

WAS AN AWFUL NIGHT

EXPERIENCE OF A TRAVELER IN A CAR OF BANANAS.

Parasites Crawled Across His Face—He Was Bitten Once, and Twice Became Unconscious—Health Almost Shattered—A Horrible Predicament.



OCCUPYING a state-room in a Pullman car on the south-bound Missouri Pacific limited last night were two passengers who attracted the sympathetic attention of the trainmen and their fellow-passengers, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The lady had evidently not yet reached the age of two-score years, and was strikingly beautiful, while her companion, upon whom she lavished a wife's tender devotion, might have been either 30 or 60 years old, if one were to judge from his face, upon which were mingled indications of youth and extreme age that were at once perplexing and mystifying. His eyes were large, dark and lustrous, his complexion clear, though deadly pale. Sharp lines disfigured his otherwise attractive features, and there was a quick, nervous movement of head and hands that suggested palsy. Those who were permitted to hear this man's strange story ceased to wonder that his countenance was furrowed as by age, and marveled that he lived to relate his horrible experience. His name is James Payne, and he is a resident of Parkersburg, W. Va., where his family is well-to-do and highly respected. Two months ago he started for the Pacific coast, intending to investigate the business opportunities of that region, with a view of getting married and locating there. He purchased a ticket for Seattle and, being well supplied with money, anticipated an enjoyable trip and a speedy return to his sweetheart. On the train between Green River and Pocatello his pockets were picked and money, ticket and everything stolen. He was even unable to telegraph home for money, having no money, and determined to make his way through by the box-car route. On the second night of his stay in Pocatello a west-bound special pulled in, in which were several fruit cars. Congratulating himself that he might now speedily reach his destination, he climbed into one of these cars through an open door and prepared to make himself as comfortable as possible. He had scarcely concealed himself when the door, which it appeared had been broken open by tramps, was closed and sealed, but this did not at the time occasion any serious alarm on his part. The car proved to have been loaded with bananas, to some of which he was glad to help himself, being very hungry, and arguing that it was no crime for a man in his predicament. He then composed himself to sleep. These fruit specials generally run under a sixty-mile order, as this one proved to be doing, and when the passenger awoke with a start a few hours later it was to find himself in Egyptian darkness, with the train flying along with terrific speed. He had been aroused from his sleep by something having a soft, velvety touch creeping stealthily across his face, and struck a match to see what had disturbed him. To his horror he saw several large tarantulas, which, in his excited imagination, assumed the proportions of ordinary land turtles. Startled by the light, they scurried away while his blood ran cold and his limbs were almost paralyzed as the flickering match died out and he realized the position in which he was placed.

Young Payne did not dare to strike another match, even if his trembling hands would have performed that service, but he knew that he was in the most imminent peril of his life. To leap from the door of the car meant certain death and the probability of his fate remaining forever a mystery to the loved ones at home. While these thoughts darted through his mind a cold, hairy substance dashed itself in his face, and, thinking his time had come, he fainted.

How long he lay unconscious he does not know, but when he came again to life it was broad daylight and the train still speeding like the wind. He tried the door and almost fainted when he found that it was fastened and that he was doomed to suffer hours longer the prospect of an attack at any instant from the hideous creatures whose character he knew so well. The straggling rays that penetrated the cracks of the door enabled him to see dimly the objects about him, and the cold perspiration broke out on his forehead as he recognized his visitors of the night before and saw that their number had been trebled. He looked about for a loose board and found a small one, but knew if he attacked the tarantulas they would leap at him and that he could not ward them off. His apprehension was increased when he saw that they had engaged in one of those fearful and deadly combats among themselves for which they are so well known in the south, and by which they furnish to the natives about the same class of amusement as the horse race and the bull fight.

For hours he sat there, facing those dreadful creatures, which neither advanced nor retreated. Then night came on, and again he was mercifully rendered unconscious.

When next he knew what was going on about him he was on a cot in a hospital in Portland. He had been there a month and had gone through a well-nigh fatal attack of brain fever. Meantime the authorities, having dis-

covered his identity from his delirious talk, had telegraphed to his people, and the young woman he was to marry hastened to his bedside. He had not been found until the car was opened at its destination, when he was unconscious and raving like a maniac. A mark on his forehead indicated that he had in reality been bitten by a tarantula, probably when he fainted the second time. As soon as he was able to travel he started for home by easy stages, first having married the handsome and devoted woman who had joined him under such peculiar circumstances. His physician says that he will in time recover his health and strength, although he will never get over the effects of his awful encounter with the terrible tarantulas in the blackness of the banana car and will never look at a cluster of that fruit again without a shudder.

OSTRICH HUNTING.

Profitable Sport That Is Making the Birds Scarce.

An ostrich chase is very attractive sport or rather the sale of booty is so great as to attract hunters, says Paris Illustrate. The Arabs give themselves to it with a real passion. Mounted on their fine little horses they try as much as possible to fatigue the ostrich, for as it is eight feet high and has very strong legs it possesses a quickness of movement which the best horse cannot attain. It has great endurance. Over-taken by the hunter, it seeks to defend itself with its feet and wings, but more often it still strives to escape by flight, uttering a plaintive cry. In fact, the ostrich is deprived of the power of flight by reason of its great size. The muscular force with which nature has endowed it is not equal to lifting such a weight. Its peculiar organization has made it the courier of the desert, where it is able to quickly traverse the almost limitless expanse. The Arab knows very well that it is the habit of the ostrich to make great detours about its nest in a circle. He chases it then without ceasing until it is almost there, when, worn out, it succumbs, concealing its head in the sand in order not to see its enemy, or instinctively hoping to escape a danger which it cannot see any more. This chase requires eight or ten hours, but it offers large rewards. The plumes are worth a considerable sum, the skin makes good leather and the Arabs are very fond of the flesh. Besides, in spite of the fact that it reproduces its species rapidly, the ostrich is all the time becoming rarer, and it is hunted for export and domestication in other countries. It is one of Africa's greatest resources and may become a new source of prosperity to Algerians if they are willing to make the effort. The truth of the popular saying, "the stomach of an ostrich," has been confirmed recently by an autopsy on one, doubtless for a time captive, when the following was found in its stomach: A parasol handle, two keys, two great pieces of coal, a glove, a handkerchief, a pair of eyeglasses, a ring, a comb, three large rocks, the necks of two beer bottles, the sole of a shoe, a bell and a little harmonica.

Longevity of Birds.

An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 103 years. According to Buffon the life of the crow is 108 years, and no observation authorizes us to attribute to it, with Hesiod, 1,000 years. A parrot, brought to Florence in 1633 by the Princess Provera d'Urbino, when she went there to espouse the Grand Duke Ferdinand, was then at least twenty years old, and lived nearly 100 more. A naturalist whose testimony cannot be doubted, Willoughby, had certain proof that a goose lived a century, and Buffon did not hesitate to conclude that the swan's life is longer yet; some authors give it two and even three centuries. Mallerton possessed the skeleton of a swan that had lived 307 years.

WORTH READING.

A Los Angeles (Cal.) jury recently refused to deliver its verdict until its fees were paid.

New York's appropriation for free libraries has been increased this year from \$63,000 to \$96,000.

Peppermint lozenges are being supplanted throughout Scotland by chocolate drops filled with whisky.

The strongest fortress in European Russia is Cronstadt. It is the Russian naval depot of the Baltic sea.

The number of convicts in the Maryland penitentiaries has increased 20 per cent in the last three years.

One steamer—the Mongolian—carried 120,000 geese and turkeys from Canada to Liverpool just before Christmas.

They make their own bicycles in Japan now and call them jin-ten-sha, which means, literally, man-wheel-vehicle.

It is said that one of the colored kings of Borneo has just placed an order in this country for a fourteen-inch searchlight.

A plan proposed for marking Queen Victoria's longest reign on record is for every little community to establish a garden, park or playground in her honor.

The Countess—Do show me the coronet! The Earl—My dear, I'll show you the ticket for the coronet. It was hypothecated to pay for the engagement ring.—Puck.

One British writer spent \$1,000 in advertising his book, and never sold a copy. Another spent \$50 in calling attention to a little \$1 book, and sold 80,000 copies within a year.

There are said to be in Michigan white cedar shingles now doing good service on roofs in that state that have been in full exposure and wear for over seventy-five years.

THE QUEEN AS AN IDOL.

British Protection Held to Be Divine Power in Thibet.

In addition to being Queen of England and Empress of India, it appears that Her majesty is a goddess. An Englishman named Stuart Majoribanks has recently returned from a five years' sojourn in Thibet and Bengal, and he is the authority for the following remarkable story. When he was journeying in Thibet in 1893, Mr. Majoribanks says that he heard through the natives of a white goddess worshipped by a sect whose place of habitation was in the most mountainous section of that rugged country. With two guides and a native servant, Mr. Majoribanks started for the mountains that had been described to him, and, on reaching them, found that he was the first white man known to have made his way to this spot. The treatment accorded him by the members of the sect for whom he had been searching was amazing. He had been told that he was going to certain death, and that no man's hand could save him. To his surprise he was treated as a most welcome visitor. He was received with profound salaams, and with his escort was assigned quarters in a hut for the night. In response to his request for information he was courteously told that all he wished would be made clear to him in the morning. The villagers kept their word to the letter. After the morning meal the visitor was escorted to the house of the principal official of the town, who is termed the Khan. Two priests appeared by order of the Khan, and conducted Mr. Majoribanks to a building located on the crown of a high hill. Entering, the traveler found himself in a dimly lighted apartment furnished with all the evidences of a barbaric religion. But the most amazing thing of all was that, seated in a delicately carved chair was the figure of a woman, wearing a golden crown, apparently attired in European costume, and looking not unlike a specimen from Mme. Tussaud's. Closer inspection, necessarily of a very respectful nature, disclosed the fact that the figure was intended to be a representation of Queen Victoria. Careful scrutiny showed that the imitation, so far as the clothing was concerned, was very crude indeed, but the likeness of the face to the original was startling in its faithfulness. After leaving the temple, Mr. Majoribanks had another interview with the Khan, and from him learned how the Queen of England came to be the goddess of a heathen tribe. It seems that a few years ago the tribe was sorely beset by enemies, and a deputation was sent from the village to Calcutta to appeal to the English government to interfere and cause the Indian marauders to remain at home. The mission was entirely successful. When the Thibetans returned from Calcutta, one of the men had secured a photograph of Queen Victoria, and apparently out of gratitude, as good an imitation as it was possible for them to construct of the Great White Queen was fashioned, placed in the temple, and worshipped as the chief of all the tribe's gods.

WIDOWS IN WASHINGTON.

Gathering Ground Upon which Rich Relicts Meet and Scheme.

Especially is it a great place for rich widows with daughters—that peculiar type of American women who, as soon as pater-familias is comfortably tucked away under the sod, fly to Europe, spend years wandering about like social Bedouins, then are seized with a romantic form of homesickness, says the Illustrated American. But they can't stand Porphopolis and Kalamazoo and West Jersey after Paris and London and Vienna, and Washington affords a convenient stop-gap. It is American in location, European in habits and, to a degree, in personnel. So they come here, buy a fine house, get in with the diplomatic corps and the thing is done. And Washington, which professes a lofty scorn for trade and ruthlessly shuts the doors of society in the face of all Washington brokers insurance agents, real estate people and, in short, trade in every form, except banking, welcomes with open arms the retired trades people from New York, Chicago and anywhere else on the face of the globe. It reserves the right of laughing at them, though, and after faithfully attending all their luncheons goes home to roar over every slip the ambitious host or hostess has made. This habit is undoubtedly an affront to hospitality, but it has one saving virtue—Washington makes use of rich people, but it is not afraid of them.

Her Recommendation.

"I'm really afraid I can't engage you, Miss Hyjee," said the operative manager. "Your voice is not remarkable and you will pardon me if I say that I fall to see what you rely upon to draw an audience." "My dear sir," replied she. "I have the enviable distinction of never—absolutely never—having sung before Queen Victoria." "Why didn't you say so before?" cried the enraptured manager. "You are the very songstress I have been looking for these many years."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Herald.

A Correction.

"This," said the professor of anatomy, as he exhibited a human jawbone, "is the inferior maxillary." "Get your pardon, professor," said one of the married students, "but didn't I understand you to say the skeleton you have before us belonged to a female?" "I did."

"In that case, then, there is no inferior maxillary."—Washington Times.

If a man sets out to do it, he can win any woman that wants him.



ON THE evening of March 8 the president and Mrs. Lincoln gave a public reception at the white house, which I attended. The president stood in the usual reception room, known as the blue room with several cabinet officers near him, and shook hands cordially with everybody, as the vast procession of men and women passed in front of him. He was in evening dress and wore a turned-down collar a size too large. The necktie was rather broad and awkwardly tied. He was more of a Hercules than an Adonis. His height of six feet four inches enabled him to look over the heads of most of his visitors. His form was ungainly and the movements of his long, angular arms and legs bordered at times upon the grotesque. His eyes were gray and disproportionately small. His face wore a general expression of sadness, the deep lines indicating the sense of responsibility which weighed upon him, but at times his features lighted up with a broad smile and there was a merry twinkle in his eyes as he greeted an old acquaintance and exchanged a few words with him in a tone of familiarity. He had sprung from the common people to become one of the most uncommon of men.

Mrs. Lincoln occupied a position on his right. For a time she stood on a line with him and took part in the reception, but afterward stepped back and conversed with some of the wives of the cabinet officers and other personal acquaintances who were in the room. At about 9:30 o'clock a sudden commotion near the entrance to the room attracted general attention and upon looking in that direction I was surprised to see Gen. Grant walking along modestly with the rest of the crowd toward Mr. Lincoln. He had arrived from the west that evening and had come to the white house to pay his respects to the president. He had been in Washington but once before, when he visited it for a day soon after he had left West Point. Although these two historical characters had never met before, Mr. Lincoln recognized the general from the pictures he had seen of him. With a face radiant with delight he advanced rapidly two or three steps toward his distinguished visitor and cried out: "Why, here is Gen. Grant! Well, this is a great pleasure, I assure you," at the same time seizing him by the hand and shaking it for several minutes with a vigor which showed the extreme cordiality of the welcome.

The scene now presented was deeply impressive. Standing face to face for the first time were the two illustrious men whose names will always be inseparably associated in connection with the war of the rebellion. Grant's right hand grasped the lapel of his coat; his head was bent slightly forward and his eyes upturned toward Lincoln's face. The president, who was eight inches taller, looked down with beaming countenance upon his guest. Although their appearance, their training and their characteristics were in striking contrast, yet the two men had many traits in common and there were numerous points of resemblance in their remarkable careers. Each was of humble origin and had been compelled to learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. Each had risen from the people, possessed an abiding confidence in them and always retained a deep hold upon their affections. Each might have said to those who were inclined to sneer at his plain origin when a marshal of France, who had risen to a dukedom, said to the hereditary nobles who attempted to snub him in Vienna: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants." In a great crisis of their country's history both had entered the public service from the same state. Both were conspicuous for the possession of that most uncommon of all virtues, common sense. Both despised the arts of the demagogue and shrank from posing for effect or indulging in mock heroics. Even when their characteristics differed they only served to supplement each other and add a still greater strength to the cause for which they strove. With hearts too great for rivalry, with souls untouched by jealousy, they lived to teach the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk abreast.

Monachism in Thibet.

The honorary secretary of the Buddhist Text Society of India writes: Thibet abounds in monasteries and temples. No other Buddhist country in Asia, whether in the past or the present time, could be compared with modern Thibet in the number of her Buddhist priests and monasteries. During my residence in Thibet I obtained a list of well known monasteries, compiled by Sumpa Khampo. The number of monasteries in the provinces of Li and Tsang in 1725 A. D. was 325, and under the hierarchy of the Grand Lama in Thibet was 1026, with a monk population of 491,242. I was told by the spiritual minister of the Tashi Lama that the number of monasteries since the time of Sumpa had increased not less than three-fold, and the number of monks had doubled. So the number of monks in the monasteries of Thibet at the present day might, according to him be estimated at a million. According to my estimate, which is based partly on Thibetan official documents and partly on records left by eminent Thibetan writers, Thibet has a population of six millions; though the country is nearly equal in extent and climate to Russia, its population is not larger than that of London. The proportion of its monks to the entire population was, therefore, one to six.

freely. This, however, was only a temporary relief. The people by this time had worked themselves up to a state of uncontrollable excitement. The vast throng surged and swayed and crowded until alarm was felt for the safety of the ladies.

Cries now arose of "Grant! Grant! Grant!" Then came cheer after cheer. Seward, after some persuasion, induced the general to stand upon a sofa, thinking the visitors would be satisfied with a view of him and retire; but as soon as they caught sight of him their shouts were renewed and a rush was made to shake his hand. The president sent word that he and his secretary of war would await the general's return in one of the small drawing rooms, but it was fully an hour before he was able to make his way there and then only with the aid of several officers and ushers.

The story has been circulated that at the conference which then took place, or at the interview the next day, the president and the secretary of war urged Gen. Grant to make his campaign toward Richmond by the overland route, and finally persuaded him to do so, although he had set forth the superior advantage of the water route. There is not the slightest foundation for this rumor. Gen. Grant some time after repeated to members of his staff just what had taken place and no reference whatever was made to the choice of these two routes.

He said: "The first interview I had with the president, when no others were present, and he could talk freely, he told me that he did not pretend to know anything about the handling of troops, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he ever interfered with the movements of army commanders; but he had common sense enough to know that celerity was absolute necessity; that while armies were sitting down waiting for opportunities to turn up which might, perhaps, be more favorable from a strictly military point of view, the government was spending millions of dollars every day; that there was a limit to the sines of war, and a time might be reached when the spirits and resources of the people would become exhausted. He had always contended that these considerations should be taken into account, as well as purely military questions, and that he adopted the plan of issuing his executive orders principally for the purpose of hurrying the movements of commanding generals; but that he believed I knew the value of minutes, and that he was not going to interfere with my operations. He said, further, that he did not want to know my plans; that it was, perhaps, better that he should not know them, for everybody he met was trying to find out from him something about the contemplated movements, and there was always a temptation 'to leak.' I have not communicated my plans to him or to the secretary of war. The only suggestion the president made—and it was merely a suggestion, not a definite plan—was entirely impracticable, and it was not again referred to in our conversation."

T. J. S.

A Commercial Conflict in Prussia.

Under pressure from the Agricultural party there has been enacted in Prussia a law which prohibits all dealing in "futures" in grain and other produce. The law went into effect on the first of January, and the produce exchanges of Berlin, Stettin and other trade centers promptly suspended and organized as "free associations" in order to escape the severe supervision prescribed by the new law. Germany's great grain trade with Russia and America is entirely dependent upon future deliveries, and the merchants engaged in it insist that it would be impracticable to carry it on under the restrictions of the new law. The hope of the Agricultural party is to advance prices for farm products by preventing speculation.

Ideas About Finger Nails.

The Japanese have some curious ideas about their finger nails. One of them is to the effect that they must not be cut before starting on a journey lest disgrace befall the person before he reaches his destination. Neither should they be cut off at night; lest cat's claws should grow out. To throw nail parings into the fire is to invite some great calamity. If, while trimming the nails, a piece should fall in the fire the person will soon die.—New York Herald.

AN INNOVATION.

A Church Fair in Oklahoma—Every thing "Perfectly Square."

"Brethren and sisters," said the Rev. Jack Jonks, the well-known Oklahoma divine, relates the New York World, "I am requested to announce that the ladies of the church will give a fair and festival at Tilligan's hall next Thursday evening, to which everybody is invited. I will further say that everything will be square and above-board on that occasion. I have been moved to insist upon this innovation because of the numerous kicks which have been registered since the last event of this character. Certain of the brethren, especially those who have but recently become members of the church and have not yet forgotten their worldly wisdom, have been complaining that there was no reciprocity in the various catch-penny devices and games of chance at the last festival, and they are emphatic in their proclamation that, while they do not object to running up against any legitimate hazard for the good of the cause, they decline to participate in any more lead-pipe cinches. I will therefore add that at the coming festival the grab-bag, fish-pond, weighing-machine and kindred devices for replenishing the treasury will be under the direct supervision of Curly Conroy, the gentlemanly and accomplished dealer of faro at the Blue Ruin fortune parlors. In kindly agreeing to superintend these devices, Mr. Conroy pledges his professional honor that every visitor who puts down his scads will at least have some show for his money, and that his part of the evening's entertainment will be conducted in the same unprejudiced and impartial way that characterizes his work at the Blue Ruin. The usual collection will now be taken."

THE NEW THAMES TUNNEL.

English people are congratulating themselves over the approaching completion of the new tunnel under the Thames at Blackwall, and crowing over the fact that "the biggest city in the world will hold proud possession of the biggest tunnel."

The largest tunnel on this side of the Atlantic is the one under the St. Clair river, which is twenty-one feet in diameter. That building under the Hudson has an external diameter of nineteen feet, while the Blackwall tunnel is not less than twenty-seven feet across.

The length of the new tunnel is 6,200 feet, though the breadth of the river at Blackwall is only 1,212 feet, an apparent extravagance accounted for by the fact that in order to get beneath the bed of the river the engineers had to go down a depth of eighty feet below the Thames high water. That the approaches might not be too steep, therefore, the tunnel had to be made about five times the actual breadth of the river crossed.

Our American tunnels have been bored through clay, but the Blackwall tunnel had to be bored through gravel, an undertaking infinitely more difficult—so difficult, indeed, that many of the most experienced engineers, when consulted, doubted whether the enterprise could be carried through all right.

The undertaking was, however, an imperative necessity. Nearly 2,000,000 Londoners live east of London bridge, and until two years ago, when the Tower bridge was opened, they had only three ways of crossing the river—by the foot-passenger subway at the Tower, by the Wapping tunnel and by the Woolwich free ferry. There was not a single bridge east of London bridge.

The Blackwall tunnel was begun in April, 1892. Extraordinary precautions were taken on behalf of the workmen engaged. As a sample, to avoid the danger of chill in passing out of compressed air into ordinary atmosphere, a covered passage to the bank was built for the men and hot baths and dry clothes awaited them at the close of each day's work. It is hoped that the queen will open the tunnel in person, by way of celebrating the 60th year of her reign.

Resentful.

"I have a good father," said the young man, "one who, I am sure, always tried to do his duty. I have only one thing with which to reproach him."

"What is that?" "Human nature is human nature, and I must take it for granted that he is no exception to a universal rule. I don't think I can ever forgive him for the manner in which he used to go around and bore his friends with the smart things I said when I was a baby."—Washington Star.

Statistics of the Franco-German War.

According to recent French statistics, France lost 136,000 men by death through wounds, sickness, or accidents in her war with Germany, while 139,421 men were disabled on the field of battle. Germany's losses were 79,155 dead and 18,543 wounded. The monetary loss is more evenly divided that for France being 12,666,487,522 francs, while for Germany it was 8,000,000,000 francs.

As to the Police.

Artless One—Isn't it strange that they should choose for members of the police force men who are so heavy that they are unable to run with any approach of speed? Sophisticated One—Not at all; if they were sprinters they would be able to get away from a disturbance much quicker than they now can.—Boston Transcript.