

PULLMAN ADVENTURES.

A Sleeping Car Conductor Relates One of His Comical Experiences.

I have seen quite a number of stories in print as to the adventures of old-fashioned individuals riding in sleeping cars for the first time, and I expect every conductor on the road could narrate one, if not more. The most comical experience of the kind that I remember, happened in 1886. I was running on the Frisco road, and at Petree City a gentleman put his father on the car, and telling me it was the old fellow's first railroad trip, as well as his first experience in a sleeper, asked me to take good care of him and see him safely to St. Louis. The old gentleman was very talkative, told me he lived away off the road and hadn't left home any distance in his life. His son was well fixed and had insisted on sending him to St. Louis to see some relatives there. Every time we stopped he hunted me up and asked whether he had to get off, and when we left Springfield I persuaded him to go to bed. He had a lower berth and settled down very comfortably after extracting from myself and the porter solemn promises that he should not be allowed to oversleep himself. At about midnight a drummer, who had engaged the upper above the old Missourian, decided to turn in. By some mischance he woke the latter, and then the fun commenced. The old man caught the young one by the leg, and shouting "murder" commenced to struggle. Both rolled on the floor, the drummer coming down very heavily, with his assailant on top. There was chaos and pandemonium in no time. The old fellow was an excellent wrestler and it took three of us to liberate the bewildered drummer, who fortunately had too much sense to insist on having revenge. But nothing we could say could convince the infuriated farmer that there had been no improper designs on his pocket-book. At last under threats of arrest he promised to let the "assassin" alone, but he insisted on dressing, and at the next stop he disappeared in the darkness. I learnt afterwards that he took the train home the next day, and I doubt whether he will ever try to reach St. Louis again.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOW TO USE MONEY.

Every Wasted Dollar is a New Link in the Chain of Bondage.

The highest value of money is not its value exchangeable for luxuries—for houses, equipage, art, service, and so forth. It is chiefly prized for the power which it gives over others—for the old potency, marked so long ago, which makes the borrower servant to the lender. But its highest value—is to free the borrower from bondage to the lender. The highest value of money is in its power to purchase personal liberty and independence. There are other ways in which men gain emancipation from personal servitude to other men, but they are open to but few. A man who has exceptionally fine talents in literature, art or applied science of any kind may be a free man; but the great mass must purchase themselves with money. By this we do not mean freedom from dependence upon our fellow men. No man can escape that, and it is one of the most beneficent of the fundamental laws of nature that it cannot be done. Mutual dependence is essential to the development of all the finer virtues. But we do mean personal servitude, the necessity of obeying an individual master. Ordinarily this may not be in itself a hardship; but emergencies do come, and come not infrequently, when this servitude involves the sacrifice of sacred rights and manhood—often the sacrifice of conscience. Lack of knowledge of the highest value of money leads to a very general sacrifice of its best use to inferior uses. People buy luxuries—better houses, living, etc., not knowing that they are selling their liberties for present gratifications. Every young man ought to start out with this one main object in life in view, to win his freedom. It is an inspiring struggle, and one in which the high motive will lift him over many hardships. He may win it as a scholar—win it by the highest possible development of his mental and moral powers—by any thing that gives him superiority in any kind of work. But in lieu of special talents, money will do it. Every wasted dollar is a new link in the chain of bondage.—Interior.

Told to Dickens by Longfellow.

To Wilkie Collins from New York, under date of January 12, 1868, Mr. Dickens writes: "Being at Boston last Sunday I took it into my head to go over the medical school and survey the holes and corners in which that extraordinary murder was done by Webster. There was the furnace and all the grim spouts and sinks and chemical appliances and what not. At dinner afterward Longfellow told me a terrific story. He dined with Webster within a year of the murder, one of a party of ten or twelve. As they sat at their wine Webster suddenly ordered the lights turned out and a bowl of some burning material to be placed on the table, that the guests might see how ghostly it made them look. As each man stared at the rest in the weird light all were horror-stricken to see Webster, with a rope round his neck, holding it up over the bowl, with his head jerked on one side and his tongue lolled out, representing a man being hanged."—Philadelphia Record.

—A curious accident which happened recently in Paris points out a possible danger in the wearing of combs and bracelets of celluloid. A little girl sat down before the fire place to prepare her lessons. Her hair was kept back by

a semi-circle comb of celluloid. As an head was bent forward to the fire this became warm, and suddenly burst into flames. The child's hair was partly burned off, and the skin of the head so injured that several months after, though the burn was healed, the cicatrix formed a white patch on which no hair would grow. The burning point of celluloid is about 180 degrees, and the comb worn by the girl had attained that heat as it was held before the fire.

CRABS' ARMS AND LEGS.

Their Power of Voluntary Amputation Explained by an Old Gentleman.

A funny-looking old gentleman, with a blue cotton umbrella under his arm and goggles to match, stopped at a Washington fish stand yesterday afternoon and attentively examined a lot of healthy crabs, evidently just out of the water, which were scrambling about in a shallow box with the crackling noise peculiar to this interesting crustacean under such circumstances. Selecting for particular notice the biggest of them all, the aged person deliberately began to tickle it with his forefinger nail on the second joint of the left large claw, taking care at the same time to avoid being seized by the rather formidable nippers. This he continued for a few seconds, when the claw suddenly dropped off and the animal scrambled away for a short distance, out of reach, while the old gentleman coolly picked up the abandoned member and put it in his pocket. Then he stepped around to the other side of the box and began to tickle the same crab just as before on the other claw; presently that fell off likewise and was promptly pocketed. It looked as though the old gentleman was going to repeat the operation on others of the crabs, but he was cut short at this point by the unexpected appearance of the fish man from behind the door.

"What yer doing?" the latter inquired. Without exhibiting the slightest discomposure or embarrassment the aged stranger waved a polite greeting to the proprietor with his umbrella and put himself in the attitude of learned discourse, evidently rendered instinctive by scholastic habit.

"My worthy friend," he said, "I have just been performing an experiment of the utmost interest, illustrative of a curious physical function which, so far as science is aware, is possessed by the crab alone among animals. If your own leg is injured so badly as to render amputation necessary the operation must be performed with a saw and knives. Likewise with any other living creature surgery must be resorted to for getting rid of the limb. The crab is the solitary exception to this rule. If it concludes that for any reason, a leg or arm is no more desirable, it simply cuts off the member by a single effort of its own and goes away without it. Catch a crab by the claw, and, as quickly as it perceives that it is not likely to escape otherwise, it will exert the simple act of volition necessary, and dropping the imprisoned limb, goes off rejoicing."

"Huh!" said the fisherman. "Yes, my good man," went on the old gentleman. "And, furthermore, this act of voluntary amputation may be caused by simply scratching or tickling the claw. The crab is doubtless annoyed by it, and being a creature naturally subject to fits of ill temper, the limb is angrily dropped. The amputation, which is truly such and not a mere disarticulation of the joint, may also be induced by the application of an electric current. That the crab's power to accomplish this curious feat depends upon the central nervous system is proved by the fact that when the crustacean is rendered insensible by an anesthetic or the nervous system injured the act of amputation can not be performed. I am very fond of crabs' legs myself. They are delicious eating."

"Indeed," replied the fish man. "And so, you shad-bellied old beat, you come around to my stand and tickle my crabs for a supper! Two or three of my customers have complained lately that the crabs they bought of me had lost their big claws. I suppose you have been doing this thing right along."

"Pray, be calm," interrupted the old gentleman, with a deprecatory wave of the blue-cotton umbrella. "Your speaking in this impolite manner makes me fear that you have no regard for science nor interest in the wonders of physiology. It is worth remembering, however, that the crab has another great advantage over other animals—it can renew the legs and arms it loses by growing others, although the fresh ones never get to be as large as the originals."

"Well, I'd have you know, my blooming old fossil, that I don't keep crabs on my stand long enough for them to grow new arms and legs in the place of the ones you steal; and if I ever catch you hanging about here again I'll hand you over to the police."

And the old gentleman, without venturing a response, shuffled off, muttering to himself the while and fumbling with the two crab legs he had secreted in his pocket.—Washington Star.

A Valuable Pair of Breeches.

The owner of a very valuable pair of trousers was lately advertised for in the French papers by the honest finder of the same who allowed the individual to whom they belonged fifteen days in which to come forward. After this delay he stated he would consider himself justified in profiting by this strange windfall, which, as he was in poor circumstances and about to be married, would be very serviceable to him. On the Place de la Concorde, Paris, he saw one evening a dark object on the ground, which he first took to be a

sleeping dog. On closer inspection, however, he discovered his mistake and picked up the garment then in his possession. He took the trousers with him on board a boat which he owned, and on passing them in review noticed that the buttons seemed different from ordinary ones. Prompted by curiosity he undid the cloth that covered them and found, instead of wooden molds, gold pieces. Carrying his investigations further he came across some bank notes stitched into the waistband with other papers of value.—Chambers' Journal.

—Mr. Mason—"We's kim t' git married." Rev. Mr. Dixon—"Why, Sam! how yo' gwine t' support a wife?" Mr. Mason—"We's gwine inter d' laundry biz." Mr. Dixon—"Yo' caint wash!" Mr. Mason—"No, sah; but I's gwine t' furnish d' s'iled clothes."—Judge.

—A St. Paul jury, during a week's sitting on a recent case, ran up a bill of \$27 for Turkish baths and \$35 for shaving, shampooing and haircutting, which bill of \$72 was presented to the county commissioners for payment.

ANGLO-INDIAN HOUSEKEEPERS.

Trials Put Upon the Memahib by Her Household of Peculiar Native Servants.

The memahib's housekeeping resolves itself much into a close scrutiny of accounts and watching of supplies. This is easy, since she does not feed her numberless servants, and orders her substance only through one. He is the khansamah, the head butler, usually a person of great composure and spotless raiment, with a dignified capacity for robbing you of annas and pice which would qualify him anywhere to represent a municipal ward. Especially when a visitor arrives does the heart of the khansamah rejoice within him, for then is his glorious opportunity. Limes every day for the visitor's bath! But the visiting memahib has ordered it, according to the khansamah, and you cannot very well ask her. The towels, even the sheets of the visitor's bed, disappear the day of her departure! The khansamah looks sorrowful and deprecating, but thinks the visitor's ayah must have been an extremely dishonest person. And the unhappy visitor has probably had one lime for her bath during the entire length of her stay; and the towels have brought two annas apiece at the bazar, which goes into the secret wallet of the khansamah.

Next in rank comes the kitmutgar, who brings the dishes from the kitchen, helps to wait at tables, but is an inferior person. A favorite term of obloquy among Anglo Indians is "He looks like a kitmutgar," which is much worse than being compared to a khansamah. The baburchi is the cook, and he has a menial in the mus saichi, who washes the dishes. "Bearer" is a more or less general term, but when you call the bearer among your household staff you mean the man who trims the lamps and dusts. He will not sweep—not he!—you must have a mator to sweep, who is of very low caste indeed.

The ayah is the memahib's maid, and she cannot get on without one. The durwan is the gate keeper, who sits all day long beside the door to attend to callers and messengers, and does nothing else. Beside these the sahib must have a syce—groom—for each horse. No syce will take double pay and attend to two horses—that is not the Aryan way. And if there is a garden there must be a mallee to take care of it, and for the most menial work of the house there is a beestic or water carrier, whose name is admirably appropriate, and who skulks about his business under the opprobrium of all the rest.

The dhoby is the washerman, whose peccadilloes are interestingly "naife." He has been known, for instance, to dismember certain garments of the sahib and send them in separate legs, in order to show the proper number on his list and yet retain a shirt or a handkerchief. There is the dhurzie, too, who is a joy in India, and who comes and sits and sews all day on your veranda for fourpence! Very imitative, indeed, is the dhurzie, not to be trusted with anything, even to bodies and skirts, for which he has a pattern.

Anglo-India tempers are short, and the khansamah knows their brevity better than anybody in the world. A favorite expression of abuse in connection with red-crown mutton perhaps, is in exciting Hindustanee "Son of a pig!" which hurts the gentle Hindoo's feelings as much as anything. But the gentle Hindoo usually replies conciliatorily in some term of deep respect and admiration; and certainly the unconscious khansamah got the best of it, who replied to this expression on the lips of his irate sahib, "Sir, you are my father and my mother!"—Garth Grafton in Montreal Star.

Wanted It for a Dividend.

A conductor on a southwestern road who failed to put a poor woman off his train because she could not pay half fare for a sick child 5 years old, was promptly discharged as soon as the affair was reported. The amount would have been only thirty-five cents anyway, but the company wanted it to make a dividend for the stockholders.—Detroit Free Press.

—During a recent thunder-storm near Memphis, Tenn., a negro was severely kicked by a vicious mule; and, just as he was picking himself up, a stroke of lightning hit the mule and killed him dead on the spot. "Well, dar," exclaimed the negro, "of dis chile haint got powerful frens to venge his insults, den der's no use trying to hab faith in anyt'ing!"

Emeralds and Other Stones That Will Be Fashionable This Season.

Emeralds will be more fashionable than they have been before in years, and while diamonds will, of course, hold their customary place at the head of all precious stones, the gems from Brazil will be worn by the ultra-fashionable throughout the season.

The demand for emeralds even now surpasses that of any previous season, and the price is gradually increasing. It will not surprise the dealers if it gets to be on a par with diamonds. It is but slightly below that now and unless the craze wears off or the supply is increased there is nothing to prevent its reaching high-water mark before the holidays.

Emeralds have been gaining popularity for the past season or two, but not much notice was taken of them until last spring, when they became quite prominent at the *affaires de societe*. The principal dealers in precious stones in the city immediately put up the price, and all summer the largest jewelers have been setting them in new designs anticipating a big demand. As a result emeralds will be found within two weeks in all sorts of settings both alone and in combination with rubies, diamonds and turquois.

Brazil furnishes almost all the first-class stones, though a few are found in Europe and the United States which do not come up to the standard. Emeralds, with very few exceptions, have flaws in them. Perfectly pure stones are so rare that the general run are frequently alluded to as flaw stones.

Thousands of new designs in necklaces, brooches, bracelets, rings, pins and watches are being placed before the public, made to include one or more emeralds. The general style for a necklace or bracelet is to have the emeralds fairly large, with dozens of small diamonds about them in irregular clusters. A string of hearts about the size of a dime, of diamonds with a quarter-carat emerald in the center of each, is one of the latest caprices for a necklace or bracelet. The latter is made of fourteen hearts, and costs \$800. Stars are used in the same manner, also various kinds of small flowers.

For rings pearls are used to set off the emerald, usually set crosswise or in some pretty design. Many of the emeralds have been cut in the shape of a crescent or a star, while others are finished in the same way diamonds are, cut, instead of the old fashioned oblong shape. These are used mostly in bracelets, or necklaces designed to represent a ribbon tied in a bow knot.

Black pearls are also in great demand this fall, but their scarcity and price will prevent them ever becoming a rage such as the present craze for emeralds. There are comparatively very few black pearls in the United States, and it is always hard to buy a good one, even if the price paid does seem enormous. They are found mostly in the lower part of the Gulf of California, and are sent direct from there to Europe, to be prepared for the retail dealers and then shipped back to this country.

The turquois will be used some in combination with either black or white pearls, aside from its usual popularity in connection with diamonds. There are not many new designs, however, for it which do not include a pearl or an emerald.

"Rubies, as diamonds, are always fashionable," said a gentleman uptown who is considered an authority on such subjects, "and the price is considerably higher than it was a year, yes, three months ago. They are bought by people who do not change their jewels as they do the style of their bonnets, and will always bring a good market price. Next to diamonds and black pearls, they are considered the best investment that could be made in precious stones."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Professor Garrick Mallory, of Washington, has been looking into the grounds for the belief that the American Indians are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. He finds there are no reasonable grounds for such belief, although there is a certain similarity of customs between the Indians and the most ancient Israelites. But the principal reason why, in the judgment of Professor Mallory, the Indians cannot be descended from the lost tribes is that these tribes were never lost at all, but were scattered and absorbed in other peoples.

The year of jubilee for the horse is surely approaching. The western cities have long used the cable traction system for street cars. Now eastern towns are taking it up. Baltimore will have her street cars pulled by a cable by next July. A few months more will also see them in operation on Broadway, New York. Now, if somebody will invent a motor to haul the huge wagons and trucks that convey freight through city streets, a long step towards the perfect civilization will be accomplished. There is not room enough in city streets for mankind and horses too.

A Swedish Idea.

It is astonishing how many valuable ideas and people have come to us from Sweden. From one of the methods employed in the education of children there, those who are endeavoring to promote manual training in American schools might obtain useful hints.

The system is called "Sloyd." It familiarizes children with wood working

and the use of carpenter's tools. A child is brought to a carpenter's bench. Tools are shown to him, and he is instructed how to use them. Then a piece of wood is given to him, a pattern is laid before him, and he is told to make a wedge. It must be exactly of such a length and width. The cutting must all be done with a knife. The child's mistakes are corrected. He tries over and over again, and at last succeeds in making a wedge. Then some more difficult piece of carpentry work is given to him, and he tries till he can make that properly. The finished pieces of work belong to the pupil.

The object of the training is not to make a carpenter of the child, but to educate his hand and eye. The method has worked like a charm in Sweden. So it has in America, in the few places where it has been tried. A new zest is given to the school among pupils who detest it usually. All enjoy the work as if it were play. The exercise with plane and saw enlarge the chest and strengthen the muscles.

It is becoming clear that manual training must occupy a larger and larger place in our educational system as time goes on.

Black Magic.

Medieval writers had much to say about black magic, and those who practiced it. In our time we have grown so wise that we have proved no such thing exists, or ever did exist. Very good. What we are not afraid of is not apt to hurt us. But if there is no such thing as black magic, what malign influence is it that enables a person like the woman Diss Debar, the so-called "spook priestess" to entangle victim after victim in her net. She bamboozled Luther Marsh, one of the ablest lawyers of New York, out of thousands of dollars, by alleged spirit pictures. She deceived many others by pretending to produce the same kind of pictures upon the stage, though the fraud was so palpable that it made one feel bad for human nature to think anybody could be taken in by it.

The woman was sent to Blackwell's Island prison for obtaining money under false pretenses. Her career was fully exposed by newspapers throughout the country. It would have been a reasonable conclusion that Diss Debar was irretrievably ruined.

Was she? Not she. No sooner had she been released than she went to Washington and laid her net for a rich widow there. The spook dodge was played successfully. By slate writing the rich widow was commanded to give Diss Debar a shelter. Next, the two went to Europe together, D. D. claiming to be the persecuted and cast-off wife of the rich Mr. Luther Marsh. In London the widow was rescued from the spook priestess while she yet had some money left, and came home.

Thus the priestess makes her living. She is not handsome. She is fat. She is not eloquent or learned. Nevertheless, with her record fully exposed, wherever she goes she finds rich people who become as babies in her hands. Her case is not singular. Most of our readers will recall instances in which, in some inexplicable way, unworthy and designing persons have wound themselves around the best and noblest of people, and made them do their will utterly. If this is not mesmerism, or black magic, or something of the nature, what is it?

—A singular circumstance recently occurred at Biddford, Mo., which reminds one of the days when people bartered in beads and wampum. Two men, one a small, slender person and the other of proportions in the neighborhood of 800 pounds, were employed by one of the women in that locality to dig a grave on her family lot. They worked rapidly, and ere they were aware, the excavation was so large and deep that the fat man was unable to get out of the hole. A machine was constructed, and after quite a struggle the big man was once more on top. In payment for their services the woman a short time after gave each of the two men five quarts of gray beans—enough to keep them out of the ground for quite a while if it came to the worst.

A Wonderfully Made Fish.

One of the most wonderful of fishes is the one bearing the name of chlamydon niger, or the great wallower. The body is elongated, of nearly uniform thickness most of the length of the fish. The jaws are very long and fitted with sharp teeth, some of which seem to be reversible. The manner of feeding is to grasp a fish by the tail and proceed to climb over it with his jaws. As the captive is taken in, the stomach and integument stretch out; the distended belly appears as a great bag. The fish will swallow another one six or twelve times his own size. This capacity proves his own destruction sometimes, as the gas formed in the process of digestion brings the fish to the surface. As his habitat is supposed to be 1,500 feet below the surface this is the only way he came to be introduced to the public through the specimens now on exhibition in museums.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—It isn't always the man who recently catches the most fish who is the hero in the eyes of his friends.—Merchant Traveler.