

**The North Wind.**  
The curly north wind blowing  
His trumpet loud and shrill,  
And piling high his snowdrifts  
Along the naked hill.  
He's flying madly southward,  
And soon his angry note  
Will soften, and he'll doff his  
Ice-robe broodered coat.  
For then he'll be the south wind,  
And he will wander back  
With roses in his whiskers  
And roses in his pack.  
He'll wave his flower trumpet  
And, northbound, scatter free  
His pack of dewy flowers  
On mountain side and lea.  
—Harper's Young People.

**An Experimental Locomotive.**  
The owners of what are called the Holman-Caldwell patents are having fitted up in Milwaukee a locomotive to be equipped with a new style of running gear, which its owners think will accomplish great things in railroad. The new running gear consists of a truck with ten wheels, three of which on each side rest upon the rails, and are surmounted by two others, the tires of which have frictional contact with the tires of the wheels below. Then surmounting these two wheels is the drive wheel of the locomotive, the wheel arrangement on each side being that of a pyramid, with the drive wheel on top. As the lower sets of wheels are of much smaller diameter than the drive wheels which transmit motion to them it is claimed that the ordinary speed of a locomotive can be doubled by the use of this gearing. A stock company has been formed to exploit this invention, and as soon as possible a trial trip is to be made. It is proposed to first run the engine now being equipped from Minneapolis to Boston. Representatives of the Holman-Caldwell company have been in Milwaukee for several days looking after the construction of the trial truck and exhibiting models of the invention to railroad men. —Milwaukee Wisconsin.

**Saved by His Wife's Wit.**  
The Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, the popular Episcopal clergyman, of Chicago, made a bad break the other day, but was helped out by the quick wit of his wife. On the day in question he saw a lady about to call whom he was anxious not to meet. So he said to his wife: "Now I'm off, my dear, I'll run upstairs and escape till she goes away." After about an hour he quietly tiptoed to the stair landing and listened. All was quiet below. Reassured he began to descend, and while doing so he thoughtlessly but emphatically called out over the banister: "Well, my dear, has that old bore gone at last?"

The next instant a voice from below caused the cold perspiration to bedew his ministerial brow and rooted him to the spot. There came a response which sounded inexpressibly sweet to him just then. It was the voice of his wife, who, with true womanly tact, replied, "Yes, darling, she went away over an hour ago, but here is our good friend, Mrs. Blank, whom I am sure you want to meet!" —New York Tribune.

**Miss Ward and Her Audience of One.**  
According to The Isle of Wight Guardian, the island one day recently was the scene of a strange dramatic performance with a powerful "cast." There could be seen Miss Genevieve Ward, Dr. Dabbs, Mrs. Dabbs, and a dramatic visitor, a Mr. Lumadaine, together with a young lady, Miss Ethel Goddard, and this powerful dramatic company were engaged—in what? They were reading through a new play of Dr. Dabbs and Mr. Righton, entitled "Dante," to secure the copyright. The admission was one guinea, which was paid at the door, and the audience consisted of one person! And so the qualifications of the copyright law were complied with, and the right of the authors to the title of "Dante" is legally secure against all comers. But why not have given us all the chance of seeing it? for nights are dull and theatricals are quite in our way—such is the lament of the paragraph writer.

**Death of a Jolly Good Fellow.**  
Mr. Jerome's serious illness recalls to my mind an incident which I noticed with some amusement at his brother's funeral. He was such a jolly good fellow that even when he was in company in a coffin he was not as depressing as an ordinary corpse. An awfully swell young girl, tailor made, with that aplomb which only nature can give, came into the room with a young man, walked with the hippy movement which was then the fin de siècle carriage for a girl over to the coffin, looked pleasantly at Mr. Jerome, and then turned and walked out again. As she reached the vestibule she said to her escort with a cheerful tone, in a perfectly audible voice, "Well, he had an awfully good time while he lived!" Could the king of terrors have been treated with daintier indifference? —New York World.

**A Primitive Process.**  
There is no government tug at the Norfolk navy yard now, and in moving heavy vessel, along the wharf front the hauling is accomplished mostly by the bull teams of the yard, a primitive process, but the best available at present. It takes about four yokes of bulls to move a vessel easily along, but when they tackle a big ship like the double-turreted monitor Amphitrite the bulls generally go down exhausted before the hauling is over. In doing tug duty for the past year the bull team appears as a new factor in the economy of navy yard affairs. —Washington Star.

The late Duke of Bedford in the house of commons for twenty-five years and in the house of lords for eighteen years, in all a parliamentary career of forty-three years, without opening his lips. His estate covered 118 acres in London, with about 3,000 residences or shops.

Two hundred and sixteen thousand copies of "Black Beauty" are claimed to have been sold in America, and the Humane Education association is having the work translated into French, German, Spanish, Italian and Volapuk.

**An Eagle Attacks a Farmer.**  
Thomas Shelby, a farmer, living eight miles from Lexington, Ky., on the Richmond turnpike, had a desperate encounter with a wounded eagle recently. He was out riding over his farm when he discovered a large bird perched on the topmost limb of a tree. At this first glance he thought the bird to be a black buzzard, but as he drew nearer he concluded that it must be an eagle. He noticed that the bird kept eying his dogs, which were near the tree. Shelby took advantage of this fact and rode up close to the tree on the opposite side from the dogs. He had his shotgun with him, loaded with small shot. When he reached a point about thirty yards from the tree he fired. The eagle came crashing down through the branches and Shelby ran to pick it up. The load of shot was too small to do more than disable the bird by breaking its wings.

As Shelby approached the bird of freedom turned and dashed at him with the ferocity of a tiger. By rapid dodging he managed to keep out of reach of the bird's claws for several moments. He finally picked up a fallen limb, and each time the bird dashed at him he avoided it and struck and rained effective blows upon the vicious bird of freedom. It was not, however, until he had mashed his head almost to a jelly that the bird gave up the fight. Shelby escaped with a number of scratches and took the bird to Lexington, where it was placed on exhibition. It is of the species known as the gray eagle, and is the first one killed in this part of the country for many years. It weighed seventeen pounds and measured nearly seven feet from tip to tip. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Modest Expectations.**  
I have a friend who is in distress for want of "something to do." Not financial, but mental distress. He has an income sufficient for his wants, but he deplores the inactivity that is forced upon him by his failure to secure a congenial and sufficiently remunerative business engagement. He has tried the profession of law, but no clients came to his office, and that did not help him in his effort to busy himself. Then he tried journalism, but after a few weeks at that gave it up because it was degrading to a rich man to work for \$40 a week, which was as large a salary as he could command at the outset.

"And think of it, too," said he in a plaintive tone in recounting his newspaper experience, "I have invested in my education and in travel perhaps considerably over \$60,000, and upon all this investment in myself I was only able to realize about 8 per cent., and had to work pretty nearly all night and day for that." What my friend desires is a situation that will pay him for the actual work he does, and also a fair rate of interest upon his investment in himself. My friend is modest. —New York Star.

**New York Girls on Fifth Avenue.**  
Every pleasant afternoon the processions of school girls may be seen swinging along Fifth Avenue from Fourteenth to Fifty-ninth street. They are pupils in the various private academies along that route, and their outing is in accordance with the latest accepted method of physical exercise. They are all robust and rosy cheeked girls, and they walk in a manner that invariably excites the admiration of that patriarch of pedestrians, Edward Payson Weston, when he happens to see them. Low heels and broad soles to the shoes, their hands on their hips, heads erect, mouths closed, nostrils dilated and eyes sparkling, they form pictures which go far toward contradicting the oft told tale that New York girls, even those at school, are affected with ennui of the worst type. There are usually a dozen of these high spirited girls in each party, and they are accompanied by one or more teachers who, although advanced in years, are usually fine, superb specimens of perfect American womanhood. —New York Times.

**An Intelligent Equine.**  
The intelligence of the horse has just been demonstrated at Vesper, near Syracuse, N. Y., on the extensive farm of Sheriff G. G. Burroughs. Among his herd of Hambletonian horses in a field was a brood mare and a suckling colt. A few days ago the mother partly pulled one of her shoes off. With a great deal of "horse sense" she jumped out of the pasture and went to E. E. Moon's blacksmith shop. The smithy started to drive the animal away, but finally discovered and reset the bent shoe. The mare then went contentedly back to the pasture, sealed the fence and was once more mingled with the herd. —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

**The Proverbial Lively Cricket.**  
Carpenters drilling a mortise into a heavy oak scantling at Cromwell, on the Connecticut river, a few days ago, displaced a solid knot and found two crickets in a little round cavity behind the knot. The crickets were alive, but not very lively, and were of a pale, waxy hue, with yellow spots on their backs. They died within a few moments after they had been exposed to the air. How did they get walled into the little hollow in the scantling? Unquestionably they crawled into a knot hole in the stick years ago when it was a part of a standing tree, and the wood grew about them. —Philadelphia Ledger.

**And Then He Didn't.**  
A Spanish author says in a serial story now running: "Then she looked up." "Then he made a movement as if to clasp her in his arms." "Then—then—he drew a cigarette from his pocket, scratched a match on his leg and proceeded to smoke." Spanish heroes are sensible. —Detroit Free Press.

A remarkable petition is on its way from India to Queen Victoria. It is more than sixty feet in length, and is signed by more than 10,000 women in India who are anxious to have the legal marriage age for girls raised from its present limit of 10 to 14 years.

**Love Finds a Way.**  
Often a young man has written two letters at the same time and then placed them in the wrong envelopes, but the latest break of this kind was made by one of the prettiest girls in Louisville. She wrote a letter to her brother, who is at Knoxville, and at the same time a letter to a well known young newspaper man. The envelopes directed to the latter contained a letter beginning "Dear Brother." At first the recipient of the epistle did not think this strange, as the young lady, although living in the city, is boarding at one of the female schools. After reading a few lines he saw it was not intended for him. Looking at the end he saw the letter was signed "Your Little Sister." This alarmed him and he began to think how he could get the girl out of the scrape. Finally he lost his head and did the very thing he should not have done. He telegraphed the brother not to open the letter, that it was not intended for him. This had just the opposite effect, and the brother opened it, read it through and then forwarded it to his parents. The young lady is being sent to school to keep her away from this aspiring young journalist. The father paid him a call and a stormy scene was the result. The young lady's letters have to go through the hands of the teacher now. In spite of this she has managed to get a letter to him, and he has written an answer that has reached its destination, proving that "love laughs at locksmiths." —Louisville Commercial.

**He Changes to Stone.**  
One of the most remarkable human curiosities ever seen has been examined by M. de Quatrefages, the French naturalist. He is a provincial named Simeon Aiguier, and is 30 years old. Aiguier, thanks to his peculiar system of muscles and nerves, can transform himself in most wondrous fashion.

At one moment, assuming the rigidity of a statue, his body may be struck sharply, the blows falling on a block of stone. At another he moves his intestines from above and below and right to left into the form of a large football, and projects it forward, which gives him the appearance of a colossally stout personage.

He then withdraws it into the thorax, opening like a cave, and the hollow look of his body immediately reminds one of a skeleton. Aiguier successfully imitates a man subjected to the tortures of the rack, as also a man hanging himself, and assumes a strikingly cadaverous look. What most astonished M. de Quatrefages was the stoppage of the circulation of the blood, now on the left and now on the right side, which was effected by muscular contraction. —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

**An Eagle Trapped by a Locomotive.**  
While a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy freight train was coming from Burlington here recently the engineer noticed an eagle sitting on the track feasting on a rabbit.

The eagle arose when the engine drew near, but the locomotive was running so rapidly that the big bird could not clear it. One of the wings flapped into the wedge shaped space formed by the headlight bracket and the extension at the front end of the boiler, and was held there as in a vise. The fireman went forward and released the wing and carried the eagle into the cab, where it showed fight and made things lively for the engineer, who finally cornered it and brought it here alive. It is now the property of R. W. Colville, master mechanic of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and is an unusually fine specimen. —Galesburg (Illa.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Earnings of Railways for 1890.**  
Bradstreet's gives the gross earnings of 129 railways for the year 1890. The amount realized on a total mileage of 85,078 was \$484,239,124. This is a gain of 8.6 per cent. in earnings and 2.7 per cent. in mileage. The gain on 130 roads in 1889 over 1888 was 8.5 per cent. Every group of roads shows an increase for the year, the smallest gain being that of the Mexican roads, seven-tenths of 1 per cent., and the largest that of the southwestern roads, 12.7 per cent. In addition to the latter three others show gains in excess of 10 per cent.—viz., the eastern roads, 10.3 per cent.; the southern roads, 12 per cent., and the Pacific roads, 10.9 per cent. The central western roads gain 9.5 per cent., and the grangers 8.7 per cent., while the trunk lines show the comparatively modest gain of 2.4 per cent.

**Wet Hair is Winder.**  
"What a foolish habit some men have of putting water on the hair in this kind of weather," remarked one of the Duquesne barbers. "Why put water on the hair at all? It is done, to be sure, to make the hair lie down, but it is more of a habit than anything else. The hair can be brushed dry as well as wet."

"You see men go out of barber shops with the water running from behind their ears. In a few minutes it is changed into icicles. The next day they complain of earache, neuralgia, or pain in the back of the head. Do you wonder why? The cause is not deeply hidden. It is not water on the hair this time, but ice on the hair." —Pittsburg Dispatch.

The late Judge Daniel Clark, of Manchester, N. H., was in the United States senate during the war, and was known as a man of wit and strong purpose. On one occasion he obtained the floor for a speech late in the day and asked for an adjournment, as he had not tasted food for twelve hours. This was refused; but when he had a tray with tea and sandwiches brought and placed before him his opponents at once voted a recess, to let him eat his supper.

Marmaduke Watson, of Philadelphia, has devoted fifty-four years of his life to school teaching, and has just been given a reception on the occasion of his retirement as a principal of the grammar schools in his city, at which many of his former pupils, now gray haired men, were present.

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