

**A ROMANCE FROM AFRICA.**

**The Story of a Treasure—Ingenious and May Be True.**

Englishmen are predatory creatures, and the London papers do not hesitate to express annoyance because the expeditionary force recently sent against King Prempeh found at Coomassie only a meager number of gold ornaments, and hollow ones at that, says the New York Times. The value of the loot taken from the royal "palace" was only about £2,000 and made a poor showing when exhibited in London, as compared with the results of previous raids. Now a correspondent writing from Accra tells a story which if true—a very large "if"—will make the British officers wish they had not left the Ashanti capital quite so soon. He says: "Some years ago a slave girl of surpassing beauty—of the Ashanti type *beau entendu*—had the misfortune to attract the fickle fancy of a chief, whose head wife tolerated no rivalry. To reproach a husband is generally useless; in Coomassie it is dangerous. The lady, wise in her generation, forebore to risk her head, but sent for the executioner and caused the ears and lips of the too fascinating maiden to be removed, rendering her such an object as can only be seen in savage kingdoms. History does not say if the expedient answered the purpose of restoring the chief's wandering affections to their rightful owner, but the slave girl developed, not unnaturally, into a woman with an undying thirst for revenge. Lately she sought an audience with the governor, and she informed him that the real treasure of the Ashantis lies buried some fifty feet below the soil, in a disused shaft of a mine near Coomassie, and readily undertook to point out the spot. Digging is being vigorously carried on, already more than a fourth of the depth has been cleared, and should the treasure amount to anything like the rumored value, the cost of the expedition will be fully defrayed, making the Ashanti war a record one, as not only bloodless, but free of cost."

**His Brother's Revenge.**

We are all more or less familiar with that exasperating class of individuals who seem to feel that the simple common sense of the world is centered in themselves and that the rest of us are in need of guidance and direction in the simplest duties of life.

Mr. B— was a young man of this class. He was always painfully profuse in details regarding anything he wished done. He had a parrot, of which he was excessively fond, and when he was about to go abroad for a few months, leaving his bird behind, he bored and exasperated his family and friends with senseless details regarding the care of the parrot; and his last words, screamed from the deck of the steamer that bore him away, were: "Hi, Jim!"

"What?" shouted the brother on the pier.

"Look out for my parrot!" came faintly over the water.

As if this was not enough he had no sooner reached Liverpool than he sent the following cablegram to his brother, who had assumed the charge of the parrot:

"Be sure and feed my parrot." On receipt of this the infuriated brother cabled back at his brother's expense:

"I have fed her but she is hungry again. What shall I do next?"—Harper's Magazine.

**Jackson's First Wheel.**

The Jackson (Ky.) Hustler says: "The first bicycle ever in Jackson arrived by express last week. It is the property of one of the professors at the college. A big, strapping mountaineer from Leslie saw the wheel in the express office and said 'What's that air?' 'A bicycle,' answered a bystander, who went on to explain its uses. 'I low'd mebbe it was a newfangled contraption to measure saw logs with,' replied the citizen of Leslie. And just then Ben Wells fainted and fell over a pile of express matter."

**A Squirrel's Capacious Mouth.**

A Dummerston (Vt.) man wished to ascertain how many kernels of corn a chipmunk could carry in its mouth. Thirty kernels were placed on a board. A squirrel carried them all away at one time. Forty-five kernels were then placed in position, and chipmy got away with all of them at that trial. Seventy kernels were put on the board for a third trial. The little striped animal was beaten this time, but succeeded in carrying fifty-eight of the kernels in his mouth.—Boston Herald.

**BY A TURN OF THE HEAD.**

**Missed His Wife and the Theater but Got His Dinner.**

A city official, who supposes the episode is a close family secret, arranged with his wife to meet her at the office last Friday night at 7 o'clock, says the New York Herald. They were then to have dinner at a hotel, and attend the theater. He was prompt, but his wife had not yet arrived, so he patiently waited on the sidewalk with his eyes on the door that she might not come without his knowledge. He paced back and forth, reading the bulletins, observing the direction of the wind and looking at the clock as it marked the passing minutes; but he saw all who entered the building. He heard a loud clanging of gongs, as a fire engine dashed down 6th avenue, and turned his head for not more than five seconds to look after it. His wife was only a few minutes late, as she hurried from a Broadway car and rushed into the office, during the five seconds his head was turned. She had not seen him, and was pleased to think that he would be the one to be blamed for being late, as she sat down to wait his coming. He continued to wait and pace, as the clock ticked off the minutes. Eight o'clock was near and he became very impatient, as he realized that it meant to either miss dinner or the first act of the play. When 8 o'clock was passed he saw another act slip away. In a few minutes more he had given up the theater, and feared for the dinner. In another ten minutes all of the plays were changed, and he determined to go home. She was also discouraged and hurried to the street to take a northbound cable car. They met, and—well; the theater was given up, but they had a dinner and each promised to say nothing about it.

**Ships Have Ears.**

The Gate City, which arrived here on Monday from Savannah, is the first steamer going out of this port to be equipped with an aurophone, the new device for enabling the lookout to determine the direction of sounds at sea. The aurophone was tried on the way up, but little could be told about its utility owing to its being placed in a poor position. It consists of a brass box, which fits over the mast and which has projecting from each end a broad-mouthed funnel. From this box, close to the funnels, two tubes like ordinary speaking tubes lead down the mast and through the main deck to the deck below. Inside of the box there is a complex arrangement of diaphragms and sounding boards so placed that a sound will enter only one of the tubes when it is passing through the funnel on the opposite side of the box. On the lower deck is an arrangement like an engine-room indicator, by which the box above may be turned around the mast, and directly under the indicator is a tell-tale compass. The man below places the tubes to his ears, where they are held in place by a cap. Unless the funnels above are pointing directly toward the sound which he wishes to locate he will hear it only faintly and in one ear, because one of the funnels being turned from the sound the tube opposite does not operate. He then turns the indicator in the direction from which the sound appears to come, and when the funnel is pointing directly at the sound it passes through the funnel and out of the other, putting both tubes in operation, and the operator hears the sound distinctly and in both ears at once. He then glances at the indicator and the point on the tell-tale at which it rests gives the exact bearing of the sound.—Boston Transcript.

**The German Emperor's Children.**

How the German emperor will bring up his only daughter is no subject of wonderment to the Berliners. They know that, princess as she is, she will be taught to be a good housewife, to sew, to cook perhaps, and to order dinner certainly. For the sovereign's ideal woman is a strictly domestic person, as his ideal man is a stout soldier. His little boys haven't much fun in their daily lives. Concerning these lives the Sketch says: In the Spartan upbringing of his children the kaiser rivals his ancestor, Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia. According to Klausmann's "Leben in Deutschen Kaiserhaus," the life of the royal children of Berlin is not sweetened by hours of inactivity. In their years of infancy the kaiserin ministers to almost all their wants, spends a good part of the day with them and enters into all their amusements. When the princes arrive at the age of 9 things are all changed and it is all work. They are then allowed about an hour and a half out of their waking hours to themselves; all the rest of their day is spent in study and physical training. Even in holiday time their tutors accompany them to superintend their studies.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Peru's Desert.**

In the long coastal desert of Peru, which is 2,000 miles in length, but only 120 miles broad at its widest part, the rivers disappear in the dry season and begin to flow again in February or March (when rain falls in the Cordilleras. One of the most important of these rivers is the Piura, the return of whose waters is welcomed with great rejoicings by the inhabitants of its banks.

**Air-Tight Compartments.**

The air-tight compartment theory of building ships was copied from a provision of nature shown in the case of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has forty or fifty compartments, into which air or water may be admitted, to allow the occupant to sink or float as he pleases.

**No Wonder It's a Craze.**

The silver question, as it is understood in some parts of Kentucky, is graphically illustrated by a letter which one of the statesmen at the capitol received from a correspondent in that state. It appears from this epistolary evidence that a controversy was being waged between a sound-money man and a silver champion. The gold man thought he had the best of the argument. He asked his adversary why he thought that the free coinage of silver would make times better.

"Simply because it would put more money in circulation," said the white-metal crank.

"But how will it put more money in circulation?" demanded the gold man.

"How?" asked the silver man, with a smile of contempt at his opponent. "How? Why, you blamed fool, if you can take one gold dollar to the treasury and get sixteen dollars for it, won't that increase the circulation?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Won His Bet.**

A bewildered-looking farmer stood in the center of Haymarket square Thursday looking at the trolley wire.

The electric car came along and slowed up. They rang the bell and shouted at him and ordered him to move. He still kept looking at the wire and making inarticulate sounds with his lips.

"Get off the earth, you Jersey calf!" shouted the motorman.

The old man was fairly bumped by the slow-moving car before he moved.

Then he jumped and said: "I did it, by thunder! Where's my money?"

He looked around cautiously and then he said: "You seen a red-faced feller with a white mustache waxed? I want him. He bet me \$5 I couldn't look at that ere wire three minutes and count 200. I've done it."

"Did you put up the money?"

"Sure," was the reply. "Ding-dong," went the bell.—Lewis-ton Journal.

**THINGS GIRLS TALK ABOUT!**

From Truth.



"If Jack kissed you, would you pay him back in his own coin?"  
"No, I would give him a check."