

Giant's Causeway in Ireland.

The Giant's Causeway is situated at the northern extremity of County Antrim, a short distance from Post Rush, Ireland, says the St. Louis Republic. It consists of countless hosts of basaltic pillars, varying in shape from a pentagon to an octagon, the average length of each column or pillar being about eighty feet—the whole stacked so closely together that a knife blade could hardly be inserted between them.

But the formation of these pillars is not the least wonderful part about them, for, although they may be counted by thousands and tens of thousands, each column is fashioned with a symmetry that suggests a mason's handiwork. Their composition is a perfect fusion of one-half flinty earth, one-quarter lime and clay, and one-quarter almost pure iron—each pillar being divided into regular lengths or joints which come together as a perfect natural ball and socket union. Although to be found in small detachments (imbedded in cliffs, sands, etc.) for some distance along the shore, the principal aggregations forming the causeways proper consist of three projections or tongues known as Little, Middle, and Grand causeways.

These singular columns are of different lengths, as has already been hinted, and present an astonishing appearance as they stand, an army, of at least 40,000 strong, marshaled on the shores of Erin as if ever ready to do battle with the rising tide. One portion of this marvelous natural freak is known as "Lord Antrim's Parlor," other sections by such names as "The Giant's Chimney," "The Giant's Head," "The Nursing Child," "Hen and Chickens," "The Priest and His Flock," besides many other mysterious combinations which are at once fantastic, weird, and descriptive.

One of the most interesting features of the causeway, and one which I had almost neglected to mention, is "The Giant's Organ." This huge "instrument" consists of a group of pillars of various lengths set apart on the side of the main cliff. The larger columns being in the center and the smaller ones tapering off on either side, after the fashion of organ pipes, admirably sustain the idea which the name "Giant's Organ" conveys.

Fight With a Panther.

In the early part of this century Jaiurus Rich was a famous hunter of Alexandria, New York. Once when his traps were set for wolves, he went out on a tour of inspection, and was surprised to see a panther spring up and bound away with one of the traps hitched to its hind leg. He, fired, but missed, and the creature made off into the thicket. Jaiurus went to a neighbor's, borrowed a dog, and returned to the woods.

As he neared the place where the entrapped brute had disappeared, his quick eye detected a panther's head protruding from some bushes a few rods ahead. He took hasty aim, fired, and the creature fell dead.

Examination revealed the fact that this was not the panther in the trap, and the excited barking of the dog a few rods in advance showed that other game was near. Leaving the dead panther he hurried on, and soon came in sight of the entrapped beast which stood at bay snarling fiercely at the dog, which kept a safe distance.

Mr. Rich fired at the panther, but only wounded it slightly. In the excitement of the moment he threw down his gun, seized his hatchet and ran forward, thinking to make short work of his game; but in that he was mistaken. The panther made a sudden spring, knocked the hatchet from the hunter's hand, and furious with rage and pain, began tearing and biting him.

Rich defended himself to the best of his ability, but there was no getting away from the fierce animal. A fearful struggle ensued, and finally the panther got one of the hunter's hands in his mouth.

With his free hand, Rich succeeded in getting his jack-knife from his pocket. He opened it with his teeth, and with it put an end to the life of the ugly brute.

Then he crawled to the nearest house, where his wounds were cared for. It was several weeks before he was able to leave his bed, and the scars of the conflict he bore to the grave.

Dogs in the Mussulman Capital.

The dogs of Constantinople form a class of as much importance as other Asiatic races, says a correspondent of the Church Union. The Europeans have used their influence backed by money, to destroy these dogs, either by killing or by banishing them; but the Turks—from the humblest servant, who divides his crust with them, to the imperial sultan, who has them fed from his palace—shows an affection for them which is surprising. The dogs live in communities of six, eight, or ten, and each set appropriate to itself a certain section of from one to three squares. The most intelligent dog seems to be president or commander of the group. They are very friendly with all the inhabitants who live in their special locality, while they show no recognition to those who pass along their highway if they do not reside there. They guard their ground and do not allow any other dog to intrude. I noticed one stray dog which came around the corner, thereby infringing on the other dogs' territory; he was attacked at once, and barely escaped with his life.

These dogs have no especial owner—each block or square having its own group of dogs. They seem to know every man, woman, and child who lives in their neighborhood, and their tails wave whenever any of these make their appearance. I remember

coming through one of the narrow streets late one night, and as it was quite warm I suddenly took off my coat and hat. One dog commenced to bark, then another, and another followed suit. The guide told me I must put on my hat, as the dogs had recognized that I was a foreigner and that they were evidently displeased at my attempt to go through their principality in my shirt sleeves. I took the advice of the guide and the howl of the dogs ceased.

An Old Timer.

"Do I know Bill R? Well, I should smile. Bill of our boyhood days? He was always up to mischief, was Bill. I'll never forget some of his tricks while I can sense anything. I remember one time we were standing on the banks of the Erie Canal in York State, way back in the 40's watching the slow boats creep past. We were chums, Bill and me, and always on the lookout for mischief—at least Bill was. As we stood there we saw a green country boy wandering down the towpath. As he passed us Bill followed up and I knew at once there was fun ahead, said he:

"Watch me, Tom, and see me throw that greenhorn into the canal!" "You'll get there yourself," I cautioned him.

"Say, there," called Bill to the youth, "where are you going?" "Over to Utica," answered the boy, without looking around.

"Why don't you cross the canal here?" asked Bill.

"Wud if I cud," grumbled the rustic, "but th' canal's too wide to jump an' ther ain't no bridge." "I'll throw you across," said Bill.

"You cawnt," says the youth.

"Bet you a York shilling I can," says Bill.

"I'll take that," says the gaudy. The money was put up with me. Bill took a good hold of the fellow, gave him a mighty swing and shot him into the middle of the canal, where he sprawled and spluttered, and finally climbed out on the other side.

"You didn't do it," he yelled across, "gimme my money!" "Come back and get it!" hollered Bill.

The fellow sat down and wept, and I suggested to Bill we might tie the money to a stone and throw it across, which we did. But as we saw the poor yokel trudging off down the towpath, we concluded we had our money's worth of fun—and we had.

He was a Scoundrel.

A German Jew who keeps a pawnbroker's shop in Sidney, is blessed with one daughter, who now and then keeps shop while her father attends sales on the lookout for bargains. During the temporary absence of old Moses recently, a meek looking Chinaman walked into the shop and asked Rachel to show him some "welly good watches."

Rachel handed down four from the shelf at the end of the counter, marked respectively "fifty dollar watch," "forty dollar watch," "thirty dollar watch," and "ten dollar watch," and arranged them in a line on the counter in the order of their value.

John inspected them, and taking advantage of Rachel's momentary inattention, slipped the ten dollar watch into the place occupied by the forty dollar watch, and handed over a ten dollar note, saying:

"I take cheapee watchee." Shortly afterward Rachel detected the swindle, and sought refuge in tears. On the return of old Moses she related the misadventure with many protestations of concern.

A Story of Reade.

Alexander Dumas, the younger, in his recently published utterances in connection with audiences, first night cabals, prejudiced critics, and the lost art of hatred, irresistibly reminds his readers of our own Charles Reade. Both combined a wild intemperance of invective with the most charitable and amiable disposition. A friend once called on Charles Reade and found him sitting at his desk placidly smiling, while with great precision and deliberation he inscribed his thoughts on a sheet of foolscap in a large schoolboy text.

His Fearful Vengeance.

"On a train, down in Indiana recently," said the drummer as he lit a fresh cigar and handed several around, "I was on a crowded passenger coach and next to me sat a wild-eyed looking man with what I thought was a gun in his pocket. He twisted around nervously for a few minutes after I had sat down beside him and at last he turned to me.

"You see that woman up there in the forrud end of the car," he said, "that un with the green dress on and a slim feller settin' alongside of her?" "She sat about ten seats ahead of us and was in reality a conspicuous object, so I could not deny seeing her. I nodded and he went on:

"Well, she's my wife." "Why aren't you up there with her?" "She's 'lopin'," he said briefly.

"You mean she's running away with the man beside her?" "That's the size of it, mister." "Well, now that you have caught the fellow I suppose you will punish them severely."

"He pulled his revolver out and I became exceedingly nervous." "That looks like it might be enough, don't it?" he asked, with an ugly glint in his eye.

"I didn't know whether to call the conductor or what to do." "You will do nothing desperate on the cars in the presence of the passengers!" I said soothingly.

"He looked at his revolver and tried the hammer once or twice." "You think this might settle it, don't you?" he repeated.

"As it was about two feet long with a hole in it like a tunnel, I could not doubt its efficacy, and said so." "I'm goin' to have vengeance," he said in a hoarse whisper, "on that cuss and he'll never forget it."

"With that?" I asked, nodding toward the gun.

"No," he said, putting it away, "much to my relief, but with something a heap sight worse, and I expected to see him draw a knife with a saw-edge and hooks on the point."

"What are you going to do?" I inquired with a faint hope that the conductor would come along in time to prevent a panic and bloodshed.

"Let him have her," he said with such a powerful sense of satisfied justice in this tone that I almost laughed right in his face.

"He got off at the next station without having been seen by the run-aways, and when I had got a look at the woman and heard her voice, I was almost sorry I had not let the merciful revolver do its work."—Free Press.

An Official Cat.

It isn't every cat that has the good fortune to come into a settled income, but that pleasing distinction from the rest of its race is enjoyed by an animal attached to the produce exchange staff. He has had the job of looking after the mice and rats on the big exchange floor ever since his kittenhood, and he is now very nearly a full-grown cat, and a sizable one as well. Grain samples are sure to attract the rodents, and the produce exchange did not secure exemption from their visits. Traps were tried with some success, but the relief thus obtained was only temporary, and it was finally decided to resort to a cat. To secure one which would not run away at the first opportunity, it was deemed wise to obtain a kitten, which, having no experience of the delights of midnight battles on back fences, would be satisfied to get along without them. The theory of this has proven to be correct. The cat never leaves the main floor of the building, and apparently is satisfied with the hunting ground it offers, spending the nights there with praiseworthy regularity. At 9 o'clock each morning he gives up business and seeks rest in a carpeted corner of the superintendent's office. When the gong rings at 3 o'clock to warn the broker that the exchange day is over the cat starts out to patrol his beat, making a leisurely circuit of the hall and completing it about the time that the last stragglers are disappearing. He is a good hunter, and eclipses the achievements of the traps, his presence on the floor at night having resulted in rendering the rats and mice far less of a nuisance than they were. His pay comes in the shape of regular rations, while a polished metal collar about his neck shows that he is the "official" cat of the exchange.—New York Times.

A Proud Welsh Boy.

A proud Welsh boy at school, hearing that an English duke employed six men cooks during the period that he kept open house, or rather open castle in the North, sneered at the alleged magnificence.

"My father does better than that," said Griffith-ap-Jones: "at our very last party before I left Cymyrdimydryd we had twenty-four men cooks, all employed in dressing the supper."

This would have gone down easily, and Griffith-ap-Jones would have established his paternal magnificence for ever, had not a companion of an inquiring turn of mind discovered the real state of the case, and announced to his school-fellows that, although the Welshman had spoken truly, the company at the supper to which he alluded consisted of twenty-four of his near-relations, and that every man toasted his own cheese!

Not Flattering to Us.

France possesses a capital in which it is said more murders take place in six months than occur in London, Berlin and Vienna together in twice that length of time, but altogether more murders take place in the United States than any other country.

HUNGRY TRAMP AND HIS CHICKEN.

He Catches and Cooks It with Much Skill and Little Labor.

The tramp has an ingenious way of obtaining a chicken, says the New York World. He must avoid all noise. The slightest cackling on the part of the bird would be fatal to his dinner.

He proceeds to get a stick about ten feet long, to the end of which he binds a crosspiece, making a rude perch. Then, stationing himself under a tree in which the chickens are roosting, he picks out his particular bird and gently brings his perch up in front of her.

If the fowl does not step on at once he rubs his perch gently up and down against her breast until she finally steps on and promptly goes to sleep again. The tramp shoulders the stick and marches up the road out of hearing distance of the house.

How many people, after a raid on their henroost by the tramp in the dead of night, stop to think how he cooked his chicken? If they give the matter a thought at all they suppose he will start a small fire and broil it. But he will do nothing of the kind. In fact, it would be impossible for him to do so without removing the feathers, and, as that would require a little labor, of course it would not be attempted.

His kitchen utensils consist generally of a broken knife and a tin cup. With his knife he will kill and clean the chicken in very much the same way any housewife would, except that he will make the opening in the breast much smaller. His seat of operations will be on the bank of some little brook, where he will build a fire. Then comes the part which he thoroughly dislikes, for he must work. He makes a very thin paste of clay and water, and taking a handful commences to rub it well over the chicken, feathers and all.

After this is well worked in he takes another handful of a little thicker paste and rubs it over the first layer. So he continues, each layer being about an eighth of an inch thick, until he has a coating of two or three inches all over the bird, and it resembles a huge mud ball. Then he heaves a sigh of relief, for his labor is completed.

Nothing further is necessary but to put the "mud ball" in the fire, and in about twenty minutes it is transformed into a savory meal. When the chicken is done the clay is baked like a brick. After cracking it, it peels off, carrying with it the feathers and skin, leaving the chicken smoking and white, a delicious morsel.

Antics of a Lemur.

No beast that I ever saw is more fond of play than our little Malagasy, not even a playful kitten. From the moment his door was opened till he was shut in for the night he gave his mind to a constant succession of pranks. He scraped the beads of our dress trimmings with his sharp teeth, and he slapped or pulled books or work out of our hands, and especially liked to frolic in one's lap, lying on his back kicking with all fours, pretending to bite, and turning somersaults or indulging in the most peculiar leaps. In the latter he flung out his arms, dropped his head on one side in a bewitching way, turned half around in the air, and came down in the spot he started from, the whole performance so sudden, apparently so involuntary, and his face so grave all the time, it seemed as if a spring had gone off inside, with which his will had nothing to do.

A favorite plaything with the lemur was a window shade. He began by jumping up to the fringe, seizing it and swinging back and forth. One day he learned by accident that he could set it off, and then his extreme pleasure was too snatch at it with such force as to start the spring, when he instantly let go and made one bound to the other side of the room, or to the mantel, where he sat, looking the picture of innocence, while the released shade sprang to the top and went over and over the rod. We could never prevent his carrying out this little program, and we drew down one shade only to have him slyly set off another the next instant, if he is not caught in the act.

An Intelligent Cat.

A motherly-looking cat was calmly sitting on the curb of Beekman street, New York, watching the antics of her four kittens, which were rolling about at play. Suddenly one of them wandered away toward a large paper bag that was fluttering in the wind on the walk. Nosing around the bag he presently espied an opening, into which he crawled. The attention of his fellows was soon directed to the new attraction, and the four kittens quickly found themselves housed in this unusual domicile. The old cat, which kept an eye all the time on the maneuvers of her progeny, walked toward the bag, looked within its interior, and, seeing her kittens at rest, picked up the parcel with her teeth, and, walking down the street, disappeared in a hallway with the bag and her tots inclosed.

Whew!

The fumes an exhalations from the sulphur springs of Colorado can be distinguished at a distance of fully twenty miles. The peculiarly pungent smells resulting from bush and prairie fires may be perceived at a distance of thirty miles or more. The delicious perfumes of the forests of Caylon is carried by the wind twenty-five miles out to sea, while in foggy weather travelers 100 miles from the land have recognized their proximity to the coast of Columbia by the sweet smell brought to them on a breeze from the shore.

TAPPING THE CARS.

How Thieves Rob Grain-Laden Cars in Transit.

"I could afford to give a great many dollars to charitable institutions each year if I had the grain that is stolen while in transit in the United States," remarked Ferrin Clark, a grain operator, from Fargo, N. D., and then he read a communication from a farmer in South Dakota, who told how he had shipped 1,500 bushels net of grain and by the time it had reached Buffalo and the exorbitant warehouse tolls had been paid to the combine, the grain netted him \$225.

"Aside from the heavy warehouse drain and storage charges and the natural and allowable shrinkages, that grain, I dare say, lost many bushels by theft," continued the Fargo man. "One of the most ingenious, and at the same time the hardest to detect, plans of stealing grain from cars in transit is the boring process. Great numbers of complaints are daily received at terminal points about the ravages of 'borers.'"

"How is the boring process performed?" "You know that it is almost impossible to move a car of wheat from a Western point to an Eastern market and keep the car going continually—that is, it has to be switched from one road's yard to another, and very often when a congestion occurs it frequently remains for hours on a lonely side-track. There is where the borer gets his opportunity.

"As it is impossible to watch each house in a great city continuously for a night, so it is impracticable for a railroad company to watch each car on a side-track. The borer is generally a poor fellow who lives near the track and who keeps poultry and perhaps cows. To sneak up to a freight train, glide beneath the car, bore an inch hole in the floor and fill several bags from the down-pouring stream of grain is a safe task. Railroad men might pass and repass without observing the 'borer,' who might easily conceal himself behind a truck. Conceal a man attempt to break a seal and force open a door the chances are that he would be detected. The boring process is safer.

"The depredations of these borers are becoming so alarming that the railroad companies have in many cases doubled their forces of watchmen. Strenuous efforts are put forth to capture these marauders and make examples of them. The shippers would not kick so hard if the borers would content themselves with taking a bag or two of grain from each car, but when they drill into a load, fill a few bags and leave without plugging up the auger-hole the grain leaks out and is scattered along the tracks for miles. With an inch-hole in the floor one can approximate the leakage from a thirty-thousand-pound load. It would be enormous on a trip of 100 miles.

Careful car repairers are detailed to watch for these leaky cars, and by this species of precaution the poor shipper is often saved many a dollar. Fortune often comes to the rescue when the car's cargo happens to be oats or corn, as the grain is apt to clog up and thereby stop the leakage. Between this evil and the octopus that controls the storage of grain at Buffalo, where the law regarding the elevator rates and transactions seems to be violated without fear, the poor grain shipper is kept guessing as to where his profits are coming from."

Jealousy.

True love, they say, is always accompanied by jealousy, a statement open to controversy, for any one brought into contact with this class of people soon discover, that though loving and lovable, they are usually vain and self-conscious. It is not enough for them to know they are beloved; the world must know it too, and the objection which their troublesome affections are bestowed must not seem untrue in deed or thought. The jealous woman devotes the time when she is with the man whom she loves to questions as to what he has done, where he has been, whom he has seen, etc., and this last, as a rule, usually leads to trouble, for if the woman suspects that any of the moments spent away from her have been devoted to another, a hornet's nest would be a mild and peaceful haven of rest in comparison with the storm that will ensue if her conjectures prove correct. Tears, pleadings, protestations, wild bursts of passionate devotion all mark the tempestuous courtship of a jealous woman. The happiness of the moment is completely swallowed up in fear of the future. Wise is the lover who breaks the cords that bind him to his exacting mistress ere it is too late! As her husband, life becomes intolerable. He dares not say another is good looking, cannot praise the fit of a gown or size of a shoe without being accused of being madly in love with their wearers. For him to speak to a woman, whether pretty or not, means a scene, and even his men acquaintances come under the ban of his tyrant. She is jealous of his mother—of his sister—of that part of his past in which she had no part. If he can convince her that she is the only woman he ever loved—that life without her would be a desert, and that sort of thing, you know, then he may enjoy a moderate share of happiness; but if not, we regret to say that being in love and being in hot water will prove synonymous terms to the man who is unfortunately married to a jealous woman.

Unfathomable Petroleum.

Numerous processes have been late in the patent list whereby it is claimed that petroleum could be derived inexpensively and also unobtainable. One of these consists in using about forty gallons of petroleum to pounds of copper sulphate, stirring the whole well. After six hours' standing the oil is left for use.

Increased for an Uncommitted Theft.

A peculiar story of an innocent person spending two days in jail came to light at the Four Courts yesterday. Last Wednesday John Schless, a melder living at Old Manchester and King's highway, walked into a saloon at Sixth and Morgan streets. He ate

a sandwich, drank a few glasses of beer, and then prepared to go home. He missed his money, amounting to \$78. In looking around he noticed Edward Burke standing near him. He accused Burke of stealing his money, but he denied the accusation and tried to escape. He was arrested and the following day a warrant issued against him. Yesterday Schless found the money in a sleeve pocket. He at once with the warrant, and Burke was released.

Right and Left.

These old English words coming into more general use, and too, with the help of other English words. Since July 1, 1880, words of command have been on the ships of the North Atlantic Lloyd Line. Instead of ordering change of course by the old "starboard" or "port," as the might require, the same order now given by the shorter "right" or "left."

As soon as the order "right" given, the telegraph is moved to right, the wheel is revolved to right, the ship turns to the right, the rudder indicator points to the rudder itself moves right, the steering-mark on the compass well. If the order "left" is given, the steering movement is in the opposite direction. Nothing simpler can be thought of, and the chances of take are small.

The change was made in the man navy at an earlier day, commanders in the merchant sea had usually been trained in the navy and when they returned from they had to unlearn what they had been taught on board the men-of-war. It is likely that the change was made throughout the whole mercantile service of Germany, and then it was adopted by English speaking people.

Of course the change has already been made to some extent, but England and in this country, for English and the American pilots when plotting the ships of this fall in with the usage of the navy.

It is not very long ago that English word "larboard" was where how we use "port." There is no difficulty in seeing that the words as "starboard" and "larboard" were quite unfit for their use. They sound too nearly alike. They are also too long. There is need of sharp words, which are easily distinguished the one from the other. Often there is no time to correct error, and a mistake is fatal. "Starboard" and "left" are short and sharp enough; if they differed more in they would serve all the better for the purpose.

Matches.

Matches represent the difference between barbarism and civilization and how much we owe to the ingenuity genius which has made them cheap that there is no one so poor he cannot buy a box of matches! Years ago the making of matches furnished employment to thousands of girls and boys. Little bits of cut the length of the match were on strips of wood in which were had been cut to hold them.

The girls spread the matches all so that each slip of wood fell in right place, laid another strip of on top of it, and so on until a pile a dozen was arranged. These were clamped together and then ready for the sulphur bath. As they had been dipped on both sides they were laid in frames until dry and then packed in boxes.

Now all this is changed. The strips of wood are handled entirely by machinery. This has reduced the cost of production very much, and, of course, reduced the cost to the individual buyer.

It was considered formerly that making of matches was very a healthful labor, but it has been covered that with cleanliness in care it is no more unhealthy than any other forms of labor in which chemicals are employed.

The Tailor-Made Suit.

In fitting a cloth suit, the most of fitting peculiar to the tailor many in number, but good in result, says Mrs. Mallon in the Ladies' Home Journal. The measurements are numerous; the first fitting is at ordinary cotton lining; the second a silk lining; the third one the almost finished bodice, which usually needs then only a few mistakes rectified, and there is the finished bodice for the head tailor to see in its entirety. No critic is so severe as the master of the establishment, the slight wrinkle will cause him to be the taking apart of the bodice, the making it so that it fits like proverbial glove; the same care shown in fitting a skirt, and a really good tailor's a long tailoring skirt, unless it were for evening wear, is not even considered.

Among the prettiest of the materials for the cloth goods those showing very light lace with hair lines or checks of color shade upon them. The hair lines rather newer, and are about as rarely seen on a smooth surfaced cloth. White is shown with a hair line of dark brown, dark blue, gray, and, oddly enough, emerald green.

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