

New Uncle Sam's Cruisers Looked Among the British Troops.

Almost like yachts they look compared with some of their huge neighbors, for some of Great Britain's strongest and most terrible sea monsters are gathered in the harbor, lying on the water as if in slumber, quiet and tranquil enough now, but ready to awaken at their mistress's bidding, and to vomit forth death and devastation from their steel-clad sides.

Close to our ship is the Anson; on the other side the huge Benbow, with massive black hull and white, fortress-like superstructure, points the muzzles of her enormous guns over the tops of the turret like barbettes on her decks, fore and aft, while from the ports in her sides the cannons of her batteries peer menacingly outward. A fringe of davits, from which here and there a boat is hanging, runs on both sides of her upper deck, and her tall military mast, the tops bristling with machine guns, tapers aloft amidships.

The Anson flies the flag of the rear admiral; on her quarterdeck scarlet coated, white helmeted marines are drawn up and the band is playing; alongside of her some boats are lying. Farther out in the bay the Iron Duke has shaken out her topsails, and the masts droop from the long yards in graceful folds, while from her bows to aft her mainmast the white clothing of her crew, hanging there to dry, flutters from the clotheslines.

Over by the long stone wall of the New Mole the Northumberland and the Colossus, the vice admiral's ship, and a number of smaller vessels—dispatch boats and yachts—are moored, white back among the coilliers the monarch's white ensign marks the presence of a man-of-war in their midst. In the offing another naval monster, the Campania, is steaming slowly out to sea.

The harbor is alive with yonder boats and launches of all kinds. Yonder, glancing like a fish half emerging from the water, comes a small, queerly shaped craft, circling with astonishing rapidity around our ship for a moment it darts off suddenly, and with a swirl and quick splash, something drops from its side. A moment later a dull report, a flash of fire and a little puff of blue smoke curling over the water some distance beyond us, where a little red flag waves from a sort of buoy floating there, shows us that the torpedo that we have just seen launched has reached its mark.—R. F. Zogbaum in Scribner's.

A Scolding Husband Cured.

A woman whom her husband used frequently to scold went to a cunning man to inquire how she might cure him of his barbarity. The sagacious soothsayer heard her complaint, and after pronouncing some hard words and using various gesticulations, while he filled a phial with colored liquid, desired her whenever her husband was in a passion to take a mouthful of the liquor and keep it in her mouth for five minutes.

The woman, quite overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and by her silence escaped the usual annoyance. The contents of the bottle being at last expended, she returned to the cunning man and anxiously begged to have another possessed of the same virtue.

Where Laces Are Made.

The English thread laces are made in the south of England, but the workers are rapidly dying out and the younger people are taking to employments more profitable. The amount of thread lace brought into the market, therefore, grows smaller from year to year.

The Venetian laces, which at one time did really come from Venice, are now largely manufactured in Brussels, whence they are sold to the merchants of Venice, and resold again by them as Venetian laces.

In general lace workers are receiving so little compensation that new comers into the art—for art it is—are rare. To counteract this decline the lace manufacturers of Belgium have found it necessary to establish schools in that country for the education of the young in the course as well as the finer grades of lace making.—New York Evening Sun.

On a Railway Train.

"What a fine color that man has on his neck," whispered a gentleman to his companion as they sat together in one of the incoming trains. "Yes," answered his companion, admiringly gazing on the bronzed neck just in front of them. "I suppose he's been off somewhere with the rod and reel having a fine time."

The neck in front of them turned slowly and twisted slightly around with great difficulty, and a voice which left no doubt as to the neck it came from said: "No, I ain't been off with my rod and reel, but if yer so doosid curious I've been off with a bottle of iodine and a tough earache." And the iodine stained neck turned slowly and stiffly back, leaving the two gentlemen to the study of its bronzed mahogany and to the consideration of the ease with which people hear remarks carefully intended not to reach their ears.—New York Times.

I am obliged to send you an anecdote of my cat, a long haired black Persian. Living in the suburbs, we are infested by cats of all kinds, and are perpetually driving them away, aided by the said long haired favorite, who pursues them off the premises, with hair and tail standing wildly erect and presenting a most alarming appearance. We feel that this violent demonstration must be a joke, as the same cat constantly carries the remains of our own dinner about twenty-five yards, across an open space and up some steps, to feed the identical animals she has driven off an hour or two previously.—Cor. London Spectator.

FEATURES OF HOTEL LIFE.

Guests Who Create Trouble Over Their Own Thoughtlessness.

"I tell you, my son, behind the counter of a hotel office is a good place to study human nature, and he must be very obtuse who stays there very long without gaining a vast amount of experience," said the clerk. "There are men and there are logs, gentlemen and cads, in fact, all sorts and all conditions of humanity are to be met at a public hotel, and the clerk soon gets to know them all and estimates them accordingly. Of course I realize there is no particular credit in being honest, but at the same time I like to see honesty acknowledged. I remember an old gentleman lost a jackknife in his room one at the Sherman house, and the girl sent it down to the office. It was not worth ten cents, but the owner was so pleased with the girl's scrupulous regard for property rights that he gave me \$1 to send up to her."

"About a week later this same girl sent down a fat pocketbook, which she had found on the floor of No. 46. At the first opportunity I opened it for examination, and found it contained nearly \$5,000 in bills, bonds and certificates of deposit. Two hours later in came the owner, a man of about 55, with gray hair and beard. He asked for his key in an excited manner, and without another word rushed for the elevator. Pretty soon he returned white as a sheet. "Oh, sir," he sighed, "I've lost my pocketbook, and with it all I have in the world."

"Where did you lose it?" I asked. "I don't know; I can't tell; I thought it was in my room, but I have hunted all through it unsuccessfully."

"Is your room made up?" I inquired. "No; that is, the bed is not, but the sheets have been taken out, I notice."

"Then I asked him to describe the pocketbook and its contents, which he did very accurately, and as he finished I pulled out the lost article and laid it before him. I wish you could have seen his face change color; it was a revelation. He laughed and cried by turns, and then asked the girl's name, so that he might reward her substantially for her honesty. Well, the old fellow stayed a week longer, but after receiving his bill one night he disappeared, and not only never remembered the chambermaid, but even forgot to settle his board bill. It is base acts like this that occasionally make one lose all faith in human nature."

"Lots of men will come down stairs, eat breakfast and go about their business and then return in half an hour or so in a great hurry, saying they left their money or gold watch under the pillow, and anxiously inquire if the money or bills have been found. To the credit of the chambermaids I am glad to say that rarely have I found them dishonest, and anything left in the rooms under their care is as safe as if in the office vault. And yet how often are they accused falsely!"

"I shall always remember how I roasted a man once at the Sherman house," resumed Charlie Hilton, when George paused for breath. "I was on the afternoon watch when I saw the check boy approaching the desk hanging on to an overcoat at which a guest of the hotel was tugging viciously. Both man and boy were excited and each tried to speak at once."

"This coat belongs to me, and I insist upon taking it," asserted the man, making another desperate struggle at the desired article. "Why don't you show up your check then?" sung out the lad in the same breath.

"You didn't give me a check?" "I did if you left your coat." "You did not. I laid my coat on the counter and you forgot to give me a check. This is my coat and I am going to have it."

"By this time a crowd had collected, and after the man had ceased I ordered the youth to release the garment and let the claimant try it on. With a sneer of triumph he grabbed the article and crawled inside, when he found to his intense astonishment it was at least four times too large, and plainly belonged to some one else.

"Among the spectators of this comedy was an old fellow who had been writing letters all the forenoon, and when the row began he slipped away, returning just as the guest was trying to sneak off amid the jeers of the crowd.

"Hi, there! See here," said the old gentleman, holding up a brown overcoat. "I guess this is yours. I found it on the armchair where you threw it this morning when you came in to write some letters."

"The man snatched the coat and was breaking away when I called to him and gave him the worst tongue lashing he had ever received. I was pretty mad, and I let loose for all I was worth. Everybody enjoyed it except the victim, for all knew he richly deserved the scolding. He finally escaped, and only returned that night to pay his bill. He left without having had the grace to apologize to the boy for the many gratuitous insults he had inflicted."—Chicago Herald.

Next to it. "We had such a scare last night!" she said as she got seated. "Fire?" "No." "Accident?" "No." "Burglars?" "Not quite, but the very next thing to it. A policeman tried our back door, and we all got up and sat up for two hours."—Detroit Free Press.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Lock Brought to the Author of "The Other Man's Wife" by Horseshoes.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard, better known as "John Strange Winter," is an author whose outlook in life is sunny. London, or the most interesting part of it, goes out often to visit her in her fine old house at Putney, near the Thames. At her summer garden parties and winter "at homes" artists, authors and journalists make a charming Bohemian circle about the peculiar trophy of horseshoes arranged in her reception hall. The writer of "Bootles' Baby" confesses to a pet superstition. After the manuscript of that story had been hawked about to six publishers she picked up a horseshoe an hour before the news came that The London Graphic had accepted it. On three other occasions of finding horseshoes she has immediately heard of good things, and her friends affect a joking reverence for these mascots and invariably hold all discussions of important enterprises within the radius of their auspicious influences.

It is not every visitor to Putney who has the entire of the nursery of Mr. Winter, so called until the favorable reception of "Hoopla" and "In Quarters" induced the author to let the public into the secret of her sex. She is the mother of three chubby babies, the eldest of whom is 5 years old. These mischievous, sunny tempered youngsters fill their end of the house with laughter. With a toddler on each knee and another hanging over a chair behind she answered a question as to the happiest hour she had ever seen.

"To understand the pleasant little thing that ever happened to me you must know that when I was 12 years old my dear old schoolmistress politely, but firmly, informed my father that I got into so many scrapes he must really take me home. When my 'Cavalry Life' began to receive favorable notices the impulse came to me to write and let this teacher into my secret. The congratulations I received in reply gave me more pleasure, I think, than any others I have ever received."

Mrs. Stannard is not a beautiful woman, though her face is a pleasant one. Her knowledge of military life came to her naturally, her father, the Rev. H. V. Palmer, having been prior to entering the church an officer in the royal artillery. Mr. Stannard is by profession a civil engineer, but his time is altogether at his wife's disposal, he being her private secretary and conducting all negotiations with her publishers.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Cincinnati School House Expenses.

The teachers' salaries alone for the school year ending Aug. 31, 1889, were \$613,697. Janitors, of which there are sixty, cost the city about \$30,000, or \$500 each. The amount spent in repairs for the different school houses was \$21,946. The cost of new buildings was \$219,274. The Warner street house alone costing \$71,238 without the lot. The lot cost \$15,300. New furniture to the amount of \$8,625 was bought, but this does not include the Warner street supplies.

For fuel \$22,653 went a-glimmering. It required about 5,000 tons of coal and several thousand dollars worth of kindling. Two thousand six hundred and seventy-three dollars was paid out for rent to accommodate some of the "colonies." Heating fixtures were put in costing the city \$10,291. The schools are all provided with gas, and often in dark days it is necessary to burn it the whole of the school hours. The gas cost \$493.50 that year. Four tons were bought for the sum of \$32,675, including the last Warner street lot. This makes a grand total of \$947,027.—Cincinnati Times Star.

An African Ruler.

Barthoën, paramount chief of the Banwaketze nation, is a model African sovereign. He is lord of 17,000 square miles of some of the finest country in South Africa, rich in gold, silver, copper, iron, asbestos, and capable of sustaining countless herds of cattle. This country lies to the north of the colony of Bechnanaland, with the Boers for neighbors on the east and the chiefs Khama and Lo Bengula on the north.

Since Barthoën came to the throne he has effected a moral revolution in his country. He has encouraged agriculture, induced thousands of his people to embrace Christianity and has strictly prohibited the liquor traffic in his dominions.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Foser.

Travers—Say, old man, grant scheme! Am going to London. You order what clothes you want. Same height, same breadth. I buy them. Bring 'em back. Good fit. Cheap. Eh? Dashaway—Splendid. I'll make out my order at once. When you get back I'll pay you. Travers—You will, eh? Well, I'd like to know how in thunder you expect me to get over there.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Next to it. "We had such a scare last night!" she said as she got seated.

"Fire?" "No." "Accident?" "No." "Burglars?" "Not quite, but the very next thing to it. A policeman tried our back door, and we all got up and sat up for two hours."—Detroit Free Press.

Department of Religion. Polite Stranger—I wish to see the religious editor, if you have one on this paper.

Office Boy (cautiously)—The—the man who runs th' religious column is in the room to th' right.—Good News.

Incumbent. Officer—He's pretty wild, sir. Thinks he owns th' world. Justice—What's his business? Officer—He's been janitor of a downtown office building.—Judge.

A Meeting. Ague—Ah, Fever! Fever—Ah, Ague! Both—Shake!—Pack.

WHY OIL CALMS THE SEA.

It Smooths Out the Ripples so the Wind Can't Get a Grip on the Water.

The action of oil in calming the sea is now so generally recognized that the new rules as to life saving appliances require that every boat of sea going vessels and all life boats shall carry "one gallon of oil and a vessel of approved pattern for distributing it on the water in rough weather." The potency of oil in smoothing waves was recently explained by Lord Rayleigh before the Royal Institution in a lucid lecture.

The well known scientist's experiments demonstrate that foam or froth is caused by impurities in liquids. Thus, on shaking up a bottle containing pure water, we get no appreciable foam, but taking a mixture of water with 5 per cent. of alcohol there is a much greater tendency to foam. Camphor, glue and gelatine, dissolved in water, greatly increase its foaming qualities, and soap still more.

Lord Rayleigh finds that sea water foams, not on account of its saline matter, but in consequence of the presence of something extracted by wave action from seaweeds. By simply putting his finger into water which was moving vigorously under the influence of a few camphor scrapings the contamination of the water by the infinitesimal amount of grease sufficed to form an invisible film over it and to neutralize the foaming action produced by the dissolved camphor.

The effect of oil on waves, as several physicists have proved, is to subside the huge swell, but to smooth and tone down the ripples, each of which gives the wind a point d'appui, thus increasing the force of the breaking waves. "The film of oil," says Lord Rayleigh, "may be compared to an inextensible membrane floating on the surface of the water and hampering its motion."

As long as the advancing tumultuous sea water is pure there is nothing to oppose its periodic contractions and extensions, but when its surface is covered with the oily membrane the most dangerous contractions and extensions are impossible.

The scientific demonstration of the sea quelling virtue of oil is worthy of note by all sailors. It is fortunate for them that Lord Rayleigh has accomplished this at a time when ocean storms, and especially tropical hurricanes, are likely to tax the seaman's art to the utmost in saving his craft from destruction.—London Nautical Magazine.

Advertising by Sample.

On one of the hottest of July days there drove up to the hotel, where half a dozen breathless guests were vainly endeavoring to keep cool in a buggy in which sat a long haired, elderly man and a gayly dressed but rather vulgar looking young woman. The buggy stopped, and the man, after greeting the company in an engaging and affable manner, threw toward them a handful of dingy printed slips.

One of the more enterprising of the boarders picked up the slip which fluttered near his foot, and discovered that Professor Diamond and his celebrated family would give a concert and entertainment in the town hall of the village on the following evening.

"I am Professor Diamond," the elderly man announced, as soon as he was satisfied that the reader had discovered what the circulars were about. "This is my oldest daughter, Maria. Now, Maria."

With the word he produced from under the seat a wheezy accordion, and began to play "Pull for the Shore." In the most absolutely indifferent manner, but with the voice of a cellope, the young woman began also to sing, and went through two or three stanzas without stopping for breath.

"We generally give folks a sample," the professor explained, as she concluded. "Now, how many of you will take tickets? My other daughter is a sight likelier singer than this one is. Tickets are only fifty cents with reserved seats."

And out of sheer amusement the boarders all bought tickets to the concert thus advertised by sample.—Youth's Companion.

The Most Common Misquotation.

"What is the most common misquotation in the English language?" asked the inquisitive member of the Coghurn club as the purist entered. The answer came promptly: "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

"Well, what is the matter with that?" asked the inquisitive member. "That is the most common misquotation in the English language," responded the purist. "I heard the late Roscoe Conkling say once that he wanted a basket of wine from Clement L. Vallandigham on that quotation. He wagered that Mr. Vallandigham could not tell what the correct words were, nor who wrote them, nor when they were written. And he won on every point. Now put yourself in Mr. Vallandigham's place. What would you have done?"

HE WASN'T QUITE READY.

A Man Who Couldn't Join the Fold Until He Had Whipped Abe Bender.

During a revival the minister noticing that a young man named Hank Boyd had begun to sink down under apparent conviction, approached him and asked, "How do you feel?"

"Oh, middlin'." "Don't you feel that your life has been sinful, and that it is time to turn from the certain destruction that awaits you?"

"Yes, middlin'." "Well, won't you come up now and kneel down at the altar?" "No, I don't believe I will right now."

"But now is the accepted time. How much danger do you suppose your soul is in this very minute?" "Middlin' danger, I reckon."

"Come with me," the preacher urged, taking hold of his arm. "No, not right now—I'll see you after awhile."

"Do not let anything stand between you and the cross, my dear boy." "Won't I let I let it?" "Well, then, come along with me."

"No, not right now." "Don't you know that it is dangerous to wait?" "Yes—reckon thar's middlin' lot of danger in it."

"Then for heaven's sake come." "No, I ain't till I do one thing. I've got ter whip Abe Bender before I'll go ter profess religion. After that's done I'll be on the Lord's side."

"Oh, you must not think of whipping him." "Kain't he be it when he has done me so mean?" "What did he do?"

"Wall, I war away from home tuther day—off on the country road ten mile from a house, an' I wanted a chaw ter-bucker was'n'a houn' pup ever wanted a hunk o' liver, an' I war powerful high dead and war a slobberin' like a hoss eatin' white clover. Just then I met Abe. I axed him for a mouthful of long green, but 'lowed he wouldn't give me none. I war too weak to whip him then, but I'm pearter now, an' I think I kin fetch him, an' after I have tried w'y I'd come into yo' flock."

"My son," said the preacher, as he bit off a chew of long green. "I don't blame you, and more than that, I'll help you whale him."—Exchange.

Chemicals for Household Use.

It is surprising, considering how many women have been instructed in chemistry in their school days, to find how few housekeepers make any use of chemicals in various household processes. The washing of clothes is usually wholly accomplished by rubbing the clothes on the washboard, and with no other detergent than soap.

The rubbing of the clothes wears them out far more than use, and if housekeepers only knew, or if knowing they would take advantage of the fact, that many washing compounds will almost entirely cleanse clothes which are soaked in them over night, and thus almost entirely do away with the labor and wear of the washboard, wash day might be robbed of half its terrors.

Receipts for washing fluids, the principal ingredients of which are soda ash, ammonia and lime, can be found in nearly every household receipt book, and are very cheap and harmless. All such washing compounds are useful and convenient for cleaning woodwork, paints and carpets in a house, also in washing dishes and securing that desideratum of housekeepers—clean dish cloths. Ammonia is a simple, cheap and harmless chemical that should be bought by the quart and kept in every family.—Hall's Journal.

A London Literary Machine.

There is in London a bureau of skilled literary craftsmen under the charge of Mr. Maxwell, the husband of Miss Braddon, which evolves those indeterminate three volume stories of hers which stretch out to twenty-six serial parts. Miss Braddon furnishes the plot, some of the situations, part of the conversation and the catastrophe, but the rest—the prolonged descriptions, byssation of characters, sentiment and sensation—is supplied by the ready pens of the young craftsmen who are employed and not very well paid to "pad" the romances which pass under her name. When a story is ready for the market the advance sheets are sent out over Great Britain and America by a syndicate, and if one wishes to purchase he must do it, as the boys used to say in swapping marbles, "unsight, unsee," and he then pays his \$400 for the privilege of being the sole publisher in the state of New York.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Caterpillars Cleaned Out.

Take a suitable pole, say ten feet long, and attach to the end a coarse woolen cloth by winding it with strong twine, so that it will not slip either way. Take from one to three quarts of wood ashes, pour on hot water, and thus get a strong lye. Take an old pail, turn in the lye, adding one pint or more of soft soap, and stir well. It is then ready for use, and will warrant this lye and soap to deal the death blow instantly to all caterpillars by thrusting the saturated swab straight into the nests. Put the pole and swab in a secure place for future use.—Country Gentleman.

Millions in It. Ames, of long handled shovel fame, did not invent the implement. A boy who was digging out a woodchuck broke the handle of his shovel, and fitted in a temporary one of double the length. Ames happened to pass by, and noticing how much easier the shovel was handled he caught on and started a factory. The boy got a dollar hat and the woodchuck out of it.—Detroit Free Press.

THEY CLEANED HIS HEART.

The Daring Experiment of French Physicians and Its Fatal Result.

American surgeons have the credit of being among the most daring in their experiments, but they do not beat the French. What do you think of an attempt to clean a man's heart? This was what was attempted a short while since here in France. This is a true story I am telling you, no invention. Two surgeons actually set to work to cut open a man's chest for the purpose of getting at and cleansing his heart.

Joseph Davenne, an upholsterer, had been suffering for many years from fatty degeneration of the heart. The poor man knew that he had not long to live, yet he was only 48 years of age, and saw no reason why he should die. Moreover, the doctors told him they thought they might possibly cure him. They persuaded him that at least he would be doing invaluable service to science, and that he was bound to die soon at any rate if nothing was done, whereas this might prove the means of curing thousands of sufferers beside himself.

"And so," the story is gravely told in a French medical journal from which I translate, "poor M. Davenne consented to place himself under their hands."

Then comes a lot of technical description of the operation, which was performed under water while the patient was in a condition of anesthesia. I won't give all these scientific words; it is quite unnecessary to tell in scientific language how the cuticle was removed, the pectoral muscles carefully dissected from the ribs, the cartilaginous junctions of the ribs and sternum disconnected and the heaving lungs in their delicate, shining, covering membranes exposed to view.

Up to this point the patient still lived! The heart, however, had not yet been reached. But to the two French surgeons this was a mere detail which their knives would speedily overcome. They did overcome this mere detail very rapidly. In less than a minute more one of them had M. Davenne's heart in his hand, and was busily engaged scraping from its surface the adipose deposit with which it was covered and which so impeded its proper action.

"Hold on a moment!" exclaimed the surgeon. "The man is dead!" And so he was—dead as the door nail which Dickens has made proverbial.

How they could have expected anything else is not recorded. They had, however, taken the precaution to have M. Davenne sign, seal and deliver a paper to the effect that the operation was performed entirely at his own risk, and that no person but himself was to be held in any way whatever responsible for his death, should it occur.—Paris Cor. New York World.

A Street Car Episode.

I was coming up town in a street car recently when there entered, evidently from one of the neighboring railroad ferries, an old gentleman dressed rather carelessly in an old fashioned way, who had a good sized sack in his hand. He sat down and rested the sack on his knees. The conductor, who rejoiced in a bull neck and a square jaw very much in need of the razor, came in for his fare and said, curtly:

"Put that gripsack on the floor." "I prefer to carry it this way," replied the old gentleman calmly, for which nobody blamed him, as the floor of the car was carpeted with mud.

"Are you going to put it down, say?" demanded the conductor, with a scowl. "No," replied the old gentleman, looking him squarely in the eyes.

The scownder went to the rear platform muttering curses on what he designated "the old jay." "The old jay" was one of the most distinguished lawyers in the country, an ex-governor of a great state and a scholar of universal renown.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

What Trained Senses Can Do.

The talk drifted to the education of the senses to a higher degree than common, and one man said: "It is remarkable how well a perfumer learns to recognize a scent. In testing a sweet smelling liquid he wets the base of his left thumb with a little of it. Then he rubs the place rapidly with his right hand. The alcohol in which the essence is dissolved, being the more volatile, is at once evaporated, and the substance which emits the odor remaining behind he can smell in it its purity."

"Of course it is an easy thing to recognize the principal odors that are in use, but when several are mixed, as is common, his task becomes more difficult. Yet a skilled man cannot only tell you what three or four perfumes enter into the composition of the one he is testing, but also, roughly, the relative proportions of each."—New York Tribune.

A Curious Advertisement.

The following remarkable alphabetical "ad," appeared in an issue of the London Times as long ago as 1842: "To Widowers and Single Gentlemen.—Wanted, by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophic, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xantippish, Youthful, Zealous, etc. Address X. Y. Z., Simmond's Library, Edgeware road."—St. Louis Republic.

Celluloid Eyes.

Celluloid artificial eyes are cheaper than those of glass, and have a good appearance; but Dr. Meurer, of Lyons, states that after three or four months they are liable to cause serious irritation, probably as the result of some chemical change. He has repeatedly seen this inflammation allayed by simple antiseptic treatment after the removal of the celluloid, reappearing, however, as soon as the old eye was put in again, but remaining absent if a glass eye was substituted.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE LARGEST MAN LIVING.

Indiana Claims 907 Pounds of Human Flesh in One Being.

Indiana now lays claim to the heaviest man in the world in the person of John Hanson Craig, of Danville, Hendricks county.

Mr. Craig was born in Iowa City, Ia., in 1855. While quite small his parents removed to Kentucky, where they lived until John was about 13 years old. At birth he weighed 11 pounds. When 11 months old his weight was 77 pounds. From this time on his gain in flesh was phenomenal. At the age of 2 years his weight was 206 pounds. During 1853 his parents took him to New York city and entered him as a contestant in the baby show inaugurated by P. T. Barnum, and he was awarded a cash prize of \$1,000 as the largest and heaviest child on exhibition. At the age of 5 years his weight had increased to 302 pounds.

During the next six years his weight increased to 405 pounds. The following eight years his weight increased 196 pounds, causing him to tip the beam at 601 pounds. At the age of 25 his weight was 625; at 27 it had increased to 758 pounds. During the next year he gained 34 pounds, making his weight at the age of 28 792. From that time on his weight has been gradually increasing, until he now tips the scale at 907 pounds.

Mr. Craig has never been ill a day in his life, is a very delicate eater, is not addicted to the use of intoxicants and does not use tobacco in any form. Mr. Craig stands 6 feet 5 inches in his stocking feet and measures 8 feet 4 inches at the hips. It requires forty-one yards of cloth to make him a full suit—coat, vest and pantaloons—and it takes three pounds of yarn to make him a pair of stockings. He laughingly says the cows always smile when they see him going to a shoe shop to leave his measure for a pair of boots, as it will take a whole side to make him a pair. He wears No. 12 boots.

The father of Mr. Craig was a very small man, weighing from 115 to 120 pounds; his mother was a small woman, not weighing over 110 or 115 pounds. His great-grandfather on his mother's side was the first governor of Vermont, Governor Chittenden, and was born in Ireland. His grandfather, Dr. Hanson Catlett, was assistant surgeon general of the United States for thirty-five years, and died in the government service at East Liberty, Pa. He was a native of England.

On his father's side Mr. Craig's grandfather was a native of Scotland. His grandmother was a German, born in Frankfort. Mr. Craig is a first cousin to William P. Hepburn, solicitor for the United States treasury.

His wife is a beautiful woman about 30 years old, small of stature, and will weigh 130 pounds. Mr. Craig is a pleasant conversationalist and is well posted on the current topics of the day; is a member in good standing of Ahrenth lodge No. 43, Knights of Pythias; Sileox lodge No. 123, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Matilda lodge No. 61, Daughters of Rebebek; Danville encampment No. 47, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and Tuscarora tribe No. 49, Independent Order of Red Men. He takes deep interest in the secret work of the societies of which he is a member, and none is better versed in the unwritten work. He is a jovial man and his friends are always glad of the opportunity of gathering at his pleasant home for an evening's social chat.—Cor. Chicago Times.

Won, but Lost the Prize.

There was a swimming race between four boys in Sheephead Bay one day. A new suit of clothes was the first prize and a new hat the second. The distance to be traversed was probably 100 yards, from a point opposite the little summer hotel of the donor of the prizes to a float out in the bay, the swimmer first reaching the float to be declared the winner.

The boys were given a flying start from the shore, and they rushed into the water with a tremendous splash. When it came to swimming the people on the shore soon perceived that a little fellow, with very red hair, was winning in hollow style. He outlasted all the others, and soon had a wide gap of daylight between himself and his nearest competitor. Still he continued to gain, and finally reached and climbed upon the float with an exultant cry. No other boy was at that moment "anywhere near him."

But although he finished first he did not win a prize, for when the second swimmer came up he shouted to the referee, who stood on the float: "Don't give that red headed fellow der prize, 'cause he didn't win fair. Look at his hands."