MARKED ALIKE.

A Weird Story of Two Men Whose Singular Wounds Were the Same.

"I am not a believer in ghosts, reincarnations or the supernatural in any shape, but I had a singular experience some years ago which I have never been able to account for satisfactorily," said J. P. Lacroix of Montreal.

"I was second mate of a merchant ship in 1882. Among the crew was a tough customer named Lander, always in trouble. He had a frightful scar, extending from brow to chin, the result of a dock fight. He had a bullet wound which had taken away the lobe of his right ear, besides a peculiar protuberance like a wen on his forehead. I would take my oath there was not another man alive marked just like him. At the end of that voyage Lander killed his wife and cut his own throat. He severed the windpipe, but he recovered. The wound in his throat healed, but left a hole, which he had to cover with his hand when he spoke. He breathed through a silver tube. He was tried and convicted, and happening to be in port I was present at the hanging and saw the body buried.

"In 1890 I was on the gold coast of Africa. Ashore one day I came across a man bossing a gang of negro laborers. His form seemed strangely familiar, and I started with surprise when I saw him place his hand over his throat when giving some orders. Going closer, I saw the scar, the wen, the lobeless ear, the hole in the throat, the silver tube and every feature and characteristic of a man I saw hanged and buried. I got into conversation with him. He said his name was Danler. He was unable to tell how he came by the wound in his throat, ear and face. He said he must have had a long illness. He remembered being in a hospital, he said, but it was like a dream, and he had no recollection of his life before that.

"He said he remembered, while still ill, taking a long voyage—he didn't know where from—until he had landed where I met him. He told me my face looked like one he had seen in a dream, but he knew he had never seen me before. How do I account for it? I don't try to. I am only telling the facts. I don't know whether Danler was Lander come to life again or a reincarnation of him. Maybe Lander's neck was not broken and some scientific chap had been experimenting on him with a battery. All I know is that no two men could possibly be marked in exactly the same way. If it was Lander, he was greatly benefited by the change, as on inquiry I found that he bore a splendid reputation as a quiet, law abiding, peaceable citizen."—Chicago Times.

FAMILY HANDWRITING.

Experts Say All of a Generation Have the Same Characteristics.

Experts in handwriting say that all the people of a single generation write alike, and it is well known that most French handwriting has a strong family likeness to the eyes of others than Frenchmen. Nearly all Chinamen of the washhouse class look alike to superficial observers, and persons unaccustomed to colored persons find difficulty in distinguishing one from another.

It needs, however, a comparison of two or three family photograph albums of 20 or 30 years ago to convince men and women of today that there are striking superficial likenesses running through Americans of a given generation. All these old albums show curious resemblances, chiefly perhaps of dress and face, but sufficiently striking for one family album at first glance to be taken for another. As page after page of each is turned over there is the same succession of men, women and children in full figure, sitting, standing, posed in groups of two or three, with hats, without hats, draped in shawls, and manifestly dressed in their best for the occasion.

The photographers of those days chose, for reasons of their own, to make full length pictures, and as they were unusually small costume counted for a great deal and helped to intensify the general likeness running the whole generation.—Philadelphia Press.

Carnot and Jean Carries.

The death of Jean Carries, the sculptor, recalls an anecdote in which he and the late President Carnot were the principal actors. The artist's busts and figures at the Champ de Mars excited the admiration of all, and they were deservedly classed in the first rank. M. Carnot, when on his visit to the salon, noticed an old man, who seemed much moved on seeing him, standing before the works of art of the sculptor. Some one said to the president, after pointing out the artist: "Here is need for reparation, M. le President. Carries is one of our most skillful men of art, and he is not yet decorated." Forthwith M. Carnot detached from the buttonhole of one of the officers of the military household in the place of a cross of the chevalier a cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor and placed it himself on the breast of Jean Carries. The next day, in The Officiel, the artist was named a chevalier of the order.—London Figaro.

A FAT MAN'S DEED.

Story of a Tragic Scene on a Brooklyn Trolley Car Which Might Be True.

A very stout old Brooklyn gentleman squeezed himself past two women on a Putnam avenue car and wedged in between one of them and a man at the other end of the seat. The fit was such a tight one that the women held their breaths and assumed a pancake appearance. At the corner where the car turns into Putnam avenue the fat man turned like a big turret and put up a chubby finger. The car stopped.

"Putnam avenue; Grand avenue and Fulton street!" shouted the conductor.

The fat man settled back and resumed reading a newspaper, which he had dropped in his lap.

"Want to get out here?" asked the conductor, with his hand on the bell-rope.

The fat man shook his head. There was an angry twang of the cord, and the trolley began to whiz.

At Nostrand avenue the chubby finger went up again. The car stopped. Nobody moved. Then the man who rings up the fares got angry.

"See here," he exclaimed after he had climbed along the step on the side of the car until he was opposite the fat man, "what do you mean by telling me to stop for when you don't want to get off?"

"Why," responded the mountain of flesh as coolly as such a mass of adipose could be cool, "the car jolts so that I couldn't read this paragraph, which is [illegible] go along slowly without jolting, I will be able to get along very nicely, but if I come across another bad line or two I'll put my hand back of my head, and you stop. It's too much trouble for me to turn around."

The conductor's eyes twittered in the orbits. He placed his hand to his head and uttered shriek after shriek. Reason was shattered. He had become cross eyed and insane.—New York Mail and Express.

ANCIENT LIGHTHOUSES.

Beacon Lights to Guide Mariners Coeval With the Earliest Commerce.

Beacon lights to guide the wave tossed mariner to a safe harbor must have been almost coeval with the earliest commerce. There is positive record that lighthouses were built in ancient times, though few evidences now remain to us from old writers or in crumbled ruins. This is not strange, for light towers, never the most stable architectural form, were exposed to the storms of sea and war.

The Greeks attributed the first lighthouses to Hercules, and he was considered the protector of voyagers. It is claimed by some that Homer refers to lighthouses in the nineteenth book of the "Iliad."

Virgil mentions a light on a temple to Apollo which, visible far out at sea, warned and guided mariners. The Colossus at Rhodes, erected about 300 B. C., is said to have shown a signal light from its uplifted hand.

The oldest towers known were built by the Libyans in lower Egypt. They were temples also, and the lightkeeper priests taught pilotage, hydrography and navigation. The famous tower on the isle of Pharos, at Alexandria, built about 285 B. C., is the first lighthouse of undoubted record. This tower, constructed by Sostratus, the architect, was square in plan, of great height and built in offsets. An open brazier at the top of the tower contained the fuel for the light. At Dover and Boulogne, on either side of the English channel, were ancient lighthouses built by the Romans. But the lighthouse at Corunna, Spain, built in the reign of Trajan and reconstructed in 1634, is believed to be the oldest existing lighthouse.—E. P. Adams in Cassier's Magazine.

HOW WIRE IS MADE.

Its Manufacture a Very Interesting and Unique Mechanical Process.

The rod is received by the wire drawer in the form of a coil, the rod being of varying section and the coil of a weight depending upon the purpose for which it is intended. One end of the rod is pointed and somewhat reduced by machinery. The coil is then given a bath in mild acid to remove all oxidation, afterward washed in limewater to give a drawing surface and is finally dried in a proper oven. When ready for drawing, the pointed rod is inserted in one of the holes of a drawing plate. This plate is generally of steel, but some factories use cast iron. The drawing holes are conical, and the rod is inserted from the larger end. On the other side of the plate the pointed end is seized by power pinchers and pulled until enough has been drawn through to allow of its being passed around and fastened to a drum or reel which is driven by power. Of course the rod is reduced in area and much elongated, and this without any perceptible loss of metal. While passing through the plate it is kept lubricated with what is called wire drawers' soap or grease. After being drawn through this first hole it is put through a series of smaller ones until it has been brought down to the requisite size. But the compression and disturbance of the structure of the rod consequent upon these reductions have hardened it so much that at certain stages it is necessary to stop the process and soften the metal by annealing. After this it is again washed in acid, etc., and the drawing is resumed. Iron and the harder grades of steel require five or six annealings while being reduced to the fine ranges of wire. But the manufacture of soft steel and the details of rolling it into rods have been so perfected that soft steel rods can now be drawn into fence wire without any cleaning or annealing. After the final drawing the wire is finished in various ways, depending upon the purposes for which it is intended.

No matter of what metal the wire may be composed, the same general system of drawing is used, varying more or less according to the metal. Including gold, silver, platinum, copper, etc., the commercial sizes of wire run from one-fourth inch to one-seven hundredth inch in diameter.—Cassier's Magazine.

CREDIT WHERE IT WAS NOT DUE.

A Professor Whose Medicine Was Most Effective in the Bottle.

There is a doctor connected with the University of Buffalo who has a habit of saying, "Do you catch the idea?" to the young men who are in his charge when he has made or tried to make a point in his lectures at the quiz classes.

Once he had an odd case among his private patients, and he invited a student to go with him to see it. The patient was a woman. Before entering the room the doctor carefully explained the disease to the student and told him that he had sent the woman some medicine the night before which he was confident would help her. He explained the composition of the medicine, told what particular combination of drugs would benefit this disease and then entered the sickroom.

"How do you feel this morning, Mrs. K.?" he asked.

"Oh, doctor," replied the patient, "you have no idea how much better I feel."

"There, young man," said the doctor, turning to the student, "do you catch the idea?"

"Yes, doctor," continued the sick woman. "I do feel very much better."

"Took my medicine, I suppose?" queried the doctor.

"Well, no," replied the patient. "You see, my husband was detained away from home last night, and I didn't get it at all."

"I don't think," broke in the student, "that I exactly caught the idea."

And the doctor hadn't a word to say.—Buffalo Express.

Why Olives Are Cheap.

"Do you know what makes pickled olives so cheap?" the furnisher of delectables said the other day. "You wouldn't expect a California olive grower to get rich when his olives are sold at a little more than the cost of the brine. I will tell you a secret—the trick [illegible] trees, 7,000 of them now bearing. Each one yields three or four bushels of green plums. The plums are olive shaped. They are picked when green, sold to a buyer who puts them in fancy labeled bottles or in kegs, and they are sold for olives. They so much resemble the genuine that no one but an epicure can detect that they are not. Tricks in all trades, aren't there?"—Buffalo News.

Criminals Change Their Faces.

Surgery's discovery of a way to obliterate facial blemishes has given the detective forces a great deal of difficulty in locating well known criminals. By those operations the whole character of the facial expression is sometimes changed by a few deft jabs of a lancet. The wounds heal in a very short time and in most cases can never be noticed. The criminal fraternity are not slow to take hold of this knowledge, and in consequence the descriptions in the possession of the detectives cannot always be depended upon.—Philadelphia Call.

Unfortunate.

"Madam," observed the hairdresser, "there are silver threads among the gold here."

"Alas," sighed the lady, "and my husband is unalterably opposed to the double standard!"—New York Recorder.

Æsthetics Run Mad.

O'Kief—Why did the Newsplices move?

McEll—The wall paper on their old flat didn't harmonize with the new baby's complexion, I believe.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MAKING THEIR OWN PILLS.

Doctors Taking to a Custom That Troubles the Apothecaries.

"Our business is suffering to some extent from a new fad of the physician that is growing rapidly, I regret to say," said an apothecary. "In old times, of course, it was quite usual for medical practitioners to put up their own prescriptions. Oddly enough, they are taking up the practice again in a fresh form. They do not prepare the medicines they prescribe, but a good many of them they give to their patients in the shape of pills. For example, you consult Dr. Squills for symptoms which indicate a stomach disorder. Instead of writing a prescription for it, he gives you half a dozen little tablets and tells you to call again in a couple of days. You go back again and get some more of the same pills—one to be taken after each meal, you are instructed. That transaction robs the apothecary of the 50 cents he would have got for filling the prescription. It might seem to you that the expense of furnishing their own medicines would deter physicians from adopting this plan, but I will quickly explain to you how it works to their advantage. You must understand, to begin with, that they get the pills or tablets at wholesale rates, so that the cost is not very great. Nasty doses are no longer in fashion, and a large number of remedies—particularly the coal tar preparations—are put up nowadays in the shape I speak of.

"Dr. Squills gives you six tablets and tells you to come back on Friday. In that way he secures another visit from you and rakes in an additional $2. That is where his profit comes in. Furthermore, if your friend Mrs. Bobbins happens to be sufferings from symptoms similar to your own, you cannot furnish her with some of the pills which have done you so much good, as you could do if you had a prescription. You can only recommend her to Dr. Squills, who scoops in another fee. So you can see for yourself that this plan, while decidedly injurious to our trade, is a great help to the doctors. In one way it works well. Not having a prescription, the patient cannot obtain indefinite quantities of the medicine by having it put up again and again at the apothecary's. It is in that manner more than any other that people acquire dangerous drug habits.

"To such a point of development has this new fad of the physicians arrived that great factories are kept busy turning out tablets and pills for sale to doctors only. The firms that own these establishments send agents all over the country to solicit the patronage of medical men. From the latter they obtain orders for the doses in small compass at so much per 1,000 or 10,000, put up in bottles or boxes. The pills are carefully prepared according to formulæ of recognized value, drugs of the best quality being employed."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Queer Freak of Memory.

The French scientist, Ribot, in his work on "Diseases of the Memory" tells of a man 20 years of age, of considerable learning and acquirements, who was found at the termination of a severe illness to have lost the recollection of everything, even the names of the most common objects.

As soon as his health was restored he began to acquire knowledge like a child. After learning the names of objects he was taught to read, and after this began to learn Latin. He made considerable progress when one day in reading his lesson with his brother, who was his teacher, he suddenly stopped and put his hand to his head.

"What is the matter? Don't you feel well?" asked his brother.

"I feel a peculiar sensation in my head," he replied, "and now it seems to me I knew all this before."

Strange to say, from that time he rapidly recovered his faculties and could never understand how it had been necessary to teach him reading and writing when he was 30 years of age and a proficient in both.

The Hooked Umbrella.

The umbrella with a hook to the handle is very convenient to carry. It is easy to grasp or to slip on the arm, but it can prove an awkward companion if carried the wrong way, and it very often is, as was illustrated by a lady on Canal street a day or two ago. She was walking quickly along, not once tempted by the daintily arranged bargains spread out in the windows. She was evidently in a hurry. Her crooked handle umbrella was under her arm. She passed through a group of gentlemen, when suddenly she found herself wheeled around with great force, and to her astonishment discovered she had hooked a handsome young man, the hook being fastened to the front of his vest. Don't carry a hooked umbrella under your arm.—New Orleans Times

When I am sleeping in my bed,
The little people in my head
All sport and frolic, dance and play
As they never do by day.

They play at being king and queen
Or catching fairy folk unseen.
They act out giant, troll or gnome,
Or in far Africa forests roam.

They go with Sindbad on his trips
Or take command of pirate ships
And capture galleons of Spain,
Pearl freighted, on the Spanish main.

Yet each one still pretends he's me,
While I am sound asleep, you see.
They play, I run and shout and leap—
And yet I'm lying fast asleep.

They have such jolly lots of fun
And see such sights! Yet never one
Will wake me up that I may go
To share the joys that please them so.

And if I wake and try to hear,
Or at their frolics try to peer,
Then all the big things in a trice
Are quiet and demure as mice.

—Arlo Bates in St. Nicholas.

BLIND CHILDREN'S IDEAS.

The Queer Notions They Have and How They Express Them.

Dr. Anagnos told me some amusing stories about the quaint old way that blind children usually have of expressing themselves. This is due to the fact that blind children are thrown almost altogether for companionship with grown people and so unconsciously they imbibe the same manner of speech.

A short time ago a little child was entered at the institution by its aunt, who was a schoolteacher. When she left the child, she said, "Now, I shall expect you to get [illegible] matron to write a letter for you [illegible] long."

A short time [illegible], and the matron said to the little girl, "Isn't it about time that we wrote that letter to your auntie?" The little mite said, "Now, that is what I should style a coincidence, for I was just about to remark upon the necessity of forming my ideas at once."

At this same institution I was much interested in watching the little ones write. They placed the paper upon a board of raised lines, and guided by them wrote an even, well formed hand. I picked up a composition just finished, and it was so dainty and fanciful that I give it to you:

THE PREACHER.

Do you know who the preacher is, and do you know where he lives? He lives in a green, shady place, and the birds and the flowers make his congregation.

The children passing by often gather bunches of these preachers, for there are a great many, and take them home to put in a vase to ornament their mantels. This preacher is called Jack in the pulpit.

Jack, finding life very dismal, soon dies.

When the cold winds of winter come, Jack is asleep under loving mother earth's warm blanket.

But when Jack hears the rippling brooks and the singing birds he knows that it is spring again, and he must do his part to make mother earth beautiful.—Boston Advertiser.

How Poe Sold "The Bells."

Henry Sartain, son of the famous engraver, tells this story of how in 1851 Poe's poem of "The Bells" was first published in Sartain's Magazine:

"Poe came into the office one day, and handing father a stanza in manuscript asked him what he thought of it. Father looked it over and said he thought it pretty good. 'Is it worth $5?' asked Poe. Father said he thought it was and paid him the money. The poem was the first stanza of 'The Bells.' A week or so later [illegible] again sauntered into the office, with the remark, 'Well, John, I see you haven't printed my poem yet.' Father replied that he had not because of lack of space. 'Well, I've got another stanza here. Will you let me have a five on it?' The man looked so utterly wretched that father paid him the money and took the stanza. Still another installment of two additional stanzas followed within a month, and then it was that the poem was first printed."—Philadelphia Record.

A Plagiaristic Boy.

One of the boys of a Capitol hill family had been instructed by his teacher to write an essay. A rather abstruse subject was given him, and he had been referred to the dictionary. His elder brother, who was also giving suggestions, had promised if the composition was good he would write it on the typewriter. The little fellow went to the dictionary and found the word he was looking for and under it a quotation that just suited the subject. He considered life a little too short, though, to copy the quotation, so he hunted up his mother's shears and in a way that argues a great deal in favor of his future journalistic ability clipped through the big, handsome dictionary and clipped wherever a word or phrase suited his fancy.

His brother, who rewrote the composition, discovered the plagiarism and informed the father, and the boy now takes his meals from the shelf.—Washington Post.

The Laughing Owl.

One of the most fantastic of birds is the laughing owl of Florida and some other southern parts. He sits well up in a tree at night and emits a series of loud, strange ha-has that sound like half human laughter. The sound is sufficiently terrifying to a nervous camper unacquainted with the habit of the bird, though less gruesome than the unearthly call of the [illegible] loon heard at all hours of [illegible] along the shores of that bay.

Indian corn, or maize, never has an uneven number of rows of grains, because it has opposite radicals of growth from the cob center.

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Elizabeth Watson of Philadelphia, a distinguished patriot, visited England soon after the close of the Revolution. Having won money on a wager, he decided to use the sum for a picture of himself to be painted by Copley. In the course of time the picture was finished, with the exception of a background, which the painter had reserved for a picture of a ship representing the bearing to America of the news of the recognition of the United States of America. The ship was finished, and nothing remained but to paint a flag at her mast. Watson dined with Copley on Dec. 5, 1782, and after listening to the speech of the king, recognizing the new nation, Copley went directly home and painted in the flag while the words of acknowledgment were still warm from the lips of the king. He had refrained from doing so before because his studio was the resort of royalty and nobility. This painted flag is said to have been the first American flag seen by George III, who visited Copley's studio soon after the picture was completed.

Angelo's Verdict.

Once a painter notorious for plagiarisms executed a historical picture in which every figure of importance was copied from some other artist, so that very little remained to himself. It was shown to Michael Angelo by a friend, who begged his opinion of it. "Excellently done," said Angelo, "only, at the day of judgment, when all bodies will resume their own limbs again, I do not know what will become of that historical painting, for there will be nothing left of it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Origin of Dyspepsia.

Doctor—It's merely a case of dyspepsia, ma'am.

Wife—And what does that come from?

Doctor—It comes from the Greek, ma'am.

Wife—Ah, I thought he'd been getting at something. He was all right as long as he stuck to b er.—Wilkesbarre Newsdealer.

Explaining a Blank.

The above space is reserved for two very funny jokes that we thought of the other day, but unfortunately cannot recall at the present writing.—Jewish Messenger.

A return of memory sometimes occurs in drunkenness, as in the case of the Irish porter who, having lost a package while drunk, got drunk again and remembered where he had left it.

A NARROW ESCAPE!

How it Happened.

The following remarkable event in a lady's life will interest the reader: "For a long time I had almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I couldn't sweep a room without sitting down and resting; but, thank God, by the help of New Heart Cure all that is past and I feel like another woman. Before using the New Heart Cure I had taken different so-called remedies and been treated by doctors without any benefit until I was both discouraged and disgusted. My husband bought me a bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and am happy to say I never regretted it, as I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. I weighed 125 pounds when I began taking the remedy, and now I weigh 150 lbs. Its effect in my case has been truly marvelous. It far surpasses any other medicine I have ever taken or any benefit I ever received from physicians."—Mrs. Harry Starr, Pottsville, Pa., October 12, 1892.

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