha Bee.

A Big Steamer's Twin Screws.
When Capt. Watkins, of the City of Paris, left Queenstown on the 25th of last month and started on a course fifty-nine miles shorter than his famous run—shorter because he ran northward where the world grows smaller and came down over the shoulder of "the great globe we inherit," taking any possible chance there might be of fogs and ice in crossing the banks of Newfoundland at this season—the engines were put at full speed, and for something over four days were driven at the average rate of ninety revolutions of the screws per minute. There was a variation from eighty-six to ninety-two revolutions. When the furnaces were opened to be cleaned the intensity of the steam would be diminished for a few minutes and the speed of the screws reduced to eighty-six turns in the minute. It will be noted that the average speed was three revolutions in two seconds, and the screws are twenty feet in diameter. It is astonishing that this velocity can be maintained day and night without a second's waiting and avoid developing excessive and crippling heat.

The fact that thirty men are employed to pour oil upon the bearings and all parts where the friction is severe will perhaps account in part for the phenomenon, but certainly only the greatest perfection of material, and the most delicate adaptation of one part to the other, could provide for such a strain without disaster. I doubt whether so startling a test of integrity and absolute exactitude in manufacture can be found in any other machinery. During the late run of the City of Paris the wind was so strong from the north one afternoon as to give the ship a decided lift, elevating the larboard screw so that each turn the blades rush showers of spray with a dazzling ruf behind the vessel. There are four blades in the screw, revolving three times in two seconds—so there were six wide surges per second dashed to the winds, and a fine reminder of the mowy rapids of Niagara.—M. Halstead's "On the Bounding Billows."

Monster Smokeslack.
The monster chimney of the new Fall River Iron Works mill, the largest in America and the fifth largest in the world, was completed recently. It is 350 feet above the ground. The bottom of the foundation is seven feet below tide water and sixteen feet below the ground, making the total height of the chimney 366 feet. The base is square for a distance of about thirteen feet from the ground, then tapers up gradually for about eight feet, and from that up the chimney is cylindrical in form. The diameter at the base is thirty feet, the narrowest part is fifteen feet. The flues have a uniform diameter of eleven feet. The walls at the bottom are thirty-two inches thick and in the thinnest part twelve inches. It is built of brick above the foundation, the number used being 1,700,000.—N. Y. Telegram.

A Western Inventor.
Edgar F. Lincoln, of Topeka, Kan., has taken out more patents during the last two years than any man in the country. He invents covers for all fields, and he has patented almost everything, from an improved electric light to a celluloid toothpick. Like a great many inventors he finds it difficult to make money out of his cleverness. Other men reap the profit of his brain effort. His latest device is a toboggan brake. It enables a toboggan to stop in the middle of the steepest incline instantly if any obstruction suddenly appears on the chute.—New York Telegram.

Born in 1780.
A Buenos Ayres paper affirms that there is now in Bolivia a surgeon, Luca Silva by name, whose age is not less than 129 years. He was born in Cochabamba in 1760, and devoted himself, after graduating in medicine, to the practice of surgery. Lately he was taken to the house of Senor Jose Ramallo, president of the Dramatic College of La Paz, and gave a lucid account of the revolution in 1809, which resulted in the emancipation of his country from the Spanish yoke.—Chicago Tribune.

LITTLE MAIDS AS COOKS.

Schoolgirls Taught to Burn Their Fingers in a Training Class.
A group of bright eyed, pink cheeked girls came tripping down the steps of the Edward Shippen school on Friday a few minutes before noon. They were of assorted sizes and styles of beauty, but their ages all clustered closely about sixteen. There was one little flaxen haired Miss whose lip and mien betokened that she had but recently entered her teens, and close behind her a tall, dignified maid of dusky hue, who looked as if she would be eighteen some of these days. These were the extremes. Fifteen years may have made a fair average.

The absence of the usual bulky bags of books, and the character of the girl's chatter, which was all about butter and burns and blisters, instead of propensities and logarithms, evinced that this was no ordinary bevy of schoolgirls. There were twenty of them, all told, and they had been to cooking school.

The quantity of edibles turned out by these two score fairy fingers during the process of the first lesson would scarcely suffice to satisfy the cravings of a lusty appetite; but then Rome was not built in a day; neither can an elaborate menu be concocted in an hour. A crockful of croutons or sippets and a faultlessly baked potato were the only tangible results of yesterday morning's practice. Several little maids, however, treasured up a precious little cut or a glistening burn as evidence of hard work, and all had their craniums just chock full of knowledge as to the best ways and means to run a kitchen.

"Housekeeper No. 7, I appoint you to take care of the stove for this morning, No. 11, you must look after the sink, and you, No. 4, will be in general charge of the room." These were Miss Stone's words as she called the class to order. She wore a tiny cap of soft white lace and a wide spreading apron, and moved and talked with a grace and ease that would invest the meanest kitchen with the dignity of a drawing room. The somewhat unpoetical task of fire-bolting and the first duty of the morning, and into this work the teacher entered with such zest and understanding that the "little maids in school" who looked on and learned thought it great fun, and just as easy as flirting. After a few moments' instruction they knew all about removing the ashes, arranging the kindling, applying the match and starting a blaze, all without a drop of kerosene or begrimed fingers.

The big, brightly polished range stood in the corner of the room; the spick-and-span sink, surmounted by a row of dipper and dishpans, stood opposite, and a far end, apportioned off to serve as the laundry, was set forth with boiler, clothes horse and the other necessary accoutrements. Along the center of the room were ranged the five tables which represented the scenes of maneuvers of the twenty cooks. These were bedecked with spoons, knives, forks, plates, chopping boards and scrubbing brushes, and every article a paragon of perfection. Each pupil was furnished with a seat at a table, and after work was over each was required to polish her respective corner with soap and scrubbing brush until it dazzled.

Against the east wall stood a big cupboard, shiny and crochety in its newness, provided with innumerable nooks and crannies, each devoted to its particular utensil. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," suggested Miss Stone, as she pointed out to her group of open mouthed learners the way of the Dover egg beater and the wharf-rope of the glass lemon squeezer. "The rolling pin must be piled right here, the colander hung just there and the dish towels placed far back in the right hand corner of the third drawer from the top, on the left hand side, between the tea cloths and the dusters," she went on, "We put the matches in this covered crock so the rats won't nibble them and set the house on fire. The bread we must stow away in a tin box for fear it should grow stale. We must always keep the butter well covered, as it absorbs strange tastes so easily," and so on through the whole category of kitchen ethics.

Then the little maids were set to work cleaning potatoes. Of course they poised their knives aloft for the purpose, and of course Miss Stone gently but firmly bade them to drop them instantly. The best authorities on cuisine never pare potatoes nowadays; they scrub them. Each girl was supplied with a small brush, which she applied to the earthy scum of the potato with vigor that it was soon as white as her own fingers.

Then housekeeper No. 3 was bidden to place the potatoes in the stove for baking. "Ouch!" she cried, as she lifted the oven door and ran back in dismay. Housekeeper No. 7 was delegated to try. "Oo, oo, oo!" was the result of her first trial, as she hugged a tender little engagement finger and fled in consternation. The other girls only laughed and Miss Stone flew to the rescue. Beneath her "open sesame" the door started open like a dream. "You'll learn after awhile," she remarked smilingly. And the burned maidens sighed and said they hoped so, and once more the chorus giggled.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Edgar F. Lincoln, of Topeka, Kan., has taken out more patents during the last two years than any man in the country. He invents covers for all fields, and he has patented almost everything, from an improved electric light to a celluloid toothpick. Like a great many inventors he finds it difficult to make money out of his cleverness. Other men reap the profit of his brain effort. His latest device is a toboggan brake. It enables a toboggan to stop in the middle of the steepest incline instantly if any obstruction suddenly appears on the chute.—New York Telegram.

Born in 1780.
A Buenos Ayres paper affirms that there is now in Bolivia a surgeon, Luca Silva by name, whose age is not less than 129 years. He was born in Cochabamba in 1760, and devoted himself, after graduating in medicine, to the practice of surgery. Lately he was taken to the house of Senor Jose Ramallo, president of the Dramatic College of La Paz, and gave a lucid account of the revolution in 1809, which resulted in the emancipation of his country from the Spanish yoke.—Chicago Tribune.

ATTACKED BY A BEAR.

A Kentuckian Has a Hard Time with a Fat Game Wild.
Frederick Seifried, Jr., the pork butcher at Thirty-fifth and Bank streets, is the owner of two black bears in which he takes great pride. The animals are kept chained in an out-house, and have been furnishing a great deal of amusement to the men, women and children of the neighborhood. When Henry G. Umbreit, of 3,428 Bank street, was knocked down and clawed by the big male bear about two weeks ago some of the neighbors sympathized with him in his sufferings, while others declared that he deserved what he got and was served right for teasing the bear, in which the whole community took such an interest. Umbreit is still confined to his bed from his wounds. Yesterday afternoon the bear claimed his second victim, when Frank Staab, the engineer at the pork house, missed death by a narrow margin.

The two bears were bought by Seifried when he was about twenty months old. The male weighs 350 pounds, and has a very savage and quarrelsome disposition. The smaller is the female, a 200 pound animal, very docile and tame. The pair of animals are destined for the sawdust ring, or as a means of livelihood to some poor blind man, and for the past six months their education has been progressing very favorably under the tutelage of "Professor" Fred Utzer, who has taught them quite a number of difficult and comical tricks.

At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon the animals were going through their gait and accomplishments, much to the edification of a large crowd which had assembled to witness the entertainment. After the performance half a dozen men, with Staab among the number, stood about discussing the points of the bears. Staab was caressing and playing with the little one, and paid no attention to the savage animal which was moving restlessly up and down the length of his chain. With a rush the bear sprang upon the stooping man and seized him with his paws. Staab attempted to get away and seized a post, to which he clung to prevent the bear dragging him away. All the time the bear was clawing him with fore feet and hind, and at every scratch blood poured, and the man's cries for assistance were pitiful. His companions were so astonished at the assault of the bear that they seemed to have lost their presence of mind and were slow to act. Fully two minutes passed before any aid was given Staab, and then John Young and Fred Schilling seized Staab and tore him from the clutches of the bear. Weak and fainting from loss of blood and pain Staab was laid upon the floor, while hurrying messengers found Dr. Charles W. Parsons and Dr. John S. Douglas. The physicians examined the man and found that his right leg was horribly mangled. The skin was lacerated, and in many places the animal's claws had dug furrows in the flesh, leaving the bone exposed. His knee cap was torn from the bone, and his body was also scratched and badly bruised.

The doctors worked on the man's injuries, and after they had taken forty-eight stitches in different parts of the leg, Staab was placed in a meat wagon and taken to his home at 3,216 Duncan street. Staab is 27 years old, with a wife and family dependent upon him for support. While his injuries are not fatal, they will keep him in bed for several months to come. His sufferings are very acute.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Undeclared Fishing Match.
A fishing match recently took place on the lake between Boatkeeper Allen and Dave Johnson, a veteran angler, for a purse of \$60, raised in the office of the Forest house. The men fished for an hour, stopping at noon. Proprietor Rich of the hotel, who acted as referee, found that the collection of bass, pickerel and perch in Allen's string numbered twenty-six and in Johnson's twenty-five. One of the latter was a black bass weighing four pounds nine ounces. When the strings were weighed Allen's tipped the scale at eleven pounds ten ounces, the baby perch and pickerel counting for very