

ALL EYES ON BABY.

And He Was Coming While Death Was Very Close.

For nearly ten minutes yesterday afternoon, says the Chicago News-Record, a wee bit of a child arrested traffic on Clark street and blanched many a face with horror. A crowd numbering the hundreds appeared to be paralyzed for the moment.

High above their heads, on a narrow cornice that runs around the fourth floor of the County building, stood a 3-year-old boy. The breeze that came up from the lake tossed his yellow curls about his laughing face as he playfully swung his arms about and looked at the ever-increasing mass of people that watched him from below. His little dress was wafted about by the wind, while the spectators expected every minute to see the daring explorer pitch headlong from the dizzy perch. No one dared to cry out, for fear of frightening the child, who calmly looked about, up and down the street, leaned over to get a better view of the sidewalk, and gazed at the towering Ashland block on the opposite corner.

Below was a scene of intense excitement. A hackman rushed to his hack and snatched a heavy blanket from the seat. Several men grasped the edges and stood close up to the building, directly below where the child was standing. Officer Frank C. Snyder, of the Central Station, stood on the corner in front of the Sherman House. A small boy ran up and called his attention to the child, and he made a wild rush for the elevator of the county building. Officer Timmons also witnessed the scene at the same time. About a score of men had now recovered their senses, and through every entrance of the building they raced for the elevators. Officer Timmons made a mistake, and was carried up to the top floor. Officer Snyder, however, made a better calculation. Running down the hall and into Judge Adams' coat-room, he saw the innocent cause of all the commotion out on the ledge in front of the open window. The court-room was deserted, and the child was alone.

"Da, da, da," he was saying softly to himself, utterly oblivious of the presence of the officer. Cold drops of perspiration stood on the officer's forehead as he softly tiptoed toward the child, for he realized that his sudden appearance before the startled child meant instant death. Still the child prattled away, giving itself up to the enjoyment of the novel position.

The officer reached out to grasp the dress, when a wild, hysterical shriek came from the hall behind him. The child turned and began to totter, and a horrified cry arose from the street. Officer Snyder's hand shot out and he held the boy in his arms.

Only for a moment, however, for a woman in whose face there was not a bit of color watched the child from the officer's arms, and then dropped limp and fainting to the floor. The big-eyed boy looked about him curiously, while the room began to fill up with people. The mother of the child, for so she proved, clung tenaciously to him. When she became calmer she said she had been in the Probate Court-room, and her boy was playing and romping in the hall. She had not been aware that he was elsewhere until she heard the child's voice rushing down the hall.

He had pushed open the door of the vacant room and climbed up on a chair to the open window. The officer chided the woman for her carelessness, but she was so happy at the escape of her boy that she paid little attention to his words, but showered passionate kisses on the child's face. She was a comely-looking and youthful German, and spoke English with difficulty. She would not give her name, and left, clasping the child to her breast.

A sigh of relief went up from the crowd, which had blocked the sidewalks and extended across the street, when the child was taken inside. It necessitated the stoppage of vehicles and street cars, for in the suspense of the awful sight not a spectator moved, while a wondrous silence was caused by the unwonted spectacle. The passengers on the cable trains craned their necks out of the cars to get a sight of the child, and many women turned away with frightened faces, as if to avoid witnessing the anticipated fall.

Tea, Especially Green.

Tea is a plant that grows in China, Japan, and other parts of the world. There are two varieties, thea nigra and thea viridis—black and green tea. The same plant produces both kinds. Green tea is made by one kind of treatment, black tea by another. The shrub is raised from seed like hazel nuts, planted in nurseries; it is set out when about a foot high; lives for fifteen or twenty years and grows sometimes as tall as six feet. It is picked four times a year. The first picking is the best when the leaves are covered with a whitish down. This is in April, the next in May, the next in July, the last in August. One Chinaman can pick about thirteen pounds of leaves per day, for which he receives sixty cash or six cents. The green leaves are spread out on bamboo frames to dry a little, the yellow and old defective leaves are picked out, then they take up a handful of leaves, cast them in a heated pan, get them warmed up and squeeze out the superfluous juice; this juice contains an acid oil, so acid as to irritate the hands of the workmen. Then they dry them slightly in the sun; then every separate leaf is rolled up into a little ball like shot; then they throw these green tea shot into a pan slightly heated, stirring them up so as to warm every part alike, then they cool the tea, and the

shot are picked out one by one, the best for the first or finest chop. Then it is packed.

The "Cliff-Houses" of Arizona.

There are several of these canons of the "Cliff-builders" near the town of Flagstaff, Arizona—gigantic gashes in the level upland, to whose very brink one comes without the remotest suspicion that such an abyss is in front. One of these canons is over twenty miles long, and six hundred feet deep in places. It contains the ruins of about a thousand of these remarkable cliff-houses, some of which are very well preserved. The canon de Tsayee, with its mummies, was another abode of the "Cliff-builders"; and there are many more scattered over parts of Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. In most of these houses there is little left. Furniture they never had, and most of the implements have been carried away by the departing inhabitants or by other Indians. The floors are one and two feet deep with the dust of ages, mingled with thorns and nutshells brought in by the chipmunks which are now their only tenants. By digging to the bedrock floor I have found fine stone axes, beautiful arrow-heads, the puzzling quill-like stones, and even baskets of yucca-fiber exactly like the strange "plaques" made in Moqui to-day—but these crumbled to dust soon after they were exposed to the air.—St. Nicholas.

How It Worked.

A well-known borrower, whose credit had daily grown nearer the ground and worn out in forty places, met an acquaintance the other day.

"I say, Tom," he said, "lend me \$5 for a minute or two. I'll give it right back to you."

After some hesitation the money was handed over and handed back promptly. Then the same performance was gone through with on one dollar, two, ten and twenty.

"That's all, thank you," said the borrower, starting off.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the lender; "tell me what you mean by that monkey business."

"Oh, nothing much," was the reply, "only it's been so long since I have been able to borrow anything under any circumstances that I was afraid I had lost my grip entirely. Thank Heaven I have some little credit left. Will you lend me a quarter until to-morrow?"

His scheme was a success.

Convenient Roots.

A visitor to Brazil records a fact which seems to show that in South America, as elsewhere, one use of the law is to increase the sum of human ingenuity.

The climate is very wet, and a sloping tile roof is in universal use. It is easily put on, easily repaired, affords excellent shelter from the tropical rains, and what is deemed a capital advantage, it is readily taken off.

A law of the country forbids the eviction of tenants for the non-payment of rent. When a landlord's patience is exhausted, therefore, instead of warning the delinquent out of the house, he takes off the roof for repairs, and the first heavy shower does the rest.

Oil Baths for the Baby.

"It is well known that the skin is a great absorbent, and nutrition even can be conveyed through its agency," says a trained nurse. "A physician once ordered a beef tea bath for a baby that I was nursing, who was apparently dying of some exhausting bowel trouble, and with admirable effect. And I myself have found that rubbing delicate persons with warm olive oil is an excellent tonic. If I had the charge of a puny, sickly baby, I should feel inclined to give it oil baths instead of water baths, and try the effect. The oil is quite as cleansing, and it stands to reason that such tiny beings, particularly if they are badly nourished, should not have the natural oil of the body continually washed away."

A Possible Blessing in Disguise.

The average Londoner is fairly case-hardened in the matter of fogs and accepts them as a matter of course. They are, in fact, regarded as a necessary evil. It is now asserted, however, and by no less an authority than the President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, that fog is the chief cause of the low death rate in London. He says that the fog is caused by sulphur emanating from combustion of soft coal; that in London about 350 tons are thrown into the air on one winter's day, and that it is this large quantity of sulphur which counteracts the effects of the deadly germs discharged from refuse heaps and sewers, by its deodorizing and antiseptic properties.

He Had Wasted It.

Tommy's mother had left him to entertain Johnnie, his younger brother, while she went out to do an hour's shopping. When she returned Thomas was on hand with an important question.

"Does little boys about Johnnie's size, mamma, have hair on the inside of them?"

"Of course they don't," she exclaimed. "Why do you ask that?"

"Oh, nothin'," he said, "starting off, 'only I guess I've wasted a bottle of hair oil in Johnnie."

Oysters.

Oyster-spawn when thrown off by the mother soon seek some clean shell or gravel on which to fasten or "set." This is why new ground for oysters needs to be covered with clean shells or stones. Oyster-spawn will not "set" on muddy, dirty or greasy matter, even if on shells. Hence shells are much in demand for preparing new ground.

GOOD PARROT STORIES.

A Fresh Collection of Anecdotes Concerning Famous Birds.

Of all the members of the feathered tribes there are none which have been greater favorites, and have been regarded with a greater degree of genuine attachments than parrots. The beauty of their plumage, with its wealth and variety of gorgeous colors, their symmetry of form and their gracefulness of manner would alone have been sufficient to have given them this popularity. But the closest link they have established with our affections is, of course, found in their wonderful faculty for the repetition of spoken words and various familiar sounds, together with their possession in many instances, of a reasonable power which suggests that they are not always mere imitators, but really understand the general sense of what they say.

Combined with this power of speech the fond attachment which they are capable of showing toward those who feed or are otherwise kind to them leads to their being among the most favored, as they seemed to be among the best fitted companions of human beings. This place of honor in the animal world they have held for very many centuries. There was, indeed, a time when they were regarded in India and elsewhere as sacred, and anybody who dared to injure one of them was regarded as guilty of a dreadful crime.

It is true that since then have fallen somewhat from their high estate and that in this more degenerate age the common Amazon parrot has been shot in great numbers in the Eastern part of Brazil for the prosaic purpose of making a particular kind of soup to which the natives are partial; while the naturalist Gould waxed quite eloquent when he sounds the praises of parakeet pie. But our own country, though we do not go either to the one extreme of holding them sacred or to the other extreme of putting them into pies, parrots still occupy a place of honor in our households, and a well-behaved "Pretty Polly" who has been duly instructed in the accomplishments of her kind is still the source of as great a degree of pleasure as ever.

In their native condition, however, the parrots are found in vast assemblies, which are often a thousand or more in number, and often seen clustered together and talking in loud and excited tones on the trees of some dark forest or sequestered swamp, or taking long, though low, flights through the air to their favorite watering places.

The most talented of the many varieties is the gray parrot, which is a native of West Africa, and which, when taken young and well trained, displays some really wonderful gifts. One of these parrots, owned in England, lived to a remarkable age. It had a good memory, and easily learned sentences in Dutch, but at sixty this faculty began to fail, at sixty-five the mouthing was irregular, and at ninety the bird was decrepit, blind, and voiceless, gradually sinking into a kind of lethargy, in which condition it finally died.

The tone of his singing was very odd. It sounded like an automaton imitating the human voice. The maid prompted him to sing "God Save the Queen." He sang all the verses of it, but now and then wandered into the "Banks of the Dee," which seemed his favorite, and one or two Scotch songs, the name of which I forgot. Col. O'Kelly told us that his power of catching sounds was quite astonishing; that on one occasion when a newspaper had been read aloud in his presence, the Colonel, on coming into the room half an hour later, had, as he opened the door, been convinced by the sound that the same person was still reading aloud, and was scarcely able to believe that it was the parrot, repeating to himself inarticulate sounds precisely in the tone and manner of the reader.

Among other peculiarities of the same bird may be mentioned its possession of an accurate ear for music, so that it would beat time when it whistled, and if it mistook a note it would revert to the bar where the mistake occurred and finish the tune quite correctly. It could, too, not only answer questions, but give orders and express its wants in a manner strongly suggestive of a rational being.

When Prince Maurice was Governor of Brazil he heard of the remarkable conversational powers of a certain old parrot that was said to be able to answer questions just like a reasoning creature. He accordingly sent for the bird, which was brought into a room where the Prince was with a number of other persons.

A few minutes afterward the bird called out, "What company of white men are here?" Asked "who he thought that man was," the Prince being pointed to, he answered, "Some General or other." The Prince then asked: "Where do you come from?" "From Marinuan," answered the bird. "To whom do you belong?" "To a Portuguese." "What do you do there?" "Watch the chickens." The Prince laughed, and asked: "You watch the chickens?" "Yes—that's my biz."

Franking Privileges.

The strangest things were franked under Treasury warrants and sent by post until the early part of the eighteenth century. Mr. Scudamore has extracted from the records, among the others, "Fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass," "Two maid-servants going as Laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen," "Mr. Crichton carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries."

The hardest part of any distasteful duty is the thought of doing it.

Victims of Assassins.

Within little more than 300 years

two French rulers have perished by assassination—Henry III, who was murdered by Jacques Clement in 1589, and Henry IV, probably the most popular monarch that ever bore sway in France, who was stabbed by Ravallac, May 14, 1610. Since that time unsuccessful attempts have been made on the lives of several of the rulers of France—Louis XV., Napoleon I., Louis Philippe, Napoleon III. were the objects of assassination plots, some of which came very near succeeding. In French's attempt on the life of Louis Philippe appeared forty persons were killed or injured, and Marshal Mackay, who has survived the campaigns of Napoleon, was struck dead by a bullet from the infernal machine. This was on July 28, 1835. Several other attempts were made to kill the King. In all, seven assassins at different times sought his life. By the explosion of a bomb, with which the Orsini conspirators sought to slay Napoleon III., several persons were killed or injured. For this attempt Orsini and Piere perished on the scaffold. A crazy man a year or two ago fired a shot at President Grant.

French rulers have not had an exceptional experience in this respect. Within a century two Czars of Russia, a King of Sweden, a Grand Duke of Parma, and a Prince of Serbia have been assassinated. Two attempts on the life of the late Emperor William are known, and in one of these he was severely wounded. Within ninety years a prime minister has been assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons, and at least two assassination plots have been detected. One of these, the Cato street conspiracy, contemplated the slaughter of the entire cabinet at one fell swoop. For this conspiracy, sometimes called the "Thistlewood plot," Thistlewood and four of his accomplices suffered death May 3, 1820. Queen Victoria has had several narrow escapes, having been the target at close range of several murderous cranks.—Boston Transcript.

It Was a Girls' Smoking Contest.

The wild recklessness and extravagance of George IV. have become proverbial in history. During one of his carousals shortly after his coronation he, in a semi-intoxicated state, commanded that six of the palace chambermaids be brought before him. The order was obeyed, whereupon the King, turning to his associates, asked them to make wagers upon the ladies as to which one would smoke the most cigars in half an hour.

Upon hearing what was expected of them two or three of the maids endeavored to beat a hasty retreat from the royal presence, but were prevented from doing so by the attendants. A box of mild cigars was produced and each chambermaid bidden to light and smoke one.

The ludicrous manner in which most of them attempted to light the weeds caused the most boisterous merriment among the courtiers, in which the monarch heartily joined. With the exception of one maid the rest tried to light their cigars without first cutting off the end.

Only one succeeded in struggling through a whole cigar, but she had to be removed in a fainting state. The others refused to smoke more than half of theirs, to the great annoyance of the King and his courtiers.—Pearson's Weekly.

What May Be Done With a Cent.

Miss A. J. Anderson, matron of the Door of Hope, a charitable institution for girls, found a cent in the street. At that time the Door of Hope was contemplating buying a cemetery lot in which to bury the girls who died while in its care, and Miss Anderson declared that she would consecrate the cent to this cause. She bought an egg and sold the chicken that was hatched from it for a dollar. The dollar was invested in silk, ribbons, cardboard and fancy articles. Out of the cardboard were cut scripture texts, and the silk was crocheted into little rings, which, with strips of satin sash ribbon, made good photograph holders. The fancy articles were sold at good profits. Now Miss Anderson has nearly \$12, and she hopes to have at the expiration of the year enough money to pay for a centerpiece in the cemetery lot, which has been purchased.—New York World.

Who Owns the Letter.

In the transmission of letters the State is simply the agent of the people, and until a letter has reached its destination, it is the writer's property. He has a right to reclaim and regain possession of it, provided he can prove to the satisfaction of the postmaster at the office from which it was sent, that he was the writer of it. Even after the letter has arrived at the office which is its destination, and before it has been delivered to the person to whom it is addressed, it may be recalled by the writer by telegraph through the mailing office. The regulations of the post-office department of course require that the utmost care shall be taken by the postmaster at the office of mailing to ascertain that the person who desires to withdraw the letter is really the one who is entitled to do so, and the postmaster is responsible for his error if he delivers the letter to an impostor or an unauthorized person.

Elephant Leather.

We are now tanning elephant hides by steeping them in a bath similar to that used for cow hide, but extending the time of exposure to six months. The leather is 1 1/2 inch thick, and is made into floor-mats, pocket-books, matchboxes, card-cases, and so on; but it is very expensive, a small case costing from \$20 to \$100.

GRAINS AND INCHES.

Are Short Men the Superiors of the Tall Ones?

"Exceedingly tall men have ever very empty heads," writes Lord Bacon. Thomas Fuller says more warily, "Often the cockloft is empty in those whom nature hath built many stories high,"—a metaphor seemingly borrowed from Bacon's "Nature did never put her precious jewels into a parrot four stories high." Compare Fuller's moderate "often" with Bacon's sweeping "ever" and "never," which surely smack of some personal ill will. Can it be that the "wisest, brightest, best of mankind" was dealing a severe jest at Elizabeth's tall favorites, Lord of Leicester?

Meanwhile we needs no ghost to tell us that Lord Bacon and Fuller were men of middle height. But now Balzac steps forward in cap and bells to give us the same "old dog in a new dublet."—"Tous les grands hommes ont etc petits," says he, and we defy all England to translate that phrase—it bears too many meanings. It may mean that the tallest of the tall once wore long clothes; or that greatest of great men was once small enough for a cradle.

Socrates was stumpy, also St. Paul and Alexander the Great, great only as a warrior. In stature, both he and his far more intellectual father, Phillip of Macedon, scarce reached middle height. In this regard we may rank them with the famous Spartan general, Agesilaus, with Attilla, the "scourge of God," broad-shouldered, thickest, sinewy, short; with Theodorie II, king of the Goths, of whom Cassiodorus writes, "He is rather short than tall, somewhat stout, with shapely limbs alike lithe and strong."

Aetius, too, commander-in-chief of the Roman troops, and prop of the tottering Roman Empire in the days of Valentinian, was a man of low stature; therein resembling Timur the Tartar, self-described as a "puny, lame, decrepit little wight, though Lord of Asia and Terror of the World"; also the great Conde, and his pigmy contemporary Marshal Luxembourg, nicknamed "the Little," by those who admired him for making Louis the Fourteenth Louis the Great; who, by the bye, less his high-heeled shoes and towering wig, dwindles to about five feet six. But even this pared down to the inches nature gave him he was a giant compared with Sir Francis Drake and with Admiral Keppel—"little Keppel" as every sailor in the fleet fondly dubbed him from pure love and admiration.

Whereby a tale, if but to break the log-trot of this catalogue. When, then, Keppel—a commodore at 24—was sent to demand an apology from the Dey of Algiers for an insult to the British flag, he took so high a tone that the dey exclaimed against the insolence of the British king for charging a "beardless boy with such a message to him. Replied the beardless boy, "Were my master wont to take length of beard for a test of wisdom, he'd have sent your deyship a he-goat."

Oliver Cromwell, Claverhouse, and Mehmet Ali must be content to take it out in brains, for they all lacked inches. Two of these great names naturally suggest that of another great soldier and usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte. Le petit corporal, as his men lovingly called him, stood about five feet (French) in his stockings, say five feet 1 1/2 English. In stature the Iron Duke beat him by about six inches, while the five feet four of Nelson place him midway, or thereabouts, between the victor and the victim of Waterloo. Sir Christopher Wren resembles the smallest of British birds not in name only. Staying with Charles II. at that monarch's Newmarket hunting-lodge, Sir Christopher heard him complain that the rooms lacked height. "Pardon me, sire," he broke in, "to me they seem high enough."

"Ay, and to me, too, now," replied the Merry Monarch, crouching till his buttocks nearly touched the floor. For this king, who "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," would have made two Sir Christopher Wrens. Byron stood five feet eight inches in his stockings—a liberal allowance of inches for a poet. But his friend Tom Moore redresses this disturbance of the average. Moore never reached five feet, save in his verses, the first of which eye the eye, he published under the pen name, "Thomas Little." And when at length he doffed the mask, some impudent wag hailed the charge with the undentable assertion, "Moore was Little, and Little's Moore." We trust that Mr. Swinburne, the nightingale of our 19th century "singing birds," will forgive us for branding him as every inch a poet, even to the femeness of his inchek.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Gods.

"It seems strange to some of us that the ancients should cry aloud to Jupiter in their hour of affliction and prattle and believe in a snicker that never came," writes Walter Blackburn Hartle in the New England Magazine. "But it was not very strange. Every dawn and every sunset thrills one with awe; the dullest, coldest cloud feels this great globe of fire in the heavens is the beacon of eternity; while for him there is no to-morrow. The old world saw its god climb in the east every day; his light, warm, and kindly, bringing hope and cheer, or adding to the iron of misery in the hearts of those who saw it, crept into every house; it glorified the towers and domes of the city and added to the horrors of the holocaust or battlefield. The Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks and Romans had their gods above them, the sun by day, the moon and stars by night, for those with eyes to see; and the worshippers of these silent, indif-

ferent and inscrutable and wept in vain, service before their altars in vain, to our unseen God, to floods, battlefields, sickness, oppression and fear, but and death seem eternal, cure for the ills of each. We know nothing; we things, and we die."

Quickly Done.

In the old pioneer days Mountain State the money partook of the same life in Vermont at that time of the State tells of early days, which he used to take great pleasure in.

Elder Brown, a tunc odist minister, was seen his front doorway. Warm, and the minister's was naturally heating in so Elder Brown was in sleeves, just like any wool-sawyer of his parish. Presently there came the road and up to the bank, ungainly country horseback, with a fresh-pilch behind him, who clasped about his waist.

As they came to a halt advanced to the fence and arms comfortably on the "You want I get me 'clate?" he said, addressing pair impartially.

"Well, then," proceeded Brown, "James, will you woman for your wife?" "Ya-as," replied the groom.

"And you, Hetty, will this man for your husband?" "Ya-as," replied the minister, reaching out his hand and bestowing a hearty each of the newly-married couple on.

And they rode on, as the ceremony had been elaborate, while the elder his wood-sawing.

On Matrimony.

Papa Bendigo keeps a peep eye on his daughter, Mary. A would-be lover has taken a few minutes' conversation hard-hearted parent.

"You seem like a nice fellow and perhaps you are in Mary?"

"Yes, I am," was the reply. "Haven't said anything have you?"

"Well, no; but I think cates my affection."

"Does, eh? Well, let something. Her mother's, and there's no doubt she has inherited her insanity."

"I'm willing to take the risk of the fever."

"Yes, but you see Mary's a rible temper. She has a knife on me with intent murder."

"I'm used to that—got a like her," was the answer.

"And you should know the sworn a solemn oath not to give a penny of my property, the father."

"Well, I'd rather start build up. There's more in it, Mr. Bendigo," continued. "I've heard all this before, that you were on trial for to run away from London and served a year in prison stealing. I'm going to see your family to give you a visitation! There—no thank you!"

Mr. Bendigo looked after man with his mouth wide when he could speak he said hyena has given me aw dodge!"

"I had an experience with cowboys some years ago that enjoy even a little bit," said Mr. Dirkes. "I had just my health was bad, and I to go out West and see a few months. I engaged to a herd of cattle from North into Kansas, and made the take of supposing that I was man in the party who know gism from a personal pro-

three successive evenings college learning while my sat in a circle around me. Then they concluded that had about enough of Mrs. Pythagoras and the phios peripatetics, and they boss gave me my orders to cook asked me in ch whether I would take say on my slapsacks, and a with a big revolver in my boot-leg brought me in ch to preserve my kindergarten for the babes of civilization had been a professor in Y others were Oxoniats. I since attempted to dazzle children of the fronting play of my learning."

A Giant Wheel.

Scranton, Pa., has a wheel, which weighs 400,000 lbs. It is a cog wheel, 64 feet in diameter and 18 inches thick, and has a capacity of thirty millions of water and two thousand tons per twenty-four hours. The velocity of ten feet a second inner edge of the bucket. length of the shaft is 22 feet.

It is a great deal easier out of the flying pan than jump out of the fire.