Romance of the Telegraph.

A great deal of romance hovers round the means by which the world's news is gathered. The speed and accuracy with which messages are transmitted between the uttermost parts of the earth is marvelous when the conditions under which they are sometimes transmitted are considered. The Indo-European line offers a good illustration. It runs from London to Lowestoft on the east coast of England. It then dips under the sea to Emden, on the German coast, where it passes right through Germany to the Russian frontier. From this point the wire passes by way of Warsaw, Rowno, Odesse, the Caucasus and Tiflis, to Persia, and by Tauris to Teheran, the capital of the Shah's dominions. There it joins the Indian government line, which runs from the Persian capital to Bushire on the Persian gulf. Thence the wires run through Beloochistan, and complete the route by connecting Kurrachee, north India. The operation of this immense stretch of line, passing through countries of such varying climates and characteristics, is one of much difficulty.

On the snow-swept steppes of Russia the wires are often snapped like thread by the rapid flight of flocks of wild geese. The poles are cut down and made into firewood by the nomad tribes of the Caucasian districts, and the cunning innkeepers of Georgia seek to mend their post-horse trade by deliberately creating faults in the wires. In the mountainous regions of Asia the maintenance of the solitary line involves much personal risk and hardship to the staff hands. Communication is often cut off by a snowfall of five or six feet in a night. These mountain stations are provisioned with several months' supplies before the winter sets in, as the staff will be in touch with the rest of the world by the wire only until the spring weather opens out the passes. In these supplies is always included a liberal allowance of books and tobacco wherewith to relieve the monotony of the tedious winter exile.

A Chance for Students.

The managing committee of the American School of Classical Studies, Athens, will offer for the year 1896-97 two fellowships, as follows: A fellowship of $600, established by the managing committee; a fellowship of $500, given by the Archeological Institute of America; a fellowship of $500 for study of Christian archeology, contributed by friends of the school. The holders of these fellowships will be enrolled as regular members of the school and will be required to pursue studies, under the supervision of the directors of the school, for the full school year of ten months, beginning Oct. 15, 1896. The fellowships are open to bachelors of arts of American colleges.

Knowledge and Observation.

A field naturalist is one who supplements the knowledge acquainted by study, by actual observation. The term implies acquaintance with the habits of animals, as well as with their anat-

SATAN IN HARNESS.

A Giant Georgia Negro Does the Work of a Mule.

"Satan at last in harness" should not be construed as meaning that the cloven hoof individual who figures most conspicuously in Dante's Inferno has been suddenly halted in his travels to and fro on this earth. The Satan here referred to is Sam Satan, a giant negro, of Dougherty County, Georgia, who allowed himself to be hitched to a plow and did the work of his deceased mule. Sam had owned a mouse-colored mule for a number of years, but hard work had hurried it to the bone factory, and money was not plentiful with Sam, and just how he should do the plowing in his field worried him very much. He saw nothing else to do but to take the mule's place in the harness, and let his wife do the driving. For one whole summer Sam assumed the role of a

SAM SATAN IN THE PLOW.

mule, and did the work in a masterly manner that created jealousy among the mules of the county.

Satan is seven feet tall and as strong as an ox, and has the reputation of being the Samson of Georgia. One of his feats that attracted especial attention was where he picked up four men, each weighing about 150 pounds. Putting one on each shoulder and taking one on each arm, he walked off down the street as easily as an ordinary man would carry a 50-pound sack of flour. Stooping down and catching a medium-sized man by the back of the coat collar with his teeth, he lifted him from the ground and walked across the street with him with as much ease as the average man would carry a meerschaum pipe in his mouth. He never wears a hat except when he comes to town, as he fears it will shorten his hair, and his shoes are always out at the toes, his feet being too long for any ready-made pair. Sam's employer has a standing wager of $100 that he (Sam) can pull more than any team of horses in the surrounding country. His real name is Sam Williams. He was given the name of Sam Satan when he was a boy on account of his many mischievous pranks, and he is now known by that name and no other.

The Law of Growth.

Dr. Charles Sedgewick Minot, professor of histology and embryology in the Harvard medical school, backs up his theory of the law of growth by the results of several years of observations upon guinea pigs, dogs, rabbits, ferrets, and other small animals, as well as Boston school children. He says that in all growing animal organisms, from the period of birth to death there is a steady loss of the power to grow, contrary to the general belief that this loss begins later in life. The body develops all the time, but the power to keep up that develoument steadily decreases after birth, and it decreases much more rapidly at first than later in life. A guinea pig two days old will gain 10 per cent. of its weight in the next two days. But the twenty-fifth addition of 10 per cent. to its weight will take the pig eighty-eight days. The law is the same with animals and man.

Fog Horns.

In a communication to the French Academy of Sciences an explanation is given of some of the hitherto unaccountable phenomena pertaining to gor horns. It has been found in regard to acoustic signals, or sirens, that they are surrounded by a neutral zone in which the sound is not heard at the sea level—a zone more or less distant, according to the height of the siren on the coast—and it has a mean width of about 8,400 feet. On the nearer side of this zone the sound is of course heard perfectly, but when it is traversed the sound weakens gradually until it becomes scarcely perceptible, when it increases again, and, on the zone being left behind, the sound resumes its full intensity. Experiments have been made on this line with a steam vessel, by causing it to approach or recede from a lightship in different directions and in a straight line. In each course, according to the account published, the sound was deadened almost completely in a zone whose central line was about 15,000 feet from the siren.

BEND LOW AND HARK.

Bend low and hark with me, my dear,
How the winds sigh!
A voice is on them that I fear—
It brings the bygone days so near,
Like a soul's cry.

Those whom we bury out of sight,
How still they lie!
Beyond the reaches of the light,
Outside the realm of day and night—
Do they not die?

Shall we unbar the long closed door,
You, dear, or I?
Could love be what it was before
If we should call them back once more
And they reply?

Would they life's largess claim again?
They draw too nigh?
O winds, be still! You shall not pain
My heart with that long hushed refrain
As you sweep by.

The dead have had their shining day—
Why should they try
To listen to the words we say,
To breathe their blight upon our May?
Yet the winds sigh.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

HE CRACKS A WHIP.

But He Is a Phenomenal Artist In the Use of the Lash.

A decided sensation has been created in Vienna by a man who probably stands alone in the world in his particular line of performance. This gentleman's name is Piskslug, and he is an Austro-Hungarian by birth. He is an expert, or, rather, a phenomenal artist, in the use of the whip.

The first thing he does is to take a long lashed, stout handled whip in each hand, and, with orchestral accompaniment, proceed to crack or snap them at a terrific rate. The sound made by his whips in this manner is graduated from a noise like a rifle report to the soft click of a billiard ball. It makes a curious sort of music and serves to show how he can regulate the force of each stroke.

More interest, however, is evinced when he seizes a vicious looking whip with an abnormally long lash. It is provided with a very heavy handle of medium length. This is his favorite toy, and what he can do with it is really wonderful. He first gives an idea of what fearful force there lies in a whip lash in the hands of an expert.

A large frame, over which is stretched a calf or sheep skin, is brought on the stage. This is marked with dots of red paint. The man with the whip steps up, and, swinging the lash round his head, lets fly at the calfskin. With every blow he actually pulls a piece right out from the leather, leaving a clean cut hole.

These pieces are distributed among the audience to show that there is no trickery about the performance. After this he takes a frame with three shelves. On these there are a dozen or more of medium sized apples lying very close together and provided with large numbers. Any one in the audience may designate which apple he wishes struck, and the unerring lash snatches it out like a flash.

A still more difficult feat is the snapping of coins from a narrow necked bottle. A piece of silver about the size of half a crown is put over the cork of the bottle, which stands on the edge of a table. The whip artist, without appearing to take any sort of aim, sends the long lash whizzing through the air and picks off the coin without jarring the bottle, much less breaking it.—Vienna Letter.

She Didn't Want Them to Fight.

I was going along a bridle path in West Virginia when I heard a young man and a young woman talking earnestly:

"I don't want yo' all to fout," said the girl.

"But yo' done promised to marry the one thet whopped," remonstrated her escort.

"I don't keer. I didn't think no way."

"Well, maybe neither of us'll get shot."

"I don't keer."

"If one got killed, you'd marry t'other?"

"Yaas."

"An if both got killed thar's plenty more wants yo'."

"Yaas; thar's Sam, an I think a heap of Sam. But that ain't it. S'posin one gits killed and t'other gits crippled so he kain't tote water from the spring. You've both done promised to tote the water if I marry yo'. Kain't yo' all play keards, fer I kain't abide to marry a cripple nohow, an I'd be bound if yo' all had the fout."

"Well, I'll see Tom, but I'm afeard he kin beat me at keards, but I kin outshoot him sho'."—Philadelphia Times.

How Sand Hills Grow.

A sand hill is not "made" so much as planted. Wherever a patch of "marrum grass" takes root, there the sand blown from the great bank gathers round it. As the sand spreads, the grass grows through it, until the hard dry blades form the nucleus of thousands of tons of "hills." Near Holkham bay there lay not 40 years ago a wet "lake" inside the high sand. There the "gunners" used to hide for curlew, digging holes and filling them with "marrum grass" to make them dry and comfortable. This grass took root, the sand gathered round, and where the "lake" lay is now a tumultuous mass of rounded hillocks, rising 20 feet above high water level—built by the "marrum grass" from the surplus driftings of the mighty sand.—London Spectator.

Made Them Cry.

Talker—When I lectured, there was not a dry eye in the audience.

Walker—Indeed, and what was your subject?

Talker—I had been addressing a school of cookery and giving a practical illustration of how to peel an onion.—London Tit-Bits.

The juggle of sophistry consists, for the most part, in using a word in one sense in the premises and in another sense in the conclusion.—Coleridge.

Cincinnati makes every year over $150,000,000 worth of goods.

"JOCK."

The Shepherd Collie Which Saved Twenty-five Horses.

When Mr. Leicht, of the Paepcke-Leicht Lumber Company, paid $25 for Jock, a Scotch collie, he little thought the dog would pay for itself a hundred times over and save property worth $3,000. Such, however, is the fact, and had it not been for the sagacity of Jock twenty-five horses belonging to Mr. Leicht's firm would have lost their lives in the fire which partially destroyed its lumber-yard on Tuesday night. The horses were in a stable in the rear of the building in which the fire was discovered, and though the night watchman cut their halters they would not leave the building. Jock seemed to understand the situation, and, rushing into the stalls, drove the animals out one by one. He barked and bit at the heels of the frightened animals, and did better work than a score of men. One of the animals after he was outside ran back into the burning stable and was followed by Jock. But the efforts of the dog were of no avail; the horse was "fire mad" and was burned to death.

Jock is four years old and is the nightly companion of Watchman Arndt. The dog discovered the fire and by barking attracted the attention of the watchman. When his work of rescue was complete he took up a position by the yard gate, and neither streams of water nor showers of sparks would dislodge him from his place.

Jock is of pure Scotch breed, and, according to his owner, Tuesday night's occurrence was not the first exhibition of intelligence above the ordinary. Several times he has driven suspicious characters away from the yards, and woe to the tramp who tries to turn a lumber pile into a lodging-house.—Chicago Tribune.

No man is really unlucky unless he can make a train late by going to the depot to wait for it.

EDEN'S FLOWERS AND THORNS.

In this beautiful season of flowering green, when the air is balmy and the sunlight golden, it seems a pity that anything should enter into this Eden of ours to mar its pleasures and blight its joy, but so it is ordained; man has his heritage, and it is even doubtful—if all of life were a scene of pleasure—whether we could possibly enjoy it. The birds come and sing, and the birds sing and go. Rheumatism comes also. It comes from exposure to the dampness of the nights and mornings, to the sudden change of temperature, and it certainly goes, as thousands know, by the prompt use of St. Jacobs Oil, which is a complete and perfect cure. It is well, therefore, while we enjoy all these seasonable delights, not to be without this great remedy for pain, and to have it ready, more because we are the more liable at this season than any other to suffer from such attacks.

Little Bess—We're going to play keeping house. I'll be mamma and Willy will be papa. I'd let you be papa, only you tr at the dollies so mean. Little Tommy Harlem—Shucks! I don't care. I'll be janitor!

Skidds—Did she say it was so sudden when you asked her to marry you? Askin—Of course she didn't. She was a widow.

Likely to Pay an Account.

Hicks—I'm in hard luck.

Wicks—How so?

Hicks—Why, here's a money order that I've just got for $20, and the only man in town that can identify me to the money order clerk is one that I owe $30 to.—Somerville Journal.

The first trapdoor was made by a species of African spider which has its nest in the ground, and closes the entrance by means of a trapdoor opening outwardly and covered with bits of earth and grass in order to escape observation.

N. P. N. U. No. 650.—S. F. N. U. No. 727