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O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131. Meets every 1st and 31 Saturdays each month. Members and visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. J. J. ANDERSON, M. W. Wm. KYLE, Recorder.

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH service. Preaching at Glenada and Aene two Sundays of each month Sabbath-School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at the church. Everybody cordially invited. G. F. ROUNDS, Pastor.

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WORKING IT BACKWARD.
Remarkable Things Shown by the Kinetoscope When Reversed.
"Impossibilities Made Possible by Means of the Modern Inventions in the Electrical Field" furnished the theme of a lecture given recently by Professor G. Queroult in the Paris Academy of Sciences. During some of his experiments he hit upon the idea to turn around photographic records and also the series of pictures seen through the kinetoscope, respectively the cinematograph. Having photographed a plant at regular intervals and shown in the kinetoscope the growth, the development of the stem, leaves, buds, flowers and fruit, the same consequence of photographic pictures reversed was presented to the eye of the astonished academicians, who wondered at the fruit turning into flowers, flowers into buds, buds drawing back into themselves and disappearing, the leaves closing, getting smaller and disappearing, the stem getting shorter and shorter, until the earth closes over it.

HOMESICK HIPPOPOTAMUS.
It Longed For the Language of Its Babyhood Home.
During Bayard Taylor's visit to the zoological gardens in London he noticed a hippopotamus which lay in its tank apparently oblivious of its surroundings. Entering into conversation with the keeper one morning, he was told that the creature refused to eat and was gradually starving itself to death. "I fancy it's homesick," added the keeper. "He's a fine specimen, and it seems a pity we should lose him, but he's moped ever since the keeper who had charge of him on board the steamer left. He pays no attention to anything I say."

Learning that the creature came from a part of Africa he had once visited, Mr. Taylor, on an impulse, leaned forward and addressed it in the dialect used by the hunters and keepers of that region. The animal lifted its head, and the small eyes opened. Mr. Taylor repeated his remark, when what does Mr. Hippo do but paddle slowly over to where he stood. Crossing to the other side of the tank, the experiment was repeated with the same result, the poor thing showing unmistakable signs of joy, even consenting to receive food from the hand of his new friend.

Mr. Taylor paid several visits to the gardens, being always noticed by his African friend. Finally, before leaving the city, he taught the keeper a few sentences he had been in the habit of addressing to the hippopotamus and went his way.

Two years later he was in London, and, curious to know the result, again paid his respects to his amphibious friend. To his surprise the creature recognized his voice at once, and expressed his joy by paddling from side to side of his tank after his visitor.

American Vallets.
There is a new order of things among the gilded youth of today, and the vallet is in demand. This demand has led to the establishment in Boston of a finishing academy for gentlemen's servants. Here the gentleman's gentleman learns all that is necessary for him to know. The first thing that is done to a matriculate is to cut his hair in the approved English fashion and make him clean shaven, or at least reduce his hair-clip appendages to a modest "mutton chop" just forward of his ears. He is then put in livery and made to speak only in an h-l-e-e-n-glish dialect. The various courses of instruction include training in all the branches of menial work, and when a pupil is sent out into the world he is given a certificate of proficiency in his particular course. One of the features of the course is the daily practice in immobility, which consists in standing for half an hour a day between two upright bars so regulated that they touch the man's toes and breast bone in front and his costals, shoulder blades and hat rim at the back. This gives the requisite wadded rigidity and is practiced by all pupils. Those whose physiques are lacking or too luxuriant are reduced to the proper form by vigorous exercise.—Boston Letter.

PARSONS' TWO FEATS.

A HARD STROKE AND A REMARKABLE RIDE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.
Cut a Man's Head Off With a Saber—Rode Two Hundred Miles in Eighteen Hours. Other Instances of Decapitation in Battle.

It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Colonel Mahmood Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completely severed a Greek officer's head from his body. These same authorities generally admit that the trick may have been quite common in ancient times, when stalwart men swung heavy battleaxes, but they agree that it is practically unknown in modern warfare.

History is silent on the subject. There is not a plethora of literature bearing on its accomplishment. The original of all such stories is, of course, "The Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer," which, for obvious reasons, does not help the subject. Scott describes a similar episode in "The Talisman," but the best decapitation story, from an artistic point of view, is found in the memoirs of Captain John Smith. The doughty captain vouches for the veracity of the details, though that is no good reason why we should not use the customary pinch of salt. According to his truthful chronicle, he overcame in tournament the three champions of the Turkish army, decapitating each one with a single blow of his heavy sword.

A writer who is evidently informed on the subject claims that Mahmood Bey could not have accomplished the feat of decapitation with an ordinary saber and asserts that the Turk's yataghan was "loaded" with quicksilver. The yataghan, he explains, is a short sword, shaped something like a butcher's cleaver, with an apparently hollow tube running along the back from hilt to point. This tube carries a charge of quicksilver. When the sword is laid up right, this quicksilver rests at the hilt. As a blow is struck the liquid metal is hurled down the grooved channel, lending deadly additional weight to the blow.

The assertion made that this is the sole instance of its kind in the history of 100 years is not borne out by facts. The same feat was performed during the civil war, not with a "loaded" yataghan, but with an ordinary United States army saber. The man who wielded the sword in this episode, Colonel E. Bloss Parsons, died recently in Rochester. Colonel Parsons was one of the wealthiest and best known men in New York state, and though he had never related the story the details were found among his private papers after his death. The incident was illustrated and described in Harper's Weekly at the time.

It was in 1864. Colonel Parsons, who was noted as a horseman, was attached to General Sheridan's staff. While reconnoitering one day with a squad of troopers under General Davis they were surprised by a detachment of Confederate cavalry. A pitched battle ensued, and Parsons, who was in the rear, saw a rebel officer level a revolver at General Davis' head. Jabbing the spurs into his horse, he swung his saber above his head, and, dashing by just as the officer fired, he made a terrific full arm sweep. The Confederate's head leaped from the shoulders as swiftly as if it had been severed by a guillotine. The feat is more remarkable when it is considered that Parsons was a slim, beardless fellow of 31. In comparison Mahmood Bey's single slash with his yataghan loses much of its importance.

Colonel Parsons was brevetted general for distinguished services during the war, but characteristic modesty forbade the use of that title when he returned to civilian life. Not only did he perform the only authentic feat of decapitation during the civil war, but he was the hero of a remarkable ride. A few days before the battle of Gettysburg was fought General Meade had an important message to send to General Harding, 100 miles distant. As the route was through a country swarming with rebels, the message was written on tissue paper, that it might be swallowed in case the carrier was captured. The commander was in doubt regarding a suitable messenger. He summoned General Davis to headquarters.

"General, who is the hardest rider, as well as the most trustworthy man, in the service?" asked Meade.
"Colonel Parsons, sir," was the prompt reply.
"Send him to me at once."
It was 8 o'clock on a Monday night when General Meade gave the young officer his instructions. He was to ride with all haste to General Harding's headquarters and return at once with an answer.
The messenger retired. Two hundred miles were to be covered. The roads were heavy, and they led through the enemy's country.
Exactly at noon on the following day Colonel Parsons entered General Meade's tent. The latter's face grew purple with rage, and he ripped out a string of oaths.
"Is this the way you obey orders?" he thundered. "What are you hanging around camp for? You ought to be with General Harding by this time."
"I have just returned from General Harding, sir."
"You lie!" exclaimed the exasperated general.
Parson's face paled, and he dug the nails in his hands to restrain himself. "General Meade," he said in a voice that ill concealed his anger, "if you were not my commanding officer, I would knock you down for that insult. Without the formality of a salute, he turned on his heel and left the tent. Meade afterward made an ample apology.

Colonel Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For 18 hours he was not out of the saddle.—Chicago Times-Herald.

CORONATION SERVICES.

Centre of Land on Condition of Personal Duty to the Sovereign.
Florence Hayward describes Queen Victoria's coronation roll in The Century. The writer says:
"After telling how the privy council was formed into a commission 'to hear the petitions of the lords, great men, nobles, knights and other with regard to services, justices, attendances, offices, fees and rights connected with the ceremony of coronation,' the roll states that those petitions were, or at least such of them as were granted.

One was that the Duke of Norfolk, who claimed "the right to find for the queen on her day of coronation a glove for her majesty's right hand and to support the queen's right arm on the same day as long as her majesty shall hold in her hand the royal scepter, the petitioner holding the manner of Workshop by the aforesaid services." In other words, if the Duke of Norfolk had failed to provide the glove or to support her majesty's arm at that particular time his ownership of Workshop manor would have been invalidated and the property have reverted to the crown.

Another petition was that of Barbara, Baroness Grey de Ruthven, who, as the head of her family, claimed the right to carry the great spurs before her majesty on the day of her coronation and, asked that George, Lord Byron, be appointed her deputy for the performance of that duty.
Yet another was that of Francis, twelfth earl of Huntingdon. The earl of Huntingdon had remained suspended for many years owing to the teeth early dying without issue. When, however, this twelfth in the line of succession succeeded in establishing, as a descendant of the second earl, his right to the peerage, he also claimed the right to carry one of the four swords of state in the coronation procession, this, as well as other duties and services connected with the ceremony, being the condition of his tenure of lands. Small wonder, then, that in announcing the omission of the procession it was important to set forth also that the non-performance of duties connected with it should entail no forfeiture.

THE USEFUL GIRAFFE.

Employed to Get Down Balls That Had Lodged in the Roof Gutter.
"Good natured!" said the old circus man. "Why, the best in the world. When the old man's boy used to get a baseball lodged in a gutter at the corner of the house—this was when we were off the road in winter quarters—he never used to get out at the scuttle and climb down the roof and take the risk of falling off and breaking his neck to get it. He used to go to the barn and get out the giraffe. The old 18 footer would trot along after the boy—he knew what was wanted—till they came to the house and then walk along the side looking down into the gutter as he went along until he came to the ball, and then he would pick it up and bend his head down and give it to the boy."

"One day when the youngster had thrown a ball up on the roof and had seen it roll down into the gutter he went as usual after the giraffe. When the giraffe looked down the gutter that day, there was no ball there. He took his nose out of the gutter and looked down at the boy in the yard with a large interrogation mark in each eye as much as to say:
"Sure it didn't roll off somewhere?"
"And the boy said 'Sure,' and then the giraffe looked again, but it wasn't there, and the giraffe so reported, with a solemn shake of the head, and was driven back to the barn.

"They wondered about this, for it was the first time the giraffe had ever failed to get the ball, and they knew it must be there, but it was soon explained. A day or two later there came a big rainstorm. Instead of running a big noisy stream as usual the tin water pipe from the roof ran just a little bit of a stream, and the water that should have run off in that way overflowed the gutters and dripped in a thin sheet against the side of the house. Then they knew why the giraffe couldn't find the ball. It had rolled down the water pipe."—New York Sun.

Not to Be Humored.
The president of one of the leading eastern colleges was recently journeying toward New York and found himself in the same seat with an old man whose general appearance betokened the farmer. They soon fell into conversation, and after saying that he was on his first visit to the metropolis the farmer mentioned the name of the little village up among the hills of New Hampshire from which he came and remarked that he supposed his friend had never heard of it. "Oh, yes," said the man. "I was born there." Imagines his astonishment when the country man, after staring at him several seconds, exclaimed, "See here, I've heard all about you banko fellers, and you can't get a chance to banko us." So saying, he grabbed his carpetbag and, marching down the aisle, took a seat on the other side of the car.—New York Times.

A Hard Swallow.
An eminent barrister, noted as much for a habit he had of sucking lozenges as for his eloquence, was once defending a murder case. He was standing with a bullet in one hand and the usual lozenge in the other, when suddenly, in the midst of a fine burst of eloquence, his face fell, and in a tone of agony he cried:
"Gentlemen, I've swallowed the bullet."
—London Tit-Bits.

Safe While He Lasts.
"I haven't got any case," said the client, "but I have money."
"How much?" asked the lawyer.
"Ten thousand dollars," was the reply.
"Behave! You have the best one I ever heard of. I'll see that you never go to prison with that sum," said the lawyer cheerfully.—Boston Traveler.