LIVED WITHOUT A BRAIN.

Human Paradox, Who Has Been a Mystery to Physicians.

A Williamsport man has surprised the scientists by living for years without a brain, claims the Wilkesbarre (P.) Record. John Ely, aged 23 years, who died recently, had suffered for a long time with a tumor, which grew into the very base of the brain, and occasioned his death. The growth had a visible effect upon his brain, and the case became a curiosity to the medical profession. The tumor was imbedded too deeply into the brain tissue to admit of an operation. It was found that the tumor was nearly as large as a billiard ball. It was so located as to demoralize the nerves of the sight center, and as a consequence young Ely was blind for over three years.

It was developed at the autopsy that the entire brain had been hollowed out by the action of the tumor. The cavity was at least five inches in length, and was filled with pus. All that was left of the brain was a thin shell, composed of the tougher tissues, which were less susceptible to the process of decay. When an incision was made in the shell the whole mass collapsed.

The circumstance which made the case almost unprecedented in the annals of medical science was the manner in which the patient retained his rationality and faculties under the circumstances. He had the senses of touch, taste, hearing and smell, had very tolerable control of his locomotor muscles, could talk and, in fact, was comparatively discommoded in no other way than by the loss of vision. His retention of memory was remarkable. He was able to memorize poems up to within two weeks of his death.

BORROWED FROM BYZANTIUM.

Russian Coronation Ceremonies Closely Resemble Those of the Old Empire.

Only those who have studied Byzantine history can have any idea of how closely the ceremonial of the Moscow coronation resembles, even in its minutest details, that which used to be observed at the coronation of the Byzantine emperors, says the London Chronicle. Although the Russian church did not separate from that of Rome until the twelfth century—that is, nearly 400 years later than the schism of Photius, which rent the western and eastern churches asunder—nevertheless it retained its oriental rite. In 1184 a Russian commission arrived in Byzantium to study the etiquette and ceremonial, ecclesiastical and profane, of the court and church of that capital. On their return to their native country a great change took place in the national costume, architecture and ceremonial. When Moscow became the sacred city par excellence of the empire the kremlin was rebuilt on the same lines as the Blachernae palace, on the land walls of Constantinople. Like its Greek model, it consists of a series of halls and apartments—kiosks, as the Turks call them—linked together by gardens and interspersed with scores of churches and monasteries, the whole surrounded by a wall and entered by strongly fortified gates, above which were icons of the virgin and saints. Burnt down early in the century, it has been rebuilt in plainer architecture, but on the same Byzantine plan.

POLLY WORRIED THE NURSE.

Learned to Cry Just Like the Baby Did.

A nurse at Broomhill complains that she has a difficulty with a parrot, says the Weekly Telegraph. Polly's cage is in the nursery and she has learned to imitate baby's voice when crying with wonderful accuracy. One afternoon recently the baby's mother came running into the nursery because she heard the wailing cry, not of one, but of two babies. Baby was crying as though his heart would break, and Polly, on her perch in the cage, was sobbing a doleful accompaniment, while nurse alternately soothed the one and scolded the other.

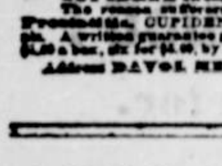
"It's that dratted parrot, ma'am," she said. "She's that aggravatin'. Just because I won't give her a lump of sugar she starts crying like a child and that sets baby off, so that they fair worrit my life out between them."

"Give me the child," said the mistress, scarce able to repress a smile at nurse's distress, and as she went along the passage she heard the girl say:

"Oh, you are an aggravatin' insect if there ever was. Give over crying, can't you?" And in reply Polly sobbed louder than ever, so that the cage was shaken with the violence of her woe.

Tremendous Odds.

The biggest bet on record, according to G. R. Sims, was made a few years back by a young American who was assistant at "a main" held in the grounds of a notorious young sporting marquis now deceased. One bird was badly crippled and the other was fighting with terrible force. "Twenty thousand to a pinch of snuff on that one," said the young American millionaire, which was taken. The American won. —Chicago Chronicle.



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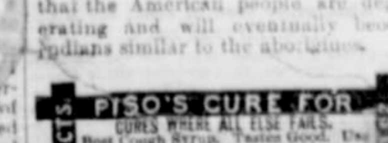

[illegible] to leave [illegible] whatever on the occasion.

Professor F. A. Starr of the University of Chicago, has concluded after an extended investigation of the case, that the American people are degenerating and will eventually become Indians similar to the aborigines.

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Then, sitting on the arm of his chair, she darted a violet ray of half reproach and half mischievousness into his amused and retrospective eyes. "There used to be room for two in that chair, Klarus."

The use of the old childish diminutive for his name seemed to him as natural as her familiarity, and he moved a little sideways to make room for her with an instinct of pleasure, but the same sense of irresponsibility that had characterized his reflections. Nevertheless, he looked critically into the mischievous eyes and said, quietly:

"Where is your husband?"

There was no trace of embarrassment, apology or even of consciousness in her pretty face, as she replied, passing her hand lightly through his hair:

"O, Jim?—I've packed him off!"

"Packed him off!" echoed Clarence, slightly astonished.

"Yes—to Fair Plains—full tilt after your wife's buggy. You see, Clarence, after the old cat—that's your wife, please—left, I wanted to make sure she had gone, and wasn't hangin' round to lead you off again, with your leg tied to her apron string, like a chicken's! No!—I said to Jim: 'Just you ride after her until you see she's safe and sound in the down coach from Fair Plains, without her knowin' it, and if she's inclined to hang back or wobble any, you post back here and let me know!' I told him I would stay and look after you, to see you didn't bolt, too!" She laughed and then added: "But I didn't think I should fall into the old ways so soon, and have such a nice time. Did you, Clarence?"

She looked so irresponsible sitting there with her face near his, and so childishly or perhaps thoughtlessly happy, that he could only admire her levity, and even the slight shock that her flippant allusion to his wife had given him seemed to him only a weakness of his own. After all was not hers the true philosophy? Why should not these bright eyes see things more clearly than his own? Nevertheless, with his eyes still fixed upon them, he continued:

"And Jim was willing to go?"

She stopped, with her fingers still lifting a lock of his hair. "Why, yes, you silly—why shouldn't he? I'd like to see him refuse. Why, Lord, Jim will do anything I ask him." She put down the lock of hair, and suddenly looking full into his eyes said: "That's just the difference between him and me and you and—that woman!"

"Then you love him?"

"About as much as you love her," she said, with an unaffected laugh, "only he don't wind me around his finger."

No doubt she was right, for all her thoughtlessness, and yet he was going to fight about that woman to-morrow! No!—he forgot—he was going to fight Capt. Pinckney because he was like her!

Susy had put her finger on the crease between his brows which this supposition had made, and tried to rub it out.

"You know it as well as I do, Clarence," she said, with a pretty wrinkling of her own brows, which was her nearest approach to thoughtfulness. "You know you never really liked her, only you thought her ways were grander and more proper than mine, and you know you were always a little bit of a snob and a prig, too, dear boy! And Mrs. Peyton was—bless my soul!—a Benham, and a planter's daughter, and I—I was only a picked-up orphan! That's where Jim is better than you. Now, sit still, goosey!—even if I don't like him as much. O, I know what you're always thinking—you're thinking we're both exaggerated and theatrical—ain't you? Don't you think it's a heap better to be exaggerated and theatrical about things that are just sentimental and romantic than to be so awfully possessed and overcome about things that are only real? There, you needn't stare at me so. It's true! You've had your fill of grandeur and propriety, and—here you are! And," she added, with a little chuckle, as she tucked up her feet and leaned a little closer to him, "here's me!"

He did not speak, but his arm quite unconsciously passed around her small waist. "You see, Clarence," she went on, with equal unconsciousness of the act, "you ought never to have let me go—never! You ought to have kept me here, or run away with me. And you oughtn't to have tried to make me proper. And you oughtn't to have driven me to flirt with that horrid Spaniard, and you oughtn't to have been so horribly cold and severe when I did. And you oughtn't to have made me take up with Jim, who was the only one who thought me his equal. I might have been very silly and capricious; I might have been very vain, but my vanity isn't a bit worse than your pride—my love of praise and applause in the theater isn't a bit more horrid than your fears of what people might think of you or me. That's gospel truth, isn't it, Clarence? Tell me! Don't look that way and this—look at me! I ain't poisonous, Clarence. Why, one of your cheeks is redder than the other, Clarence—that's the one that's turned from me. Come," she went on, taking the lapels of his coat between her hands, and half shaking him, half drawing him nearer her bright face. "Tell me—isn't it true?"

"I was thinking of you just now when I fell asleep, Susy," he said. He did not know why he said it; he had not intended to tell her—he had only meant to avoid a direct answer to her question, yet even now he went on. "And I thought of you when I was out there in the rose garden waiting to come in here."

"You did?" she said, drawing in her breath. A wave of delicate pink color came up to her very eyes—it seemed to him as quickly and as innocently as when she was a girl. "And what did you think, Klarus?" she half whispered—"tell me!"

He did not speak, but answered her blue eyes, and then her lips, as her arms slipped quite naturally around his neck.

The dawn was breaking as Clarence and Jim Hooker emerged together from the gate of the casa. Mr. Hooker looked [illegible] He had found, after his return from Fair Plains, that his host had an engagement in Santa Inez, and he insisted upon rising to see him on [illegible] with difficulty, indeed, that Clar[illegible] burglar, when [illegible] his accompanying the store shot the officer [illegible] to Susy [illegible] back of the head. [illegible] of his journey, nor did Hooker evidently expect it, yet when he had mounted his horse, he hesitated for an instant—but without extending his hand.

"If I should happen to be detained," he began with a half smile.

But Jim was struggling with a yawn. "Tha's all righ'—don't mind us," he said, stretching his arms. Clarence's hesitating hand dropped to his side, and with a light, reckless laugh and a half sense of providential relief, he galloped away.

What happened immediately thereafter, during his solitary ride to Santa Inez, looking back upon it in after years, seemed but a confused recollection, more like a dream. The long stretches of vague distance gradually opening clearer with the rising sun in an unclouded sky, the meeting with a few early or belated travelers and his unconscious avoidance of them, as if they might know of his object, the black shadows of foreshortened cattle rising before him on the plain and arousing the same uneasy sensation of their being waylaying men; the wondering recognition of houses and landmarks he had long been familiar with, his purposeless attempts to recall the circumstances in which he had known them—all these were like a dream. So, too, were the recollections of the night before, the episode with Susy, already mingled and blended with the memory of their previous past, his futile attempts to look forward to the future, always, however, abandoned with relief at the thought that the next few hours might make them unnecessary. So, also, was the sudden realization that Santa Inez was before him, when he had thought he was not yet half way there, and as he dismounted before the courthouse his singular feeling—followed, however, by no fear of distress—that he had come so early to the rendezvous that he was not yet quite prepared for it.

This same sense of unreality pervaded his meeting with the deputy sheriff; the news that the federal judge had, as was expected, dismissed the prisoners on their own recognizance, and that Capt. Pinckney was at the hotel at breakfast. In the like abstract manner he replied to the one or two questions of the deputy, exhibited the pistols he had brought with him and finally accompanied him to a little meadow hidden by trees below the hotel, where the other principal and his seconds were awaiting them. And here he awoke!—clear-eyed, keen, forceful and intense!

So stimulated were his faculties that his sense of hearing in its acuteness took in every word of the conversation between the seconds, a few paces distant. He heard his adversary's second say carelessly to the deputy sheriff: "I presume this is a case where there will be no apology or mediation," and the deputy's reply: "I reckon my man means business, but he seems a little queer." He heard the other second laugh and say lightly: "They're apt to be so when it's their first time," followed by the more anxious aside of the other second as the deputy turned away: "Yes, but by G—d I don't like his looks!" His sense of sight was also so acute that having lost the choice of position, when the coin was tossed and being turned with his face to the sun, even through its glare he saw with unerring distinctness of outline the black-coated figure of his opponent moved into range, saw the perfect outline of his features, and how the easy, supercilious smile as he threw away his cigar appeared to drop out of his face with a kind of vacant awe as he faced him. He felt his nerves become as steel as the countering began, and at the word "three" knew he had fired by the recoil of the pistol in his leveled hand simultaneously with its utterance. And at the same moment, still standing like a rock, he saw his adversary miserably collapse, his legs grotesquely curving inward under him, without even the dignity of death in his fall, and so sink helplessly like a felled bull to the ground. Still erect, and lowering only the muzzle of his pistol, as a thin feather of smoke curled up its shining side, he saw the doctor and seconds run quickly to the heap, try to lift its limp impotence into shape, and let it drop again with the words: "Right through the forehead, by G—d!"

"You've done for him," said the deputy, turning to Clarence with a singular look of curiosity, "and I reckon you'd better get out of this mighty quick! They didn't expect it—they're just ragin', they may round on you—and"—he added more slowly—"they seem to have just found out who you are!"

Even while he was speaking, Clarence with his quickened ears heard the words, "one of Hamilton Brant's pups." "Just like his father," from the group around the dead man. He did not hesitate but walked coolly toward them. Yet a certain fierce pride—which he had never known before—stirred in his veins, as their voices hushed and they half recoiled before him.

"Am I to understand from my second, gentlemen," he said, looking around the group, "that you are not satisfied?"

"The fight was square enough," said Pinckney's second, in some embarrassment, "but I reckon that he"—pointing to the dead man—"did not know who you were?"

"Do you mean that he did not know that I was the son of a man proficient in the use of arms?"

"I reckon that's about it," returned the second, glancing at the others.

"I am glad to say, sir, that I have a better opinion of his courage," said Clarence, lifting his hat to the dead body, as he turned away.

Yet he was conscious of no remorse, concern or even pity in his act. Perhaps this was visible in his face, for the group appeared awed by this perfection of the duelist's coolness, and even returned his formal parting salutation with a vague and timid respect. He thanked the deputy, regained the hotel, saddled his horse and galloped away.

But not toward the rancho. Now that he could think of his future, that had no place in his reflections; even the episode of Susy was forgotten in the new and strange conceptions of himself and his irresponsibility which had come upon him with the killing of Pinckney and the words of his second. It was his dead father who had stiffened his arm and directed the fatal shot! It was the hereditary influence—which others had been so quick to recognize—that had brought about this completing climax of his trouble. How else could he account for it that he, a conscientious, peaceful, sensitive man, tender and forgiving as he believed himself to be, could now feel so little sorrow or compunction for his culminating act? He had read of successful duelists who were haunted by remorse for their first victim; who retained a terrible consciousness of the appearance of the dead man; he had no such feeling; he had only a grim contentment in the wiped out inefficient life, and contempt for the limp and helpless body. He suddenly recalled the callousness as a boy,

"You've done for him," said the deputy.

when face to face with the victims of the Indian massacre his sense of fastidious superciliousness in the discovery of the body of Susy's mother—surely it was the cold blood of his father influencing him ever thus. What had he to do with affection, with domestic happiness, with the ordinary ambitions of man's life, whose blood was frozen at its source! Yet even with this very thought came once more the old inconsistent tenderness he had as a boy lavished upon the almost unknown and fugitive father who had forsaken his childish companionship, and remembered him only by secret gifts. He remembered how he had worshiped him even while the pious padres at San Jose were endeavoring to eliminate this terrible poison from his blood and combat his hereditary instinct in his conflicts with his school fellows. And it was a part of his inconsistency that, riding away from the scene of his first bloodshed, his eyes were dimmed with moisture, not for the victim, but for the one being whom he believed had impelled him to the act.

This and more was in his mind during his long ride to Fair Plains, his journey by coach to Embascadero, his midnight passage across the dark waters of Francisco—but what should be his future was still unsettled.

As he wound around the crest of Russian hill and looked down again upon the awakened city he was startled to see that it was fluttering and streaming with bunting! From every public building and hotel; from the roofs of private houses, and even the windows of lonely dwellings flapped and waved the striped and starry banner. The steady breath of the sea carried it out from masts and yards of ships at their wharves—from the battlements of the forts at Alcatez and Yerba Buena. He remembered that the ferrymen had told him that the news from Fort Sumter had swept the city with a convulsion of patriotic sentiment, and that there was no doubt that the state was saved to the union. He looked down upon it with haggard and bewildered eyes—and then a strange gasp and fullness of his throat! For afar a solitary bugle had blow—the "reveille" at Fort Alcatrez!

PART II.
CHAPTER I.

Night at last, and the stir and tumult of a great night over. Even the excitement that had swept this portion of the battlefield—only a small section of a vaster area of struggle—into which a brigade had marched held its own, been beaten back, recovered its ground, and pursuing, had passed out of it forever, leaving only its dead behind and knowing nothing more of that struggle than its own impact and momentum—even this wild excitement had long since evaporated with the stinging smoke of gunpowder, the acrid smell of burning rags from the clothing of a dead soldier fired by a bursting shell, or the heated reek of sweat and leather. A cool breath, that seemed to bring back once more the odor of the upturned earthworks along the now dumb line of battle, began to move from the suggestive darkness beyond.

But into that awful penetralia of death and silence there was now no invasion—there had been no retreat. A few of the wounded had been brought off under fire, but the others had been left with the dead for the morning light and succor. For it was known that in that horrible obscurity riderless horses, frantic with the smell of blood, galloped wildly here and there, or, maddened by wounds, plunged furiously at the intruder, that the wounded soldier, still armed, could not always distinguish friend from foe or from the ghouls of camp followers who stripped the dead in the darkness, and struggled with the dying. A shot or two heard somewhere in that obscurity counted as nothing with the long fusillade that had swept it in the daytime; the passing of a single life, more or less, amounted to little in the long rollcall of the day's slaughter.

But with the first beams of the morning sun—and the slowly moving "relief detail" from the camp—came a weird half resurrection of that ghastly field. Then it was that the long rays of sunlight, streaming many a mile beyond the battle line, first pointed out the harvest of the dead where the reserves had been posted. There they lay in heaps and piles, killed by solid shot or bursting shells that had leaped the battle line to plunge into the waiting ranks beyond. As the sun lifted higher its beams fell within the range of musketry fire where the dead lay thicker—even as they had fallen when killed outright—with arms extended, and feet at all angles to the field. As it touched these dead upturned faces, strangely enough it brought out no expression of pain nor anguish, but rather as if death had arrested them only with surprise and awe. It revealed on the lips of those who had been mortally wounded and had turned upon their side the relief which death had brought their suffering, sometimes even with a smile. Mounting higher, it glanced upon the actual battle line, curiously curving for the shelter of walls, fences and breastworks—and here the dead lay, even as when they had lain and fired, their faces prone in the grass, but their muskets still resting across the breastworks. Exposed to grape and canister from the battery on the ridge, death had come to them mercifully also—through the head and throat. And now the whole field lay bare in the sunlight—broken with grotesque shadows cast from sitting, crouching, half-recumbent, but always rigid, figures, that might have been effigies of their own monuments. One half-kneeling soldier, with head bowed between his stiffened hands, might have stood for a carven figure of grief at the feet of his dead comrade. A captain shot through the brain in the act of mounting a wall lay sideways half across it, his lips parted with the word of command, and the sword still pointing over the barrier the way that they should go.

But it was not until the sun had mounted higher that it struck the central horror of the field and seemed to linger there in dazzling persistence, now and then returning to it in startling flashes, that it might be seen of men and those who brought succor. A tiny brook had run obliquely near the battle line. It was here that the night before the battle friend and foe had filled their canteens side by side with soldierly recklessness, or perhaps a higher instinct, purposely ignoring each other's presence; it was here that the wounded had afterwards crept, crawled and dragged themselves, here they had pushed, wrangled, striven and fought for a draft of that precious fluid which assuaged the thirst of their wounds—or happily put them out of their misery forever; here, overborne, crushed, suffocated by numbers, pouring their own blood into the flood and tumbling after it with their helpless bodies, they dammed the stream, until, recoiling, red and angry, it had burst its banks and overflowed the cotton field in a brave pool now sparkling in the sunlight. But below this human dam—a mile away—where the brook still crept sluggishly, the ambulance horses sniffed and started from it.

The detail moved on slowly, doing their work expeditiously and apparently callously, but really only with that mechanical movement that saves emotion. Only once were they moved to an outbreak of indignation—the discovery of the body of an officer whose pockets were turned inside out, but whose hand was still tightly grasped on his buttoned waistcoat, as if resisting the outrage that had been done while still in life. As the men disengaged the stiffened hand, something slipped from the waistcoat to the ground. The corporal picked it up and handed it to his officer. It was a sealed packet. The officer received it with the carelessness which long experience of those pathetic missives from the dying to their living relations had induced, and dropped it in the pocket of his tunic, with the half dozen others that he had picked up that morning, and moved on with the detail. A little further on they halted in the attitude of attention as a mounted officer appeared riding slowly down the line.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The annual convention of public school teachers in California met at San Jose during the [illegible] furnished a

BRAVE AND COOL.

A Philadelphia Tenement-House Fire Develops a Young Heroine.

In January last a Philadelphia tenement house was burned. Two men were killed and several persons were badly injured, while others escaped in an almost miraculous manner. The fourth floor was occupied by the family of Joseph Zellers. The father and mother seem to have been absent, but the five children were at home. All were saved through the bravery and coolness of the oldest of them, a girl of 16, whose conduct is briefly described by the Record:

Jenny Zellers was dressing the children, the youngest a mere babe, when a cloud of smoke came into the room and at the same time the frantic cries of those below reached her ears.

Hastily opening the door, she saw the flames leaping up the stairway toward her. Never hesitating, she closed the door, and calling the children together forced them up a ladder and through a trap-door to the roof. They were elevated high above the surrounding buildings, and below them the flames were roaring with terrible fury.

Still retaining her presence of mind, the brave girl dropped her brother, a lad of 14, to the roof of the house to the south. It was a fall of ten feet, but the boy landed safely, and then the girl braved the fire in her doomed home to secure a quantity of bedding.

This she threw to her brother, who arranged it on the roof, and then, one by one, she dropped the other children. The infant she took in her arms and leaped with it in safety to the bedding. Next she broke a skylight in the roof to which all had escaped, and lowering the children through it, they all reached the street.

AN HONORABLE VEGETABLE.

The Onion Has Its Admirers—The Anaconda (Mont.) Onion Society.

The nutritious and wholesome onion occasionally finds its vindicators. At the thriving Montana city of Anaconda there is a dining club called the Anaconda Onion society. Its first feast was recently given with distinguished success.

Down the center of the hall says the Anaconda Standard, was set a long table, with cover for all the guests. At each plate was a large and juicy onion; in the middle of the table was an array of meats, bread, fruit-crackers, cheese and other things.

At one end of the hall floated the standard of the club in proud conspicuousness. It consisted of a pole surmounted by a string of the vegetables from which the society takes its name. On the wall hung the motto, beautifully wrought:

IN ONION THERE IS STRENGTH.

Each member wore a pretty boutonnier of little onions. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by all the participants and the society hopes to do much to restore the onion to the honor and esteem of the world.

In Montana, as well as on the whole of the Pacific slope, the onion attains a deliciousness of quality which is comparatively unknown on the eastern side of the continent. If the people of the east could have onions as good as those of Montana and California, it is possible that the Anaconda Onion society might find imitators in the east.

A Man with Hopes.

Near midnight the other evening I sat down on one of the seats of the Thames embankment when a ragamuffin began pestering me for a penny. After I had given him sixpence I said: "You must go hungry for a long time?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you seldom sleep in a bed?"

"Very seldom."

"And your clothes are badly out at the elbows?"

"I need a new suit, sir."

"On the whole, you haven't much to live for, I take it?"

"Not very much, sir, and if it wasn't for my hopes I'd take a header into the river."

"What hopes have you?"

"Well, sir, I'll put your tenner with nine bob more on the races to-morrow, and if I win I'll sit down to a champagne supper and buy myself a box of Havana cigars. That's what I hope for, sir, and I thank you and good night."

I shouted at him to come back with my coin, but he vanished in the gloom in the direction of Blackfriars bridge.—Pearson's Weekly.

KAISER AS AN INVENTOR.

Devises a System of Fastenings for Doors in Men-of-War.

The latest capacity in which the German emperor has chosen to reveal himself, says the New York Times, is that of an inventor of a new system of fastenings for watertight doors in men-of-war. He turned up in the harbor of Syracuse recently in the Hohenzollern, and the officers of the British cruiser Astroea, which happened to be lying there, were not a little astonished soon after to see him approaching their vessel in a steam launch, attired in the panoply of a British admiral. He inspected the Astroea minutely and then carried off the captain to the Hohenzollern. After entertaining him royally he took him down into the engine room and there pointed out a watertight door in one of the bulkheads, which, he said, he had invented himself and expected to see imitated generally. The door was of the kind known technically as a "clipped door"—that is, it is secured when shut by means of short lever catches which are called "clips." In the English service as many as a dozen of these clips are often used to secure one door. The improvement claimed by the emperor is that instead of having to work the clips singly, thus involving several operations, he can, by an arrangement of levers, work them simultaneously in one operation only. Provided the mechanism is not too complicated and likely to get out of order, the invention seems to be one of considerable practical value, the manifest objection being that if the lever happens to be out of order at a critical moment all the clips and the door would be useless.

A TIN MINE IN PERAK.

Primitive Methods That Seem Sufficient for the Purpose.

We came to the edge of the mine, or paddock, as it is called, which, after all is nothing but a broad open pit with sloping sides and perhaps some 40 or 50 feet in depth; a poor thing in the eyes of anyone expecting shafts and machinery and the elaboration of western methods, but sufficient for its purpose, as Chinese methods are apt to be, says Macmillan's Magazine.

Three hundred men clad in loose blue coats and drawers and plaited sun hats three feet across are digging up the pay dirt at the bottom of the pit with great hoes and putting it on flat wicker baskets; others catch up the baskets, sling one at each end of a yoke and, balancing the load across the shoulder, they carry them up to the level ground (vibrating in time with their steps) by narrow tree trunks, notched with footholes, which are placed at short intervals athwart the sloping sides of the pit.

Having gained the higher level, they throw down their burdens by the wash boxes and descend by other bridges at a steady trot in a silent, orderly and unbroken stream. The men at the wash boxes, which are long, sloping troughs of wood, throw in the dirt and by raking it back and back under a nicely regulated flow of water they separate the black tin sand from the spoil and shovel it into tubs ready for the smelting house, while the spoil is flung down the slope of the hither side of the paddock.

MOUNT RORAIMA.

Strangest Freak of Mountain Building in the World.

Among the many objects of interest that have been brought to light by the Anglo-Venezuelan dispute there is perhaps none that claims so much attention from the scientific world as the so-called mountain of Roraima. Situated in the southwestern corner of Sir Robert Schomburgk's alleged boundary between Guiana and Venezuela, this wonderful geographical phenomenon, although long known, has elicited but little interest. In point of fact, however, it is a veritable scientific sphinx. This stupendous mountain, or isolated tableland, which the native Indians call Roraima, or the "mysterious," rises high in solitary grandeur above the surrounding mountain system, its perpendicular rocky sides rendering it absolutely inaccessible to the foot of man or beast.

Crowning this impregnable fortress of nature is a tract of territory estimated to contain upward of 140 square miles. Unlike other inaccessible mountain summits of the world, this elevated region is no mere wilderness of snow-capped ridges. On the contrary, all the indications, including the positive evidence of the telescope, point to its being covered with forests, intersected with rivers fed from lakes, and to its possessing a climate that must, in the nature of things, be temperate—that is, neither wintry, despite its altitude, nor tropical, despite its equatorial position.

CRACKER ENGLISH.

Much of It Is Simply Obsolete English Idiom.

A writer in the Chautauquan says that many "cracker" idioms of the south are simply obsolete English idioms. "Fielding, for instance," he says, "makes a very near approach to the crackerism 'He allowed he'd do it' in such a passage as this: 'The audience allowed I did your part justice,' and when Burke complains that 'England is disfurnished of its forces' he is using almost the exact phraseology of my cracker neighbor who has come to borrow a peck of meal, and politely hopes that I am not 'disfurnishing' myself for his accommodation. 'Ill' is still heard, even among the better class of rustics, in the piny woods of Georgia and Alabama in its Shakespearean sense of 'dangerous' or 'wicked,' as 'the copperhead is an 'ill snake,' or 'Johnny is a very ill'—that is, naughty—'boy this morning.' I am told by a friend from Kentucky that the same usage, though rare, is not unknown among the same class in that state. To 'favor,' meaning to resemble, as 'he favors his father,' was good English in the days of Addison and Shakespeare, and its derivative, 'ill-favored,' is still current."

Smallest Coal Mine.

The smallest coal mine in the world is in the southern province of New Zealand, where according to the reports of the inspectors of mines for the colony, the Murray creek colliery is worked by one man, T. Bolitho, a Chinaman, who owns, manages and works this small, but to him valuable, coal mine. There is another small colliery in the same province worked by one man with the assistance of a donkey. The next smallest colliery is in England, in the village of Nelson, in Lancashire. It is situated near the Colliers' Arms, and affords employment for two miners, father and son, who combine in themselves the positions of proprietors, managers, miners and haulers of the underground. They have the assistance of a boy, and all the output of the mine is sold to the householders who live in the village or its immediate vicinity.

Collies.

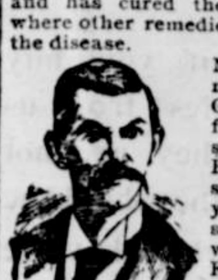
The collie dog, it is said, was named from the sheep it was trained to care for in the hills of Scotland. These sheep had black faces and black legs, and their name was derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "col," which means black.

Helpless Rheumatic[s]

Rheumatism is no respecter of persons—the healthy and vigorous are as liable to its attacks as the weak. The symptoms of the disease are almost unnoticed at first, so insidiously do they steal over the system, gradually the little pains and aches increase, until they develop into a great inconvenience day by day.

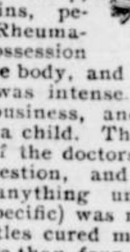
The knees, ankles, and other joints of the body ache constantly, swelling to several times their natural size; the patient finds himself unable to get around; is soon incapacitated for business, and later is confined to his bed, utterly helpless.

It is a great mistake to expect relief from such condition by the application of liniments and other external remedies. The medical profession admit that the disease is in the blood, and it is but reasonable that only a blood remedy, one purely vegetable and free from potash, can afford relief. S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) is an unfailing remedy for Rheumatism, and has cured the severest cases where other remedies failed to reach the disease.



Mr. Frank T. Reynolds, of [illegible] Ga., was a sufferer from Rheumatism since his boyhood. He writes: "Ever since I was [illegible] years of age I suffered intensely with Muscular Rheumatism, which, at one time kept me in bed eighteen months. I took all kinds of treatment, visited many famous springs, but could get only temporary relief; the disease always returned, and at times was so painful that it was impossible for me to use my arms and legs. I tried almost everything that was suggested, and after eighteen years of suffering, S. S. S. was recommended, and I was happy to, at last, find a cure for this painful trouble. S. S. S. seemed to get at the disease promptly and afforded immediate relief."

The experience of Mr. E. J. Gibson, of Madison, Ga., was similar to the above. He says: "I tried almost every rheumatic remedy I heard of, but grew worse instead of better. The sharp, aching pains, peculiar to Rheumatism took possession of my entire body, and the suffering I endured was intense. I was unfit for business, and became helpless as a child. The potash prescriptions of the doctors almost ruined my digestion, and I found no relief in anything until S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) was recommended. Several bottles cured me completely and for more than four years I have not had a symptom of Rheumatism."



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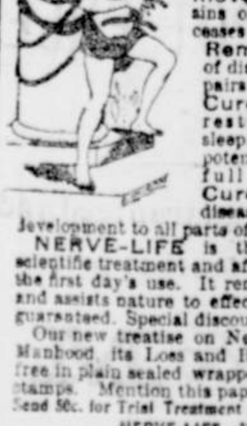

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