

THE ODD CORNER

The Green Man's Burden.

Take up the green man's burden,
Stand forth and do your best
To ripen him a little,
So he can do the rest.
He is not altogether
Beyond assistance yet,
And promptness still may save him
From many a trap and net.

Take up the green man's burden
And let him know that he
Can't monkey down in Wall street
With great impunity;
Strive earnestly to teach him
That it is scarcely meet
For lambs, yet young and frisky,
To butt into the street.

Take up the green man's burden,
Show him that bonds and stocks
And lightning rods and gold bricks
Are filled with painful shocks;
Teach him the bunko steerers
Are hot upon his trail
To catch the gulleless lobster,
By interview or mail.

Take up the green man's burden,
Awake him from his dream
That woman's wiles and witching
Are always what they seem.
Restrain his fevered fancies,
Lead him away to cool,
Before the maids and matrons
Have turned him out a fool.

Take up the green man's burden,
Show him the devious ways
The wide world is pursuing
To make a needed raise;
Persuade him, curse him, kick him,
Do anything you dare,
To make the green man's burden
Less hard for him to bear.
—New York Herald.

Green Diamonds Are Seen.

Considerable interest, writes a correspondent, has been aroused in Johannesburg by the discovery on a mining property at Klerksdorp of a green diamond of about three-quarters of a carat. The gem had slipped into a crevice in the iron plates of the crushing mill, and was found during the dismantling of the mill to make room for a new stamp battery.

In 1893 over seventy similarly colored diamonds were found upon the same property. They had all slipped between the dies and escaped destruction. It is conjectured that many other green stones got crushed out of existence.

For the first time since the date the Klerksdorp G. and D. Company intends to resume operations on this particular ground, and the prospects of unearthing more of these green gems are being eagerly watched from the Rand.

Fire in Darktown.

An old member of the fire department was talking about some of the big fires he had fought in his day and he remarked:

"But the most interesting fire is always a blaze in Darktown. If you want to see a lot of excited people you just ought to get into the midst of a small conflagration in Darktown at night. The negroes begin to empty houses of their contents for blocks around. That is fun enough, but the real fun commences when they try to get their goods back into their houses, for it is a sort of grab game, everybody taking everything they can get hold of. I'll bet that after a fire in Darktown there isn't a house in the neighborhood of the blaze that was furnished like it was before the fire."—Atlanta Constitution.

Silver Watch Averted Lightning.

To a silver watch which he carried in his pocket during a lightning storm the other day Napoleon Dutil, a truckman, living at Lewiston, Maine, owes his life. The electric bolt struck the watch, leaving a dent in its edge and smashing the crystal. Under the watch the flesh was badly burned in a circle.

Keys and a key chain which Mr. Dutil had in his pockets when the bolt struck him were destroyed. No one has been able to find even a link of the chain.

Dutil, his son, aged fifteen, and a son of Isaac Leclair were in a barn

when the lightning struck, knocking the three from their chairs. Young Leclair's feet were badly burned and the Dutil boy was unconscious for some time.

Cavalrymen Who Ride Oxen.

The oddest cavalry in the world is maintained on the west coast of Madagascar by Gov. General J. G. Gallieni. While the French troops in that country are ample to meet the occasional revolutions, the governor general makes use of native talent for police work in out of the way localities. On the west coast of Africa is a tribe of natives, possibly racially connected with the Hovas, who are known as the Sakahova, the most warlike tribe of the country. The natives, in imitation of French troopers, organized an oxen cavalry corps, under command of a French officer. They are armed with modern long-handled lances or spears and side arms.

Queer Old Time Railroad Pass.

Col. William Dorris of Huntington enjoys the rare distinction of traveling on a Pennsylvania railroad pass issued in 1850, which is without limit. This pass is a curiosity, having on it, in addition to the necessary wording, the picture of an engine and two cars, which are unique, as might be imagined. The engine is anything but modern, and the coaches have the old time "possum belly" in which baggage was carried. The colonel retains this pass because he was one of the original stockholders of the company.—Tyrone (Pa.) Herald.

Old Woman's Treasure Lost.

A remarkable story of buried treasure comes from Courtown Harbor, Wexford. An old woman, living alone and in apparent poverty, fell ill.

By the doctor's order a jacket which she wore was taken off with the aid of scissors, and was in such a condition that it was buried. The old woman, contrary to expectation, recovered and asked for her jacket. When told what had been done with the garment, she grew excited and declared that in one of the pockets were sewn a deposit note for £1,000 and £12 in cash. The jacket was exhumed and the pocket was discovered in the position indicated. But it had been ripped open and was empty.—London Daily Mail.

Ferocious Rabbits.

A correspondent of the Washington Post tells of a rabbit which killed a hound with one blow of its claws. A rabbit is more dangerous than is really thought. Last winter on Pocosin Creek John Hobbs, while hunting rabbits, had his dog run one into a hollow log. As he stopped to peep into the log the rabbit leaped out full against Mr. Hobbs, breaking his nose and knocking him upon his dog with such force as to crush that animal to death. The rabbit escaped. We don't know as to the truth of the story in the Washington Post, but Mr. Hobbs is a living but disfigured witness of the tragedy on Pocosin Creek.—Princeton (W. Va.) Journal.

Horse Went Home to Die.

Allen Gilmore of West Glover, Vt., found that one of his horses was sick. He turned the animal loose on his lawn and went for a veterinary. When he returned the horse was nowhere to be seen and later he was found dead before the stable door of J. G. Calderwood. Mr. Calderwood sold the horse to Mr. Gilmore three years ago and the sick animal had covered full two miles that he might die at his old home.

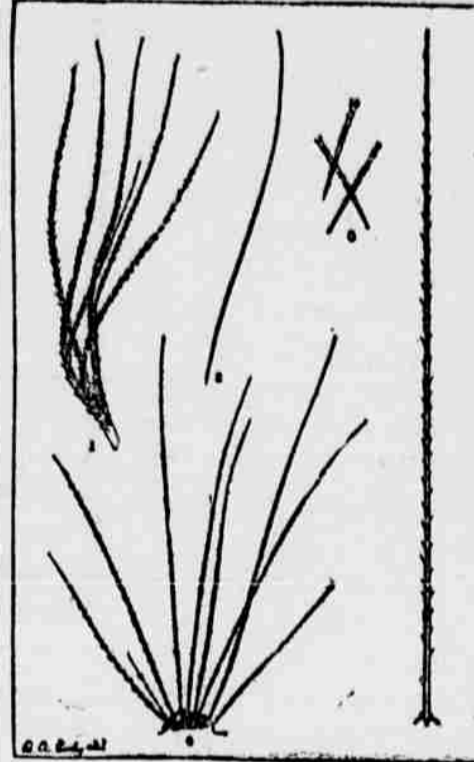
Had Adventure in Plenty.

While two young men were returning from a fishing trip at Bennington, Vt., the other evening they came suddenly upon a large bear in the middle of their path through the woods. Both men were unarmed and fled deep into the forest. Later as they were skirting the locality occupied by the bear they ran across a wildcat whose presence served to further accelerate their speed.

MOTH CAUSE OF EPIDEMIC.

Residents of Boston Suburbs Smarting Under Visitation.

A new epidemic from a wholly unlooked for quarter has, for the past few weeks, been spreading among the people in the more open sections of Somerville, the Newtons, Arlington, Watertown, Waltham and nearly the whole of the rural locality north of Boston, until hundreds of people living in the vicinity of the swarming places of the brown-tail caterpillars



Magnified Spines of Brown-Tailed Moth.

are already suffering from its ravages, and recently so many new cases have been added to the list that the epidemic has now begun to be regarded most seriously.

Reports from the board of health in Newton, from Somerville and from Arlington all agree that the painful skin disease caused by the flying spines of the thousands of caterpillars swarming in those districts has already been the cause of great annoyance and suffering.

The epidemic is caused by the minute spiked hairs of the brown-tailed caterpillar coming in contact with the skin of people living in the infested districts.

A Mexican Wonder.

The physicians of the Juarez hospital had something very unusual to talk about all day recently. Ramon Espinosa, who was murdered some three or four days ago, was taken to the hospital for an autopsy.

When the physicians were sawing the skull the saw touched a strange object, and as the physician attempted to continue his work the saw was broken in two pieces. Another saw was brought and the skull opened, when it was found that the strange object was a big steel piece, half the blade of a knife that evidently had been there for years. Even the scar produced by the wound had already disappeared from the man's forehead. How this man could live with the steel piece in his skull is something that physicians have been unable to explain.—Mexican Herald.

Monkey Trap.



The greedy monkey is thus made an easy captive, for, having once grabbed the nut, he holds on and cannot withdraw his hand.

WHY TOM "LOST INTEREST."

Would Attend Church, but He Didn't Like "de Pastorage."

Maj. E. T. D. Myers, president of the rich little road over whose rails all southbound trains must run between Washington and Richmond, has a family servant—a butler—to whom he is much attached.

"Tom" is prominent in all matters concerning his church, and it was therefore with some surprise that the major discovered him cleaning silver one Sunday afternoon recently during church hours.

"Tom," he said, "what in thunder are you doing there? Why aren't you at church?"

"Ain't had time tuh go dis evening, Major, suh."

"Nonsense," answered the major testily. "You always have time to go to church. Stop dawdling there and be off with you. Are you a backslider?"

"Nawsuh; dat I ain't," answered Tom. "De chu'ch suits me mighty well. I see a Dickon in hit, en I laiks de music en de prars en de solemnness; but, tell you de trufe, Major, I don't like de pastorage, en dat's hoccum I see lost intrust."—New York Times.

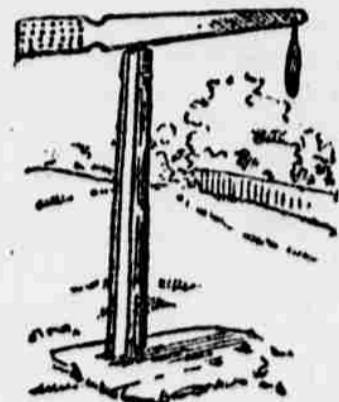
Immense Cask Made in California.

A cask recently constructed for a California firm has put the famous fun of Heidelberg completely in the background. It is made of California red wood throughout, and the selection of the timber and making required two years. Eleven out of every twelve trees selected were rejected as unsuitable. Two entire trains of wagons were needed to convey the selected timber to the vineyard. The hoops of the cask, which are of the finest steel, weigh eighteen tons, while the completed cask is 38 feet high and 78 feet in circumference, and large enough to form a three-story house where 300 people could dine in comfort.

Ancient English Pastime.

A curious clause, taking one right back to the middle ages, appears in the title deeds of a house in the village of Offham, in Kent, Eng. This is that the owner of the house must keep in good repair the village quintain, which still swings on its stout oaken post before the house.

One end of the swinging crossbar of this quintain (said to be the only surviving specimen in England) is shaped like a square target pierced



England's Last Quintain.

with a number of holes into which the point of the player's lance would enter.

When struck it would swing around, and unless the player were nimble the sandbag hung on the other end of the crossbar would swing around and unseat him.

Blossoms on Dead Limb.

A rather remarkable curiosity can be seen in the orchard of the Dresser Stevens place at Newmarket, N. H. During one of the severe storms of last winter a large limb was broken off of an apple tree and lies upon the ground. The apparently dead limb, with not a leaf on it, is covered with blossoms.