

IN THE ODD CORNER.

SOME STRANGE, QUEER AND CURIOUS PHASES OF LIFE.

The Winter Night—How Long Will You Live—Tasting Fresh Air—Fus and the Ballet Box—Arrow Hung in Mid-Air.

The Winter Night.
T IS the high festival of night!
The earth is radiant with delight,
And, fast as weary day retires,
The heaven unfolds its secret fires,
Bright, as when first the firmament
Around the new-made world was bent,
And infant seraphs pierced the blue,
Till rays of heaven came shining through.

And mark the heaven's reflected glow
On many an icy plain below;
And where the streams, with tinkling clash,
Against their frozen barriers dash,
Like fairy tances fleetly hurst,
The glittering ripples lurry past;
And floating sparkles glance afar,
Like rivals of some upper star.

And see, beyond, how sweetly bill
The snowy moonlight wraps the hill,
And many an aged pine receives
The steady brightness on its leaves,
Contrasting with those giant forms,
Which, rife by the winter storms,
With naked branches, broad and high,
Are darkly painted on the sky.

From every mountain's towering head
A white and glistening robe is spread,
As if a melting silver tide
Were gushing down its lofty side;
The clear, cold lustre of the moon
Is purer than the burning noon;
And day hath never known the charm
That dwells amid this evening calm.

The idler, on his slitten bed,
May talk of nature, cold and dead;
But we will gaze upon this scene—
Where some transcendent power hath
been,
And made these streams of beauty flow
In gladness on the world below,
Till nature breathes from every part
The rapture of her mighty heart.

How Long Will You Live?

The diseases to which the followers of different trades are subject naturally be of interest to the world at large, seeing that it is a question which is of the utmost importance, and one which has to be gravely considered by everybody in choosing his life work. It is found that blacksmiths, while becoming very strong through constant muscular exercise, are liable to paralysis of the right side from the continuous shock of hammering, while their eyes become weak from the continual glare of the fire in which they work. Carpenters and cabinet makers are liable to have varicose veins of the legs through standing so much, while the continued action of sawing and planing may induce a diseased condition of one of the arteries of the body, that leading from the aorta, the great vessel which springs directly from the heart, to the vessel which supplies the arm and hand with blood. Bakers, through working in a hot and four-laden atmosphere, and inhaling fine particles of flour which irritates their lungs, frequently become consumptive; while chimney-sweepers, who inhale so much soot, also are subject to lung irritation and disease. Miners who work in the dark a great deal get weak eyes and their lungs become black through inhaling fine particles of coal dust, which also may produce and set up injurious irritation. Coopers, who are constantly pressing their knee against a barrel, develop a swelling on it, while workers in india-rubber suffer from bad headaches and mental depression. Painters and lead workers get poisoned by the lead they use, and are subject to weakness of certain muscles, especially of the wrist. This weakening frequently produces the disease known as "wrist drop," and, if longer continued, the poison produces a curious blue line around the margin of the gums which is always looked for by doctors among lead workers, for it is quite diagnostic of this poison.

Tasting Fresh Air.

The authorities of the City of Bonn would seem to be even more advanced than the rest of the world on the subject of fresh air, and intend to make the inhabitants regard it in very much the same way as we are at present compelled to look upon water—as something not only to pay a price for, but to be very glad, indeed, to get. The Municipal Council has recently devised some new building regulations, and among them is one which fixes the amount to be paid every year for what it calls "the use of the columns of air above the city streets." This air is obtained by the householder by merely having a projecting window or balcony to his house. If he has a simple balcony he must pay fifty marks, or about £2 10s. a year, for the privilege, and for each balcony over it a further sum of twenty-five marks, while if he has a series of projecting windows the tax on the quantity is about a hundred marks, or £5. If the state authorities sanction this, it is not unlikely that the next thing we shall hear is that everybody will be taxed for being allowed to breathe in that famous German university town. There are advantages, after all, in living in England.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Arrow Hung in Mid-Air.

An actor tells the following story: I remember seeing at a German theatre in Wiesbaden a performance of the drama of "William Tell." I was told by the manager of the theatre that the stage effects in the play were extremely fine, and that I was to wait until the scene where Tell's splendid marksmanship was made apparent to see something that would astonish me. I did wait patiently as I could until that scene, and I was certainly astonished.

The scene arrived where Tell is to shoot the apple from his son's devoted head. As I gathered from the subsequent occurrence, the apple and Tell's crossbow were connected by an invisible wire, along which the arrow was to speed to the target. At the proper cue the arrow did speed half way towards the apple and there stuck, to all appearance in mid-air. In vain did the doughty Tell shake his bow to "joggle" the arrow to its mark. The son of Tell looked very frightened and didn't know what was happening. The apple firmly fixed on his youthful cranium was bobbing about, the audience was laughing, and the laugh burst into a roar when one of Gesler's guards, looking painfully like a gentleman who might officiate on one of the tramcars during the day, took in the situation, and coming forward from his position at the side of young Tell, calmly gave the recalcitrant arrow a smart rap with his spear, when it sped on its way and buried itself in the apple on the boy's head.

Send Your Mice There.

Advertisements for live mice seems at first sight a tax on our credulity, but they are nevertheless a fact, and five-pence apiece is the price for the "vermin." The demand exists in Massachusetts, and the animals are required for the working of an advertisement, which is selling in the large cities of the central and middle states like the traditional hot cakes. This consists of an inclined disc which rotates rapidly when the mice run over its surface, and by changing the disc into the shape of a hat or umbrella, it becomes an attractive advertisement in the shop windows. It was evolved by a shoe-dealer in the town of Westfield, Mass., and its possibilities were quickly seen by a toy company, which, with characteristic energy sent agents traveling to solicit orders, with the result that mice are not only in great demand, but that their price is decidedly on the increase.—Ex.

Cycling on the Ocean Bed.

Bicycling under the sea must certainly be awarded the palm for curiosity, if not for else. It is, however, the pastime of a man who is, and has been for a long time, a diver, and is employed by the government of the United States. As he could not get the reputation he desired on terra firma, he resolved to seek it where few, if any, people would follow him—at the bottom of the sea. He accordingly procured some very heavy tires and fixed them to his machine, as he expected the roadway made by Neptune was not in accordance with the up-to-date requirements of the scorching. After putting on his heavily-weighted diving dress, he gets into a boat with his cycle, and is rowed out a certain distance, when he drops overboard as if he were going for a spin along a fashionable road, and cycles away just as he would do on land, accompanied only by the fishes.

Reassuring.

A professor at the Stanford university, who was one of a party which undertook to penetrate into the depths of a Tuolumne mine, for scientific purposes, relates a startling incident. It may be taken as showing that when one is in a perilous position, it is best not to be too inquisitive. During his ascent, in the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket, and with a miner as a fellow-passenger, I perceived, as I thought, unmistakable symptoms of a weak place in the rope. "Do you often change your ropes, my good man?" I inquired, when about halfway from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months," was the reassuring reply of the man in the bucket, "and we change this one tomorrow, if we get up safe today, sir."

Fus Didn't Want to Vote.

While the election board of the Fourth district of the Thirty-first ward of Pittsburg was counting the ballots of the recent election a cat



jumped into the large empty ballot box and went to sleep. The cat was unnoticed by the counters and the work continued.

When the count was finished the ballots were thrown in and the box was locked and sealed. In the course of the night Ald. Fritz, while hunting for his cat, discovered that she was in the ballot box. The election officers were sent for, but, fearing a violation of the law, they refused to open the box.

The next day, after consultation with legal counsel, it was decided that the box should be opened, and this was done. The cat was released, but the ballots had been destroyed by the cat's violent efforts to get out of its prison.

Fogge—"Well, it's her own fault that he had the chance to treat her so. She ought to have known that he was a deceiver." Fenderson—"Why, she had not known him more than a week or two." Fogge—"But he told her that the first time he tried to ride a wheel he jumped right on and rode ten miles."—Boston Transcript.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Georgia About to Honor the Memory of the Leader of the Lost Cause—Gen. Gordon's Presentiment—No Football in the Army.

Shiloh.
(A Requiem.)
KIMMING lightly,
wheeling still,
The swallows fly low
O'er the field in clouded days,
The forest-field of Shiloh
Over the field where April rain
Solaced the parched ones stretched in pain,
Through the pauses of night—
That followed the Sunday fight—
Around the church of Shiloh—
The church so lone, the log-built one,
That echoed to many a parting groan
And natural prayer
Of dying foemen mingled there—
Foemen at morn, but friends at eve—
Fame or country least their care:
(What like a bullet can undecieve!)
But now they lie low,
While over them swallows skim
And all is hushed at Shiloh.

Honoring Jeff Davis.

The Atlanta Constitution says the bill making the birthday of Jeff Davis a legal holiday went through one house of the Georgia Legislature "with a whirl." The following is the account given by the Constitution of this effort of Georgians to prove their devotion to the leader of the lost cause. "The bill introduced last week by Mr. Oliver of Burke to make the birthday of the president of the Confederacy a legal holiday was adversely reported by the general judiciary committee. Mr. Oliver arose to disagree with the committee's report. Then there was some very decided disagreement. Mr. Oliver spoke in the most eloquent and pathetic terms of the great man who did so much for the South and for the Confederacy. He begged that the members of the Georgia Legislature would not consent to an adverse report on the bill, but that they would rally with him and do this honor to the name of the dead president. He said that other Confederates had been honored, but that Jefferson Davis, the greatest of them all, had never been voted an honor here. He pleaded earnestly for his measure and his speech had its effect. Mr. Fogarty of Richmond, chairman of the general judiciary committee, explained his position. He believed in honoring the great men of the Confederacy. The Legislature had already made the birthday of that great hero, Bob Lee, a legal holiday, but if the Legislature chose to do honor to another of the great Confederates he would not object. He had no decided opinion either way. Mr. Fogarty thought that the Legislature could not do too much honor to the great men of the Confederate cause. He was not opposed to Mr. Oliver's bill in any decided way. There was some other talking on the measure and then the chair put Mr. Oliver's motion to disagree with the report of the committee. The result points to the almost unanimous passage of the bill. Nearly every man in the house yelled out his vote to disagree with the adverse report. One man voted against Mr. Oliver's motion. Nearly all of the members express themselves as being in favor of making the birthday of Davis a legal holiday. Mr. Oliver is confident that his bill will pass."

Gen. Gordon's Presentiment.

When presentiments come true they are remembered and talked about. When they do not come true—as happens nine times in ten—they are quickly forgotten. Before every battle many soldiers are sure they are going to be killed, and of course this feeling is sometimes justified by the event. A writer in the New York Sun has collected numerous examples of soldiers' forebodings, true and false, one of the most dramatic of which is quoted below.

"I never was more indignant in my life," says General Gordon, "than when I heard that order. I knew it was a perfectly unnecessary thing to do, and explained to General Early that we could accomplish our plan of campaign without slaughtering my command by this attempt to storm a strong position, a position that would fall of itself when we should make the proper movement."

"Early took no other notice of my explanation than to send the word that if I did not care to execute the order he would delegate its execution to some one else. This reply made me boil with fresh indignation. I felt it to be an insult, but as it was my place to obey orders regardless of consequences, I issued the necessary instruction for a movement at daylight next morning."

"I began on my own account making every preparation for death, for I had a presentiment that I should this time meet my wife. I wrote a farewell letter to my wife, told her what to do about my affairs, handed over my watch and other personal effects to a friend, and then walked up and down my quarters, waiting for day to break and my command to move."

"That was a solemn sight for me for I had this firm presentiment that it was my last night on earth. I felt almost as certain of this as I felt

been condemned to death, and now can pretty well understand how a man feels when he is to be executed in a few hours. I always had in the danger-battle of my life a sense of the ebb to which I was exposed; I never knew what it was to forget it; but this time I felt as I had never felt before—that my time had come and no mistake.

"At daylight I took up my line of march to my death, as I fully expected. On we went, closer and closer to the fort, until at last we were within close range of its guns. I wondered that they did not open on us, and every second I expected to see them belch forth shot and shell, and play havoc in our ranks.

"On we went, my eyes fixed on the guns, until our advance line struck the fort and we rushed upon its defences, when, to our amazement, we discovered that it had been evacuated. Not a Federal was anywhere in sight, inside or out.

No Foot-Ball in the Army.

From the New York Mail and Express: Colonel Cook's order forbidding match games of foot ball on the grounds of the military reservation attached to Fort McPherson, near the city of Atlanta, might properly be extended to every army post in the country. The United States army is a small and not overly powerful body, and it should not be exposed to needless hardship and peril. If its members care to indulge in rough sport they are free to engage in wrestling matches, "glove fights," with or without gloves, riding untamed mustangs or long-distance foot races with Indians or cowboys. Those recreations, while exhilarating enough for the average man, are also sufficiently fatal to keep the peace-time death rate in army life fully up to its normal level.

But the line should be drawn at football. It isn't half so military as it is mob-like, and it may properly be left to young gentlemen who do not wear their country's uniform. If it must have its martyrs they should not be drawn from the men who are on Uncle Sam's pay-roll, and who are popularly supposed to represent his dignity. There are enough hardy young fellows in our schools and colleges to suffer all broken heads, disfigured faces and fractured limbs which a really cheerful and enjoyable foot ball game seems to require, and to them may be safely intrusted the undeniably prodigious duty of upholding the reputation of their native land in that superbly beautiful albeit some sore-stained sport.

The Empress's Devotion.

From the Cleveland Plain-Dealer: A charming anecdote is going the rounds, which proves the devotion of the German Empress to her consort, Kaiser Wilhelm was not long ago about to leave Berlin, and as he returned from his daily drive he stopped at the Austrian Embassy to visit the ambassador before his departure. Some interesting political event had just occurred and the diplomat and his august visitor became so engrossed in conversation that time sped on unnoticed. Suddenly the Emperor started, and glancing at his watch, exclaimed with genuine consternation: "I am too late! Pray connect the telephone with the palace; I should like at least to take leave of my wife in that way." His Majesty's wish was instantly fulfilled and affectionate messages were sent to and fro from the imperial abode. When the last words had been spoken the Kaiser said, laughing: "That is all right, we have still a few minutes left



to continue what we were saying." Almost immediately after, as the Emperor was in the act of taking leave of his host, one of the palace carriages dashed up to the Embassy, and before he and the ambassador understood what had happened the Empress stood before them in a gorgeous dressing gown and with an ermine lined cloak—the first thing which came to hand—hastily thrown over her shoulders. With one of her delightful smiles she apologized for her sudden advent, saying: "I beg Austria-Hungary's pardon for appearing in morning toilette, but I cannot let my husband depart without bidding him farewell."

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

How Tommy Hurt His Eyes—A Fatal Dog and Badger Fight—Honor in Typographical Errors—The Lion's Petition—The Queen's Gold Spoon.

How Tommy Hurt His Eyes.
Tom Benton was just getting well from an attack of the measles. He wanted to get up and play with the other boys, but the doctor had said he must lie still in a dark room for another day or two.

"Much he knows about how a fellow feels!" grumbled Tom to himself. "A little light won't hurt anybody, and I'm going to read my new book if I can't do anything else."

Tom pushed open the blinds and read until Nora came in with his supper. "Tomorrow I shall get up and have a good time," he thought, "I'm not going to lie here forever."

That night Tom woke up with a sharp pain in his eyes. They had never ached so before and he screamed for his mother. She bathed them in cool water but they still hurt so much that the doctor had to be sent for.

"You'll know enough to obey orders next time, won't you, young man?" he asked when he heard what Tom had been doing. "You'll have to keep those eyes of yours bandaged for several days yet, if you want to get rid of that pain. It's lucky for you, you don't use tobacco, or your eyes would be a great deal worse than they are now. Have you heard about Burt Carter down at the Mills?"

"No, what is the matter with him?" asked Tom. "I'm afraid he's going to lose his eyesight entirely," said the doctor. "He's been smoking cigarettes pretty steadily and drinking beer every day and now his eyes are paying the penalty. They are going to take him to a city oculist tomorrow, but I'm afraid no one can help him."

"Why, his eyes used to be as strong as anything," said Tom. "He could look right up at the sun when all the rest of us had to use smoked glass, and he says he always reads on the cars; I can't, because it makes me dizzy."

"Well, I'm thinking he never will again," said the doctor. "He has abused his eyes once too often, and now it looks as if he were going to be blind for the rest of his life."

Tom looked pretty sober. "Miss Gray told us all these things in the physiology class," he said, presently, "but we boys thought she was just trying to scare us; maybe she wasn't, though."

"No, indeed," said the doctor, "she was telling you the truth, and you'd better be thankful you've found it out in time. If I'd known as much at your age about the care of my eyes, I shouldn't be wearing spectacles, I can tell you. You just tell the boys that."

When Tom went back to school the physiology class was having a review lesson on the eyes, and his hand was the first to come up when Miss Gray asked who could tell some of the ways in which the eyes may be hurt:

1. It hurts the eyes to look at the sun or any very bright light, or to try to see in a poor light.
2. It strains the eyes to read when one is lying down, or riding in the cars or a wagon.
3. It is bad for the eyes to use them much when one is sick or not feeling well.
4. Tobacco hurts the eyes, and sometimes makes people lose their eyesight.
5. Any liquor which contains alcohol may make the eyes red and hurt them in other ways.—School Physiology Journal.

transposed two words of its motto, so that it read: "In the name of our God we will up set our banner." The omission of a comma was the cause of a suit for libel brought against a western newspaper by the inventor of a patent medicine. A testimonial to the worth of his compound was inserted in the paper, and read as follows: "I now find myself completely cured, after being brought to the very gates of death by having taken only five bottles of your medicine." The comma, which should have come after the word "death," was unnoticed by the compositor.

The Lion's Petition.
Sultan Mulek Abderrahman of Morocco was very fond of wild animals, and had coolness of nerve in dealing with them. He was one day passing through the court of the palace, mounted on a magnificent white charger, when a lion which he had been in the habit of caressing sprang up the side of the horse, and placed his paws upon the sultan's knee. The horse, wild with fear, snorted and reared, and the lion held him in with a firm hand. Those who saw him, say that he was not in the least disturbed. He put his hand on the lion's head and stroked it. Then he turned to the chief officer of the court and asked: "How many pounds of meat are given to this lion daily?"

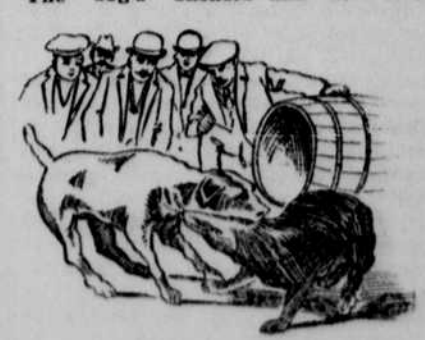
"The officer told him the quantity, 'Let the lion have ten more pounds,' said his majesty, and the beast, as if an actual petition had been granted, withdrew from the horse's side and lay down again, quite pacified. "These animals," said the master of the horse, "understand what is spoken, although they have not the power of speech to tell what they want." "Mashallah!" gravely responded another.

The Queen's Gold Spoon.

A curious story is told by Lady Middleton of how one of Queen Victoria's smallest gold spoons was lost and found. A lady attended a state ball in a dress, the skirt of which was arranged in perpendicular pleats in front, stitched across at intervals, and unknown to her, a gold teaspoon got lodged at supper in one of these receptacles. Of course there was one spoon missing after the ball, and the fact caused great perturbation to the official in charge of the gold plate. The next spring the lady went to a drawing-room in the dress she had worn at the state ball, and as she bent low before Her Majesty, the pleats expanded, and the gold spoon fell at the queen's feet!

Fatal Dog and Badger Fight.

Badger-fighting is a sport that does not seem to belong to this day and generation of humanity to brutes, but it is still very popular among the people who are called "southerners" by San Franciscans. In the early morning when policemen are not vigilant these sports quietly steal away to a scantily peopled suburb and there wager their money on the prowess of dog or badger. The accompanying picture is made from a photograph of a recent contest between a famous bull-dog called Toughy and a badger of more than ordinary size and spirit. The attendance at the entertaining and humanizing exhibition was large. The contest continued for twenty minutes, with varying fortunes. Betting was lively. The contestants were fighting in and out of a barrel and the view obtainable by the majority of the spectators was not good. Most of them could distinguish only a confused mass of flying white and black, in which the bulldog was as hard to locate as the badger. The claws of the badger and the nails of the terrier could be heard scatching furiously up and down the sides of the barrel. For a moment the dog would be seen coming out with his victim and again he would seem to weaken and be drawn back.



they crowded around their favorite, only to discover that he was dying of his wounds.

Badly Disabled.

A writer in Harper's Drawer says that a lawyer, having some papers to be executed by an old Irishwoman, went to her house one morning for her signature. On his arrival he requested her to sign her name "here," indicating the spot. "Och," said she, with a bland smile, "you sign it for me, for sure, since I lost me glasses I can't write." "Well, how do you spell your name, Mrs. S.?" "Martha, dear," she cried, "come here directly and spell me name for the gentleman, for sure since I lost me teeth I can't spell a word!"

No Time.
A lank, awkward countryman presented himself at the clerk's desk in a city hotel, and after having a room assigned to him, inquired at what hours meals were served. "Breakfast from seven to eleven, luncheon from eleven to three, dinner from three to eight, supper from eight to twelve," recited the clerk, glibly. "Jerushy!" ejaculated the countryman, with bulging eyes. "When am I a-goin' to get time to see the town?"