THE LAY OF THE SCARLET KING.

Oh a rollicking thing is a chesaboard King! Oh a relikeking thing is a chesaboard King!
The duties of spite do not bother my pate,
I relicate Pate in the shape of "checkmate,"
And my hair is majestically curied!
My kingly domain, let me hereby explain,
Is divided by level and square.
And the sea, I opine, when the weather is fine,
And the billows are wood, like a stair.

My circumscribed route does not hamper my

11100

RES

Tash.

port more but a block at a time; tartics are these: Ambuscade as I please,

in about his discreet pantomine. The Queen by my side is a dashing young bride Who excepts all the board at command; sac captures the Knights-thus my pride she

The History, old frights! and the pawns, luckiess wights! By a ware of her nondescript hand,

Formaret the water a King bent on slaughter, How to the water a King best on stanghter,
Most black and ferocious of mien,
Has vame term sale, with his cohorts displayed,
My army to raid at the point of the blade,
Artillery, foot and marine;
But no Husburgs have miters, my Knights are

good lighters.

My castles are strong in their walls.

My Queen is a tireck and can succor the weak. My pawns, although meek, when united, can spenk. The language of three golden balls,

L'ENVOL.

On a pitiful thing is a rubicund King Whose dynasty closes in war, For black are his fors, although blacker his put sed are his clothes and his lvory nose,

And red is his weltering gore.

- Leanur Waddle in Youth's Companion.

A HEROINE.

When Floyd Gardner and his wife decided to leave home for a few days, for the purpose of making some necessary purchases, they did it with many misgivings. Little Crow and his band had been committing some recent depredations several miles away, but had been followed by two regiments of government troops and driven over the Dakota porder. There was really no cause for alarm, they said, but a neighbor had kindly affered to send his colored woman servant, lately brought from Kentucky, to look after household matters and stay with the children, and Mr. Gardner told his wife that they could not leave the aged 9, and Bruce, the baby, 5 years old.

With many injunctions as to the care of the colt in the stable, to look out for prairie fires and to keep the children from straying too far away on the prairie. Mrs. Gardner departed, feeling that she was very unreasonable to entertain for a moment the vague fear that filled her mind and made her pause with her foot on the wagon step, uncertain whether even at this last minute it would not be better to abandon the journey.

At last, however, they were off, and once out of sight of the house she felt her misgivings grow weaker.

A few hours after they went away a strange sultriness was apparent in the What makes the light so queer, sis-

ter? asked Harvey, standing in the open

Katherine went to the door and looked around. Twelve or fifteen miles to the north a belt of wooded country-the Great Wood of Minnesota-rose clear against the horizon, while in every other direction the prairies stretched away in undulating slopes, yellow with goldenrod. No clouds were to be seen in the sky, which hung above them, dull and murky, like a copper dome. The sun looked like a brassy sphere suspended in

A close, sultry atmosphere surrounded them, a dend calm, only relieved by an puff of hot wind that passed by and left the same dead calm as be-

Beulah, the colored woman, came to the door and stood looking off to the west her hand shading her blinking

'Laws' Miss Katherine, dat ar colt am whinnyin right smart. Kain't be he gwine to die on us, honey? Yer paw tuk a good look at him las' t'ing fo' he lit out, shmah?"

Sie waddled along slowly, for the day was warm and Beulah was fat, toward the open prairie during the day in sight of the house. Katherine, more swift of foot flow on before and quickly gained the summit of the gradual ascent on which the barn was built.

Her hand was on the latch and she was about to enter, when on the distant borizon she saw a sight that held her motionless with sudden terror.

The Indians were coming! Away to the northwest an irregular ine of horsemen were riding directly down upon them, and though at that distance stee could not distinguish clearly she knew by their peculiar mode of riding that they were not white men. For one moment her heart sank in terror, the next her resolute spirit asserted itself.

Save themselves they must, but hov? at concocting choice dishes over the kitch- roun dat way. Neber seen sech befo' en range, was an added burden in this and I'se jes' clar riled at 'em, honey. emergency. Could Katherine take the children with her on the colt's back and rde with them to the nearest cabin? What in such a case would become of

She and her brothers might gain the sides of the ravine near by unobserved and hide securely in the caves along the the wind. On every side only ashes, that sides, but there was Beulah.

If paper were only here," she thought, and with the thought came, like an inspiration, a suggestion of a hiding place. She turned to Benlah, who had just waddled up to the stable. "Untie the colt and turn him loose, Benlah"-she spoke rapidly and with authority-"and then burry back to the home and help me jut the children and some things we thall need down in the cistern. The Indians are coming."

"Great day in de mawnin!" exclaimed Benjah, turning a sickly gray and sinking a mass of quivering flesh, to the

Get up: they'll catch you," screamed Eatherine in Beulah's ear, but she hight have talked to stone as well, so But so far as she could see no moving stupefied was the poor creature with object met her view.

Eatherine in the hope of rousing her, shading her eyes with her hand. and started for the house, when Beulah, gether and ran clumsily after.

The cistern had been newly plastered and was yet a little damp, but no water followers had thus been driven over the had been conducted into it.

and indeed not without danger, since it kidnaping, and that less than a mile TALKING ON THE AIR had been constructed for no such weight away a band of these murderous wretches. had been constructed for no such weight away a band of these murderous wretches as hers, obeyed. Katherine dared not were hidden in a prairie slough or ravine. take time to run to the top of the knoll which they had made a safe retreat by for further observation. Every moment "back firing," waiting for night to fall A blanket and a pillow, a tin pail con-

taining bread and cold meat, a pail of water that her father had brought from the distant spring that morning, were hastily let down to Beulab, and, last of all, the boys were helped down, and Katherine herself was about to descend

She recognized now what the keeper instincts of the colt had told before. The prairie was on fire!

In that moment intense mental agony took possession of the brave girl. The fire was coming straight toward them; of that there was no doubt. What could she do? She climbed swiftly up the ladder and looked around.

A large zinc covered board, formerly since breakfast, used to pre under the kitchen stove, was standing near, leaning against the house. This she dragged to the mouth of the swift run toward the springcistern and pulled it nearly over the opening, and was rejoiced to see that it space except a few inches on each side.

"I must try back firing," she said. "It is our only chance either to save the uncertain what to do, a fearful yell house or ourselves, but can I do this be-sounded close to her ear, and a burly Infore the Indians get here?"

from the house,

the coming flames nothing to feed upon, she sank into insensibility.

ravine for protection," she thought; "if prise , it is well we did not try it."

flames, was blowing the fire in the yard closer every minute. There was a dull roaring beyond, where the high wall of father. fire rolled like fiery breakers, gathering force with each breath of wind. Clearly she could delay no longer.

"Help me pull up the ladder, Beulah." feet over the edge of the cistern and the south on our way to town we could see Mr. White start and look all dropped into the strong arms held up to shouldn't have met the troops who were around him. That was quite awhile afteatch her.

accomplished, she sank down exhausted side her brothers.

Harvey had been reciting to little find you safe?" Bruce the most blood curdling tales of frighten his brother, sat with his head of 1872. bent forward upon his knees, sobbing loudly.

ine's neck, too frightened to speak or ut-

"Katy," he whispered, his breath coming in quick gasps, "are they coming, and fight back?" And with these words the will Little Crow scalp us and burn us at incipient warrior nestles sleepily in her the stake, with little burning splinters arms, to dream of impossible Indian

Harvey, brought face to face, as it were, with the realization of his own bloodthirsty fancies, gave an agonizing

'Hear 'em roar!" he cried. "O-o-h, why don't papa come? What did he go and leave us for?"

"It is the roar of the fire," his sister answered, with white lips; "it is coming nearer; but don't be afraid and don't cry. for it cannot touch us here."

The tide of living fire swept over them; the air, almost excluded from the lumber shop, or stable, where the their cramped quarters, grew hot and colt was kept at night, being tethered on suffocating; they could hear the crackle of the lurid flames, and a spark or two fell upon them through the crack over-But this fire was slight compared with the flaming wall, 12 or 15 feet high, which roared louder and still louder as it came leaping, crackling on.

This large fire, finding nothing to consume, thanks to Katherine's foresight in "back firing," divided, when it came to the spot already burned over, and swept each side of the cabin.

But the air was full of flying cinders. the wind and blown in every direction, sometimes falling down through the opening, where they were promptly caught and extinguished by Beulah, who had slowly recovered her wita.

"Laws, chile, dem chunks boun ter Poor, foolish old Beulah, clever enough burn de house plum down ef dey shin

"You must hold me up, Beulah, and let me take a look out," said Katherine. What a sight met her eyes! To the right, to the left, as far as she could see, a black ashen plain extended. Gone were the goldenrod and the prairie grass, with its heavy heads of seed nodding in rose in dense clouds with every passing gust, except here and there a dimpled

But the house was still standing With a glad cry she called out, "Beulah, the house and stable are saved! Now we

will get out of this hot place." "But where are the Indians?" howled Harvey. "Guess we don't want to get

scalped, do we?" ger, Katherine had almost forgotten the greater one. She swept the horizon with her keenest glance. In that murky atmosphere the view, usually an extensive deati@are not more frequent. A fatal case one, narrowed itself to closer boundaries.

They must have been driven west of I'm going to leave you here," added this point by the fire," argued Katherine.

stherine knew that military defense out of sheer terror, gathered her wits to- had been provided by the government after a sickening loss of life among the settlers, and that Little Crow and his Dakota borders. But she did not know "Go down that ladder," commanded that predatory bands were making occa-Katherine, pointing to the ladder that sional detours from the main route of rehad been left in the cistern by the work- treat about the less thickly settled parts men, and Beulah, not without difficulty. of the country, stealing, murdering and

before they descended upon the little cab-

in to wreak their bloodthirsty instincts un its inhabitants. Beulah now proposed that Katherine should go up and put down the ladder for her to climb out into more comfortable quarters.

Seems like I done heat out by all dis when a breath of hot wind swept across yer catwampin, an Tse jes a-pining fer a cup o' tea, honey. De water's yere all handy, an I'll jow take a few cobs from de stable fer a fire, an it'll be ready quick'n ye can but yer eye."

But, alas! in the first movement that she made Benlah overturned the pail, and once on terra firms the difficulty grew more pressing. They must have afternoon and they had had nothing

'I'm not afraid. (live me the pail," said Katherine boldly, and started on a

At the top of the ridge she paused a was large enough to cover the entire But the moment she took another step moment, and seeing nothing ran on. Then she ran to the kitchen and got that the heaviest of the fire had not she knew by the light covering of ashes passed over the ground, and it must have been backfired. While she paused, dian, hideous in warpaint and feathers, Fear nerved her trembling hand as she grasped her from behind, leaped into his scratched a match and, stooping down, saddle and with another yell to his pony applied it to the grass a few rods away rode away like the wind, followed by his burnd.

A puff of wind extinguished it before Fatigued with the excitement of the the grass caught fire. Another and yet day, Katherine, strong and brave as she another shared the same fate, her hands was, succumbed to the sensations of shaking so that she wondered how she deadly terror that possessed her. She strike a current that carries you due held the light. Another attempt was made no sound, for fear choked the successful, and she saw a feeble blaze shrieks upon her lips. She made no rerun along the ground at her feet. Again sistance, but, white and belpless with and again she applied the fire, until a fright, she felt herself dragged with brulight, thin flame extended for about 20 tal force to the pony's back and borne yards each side of the house. This she with incredible swiftness across the knew would soon burn over and give prairie. Sick with a deadly faintness,

while the light fire she started would not When she regained consciousness she be sufficient to burn the house or stable. was in an Indian camp. There were loud, She glanced around before again de- hoarse shouts and savage yells as rifle seending into the cistern. Nothing was balls whistled through the air. The poin sight except a wall of smoke, black at mes of the Indians, tethered close by, house in better care. The family con- the base, red above and blue with the tugged and tore at their fastenings. sisted of Katherine, a girl of 14; Harvey, writhing curling vapor that swirled and There were shrill cries of dismay from spread above till it was absorbed in the the squaws and warwhoops from the braves as they hurried about in vain at-Perhaps the Indians have gone to the tempts at defense from a sudden sur-

> Then a voice called, "We've got 'em The air was growing hotter; the wind, this time!" and Katherine was wide fed by the combustion of the advancing awake now, for in those tones she recognized a voice, loved always, but never so welcome as now-the voice of her dear ered all my breath and shouted:

"One night more and they would have escaped us," said Mr. Gardner, as he held Katherine in his arms, trembling and sobbing, and oh, how happy! "And and this removed, she sat down with her if we'd taken the north trail instead of ful distinctness. Through my glass 1 "Don't pull me down; I must pull the we turned back under their escort, and board over," she gasped. And this task when I found that my brave girl had been carried off captive I rode on with the soldiers. Thank God, my child, I

Katherine is a woman now, with chil-Indian atrocities, and, frightened at the dren of her own to whom she sometimes pictures he himself had conjured up to tells this true story of the Sioux uprising

"But, mamma," cries little Bruce, whose eyes and hair are so like those of Bruce threw his arms around Kather- the baby brother she remembers so well, though he has slept under the waving grass in the prairie cemetery these many years; "but, mamma, why didn't you fights in which he is the chief actor .-

A Chessboard Brain.

The most wonderful deformity in the the words: human brain that has ever been noted by the scientists and made a matter of record was that of the phenomenal chess could play 12 games of chess simultaneously, but no more, not even being able to begin on the thirteenth. After death his brain was carefully examined by skilled anatomists, who found in the reity" that the molecules of that portion of the brain had actually arranged themselves into a combination of squares resembling a chessboard and that each of by the great expert while he was blind- all the sounds and acting as huge receiv-The doctors who make this won- ers. derful report declare that it is true in every particular, but that the arrange- a very bad scrape, but I never was so chessboard squares referred to could surrounded me. I thought the balloon great clumps of grass were taken up by only be distinguished by microscopes of was talking, and that I had gone crary. the highest power.

liam Dean Bakker made an examination seconds to a mile by my timing, we must of the brain of Forbes, the shipbuilder, have been close to four miles apart. and reported that the molecules of the brain had arranged themselves (the constituents of the brain and "lining some out, too, and we can find out how up") into a rude form of a vessel hull, far they landed apart. he was only laughed at. The Rockwoods

The Dangerous Nutmeg.

Cases are not infrequently reported in which children and sometimes grown persons are poisoned by the free use of nutmegs, it not being generally known that this article of common household use is hollow where the fire still smoked and really a deadly poison. This is true, in fact, of most common condiments, but when misused these articles, such as pepper, capsicum, etc., are so obnoxious to the taste, excepting when taken in very minute quantities, that the consumer is warned in a very positive manner before he has had an opportunity to do himself serious injury. This is not the case, however, with the ant-

This nut, which contains a poisonous princonsumed without inconvenience in quantities sufficient to produce fatal consequences, and it is surprising not that death exasionally occurs from its use, but that has been recently reported in which a boy of symms fell into a committee condition after eating two nutmegs and died within 12 hours. - Albany Express.

For over 400 years Nov. 13 was observed in England as a festival. It commemorated the death of Hardicanute and the accession of Edward the Confessor, by which the country was delivered from the yoke of the Danes.

Amulets are now worn by royal noble families in India that are believed to have been handed down from father to son for nearly 2,000 years.

RECORD FOR LONG DISTANCE CON-VERSATION WITHOUT A WIRE.

How Cartetta Got an Amateur Balloonist Out of a Fix a Mile Up In the Atr-Her bags Arted as Receivers.

Tales are plenty of long distances over which men's voices have been conveyed by the medium of placid water. An Adirondack guide tells of having talked in ordinary tones, on a very still day, with a companion 1 by miles distant at the other end of a lake, and another guide caps this story with one of yells. which were heard and returned near a water extent of three miles. These tales something to cat, for it was past mid- are quite outdone by a well authenticated story told by Carlotta, once the most famous woman balloonist in the world. In her story air, instead of wafer, was the medium, and the distance of the conversation was four miles. It took place above the outskirts of St. Louis some years ago.

"It was an aeronautic exhibition," says Carlotta in telling the story, "and a young man named White, who was inexperienced in ballooning, had agreed to make an ascension. I had already gone up and was quietly drifting east on an easy air current when he started out. He had had enough experience to know how to handle the valves and sandbags, and he intended to go up a mile or so and then descend easily. Now, the upper air is full of varying currents. You may be going due west at a half a mile altitude, and when you get up a few hundred yards farther you may east. Mr White checked his upward career in a west bound draft, so that when he finally drited out of that current into mine we were a good long distance apart.

"I always have a powerful glass with me when I make an ascension. When I turned this on him, I saw that he was in trouble. His balloon had twisted a little in such a way that I judged it was likely to twist more, and he was clambering around the ropes trying to right it, but without much apparent conception of what was best to do. I was frightened for him, for when the bag of a balloon turns too much the gas voices could be heard a long way in the good. air, for I had often heard people a mile below me shouting, so without knowing how far the two balloons were apart I decided to hall the other one. I gath-

"Helfo, hello, hello!" Then I turned my glass on the other balloon again. Up where the air is so will be. clear as it is a mile above the earth one can see at great distances with wonderin pursuit of the wretches. As it was er I had shouted. He didn't seem to understand where the voice came from, but finally I saw him put his hands to his mouth, evidently making a speaking trumpet of them. I waited and waited and was just about to shout again when the huge gasbag above me began to thrill with sounds. They seemed to buzz along its sides and diffuse the air, only to collect and come whirring and rumbling down the funnel to be poured into my ears, and they formed in a tone that seemed made up of a million other tones:

" 'Hello! Where-are-von?' "It was the most peculiar sound I had ever heard. When it had scattered itself into silence, I took out my watch, and timing myself shouted:

"Throw out one sandbag. I'll come to you!" "Forty seconds later my balloon began to vibrate again, finally forming

" 'All right. In trouble!" "There was method in my telling him to throw out the sandbag, as it

player, Richard Rockwoode, Rockwoode was afterward of use. I threw out a number myself, for I reckoned that a little above me I would find a current to carry me toward Mr. White. This I did and was soon within a short distance of him, aerially considered. The gion known to phrenologists as "local, trouble with his balloon was a slight disarrangement of the ropes, which I had myself experienced, so I told him what to do, and he was soon all right. As I explained to him when we reached these squares had certain marks upon it, the earth, we had been talking over an supposed to represent the final positions aerial telephone, the gasbags being the of the pieces in the last 12 games played only material objects up there collecting

" Well, ' said he, 'you got me out of ment of the atoms of the brain into the scared in my life as when that voice " 'It was a pretty long talk,' said I, More than 40 years ago, when Sir Wil- 'for, allowing the voice to travel five

"'That's simply impossible, said he 'Very well, ' I said. 'That's why I "gray matter" separating from the other told you to drop that sandbag. I threw

"It wasn't much trouble to find peoinvestigation proves that Bakker knew pie who had found the bags and knew what he was talking about.-St. Lonis just where they were. Fortunately they had landed near a railroad track, so the distance estimating was made easy for os. It was 414 miles. I guess that is the record up to date for long distance talk-

An Incident of Kenesaw Mountain. In the course of the battle there occurred a pathetic incident showing that "blood is thicker than water." At one place on the mountain the dry leaves and brush began to burn, and the creeping flames encircled many a poor fellow lying belpless and in agony on the ground. The Confederates at that portion of the line were ordered to coase firing, and then one of their officers exultation at escape from a nearer dan- ciple of a very deadly character, may be called to the Federals and offered to suspend hostilities long enough to allow Buy district. A bright boy set about to the removal of the disabled. While the try to name them. He said, "Will they Union soldiers bore their comrades to be called Peter and Repeater?" But no the rear, the Confederates looked on. His mother would not listen to the and then the fighting was renewed .- name Peter. Then he said, "Let them Blue and Gray.

> Ireing and Miss Terry's Dress They are telling the story in San Fran-cisco, where Mr Irving and Miss Terry had immunal social attentions, that at a dinner given in their bonor by Mr. and Mrs. De Young. Miss Terry was mable to be present on account of her neuralgia. This Mr. Irving kindly explained. "But. I assure you," murmured Mr. Irving to his hostess, "Miss Terry is most disappointed, and she had a new dress, too, for the occasion." Then a happy thought struck bim. But here is the dress. Stand up, Edith, and show them all your mother's new brocade. '-New York Sun.

SWANGO SOUGHT A CONSORT.

And Trated the Efficacy of a Matrin

Henry Swango, a farmer of Coontown, Fulton county, Ind., has achieved great distinction recently through his endeavors to obtain a wife. Disappointed in a previous matrimonial affair and left a "grass widower' by the decree of the court, he Voice Reached Over ther Miles Gas laid his plans to accomplish a twofeld object by advertising for another mate. a calculating mood he reckoned that he niight thus secure his choice of a number of desirable parties and at the same time visit confusion upon his former wife by his apparent disregard. Accordingly he wrote as fellows to a Chicago paper, inpleating \$1:

I would rather have a woman not over 35 nor under 20, one not afraid of work preferred. We keep seven cows an do our own hakin an washin. It's a little lonely here maybe for a city woman, but I would factured.



try to make it happy for a good wife. There is no agur to this section eny more, an the seenery is good. I will pay railroad fare here for the right woman an will meet her at the deepo. Get as much of this as you can in your paper for \$1 an

oblig. Yours, HENRY SWANGO."
The next Saturday Hank, as all the Countown people familiarly dub Mr. Swango, received a copy of the paper containing his ad., and had it not been for bine pencil mark encircling it he would hardly have been able to find it. For his dollar he received one brief line, which said most tursely but truthfully: Wanted .- A wife. Henry Swange,

Countown, Ind." One dollar! Jumpin Jehoshaphat!"

But he was destined to be agreeably surprised. The next day replies began to come, and for ever two weeks they sifted into the Coontown postoffice at the average rate of 37 per day. The letters are still coming, and as neither Swango nor the postmaster can devise any way of shutting them off it is hard to tell what the end

"Love letters" said Swango when a Cincinnati Enquirer representative called on him. "Well, I should smile. Looky here, stranger." And with a dublous grin he pointed to a mammoth dry goods box that was doing duty as an escretcire. There were great stacks of letters, written on every colored paper under the sun and inclosed in envelopes of every conceivable size and design. Some emitted the repulsive oder of questionable perfume, while others were written upon cheap white note paper and were backed in a hand which indicated that milking the cows or even splitting the wood might be no foreign task to the writer

There are several interesting letters among the collection, but Swange says he may yet make his selection from among the number, and he does not want them published for that reason. There has been a rumor affont that Swango intends after narriage to publish the letters in book form and thus recoup the expense he has incurred. He informed the reporter, however, that he will not pursue this course because of the delicacy of some of his most to six and says his selection will be toes and pull with all ber might. made known soon. The lucky woman, whoever she may be, may expect a hearty reception, as the neighbor boys for miles around have promised Hank and his prospective bride a rousing charivari.

BANK EMBEZZLEMENTS IN 1894. They Exceed All Previous Records and

Amount to Over \$25,000,000. Twenty-five million dollars were lost last year through embezzlement, defalcation and other swindling, which depleted bank resources to just that extent and wiped out just so much visible wealth. Here is the record by states and terri

tories for 1819	R2		
Alabama	\$122,200	Minnesota	738,00
Arkanous	70,000	Misstostppl	116,00
California	622,792	Missouri	963,31
Colorado	49, 185	Montana	57,00
Connecticut	48,594	Nevada	-
Delaware	100,000	Nebraska	182,33
Florida	2,500	Now Jersey	200,000
N. Hampshire.	100,000	Rhode Island.	7,60
New York	9,147,379	S. Carolina	
N. Carolina	8,170	S. Dakota	\$7,07
N. Dakota	3,000	Tennessee4	KAR, RM.
Ohio	721,778	Texas	234,64
Oregon	37,000	Vermont	34,73
Pennsylvania.	797,736	Virginia	202,00
Georgia	TUTTON	West Virginia	36,50
Idaho	44,700	Wisconstn	177,69
Illinois	1,810,004	Washington	132,00
Indiana	200,173	Wyoming	19,00
Iowa	1,151,700	Arteona	
Kansas	70,770	D.of Columbia	
Kentucky	76,000	New Mexico	100,00
Louistana	7,000	Ctab	24,47
Maine	35,000	Ind T'rritory.	75,000
Maryland	177,649	Oklahoma	9,9K
Manuaclimetts	517,710	Aluska	30,000
Michigan	799,500		

Included in this list are the figures found by winding up financial institu-tions that were wrecked the previous year, as in Tennessee, where a number of large banks suspended whose total liabilities have only recently been ascertained, but the South Dakota figures are not included, as Taylor's defaication was made public since the 1st of January.

The figures of embezzlements over the amounted to about \$2,000,000 per year The amounts embezzied since then are as

4.556,000 188E. 2,240,000 1664... 8,000,000 A pair of twins was born in the Back

be called Max and Climax." 'No," she said. "They are both little

Then he said after much thought, "Let them be called Kate and Duplicate." After that his head was bandaged, and he was sent out to play.-Union Signal:

girls, so we cannot name one of them

The Effect of Hasheesh

It is said that under the influence hasheesh you know neither time nor space. and that if you have your thoughts on some place you have neverseen you obtain a clear and accurate image of is

A UNIQUE FACTORY.

THERE ARE WONDERFUL MACHINES, BUT NO VISIBLE PRODUCT.

Whirring Belts and Whirling Pulleys In a Noisy Workshop - some of the Odd Things Done by Women-Suggested a Lunatic Asslum to the Reporter.

Without any question whatever, it is the most unique factory in New York. When you enter the door, the whir and buzz of machinery distracts your ears. You see belts and pulleys in rapid motion; you feel the heat of the engine which keeps all the machinery going, and you know that you are in a place where something or other is being manu-

It is hard however, to discover fast what the manufactured product may be, went to the front as major in an Indiana and the polite attendant who meets you at the door gives you no clew of it as he ushers you into the noisy workshop.

I visited this establishment the other day at the suggestion of a friend, who said it was the queerest place in Gotham and had "never been written up."

The machinery was placed on one side of a long, sunny room. On the other side of the room were about a dozen velvet couches, on which were reclining muffled up figures. As I entered, a figure arose and walked over to one of the machines. It was the figure of a woman. She drew up a chair, sat down and placed her hands on a little horizontal metal bar. The bar jerked and trembled and the fingers gave little spasmodic jumps in response. This queer performance continued for several minutes, and then the woman changed her position and placed her feet in a sort of square stirrup at the side of the machine

The stirrup immediately shook backward and forward, half revolved, springing back and revolving again with most astonishing occentricities. The foot was shaken into the semblance of half a dozen feet, and the movement was all from the ankle joints. What any foot had ever done to deserve such treatment, or what good to the foot the treatment was since lived in Washington. The Foster supposed to do ultimately, was to me an inexplicable mystery.

At another machine a second woman sat, with her arm clasped by two rubber and metal plates which rapidly revolved, receding and returning, pressing the begins to escape rapidly, and the results wailed Swange. My money's throwed arm until it looked like a wee flat band are likely to be serious. I knew that away. That durn line it never do me any of scarlet ribbon (the woman were a red gown) and then receding again, whirring and whirling with wonderful velocity,

I was mystified at first, but as the minutes flew by I began to be a bit alarmed. I did not relish the idea of being in a lunatic asylum, where the patients ran machinery and thrust their limbs into the revolving wheels without any apparent fear or reason,

The attendants, however, seemed to take everything as a matter of course and left me to my own resources. One of these attendants went to a couch on warning one end of the couch rose to an upright position, leaving the young woman in an attitude which would be easiest described as standing on her shoulders, her hands clasped over her head. The couch was lowered and raised again, and this performance was repeated four or five times. Then the young

woman lay down and went to sleep. One machine was worked by hand apparently. It consisted of a horizontal bar, padded with leather, in front of which was a movable rod of metal furnished with a resisting spring. Every few minutes some one would brace against the leather arm and pull the rod the subject almost into the air, and to odents. Mr. Swango retain the grasp of it the subject was has succeeded in sorting the lot down obliged to breathe hard, stand on her casual observer asked to gue - what this machine manufactured would certainly

reply, "Long arms." But the queerest machines of all were two couches, in the center of which were moving wooden balls. These balls moved

slowly up and down in regular motion. Just as I was getting very much interested in this apparatus some one gently pushed me aside and placed herself on one of the couches, lying deliberately on top of the moving balls. Far from being disconcerted or annoyed, this peculiar personage seemed to enjoy her restless resting place, and after a few minutes' stay she went to the other couch-to test

the effects of the other balls presumably. All this was very interesting, of course, and in the intervals of manufacturing every one struck attitudes, swung themselves around by placing their feet firmly together on the floor and grasping iron rings far above their heads.

Another unseemly game which they in dulged in was to kneel on a couch, with some one holding their hands and some one else holding their feet, and then fling themselves forward the entire length of their bodies. They were certainly energetic, and the expression of dignified gravity on their faces as they performed these peculiar gyrations was ludicrous in

the extreme, This peculiar factory undertakes to manufacture-have you guessed?-health without medicine-rosy cheeks, painless bodies, supple muscles and sound organs and good digestions just by mechanical

exercise. Recruits from the ranks of the lame, the halt and the blind come here expecting to be cured. Hysteria, tight lacing, rhemnatism, send patients here, and that is why every day they act, to the inexperienced, like so many irrewhole country began to be regularly kept sponsible lunatics. It is simply another in 1878. From that time on to 1884 they version of the Chicago boast that in that western city they have machines in one end of which they put a pig which comes out the other end a plump and luscious sausage. You begin at the foot shaker here and end by being able to play football-so they say. - New York

> Advertiser. The Feast of Asses.

The Festum Asinorum, or feast of asses, was formerly held Jan. 14 to commemorate the flight into Egypt. There are still extant several rituals of this festival. One, of Beauvais, in France, orders the priest to bray three times and the congregation to resound each time in a similar manner. An ass. decorated with costly coverings, was led to the altar in a procession and with bymns of rejoicing.

A Name That Sticks.

A simple jooking country lad, to whose lot fell the sending question in the catechism, "What is your name?" replied "Car

"Who gave you that name?" "All the boys in the parish, sir," whin-ingly answered the red baired urchin.-London Tit-Bita

BRILLIANT AND BRAINY.

In Mrs. Foster Domphiers of the Revolu-tion Have an Able President General.

Mrs. John W. Foster, the new president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is the wife of ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster, who was recently made one of China's peace envoys in the negotiations with Japan. Mrs. Foster has long occupied a high place in Washington society, and her extensive experience in Russian, Spanish, Mexican and Washington diplomatic sircles has made ber one of the hest informed women in America concerning the etiquette of official life. Her maiden name was McPherson, and early in life she resided in Pike county, Ind. She was but 10 years of age and young and eight years later they were married. Mrefoster was in delicate bealth, and his wife made him promise that he would not go to the war, but his father, Judge Fuster, ruled otherwise, and young

After the war Mrs. Foster accompanied her bushand to Mexico, where he served as United States minister under Presidents Grant and Hayes, and she also visited St. sia. In 1883 she became familiar with diplomatic life in Madrid while Mr. For



MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER.

ter was minister to Spain, and she has house at the capital is on I street, next door to the residence of the Mexican mintimate friend of Mrs. Foster. In the parfor hange an immense painting of a group of beggars about a church door. This ple ture was presented to Minister Foster by British and French residents of the City of Mexico who were protected by him during the troublous times following the assassination of Maximilian. At the same time Mrs. Foster was presented with a valuable diamond bracelet.

Mrs. Foster is a very brilliant and brainy woman, and she has always been her hus band's valued adviser. She is a devout member of the Presbyterian church and is as familiar a figure at prayer meetings as she is at receptions in Washington's most exclusive circles. She is familiar with sev eral languages and is a woman of rare cultivation, intelligence, tact and gentleness In her youth she received a thorough classical education, owing to the efforts of an which a young woman was lying face uncle who was a college professor, and she downward, and without a moment's has since made the most of the great eduestional opportunities her husband's career has given her.

WASHINGTON'S COLORED 400.

They Have Wealth and Are Aristocratic and Ultra Fashionable.

A negro aristocracy! Sounds odd, doesn't it? Yet such an aristocracy exists in Washington, and it is, relatively at least, the equal in wealth, culture and refinement of that of our best circles of white society. Washington is a colored man's paradise

The term "colored man" is the one they invariably employ in speaking of themselves. They tell you they are not negroes —that negroes are the low blacks; that they are colored people, and that white in front. When it sprang up, it carried ladies and gentlemen appreciate that fact and address them accordingly. The standby their use of these terms. But, call them what you please, Washington is their paradise-the one spot on earth where a part of their number have a social standing, and where they are something more

The colored aristocracy of Washington really numbers about 400 all told, and in that respect they stand on an equal footing with Ward McAllister's Four Hundred in the New York metropolis. These Washington colored swells live in fine houses. They are possessed in many cases of large wealth. They keep their own carriages, and they have servants in abundance who minister to their wants. They have everything, in short, that money and good taste

can suggest.
In their church worship the colored Four Hundred are quite as exclusive as their white neighbors, and a colored day laborer would hesitate as much to enter one of these antictuaries as a white man of the same degree would in presenting himself at the portals of Grace church in New York. There are other colored churches there where the poor and the fairly well to do meet on equal terms, but they are not the churches of the Four Hun

The swellest colored church in Washington is the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian On Sunday mornings Fifteenth street in the vicinity of the church is filled with carriages. The church is small and ultra fashionable. The most of the members keep carriages, and they use them on these occasions. In this respect they are aping the worst form of white snobbery. In England every gentleman walks to church He may own a hundred carriages, but he doesn't use them to take him to and from the church. Some of these days Americans will copy this custom from their Engabolish the present fashion of riding to church the Washington colored swells will profit by the object lesson .- Buffalo Com-

A Hint For Single Staters.

Two sisters can help each other a great deal by wearing gowns that suit each other and by posing about harmoniously, making pictures of themselves. It is ornar to the rooms too I know a pair of girls who owe half their invitations to the fact that they make a point of posing in corners and looking sweet and interesting. They devote themselves so much to this that they are not at all particular about getting the usual attention girls expect, and hos cases realize how decorative they are and useful, too, in a way. Of course girls who go in for this kind of thing should set each other off. One might be, for instance, a vivid red blond and the other a duli ashes blond. One ought to be either distinctly prettier than the other, or one should be quite another type from the other. - Boston

A Safe Rule.

Guest-So you always want pay in advance now, baggage or no baggage?

Hotel Clerk—Yes. You see, a great desof money has been lost lately by hotels burning down.—New York Weekly. Passled Him.

"I don't see why I lose so many places," said Jimmie, the ex-office boy. 'Dey ain't a smarter kid on de block dan me. Dey ain't a single one of 'em kin smoke a cigarette and whistle at do same time like I kin."-Indianapolia