OPERA GLASS MACHINES.

GOING ALL RIGHT AND MAKING LOTS OF FUN AND MONEY.

Sometimes One Don't Work, and the Dime Must Be Refunded—A Dividend of One Per Cent. the First Month—Stuffing Hairpins and Other Trash Into the Slot.

Many humorous incidents have attended the introduction of the new fangled opera glass machinery at the theatres. The theatre ushers say that the machines are more fun than a circus when the wheels that operate the spring that unlocks the box led gets in a snarl. But the fun is enjoyed by the spectators, and not by the ushers. The theatre goer whose dime gets stuck in the slot generally makes about thirteen and a half times more fuss over the prospective loss of the dime than a man whose favorite corn is stepped on by the inconsiderate man who persists in going out to see another man between the acts. Recently at the Casino a man in a dress suit, with bank notes in his waistcoat pocket, made a commotion that disturbed the whole parquet assemblage for fully twenty minutes because the usher told him he couldn't get his money back until the next morning at the box office. Two ushers had to scurry around and hunt up the president of the company that runs the boxes to soothe the wrath of the would be patron by handing him back the quarter he had dropped into the slot that was out of order. It costs a quarter instead of a dime, by the way, to get a glass at the Casino. Outbreaks of this this sort are getting less frequent, though, and intending explosions of wrath are headed off by the timely arrival of the usher, who, as soon as he finds that a box won't work, tries another that will without extra expense to the theatre goer. There's plenty of fun, though, when the box selects a cantankerous theatergoer as a victim for its cranky wrinkles. This happens one night a week, anyhow, and sometimes oftener.

GROWING IN POPULARITY.

The boxes are growing in popularity despite these drawbacks. That is proved by the increased number used and by the general introduction of the mechanisms in the city theatres. The dime slot boxes are now in use in eight theatres, and contracts have been made for their introduction into many out of town theatres. On an average 125 boxes are put into a theatre of the size of the Fifth Avenue. Of these between fifty and seventy-five are used nightly. That this is sufficient to return a satisfactory profit is shown by the fact that in the first month of the experiment with the dime slot mechanisms the company paid a dividend of 1 per cent. to Mrs. Langtry and other stockholders. It has been found that the idea tickles the children, and mothers and nurses drop money into the slots just for the sake of seeing the little ones open their eyes in delight when the lid pops up and reveals the opera glass snugly fitted in the box.

Every night after the play an agent of the company goes around from box to box and collects the coins. In the first weeks of the experiment the tour was made unexpectedly interesting by the amount of unique bric-a-brac that was gathered up from the slots instead of the looked for silver coin. Lead dimes, little souvenir medals of brass and lead, and bent pins were found in the slots. Hairpins, too, were collected in bunches at every tour. In fact, the hairpin seems to be the favorite implement used by the conscienceless theatre goers who put up schemes to beat the slot. But it is a waste of hairpins and also of centennial medals and lead coins to try and palm them off on the machine for the genuine dime or quarter of commerce. The machines are made to bend and break all such nondescript counterfeits. And nothing but silver goes through successfully. The only effect of trying to beat the machine is to throw it out of order, and about ten of the machines are in the hospital for repairs each week.

WHY THEY ARE NOT RED.

It was early discovered by dishonest theatre goers that the lids of the boxes cannot be locked, except by a special key, after the opera glasses have been used. A number of the glasses were stolen in the first week, but the pilfering of the boxes has since ceased. Detectives keep a watch on the boxes at each theatre. They caught a well dressed theatre goer walking off with a glass one night recently at the Fifth Avenue theatre, and he was arraigned in court, and only escaped prosecution for the larceny because imprisonment meant the ruin of his little family. On several occasions theatre goers have pocketed the glasses in a fit of absentmindedness and returned them afterward.

"Why don't you paint the glasses red, so that they can be told right off?" a theatre goer asked Stockholder Joe Reynolds the other night.

"Oh, that would burst the whole enterprise at one fell swoop," he said. "You can never get a theatre goer to hire anything that bears on its face the unmistakable evidence that it is hired. It shocks the public's pride too much. As long as the glasses look like private glasses the thing goes. Not otherwise."

The directors of the dime slot machines are considering the advisability of raising the ante on a glass to the Casino limit of twenty-five cents a peep. Some of the stockholders object.

"It won't work," they say, "unless you put a lot of women in tights on the stage to look at. Then you may hope to collar the quarters of the dizzy dudes and the flamboyant bald headed men."

This argument is reported to have brought a delay in the proposed increase.

A new form of case has just been designed. It is made of fine plate glass in the form of a tiny show case with a bowed front. The front is made to slide upward, like the cover of an office desk. If you drop a coin into the slot you can see it slide down and watch it work the machinery that opens the sliding cover. —New York Sun.

Humorist—I dreamed last night about some jokes that I wrote.

Friend (who has read some of them)—How I pity you.—Yankee Blade.

CAPTURE OF A DEVIL FISH.

The Parasites Who Travel with the Monster—A Troublesome Fellow.

We are indebted to the Rev. W. C. Bourchier, R. N., chaplain to H. M. S. Comus, in the West Indies, for the sketch of this incident, accompanied by the following account of it.

"As her majesty's ship lay at anchor in English harbor, Antigua, the little barrel like buoy that marks the place of the anchor, to which it is fastened by a four inch rope, was observed to plunge about and splash, diving under the water and disappearing. Reports of this unseemly behavior of our buoy were conveyed to the officers, who treated them with the cautious suspicion that such an unlikely story seemed to deserve. By 1 o'clock in the afternoon, when the buoy had danced for an hour and a half and seemed to require some looking after, a boat was dispatched to its assistance. The cause of the disturbance was then manifest. A huge devil fish had got foul of the buoy rope, and there he was, struggling away, about six feet below the surface of the water, with two good turns of the rope around one of his mouth fins, as I may call them for want of a better name.

"He was secured with a sharp hook by a gallant midshipman and was then harpooned; the rope in which he was entangled was cut, and he was slowly towed alongside and was hoisted on board.

"When he was laid on the deck we had an ample opportunity of admiring his vast proportions. He was not 'a thing of beauty,' but an awe inspiring monster of the deep. There lay the great fish, like a giant black bat, with his huge wings extended on the deck, measuring across, from tip to tip, 16 feet 4 inches. The other dimensions were: Breadth of mouth (horizontally), 3 feet; length from head to end of tail, 12 feet 8 inches; length of tail alone, 5 feet. But it was a puzzle at first to find out where his mouth was placed.

"'I have it, sir,' cried a blue jacket in great glee; 'and, what is more, he has a fish in it—his dinner is there!' As he spoke he opened a pair of great black lips, rather to one side of the fish, I thought, and below these lips was a white cavity, large enough to contain one's head. And there was a fish, sure enough, inside it, but this little fish was alive; he bounced out, a fish the size of a small herring, and skipped furiously about the deck between our feet. There were more wonders presently, when another blue jacket found another mouth, with another fish in it, alive and well, and this fish, too, came out and skipped on deck between our legs. Then it dawned upon us that these small fishes could never have been eaten by the big devil fish; and further examination showed that each of them had a flat plate on the back of its head; it looked as if they had held on to something by this sucker, and it proved that so they do. We put them in a bucket of water, and they hung on to the sides of it with the back of their heads so vigorously that the hardest pull could not shift their position, much less dislodge them; though when the bucket was emptied, they came off its side at a touch. The small fishes had clung to the devil fish as his parasites; not feeding on him, for they left no mark behind, but using him for their traveling habitation. The cavities in which they lodged were his nostrils. Meanwhile, we discovered the real mouth of the devil fish, three feet across, lying between these cavities. This enormous mouth is quite toothless; the devil fish sucks down his food as one would an oyster. What is his food I cannot tell, for after I had finished sketching him, and before I had well begun dissecting him, orders were given to heave him overboard, as he was making the deck filthy with the streams of blood that continued to flow from his dead body.

"Stories have been told of the devil fish taking a luckless swimmer between his great fins, folding him in a deadly embrace and sinking with him to the depths below; and this may be true enough, but the Manta Diabolus, or Manta Birostris, as he is scientifically called, is said to feed only on sea weed. At the same time he is troublesome and even dangerous, fond of meddling with the mooring of fishermen's boats, as he did with our moorings, and setting them adrift, and when pursued—a favorite pastime when they were more plentiful at Port Royal—turning upon the boats, and, if not quickly dispatched, capsizing them. I have often seen these fish leap out of the water—an amazing sight—on the coast of Venezuela, where they are common and grow to the size of twenty feet broad."—Illustrated London News.

Poor Illustrations.

I don't claim for myself any ability as an artist, but I am familiar with history, and with the characters so prominent and picturesque during the chivalrous or knightly age of French and English history; and I charge it is a foul imposition on the rising generation for a school board to accept an edition of history or other book of instruction in which the illustrations are not as authentic and as scrupulously correct as the writings themselves. I have seen a school history with a picture representing Sir Walter Raleigh—"a paragon of proudest men"—attending court attired in a costume belonging to a period 500 years before his time. I refer to this by way of illustrating my meaning; but this grotesqueness is not confined to history. It is to be found in every school book, from the primer up, and I know that the evil thus founded in beginning an education can never be obliterated by after learning.—C. E. T. in Globe-Democrat.

Dainty Cups and Saucers.

A Boston girl has received fifty-two cups and saucers sent by friends with congratulations on her engagement, according to the most recent "wrinkle" in society. No two are alike. One of these cups is the delicate rose tinted Irish Belleck ware, frail enough to crush in a lady's hand, and whose creamy lining looks as filmy as nature's lining of an egg shell, while the varying thickness of the lines gives it a beautiful translucent effect.—New York Telegram.

CHINA AND ITS PEOPLE.

ODD SUPERSTITIONS AND NOTIONS OF THE CELESTIALS.

Shanghai, the Paris of Asia—Boat Life on the Great River Yang-tse-Kiang—Peculiar Belief Concerning the Making of Medicine in America.

Shanghai is about midway on the Pacific coast between the northern and southern boundaries of China. It is near the mouth of, though not on, the great river, the Yang-tse-Kiang, which divides the empire into two equal portions, and which forms the great central avenue of trade. This is one of the greatest and one of the longest rivers of the world, and it vies with the Nile in the rich deposits which it carries down from the mountains of Thibet and spreads over the rich plains of China. Its waters where it enters the sea are as yellow as clay, and their contents are, I am told, as rich as guano. They form a fertilizer which the Chinese use by irrigation, so that it is spread over much of the 548,000 square miles which forms its basin and makes this land produce from two to three crops per year.

LIFE ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

The Yang-tse Kiang has a fall nearly double that of the Nile or the Amazon. It is so wide at its mouth that when we sailed up it in coming to Shanghai we for a long way were hardly able to see the banks, and this width extends up the river for hundreds of miles. It is navigable for ocean steamers to Hankow, a city of the size of Chicago, which is situated on its banks 600 miles above Shanghai, and river steamers can go 1,300 miles up its winding course. Above this there are gorges and rapids which the foreigners now think can be passed, and there will then be an opening into the interior of China by this means for more than 2,000 miles. The Yang-tse-Kiang is so long that it would reach from San Francisco to New York and push its way out into the Atlantic if it could be stretched out upon a plane of the face of the United States. It is longer than the distance from New York to Liverpool, and it is said to be the best stream in the world as to the arrangement of its branches. Its boat population is numbered by hundreds of thousands, and it is a city hundreds of miles in length, made up of junks, ships and barges. These Chinese junks are gorgeously painted and carved. They have the same style of sails and masts that were used thousands of years ago, and their sails are immense sheets of cotton patched together and stretched on rods of bamboo which look like fishing poles. The sailors are pig tailed men in fat clothes of cotton who sing in a cracked gibberish as they work, and who understand how to manage their rude sails so well that they can often pass ships of more modern make. All of the Chinese boats have a pair of eyes painted on the sides of their prows, and the Chinese sailor would no more think of navigating without these than he would think of eating without chopsticks. If asked the reason he replies:

"No have eyes, no can see. No can see, no can go."

Bishop Fowler, while sailing up the Pie Ho to Peking, happened to sit with his legs hanging over the boat so that they covered up one eye. He noticed that the sailors were uneasy, and they at last came to him and asked him to move his legs, as the ship could not see to go.

CELESTIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

The Chinese are full of superstitions and many of them firmly believe that the foreigners make medicines out of human beings. The massacre at Tien-Tsin in 1870, in which twenty foreigners were killed and among them a number of French nuns, was caused by the report that the sisters were killing children to get their hearts and eyes for medical purposes, and the trouble in Corea last spring was caused by the circulation of the stories that the missionaries were grinding up children's bones to make medicine. This report was started by the Chinese, and the latest attempt of the kind I find today here at Shanghai. It appears in a tri-monthly illustrated magazine which the Chinese publish and which sells for five cents a copy. This contains a full description of how the foreigners make their medicine, with ghastly illustrations of the severed trunks and the cut up limbs of human beings. In one cut men in American clothes are bending over great furnaces in which the heads and legs of men are boiling, and beside which great baskets and tubs of cut up humans lie. The men are stirring the steaming mass, and the picture makes one think of the witches' caldron in "Macbeth."

The Chinese themselves do not believe in dissection and there is no body snatching here. They believe that the heart is the seat of thought, that the soul exists in the liver and that the gall bladder is the seat of courage. For this reason the gall bladders of tigers are eaten by soldiers to inspire them with courage. The Chinese doctor ranks no higher than the ordinary skilled workman. He gets from fifteen to twenty cents a visit, and he often takes patients on condition that he will cure them within a certain time or no pay. He never sees his female patients except behind a screen, and he does not pay a second visit unless he is invited. His pay is called "golden thanks," and the orthodox way of sending it to him is wrapped in red paper. The dentists look upon pulled teeth as trophies, and they go about with necklaces of decayed teeth about their necks, or with them strung upon strings and tied to sticks. Toothache is supposed to come from a worm in the tooth, and there are a set of female doctors who make a business of extracting these worms. When the nerve is exposed they take this out and call it the worm, and when not they use a sleight-of-hand by which they make their patients believe certain worms, which they show them, come from their teeth. I have heard persons tell of Chinamen who claimed to have had ten worms taken from their mouths in a single day, and I saw a woman actually at work upon a patient in the street here. China is as full of superstition as the West India Islands, and the people like to be humbugged quite as well here as we do in America.—Frank G. Carpenter.

Balzac's Female Friends.

Balzac met the celebrated Duchesse d'Abrantes at the house of Sophie Gay in the time of Louis XVIII. Her high spirits, her knowledge of the world, the strange career she had passed through, rendered her a very interesting object to the author of "La Comedie Humaine." She had a good figure, a pleasant face, chestnut hair, and the prestige of the imperial world, of which she had been one of the queens. It is not unlikely that she suggested the glorification of the forties, of which mention has been made; and certainly the vicissitude of her fortune must have supplied to an imaginative mind many sad reflections on the instability of human happiness.

When she published her "Memoirs" Balzac was of great service for her, for he was not a bad hand at driving a literary bargain. But no re-enforcement of her finances proved more than temporary. In the golden days of Napoleon she had contracted an extravagance she never could master. Her circumstances went from bad to worse, and at last, in 1838, the splendid mistress of the most fashionable salon of the empire, after hearing from her sick bed her effects submitted to the hammer, had to be removed to lodgings still more humble, where, in absolute squalor, attended only by her faithful maid, she passed unnoticed from life.

Georges Sand was not introduced to Balzac till 1831. She had then written "Indiana" and he the "Peau de Chagrin," so that both were in a sense established literary people. Balzac, however had still severe struggles before him, for he was slow in establishing supremacy. He had a sincere admiration for Georges Sand's talents, and it is well known that the character of Camille Maupin, in "Beatrix," was founded on a careful study of the authoress of "Lelia" and the rest. But no friendship existed between the two beyond frank literary comradeship. It seems strange to hear that Georges Sand found Balzac undertaking to read Rabelais aloud, altogether too coarse; indeed, she denounced him, "Vous etes un gros effronte!"—The Gentleman's Magazine.

An Old Time Muster.

A veteran correspondent of The Bucksport Clipper describes a muster that took place in Hampden sixty years ago, of which he was a part. The first sound that struck his ear in the morning was the martial music of the Carmel band, on its way to the field, and soon the road was full of tramping soldiers. The state militia of those days were not required to dress in any but their usual clothing, and their appearance was not brilliant by any means; but the gay uniforms of the Bangor company, Capt. Bryant, the Hampden rifles, Capt. Hannibal Hamlin, and the Hampden light infantry, Capt. Snow, shone out like stars in the leaden sky, and added greatly to the whole display. Capt. Hamlin was every inch a soldier and his horsehair plume was a sight to see. One novel feature of the Hampden muster was the "sailor company." A month before the muster, all the sea faring people, captains, mates and seamen, including some of the larger boys, made up their minds that they would have a little diversion on their own hook and in their own way on the interesting occasion. So they organized a company, drilled and went to muster, too. Their appearance on the field with their white pants, blue jackets, tarpaulin hats with a liberal display of black ribbons hanging as neck bands, was neat and trig, and they were the admiration of all observers.—Lewiston Journal.

Joel Chandler Harris Embarrassed.

As the street car rolled into West End, the other day, an elderly lady remarked:

"Daughter, Joel Chandler Harris lives over that way."

"Does he, ma?" said the younger lady.

"Do you know where Joel Chandler Harris lives?" inquired the mother of one of the passengers.

The gentleman addressed blushed a little.

"Um—what does he do?" he asked.

"Oh, he writes things for the paper, I believe," was the answer, "but I don't know. Daughter, what does Mr. Harris do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the young lady. "I simply heard somebody say that he lived out this way."

Then the gentleman asked the driver if he could point out Mr. Harris' house, and the driver turned red and stared at the questioner and stammered out an answer.

Both ladies looked hard at the stranger and at each other, and suddenly became very silent. The car stopped and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris lost no time in getting out and turning his steps homeward. It gives a man a funny feeling to hear questions asked about him in public by strangers.—Atlanta Constitution.

Slow but Sure.

The old lady who thought her daughter, in playing a slow and majestic piece of music, was "a long while about it," was of that "capable" nature which brooks no delay. There are others of the same disposition.

During a balloonist's recent exhibition in Scotland, a native of the country was intently watching the slow descent of the parachute.

"Dear me," he exclaimed, "how long he is coming doon!"

"Yes, indade, and he is," observed an Irishman, who was standing near; "bedad, I could come down quicker than that mesilf!"—Youth's Companion.

Too Previous.

"Mr. Barker, do you think we will go to the sea or mountains next summer?" asked the power behind the throne, as the family sat about the evening lamp.

"Mrs. B.," answered her husband, "I have not paid the bill for the Christmas present you gave me yet," and dull silence reigned.—The Epoch.

"Sam" Carpenter, the well known railroad man, does not care for theatres or social affairs, but he has a weakness for studying up and inflicting upon his friends the queerest and most unexpected jokes.

TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

84. Bruhl Jner.
85. Bank of Cass county.
65. Beeson, A. res.
20. " " office.
2. Bennett, L. D. store.
45. " " res.
4. Bonner stables.
71. Brown, W. L. office.
88. " " res.
87. Ballou, O. H. res.
7.. " " office.
8. B. & M. tel. office.
30. B. & M. round house.
18. Blake, John saloon.
69. Bach, A. grocery.
51. Campbell, D. A. res.
61. Chapman, S. W. res.
22. City hotel.
13. Clark, T. coal office,
25. Clerk district court.
68. Connor, J. A. res.
5. County Clerks office.
20. Covell, Polk & Beeson, office.
74. Cox, J. R, res.
82. Craig, J. M. res.
70. Critchfield, Bird res.
31. Cummins & Son, lumber yard.
19. " J. C. farm.
57. Cook, Dr. office.
17. Clark, A. grocery store.
55. Clark, Byron office.
25. District court office.
66. Dovey & Son, store.
73. Dovey, Mrs. George res.
80. Emmons, J. H. Dr. office and res.
24. First National bank.
91. Fricke, F. G. & Co., drugstore.
78. Gibson, J. [illegible]
22. Goos hotel
28. Gering, H. drugstore.
81. " res.
35. Hadley, dray and express.
38. HERALD office.
44. Holmes, C. M., res.
99. Hatt & Co., meat market.
64. Hemple & Troop. store.
96. Hall, Dr. J. H., office.
97. " " res.
44. Holmes, C. M., livery stable.
96. Hall & Craig, agricultural imp.
4. Jones, W. D., stable.
40. Journal office.
89. Johnson Bros., hardware store.
67. Johnson, Mrs. J. F., millinery.
67. Johnson, J. F., res.
79. Klein, Joseph, res.
14. Krous, P., fruit and confectionery.
50. Livingston, Dr. T. P., office.
49. Livington, res.
83. Manager Waterman Opera House.
50. Livingston, Dr. R. R., office.
53. McCourt, F., store.
72. McMacken, H. C., res.
3. Murphy, M. B., store.
26. Murphy, M. B., res.
72. McMacken, ice office.
60. Minor, J. L., res.
52. McVey, saloon.
15. More, L. A., res. and floral garden.
77. Neville, Wm., res.
54. Olliver & Ramge, meat market.
100. Olliver & Ramge slaughter house.
Pub. Tel. Station.
39. Palmer, H. E. res.
21. Petersen Bros., meat marketr
56. " " res.
27. Polk, M. D., res.
93. Patterson, J. M, res.
75. Riddle house.
16. Ritchie, Harry.
46. Schildknecht, Dr. office.
11. Shipman, Dr. A. office.
12. " " res.
25. Showalter, W. C. office.
42. Siggins, Dr. E. L. res.
28. " " office.
76. Streight, O. M. stable,
57. Smith, O. P. drugstore.
16. Skinner & Ritchie, abstract and loan office.
40. Sherman, C. W. office.
10. Todd, Ammi res.
64. Troop & Hemple, store.
90. Thomas, J. W. Summit Garden.
32. Water Works, office.
37. Water works, pump house.
29. Waugh, S. res.
23. Webber, Wm. saloon.
36. Weckbach & Co., store.
33. Weckbach, J. V., res.
8. Western Union Telegraph office.
47. White, F. E., res.
6. Windham, R. B., office.
7. Windham & Davies, law office.
43. Wise, Will, res.
34. Withers, Dr. A. T., res.
83. Young, J. P., store.

S. BUZZELL, Manager.

Natural Gas in Indiana.

Some idea of the vast importance of the natural gas interests of Indiana may be gained from a study of the report recently made by the state geologist. He has been collecting all the information he could possibly get concerning the subject, and from the results of his investigation we learn that the gas area of Indiana is 165 miles in length by 65 miles in width; altogether there are 381 paying wells in the district. The entire flow of gas is placed at 600,000,000 feet of which, it is calculated, something like 1,000,000 feet go to waste. The average flow of gas from each well is stated as being about 150,000 feet. The report further mentions the fact that during the past two years seventy-nine manufactories have located in Indiana, simply and solely because of the fact that they could obtain this fuel. Their combined capital is stated, in Fire and Water, as reaching $4,500,000, and it is said that they will employ 5,800 men.—Scientific American.

Strangulation Produces Coloration.

The question is asked why the face of a person who is strangled turns black? An answer to this is as follows: Blood is of two kinds, arterial or bright blood, and venous or dark blood. The brilliant color of the arterial blood is due to oxygen which it carries from the lungs to the tissues; these rob it of its charge, and it hurries back to the lungs as dark venous blood for more. If this regular course of nature is arrested by strangulation, which means the compression of the jugular vein, the venous blood is retained above the ligature and becomes less and less oxygenated. If the ligature is very tight the carotid arteries will also be blocked, and no more arterial blood will reach the head and face. And so the result of strangulation is blackness, or rather purpleness, of the face—the outcome of an excess of venous blood and deficiency of oxygenation.—New York Telegram.

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