

SHORT STORIES.

AN INDIAN'S GLASS WAGON.

The Osage as a people are the richest on earth. From the interest on the money which the United States borrowed from them as a nation and from the rental of their grass lands, the Osage, men, women and children, collect about \$40 each every three months. The Osage, therefore, are very fond of large families, and it is to the material interest of every Indian to have as many children as possible. In this case every new child does not represent another mouth to feed, but another source of income. The father, on pay day, collects from the government paymaster the money coming to the family, and this often amounts to a considerable sum. The Indian has never fully realized the value of money—it comes too easily. When he gets his funds he goes around and pays his debts, for he is always given credit by the "traders," and he settles his accounts because he will shortly need credit again until pay day comes around once more. With the money he has left over he buys anything that takes his fancy and sometimes he makes remarkable and ludicrous purchases. An Osage, who had missed pay day until he had accumulated riches beyond his most extravagant dreams, went to Coffeyville, in southern Kansas, one day, with his pockets bulging with money. He shopped around in the stores, buying everything he fancied, until he had accumulated a larger load than his pony could carry. He was wandering among the streets, wondering how he would transport it to his home, when he saw a large black wagon with glass sides standing in front of a store. He looked at it wistfully for some time, examined the horses and harness and wagged his head in an appreciative manner. The undertaker, who had observed him, came out. "How much?" asked the Indian. The undertaker, for a joke, named a price. The Indian, who had never seen a wagon, took the money, mounted the box of the horse and drove away before the undertaker could remonstrate. And now Mr. Indian comes to town in style, with his squaw beside him on the seat and the inside of the horse's body filled with lively little passengers, who look through the glass sides of their strange carriage. The horse also does service when the Indian comes to town with a load of wheat, which looks very nice through the glass sides. It is not every man, Indian or white, who can ride a horse and handle his grain in a wagon with transparent boards.

THE IOWA'S CLOSE CALL.

Captain Robley D. Evans of the battleship Iowa is authority for the story that had not Admiral Cervera made his disastrous sortie on July 3 the battleship Iowa and its crew would have gone to destruction in the harbor. Captain Evans told the story to a friend while traveling recently from Cincinnati to Washington. "Only luck prevented the destruction of the Iowa," said the captain. "The General Shafter made an appeal to the department at Washington for help on the part of the fleet. He desired that the fleet enter the harbor and create a disturbance, thus diverting the slaughter and preventing further slaughter of the Americans when the city was taken. Orders were sent that a battleship enter the harbor and a consultation was held. It was decided that the Iowa should enter the harbor the morning of July 4. Captain Evans told the officials that if they told him to go, of course he would go, but it meant the destruction of the Iowa and every man aboard. "I know the harbor to a dot," he said. "I have been there many times. The passage which reminds one of a letter 8, he said: "Right there," pointing with his pencil about the middle of the letter, "the guns of the enemy, 160 feet above the water, bear directly upon this point; the guns have an accurate range and when my ship reaches that range and when my ship reaches that range, I will be rodding to the Iowa and Bob Evans." There was another consultation, and Evans was ordered to prepare to enter the harbor the morning of July 4. The Spanish fleet left the harbor the morning before, Cervera preventing the sacrifice by making his final dash for liberty. The Iowa was to send one man with the Merrimac's party, and Captain Evans lined up the men for the purpose of securing volunteers. The clerk of the ship called 150 names and each man responded. "Here I am; send me," Captain Evans remarked that he could not send the whole crew. "Who does not want to go?" he asked. There was no answer. "Well, boys, some of you fellows got to die. Murphy, step out here. You too, McLean." Taking a penny from his pocket he said: "Murphy, you're heads. McLean, you're tails. If it comes down heads you go, Murphy. If it comes down tails, you are to die, McLean." "I'll give you \$50 for your chance to go," said McLean. Murphy shook his head. The penny was flipped and it came down heads. "I'll give you \$100 for your chance," said McLean. Murphy only smiled and shook his head. "I'll give you \$150 cash," said McLean excitedly. Murphy shook his head again, and McLean burst into tears and sobbed like a child, then was led back to the ranks.

AN AUSTRIAN SURPRISE.

Captain Taylor gives an amusing account in the Century of his interview with an Austrian lieutenant who had boarded the Indiana immediately after the fight at Santiago. He was in full uniform, with a brilliant display of medals, a gold belt, white waistcoat and trousers. He found us covered with the smoke and dust of battle, groups of half-naked men lining up to salute him as he passed, their faces streaked with powder smoke and coal dust. He reached us on the bridge dully in a state of polite bewilderment, and presented his captain's request for permission to pass through our blockading lines and bring out from Santiago Austrian refugees desiring to leave that besieged town. Later referring him to Admiral Sampson, and telling him that he would be found some distance to the westward he asked for news, and I told him we had just come out of action with Cervera's squadron. He showed great surprise and said: "Then there has been a battle?" "Yes," I replied. "And the result?" he asked eagerly. "We have defeated them." "But where is the Cervera's fleet now?" he inquired. "His flagship, the Maria Teresa, is in the bay," I answered, pointing at the same time, to the beach a few miles distant. "But I see nothing but some smoke." "It is the smoke of the Teresa burning."

THE HOBO ON THE PILOT.

"It was way back in the '70s," said an old engineer. "I was pulling the 'limited' east from Council Bluffs to Chicago over the Rock Island. The night was bitterly cold. We had gone about twenty miles out and had stopped at a night office for orders and had started up again, when the fireman reached over and said: 'There is a hobo on the pilot; saw him get on at the depot.' 'Sure?' said I, 'out on the running board and see if he's there yet.' The fireman did as he was ordered to do and returned with the information that the hobo was still there. 'Well,' said I, 'it's a bitter cold night, and if he can stand it out there I am willing he should ride with me.' And on we went toward Chicago, with old '21' barking like sixty at the low joints ahead and forgetful of our 'head-end' passenger on the pilot. "By and by the faint glimmering of the headlights I thought I saw ahead what seemed to be a bunch of cattle on the track. As we approached it the bunch seemed to grow larger. It was now too late to do anything, so I just pulled her wide open, and old '21' hit that bunch of cattle 'as-bis.' To paraphrase the language of Tennessee, who glides into raptures of admiration over the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, there was just simply

FUN WITH A BURGLAR.

The burglar who had served a short time in the Bridewell for being caught while trying to leave a house, he entered without the authority of the owners was engaged in the practice of his profession again. "They don't catch me in no self-acting case this time," he said to himself, very lively little passengers, who look through the glass sides of their strange carriage. The horse also does service when the Indian comes to town with a load of wheat, which looks very nice through the glass sides. It is not every man, Indian or white, who can ride a horse and handle his grain in a wagon with transparent boards. Finding only a few things worth stealing on the lower floor, he started up the stairway. One of the steps creaked and he stopped instantly. No the slightest sound came from the rooms above, however, and, after waiting a reasonable time, he moved forward and upward with great caution. Entering what seemed to be the main upper room, he glanced about him. Sufficient light came in from the street lamp across the way to enable him to see a bed in one corner occupied by a man whose deep and regular breathing furnished sufficient evidence that he was sound asleep. The man's clothing was hanging at the foot of the bed. The burglar moved in that direction. Instantly he heard a loud whisper: "Don't do that. You will wake him!" Annoyed and alarmed at what he conceived to be a wholly unauthorized and bungling attempt on the part of his confederate to take a hand in the fine work of the job instead of remaining at his post of duty outside he turned his head and moved back a step or two. "St! St!" came the whisper again, louder than before. The burglar glanced at the sleeper, who had not stirred, and then moved toward the door, with the intention of administering a voiceless rebuke to his reckless confederate. "You blamed fool," whispered the voice again. "You haven't got sense enough to rob a bank! Let me do this!" The burglar peered into the gloom of the upper hallway. Not seeing his pal, he stepped out through the door. "Stop! exclaimed a loud, determined voice. "If you move another inch in this direction I'll put a bullet through you!" He jumped back and darted in the direction of the front window. "Hi, there!" spoke another voice. "Don't go that way. Can't you see you're running right into a gun?" Trembling in every limb, he stood near the center of the room uncertain what to do. He put his hand to his hip pocket. "If you make another motion with that hand," exclaimed a voice from somewhere in the darkness, "I'll shoot! I've got the drop on you!" He stole another glance at the sleeper. The man had not stirred. The burglar felt a cold sweat break out all over him. Then, as the savor yell of a fierce dog, apparently under the bed, came startlingly to his ear, he jumped with a yell of terror to the side window, five or six feet away, plunged through it carrying the sash with him, and rolled over the kitchen roof into the street, bank, from which he emerged a second later and fled like a deer, followed by his bewildered confederate. He had made the horrible blunder of trying to rob a professional ventriloquist who happened to be awake.—Chicago Tribune.

AN INTERESTING DOG.

A very interesting dog, which once belonged to the late General Gordon of the English army, better known as "Chinese Gordon," is being kept at the Gordon Boys' Orphanage at Dover, England. It is the property of Major Sell of the King's regiment, who says regarding it: "The dog's name is Wang. When General Gordon was recalled from China to go to Khartoum, about fourteen years ago, he brought three of these dogs along with him. One of them, with him, and when he arrived at Gibraltar he gave Wang to Sir John Adie's daughter. Sir John was an old friend of General Gordon, and was then commanding at Gibraltar. Wang remained in the possession of this lady until her husband, who is in the royal artillery, got a staff appointment in London, when he gave the old dog to me. The other two puppies are believed to be dead, so that Wang is the only remaining one that General Gordon owned. "Very nearly as interesting as Wang is the killed who acts as his keeper, Robert Robinson. Three years ago Robert's father turned the starving lad out of doors at Crewe, England. The little fellow tramped from place to place, living as he could. Returning to his native village, he found his mother dead, and the home that he had been driven from broken up. Tramping again, he eventually got to London, and there a constable found him, a mere bundle of rags and bones, asleep at the foot of the Gordon statue in Trafalgar square. The constable took him to the Gordon Boys' home, and as Wang's keeper is one of that institution's most honored inmates."

NOTHING UNUSUAL.

It was in a Duluth cunul, and the witness was a Swede who was perhaps not so stupid as he seemed to be. The cross-examining attorney was a smart young man, the object was to discredit the witness and discredit his testimony. "What did you say your name was?" was the first question. "Yahn—very Celerately—" Peter Petersen, eh? Old man Peter's son, I suppose, well, John, where do you live?" "Where Ah live? In Duluth." "Now, Petersen, answer this question carefully: Are you a married man?" "Ah tank so. Ah was married." "So you think because you got married you think you are a married man, do you? That's funny. Now tell the gentlemen of this exceptionally intelligent jury whom you married." "Who Ah married? Ah married a woman." "See here, sir! Don't you know any better than to trifle with this court? What do you mean, sir? You married a woman? Of course you married a woman. Did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?" "Yas. Mah sister did."—Life.

TO INTEREST CHILDREN.

Constant change in occupation is the law of the growing child, because the work of his growing demands it. The work of the home and its environs is admirably adapted to this necessary constant change. Let the children work with you, share with them, and work with you in all the occupations of the home. Talk, explain, sing, while at work, and there will be no complaint. It is only when the little ones are left to work alone or with other children, on tasks which they do not comprehend that they become listless.

HE DELIVERED THEM.

A young village postmaster was hard at work when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and in stepped a bashful maiden of sixteen, with a money order, which she desired to cash. She handed it to the official with a bashful smile, and he, after closely examining it, handed her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order. "No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?" The young postmaster read as follows: "Send you ten shillings and a dozen kisses to the bashful girl, he said: 'I have paid the money and I suppose you want the kisses?'" "Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too."

TAXED FOR WEARING TROUSERS.

Women using male attire are taxed for the privilege in France. For the privilege of wearing men's trousers the French government charges women a tax of about \$19 a year. However, those who give every woman who is willing to wear trousers a right to wear such garments. The government confers the right as a tribute to great merit and makes it, in fact, a sort of decoration given to women who are worthy of the Legion of Honor is given to them. The only women to whom has been granted the right to wear male attire are Georges Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Mme. Dienlafoy, the Persian archaeologist Mme. Foucault, the bearded woman, and two miniature sculptors, Mme. Fourreau and La Jeannette. How jealously the right of wearing male attire by women in France has been guarded may be seen in the case of Mme. de Valayre. This lady is well known for her propensity to fight duels and her efforts to get elected to the French assembly. Last year she petitioned the government for the right to wear men's clothes, but the French authorities refused her petition. She is a pretty woman, with a profusion of blonde hair.—Tit-Bits.

WHY BABIES ARE CROSS.

It seems almost absurd to advise mothers not to pinch babies' feet, and yet physicians say that much of the fretfulness and irritation of babyhood is due to tight shoes and stockings. Not tight shoes, but the growing up of the foot, but sufficiently snug to hug the tender, soft flesh of baby feet. The shoes that are got for the very little baby are often actual instruments of torture because of some slight roughness or pressure. If the shoe fits snugly, no matter how soft it is, the sole is sure to press into the sensitive flesh and irritate the nerves. Baby flesh is so soft that the mothers' hands do not notice how badly the little feet are crowded and the unimpeded circulation tells the story of suffering. And small stockings are frequently a means of injury as are small shoes. Always buy both shoes and stockings at least one size larger than the so-called "easy fit." This rule should hold good until the foot has ceased to grow. The result would be a generation of healthier, better-tempered and more graceful men and women.—Demorest Magazine.

CAT KILLS AN EAGLE.

A tiger cat belonging to Farmer Hazard of Herrick, Susquehanna county, Pa., was strolling out toward the barn a few days ago, carrying in her teeth a piece of meat for her young. A bald eagle, which had been hovering over the farm for a week, suddenly descended upon her and whirled her upward in a rapid vertical flight. The path of ascent, to the eye of a spectator, was a straight line, and was clearly indicated by loose feathers violently tossed from the point of combat. In a brief time the struggling pair came to a standstill in the sky. The eagle's wings had drooped now and then, and he had given up the idea of gaining the victory, yet not once had his awful grip appeared to relax. At length a descent was begun, with a rapidity which increased every moment, and the two animals struck the ground at the very point where they had at first encountered. No the slightest sound came from the room above, however, and, after waiting a reasonable time, he moved forward and upward with great caution. Entering what seemed to be the main upper room, he glanced about him. Sufficient light came in from the street lamp across the way to enable him to see a bed in one corner occupied by a man whose deep and regular breathing furnished sufficient evidence that he was sound asleep. The man's clothing was hanging at the foot of the bed. The burglar moved in that direction. Instantly he heard a loud whisper: "Don't do that. You will wake him!" Annoyed and alarmed at what he conceived to be a wholly unauthorized and bungling attempt on the part of his confederate to take a hand in the fine work of the job instead of remaining at his post of duty outside he turned his head and moved back a step or two. "St! St!" came the whisper again, louder than before. The burglar glanced at the sleeper, who had not stirred, and then moved toward the door, with the intention of administering a voiceless rebuke to his reckless confederate. "You blamed fool," whispered the voice again. "You haven't got sense enough to rob a bank! Let me do this!" The burglar peered into the gloom of the upper hallway. Not seeing his pal, he stepped out through the door. "Stop! exclaimed a loud, determined voice. "If you move another inch in this direction I'll put a bullet through you!" He jumped back and darted in the direction of the front window. "Hi, there!" spoke another voice. "Don't go that way. Can't you see you're running right into a gun?" Trembling in every limb, he stood near the center of the room uncertain what to do. He put his hand to his hip pocket. "If you make another motion with that hand," exclaimed a voice from somewhere in the darkness, "I'll shoot! I've got the drop on you!" He stole another glance at the sleeper. The man had not stirred. The burglar felt a cold sweat break out all over him. Then, as the savor yell of a fierce dog, apparently under the bed, came startlingly to his ear, he jumped with a yell of terror to the side window, five or six feet away, plunged through it carrying the sash with him, and rolled over the kitchen roof into the street, bank, from which he emerged a second later and fled like a deer, followed by his bewildered confederate. He had made the horrible blunder of trying to rob a professional ventriloquist who happened to be awake.—Chicago Tribune.

A PNEUMATIC CORSET.

A corset made of rubber is adapted for the use of women who are learning to swim. This corset is cut to the general lines as all corsets, and made double, so that the air space between the two thicknesses may be blown up, and serve not only to present a neat appearance to the figure, but also to buoy the wearer up in the water. It is a lack of confidence is responsible for the slowness with which this accomplishment is learned by woman, and this corset should prove a boon to women who delight in aquatic sports but have no method for them. The very thing that they cannot sink, and know their brain clear enough to think of the proper strokes for hands and feet, and as soon as they find they can move through the water from one place to another, and come accustomed to these, the corset is discarded. It is much more shapely than the big rubber rings and cork life preservers, and, in fact, does not show at all, as it conforms to the shape of the wearer.

STRANGE SNAKE STORY.

Mrs. Warren W. Jessup, residing near Conklin Forks, N. Y., was the hysterical witness of an exciting battle between a black snake and a young child after being her three-year-old child. Last summer the Jessup farmhouse was infested with rats and mice. Every effort to remove the vermin proved ineffectual. Suddenly they began to disappear, and when all had left the premises the cause was traced to a black snake that had taken its residence under the kitchen porch. He gave orders that the reptile should not be injured, and even set out a pan of milk for it occasionally. The snake became quite tame, and grew to be a pet of 3-year-old Margery, who fed it daily. The snake got to know the little one, and showed no fear when she was near. Last week Margery was playing about the yard when the mother, hearing a strange whirring sound, looked up and saw a large rattler coiled on a stone in the doorway ready to strike. She dared not scream and precipitate the tragedy, and was in a frenzy of terror when from under the porch the black snake glided toward the foe. So quick was the movement that the rattler did not see him until too late. His rear end was struck forward toward the black snake, but the latter, with lightning speed, coiled himself about his enemy's throat, rendering his jaws harmless. In vain the rattler tried to strike. Tighter and tighter drew the coils until the intruder fell back limp and dead. Then the blacksnake uncoiled itself and retreated to the porch.

WILD CATS IN NEW YORK.

The cats that run wild in Central Park, New York, are objects of detestation to the keepers when full grown; in infancy, it seems, they secure sympathy and assistance. Tax cat of this story made its spring home in a abandoned bird's nest that had lasted through the winter in one of the tall trees near the plateau at 104th street. It first attracted attention by running round and round the trunk of the tree, moving restlessly. Its actions led to investigation, and investigation disclosed a bill and furry family in the nest, quite thirty feet from the ground. When a policeman climbed the tree the cat climbed too, and entered such a demurrer to any interference with the nest that it had to be removed, with its contents, in a box, the squabbling parent being meanwhile coaxed off with a club. The kittens were duly fed and presumably preserved. Their salvation, humane as it was, seems hardly consistent, considering that vagrant felines in that locality were viewed by the keepers last autumn with abhorrence. It is nevertheles, the first case on record of a veritable nest of wildcats being discovered in Central Park.

PROPAGATING FISH.

There are two methods which are employed by fish culturists to propagate food and game fish. One is to catch the young fish, the fry, and transport them to other waters where it is desired to introduce them. The other is to strip the female fish of her eggs and to impregnate them artificially. All attempts that have been made to propagate black bass by stripping the female of their eggs have been failures so far, and the only method that can be applied to them is to catch the fry and nurse them till they are strong enough to be liberated. Other fish, notably the shad and the salmon, are readily stripped, and the results are wonderful, as the percentage of eggs that fail to hatch is exceedingly small. Were either fry of eggs left to nature only an exceedingly small proportion would grow to adult fishhood. Apart from those which would die naturally a tremendous quantity would fall prey to the host of enemies—insects, crustacea, fish, birds and mammals—that is waiting for the spawn or the tiny fish.

English Great Sugar Estate.

In 1889 the English consumed on the average 42 pounds of sugar per capita annually. That this is enough for either health or reasonable enjoyment is proved by the fact that few people use so much today. For example, in 1896 Italy consumed 7.19 pounds per capita; Spain, 12.87 pounds; Austria-Hungary, 16.84 pounds; Germany, 27.14 pounds, and France 25.24 pounds. In the United States, where the use of sweets is said to be injudiciously excessive, only 35 pounds per capita were consumed in 1889 and 61 pounds per capita in 1898. In England during 1896-97 every human being, including babies, invalids and paupers, disposed of an average of nearly four ounces of sugar a day, or 54.77 pounds a year. Furthermore, neither from the economic or the sanitary standpoint do the uses to which this extra sugar ration is put seem satisfactory. One of the chief of these appears to be to accustom dining. Though the exports of sugar from England show a tendency to decline grows apace. Twenty-seven gallons a year per capita, counting women and children, are surely enough. In America, though the amount of spirit-drunk is the same, 19 1/2 gallons of beer suffice, and American beer is light. Twenty-seven and one-quarter gallons were the measure for England in 1883; yet in 1897 it had swelled to 31 1/2 gallons, an expansion at the rate of about 1 per cent a year. But, fast as brewing grows, the weight of sugar used in the spot where, shall we say, it is brewed put up with something less than four pounds of sugar to a barrel; in 1897 it demanded between eight and nine pounds.

ADMIRERS OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES DARWIN.

Admirers of the late Mr. Charles Darwin will hear with regret that his old home at Down, where he lived from 1842 to the time of his death, is to be given up and the contents dispersed. Those who desire to refresh their memory regarding the kind of country house that it was, both inside and out, should refer to the admirable drawings of Mr. Alfred Parsons. My life goes on like clockwork, and I am fixed to the spot where, shall we say, I wrote Darwin in 1844, and his prophesy was strictly fulfilled. Down was certainly a retired place, but hardly so as to warrant the statement which once appeared in a German periodical, that it could only be approached by a boat. It stands in the midst of two high roads, one leading to Tunbridge and the other to Westerham, and the title-name, from the number and eminence of its visiting pilgrims, is, perhaps, one of the most interesting in Kent.—London News.

SOME CLEVER CHILDREN.

It has been contended that precocious cleverness foreshadows a career the reverse of brilliant. But this is not always the case, for while it is undoubtedly true that most men and women do their best work at about the period of middle age, there are plenty of instances of persons who have risen to positions of eminence who displayed signs of genius at a very early age. At the age of 9 Dickens used to delight his companions by telling them stories, while Scott composed a number of interesting tales when he was only 12. Charlotte Bronte, too, wrote numerous stories, poems and plays when he was 14, and at the age of 15 Macaulay compiled a universal history. Writers in other lands have not infrequently given similar evidence of precocious cleverness. The great Scandinavian poet, Adam Wehlgren, when quite a child, evinced unusual skill in writing verses, and in his ninth year produced several short comedies for private theatricals. John Payne, an American actor and dramatist, was another prodigy from childhood. He wrote for the Press and was editor of the New York Mirror when only 13.

THE MUSICAL WORLD HAS BROUGHT FORTH MANY INFANT PRODIGES.

The musical world has brought forth many infant prodigies. Before he was 8 years of age Mendelssohn excited the wonder of his teachers by his incredible facility in playing music at sight, and when he was 14, and Beethoven at 7 attracted attention by his phenomenal performance. The distinguished German musical composer, Robert Schumann, also showed at a very early age remarkable talent for playing and composing. Although at the outset of his studies he worked steadily on, struggling against all obstacles, and achieving success by his indomitable energy and genius. Among artists, Raphael worked in the studio at 12, at which age Titian painted a Madonna. Leonardo, the great artist, exhibited his pictures at 13, but he had previously given early indications of his genius by drawing animals well before he was 5 years of age.

TURNING TO INDIVIDUAL INSTANCES OF YOUTHFUL PRODIGY.

Turning to individual instances of youthful prodigy it is recorded of a Hanoverian lady named Dorothy Scholer that she had the degree of doctor in philosophy conferred upon her when she was only 17 years of age. Before she was 3 years old she was taught German, and three years later she had acquired the rudiments of the French language in rapid succession, and before she was 14 she had become an excellent classical scholar. In addition, she made herself acquainted with every branch of polite literature, as well as many of the sciences. Another prodigy was Thomas Malin, who learned to read and write with a rapidity that enabled him at the age of 3 to compose letters. A year later he had acquired remarkable proficiency in Latin, and in his seventh year he wrote tables while the pupils of the professors at the university of Halle, who were very creditable. But his most celebrated achievement was the conception of an invention country called "Allestone," in which, in a series of letters, he gave a vivid and intelligent description. He drew a map of the world, and gave imaginary names to the principal mountains, rivers, towns and so on. This, however, was one of his last efforts, for he died at 7 years of age.

OF AN INDIVIDUAL NAMED JOHN BARRETT.

Of an individual named John Barrett it is declared he was the possessor of five languages at the age of 7. When in his 14th year he published a learned letter in Latin and translated "Travels of Rabbi Benjamin" from Hebrew into French. Four years later the fame of his learning and writings attracted the notice of the professors of the university of Halle, who were so delighted with his wit and knowledge that they offered him the degree of doctor of philosophy. Biase Pascal, one of the most profound thinkers and accomplished writers of France, was a prodigy in mathematics, from his earliest childhood. At the age of 15 he composed a treatise on conic sections which excited great admiration, and before he was 25 he had composed the greater part of his mathematical works. He was a brilliant experimenter in hydrostatics and pneumatics for which he is renowned. At the present moment the 4-year-old son of a butcher is attracting considerable attention in Germany by his wonderful gifts. Only recently he was presented to the Anthropological Society of Berlin as a remarkable example of early intelligence. His chief delight is reading, in which he showed himself exceptionally proficient at the age of 2 years. He evidently possesses a retentive memory, for he can repeat a large number of historical facts, geographical dates, including the dates of the births and deaths of innumerable generals, poets and philosophers. All this knowledge, it is stated, has been self-acquired.

Fine Horse Exhibition.

A very thrilling exhibition of superb horsemanship and brute sagacity was witnessed on the Brightwood road near Washington. A young farmer from Montgomery county, who was driving some from the city, the horse attached to his buggy being a magnificent animal, about three years old. When about opposite the car sheds at Brightwood one of the old woodmen came down the road, a sack and reached the spot at the same time. The horse, who was attached to the car and it made almost as much noise as a locomotive, added to which was the humming of the motor. The fine young, thoroughbred pranced and pawed the earth as the car approached, but refused to advance. Just at the instant the car was passing the driving outfit the post thoroughly frightened animal wheeled around on the track and directly in front of the car. At the same instant the horse made a dash for the track, the young man handling the reins gave a mighty pull and the horse was instantly drawn the frightened animal straight upon his hind legs. There he stood pawing the air, not more than a foot from the car, and in that position he remained until the grating conveyance, crowded with shrieking worth and shouting riders, swept by. During these thrilling seconds the driver in the buggy kept his seat and in the most matter-of-fact way allowed the horse to place his forehead upon the earth when all danger was past. Had the driver wavered for an instant and allowed the animal to be hit by the car, it would have thrown the magnificent brute off his hind legs and undoubtedly smashed the buggy and more probably killed the horse. An assistant chief of the fire department and several of the men attached to the Brightwood engine house witnessed the incident, and were loud in the praise of both driver and animal. Several of the passengers, in the event of the horse being badly scared as he realized the importance of the horse staying in the air and not descending upon them with his forehead. Visitor (in St. Louis). They told me in Chicago that I would find this town interestingly quiet. The roar of traffic here is something tremendous. Native (listening with some uneasiness to the other's another remark).—Chicago Tribune.