

Just Out of Great Men.

The country is always "just out" of great men. The death of the poet Lowell, the perpetual invalidism of Whitman and the great age of Whittier have led many papers of late to lament the decay of American poetry. These great masters of their art, we are told, will leave no successors behind them. But great men, from the standpoint of their contemporaries, never leave any successors behind. This is due to the fact that a great man is not visible until he has receded to a great distance. He is usually measured pretty accurately after he is dead. After Washington, Hamilton, Jay and Jefferson died the lament was raised that the age of statesmen had passed. The great heroic figures of our history had passed off the stage of action and left no successors. This lament was raised, too, when Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Jackson were in the full flush of their remarkable powers.

After these great men had left the stage of action the lament was again raised that the age of great men had passed. To be sure, the presidential chair was occupied by an awkward backwoodsman from Illinois. But Lincoln was called a vulgar story teller, an irresolute, vacillating, good natured man, well meaning enough, but with no executive ability. Charles Sumner was in the United States senate, but he was called a visionary bookworm, full of fanatical theories, but possessing no practical statesmanship. Now we look back to the time of Lincoln and Sumner and say, "There were giants on the earth in those days." So the world is always "just out" of great men, simply because it does not appreciate a good thing when it sees it—or it must see a good thing a long while before it can properly estimate its qualities.—Yankee Blade.

The Last Days of King Ja Ja.

A tourist, who has just returned from the Canary islands, had an interview with King Ja Ja a few days before his death. The exiled king was at that time staying at a hotel in Santa Cruz, and was in very low spirits, doubting whether he would ever see his native land again, though he had made all the necessary arrangements for his departure. His journey was delayed by the British vice consul, who told him he must wait till the arrival of Major McDonald, the commissioner of the Oil rivers.

The colonial office had exacted from him as a condition of his being allowed to return, a promise to create no disturbances. He was suffering severely at the time from dysentery, and being convinced that he was the victim of a conspiracy against his life, he refused to take medicines, hiding himself on the roof or in the cellar of the hotel at the hour the doctor was expected. Three days before his death he was to have gone to a village on the hills for change of air, but he refused to leave, saying: "I no go. I had a dream from my father. He say I be with him in tree day."

The physical society will be interested to know that this presentment proved true. The ex-king's dress was a suit of white flannels and a long dust coat. He had been deserted at St. Vincent by his wives and servants; they had sent their luggage on board the steamer that was to carry them to Tenerife, but staid on shore themselves. When after the steamer had started, the boxes were opened, they were found to contain only rubbish.—London News.

Hair Not Protected.

The Berlin courts have decided that a lover may cut off his sweetheart's tresses and yet escape with a light sentence, even if it be proved that the act was inspired by malice and with a view of spoiling the young lady's outward appearance. This decision has been arrived at in the case of a girl who sued her ex-lover for "conspiracy," alleging that he robbed her of her blond locks with the object of injuring her personal attractiveness to such a degree that she would be glad to accept his offer of marriage. The case, it appears, has been before several courts and finally reached the supreme court of the Prussian realm, which decreed that 'Arry might cut off 'Arriet's hair, but could only be punished for assault and sentenced to a month's imprisonment.—Ladies' Pictorial.

Why They Cheer.

It is not so often that the band which plays at the ocean promenade of Asbury Park treats the seaside pilgrims to the "Star Spangled Banner," but when it does the applause is furious. Strangers are surprised at the outburst until they learn that it was this band which was on the United States ship Trenton when she was driven ashore in the cyclone at Samoa, and which struck up the national anthem in the moment of danger, eliciting cheers from the British frigate that was drifting by. The band is composed chiefly of Italians, and its members are an unusually modest as well as melodious set of heroes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Buying Her Own Truck.

"I believe in the thrift of the rural citizen," admits a woman who has been a suburban resident with a taste for raising vegetables. "As my lima bean plants, though well grown, showed a reluctance to yield any harvest, I have been buying this vegetable, of which we are all fond, of a man who lives near and who came to offer me some one day. By the merest chance, a day or two ago, I discovered that his source of supply was our garden—that I have been paying during a fortnight for my own beans."—New York Times.

Walked Eighteen Miles in His Sleep.

The champion sleepwalker story comes from Fort Dodge, Ia. Here it is: "Henry Lynn, a Livermore farmer, arose in a somnambulistic trance at an early hour yesterday and walked eighteen miles before he awoke. It was nearly noon when the sleeper came to his senses and found that he was plodding along the highway near Algona. Several neighbors met the man during his long tramp and exchanged greetings with him, nevertheless he was not aroused."

A Wedding and a Honeymoon.

Rev Henry Wunder was marrying Dr L P Ehrman and Miss Adelaide Crafton at the Leland when the groom exclaimed: "Stop the deal!" "What's the matter?" asked the preacher. "We will have to postpone this for a while—I note that Miss Adelaide is wearing a gray dress which is not in her usual gray I will disturb the peace."

The minister was led out of the room by the eccentric physician, and the bride changed her dress. When she was ready a knock was heard on the door, and the men entered. The doctor wanted to go on just where the minister left off, but the latter objected. Then the entire wedding ceremony was performed again. When the last word was spoken the doctor offered to match the minister to determine whether he should give him fifty dollars or nothing. This Rev Henry Wunder did not do.

Soon after the ceremony the newly married man rushed down stairs and asked for the register. Seeing the name of Miss Crafton on the book he grabbed a pen and scratched it out. Then he blotted his own name, and asking for a new pen, wrote, "Dr. Ehrman and his wife."

"That's better?" he asked of Clerk Squires.

"Certainly."

"Please call a cab. We will now take our honeymoon."

Dr. Ehrman rode about ten blocks and returned. He said that the cabman overheard him making love and that made him angry. To a number of reporters who called he asked:

"You want to kiss the bride?"

"Delighted."

"Well, stand in the hall and throw a kiss. I've been married before."

The doctor was very kind though. He introduced the reporters.—Chicago Herald.

A New Motor Engine.

A new method of working motor engines with hot gases and steam is now creating no little interest in English circles. According to this plan the mixture of the steam with the hot gases, to form a charge for doing duty in the working cylinder of the engine, is effected in the following way:

First, the chamber having supplied a charge of mixture to the working cylinder and been afterward open to an exhaust, hot gases are passed through to clean and dry it, and while the chamber is still full of hot, dry gases it is closed. Steam at a suitable pressure is now admitted, mixing there with the hot gases, and forming the working mixture for use in the cylinder. This mixture, being at a high pressure, expands in the cylinder, which, after the former has done duty in effecting a stroke of the piston, is opened to the exhaust, and the spent mixture allowed to escape.

For a single acting engine, one mixing chamber is said to suffice, while a double acting engine requires at least two, in each of which the process takes place; but the chamber or chambers to supply actuating fluid to one end of the cylinder, or of each cylinder, must be separate from those that supply the other end, in order to allow ample time for the process of cleaning out, drying, filling with hot gases, admitting steam, etc.—New York Sun.

A Point for Suburbanites.

A few days since there was published the particulars of a case on the Little Miami railroad wherein Mr. Watters declined to pay his fare, having neglected to place his commuter's ticket within his inside pocket for the convenient reference of the conductor. The train was held for quite fifteen minutes for him to get off. He did not get off and the train men did not put him off. It is understood that the conductor has since been discharged; but that is not all of it. The commuters out along the line have been talking about it ever since, and not long after the occurrence two Camp Dennison citizens became so excited in reviewing it that they came to blows and had to be drawn apart by mutual friends.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Sunday Stamps.

The question of Sunday rest for public officials has lately been to the front in Switzerland. This has induced the postoffice of the republic to test public feeling in a somewhat original way. Special "Sunday stamps" are being printed, which will be for sale at every postoffice. Any letters posted on Sunday with these new stamps affixed will not be delivered on Sunday, but held over till Monday. All those franked with the ordinary postage stamp will be delivered on Sunday. The number of "Sunday stamps" used will decide the future action of the postoffice department.—London Tit-Bits.

A Ruthless Relic Fiend.

The relic hunter fiend is at work on the monument of Nathaniel Hawthorne to such an extent that a big fence will be placed about it to keep intruders away. The magnificent tombstone has been chipped continually until now there is scarcely any of it left. A stranger went to the grave last week, and with a heavy chisel broke off a large bit of the stone. He brought it to Boston, it is said, and sold the chips at fabulous prices.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Our Cool Cities.

Sweating Stranger—Phew! Seems as if I'd melt. Thermometer must be about a hundred.

Citizen—Nonsense! You go to the top of that forty story building, climb into the tower and look up at the official weather service thermometer and you'll find it isn't over seventy-six.—New York Weekly.

A CalF with Eight Feet.

Uncle Peter Ledsinger, colored, who lives in the Fifth district, had a calf born on his place Friday with eight feet—two on each leg. The two surplus ones on the hind legs were rather small. The calf lived until Monday, when it died, never being able to stand up.—Dyersburg (Tenn.) State Gazette.

A Petrified Horse Found.

There was recently taken from a small creek near Springtown, L. T., a genuine curiosity in the shape of a petrified horse which had beyond doubt been lying in the bed of the stream for many years. The creek, which is known as Mason's Ford, has been dwindling away for some time, owing to the failure of the springs by which it is fed, and it is now but a shallow rivulet, and a number of Indian relics, human bones, etc., have been taken from its bed.

The horse was nearly covered by a deposit of sand and loose limestone, and was discovered only by chance, some boys wading in the creek catching sight of a portion of one leg. Examining this it was found to have turned entirely to stone, which led to the whole being dug out and carried to shore. The horse, a large, white one, seems to be the work of a cunning sculptor, so completely has the petrification been, even the hairs of the mane and tail being converted into stone.

In the neck and piercing one of the largest veins is an arrow, in all probability the cause of its death, and which probably struck it as it stood on the banks of the creek, into which it rolled in its death agony. Its sides still show the marks of a saddle and its flanks are cut as by spurs used with desperation, but no brand or other mark gives a clue to its rider.

In removing it from the stream one hoof was unfortunately broken off, but with this exception it is perfect. It is now on exhibition in Stringtown, but is shortly to be presented to the Smithsonian institution, though several agencies for dime museums have endeavored to secure it for their enterprises.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Smuggled Chinese Strangely Caught.

Wednesday evening a furious thunderstorm prevailed in Montana, accompanied by heavy rain and hail. Sam Herron was coming into Benton from his ranch with a team and was caught in the shower about four miles from town. A blinding flash of lightning lit up the prairie, and Herron was appalled to see a thunderbolt strike a wagon at some distance ahead of him on the trail. He rode up to the spot, where he found the driver of the vehicle dead and nine Chinamen crouching down in the wagon.

Taking in the situation at a glance, Herron rode rapidly into Benton and notified Collector Sullivan, who immediately summoned assistance, and went out in the storm and took the Chinamen prisoners. They left the dead body of the teamster on the range and brought the Chinamen into town, where they were secured. Under a recent decision all Chinamen captured by the officers must be returned to China, and the nine now in custody at Benton will undoubtedly be sent direct to San Francisco in charge of officers, and be sent thence to Hong Kong.—Cor. St. Paul Globe.

The Artist and the Child.

Mr. Burne-Jones has so far recovered from the effects of his recent fall that he has been able to paint for several hours during the last few weeks. One of the earliest exercises of his art after his recovery was characteristic. Being at the house of a friend he found himself in the nursery, and there the child daughter of the house was for some nursery crime undergoing solitary confinement in a corner. When the authorities came to release the tiny prisoner they found the walls of her cell covered with beautiful pencil drawings of flights of birds and all sorts of scenes of "faery lands forlorn." Half frightened and half proud the little one exclaimed, perhaps unnecessarily, "Please, it wasn't I; 'twas Mr. Burne-Jones that did it."—Vanity Fair.

The Singular Fate of a Rat.

In the warehouse of Tilton & Co., rice dealers, is stored a quantity of rice in bags and barrels and in bulk. The rat family is numerous there. On a shelf near the door are placed conveniently a dozen ordinary iron paper files for filing dry tickets. On opening the doors of the warehouse a morning or two ago a fine, sleek and fat rat was found impaled on one of the files, pierced through and through, resting on the dry tickets, wriggling head and feet and tail in endeavors to free himself. It was believed that in attempting to walk along the projecting ledge of bricks near the ceiling to get under the floor the rat missed his footing and fell, and trying, catlike, to alight on his feet, struck on the file.—Savannah News.

In Memory of Halliwell-Phillips.

A memorial to the devoted Shakespearean scholar and biographer, the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, has been raised in the chance of the Collegiate church of Stratford-on-Avon in the form of a stained glass window. The subject is, "Elijah's Sacrifice on Mount Carmel." The window is situated immediately behind Shakespeare's monument and within a few feet of the poet's grave.—London Telegraph.

Delay in a Florida Sawmill.

A negro mill hand at Inwood ran his head against the cut-off saw Thursday afternoon while the saw was in full motion. Result: The teeth of the saw will have to be rounded up and the saw hammered before the latter may be used again. The negro only stopped work long enough to dress an inch long cut in his scalp, the result of the collision on his side.—Pensacola News.

Tidal Wave.

It is reported that the tidal wave caused by earthquakes in the Cocopah region, Arizona, reached a height of 100 feet. Near Lerdo the Colorado river bed was divided by a chasm over ten feet wide into which the waters poured with thundering noise, and many fissures of less width and twenty to thirty feet long were suddenly made in the sun dried earth.—Exchange.

A Day in the City.

Wilton—You didn't stay long at the seashore. Back for the summer? Bilton—No; only came back to get warm.—New York Weekly.

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