

A WOODEN SHOE.



It was announced to all Paris that Pagan had fallen seriously ill at the conclusion of his grand concert, had been attacked by a fever which refused to yield to the remedies employed by his physicians.

Some days later, Pagan, whose form was almost spectral, seemed to have his frail existence suspended by a thread, which the slightest shock might sever. The physicians ordered solitude and absolute repose, therefore he removed to the Villa Lutetana in the Faubourg Poissonniere.

It was an excellent establishment and stood in a large park-like garden, where the patient could enjoy either solitude or society at choice. A great charm of the place was that every one lived as he pleased; in the evening, either retiring to the solitude of his apartment, or joining in the games, music and conversation held in the drawing-room.

Pagan preferred passing the evening in quietness and retirement. There was plenty of gossip about him in the drawing-room and three or four censorious old women fell on him tooth and nail.

"Ladies," began one, "have you seen this great musician? He salutes no one and never speaks a word. He takes his bowl of soup in an arbor in the garden, and then hastens away if anyone approaches. What an oddity he must be!"

"That's part of his malady," said another. "People say that there is some terrible mystery about his life; some love story, I imagine."

"Not at all!" added a third. "Pagan is a miser; there's no mystery about that. Do you remember the concert which was organized in favor of the families who suffered from the inundation of St. Etienne? The great violinist refused to take part in it because he would have to play gratuitously. Depend upon it, he fears that were he to mingle in our society, he might be asked for similar favors."

In the entire household Pagan never exchanged a word with anyone except Vicette, the housemaid who attended him. She was a cheerful, innocent country girl, whose prattle, when she served his meals, amused him.

One morning Vicette presented herself with a sad, drooping countenance, and served breakfast without uttering a word. The musician noticed this change in the young girl and questioned her about it.

"What's the matter, my child? You look sad. Your eyes are red; your misfortune has befallen you, Vicette?" "O, yes, sir."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you what it was?"

Pagan fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance. "Come," he said. "I see how it is. After having made you a thousand promises he has quitted you, and you no longer have any tidings of him."

"Ah! poor fellow! He has quitted me certainly, but it was not his fault." "How is that?"

"Because in the conscription he drew a bad number, and he has been sent away with a long gun on his shoulder and I shall never see him again," sobbed poor Vicette as she buried her face in her white apron.

"But, Vicette, could you not purchase a substitute for him?"

The girl, withdrawing her apron, smiled sadly through her tears. "Monsieur is jesting," she said. "How could I ever buy a substitute? This year men are tremendously expensive on account of the report that

there is going to be war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price." The musician pressed Vicette's little plump hand between his long, fallow fingers as he said:

"If that's all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

Then taking out his pocketbook he wrote on a blank leaf:

"Mem.: To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Vicette."

A month passed on, the snow came and Pagan's physician said to him: "My dear sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the winter."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

At Christmas eve, on the anniversary of the birth of the Lord, a custom exists in France very dear to the children. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney laden with various presents and dainties, with which he fills it.

On the morning of Dec. 24, four of Pagan's feminine critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for the evening," said one. "Yes, for this evening; that is settled," replied the others.

After dinner Pagan was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his eau sucree, when an unusual noise was heard in the corridor. Presently Vicette entered and announced that a porter had arrived with a case, directed to Signor Pagan. "I do not expect any case," said he, "but I suppose he had better bring it up."

Accordingly a stout porter entered, bearing a good-sized wooden box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "Fragile, with care." Pagan examined it with some curiosity, and, having paid the messenger, proceeded to open the lid. His long, thin, but extremely muscular fingers, accomplished the task without difficulty and the company, whose curiosity caused them somewhat to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

The musician drew out a large packet secured with several seals. Having opened this, a second, and then a third wrapping appeared, and at length the curious eyes of twenty persons were regaled with a gigantic wooden shoe, almost large enough to serve for a cradle. Peals of laughter hailed this discovery.

"Ah!" said Pagan, "a wooden shoe. I can guess who sent it. Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me to a child who always expects presents and never gives any. Well, be it so. We will see if we cannot find some method of making this shoe worth its weight in gold."

So saying, and scarcely saluting the company, Pagan withdrew to his own apartment, carrying with him the case and its contents.

During three days he did not appear in the drawing-room. Vicette informed the company that he worked from morning till night with the tools of the carpenter. In fact, the musician, whose hands were wondrously flexible and dextrous in other things besides violin playing, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the clumsy wooden shoe. Having enriched it with one silver string, his work was complete. Next day a public notice appeared that on New Year's eve Pagan would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa Lutetana.

The great master announced that he would play ten pieces, five on a violin and five on a wooden shoe. The price of the tickets was placed at twenty francs each. Of these only 100 were issued and they were immediately purchased.

The evening arrived and Pagan appeared, smiling, with every appearance of renewed health, and on his favorite violin played some of those marvelous strains which never failed to transport his auditors to the seventh heaven of delight. Then he seized the shoe, which in its new guise of violin still preserved somewhat of its pristine form, and his whole being lighted up with enthusiasm, he began a wondrous improvisation which captivated the souls of his hearers. It represented first the departure of a conscript, then his stormy life in the camp and on the field of battle, and finally his return, accompanied by triumph and rejoicing. A merry peal of wedding bells completed the musical drama.

Long and loud were the thunders of applause; even the old ladies who disliked Pagan could not refrain from clapping their palms, and bouquets thrown by fair and jeweled hands fell at the feet of the musician. In a corner of the hall next the door, Vicette was weeping bitterly. The sympathy of the conscript had gone straight to her heart.

At the conclusion of the concert the receipts were counted and they amounted to two thousand francs. "Here, Vicette," said Pagan. "You have five hundred francs over the sum required to purchase a substitute. They will pay your bridegroom's traveling expenses."

Then after a pause he continued: "But you will want something where-with to begin housekeeping. Take this shoe violin, and sell it for your dowry." Vicette received from a rich amateur six thousand francs for Pagan's wooden shoe.

This violin is to-day in the possession of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

How to Use Court-Plaster.

Did you ever notice the way a physician prepares the court plaster for a wound? First, he holds the piece lengthwise directly through the middle. The plaster should be considerably larger than the wound, to keep well over the edges; then slash the plaster lengthwise nearly to the edge. Straighten the court plaster out flat and cut the slashed pieces at opposite ends. Place the straight edges of the court plaster to the flesh on either side of the wound, bringing the strips across the wound. Moisten them, and taking a strip from each side, draw them together gently, closing the cut, and stick the plaster in place. Continue with all the strips, and the cut will be dressed in a manner to insure a perfect healing, and as well as any doctor could do it.

Chewing Money Killed Him.

Alexander Waltzfelder, a betting man, well known as "Sheeny Dan," died in New York from the habit, it is thought, of holding greenbacks in his mouth when he was counting money or trying to make bets on the race track. A short time ago he bit his lip accidentally and the result was blood poisoning.

Beat with Blazing Sticks.

The "fire robbers" are busy again. Their latest victims is Jack Keel, an old German storekeeper near Springfield, Ill. They tied him to a bed and beat him with blazing sticks, in a vain effort to make him divulge the hiding place of his money. Keel is in a precarious condition.

The Most Costly Tomb.

The most costly tomb in existence is said to be that which was erected to the memory of Mohammed. The diamonds and rubies used in the decorations are worth £2,000,000.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

Provided by a St. Louis Hostess for Her Feminine Friends.

A wealthy St. Louisian living in the vicinity of Lafayette park provided a novel form of entertainment for his guests one evening last week, says the St. Louis Republic.

The hostess was extremely anxious to provide something original for the edification of a score of guests whom she intended to call together for an informal evening. Her husband promised to provide such novelty and took a boon companion into his confidence to that end. They had not exchanged ideas thirty consecutive seconds before they hit upon the device of converting the elegant parlors into a gambling house pro tem.

A faro bank, a roulette wheel and poker and keno "lay-outs" were easily procurable, as the conferees well knew, and that part of the programme was soon settled. The friend suggested as a pretty epilogue the introduction of a pair of bulldogs, guaranteed to reduce each other to mince-meat in three rounds. This rather staggered the ambitious host, but his friend is a ward politician, and, with the eloquence he always keeps on draught, soon convinced the other that the evening would be a failure without those bulldogs.

The evening arrived and with it came the guests. The ladies were prettily shocked at sight of the gambling paraphernalia, but became accustomed to it in an astonishingly short time and shared in the games with becoming vim. It was when the yellow bulldogs made their unexpected entrance that the horror of the fair guests proved genuine. The beasts yelped and growled and showed other peculiar canine symptoms of "spoiling for a fight." Thereupon the ladies sought refuge on the piano and card tables and chairs, conducting their retreat as from a mouse.

Notwithstanding excited feminine protestations, the friend who had been consulted as to a novelty in entertainment unleashed the dogs. It was an exciting climax to an "original" evening. The dogs feasted for five minutes on choice bits of each other's anatomy. The ladies screamed and the friend who was consulted exulted in the success of his novelty. When he was quite convinced—and it took a considerable time to convince him—that the ladies' desire for gore had been fully gratified he doused the dogs into a convenient tub of water and separated them.

A Walking Fish. A queer fish called the "walking goby" or the "hopping fish," is found in the Indian ocean, as well as along the shores of West Africa. Crowds of these curious creatures, resembling tadpoles in their outlines, bask in the sun on a muddy shore and scamper off on being disturbed. Many of them keep the ends of their long tails dipped into water, while they lie on the sun-heated mud, or sit on the mangrove roots, and Prof. Haddon has suggested that there may be an organ of respiration in the end of the tail, additional to the similar organ in the gills. A more recent investigator, Dr. Forbes of Liverpool, thinks the fish are able to store a sufficient quantity of water in their gills to maintain aquatic respiration during their prolonged absences on the shore.

MISSING LINKS.

Good butter has been selling at 10 cents a pound at Oakdale, Neb.

In Brown county, Kansas, a family named Bryan have had a new baby christened McKinley.

Eleven times has Emile Zola been a candidate for election to the French Academy, and eleven times has been defeated.

Two churches of Jasper county, Missouri, have been visited by thieves who stole even the carpets of the aisles and pulpit platform.

An American robin was recently found near Manchester, England. British naturalists are wondering how it crossed the ocean.

Eighty-five hundred dollars, the whole profit for last season of the house of commons kitchen, has been invested by the committee in claret.

Mother—Oh, John, you should hear baby talk. He can talk just as plain as can be. Father—You mean as plain as you talk to him.—Boston Transcript.

Horse racing on the ice has already become a fad in a number of Maine towns among the younger men, who are "developing" prospective trotters.

Buried in a pauper's grave near Hartshorne, I. T., was the body of an old man named Johnson, who, it is said, was once lieutenant-governor of Florida. He was brought low by drink.

To his cell mate, John Riley, recently sentenced by Justice Bond, of Leavenworth, Kas., to a year's imprisonment, has confessed that within the last thirteen years he has been in forty-one jails.

Mother—My dear, there can be no domestic happiness unless there are mutual concessions. Married Daughter—Nonsense, mother. We could get along very well if Charles would make concessions.—Puck.

A resident of Amesbury, Mass., consigned seventy-five barrels of No. 1 apples to Boston parties, and after some delay received word that he was in debt to them \$5, they having paid freight and cartage.

Boys, in trying to climb over a seven-foot fence, thirty feet long, after their football, at Oakland, Cal., knocked the fence down upon an elderly woman who was passing, and the injuries she received were so severe that little hope was entertained of her recovery.

The peanut is a native of Brazil.

IN A PIE FACTORY.

Turns out an average of 18,000 pies a day.

Men at Work on a Mountain of Dough—The Oven is a Big Wheel with Iron Platforms Hung from Its Rim—Not a Pleasing Sight.



If you want to see something interesting," he said to the New York Mail and Express man, "come with me. I will make your mouth water if you have a taste for the sweets and, in addition, it will give you an insight into a business that has reached immense proportions within the last ten years." Down this street and up the next, and up a long flight of stairs to an office where the lucky number of thirteen misses was at work. This was the initial how to the largest pie factory in the whole of Gotham—and, for that matter, the entire country. Here it is that an average of 18,000 pies is turned out every day of the week except Friday, when the figures go over the 20,000 mark because of the demand for Sunday. Pies little and big and in all conditions of preparation, are to be seen here, and the average office boy or downtown "clerk" would imagine himself in pie heaven were he to get upon the ground.

Ask the most experienced housewife and she will readily testify to the statement that it is no easy matter to make

hand and the dough-covered tin plate in the other, the filler-in dips the dipper into the barrel of filling alongside of him, raises it in the air and, with a graceful movement of the wrist, turns it into the waiting plate. This accomplished, everything is ready for the oven. The latter is a gigantic thing operated much on the style of the Ferris wheel. Suspended by its axle above a red-hot fire is a wheel about twelve feet long and sixteen inches in diameter. Eight iron platforms are hung from the rims of this wheel and upon these platforms the pies are placed. The manner of suspension is such that the pies always remain horizontal. One of the platforms is always over the opening of the oven. The attendants cover the platform with pies and the wheel is then turned until the next platform comes into view, which in like manner is filled. This is continued until the eight platforms have been covered. The next turn brings into view the first lot put in, all baked to a nicety. They are then removed and the platform filled again. Again the wheel turns and another army of baked pies is presented and removed. This continues hour after hour so long as the demand lasts, an average of about 1,000 pies is baked hourly over this oven. The pie factory is a great institution and must be seen to be appreciated.

Friend of the Workingman.

Miss Ellen Key, a Swedish lady, has attracted much attention in her native land by her efforts to ameliorate the condition of workingmen. Jointly with Dr. Anton Nystrom, she founded the Workingmen's Institute of Sweden, which now owns a handsome building in Stockholm and branch establishments in all provincial towns. It has

HOW OLD IS NIAGARA?

About 30,000 Years Is the Scientific Estimate.

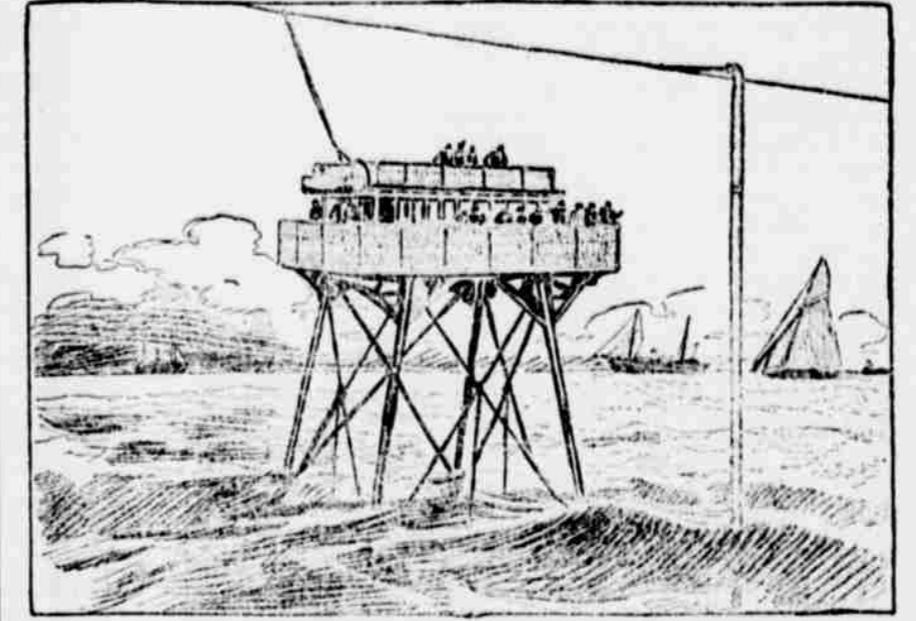
The Niagara River, which had first been a strait joining Lake Erie to the Ontario gulf, gradually became a wide, shallow, rapid stream, and then, as the waters of the lower lakes subsided, its bed narrowed and its fall increased to 420 feet, says Knowledge. But the river was soon greatly enlarged. The land was rising to the north of Ontario as well, and ultimately the outlet from Lake Huron to the Ottawa Valley was blocked, and the surplus waters of these great lakes flowed by their present course to Lake Erie, and thence to the Niagara River. With the continued rise of land, especially toward the east of Ontario, the water level rose until it attained its present elevation, and the fall of the river between the two lakes was reduced to the present 360 feet. Can dates be assigned to these events? The first estimate of the age of Niagara River was given by Ellcott over a century ago at 55,400 years; Blakewell, 1830, gave 12,000; Lyell's estimate of 35,000 was accepted for many years after 1841, but recent writers, using the mean rates of recession during forty-eight years as determined by surveys, make the value 9,000 years. Dr. Spencer has made a new and careful computation of the age of Niagara River and falls. He shows that the recent estimates have not taken into account the various changes that have occurred in the fall and volume of the river. His calculations result in a value nearly that of Lyell's.

Dr. Spencer believes that Niagara River was formed 32,000 years ago, and that 1,000 years later the falls were in existence. For 17,200 years their height was about 200 feet; thereafter the water fell 420 feet. Seven thousand eight hundred years ago the drainage of Lakes Superior, Michigan and Huron first flowed through the Niagara gorge, and 3,000 years ago the waters rose in Lake Ontario until the level reached that of today. The falls, then, are 31,000 years old. This estimate, calculated from the rate of erosion, is confirmed by another made from the terrestrial movements—one as to the past, the other concerning the future. The lakes came into existence after the glacial epoch and Niagara after the lakes, and calculations based on the mean rate of rise of the beaches in the earlier period of the lakes' history show that the close of the ice age may safely be placed at 50,000 years ago. As to the future: With the present rate of calculated terrestrial uplift in the Niagara district, and the rate of recession of the falls continued, or even doubled, before the cataclysm shall have reached the Devonian escarpment at Buffalo, that limestone barrier shall have been raised so high as to turn the waters of the upper lakes into the Mississippi drainage by way of Chicago. An elevation of sixty feet at the outlet of Lake Erie would bring the rocky floor of the channel as high as the Chicago divide, and an elevation of seventy feet would completely divert the drainage. This would require 5,000 to 6,000 years at the estimated rate of terrestrial elevation.

German Business Women.

The registration of business in Germany has had the effect of showing how large is the number of women engaged in trade. In Chemnitz alone 6,

ENGLISH SEA TROLLEY ON STILTS.



The strangest of all electric railways is that at Brighton, England, connecting that famous seaside resort with Rottingdean, several miles away on the shore. The peculiarity of this railway is that its car is mounted on four steel stilts twenty-four feet high. As part of the railway is submerged at high tide, this arrangement makes the electric car in a manner amphibious, able to run through water that is many feet deep.

Each one of the stilts on which the car is supported rests upon a truck having four wheels, the four trucks being braced together by steel tubular struts. The trucks have the appearance of inverted canoes, thus affording easy passage through the water. The electric current is conveyed to the car by

a trolley pole to an overhead wire the same as is in use on the trolley electric roads in this country. This queer little electric line was opened to the public on Saturday, Nov. 28, and is now in regular operation. It makes the distance from Brighton to Rottingdean and back to Brighton in a few minutes over an hour.

The possession of this curious line gives Brighton the distinction of having something in the way of a railroad that is absolutely unique. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. The nearest approach to it is at St. Malo, where a tall structure is pulled through the water for a distance of 110 yards. The motor in this instance is simply a stationary steam engine operating an endless chain.

a first-class pie. Pie-making is easy with the young bride only. Still, in this big factory spoken of, it really does seem a simple affair—the putting together of fruit and dough—because the workmen go through the performance in "apple-pie order," but it is practice and experience with them rather than personal pleasure. To make a pie correctly, as well as digestively, it is necessary to resort to four processes.

Take, for instance, a mince pie. The work of preparing the filling is the first undertaken, and then in regular order come the task of making the crust, filling the pie and baking it. Contrary to some ideas, it is essential to the welfare of the aforesaid pie that the meat required be of a superior kind. This obtained, it is consigned to an immense steam-jacketed copper kettle that has the capacity of a medium-sized barrel. In this way it is cooked and then intrusted to the beneficial graces of an enormous chopping machine, that does the work as finely as a projectile from a twelve-inch gun might do with a wooden fence. Next come for attention the beef suet, apple, citron, currants, spices and, finally, the brandy, and these are mixed with the mince-meat by another machine and are sent to the filler. While the mince-meat is being mixed with the other mixture, another force of men is engaged in preparing the crust. This force of men works before an immense trough and is rigged out in clothes of immaculate white, with bare arms as powdered with flour as the hair on their heads. The trough is partly filled with flour and shortening or lard is worked into it by the white workmen. Water that has been specially iced is worked into the mixture in the trough and the whole thing soon takes on quite a doughlike appearance.

This dough is taken to another force of men, who roll it out into thin slices and place it on tin plates. This operation is perhaps the quickest of any of the processes. The men go through the mountain of dough like wind through a sand hill. Quicker than it takes to tell, the white covered (his are taken to the fillers-in, and no army of old toppers ever filled in as rapidly as do they. All use a long-handled dipper, which has a capacity just sufficient to fill one pie. With this dipper in one

course of lectures by the most distinguished literary and scientific authorities of the country on historical, philosophical, scientific and literary subjects, adapted to the comprehension of laboring men, who attend in large numbers. Swedish literature is the topic treated by Miss Key, who, in addition to her philanthropic labors, has done literary work, publishing books, chiefly on sociological themes. One is a biography of Anne Charlotte Loeffler, Duchess of Calanella, who is widely known through her sketch of the life of Sophie Kovalevsky. Miss Key is a sort of lay confessor of the working classes, who come in crowds every Sunday to her modest lodging to consult her on every possible question, from family tiffs to controversies about wages. She is a believer in socialism for Sweden, but only as a transitional means to larger ends. She desires the enfranchisement of women.

Where Quixote Was Knighted.

The ruins were of an important venta, such a caravansera as was found every few leagues when all traveling and traffic between Madrid and Seville passed on the royal highway, says Scribner's. Should the ingenious surmises of the learned, who have industriously erected the ponderous commentaries around Cervantes' romance, be true, this venta had the rare good fortune of being visited by Don Quixote in the beginning of his wanderings. He kept his night vigil-at-arms in its courtyard and on the morning following was by the rowdy, canny innkeeper made a knight. To me let it be only what it surely is, and that is enough: One of the rare pages of the days of old—the mute witness of the comedies and tragedies of the pleasures and troubles of some of our predecessors in the human procession.

Little Bit of a Baby.

The tiniest baby, perhaps, in the world has been added to the family of Samuel Donaldson, a barber, who lives in Camden, N. J. It weighed only 7 1/2 ounces when it came into the world, but Dr. Frederick Pfeiffer says it is healthy, and with good care will live. The baby is a girl. Her head will easily go into an ordinary teacup, while her hand will not cover a silver 25c piece.

to 90c

The movement for revising city charters is spreading in Maine.

An English journal says that Queen Victoria has been a total abstainer for three years.

A peddler arraigned in Suncook, N. H., last week, bore the famous name of Mark Hanna.

A Belfast (Me.) judge has ruled that shaking dice for cigars is not gambling, but shaking them for money is.

About 600,000 trees are annually planted by Swedish school children under the guidance of their teachers.

But three old soldiers have thus far availed themselves of the privileges of becoming inmates of the home at St. James, Mo.

An unmarried woman has made a reputation in Gage county, Nebraska, as a corn-busker, doing seventy-five bushels a day.

Lord Leighton's house in London has been offered by his sisters to the British nation on condition that it be preserved as it is.

The Canadian government is considering the advisability of deepening the St. Lawrence and the canals from Montreal to Lake Erie.

Japan's steamship line to the Russian ports of the Black sea will begin running in the spring. The fleet will consist of sixteen steamers.

The Pottawatomie Indians of Athens, Mich., are about to devote a distribution of delayed annuities to the construction of a church.

The work of the new Episcopal Church Army has commenced in Boston. Fifty posts have already been organized throughout the country.

A certain farmer of Glimanton, N. H., netted just 2 cents on five bushels of apples sent to Boston. Last year the same quantity brought him \$13.75.

An Arizona editor has been found who is sincere and honest. He hangs this sign on his office door: "Come out to take a drink. Will be back to-morrow."

"How do you like this style of cuff?" asked the detective, snapping a pair of slender steel bracelets on the wrists of the confidence man. "I am a good deal taken with it," responded the other.—Chicago Tribune.



DON'T CRY.

there is going to be war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price." The musician pressed Vicette's little plump hand between his long, fallow fingers as he said:

"If that's all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

Then taking out his pocketbook he wrote on a blank leaf:

"Mem.: To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Vicette."

A month passed on, the snow came and Pagan's physician said to him: "My dear sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the winter."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

At Christmas eve, on the anniversary of the birth of the Lord, a custom exists in France very dear to the children. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney laden with various presents and dainties, with which he fills it.

On the morning of Dec. 24, four of Pagan's feminine critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for the evening," said one. "Yes, for this evening; that is settled," replied the others.

After dinner Pagan was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his eau sucree, when an unusual noise was heard in the corridor. Presently Vicette entered and announced that a porter had arrived with a case, directed to Signor Pagan. "I do not expect any case," said he, "but I suppose he had better bring it up."