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Singular Spectacles Witnessed in England and Switzerland.

Rev. Dr. J. Edmund Cox has given the particulars of a trial by rooks which he witnessed between fifty and sixty years ago. He was riding along a quiet road in the vicinity of Norwich, England, when he was startled by sounds of an extraordinary commotion among the inhabitants of an adjacent rookery. Securing his horse to a gate, he cautiously crawled for a hundred feet or so, to a gap in the hedge of a grass field, to investigate proceedings. A trial by jury was seemingly going on. The criminal rook at first appeared very perky and jaunty, although encircled by about forty or fifty of an evidently indignant sable fraternity, and assailed by the incessantly vehement cawing of an outer ring, consisting of many hundreds, each and all showing even greater indignation than was manifested by the more select number. Even the scouts, although hovering about in all directions, were so deeply absorbed in the proceeding that they failed to notice their uninvited spectator. After a short time the manner of the accused was seen suddenly and completely to change; his head bowed, his wings drooped, and he cawed faintly, as if imploring mercy. The inner circle closed in upon him and pecked him to pieces in a few minutes, leaving nothing but a mangled carcass. The whole assembly then set up a tremendous screaming and dispersed; some seeking the adjacent rookery, but the greater number flying away across the fields. It is commonly known that rooks are addicted to pilfering, and that if the robber is detected the offender is punished. It has been noticed that young rooks will often pilfer twigs and other useful materials from the nests of their elders, with which to build their own domiciles quickly, and, although they are too cunning to be caught in the act, only committing their thefts when both the owners of the nest are absent, the robbery seems always to be known. When the crime has been discovered and proved eight or ten rooks are apparently deputed to act on behalf of the whole community; they proceed to the convicts' nest and in a few moments scatter it to the winds.

An Alpine tourist relates that during an excursion in the Swiss mountains he accidentally came upon a small secluded glen, which was surrounded by trees, and became the unexpected witness of a singular spectacle. About sixty or seventy ravens were ranged in a ring about one of their fellows, evidently reputed a culprit, and with much clatter of tongues and wings, were engaged in discussing his alleged delinquencies. At intervals they paused in order to permit the accused to reply, which he did most vociferously and with intense energy; but all his expostulations were speedily drowned in a deafening chorus of dissent. Eventually the court appears to have arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the felon had utterly failed to exculpate himself and they suddenly flew at him from all sides and tore him to pieces with their powerful beaks. Having executed their sentence, they speedily disappeared.—*Popular Science*

AL ETIQUETTE.

Members of the Queen's Household Like to Act as Plain People.

The custom of English royal families are frequently startling, original, and over-elaborate to a New Englander. But at the same time there is frequently considerable simplicity observable, particularly so the higher in rank you go. The royal family, although surrounded by inevitable forms and ceremonies, at every opportunity make an effort to free themselves from these customs and restraints. For instance, if you visit as a guest at Marlborough House you will find less formality and etiquette than in many families lower down in the social scale. Such haughty old dames as the Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough and others of her style would not put you at your ease as do the Prince and Princess of Wales by their simple manners. A friend of mine who visited them told me they entered the room where he waited them, unannounced, and greeted him simply and cordially. Only the first words addressed to them must be "your Royal Highness," and need not be said again. The Prince, in fact, particularly enjoys an unconstrained manner in those about him; the easier you are, within the bounds of good breeding, the better he likes you. He talks little himself, although he makes an excellent speech and address, but he is a good listener. He, like all the reigning family, speaks with a slight German accent, his r's being very foreign.

The Princess, of course, speaks with even more of an accent, and, as she is quite deaf, she also is not much of a conversationalist. There are people who think she has nothing to say. My lady readers may be interested to know that her three daughters have been taught at the Dress Reform Association to make their own dresses, which are always simple, but admirably cut and fitted. The wardrobe of the Princess is kept in a large upper room at the Marlborough house, which room is lined with shelves, inclosed by doors. All the dresses are folded in large sheets on these shelves, which draw out, and two or three maids have charge of a large and gorgeous assortment of costumes of every conceivable occasion. No servant is allowed to be seen by their Royal Highness, except those whose duty is to be with them or near them. As they approach the maids and men must hide themselves, but this custom is not confined to royalty; it exists in all other houses of the aristocracy as well. And there is a well-known Duke who, if in driving over his estates sees a servant or a laborer, has him discharged at once, and should the trembling hireling hear him approach climbs the nearest tree or hides himself behind it or a bush, as though guilty of some misdemeanor. But this Duke is nothing, if not eccentric. For instance, the finest apartments in one of his castles are under the ground, and, except for an occasional ride or drive, he lives buried beneath the surface of the earth, in a princely manner, to be sure, but in perpetual candle light, or, let us hope, electric light.—*Boston Transcript.*

IGNOMINIOUS FAILURE.

Why College Men Are Not Much of a Success Out in Dakota.

Why don't college men do well out in Dakota? Because the country's too big for 'em; they can't fill up the room out there. I'll tell you one reason why the natives don't take to 'em. We built a railroad out there, me and Bill Slearey—we're a progressive crowd out in Dakota—one of the finest roads you ever saw. It was only a hundred miles long, and a hundred miles ain't much in Dakota, but it was a railroad from top to bottom. We'd made a pile o' money, me and Bill, and we about owned Zero Valley, and when the country began to get settled up we said we'd give 'em a railroad, and we did. That railroad cost a sight o' money, but it was worth it. We didn't stop at nothing to make it first-class. "The Zero Valley & Iceborough railroad" we called it. Cars all inlaid and veneered, yellow plush cushions on the seats, every thing tip-top. I wanted to have silver mountings on all the seats, but Bill wouldn't have that. He's a thinker, Bill is, and he thought that when train robbers stopped the train they'd tear the cars to pieces, so we let it go at nickel.

Well, I wanted a regular Eastern road, with brakemen to call out the stations. They don't generally do that in the West, you know. I sent East for brakemen, and I ordered college graduates, for I was going to have every thing the best. I had 'em sent out there all trained up ready for the first trip. They was as fine a looking set of boys as you'd want to see. When I got 'em into their blue uniforms, with their gold buttons and silver badges, they did look encouraging. I was pleased, now I tell you, and I said to Bill the morning we was going to pull out on the first trip, "Bill this is a great country; we beat the world on every thing we tackle."

Bill wasn't so cheerful. He ain't a feather-brained man, you know, and he don't often let his feelings run away with him. I never knew him to warm up over any thing but Injuns. He did used to get a little worked up over them critters in the early days. Well, he said he hoped every thing would turn out all right, but he wasn't going to yell before he got out of the woods.

We had a crowd on the first trip. Every body was there. Every thing worked well when we started. But the thing I wanted most was to hear the brakeman call out the station. That was what I was waiting for. I had white posts put up just where I wanted him to open the door and shout out the station. I began to get nervous when we got near Bee-at-riss. "Beatrice," some people call it, I don't object to that if people like it, but we pronounce it Bee at-riss out there, to rhyme with matress, you know. Bee-at-riss. We named it after Sheriff Bowie's little girl. As I said, I began to get nervous when we got near Bee-at-riss. I was afraid he'd forget about the white post, and I didn't want to have the whole thing spoiled.

But he remembered it, and my heart just jumped when he threw the door open suddenly. Then that infernal college dude screamed out: "Bay-a-tree-chay! Bay-a-tree-chay! this station is Bay-a-tree-chay!"

I went into the telegraph office and telegraphed down to Friezedale for the lynching party. And that's why you see so many college men's graves out in Dakota, young man.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SAMPLE'S ASSURANCE.

How a "Nervy" Drummer Replenished His Stock of Cash.

Numerous instances are on record of the striking self-possession, or in the vernacular, "nerve," possessed by Sam Sample. Concealed under this pseudonym is a traveling man who has friends from one coast to the other.

Before he had made his success as a commercial traveler he was staying in Minneapolis for no reason whatever except that he happened to be there and couldn't get away. He was a man of good appearance, however, and going to a hotel he registered in an impressive manner. In a short time he was well acquainted with the landlord, and when he spoke of a draft that functionary very promptly undertook the responsibility of cashing it.

"Just make out your draft," said the landlord. "Here, this piece of note paper will do."

Sam sat down and in a short time remarked: "Here's a draft for fifty now, if you will oblige me—ah, thanks!"

"But," said the landlord, "you haven't made the draft on any body. There's no drawer."

"Oh, that's all right," said Sam; "You know more people than I do; just fill it in to suit yourself. I left it blank on purpose."

It is but justice to Sam to say that he is entirely square with the landlord now and that he could cash a draft for five hundred there to-day if he desired. —*Merchant Traveler.*

Highly Intelligent Proverbs.

Don' be onpop'lar. De onpop'lar man ain' liked by de neighbors.

De whitewash brush covereth a multitude er spots.

De man wot steals money fum de pocket ob his friends ain' no better dan a thief.

Don' eat a h'arty dinner ef yer ain' hungry en have t' pay for it.

Don' propose marriage to an old maid onless you want to marry her.

Truf am mighty, but he ain' aliers easy to trabbel with.

De American citizen am a king in he own right, but he ain't got no subjects.

De wise man leabs his winders onlocked at night so dat de boyglers won't hev t' smash de glass t' git in.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

The Phonograph and Some of Its Peculiarities and Possibilities.

If the achievements of science had not already familiarized the people with the age of fable in which they live, the rooms in which there was lately exhibited in this city the perfected phonograph, upon which Edison has spent some of the best years of his life, would have been crowded hourly with an awe-struck multitude. Of all the wonders of invention, this is unquestionably the greatest.

With the mere principle of the machine we were acquainted years ago; how the sound waves created by the voice in speaking or singing act upon a sensitive plate of mica, and are thence transmitted to a vibrating steel point, pressed close against the surface of a cylinder of wax; how the tiny waving spiral thus traced is an absolutely faithful record of the emitted sound; how the process may be reversed, the vibrating point be made to retraverse its course, and its movements be again received by a sensitive diaphragm, and made audible by a resonant multiplication of the sound. In fact, there is nothing more wonderful or difficult to understand about the principle of the phonograph than about that of the telephone. But it will appear, none the less, a weird and diabolical thing for years to come.

The invention is now really perfected. He who sets the transmitter at work and listen at the ear-piece can hear the words originally spoken reproduced with the famous accuracy of machine work, and with a human quality of which it might seem that no machine is capable. There is no diminution in the volume of sound, no loss of any distinguishing characteristic. The quality and peculiarities of the individual voice, every inflection and accent, every interruption and imperfection is there with the same fidelity with which a plate-glass mirror returns the features of one gazing into it. And then, wonder of wonders, the funnel of the speaking tube is applied to the machine, and the auditor, standing distant by the space of a large room, hears a speech delivered or a song repeated as distinctly as if he were in the presence of the performer. It is the talking machine, with which the public will require long conversance to rid themselves of the creepiness of superstition.

The practical utility and commercial value of the machine are not yet decided. But it will find its place as speedily as the telephone and the type-writer. The owner of the phonograph can hear the finest efforts of oratory and the divinest effects of music reproduced in his own library at pleasure. Members of families divided by thousands of miles can hold actual converse in place of the unsatisfactory records of the pen. The human voice and manner are made capable of preservation through all the ages. More than this, the practicability of stereotyping these wax cylinders and reproducing any number of them discloses the nature of the library of the future. An enterprising publisher will employ a skilled elocutionist to read into the phonograph the new novel that is the sensation of the day.

The resulting cylinders will be stereotyped and multiplied. Instead of buying the new book, the tired man of business will purchase the two or three cylinders that contain it, and have his phonograph read it to him in the leisure evening hours. The methods of employment are many already, and new applications can be made. In one respect the phonograph is not in accord with the spirit of the age. It is, for most purposes, not a time-saver; and the economy of time is, above all other things, a demand of the practical generation. But it will find its varied uses, soon to become indispensable: and in itself it must stand for the present as the crowning marvel of science.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

MADE HIM INDIGNANT.

Why an Arkansas Farmer Disowns His Pretty Daughter.

An old fellow stood leaning on a gate. A young woman cautiously approached.

"May I come in?" she asked.

"No, you kain't!" he exclaimed.

"Ain't you never goin' ter let me come?"

"Never."

"Please."

"Go on away now. Clear out."

The woman went away, and the man who overheard the conversation went up to the old fellow and asked him why he had driven the woman away.

"'Cause she's my daughter an' didn't marry ter suit me," he answered.

"Didn't she do well?"

"No; she flung herself away, when she mout er hit the nail squar' on the head."

"Don't you think that her husband will make a living?"

"He mout do that, but a livin' ain't the thing. The feller has got land an' hogs an' hosses, but the feller that I wanted her to marry has got three o' the best fox-hounds in the country."

"Yes, but has he got any thing else?"

"Any thing else! Why, blast yo' ignunt hide, what do you mean? Look here, you'd better go on, now, fur I don't believe it's a good idee to have you loafin' erbout the neighborhood. Any thing else! Go on erway, now, or I'll set the dogs on you!"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—"Well, Uncle Cicero, what makes you look so glum?" "Yes, sah; to tell you the trufe, my ole woman has begun to make buckwheat cakes and she hasn't got into the swing of it yet, sah."—*N. Y. World.*

—If the problems of the time are properly dealt with, it would be found, at least in our own favored land, that "Poverty and Progress" would not be used as correlative terms by any political economists. Thrift and economy among the laboring classes would go far toward the reduction of waste improvidence and criminal carelessness in regard to provision for sickness and old age; and go far also toward solving the labor problem.—*Mrs. M. J. Gorton.*

—The young men and women who can look poverty fairly and squarely in the face, are too few. We want more of the young men who can wear old clothes till they can pay cash for new ones, or who are willing to walk till they can afford to ride. We want more of the young women who are willing to do their own work till they can afford to pay somebody to do it and who will live uncomplainingly in one room till they can afford to furnish two.

LADY ELLENBOROUGH.

Mrs. Lew Wallace's Story of an Eccentric English Woman's Career.

Mrs. Lew Wallace in her famous book, "The Repose in Egypt," gives an exceedingly flowery account of Lady Ellenborough, the eccentric wife of an English nobleman, who, emulating the example of Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, not to mention a French lady, Mme. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet, and lives there now, deserted her country and went to live in the far East. Mrs. Wallace says of her: One day she fled to Italy, and, after years of reckless living, thence to Greece. The House of Lords easily granted a divorce to her husband, and the children remained with him. By the terms of the divorce a large income was allotted her, and she set up the standard of wit and beauty, and to it flocked genius and valor. She married again, a nobleman of Greece, from whom she was separated by command of King Otho. Determined to rival Chatham's eccentric granddaughter, she sailed away from Greece to see what the gorgeous East is made of. Her ample income gave means of gratifying a taste exquisite as it was luxurious—servants, carriages, furniture, plate, linen, a French maid, the companion of her changeful moods, even her little lap-dog went with her. There are old citizens of Beyrout who remember the stir among an idle populace when the great English lady landed at the sea-port. Her languages gave her the broadest range of acquaintance, and she had a genius for friendships. Officials of rank crowded the salon, a throne room, where she spoke in one evening French, Italian, Slav, German, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish and Greek as readily as her native tongue. Page after page is devoted by Mrs. Wallace to describing the surroundings and life of the wonderful woman who grew tired of Damascus and set out for the hills of the fire worshipers, Bagdad. For guidance and guardianship she traveled with a squad of Anazehs under a Sheik. Mrs. Wallace does not think it best to tell names and tales together, so she calls the Sheik Aular. His real name was Digby el Mezrab. In describing him she takes occasion to say that when you find the best Oriental, the exquisite grace of his bearing, the smooth, patient, courteous dignity of his manner, surpass the highest breeding of Christian courts. Then she quotes a remark of an acquaintance, who says: "The further east you go the finer the manner. First among the sons of men for polish and urbanity is the Arabian; next to him the Turk; then comes the Italian; then the Spaniard and Frenchman; then the cold, stiff Englishman, and, lastly, the helter-skelter American, and I presume California is worse than Chicago, though I have never been there."

Lady Ellenborough married the Sheik in his tent in the desert, with no witnesses but Arabs, and according to the laws of Islam. The bride found to her horror when she returned to Damascus that she had forfeited her nationality, and had become a Turkish subject. She never repented of her bargain, but made over her property to her husband, and lived with him for fifteen years, when she died, regretted by the tribe and by all Arabs. She was devotedly attached to her husband and he to her. The wife of the English Consul at Damascus, who knew her, said that she and her husband were never apart; that she kept his respect, and was the mother and Queen of his tribe. When she died a rare shrine was erected in her memory at Damascus.

The romance of Lady Ellenborough's life Mrs. Wallace heard under the palms sung in a low, slow song by an Anazeh, who had no thought when singing that the wife of the American Minister to Turkey was listening.

Wrecked by Eating Cloves.

A physician of Syracuse says that one of the strangest cases that have come under his observation in practice is a Syracuse young lady who is addicted to the habit of chewing cloves. For several years her friends and physicians have been fighting to break her of a habit which she carries to such an excess that her life will be the penalty paid. At times she breaks herself of the habit for a few weeks, but sooner or later goes back to it with renewed energy. She has been known to chew a pound of them within three days. All the chemists have been warned not to give her the spice, and many of the grocers also, but she manages somehow to supply herself with it in spite of the watchfulness and precautions of her family. The effects of the excessive use of the spice resembles somewhat the effect of opium, and her sense of taste has been wholly destroyed by it.—*N. Y. World.*

—All the speeches and addresses delivered during the past twenty years or so by Albert Edward are to be published. They will be known as the prints of Wales.—*Philadelphia Ledger*