## BISMARCK OF TO-DAY.

**His Personal Appearance and His Ability as an Orator.**

Bismarck has grown old during the last few years, his mustache is white as snow, and his walk less erect than in former years, but the power of his face and the might of his eyes live still the same as they did ten years ago. When he sits down it is as if he was on guard, his sword laid across his knees, as formerly old Hagen used to sit, and though he is no Hagen in guilt and wickedness, he is a Hagen in faithfulness, and, if need be, in stern wrath. And he is on guard at the gates of the Fatherland.

Bismarck, as every body knows, is not an orator—I nearly said, thank God, he is no orator. His speech has been likened to a forest stream which rumbles over stones and roots. The comparison is somewhat poor. I think I know a better, though a rather technical one—namely, his speech is like quicksilver drawn out. Take a drop of quicksilver containing some lead or zinc, put it on a pane of glass and hold it slantingly. The drop swells and rolls, but presently it stops, becomes thinner and longer, remains immovable for a moment, gathers new strength to flow, becomes thin once again, and so forth. Thus it is with the Chancelor's words; first half a sentence comes out, then he hesitates, stops, or utters a short inarticulate sound, and goes on again. It is evident that to speak is a physical exertion, but even when he is in first-rate form he does not talk fluently.

But on closer observation the reason appears very soon. The form of his speech is improvised on the spur of the moment, but, unlike many fluent speakers, he does not use the first expression which may come to his mind, but while he is uttering the first half of a sentence he is thinking how to shape the second half in order to express exactly what he wishes to say. If he makes a joke or a slight observation he speaks quickly and without hesitation, but as soon as he returns to the serious treatment of a political subject this painfully-accurate expression, the result of mental work, becomes again apparent, which shows that he endeavors not to say a syllable which he can not reconcile with his responsible position. This is the reason why his speeches concerning foreign politics, read like official diplomatic documents, every word is carefully considered.

His voice is peculiar, high-pitched and not very powerful. It has been called a thin voice, but this only expresses one of its qualities. Another is that it is so remarkably young that one would think it almost incredible for a man of his age to possess such a voice. If one does not see him while he is speaking it is difficult to believe that it is not a young Lieutenant of twenty-eight who is speaking (which, by the way, is rather a pity, since the snarl and the drawl of the German Lieutenant is detestable). But put in connection with this quality it can sound extremely soft and flattering, and I should not be surprised if in former years, when he was Ambassador, some of his personal successes had been due just to this *timbre* of his voice.—Cologne Gazette.

## A PREHISTORIC CANOE.

**The Rare Archæological Treasure Recently Found in England.**

A discovery of extreme archæological interest has been made upon the Barton section of the Manchester Ship canal. On Wednesday, while the excavators were at work in what is known as the "Salt Eye" cutting, the steam navy brought to light a prehistoric canoe. It was embedded in the sand twenty-five feet below the surface. With some difficulty the canoe was removed to a shed in the vicinity of the engineer's office, and examined. It was found to consist of a portion of an oak tree roughly hewn and fashioned. In length this relic of a long-past age is thirteen feet eight inches from end to end, with a width of two feet six inches. Notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, the marks of the axe are distinctly visible in the interior of the canoe, the width of the blade of the implement used—whether of flint or iron—being apparently about three inches. Unfortunately the vessel sustained some damage in the ruthless grip of the "navy," the bottom having been cut through at the bow end, while a portion of one side is broken in. But for this mishap the canoe would have been recovered practically intact. The bow is shaped so as to leave a projecting block, through which a hole is driven, evidently for the purpose of fastening it by means of a rope. At this point the grain of the wood indicates that the ancient workman had cut through the heart of the tree, and that a portion had broken away. Another piece of wood appears to have been fitted into its place and fastened with two stout wooden pins. At the opposite end the canoe has been strengthened by the fixing to it of a species of gunwale, consisting of the naturally bent arm of a tree, also held in position with pegs or pins of wood. It is impossible to fix the precise period of the canoe, but the circumstance that it bears no trace of a nail or any iron work may, perhaps, aid the formation of an opinion upon this point. The wood, particularly of the bottom, is for the most part quite sound. The canoe rested in a bed of sand and leaves, among which hazel-nuts were found. In the immediate vicinity several large trees have been discovered, leading to the conclusion that the bed of the canal is being cut through what was once a forest.—Manchester Guardian.

## CARE OF INVALIDS.

**Hints for Nurses and Others Having Charge of Sick-Rooms.**

A large, sunny room should be selected for the invalid; if without a carpet, so much the better. Sunshine as a disinfectant is worth bushels of chloride of lime.

The bed linen should be changed at least once in three days; the blankets once a week, those that have been removed being hung in the open air for a few hours, then thoroughly aired in a warm room.

The room should be kept thoroughly ventilated, and a temperature not lower than 68° nor higher than 70°. If the patient is kept warm, air may be freely admitted without the least danger.

The carpet of a sick-room should be lightly brushed once a day with a wetted broom. The furniture and woodwork should be wiped with a damp cloth. Dry dusters and feather brushes are worse than useless.

The cross-sheet should invariably be kept free from crumbs and wrinkles, as these are a frequent cause of bed-sores. Whenever the least redness shows on the patient's body the skin must be at once bathed with alcohol, thoroughly dried and dusted with powdered oxide of zinc.

A sheet folded lengthwise, laid across the bed, with the upper edge just touching the pillows and the ends tightly tucked under the mattresses, will be found to add greatly to the patient's comfort. It does not wrinkle like a single sheet, and crumbs may be readily brushed off it.

The nurse's dress should invariably be neat, tasteful and pretty. Slippers or boots of felt should be worn. To be continually smoothing the bed, pestering the patient with sympathy, and saying a dozen times an hour: "How do you feel now?" is enough to drive a sick man wild.

Meals for invalids should look as tempting as possible. The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass and china should shine with cleanliness. The patient should not be disgusted by a display of too much food, and should not be consulted beforehand as to what he will eat or drink.

In bathing the invalid never uncover too large a surface at once. Pin a blanket round the shoulders, fastening it behind, and remove the night dress under that. Put the hand under the blanket and sponge the skin, a small portion at a time. A woman's hair should be combed every day if she is able to bear the fatigue. If it has become tangled a little sweet oil will loosen it.

Household troubles should be kept far from the sick room. Above all, an invalid or an apparent convalescent should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquaintance may in half an hour undo the good of a week of tender nursing. In long illness a small bed table will be found indispensable. Every cup, glass, spoon and utensil used should be taken out of the room and washed as speedily as possible. As to walking on tiptoe and whispering, nothing can disturb a nervous person more.—Home Topics.

## AMONG THE POULTRY.

**A Breeder Tells How to Care for Fowls of Every Description.**

Sulphur is not good to give the young chickens.

Kerosene and lard make a good ointment for scaly legs.

After the chickens are two or three weeks old they can be fed on cracked wheat.

If the eggs are to be hatched keep a drake for every five ducks in order to be sure.

Never keep a slop hole where the poultry can help themselves if you expect to maintain health.

One advantage with ducks is that they do not harbor lice. They have too much oil.

One advantage with Pekin ducks is that only a low fence is needed to confine or keep them out.

On the farm the laying of five dozen eggs ought to pay for keeping a hen a year. All above this is profit. On the farm it will nearly always pay to plant a few rows of sunflower seed especially for the poultry. Geese are fond of weeds, especially of purslane, and will often do good service in killing out and destroying weeds. Very often a few drops of turpentine put in the drinking water at this time will prevent the gapes. If the chicks are already affected, a drop or two on a small piece of bread will cure. As a rule guineas should be hatched under hens near the house. They are naturally rather wild, and this will aid materially in making them gentle, if the young guineas are kept near the house.

Milk is much better food for poultry during the summer than corn. Corn is heating and fattening, two conditions that, as a rule, ought to be avoided, unless feeding for the market.

The value of the manure should always be considered in keeping poultry properly managed. It is one of the best fertilizers that can be had and is well worth the trouble of gathering up and storing until ready to use.

Care must be taken that the nests are kept as free from lice as possible. One way of doing this will be to clean out occasionally and substitute fresh, clean material, burning up the old and using kerosene, carbolic acid or sulphur to clean out the nests.

As the weather becomes warmer it is necessary to provide good ventilation and the more thoroughly this is done the more comfortable the poultry can be kept. Direct drafts should, however, be avoided, and yet at night, during the summer time, care should be taken to have as cool as possible.—St. Louis Republic.

## FREAKS IN AFRICA.

**Horned Men, Men with Tails, Persons with Spotted Skins, and Dwarfs.**

Mr. Carl Steckelmann, who lived several years in West Africa, made a large collection of curiosities illustrating the arts, habits and superstitions of the natives. His collection, which is now in Indiana, where he lives, has attracted attention, and there were many visitors to the museum which he opened in Indianapolis last winter. There are curiosities of other sorts, however, in all parts of Africa, and it would not take a smart showman long to pick up freaks enough on the west coast to stock a dozen museums.

Entirely outside of the dwarf tribes, who are among the strangest people in the world, explorers find here and there little folks of advanced years who are made much of, and are usually seen at the residence of some chief. Only one of these little fellows has been honored with much attention in records of travel, and his picture appears in Speke's story of his discovery of the Nile sources. On the west coast Doko dwarfs may some times be seen in the crowds along the shore when a vessel arrives. Mr. A. B. Ellis was of the opinion that with one of these dwarfs, a boy he saw with two stomachs, a few Albinos, who are by no means uncommon, and two or three horned men he could set up a dime museum of no mean pretensions.

The horned men, sad to relate, wear their horns not on their foreheads but on their cheek bones. They belong to a small tribe that is found north of Ashanti, and a few of them sometimes get down to the coast, where they have ceased to be curiosities. Some surgeons who examined two of these men a few years ago, decided that the excrescences on their cheeks were of an osseous nature. They form lumps, rounded at the extremity and projecting about an inch from the face. They are not particularly ornamental, but they would probably be worth a fair salary to the possessor if exhibited in a Bowery palace of amusement.

Two or three travelers have written of a Roman Catholic priest in Fernando Po, who is willing to make affidavit that he has seen three men in Gaboon with short tails. These curiosities seem to have made good their escape. Many travelers in the early days recorded marvelous stories of Africans who wore tails, but none of the chroniclers had salt enough to catch them. Years ago a female slave, who was said to have come from Central Africa, was examined in Constantinople by a physician in the hospital there, and he declared she had an unmistakable tail, about two inches long, smooth and hairless. She said she belonged to the great Niam-Niam tribe. The fame of this tribe as wearers of tails was spread far and wide in Africa long before a white man ever visited them, and Mr. Ellis says the story still circulates on the coast. But Schweinfurth spoiled the sensation, though he pronounced the Niam-Niam the finest specimens of physical beauty he ever saw.

Other curious people in Africa are persons who seem to be naturally spotted, not like the leopard boy known to our museums, but with patches of yellow or brown which diversify their otherwise black skins. Another interesting peculiarity has also been recently observed. That is that different members of the same family are sometimes of different colors. Black children and brown children are found to be brothers and sisters, just as we have brunettes and blondes in the same family. This peculiarity has also been recently observed by Dr. Finsch among the natives of New Guinea.—N. Y. Sun.

## SHE GOT THE EARTH.

**A May Incident Which Is as Funny as It Is Realistic.**

A woman who had been looking at a "To Rent" on Second street brought the key back yesterday noon and said:

"I like the house pretty well, but—"

"That is all right, madam," interrupted the owner. "You were going to speak about the need of repairing. I have just contracted to pay a firm $350 to paint every thing."

"That will be nice. I was going to say—"

"Excuse me, but I shall have the wooden fence replaced with an iron one."

"Will you? And I—"

"And every room will be repapered in the most expensive manner, madam. I shall put stained glass into all the front windows, get new front doors, build a new barn in the rear, buy more land on each side and add five clothes closets."

"How nice! And you——?"

"I told you the rent was $40 per month, but I am satisfied that the figure is too high. I shall reduce it to $25, send my own teams to move you in, pay your water tax, cut the grass for you. You needn't mind paying your rent in advance, but give it to me whenever you have no other use for it."

"You are very kind," she answered after a moment's thought, "but—you see—you know I promised to look at another house, and I'm a little particular, you know, and so I am much obliged."—Detroit Free Press.

—One of the candidates at a recent teachers' examination in Chippewa County, Mich., said, in answer to the question, "Give the principal occupation of the inhabitants of your township?" "Fishing, farming, and on election day selling their votes."

## CHILDREN IN ALGIERS.

**Great Changes Wrought in Their Habits Under the Influence of Education.**

The city of Algiers, the capital of the great French province of Algeria, in Northern Africa, has so mild a climate that snow is almost unknown. The average temperature in January is fifty-four degrees; palm-trees grow freely in the gardens and suburbs, and the country has a tropical aspect. No little excitement was produced, therefore, when one day last winter there fell snow enough to cover the ground. The last such snow-fall had taken place in 1861, so that none of the younger people of the country had ever seen any thing of the kind.

The sensation was so great, indeed, that all the schools were closed, and the pupils, rushing out, were heard to make such remarks as these:

"Look! It is raining cotton!"

"Let's get some, and take it home and save it!"

The boys gathered masses of the fleecy snow to keep for a curiosity, and were astonished to see it turn into water in their hands.

The boys of Algeria are a strange race. Most of them are Arabs, whose speech was brought hundreds of years ago from Arabia. They are Mussulmans in religion; if they go to their own Arab schools, called zawyas, they are taught little except to recite verses from the Koran. They are for the most part bright and merry, much like other boys among themselves, but inclined to be grave and suspicious in the presence of foreigners.

Girls are seldom admitted to the Arab schools, and they do not go, except rarely, to the French schools. They are usually married at an age when American girls are still playing with dolls. A good proportion of the Arab boys attend the French schools, and in some of the towns all the Arab children speak and write French.

There is, however, a race of people in Algeria who are much more eager to learn than the Arabs. They are the Kabyles, who, although Mussulmans in religion, some scientists believe to belong to the same race as the inhabitants of Southern Europe. They are mostly farmers and mountaineers, and are very industrious; they are eager to learn, and send all their girls and boys to school wherever schools are founded. Among them are some strange colonies descended from the ancient Romans, and still calling themselves Romans, or "Rumi."

The Algerian Jews, too, who are descended from the Jews whom the Spaniards banished from their country, pay much attention to the instruction of their children.

Under the influence of education great changes are taking place in the character of the population of Algeria, which, at the beginning of the present century, was almost entirely Mussulman, and practically uncivilized. Now, although there are not quite half a million Europeans in the country, more than a million people speak the French language.

Algeria, moreover, is but a part of the French domain in Africa. There are French colonies here and there around the whole northern half of the continent, and nearly all Northwestern Africa, including Tunis, Algeria, Senegal and a great part of the Western Soudan, promises to become French eventually.

The French flag has been carried as far into the interior of Africa as Timbuctoo, which, not many years ago, was a synonym for all that was strange, far away and inaccessible.—Youth's Companion.

## AN EXPLORER'S RUSE.

**He Says It Pays to Keep on the Right Side of the Old Ladies.**

When Dr. Finsch landed in Astrolabe Bay, New Guinea, a while ago, he went with an escort of sailors a short distance inland, where he found buried in the forest a large village. The party was accompanied by some of the village men whose acquaintance they had cultivated at the shore. The women, however, were none the less frightened at the strange appearance of the visitors, and most of them ran off into the woods. A few old women, however, who had been brave enough to face the strangers, were rewarded with presents, and through their efforts the other women were soon induced to return.

Dr. Finsch says that throughout his explorations he took particular pains to ingratiate himself with the old women. He often found that they wielded important influence, and their good will was very helpful. He admits that he did not always find it a particularly agreeable task to win the favor of the older women, for they are not fair to look upon. But it was to his interest to have all the old ladies on his side, and so he put his best foot forward to make them think he was a very nice sort of a fellow.

Dr. Finsch advances one rather novel idea about the women of uncivilized tribes in tropical countries. He reports the well-known fact that these women lose their youth and freshness while still young, but he adds that they would not seem to fade so early in life if they wore clothing and understood the arts of the toilet, with which women in other lands long contrive to conceal advancing years and artificially supply the charms they have lost.—N. Y. Sun.

—The Yturbide, in the City of Mexico, is probably the grandest hotel in the world. It was built by the Governor for his palace, and cost $3,000,000. It contains a room used by Governor Yturbide for a chapel that is frescoed in solid gold.

## SCIENTIFIC WARFARE.

**The Incredibly Quick Work of Photographing a Bullet While in Motion.**

The present of the art of war is hard to keep pace with, and it is impossible to foretell the future. Military art has become omnivorous of science. There is not a branch of science that is not now called in to aid in the art of war. In the days of Captain Marryat when a younger son was too stupid for the law, too bad for the pulpit and couldn't be made a doctor of, he was settled in the army by the purchase of a commission, hence the latter came to be considered the profession of "the fool of the family."

"What would the author of "Midshipman Easy" have said if he had been told that Lieutenants Albert Gleaves and Ensign Stokely Morgan had succeeded in photographing a projectile in flight? In Austria last year Prof. Anschuetz succeeded in getting a photograph of a rifle bullet, the projectile moving at the rate of 1,300 feet a second—and the plate which he used for the purpose being exposed for only .000076 of a second. The two English officers named used a service Hotchkiss rifle, weight of charge, 70 grains; weight of lead bullet, 400 grains; with an initial velocity of about 1,400 feet a second.

Prof. Auschuetz, of Lissa, has succeeded in obtaining remarkable and interesting results in photographing the flight of cannon-balls from the moment of their projection to their striking the target or other object aimed at. He demonstrated the perfection of his studies on the trying-grounds of the Gruson works near Buckau. His plates were submitted to the expert, Dr. Koenig of the Berlin university, who was perfectly able to make therefrom the desired practical calculations. He established the fact that the projectile thus photographed had a velocity of 400 meters a second and that the duration of the light thrown upon the photographic plate did not exceed the ten-thousandth part of a second.

The theory of the motion of projectiles is a subject regarding which volumes have been written. An Austrian chemist named Mach has photographed a number of rifle-bullets in motion by means of the electric light and thus presented some remarkable phenomena. In this operation his plan is to illumine the bullet by letting it break an electric current, but the velocity of the bullet must exceed that of sound in order that the conditions of the air before and behind the projectile can be shown. After various experiments Mach succeeded in his efforts to photograph projectiles fired from Werndl and Guedes rifles having, respectively, an initial velocity of 438 and 530 meters per second. The photographs obtained in this manner showed an air formation in front of the bullet having the form of an hyperbola, while behind it almost a vacuum was formed, in which, when the initial velocity was great, there were some curious spiral motions. From the description given there appeared from these photographs to be a great similarity between the motion of a body through the water and that of a projectile through the air.—Chicago Times.

## SHETLAND PONIES.

**An Importer Tells Where and How the Little Horses are Obtained.**

Many erroneous ideas prevail in regard to the trade in Shetland ponies; in fact, the vast majority of Americans know very little about the manner in which these animals are raised and the character of the people who raise them. For instance, it is the popular belief that the buyer goes to Shetland and picks up a drove of ponies as easily as he would a flock of sheep in Texas. But such is not the fact, by any means. The large island is about forty-five miles square, very rough and hilly, and is populated by small farmers. The climate is quite severe in the winter. These farmers own small patches of ground, and live in small stones houses generally. Every farmer owns one, two, three or more Shetland mares, from which they raise the ponies, and shelter them in rude sheds. The animals live principally on potatoes, turnips, and a peculiar kind of spear-grass, indigenous to that country. As soon as the warm spring days come the country is visited by buyers from England and the continent, who come to catch bargains for the nobility. The ponies are in great demand for the wealthier classes of England, who buy them for their boys. These Shetland farmers are a common, ordinary set of men, not what you would call really intelligent, but they have a keen eye single to a good bargain in selling a pony, and the buyer has to use as many tricks of the horse-trader in that country as in Yankeedom. To gather the last drove of ponies I purchased there I had to ride over a large portion of the island—over hills and through ravines covered with snow—picking up one and two ponies here and there. The price for a pony is usually £5, and it costs from £8 to £10 each to ship them across the North Sea to Aberdeen, Scotland. By the time a pony is landed in America it has cost the shipper about $125. Several of them always die on the sea. Out of sixty-one in the last lot I lost thirty. The smallest full-grown thoroughbred Shetland pony is thirty inches high and the largest only forty inches high. But there is a large trade in the United States in ponies raised in the north of Ireland, and they are sold here for Shetland ponies. But they are not Shetlands. They are bred with other horses and are larger than the genuine specimen.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## SOUNDS OF NATURE.

**Music Whose Interpretation Needs No Ancient or Secret Art.**

The sonata has been called the most perfect form of piano music known, and in that, although Haydn and Mozart excelled, Beethoven is the chief of all the composers, and all that can be said by a single instrument has been written for the voice of the piano. But although it takes a Beethoven to make the theme and its variations one, and although it takes the first of mechanicians and designers to elaborate the instrument that is to give them musical expression, and although it takes patience and skill and talent, and sometimes even genius to be able to use brain and fingers so as to interpret the thought of Beethoven, yet there is another music, unwritten, and to be played on no one instrument, and it takes neither genius, nor mechanism, nor industry to hear and feel and interpret these unformulated strains of nature—that music which exists everywhere throughout creation, which has its tone in every object, which resounds where the sea touches the shore, where the snow sifts through the air, where the voice strikes the hillside, where the leaves stir against one another, where the wind wings and the stars soar through space. To read this music one needs no ancient or secret art, no written page, no instrument—nothing but a soul. One can not criticise it; one can not say its time is imperfect, its measures are incorrect; but one can watch its themes develop almost as easily as in the music rendered by the player where the left had keeps the time and marks the measure, the "leader of the orchestra," as Beethoven himself said, while the right hand wanders away at its own sweet will in all subtle freedom of variation to return to it again.

One hears the melancholy in the wail of the rising wind at twilight, when the trees murmur together in sadness; one recognizes it, marks it deepen and strengthen, diminish and die away; one hears the joy of a sea-breeze in the sunshine singing in over the crested ridges, and sighing itself softly away in full contest as it washes up the sand; one hears the hum of happiness any summer morning blending in a rich chord with the murmur of bees, the flutter of idler insect, the soft rustle of boughs, the singing of the distant birds; one gets the note of ineffable sweetness and sadness in the sound of evening bells strained through reaches of air and floating over water, of aerial remoteness and alien indifference in the far-off fleeting of the echo; one gets the voice of conquest roaring on its way in the cry of the wintry storm; for in every thing, from the resonance of granite to the whispering of a breath, the stroke of the stone-cutter's hammer, the measured falling of the flail, there is music for the ear that can hear it; and even when the tones held in the heart of all these separate objects of nature are not music in themselves, and struck together make not music, but discord, yet as the sound recedes it filters itself to harmony, for the discord dies before the sound does, and leaves only at last a sweet sonority swimming and failing along the air.—Harper's Bazar.

## SOME SHARK STORIES.

**They Are Good, But to a Man Up a Tree They Look Improbable.**

Last night, in a company of congenial spirits, the conversation turned on sharks, those scavengers of the sea. Their voracity, staying qualities, and ability to swallow any thing and every thing that came their way was discussed at some length. A young man who had never been to sea said he had read stories of monster man-eating sharks following ships for weeks, accompanied by an aching void which able seamen alone could fill with any degree of satisfaction—to the shark. He had also read of a sailor who was on deck one day grinding his knife, with a boy turning the stone, when the ship gave a sudden lurch, the whole outfit went overboard and was swallowed by a shark. The sailor and his boy kept at work, sharpened the knife to a razor edge, cut their way out of the shark and were picked up by a boat lowered from the ship.

The man-of-war's man said that story was a little too improbable, but that he could tell one himself within the bounds of reason. "When our ship was in Honolulu," he said, "I was ashore one day in the launch, a small steamboat used for conveying officers and sailors to and from the ship. We were lying at the dock and when the engineer attempted to start his engine on the return trip she refused to work. Thinking, perhaps, that a rope or something had fouled the propeler, the engineer looked over the stern and found that a monster shark had swallowed the wheel, and though we prodded the cuss with a boat-hook it refused to disgorge the cast-iron delicacy. We then slewed the boat around, and heading for the ship, a mile distant, we managed by jabbing the fish with boat-hooks, to make it furnish motive power, and thus got under way. The coxswain stood at the tiller and steered for the ship, but just as we got alongside the vessel the shark gave a sudden lurch, broke the propeler short off at the bearing, and got away with it.—Chicago Herald.

—A lady's paper gives the following recipe for getting rid of the smell of fresh paint in a bed chamber or living-room: Slice a few onions, and put them in the middle of the room. After that it will be desirable to get rid of the smell of the onions. This can easily be done by putting on another coat of paint.