

NEEDLES IN HER BODY.

TORTURES WHICH SURGEONS CAN'T EXPLAIN.

Needles seem to grow in body of Melvina Morford—For Three Years They Have Been Cut Out of Her, and More Are Yet to Come.



FROM THE BODY of Melvina Morford, a nineteen-year-old girl living at Sharon, Pa., physicians have extracted within the past three years over eight hundred needles and fragments of needles. How many are still imbedded in her flesh they do not pretend to say, but operations to remove the sharp pieces of steel are still going on. This story is true in every detail. The surgeons say it is without precedent for the extraordinary number of needles her body has contained. There are several well-known cases of a woman carrying a needle in her body for years, and the needle has kept constantly moving from one limb to the other. When, not long ago, the surgeons cut out from twenty to forty more needles they thought their task was finished. But it seems not.

If, as some surgeons contend, the case is one of voluntary self-torture, then the patient, a fragile young girl, possesses wonderful endurance and a stoical indifference to pain which far surpasses that of the New Mexican Indian priests, who, once a year, in the performance of a religious penance, flagellate themselves with sharp cacti branches, filling their backs with thorns, which are afterwards drawn out.

The girl, however, strenuously denies that she fills her skin with needles. She says that she has no idea where they come from. Her parents corroborate her. They have even kept close watch over her movements to detect, if possible, whether the physicians' theories are correct, but they say they have learned nothing.

The operations for the removal of the steel pieces are exceedingly painful and cause the girl to writhe under the cut of the surgeon's knife. She is, in fact, unusually sensitive to pain.

AMERICAN DIAMONDS.

A Few Choice Specimens of Them Are Found Here.

Diamonds have been found occasionally at different places in the United States, but never in sufficient quantities to render systematic mining profitable, says the New York World. The largest authenticated diamond ever found in this country was picked up by a laborer engaged in grading the streets of Manchester, Va. Its original weight was about twenty-four carats and after cutting a twelve-carat stone resulted. On this stone, called by Capt. Dewey, its owner, the Oninoor, John Morrissey, once loaned \$6,000, but Mr. Kunz, the diamond expert, appraised its value at less than \$1,600, as it is poorly colored and imperfect.

Next to this stone comes a sixteen-carat diamond found in 1884 at Waukesha, Wis. A stone over four carats came from Dysartville, N. C., in 1886, and one weighing just a little less was found in Dane County, Wisconsin, in 1893. In Georgia and North Carolina, itacolumite or flexible sandstone is found. This stone, so elastic that a slab of it can readily be bent into a curve by the fingers, is found associated with diamonds in Brazil, and this fact led to a search for the gems in these southern states. Quite a number of small stones were consequently found there, mostly in the gold washings of Hall county, Georgia.

In California's gold diggings, diamonds have also been found in some numbers. About seventy stones have been obtained from one locality at Cherokee flat, the largest weighing about two and one-half carats, and the colors varying from rose through various shades of yellow to pure white. The largest price ever paid for a California diamond in the rough was some \$600. There are twenty diamond-cutting establishments now in this country, handling during each year about \$1,250,000 worth of stones.

True Realism.

Dramatic Author—I understand that you are looking for a new play.

Manager—Yes, but I am very hard to suit. I want a play which shall combine all the elements of tragedy, comedy, farce, pantomime and spectacle.

"That's it. That's what I've got. Chock-full of tragedy and human suffering, tears and smiles, joy and woe, startling surprises, unheard of mishaps, wreck and ruin, lamentations and laughter."

"What's the title?"
"A May Day Moving."
"What's the plot?"
"Hasn't any plot. Just an ordinary May day moving."

Real Devotion.

"Are you sure you love him?"
"Am I sure? Do you see this dress?"
"Of course I do. What of it?"
"Will you kindly tell me if it bears the slightest resemblance to the present fashion?"
"Well, really, it—er—it—"
"It doesn't?"
"No."
"Well, I am wearing it because he likes it."—Tid-Bits.

Pretty Near It.

Insurance Examiner—Has there been any insanity in your family? Mrs. De Avnoo—Well, my sister married a man who hadn't a cent.

BATTLING WITH A RATFISH.

A Queer Marine Monster Killed Off the California Coast.

The Italian settlement at the foot of Franklin street was agitated this morning by the capture of a monster of the deep, says an Oakland correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner. An Italian fisherman gave battle to the queer fish, and he says he will long remember the encounter. The capture was made near Goat Island. It took several hours to land the fish and during the contest two boats were nearly wrecked. The Italians call the monster a "ratfish," because it has somewhat the appearance of a rat. The fish weighs 245 pounds and measures eleven feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. The tail itself, which was used by the fish as a means of defense, measured six feet in length. The story of the battle was told by a man named Lagoria, who employs the fishermen to go out every morning and fish for him.

"There is one old man in my employ," said Lagoria to-day, "who seems to have particularly bad luck in catching freaks. Several days ago he got a man-eater while fishing near Goat Island and had an exciting encounter. This morning the same old fisherman had his lines out near Goat Island when he captured the ratfish. He was alone at the time and was somewhat excited when the monster came to the surface of the water and made straight for his little boat, lashing his tail in all directions. The fisherman had to devote his efforts in getting away from his catch. He shouted for assistance, and three companions, who were fishing in the vicinity, came to his rescue. After a long struggle they succeeded in drowning the monster and towed him to shore. A fish that weighs 245 pounds and is eleven feet long, and a tail almost like a rod of iron, can do some fighting when it gets mad. That is what my fishermen found out when they tried to land the monster. The man who made the capture has given up the sea for a few days. He is a little superstitious about his captures and does not want to do any more fishing for awhile. The Italians call it a 'ratfish,' but that is not the proper name. We have been in the fish business for a great many years, but we have never had anything like this before. It is not a shark. The tail is very peculiar and has great strength. That is its weapon of defense. The men who captured the fish tell me that the monster can work terrible havoc with its tail."

A WONDERFUL STAGE.

Six Thousand People Can Be Put Behind the Footlights.

London now possesses not only the largest wheel but the biggest theater in the world. Until recently Chicago, with its tremendous Auditorium theater, may be said to have had the largest building erected solely for theatrical displays, but now Earl's court, with the Empress theater, goes one better than the American city, says London Tit-Bits. The only building in London in which theatrical displays have been given to be compared with the Empress theater is Olympia. As this huge structure was not built expressly for theatrical purposes the claims of the Empress theater still hold good.

Imagine an iron and brick building towering above everything at Earl's court except the great wheel, almost as long as Trafalgar square and nearly as wide! The span of the roof is only beaten by one erection in the kingdom—that, we believe, being the span of St. Pancras station. This roof span of the Empress theater is 220 feet, while the height from ground to lantern is no less than 117 feet, or more than half the height of the monument, and only seven feet shorter than the duke of York's column in Carltonhouse terrace.

As the auditorium is one of the largest in this country, so, too, is the immense stage. In designing this latter work some remarkable and curious devices were adapted. The entire stage can be moved about here and there, and put up in sections in such a mechanical way that it can be made to assume any form called for by the exigencies of the scene.

On this great stage of the Empress theater there is room for at least 6,000 people, without undue crushing, and at least 2,000 performers, in addition to 500 workmen—carpenters, shifters, property-men, etc.—are on it in one scene in the production. When to this main stage is added another seventy feet in depth, which can be made to appear and disappear at will, some idea may be obtained as to the hugeness of the place.

To provide for this immense number of performers there are scores of dressing-rooms at the rear of the stage. To light this great stage and the auditorium over thirty electric arc lamps are used, while twenty limelights help to produce the beautiful color effects now seen in every theatrical display. In addition to these greater lights over 3,000 incandescent burners are in use all over the building.

A Misunderstanding.

Suitor—Beg pardon for interrupting, but I—er—have—just—come—er—that is, I have just been speaking to your daughter, and she referred me to you. Old Gentleman—Gee crickets! I wonder if that girl thinks I am made of money. You are about the fourth bill-collector she has sent in to-day. If she doesn't marry pretty soon, I'll be bankrupt.

Intended to Wear the

Mrs. Findexlecle—Have you commenced to buy any of your trossaue yet for your marriage next month?
Miss Emancipus—Yes, indeed. Yesterday I got six new pair of bloomers, a dozen shirts and some embroidered suspenders.—New York World.

NEW KIND OF BRIDGE.

COSTLY APPROACHES CAN BE DONE AWAY WITH.

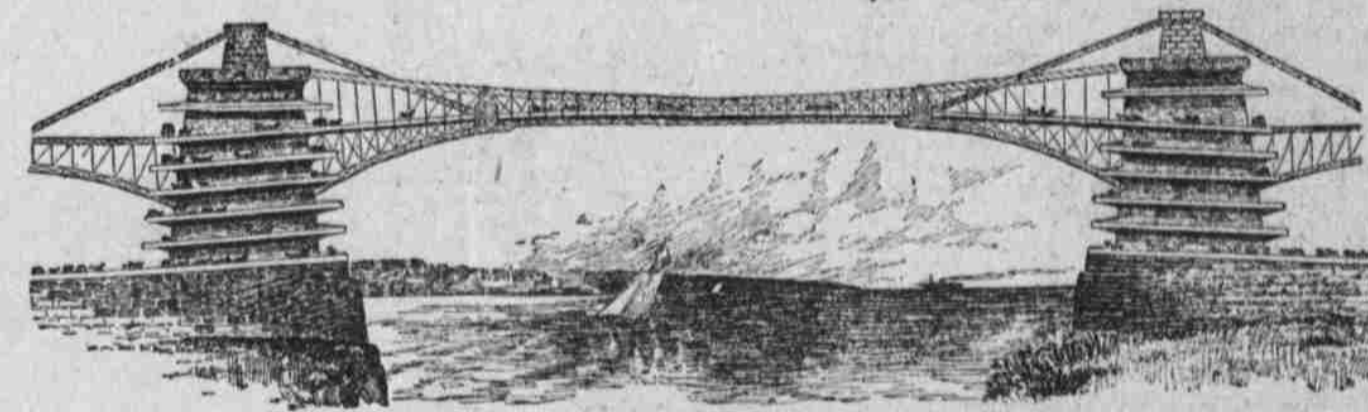
A Spiral Roadway at Either End—Here Is a Plan by Which It Is Claimed Millions Can Be Saved in New York's New Bridges.



IN order to save the vast expense of purchasing ground to make the long approaches to a bridge in New York city, an invention has been perfected whereby horses, wagons and foot passengers can ascend at the tower. This is an important question in view of the projected new bridges on the North and East rivers, says a New York paper.

In order to comply with the requirements of the federal government, these bridges will have to be constructed some 150 feet above the water in the central span. As the shores of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City are comparatively low, it will be seen that this necessitates long and costly approaches like those of the Brooklyn bridge. In this case the land was condemned and purchased at a cost of millions, but if the approaches could have been done away with this money would have been saved.

The new bridge which has been designed by James P. O'Brien of this city has indeed projecting parts over the land, but these are merely to



NEW DESIGN FOR A BRIDGE OVER EAST RIVER.

counterbalance the weight of the parts of the bridge over the water, as the structure is built on the cantilever principle. When you pass over this bridge you never go beyond the towers.

A great, strong spiral roadway winds around each tower for horses, wagons and foot passengers. The number of turns which this roadway makes around the towers depends upon the nature of the traffic and the height to be attained.

With only horses, light wagons, bicycles, etc., the spiral might have a higher slant. But for heavy traffic the elevation would need to be less and the spirals more numerous.

It is not impossible that railroad trains could ascend and descend in this manner. In the famous St. Gothard there is such a spiral railway track cut out of the solid rock on either side of the famous tunnel. The railway thus winds upon itself inside the mountain and emerges to go into the tunnel, upon leaving which it enters another spiral for a short distance.

The principle of railroad trains ascending by a spiral is thus well established, and only variations of gear and in the build and weight of the locomotives are necessary to fit to these new conditions which the construction of the North and East river bridges present. A slight curb around the edge of the spirals is all that is necessary for the safety of wagons and foot passengers.

London's new bridge across the Thames has a high central span for the passage of large vessels and it has short approaches, but this is accomplished by elaborate machinery which permits of the entire span being lifted, which thus shuts out traffic for the time being. It is estimated that in the proposed North river bridge the cost of the approaches, together with the purchase price of the necessary land, will fully equal, if not surpass, the cost of the bridge itself.

At the same time, the traffic is delivered at a much more convenient point than the river front. With the bridge here proposed you would step upon the bridge practically on the shore. From end to end of the Brooklyn bridge more than one-half of the distance is over the land, and people desiring to go, say to Franklin square, have to retrace their steps for several blocks after leaving the bridge.

Mrs. Ponsobny presents herself to Mme. Valerie, the modiste, to point out an error in the monumental bill for her summer costumes.

"Madame will notice that the ribbon on the chaille gown is charged at 85 cents a yard, and the ribbon on the surah gown at \$1 a yard, and yet precisely the same kind of ribbon was used! A mistake of course!" murmurs Mrs. Ponsobny, in suspiciously sweet tones, a steely glitter in her eye the while.

"Ah!" cries madame, "Quel malheur! What a stupid bookkeeper is mine! Of course it is a mistake, my dear Mrs. Ponsobny. I am desolated it should occur! I will rectify it at once. Both ribbons should have been charged at \$1.—Truth."

Teacher—Which letter is the next one to the letter H?
"Boy—Dunno, ma'am."

Teacher—What have I on both sides of my nose?
Boy—Freckles, ma'am.—New York Herald.

FARGO'S NOVEL CHURCH.

No Creed, Catechism, or Collection Box Permitted.

"There is a church in Fargo," said Col. Irons of that city to a Minneapolis Journal reporter, "that recognizes the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Any man can belong to it. He need pass no test as to faith; he can believe what he pleases, or he can be an agnostic on every subject. He is as welcome to a place in the church as any one else; all he has to do is to behave himself while he is there, and permit others to enjoy the same freedom that he is accorded. They never raise a collection in that church; in fact, there is no such thing as passing the plate. The society has a treasurer whose business it is to call upon those who seem to be interested in the work and exercises of the church, present the needs of the organization, take what they have to give, and pay the bills. That church is run on the theory that when it is no longer able to pay its way it has outlived its usefulness and ought to die. The church has among its members and supporters all sorts and conditions of men. It has those who, in other communities, would belong to Methodist or Baptist congregations; there are Jews as well as those who were brought up in the Catholic faith. The spiritualists and the theosophists are represented. Then there are a number that had about given up all church-going until they came to this society. Here they find themselves at home, and the function and purpose of the church is to make them so. They have parties and dances; dinners are given in the church, and the best people of the town, socially, attend its gatherings. The chief justice of the state of North

Dakota is a member, as are the leading business men of Fargo, lawyers, our leading doctors, and there is even room for myself. Then they have a preacher who is broad enough and kindly enough to see good in every man; salvation in every religion that is honestly followed; tolerance for everything except intolerance, and love for the world. All he asks is that a man be decent, and his addresses are rather to stir a man to do the good that he knows and feels than to teach him new goodness that he has no use for. It is a religion of this life and to-day; not of the life to come; of the oneness of humanity and the sacredness of simple everyday duty."

BY CYCLE RIDING ON SUNDAY.

Recognized as Right by the Rev. James Brady of Boston.

The question whether it is right to ride a bicycle on Sunday or not, has disturbed a good many people of high moral character, but those ministers who have made arrangements for a bicycle storage-room in their churches seem to think there is nothing wrong in it, especially if used as a means of attending divine worship, says the L. A. W. Bulletin. The Rev. James B. Brady of the People's church in Boston was one of the first to introduce this method of attending church. He conceived the idea that young men would come to church in much larger numbers if they were allowed to ride an hour or two in the morning through country fields and in the fresh air, bringing up at the church in time for the opening service. Consequently he made a special provision in a room in the basement of the People's church, and thus makes the church the objective point rather than a roadhouse or some lower resort. A large number of young men attend his church, checking their bicycles at the church door, and going in and sitting under the services with their minds much clearer, and doubtless imbuing much more good than those who go only to sleep through the service. Other ministers have followed the example, several Boston preachers being in that number. One of the latter has organized a bicycle club in his church, and takes a regular Saturday afternoon excursion with a gay party of young people, making himself so pleasant and agreeable to them that they flock to his church Sunday morning. A pastor in one of the Oranges in New Jersey has offered accommodations to wheelmen on Sundays, and the experiment has attracted many bicyclers from other towns.

AN EVEN THING.

"Did you trade any when you was ter town?" asked Silas Outbin.

"Yes," replied Corntomel, "some."

"How did you come out?"

"Twas what yer'd call a stand-off. I give a feller a counterfeit \$50 bill for a gold brick."—Washington Star.

The conversation turned upon the fatal number, Friday, salt-spilling and other superstitions.

"It is not well to make too much fun of such matters," gravely remarked Brichanteau. "For instance, I had an old uncle who, at the age of seventy-seven, committed the imprudence of making one of a dinner party of thirteen."

"And he died the next day?" Le Ribl inquired.

"No; but exactly thirteen years afterward."

A shudder ran through the audience.

THE WORLD'S DIAMONDS.

Something About the Vast Wealth Tied Up in Gem.

There is always something fascinating about the subject of diamonds, and rich and poor like to read about precious stones, says Yenowine's News. It is estimated that during the last twenty-five years the American people have paid duty on at least \$180,000,000 worth of diamonds and other precious stones. In 1893 alone they imported \$15,203,563 worth, but in 1894 there was a falling off owing to hard times, and the total was only \$4,856,985. This does not include uncut diamonds, of which we imported more than \$1,000,000 worth in 1892, \$800,000 worth in 1893 and \$566,267 worth in 1894. During the last twenty-four years we have imported \$7,087,817 worth of uncut diamonds. In 1880 we imported only \$129,000 worth of uncut diamonds, and in 1889 only \$250,000 worth. The large increase of late has been due to the fact that a number of American jewelers have opened diamond-cutting establishments in the United States which employ from one to twenty men. There are 4,000 manufacturers in Europe and about 200 in the United States who employ between 7,000 and 8,000 persons as cutters and polishers.

Perhaps 28,000 people are employed in the diamond mines throughout the world. We read that in past centuries 60,000 people were working in some single Indian mines at one time, and perhaps that statement is not exaggerated, since by the aid of modern machinery one miner can now accomplish as much as twenty who used the primitive methods. The total value of all the diamonds in the world undoubtedly

exceeds \$1,000,000,000. There are perhaps 8,000 dealers in diamonds in the world, who carry in their stock stones worth perhaps \$350,000,000. The remainder are in the hands of private individuals. To compare present conditions with those of the past, it is instructive to note the enormous increase in the production of diamonds, and the important industrial changes wrought thereby, which have resulted from the discovery and working of the great South African mines. During the last quarter century ten tons of diamonds, selling for more than \$300,000,000 uncut and \$600,000,000 after cutting, have been added to the world's wealth—an amount more than twice as great as the value of diamonds known to exist before.

DON'T LIKE PENNIES.

Citizens of Arizona Have No Regard for Small Change.

Have you noticed that men in Arizona do not pay their bills with chicken feed or small change? asked the Phoenix (Arizona) Gazette. In the older states when a purchase is made exact change is usually tendered, and one thing certain—a bill is not broken if it can possibly be avoided. Here in the west any ordinary little purchase is made simply by asking for the article, and when it is passed across the counter a piece of money amply large to cover the cost is thrown down. When change is made the customer carelessly drops it into his pocket, apparently without counting it, and goes out without once mentioning the cost of the article. He gets just as good a deal as though he had jeweled the dealer for half an hour. The custom of throwing down a larger piece of money than is necessary is not done, as a rule, to exhibit the cash, for in this territory everybody has money. It is only to show apparent indifference and is a mark of liberality. It may be said that pennies have no abiding place in the west, especially in this territory. Even at the postoffice, where everything is supposed to be legal tender, pennies, 2-cent and 3-cent pieces are unknown. Change is made to the cent by the postmasters, but they do it with postage stamps or postal cards. Nowhere else are odd pennies recognized, even in the banks. A check drawn for \$4.98 would be paid with a \$5 bill without a word. The same is true in all the shops and stores; change is made to the nearest nickel, sometimes only to the nearest quarter or dollar. Poor Richard's saying, "Take care of the pennies," etc., does not apply to Arizona, as small change, anything under a dollar, is by most people considered only as trash of little value.

"When I was out west," said the man who runs about the country selling windmills, "I struck a saloon in a little mining town that was called the Civil Service Reform bar."

"That was rather queer," said the man who stays at home and sells shoes. "I thought so, too, until I found out the reason of the name. I went in to get a glass of beer; got it and laid down a dollar. The man behind the bar took the dollar, dropped it in the till and picked up his newspaper to read. 'Don't get any change?' says I. 'Nope,' says he, 'this is run on civil service principles, and we don't believe in making any unnecessary change.' As he had a shotgun in handy reach I concluded to let it go at that."—Cincinnati Tribune.

TELEPHONING ON THE CONGO.

Drums with Which the Natives Are Able to Communicate.

Capt. Five, a Belgian explorer, says that the people of the Congo have a curious and interesting method of telephoning. For a long time he refused to believe that the natives really had the power to communicate with others at a distance, though articles had been sent to him in answer to such communications. At length, one day, journeying on the river by pirogue, and being about fifty miles from Basoko, he determined, instead of stopping, to press on to the village. Then one of his people offered to telephone to the village that the party would reach the place toward evening and would like to have supper prepared on arrival.

A native with a drum then began to beat it after a peculiar fashion, and presently announced that he had heard a reply. He then rolled the drum for some time and tranquilly returned to his pirogue. Capt. Five waited with much interest to see whether his approach would be expected, and was astonished as he neared Basoko toward evening to recognize on the bank one of his fellow-explorers, Lieut. Verellen. A fire was burning ashore and supper was being made ready. Capt. Five, after greeting the lieutenant, inquired eagerly how he had learned of the approach of the expedition. The lieutenant replied that the news had been brought some hours before by a negro, who said that a white man was approaching by the way of the river and would need supper.

The drum used by the natives for this purpose is a small but noisy affair of wood. It is constantly employed in communicating short distances, in order to save time and trouble. In this instance there had evidently been relays of drummers along the whole fifty miles from the point where the original signal was given to near Basoko. The natives are able, with their drums, to signal messages of considerable length. This particular instance is recorded in La Flandre, a Belgian publication.

GENEVA'S GREAT FOUNTAIN.

It Is Three Hundred Feet in Height—The Largest in the World.

The fountain that the municipality of Geneva has recently established at the entrance of the port of that city is certainly the largest fountain that exists upon the surface of the globe, since it is no less than 300 feet in height, says the Philadelphia Press. It may be seen from a great distance in clear weather, detaching itself like a great white sail flapping through the effects of the wind.

The city of Geneva possesses a most complete distribution of water under pressure, the motive power for which is obtained from an artificial fall established upon the Rhone at the point of the lake. The water for domestic purposes and for the running of certain motors is raised to the height of 215 feet above the level of the lake. For the distribution of motive force it is raised to a height of 460 feet. The reservoir is an open-air one and is situated upon the top of Bessingens, at a distance of three miles from the turbine building. A very ingenious regulator, invented by Mr. Turattini, assures the uniformity of the piping.

The length of the first pipe line is about forty miles, and that of the second, about sixty. It is to this latter that the fountain conduit is connected. The latter is set in play only on Sundays. It is sometimes set in operation also in week days in the evening. Instead of a single jet of great height several are then utilized that do not rise so high. Powerful electric-light projectors, placed in a structure near by, brightly illuminate them with their rays of varied colors, which transform them into a luminous fountain of the most beautiful aspect.

CHARGE OF THE BATTALION.

A Pen-Picture of One of the Most Impos- ing Efforts of a Great Battle.

The battalion has been on its feet since daybreak; there was a scanty breakfast, and while the men ate it in the distance are sounds of the coming battle. The files on the march are closed up, every sense is alive, dust everywhere, then smoke, the galloping of horses, hoarse shouts, orders and counter-orders; the battle grows apace, men here and there go down, but the eight companies are there; the captains march close by the men; sometimes, through the smoke, they catch a glimpse of the colonel leading on in front; each man knows his right-hand man; no one looks behind him; somewhere quite close is Tom or Dick or Harry, the good men they have chosen as the best, and as long as they go on the rest will follow. So the din increases, the earth is reeling under foot, shells burst beside them with a horrid shriek and bring out quick death; can anything alive come out of this hideous turmoil? Still they press on; a captain picks up the rifle of a man who has fallen and speaks a cheery word—all can't be lost when an old friend can make a joke; another instant, and a cool voice they've heard before rings out an order—it is easy to obey what they've learned to obey for years—a clash of bayonets as they fix them in smart time together, a pause, a gasp for breath—"Charge!" and the long line cleaves through the smoke and din and is out upon the other side and in the sunshine once again, cheering its lungs away; the battle and dear life are won.

Social Distinction.

"Oh, look, George, our name is mentioned before the Wilkinsons. What fun!"

"Why, of course it is. It's in alphabetical order."

"Oh, but they'll be just as savage all the same."—Ally Sloper.