ARE AN ODD PEOPLE.

TZIGANES OF HUNGARY HAVE NO COUNTERPARTS.

Retain the Habits of Barbarians in Spite of Remonstrances—Raiment More Scant than Strict Decency Dictates—Their Reclamation Abandoned.

Among the many races which make up the population of that heterogeneous geographical expression termed the Austro-Hungarian empire certainly the most interesting are those curious people called Tziganes in Hungary, bohemians in France and gypsies in England and the United States. Hungary is the home of the Tziganes, in so far as they have any home. In all other European countries they were persecuted for centuries as being emissaries of the evil one and enemies of Christianity, but Hungary took pity on them and treated the wanderers like lost children. There are now about 150,000 of these Tziganes in Hungary.

One of the favorite abodes of these strange people is near the frontier of Croatia. It is there that the typical Tziganes may best be seen. Their "camps" are always set up at some distance from the nearest town or village; often in close proximity to some forest. The Tzigane huts—for they are nothing more—consist of a single room, unless the owner is extremely well to do, and are generally devoid of furniture. The Tziganes eat and sleep on the bare boards. At all times of the day there is a smoldering fire in the hut, over which hangs a sandstone pot, for the Tzigane has no fixed hour for his meals, but eats whenever he feels hungry. The ordinary bill of fare consists of potatoes, stews, milk and lard. On festive occasions such titbits are indulged in as hedgehogs, foxes and squirrels. Cats are considered by the Tziganes a princely diet and they train dogs to hunt hedgehogs and foxes.

Tzigane women, as a rule, go about half naked, the young girls wearing nothing but a small apron, excepting when they go to the neighboring town. The men wear but little clothing, and until the time of their marriage (between 12 and 15 years of age) they also go about almost naked. After marriage, however, they attire themselves in the gaudy Hungarian national costume, of which they are very proud. Cast-off garments of some Magyar nobleman they particularly prize, and when they are able to obtain a bright red coat their satisfaction is complete. The Tziganes have a horror of work or restraint of any kind. Even those who have a fixed residence like to roam about when they feel so inclined. So strong is this wandering instinct with them that they have no word in their language to signify "remain." Most of the trades they adopt are suitable for a nomadic life. They are either horse dealers, blacksmiths, sheep shearers or, and above all, beggars. It is quite impossible to take a country drive through some provinces of Hungary without coming across a band of Tziganes, some one of whom will surely follow a carriage for half an hour or more until he has received a coin. The Tziganes have given themselves the nickname of "poor men" and the habit of begging is so thoroughly rooted in them that even well-to-do members of their race, whom one occasionally meets in Buda-Pesth, driving pure-blooded horses and wearing costly jewels, cannot resist the temptation of asking for money.

Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to restrain the vagabond propensities of the Tziganes. Emperor Joseph II. once tried to compel them to have a fixed residence, and alloted them land, distributed agricultural implements among them and ordered them to cultivate their acres. But instead of taking up their residence in the comfortable homes they had been presented with the Tziganes turned the houses into stables for their horses and cows and set up tents near by for their own use. To prevent the corn given them for seed from sprouting they boiled it. But the Emperor was not discouraged. He abolished the Tzigane language, as he had already done away with the Magyar language; did away with the very name of Tzigane, and finally took their children from them to be educated by German and Hungarian farmers, who were to bring them up according to a strict code of discipline. But the little Tziganes grew up with all the instincts of their race, and at the first opportunity escaped and rejoined their parents.

A few years ago a Tzigane who had been adopted as a child in an Austrian family entered the army and rose to the rank of captain. One day, without any warning, he disappeared, and six months later he was found among a band of wandering Tziganes. Liszt, the great pianist, once tried to tame a young Tzigane. He took the boy to Paris, gave him teachers and tried to bring him up in a conventional manner, but the effort was useless and the young bohemian had to be sent back to his native land. There are a few exceptions which prove the rule, for in Transylvania some peasants are Tziganes and enjoy a well-deserved reputation for thrift and intelligence. Others in Transylvania have become wood carvers, masons and dentists.—Home Journal.

ELEVATORS IN THE CAPITOL.

Persons to Whom Is Due the Credit of Their Introduction.

"I came here," said the veteran exmember of Congress, "when elevators were unknown. Not long afterward they made their appearance in several of the large cities. They were considered an expensive luxury, and nobody dreamed of placing them in the capitol. Singular as it may seem, the first man to propose and advocate their introduction was a member from Texas. He was the heaviest man in the House, and represented the San Antonio district. His name was Gustave Schleiger, and he was born in Germany. At the time of his introduction of a resolution providing for an elevator in the south wing Watchdog Holman was chairman of the committee on appropriations. He fought the resolution, tooth and nail, on the score of economy. He regarded it as the acme of extravagance. Schleiger, however, was persistent. He fought Holman to a standstill, and was finally beaten by the strategy so characteristic of the Hoosier statesman. Even the city members voted against the resolution. The big German, however, had attracted the attention of the whole country. This pleased his constituents, and he was re-elected. He came back to the Forty-fifth Congress and continued the agitation for an elevator. He died near the close of the third session, much regretted.

"In the Forty-sixth Congress Robert Klotz of Mauch Chunk, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, championed Schleiger's hobby. He was so persistent in advocating it that one of his colleagues said to him one day: 'You want to be hoisted to your seat, do you? Well, the people will hoist you next fall. You will get all the hoisting you want then.' The prediction failed. Mr. Klotz was returned to Congress, after he had succeeded in securing an appropriation for an elevator. It was made in the Forty-sixth Congress in the sundry civil bill. Holman was no longer chairman of the committee on appropriations. His successor was the Hon. John De Witt Clinton Atkins of Tennessee. The fact remains, however, that the introduction of the elevators in the capitol was due to the efforts of two statesmen of German extraction."—Washington correspondent Philadelphia Record.

TO FIGHT AGAINST THE BOER.

Lord Strathcona Will Equip a Force of Canadian Rough Riders.

The offer of Lord Strathcona, Canadian high commissioner in London, to equip at his own expense a corps of 400 mounted volunteers, for service with the English in their war against the Boers, has attracted considerable attention. This splendid offer has been accepted by the Dominion government and picked men will be recruited from the northwest and Manitoba. The estimated cost of the force even for a short campaign will be over $500,000 and if the war lasts unusually long the figures may reach $2,000,000 or $3,000,-

LORD STRATHCONA.

000. This act crowns many princely donations made by Lord Strathcona to various philanthropic and educational enterprises in the Dominion.

Sir Donald Smith, Lord Strathcona, was born in Scotland 78 years ago. He emigrated to Canada at an early age and reached this side of the Atlantic with but little money in his pocket. He was of an adventurous disposition, however, and plunged into the life of a pioneer in the undeveloped Canadian West. He grew up with the country and amassed a fortune. He has long been one of the wealthiest men in Canada and is President of the greatest concern in the Dominion, the Montreal Bank. He is also President of that great corporation, the Hudson Bay Company. As a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway and one of the largest stockholders of that railroad, he has been an important factor in developing the West. Sir Donald has been for nearly forty years connected with Canadian politics and has been during the greater part of that time one of the most prominent figures in Canadian national life, both as a shrewd, practical politician and a great financial power. As a patriotic Canadian and distinguished philanthropist Sir Donald stands without a peer in the Dominion.

CALLED HIM DOWN,

But One Little Circumstance Made It a Waste of Words.

Jones was staying at home for a day's rest, and Mrs. Jones thought she might as well make him useful.

"I wish you would go to the back door," she said, "and, if that's the grocer knocking, I wish you'd tell him that I've sent down for that soap three times already, and if it doesn't come to-day I shall go to the store myself and complain."

"There's no use in wasting words, Mary," said Jones, briskly. "I know how to bring such people to time. I'll attend to the man so that you'll have no more trouble."

He went to the back door and confronted the man with a pleasant but firm expression of countenance.

"Now, look here!" he said, with decision. "This thing has been going on long enough. Mrs. Jones can't afford to await your pleasure in the matter of soap, or anything else. This delay has caused her much annoyance, and it is entirely inexcusable on your part. It isn't possible that an establishment like the one for which you work shouldn't be provided with soap enough for all its customers. I see plainly that the fault lies with you; you've neglected to give the order. Now, I've only one thing to say—if our trade isn't worth your employer's while, we'll go somewhere else. I'm a man of few words! Unless the soap comes this morning, Mrs. Jones will order from Smith and Brown in the future.

The man looked confused, but said nothing, while Jones paused for breath.

"Come, come," said Jones, "have you any excuse to offer—any reason to give for your failure to bring the soap?"

"I don't know as I have, sir," said the man, slowly, "except that I'm the milkman, and I've come to collect this little bill for the month of December."

How to Cook Husbands.

A good many husbands are entirely spoiled by mismanagement in cooking, and so are not tender and good. Some women keep them too constantly in hot water; others freeze them, others roast them, others put them constantly in a pickle. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be good and tender managed in this way, but, as a class, husbands are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel; nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him, as those brought to the door are always best. It is far better to have none than not to know how to cook them properly. It does not make so much difference what you cook him in as how you cook him. See that the linen in which he is wrapped is white and nicely mended, with the required number of strings and buttons. Don't keep him in the kettle by force; he will stay there himself if proper care is taken. If he sputters or fizzes do not be anxious. Some husbands do this; add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not try him with anything sharp to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently the while, lest he stay too long in the kettle and become flat and tasteless. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you, and he will keep as long as you want.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Action and reaction are not equal in the stock market.

TALKS ON HANDSHAKING.

Scientific Custom that Dates Back to the Beginning of Time.

"It is said by ancient astrologers that shaking hands is a scientific custom which dates back to the beginning of time. There is all the difference in the world between the various modes of shaking the hand of stranger or friend as to the resulting impression obtained by and through that operation, consciously or unconsciously," said a society woman at a select afternoon tea yesterday. "I claim that the results depend upon the proper position taken by the two hands clasped, although a mere touch will tell much. We shake hands in order to form a connection between us which will result in the exchange of planetary vibrations which notify us whether we have met a friend or foe. Few people go into such an exact scientific analysis of the reasons, but perhaps think that they do it because other people do it; that it is the custom of the country, or because the person met offers the hand. It remains an indisputable fact, however, that we form likes and dislikes upon touching the hands of strangers, and that friendships or dislikes often start at that point, whether we realize it or not. The exchange of impression is strong at the moment of contact of the palm. It makes us unhappy to touch some people, and we will not if we can help it.

"The most effective handshake is not the close clasp in all cases, although it may be in many, but varies according to the sizes and shapes of the two hands which clasp each other. However they may meet, there is one spot which is the magnetic center of the entire being—the mount of the sun, speaking from the standpoint of palmistry—which has the most direct nerve contact with the brain and also most direct blood connection with the heart, and is, therefore, called the 'ring finger'—with the magnetic pole at its base.

"The physical and mental strength are there united in the strongest magnetic center of the body. If the two hands thus clasped are placed with their magnetic centers in close contact, no matter where the rest of the palm may be, I insist that there is a strong magnetic current established between these two people.

"It may be intensified in effect if the mounts at the bases of the other fingers also be brought into as close contact with each other, thus bringing the minor magnetic poles also together. Then, if the third, or 'ring finger,' curls around the mount of Venus—astrologically situated at the base of the little finger, above the heart line and traversed by the marriage line or lines—and the thumb extends across the back of each friend's hand to the knuckle at the base of the 'ring finger,' clasping those chief magnetic poles the more closely, the law of magnetics is carried out to complete perfection, the effects are most pronounced, and we enjoy the pleasurable interchange of vibrations, whether we know the 'whys and wherefores' or not.

"In all probability, we do not care why—we only know that we enjoyed the handclasp."—New York Tribune.

THOUGHT HE HAD A FINE RISK.

Enterprising Insurance Agent Lost a Day Looking for a Patron.

"I wish that people wouldn't try to be so funny with me!" snapped the life insurance agent. "Life is a serious business. That is why I spend so much of my time trying to impress upon people that some of my unexcelled life insurance is necessary for their happiness. Here I have lost a whole day and been put to considerable expense, when I might have used both to better advantage, and all because people look upon me as a fit subject for their practical jokes.

"The other day I chanced to step into a hotel to see what was going on, and while there I struck up an acquaintance with a man who looked to be about 60 years of age. It wasn't long before I discovered that he carried no insurance, and as he looked like a splendid risk I lost no time in telling him all about the celebrated insurance that I handle. He looked a little bored before I was half through, but I didn't let that bother me, as I had him in a corner where he couldn't escape. Finally, through an oversight on my part, he managed to get in a word.

"'See here,' said he, 'I have the heart disease and couldn't get my life insured if I wanted to. But I have a son who is as sound as a dollar. Why not talk to him?'

"'Where is he?' said I.

"'He is out at my home about thirty miles from here. It will be worth your time to see him.'

"'I'll see him at once,' I answered.

"Well, I got the address and took the first train out there. I found the house all right and rang the bell. A woman answered me, and I asked if Mr. Blank's son was at home.

"'He is,' she answered, looking at me rather queerly.

"'May I see him?' I asked.

"'You may,' she answered, and led the way inside. She disappeared for a moment, and then reappeared upon the scene with a 6-months-old baby in her arms and I collapsed."—Detroit Free Press.

No Answer Ready.

He had discoursed learnedly, if somewhat wearingly, to his friend on the influence of food upon character.

"Tell me," said he, in summing up, "tell me what a man eats and I will tell you what he is."

His friend, though fatigued, was evidently interested.

"There is only one question I wish to ask you," he said.

"Ask it," replied the discourser, magnanimously, with an air that said very clearly: "Give me a hard one while you are at it, and I'll show you how smart I am."

"It is this," replied the fatigued friend: "How much sage tea would you have to drink to make a wise man of yourself?"

No answer being promptly forthcoming, the conference broke up.

Solidified Alcohol.

The solidified alcohol which a Berlin firm has been sending out in a tin vessel intended to serve as a pocket lamp and stove, is reported to consist essentially of 62 per cent. of alcohol, 20 of soap and 18 of water. A similar product is readily made by dissolving tallow soap in warm alcohol.

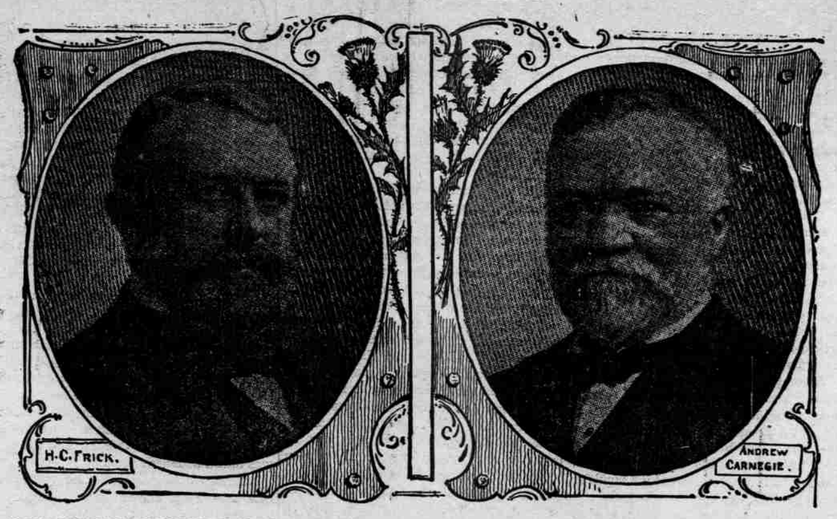
Cost of Big Canals.

Canals, and particularly ship canals, are costly undertakings. The Suez Canal cost $100,000,000, the Manchester Ship Canal $90,000,000, the North Sea Canal $35,500,000, the North Holland and the Corinth Canals $15,000,000 each.

Healthiest Town.

The healthiest spot in the world seems to be a little hamlet in France named Aumone. There are only forty inhabitants, twenty-five of whom are 80 years of age and one is over 100.

TITANS OF THE IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRIES AT WAR.



GREAT HOMESTEAD STEEL MILLS.

ANDREW CARNEGIE and Henry Clay Frick have stunned the commercial and manufacturing world with the recent revelations made as to the annual profits of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, of which Mr. Carnegie is the financial head and Mr. Frick (until recently) the active manager. That wealth untold has poured in upon these two fortunate men has never been questioned, but that it had reached the volume which Mr. Frick asserts it has, no one—not even intimate friends—dreamed. Men gape at each other when they read the figures. An annual profit of from 5 to 12 per cent anyone was willing to concede the magnates, but not profits of 40, 50, 75 and 100 per cent. Yet these latter figures are the ones with which Mr. Frick deals.

Briefly told, Mr. Frick's suit is a prayer filed in the common pleas court to restrain Mr. Carnegie from forcing him to sell out his interest in the steel company except at his own terms. In support of his prayer he states: The profits of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, for 1899 were $21,000,000 above all expenses. The net profits for 1900 have been estimated by Mr. Carnegie at $40,000,000 and by Mr. Frick at $42,500,000. Mr. Frick's interest in the company, according to his own calculations, is $16,238,000; according to Mr. Carnegie but $6,000,000. The number of partners in the company is forty. The total value of the property under ordinary conditions is $250,000,000; in prosperous times at home and abroad, $500,000,000. The capital stock of the steel company is but $25,000,000, of which Mr. Carnegie owns 58½ per cent and Frick 6 per cent. In May, 1899, Mr. Carnegie received in cash $1,170,000 given him as a bonus for his ninety days' option to sell his 58½ per cent in the steel company for $157,350,000. Mr. Frick's 6 per cent of stock on that basis would be worth $16,238,000. Mr. Frick in his prayer avers fraud on the part of Mr. Carnegie. He declares the latter drove him out of the chairmanship of the steel company last December through malice, that he intends to run the business himself, and that he will thereby cause great loss.

Andrew Carnegie is the epitome of Scotch thrift, Irish volubility and American perseverance. Henry C. Frick is the embodiment of Dutch acquisitiveness and taciturnity and English tenacity. Chance worked more for the winning of Mr. Carnegie's fortune than in the case of any other living American multimillionaire. Necessity brought Mr. Frick into Mr. Carnegie's service. Opportunity gave Mr. Frick his wealth. Favorable legislation and judicious nursing increased Mr. Carnegie's wealth. Mr. Carnegie professes to believe in the human race and in the success of human endeavor. Mr. Frick is little concerned in the human race, save as it is a buyer in his market. Mr. Carnegie is not bold or daring. Mr. Frick is both. Mr. Carnegie thinks wealth should add to wealth, but that it should be disposed of before death. Mr. Frick doesn't care—get all, hold all, is his creed. Mr. Carnegie says he owes a debt to humanity. Mr. Frick says it is not due to humanity, but to himself. Mr. Carnegie gives away a library every time he feels democratic. Mr. Frick relinquishes nothing. Both men have gained millions by methods open to intelligent discussion. Neither man can avoid death.

The Famous Homestead Outbreak and Cause from Which It Originated.

Henry C. Frick owned a name of national prominence at the end of the year 1892. For years prior to the events of that time labor-saving machinery had been introduced at the mills in Homestead, which greatly increased the output, lessened the labor and increased the wages of a small number of employes known as the "tonnage men." These men were paid at certain fixed rates per ton of product, and with the improved machinery used they were enabled in many cases to double their earnings beyond the figures contemplated by the union scale, and also beyond that paid by competing mills. Mr. Frick insisted when it came to arranging a new scale that allowance be made for the improved machinery used. The "tonnage men" refused to listen to him, and many useless conferences were held. The men were stubborn and Mr. Frick cold. There does not appear to have been much tact used on either side. Mr. Frick finally prepared a new scale and submitted it to the workmen direct without consulting the officers of their unions. A strike was ordered by the union officers and followed. Mr. Frick imported Pinkerton men to protect his property, and they were entrapped on river barges and shot down by the strikers. The presence of the Pinkerton men really appears to have precipitated rioting which otherwise might not have taken place. The National Guard of Pennsylvania was called out and Homestead put under martial law. While the excitement was at its height Alexander Bergman, an anarchist from New York, called at Mr. Frick's private office in Pittsburg, shot him four times and stabbed him seven. Nevertheless Mr. Frick recovered and Bergman was sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years. Congress appointed a committee to investigate the cause of the Homestead riots and it did so, but no practical good came from the investigation. The rioting ended as quickly as it began, and since that time the Carnegie works have had no serious trouble with their labor. A kind of a civil service is maintained in the works by which men of steady service may be promoted.

COLLEGE GOOD-FELLOWSHIP.

Alma Mater Attachments that Last a Whole Life Long.

A prime advantage of a university education, says the Kansas City Star, is the assimilation of what is called the college spirit. This is worth quite as much to the student as the technical knowledge which he masters in his academic course.

At any first-class institution of learning the students meet young men of good breeding and antecedents from every part of the country. They form acquaintances and associations which yield enjoyment to them for the remainder of their lives. They are given the opportunity of measuring themselves as to intellectual power, and, what is as fully important, in point of manner and development, with the best American types. The assemblage of thousands of youths from the most cultivated families in the land opens the way for the assimilation and imitation by each of all that is most admirable in the others.

College friendships, in many instances, lead the students into wholly new fields of social observation and thus greatly broaden the education of the student. The Western boy at Yale or Harvard goes home to visit with his Eastern chum, and sees life which is essentially different from that to which he has been accustomed. The Eastern chap comes to the West, and fairly revels in the cordiality and freedom which are notable in Eastern society for their absence. The advantage is great and as valuable on one side as on the other. This feeling of good fellowship has built up what may be called a vast college order all over the country.

RISTORI AT 78.

Terrible Vengeance Which Dumas Pere Took on Rachel.

So long has Ristori been off the stage that many people think her dead, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The last scene in life's drama, though, has not yet come for the great tragedienne. She is living quietly in her home in Italy, spending part of her winters in Rome, and watching with interest all the current events in the dramatic world.

Writing of Ristori, Kate Field once said: "Romance seems to have presided over her birth, and to have strewn her path with as many incidents as flowers. * * * Born a dramatic gypsy, she made her first appearance on the stage when two months old. Introduced in a basket, the unconscious infant did not on this occasion give any evidence of dramatic ability. Four years later, when la piccola Ristori became a regular member of the company, large audiences greeted her whenever she appeared in a child's part, and even then Ristori's salary was greater than that of her parents, who were acting with her."

Of her debut in Paris in 1855, after she had already become famous throughout Italy, Miss Field wrote: "The play was 'Francesca da Rimini.' The great Rossi played Paolo, but critical Paris saw only Ristori. Some had gone to scoff—they remained to bring Francesca back to life by recalling her three times before the curtain. The audience was not large, for Italian form meant nothing in France; but that audience made haste to proclaim the coming of a new prophet, to whom they gave papers of naturalization and called 'Notre Ristori.'

"Dumas pere made haste to write: 'Last night I was at the representation of "Francesca da Rimini." * * * I looked around the theater, but did not see Rachel. I beg that she will go and see how the death scene is performed.' Rachel would not play Dumas. Here was the author's terrible venegance—unkind and undeserved, but none the less cutting to the great tragedienne who for fifteen years had, undisputed, worn her crown."

OUTRAGED OFFICIAL DIGNITY.

Sad Mistake of a Machinery Drummer in Central America.

"It takes some time to learn the social ropes in Central America," remarked a gentleman in the banana trade, "and a stranger is very apt to put his foot in it. The first time I ever went into the country myself was as the representative of an American machinery house. There was a good field for us in one of the republics, but the tariff was prohibitive, and I concluded to go over to the capital and have an interview with the minister of agriculture, hoping to persuade him to recommend a reduction. I spoke pretty fair Ollendorf Spanish, but was otherwise green as a gourd, and as soon as I arrived made a bee line for the administration building.

"While I was cooling my heels in an ante-room, waiting for a chance to speak to somebody in authority and ascertain how the minister could be seen, a very black, fat little negro waddled in, wearing what I took to be a species of livery. He had exactly the air of an impudent, overfed house servant, and he looked me over in a way that made my blood boil. 'Hi, boy!' I said sharply, 'how long must I wait here?' 'How should I know?' he replied in Spanish; 'if it doesn't suit you get out.' He chuckled as he spoke and his answer so infuriated me that I lost my head.

"Jumping up, I seized him by the collar and the slack of his absurd embroidered trousers and propelled him, turkey fashion, through the open door. 'There, you black scoundrel!' I exclaimed, 'Go and send somebody after my card!' The little fat darky was so amazed he couldn't utter a word. He simply gasped and disappeared. Half a minute later a squad of soldiers rushed in and placed me under arrest, and then I learned that my friend in the embroidered pantaloons was the minister of public instruction.

"I will leave you to imagine my feelings. It took three hours of solid talk from both the American and British consuls to get me out of the scrape, and, incidentally, I made a groveling apology. Of course, I didn't dare to introduce the machinery proposition after such a debut, so my trip was a flat failure. As I said before, it takes some time for a stranger to grasp the etiquette of those parts."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Vortex Motion in Atmosphere.

Vortex motion in the atmosphere, though seldom obtrusively patent in England, must certainly be reckoned with, and all ascending currents, from whatever cause, appear of this nature, says the National Review. Dust whirls in spring, and twisting columns of dry leaves or hay in summer and autumn are evidences of the existence of such upward currents. But the aeronaut can detect them on a larger scale and penetrating sometimes far aloft. This is only what might be expected from statistics relating to such phenomena where they occur in greater earnest in other parts of the globe.

It is classical history how dust showers have arisen in the west coast of Africa and descended again on vessels far out on the Atlantic; how Scotland has been visited by a storm of pumice debris which was supposed to have had its origin in Vesuvius; how showers of fish or of frogs have descended from the sky, having been swept into lofty regions entangled in the bosom of a windwhirl sufficient to bear them whither it listed. The dust of Krakatao, committed to the lofty winds by the force of its own eruption in 1883, traveled over the globe in outward courses almost without limit before settling to earth weeks or months or possibly years afterward.

Ostrich Eggs in an Incubator.

For several years attempts have been made at Omaha and Los Angeles to hatch the egg of the ostrich artificially, but so far these attempts have been unsuccessful, the difficulty being the application of moisture. Now, however, an ostrich farm in Florida can boast of the first incubator-hatched ostrich in the United States. The incubator required forty-one days of careful watching; the thermometer was kept at 110 degrees and the moisture was applied at intervals.

Lakes and Rivers.

The average reader will be amazed to learn that little New Hampshire, with less than 10,000 square miles, has no less than 406 lakes and ponds, 154 brooks, 58 rivers, and 204 mountains. Colorado, a big State, has 556 creeks. Texas has comparatively few rivers, lakes and creeks. Alabama has 663 creeks and 87 rivers. Minnesota has 222 lakes and 140 rivers.—New York Press.

There goes a fellow who always takes things easy." "Is that so? Who is he?" "A pickpocket."—Chicago Times-Herald.

CARRIED OFF THE BRIDE.

Strange Misadventure that Befell a Chinese Damsel.

The way of Oriental brides would scarcely suit their Occidental sisters. In China a bride usually rides in a richly embroidered red sedan chair, decorated with flowers, and hired for the occasion.

Not long ago in Canton city a man hired a chair to carry his bride to his homestead in the suburbs. The distance was great and the hour late. When the four chair coolies and the lantern bearers arrived at their destination the chair containing the bride was deposited outside the doorway to await the auspicious hour selected for opening the door to admit the bride and the coolies adjourned to an opium den; and, as they had traveled a long way and were tired, they soon fell asleep. How long they dozed they knew not, but on awakening they returned and found the bridal chair outside the doorway. They came to the not unnatural conclusion that the bride had already entered the household and that the chair was left there for them to take back to the city. Since they had all received their pay in advance they did not stop to make further inquiries, but hurried home with the chair, put it in a loft, and, rolling themselves up in their beds, slept the sleep of the just. In the meantime the bridegroom heard the bridal party arrive, but had to await the stroke of the auspicious hour before welcoming the bride. At last the candles were lit, incense sticks were lighted, the new rice and viands for entertaining the bride were served, the parents-in-law put on their best suits and so did the bridegroom and, with much pomp and ceremony, the door was thrown wide open; but as far as the lanterns' light would reach, lo! there was not a trace of the bridal chair or bride, nor a single soul to be seen. Great was their consternation, and it became greater still as they concluded that bandits must have kidnaped the bride and would hold her for ransom. The district officer was aroused, the case was reported to the village justice of the peace and search parties were sent out in every direction. The bridegroom, though distracted, had

DISCOVERY OF THE BRIDE.

sense enough to rush to the city and make inquiries of the chair bearers. The coolies were dumfounded and explained what they had done. Together they climbed to the loft, opened the door of the chair and found the demure-looking bride, long imprisoned and half starved, but still appearing to her best advantage in her beautiful bridal gown. The bride appeared to have known that she was being carried backward and forward, but could not protest, because it is the custom for brides not to open their lips till the marriage ceremony is performed. Hence all the trouble.

ALL WERE SELF-CONVICTED.

Georgia Lawyers Handed Over Their Guns with Singular Unanimity.

Georgia has a stringent law forbidding its citizens to carry pistols on pain of forfeiting the weapons and paying a fine of $50 or being imprisoned for thirty days. Shortly after the passage of this enactment Judge Lester was holding court in a little town, when suddenly he suspended the trial of a case by ordering the sheriff to lock the doors of the courthouse.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge when the doors were closed, "I have just seen a pistol on a man in this room and I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty to let such a violation of this law pass unnoticed. I ought perhaps to go before the grand jury and indict him, but if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol and a fine of $1 down here I will let him off this time."

The Judge paused, and a lawyer sitting just before him got up, slipped his hand into a hip pocket, drew out a neat ivory-handled six-shooter and laid it with a dollar down upon the stand.

"This is all right," said the Judge, "but you are not the man I saw with the pistol."

Upon this another lawyer arose and laid down a Colt's revolver and a dollar bill before the Judge, who repeated his former observation. The process went on until nineteen pistols of all kinds and sizes and shapes lay upon the stand, together with nineteen dollars by their side. The Judge laughed as he complimented the nineteen delinquents upon being men of business, but added that the man whom he had seen with the pistol had not come up and, glancing at the far side of the court, he continued:

"I will give him one minute to accept my proposition, and if he fails I will hand him over to the sheriff."

Immediately two men from the back of the court rose and began to move toward the Judge's stand. Once they stopped to look at each other, and then, coming slowly forward, laid down their pistols and their dollars. As they turned their backs the Judge said:

"This man with the black whiskers is the one that I originally saw."—New York Press.

Reading Manuscripts.

It would be a revelation to the young writers who complain that every word of their stories is not read, to see how fast an experienced and conscientious editor can, at times, go through a big pile of essays, stories or poems. The title is often enough, and he would say, "We don't want an article on that subject." The next article begins with a page or two of commonplace introduction, and that is thrown aside in half a minute's inspection, without turning more than the next page. The next is written in the first person, and peppered with "I's.," "We don't want that egotistical stuff." The first verse of this poem has false meter and is tossed aside. The next begins in schoolgirl style, with "dove" and "love;" it is not read through. Of the next the editor reads ten lines. It is simply a dull description of a stream in a forest—not wanted. The next poem begins in a fresh way, seems to be constructed according to the rules, is pretty good. It is put one side to see if other better poems will crowd it out. The next is a story. The first page is promising, but the second shows a coarse strain, and the reading stops there. Another story follows. The beginning is not promising, but a glance at the middle and end shows a marked improvement, and it is laid aside for a more critical examination. In half an hour twenty articles are passed upon, and with sufficient good judgment, for a minute to a manuscript is often more than it needs.

A Rhinoceros at Large.

A rhinoceros that can dance is not, like a dancing bear, a familiar sight. Naturally such a rhinoceros created a sensation when, while being unloaded from a railroad car at Philadelphia, it escaped into the street.

The beast was sent to the Zoological Garden and arrived in good health and spirits. Twenty employes of the express company stood about to prevent its getting away, but when the animal started they all fled down Seventeenth street.

The rhinoceros went to Market street, the men after it, thence to Sixteenth and back to Filbert. In the short journey it passed probably a hundred people, and put them all to flight. An Italian, grinding out a merry tune on his organ, got a shock that he will not soon forget.

The beast has been with a circus and can dance and do a cake walk. At Sixteenth and Filbert streets it heard the sound of the music, and began to dance.

The Italian did not know what brought the crowd, but he kept on turning his crank until suddenly there was a roar of laughter, and he turned to find the beast standing still, solemnly looking at him. With a terrific yell, he dropped the crank and ran. The animal was caught and put back into the cage with little difficulty.

Everybody Plays the Guitar.

In Portugal men play upon the guitar as naturally as Yankees whistle. The peasants are universally given to the instrument, chiefly as an accompaniment to the voice. In towns and villages the artisans are often expert guitar players and walk in groups to and from their work, enlivening the journey with music and song. The carpenter who comes to your house to execute a small job brings his guitar with his tools and the blacksmith is a far better performer on the guitar than the anvil.

When Portuguese day laborer or workman has finished his long day's toil he does not hie him to a wine shop to squander the few cents he has earned; he does not even lean against a post and smoke, nor whittle a stick while swapping yarns with his fellows. If he did not bring his guitar with him he goes straight home and gets it, rests and comforts himself with the music while supper is being prepared. Afterward he spends the evening singing doggerel songs to a strumping accompaniment, tilted back in a chair against his own house wall or on the doorstep of a neighbor.

Virginia's Natural Bridge.

The famous natural bridge of Virginia is situated in Rockbridge County and spans the mountain chasm in which flows the little stream called Cedar creek, the bed of which is more than two hundred feet below the surface of the plain. The middle of the arch is forty-five feet in perpendicular thickness, which increases to sixty feet at its juncture with the vast abutments. It is sixty feet wide, and its span is almost ninety feet. Across the top is a public road. For many years the name of Washington, cut in the rock forming one of the abutments when the Father of his Country was a lad, stood high above all others; but in 1818 a student of Washington College, Virginia, Piper by name, climbed from the foot to the top of the rock, and placed his name above that of Washington.

A Story of Bismarck.

Bismarck was for some time an official reporter for one of the courts of justice. Upon one occasion, when questioning a witness, the latter made an impudent retort, whereupon the embryo Chancellor exclaimed, angrily: "If you are not more respectful, I shall kick you out of the room!" "Young man," said the Judge, interrupting the proceedings, "I would have you understand that this is a dignified court of justice, and that if there is any kicking to be done the court will do it!" "Ah, you see," said Bismarck to the witness, "if you are not more respectful to me, the court will kick you out of the room. So be careful, very careful, sir!"

Testing the Cleanness of Air.

Prof. Dewar has recently devised a new method of testing the contamination of air. A short time ago he exhibited before the Royal Institution two samples of liquid air in glass tubes—one was made from air which had been washed to purify it from dust, soot, carbonic acid and other impurities. This, when condensed, was a pale blue liquid. The other sample was made by condensing the air of the lecture-room in which the audience was assembled, and was an opaque, blackish fluid, resembling soup in appearance.

"Polly Con."

An old lady lately asked President Hadley of Yale—he tells the story himself—what he was teaching. To his reply, "Economics," she said, thoughtfully:

"Oh, you teach the students to be economical. That is good. When I was a young lady they never learned to be economical until they got married."

The True Condition.

Briggs—Do you believe that the world is divided into two classes—those who borrow and those who lend?

Griggs—No, sir! My experience is that two other classes are much more prevalent—those who want to borrow and those who won't lend.—Pittsburg Dispatch.