THE WOODS' GHOST.

Possibly General Fawncliffe was eccentric because he could not help it, but it is more probable that he did things in a manner entirely different from anybody else because he wanted to be odd and wanted to make a sensation. He was a wealthy man, and therefore he could do very nearly as he liked. He was haughty, overbearing and irritable. I always thought that if he had been the czar of Russia or the shah of Persia he would have played his role very well. He had built a fine house on the banks of the Delaware, and at the verge of the Block woods, of which he was the owner. He was not more than 45 years old and appeared to be entirely alone in the world; at any rate, no one in Blockville ever heard that he had any relations.

At the time of which I write I was a young fellow of 16, of no sort of consequence whatever, and my name was, but is not now, Pardon Sashwood, though mother and everybody else called me Pardy. My mother was a dressmaker in the town and did a big business. She never said anything about my father, and I did not know anything about him, and I concluded that he had been hanged, or otherwise nipped in the bud, and I did not press my inquiries in regard to him. I was a regular resident in Block Hall, as General Fawncliffe called his elegant mansion, and my first duty is to explain how I happened to be a dweller beneath its princely roof. I was very fond of fishing, and my mother was very fond of eating fish, for I caught very nice ones in the river. One day I sat upon a rock that projected out into the stream just below the general's mansion. Above me was a sandy beach, and while I sat there the general drove down upon it in his buggy, with a high spirited horse. I wondered what he was doing there with such a turnout.

The horse was full of spirit, and the choleric driver seemed to be well supplied with spirits, though of the artificial sort. The animal pranced and capered on the sand, and did not appear to have learned that his master was as impatient as he was eccentric. The horse had a way of his own, and so had the general, and as the two ways did not run in the same direction it created an unpleasantness between them. At last the driver used his whip without the exercise of much discretion, and the brute manifested himself in a very decided manner. Then I decided that he was trying to drive the horse into the water, where he was unwilling to go. But the general got the best of it in the end and drove the obstinate creature straight into the river, as though he intended to cross to the other side. In a few moments the animal had to swim, but he struck out bravely, the general applying the lash all the ping him for his own satisfaction, now that the brute had yielded the point.

In another moment the buggy, which appeared to be floating, suddenly toppled over and spilled the occupant into the drink. He lost his hold upon it, and then I saw that he could not swim.

The horse took a circle around the spot and swam leisurely to the shore, dragging the buggy after him. Just below the rock on which I was seated was a bateau, and I lost no time in rushing to it. I had some skill in the use of the paddle, and I soon reached the general, who was floundering about in the water like a grounded whale. He was a large man, and I saw that it would be impossible to get him into the boat. I asked him to take hold of the stern to support himself while I paddled to the beach. He used expletives and insisted upon getting into the boat. I told him I would leave him to his fate if he did not do as I directed. The threat carried him, and he held on to the boat till his feet touched the bot-

"I will kill that horse!" he exclaimed when he reached the beach and had recovered his breath. "He is the ughest brute I ever drove."

"He is not so much of a brute as you are, general," I replied. "You acted like a heathen when you whipped him, and I had half a mind to let you drown.

He looked at me in astonishment Perhaps he thought I had earned the right to speak my mind, but whether I had or not I expressed myself as plainly as though I had been the general and he had been Pardy Sashwood. Doubtless it was a new thing for any

one to "speak up" to him. "Boy, I want you to come and live with me," he said, and I was amazed

"I won't do it," I replied. "I would not live under the same roof with such a porcupine as you are for all your money.

He actually teased me, and he expressed his obligations to me very handsomely, but I stuck to my text. I helped him right his buggy, now that the horse had cooled off, and he insisted on driving me home, which I permitted him to do. My mother saw me when I got out of the buggy. The general told me to think of his offer and come to his house if I decided to accept it. My mother, after she had heard all about the affair in the river, insisted that I should accept the offer. I argued against it for a long time, but I finally yielded to her wishes. The next day I belonged to the general's household, and Mrs. Cashley gave me a hearty wel-

General Fawncliffe treated me with egree of consideration accorded to ther person. I helped him about Circular.

his accounts and papers, though I was permitted to attend the academy. I really came to like him after awhile, and I know that I improved his manners and morals to some extent. His narrow escape from drowning had strongly impressed him, I discovered. He was a victim to that malady of sedentary and lazy people, insomnia. He had been in the habit of drinking more whisky than was good for him as a remedy. He told me he could not sleep until he had drunk at least six glasses. reasoned with him, talking flatly and plainly, as I always did. I asked him to stop it and walk one or two hours in the Block woods after 9 in the evening. He tried it with good results, and

after that called me doctor. After he had practiced this walking for a couple of weeks, he told me he had seen a ghost in the woods three successive nights. I laughed at him and asked him if he had been drinking whisky again, but he assured me he had not. The next night I watched myself in the grove. Sure enough, I saw a figure in white, though I did not believe it was a spirit from the other world. I saw that the figure tried to approach the general, but from fear, or some other motive, he kept his distance

I had a revolver, and with this in my hand, though it was not leaded, I went with the general to the woods one bright moonlight night. The ghost came as usual, and the general was inclined to retreat. So was the figure when I showed myself. But I pursued it. I held up my revolver and threatened to fire if the ghost did not halt.

"No, Pardy! Don't fire! I am your mother." screamed the ghost, not knowing that the weapon was not loaded. She halted, and I went up to her, the general following me when assured that the figure was not a supernatural one. She was dressed in white, as she was

she was troubled with insomnia. "Pardy, General Fawncliffe is your father and my husband!" exclaimed my mother when the general had come up with us

usually in summer, and I wondered if

"Emily!" he exclaimed, "I wondered where Pardy got all his impudence, for I thought he could have inherited it only from me."

We had a long talk in the moonlight. I knew that my mother had come from California, but her former home was one of the things of which she seldom spoke. The general acknowledged her as his wife before me. They disagreed and had separated. For the sake of her son she had followed him, hoping that years had softened his temper. She did not care to call upon him at his house, but when I became on such excellent terms with him she had decided to meet him in the woods, where I had told her that he walked every night. He had fled from her, but she persevered till I brought matters to a head. My mother is now the mistress of Block Hall, and I still have to do a great deal of plain speaking.-Oliver Optic in Philadelphia Press.

Packing a Trunk Well. Do you know how to pack a trunk

well? asks Ruth Ashmore in The Ladies' Home Journal. And if you don't how many people do you know who do? And wouldn't you gladly give \$1 for a time; in fact, he seemed to be whip- large and 50 cents for a small trunk that is properly packed? The packer comes with dozens of sheets of tissue paper and several pieces of tape. You can sit where you belongings are, and as skirts and bodices are taken down say which you want. Then the bodices have their sleeves stuffed with paper to keep them in shape, the trimmings carefully covered with it; the skirts are properly folded; the bonnets and hats have tapes pinned to them, and these same tapes are tacked to the sides of the hatbox, so that no matter how much the trunk may be shaken not a feather nor a rose moves out of its place. Then when everything is done there is laid on the top of the last tray a list of the things that are in the trunk, so that you don't lose you temper searching for the pink bodice which isn't there, or the tan colored shoes which you expressly requested should be left at home.

> The first white person lawfully cremated within the present limits of the United States, according to wishes and desires expressed by himself, was Colonel Henry Laurens, one of the Revolutionary patriots. He was born in Charleston, S. C., in the year 1724, and died on his plantation near that place on Dec. 8, 1792. His will, which he had requested them to open and read the next day after his death, was supplemented with the following: "I solemnly enjoin it upon my son, as an indispensable duty, that, as soon as he conveniently can after my decease, he

First Person Cremated In America.

ica.-St. Louis Republic.

cause my body to be wrapped in 12

yards of towcloth and burned until it

be entirely consumed." The request

was carried out to the letter and was

the beginning of cremation in Amer-

Nature's Nobleman. One whose charity is as broad as the earth, who is generous to a fault, who is honest to a rival; who, becoming a friend, remains one through thick and thin; who, loving, loves with all the arder of a noble, consistent mind; who, being convinced of the right, is as immovable as a sphinx an yet is wise enough to hold his judgment in suspense and to change his attitude should superior arguments be brought to bearsuch a one is an ideal man and one of nature's noblemen. - New York Ledger.

A Sparking Watch. W. L. Boyer, jeweler, of Chambersburg, Pa., has in his employ a workman who has produced a watch that marks the hours backward. The figure I means XI, II means X, and carrying the figures out it is a great thing for a sparking party. The young gentle-man, not ready to be kicked out, trium-

phantly shows his watch and stays until

7 o'clock in the morning.-Jewelers'

A NAIL IN HER BRAIN.

Kansas Furnishes What Is Said to Be the Most Remarkable Case on Record. For six weeks Mrs. Frank Roadson of Abilene lived with a sixpenny nail in her skull. Remarkable as this story may

seem, it is nevertheless true, and Mrs. Roadson, who is in her fifty-ninth year. will recover from this terrible ordeal. About eight weeks ago a physician was called to see her, she being apparently suffering from paralysis or some kindred trouble. One side seemed deadened, and no amount of will power on her part could cause normal action. Electric batteries were applied repeatedly, and efforts were made to induce the paralyzed nerves to act once more, but with little

haps better results might be attained, ordered her thick hair cut off. She objected, but it was done, and on examination a sore spot was discovered with the head of a nail imbedded therein upon the very crown of her head. An operation was performed, and to the surprise of the physicians present a sixpenny nail 2 inches long was removed. It had penetrated straight into the brain its full length, and an abscess had formed upon the brain because of its presence there. Two days later another operation was performed, the abscess was removed, and the patient is getting along well, apparently about to regain

full control of her muscles. The most remarkable part of this strange story was the discovery of the stoutly denied any knowledge of it being there, but at last admitted that she had herself driven the nail into her skull, pounding it down with a stone, for the express purpose of ending her life. Physicians say this is the most remarkable case on record.—Topeka Special to St. Louis Republic.

EXHIBITS HIS HEART.

This Is What the Subject of a Peculiar Surgical Operation Does.

Physicians of this city are receiving visits from an unfortunate citizen of Buf- little of the sentiment of their Spanish falo who has had a peculiar experience. neighbors. They are law abiding and Recently he called on a professor in the undemonstrative, and Gubbins appears College of Physicians and Surgeons, who to be a backslider, stimulated perhaps to explained to a reporter yesterday the condition of his visitor as follows:

"The man had a disease of the chest some time ago and was operated upon by a physician in Buffalo, who found it necessary to remove a part of the chest on the left side, exposing the heart. The wound healed, but the opening remained, so that now there is a considerable hole in his chest. There is of course some covering of skin over the heart, otherwise the man could not have survived, but the action of the heart is observable, and one can put his hand through the opening in the chest and feel the heart at work."

The professor was unwilling to say much about the case, which he said was of special interest only to medical men. He said it was an extraordinary case and was worthy of being made the subject of a medical treatise. He understood that the man was traveling about the country exhibiting himself to physicians for a small consideration.

"He came to me," he added, "and 1 examined him and gave him a small know where he is now."

A Chinese Exodus.

Prominent Chinamen on the Pacific coast are predicting a big exodus of their countrymen from this continent and all other lands to the Celestial empire within a year or two. They will go to be present at the big fair which occurs there once in 60 years and at which every subject of the great emperor tries to be present. "Hundreds of thousands, maybe millions, of Chinese from all parts of the empire and the world will be there," says Interpreter Pon Se of San Francisco. "All nations will be invited and everybody ought to go, for it will be the sight of a lifetime." The fair, he says, was founded many centuries ago and has been held regularly since. He is not sure of the exact date, but it is within two years. Great preparations are being made for it all over the empire, and announcement of it will soon be made to the world .-San Francisco Examiner.

What Was It?

A dispatch says a curious phenomenon was seen in the heavens by citizens of Wilmington, N. C., from 6:30 to 7 o'clock the other morning. It made a grand sight, but no one seems able to determine just what it was. Some describe it as a meteor and others as a comet. One eyewitness says it had the appearance of a large star with a tail, which to the naked eye seemed about 100 yards long. The end of it finally burst, leaving a trail of fire of many beautiful colors.

A colored astronomer says he saw the letters "W. W. W." distinctly outlined, while another avers that the word "Prepare" was there as plain as day.

Business Depression In Berlin.

The Berliner Zeitung enlarges upon have been obliged to reduce their forces he "took a notion" to make his will, and carpenters and cabinetmakers, but it also It was signed and sealed that afternoon, extends to others. The Christmas sales and the next day he died of heart disare reported by the shopkeepers to be ease.—New York News. small beyond parallel, only the cheapest goods finding buyers.

Fall of the White City.

Fifty carloads a day are now being moved from Jackson park by various lines, and at this rate three months more will be required to remove the World's fair exhibits. The railroads derive no revenue from this traffic, having agreed that exhibits brought to Chicago at full rates should be returned free of charge. -Chicago Mail.

PORTUGIJESE IN NEW YORK CITY.

Of the 16,000 In the United States the Metropolis Has but 76.

The other day John Gubbins, a Portuder charge of stabbing a policeman. There is nothing strange or peculiar about the arrest of a man charged with stabbing or attempting to stab a policeman, but the oddity connected with Gubbins is the fact that he is a Portu-

How many Portuguese do you think there are among the 2,000,000 inhabitants of New York city? Just 76. There are 76 of them, and it is said in police circles to be a fact that Gubbins is the first Portuguese ever under arrest in this city. This avail, until the physician, thinking perwould be a very creditable showing if tried to leap up to him. But this was there were more than 76 of them. As it is. the only wonder is that there are so few. In the whole United States there are 16,000 Portuguese. Nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine of them are returned by the last census as residents of California, 3,051 as residents of Massachusetts, 833 as residents of Rhode Island and 76 as residents of New York city. They are a maritime people, most numerous in such seaport cities as San Francisco, Boston, Providence, New Orleans and New Bedford, but curiously enough almost unknown in New York, the greatest center of commerce in the western hemisphere.

Emigrants from the lands of Camoens and the Braganzas are famous as sailors cause of its being there. At first she and navigators, and their descendants are scattered in many lands, notably in Hawaii, where the Portuguese population is considerable, and the East Indies, where the Portuguese colonies are numerous. New York is a cosmopolitan city. Men of every race and nationality are to be found here. The total immigration to the United States through Ellis island from Jan. 1, 1893, to Dec. 15 was 233,597, and toward this total Portugal contributed the almost infinitesimal total of 79 persons. The Portuguese are, generally speaking, thrifty, hardy, industrious and matter of fact. They have deeds of unruly violence by New Jersey whisky or Medford rum, both poor substitutes for the fine wines of the Oporto district shipped from Lisbon and famous the world over .- New York Sun.

TERRIBLE DEATH OF A HORSE.

The Costly Animal Goes Mad and Tears

Itself Almost to Pieces. J. E. Sechrist of this county lost his fine stallion Fleetwood in a peculiar and terrible manner. The animal was a very fine one, an inbred Hambletonian, both powerful and speedy. A few days ago it was taken with blind staggers, and its sufferings were terrible. The climax of the disease was reached on Tuesday morning, when the animal went crazy. He was tied in his stable, but in his agony he broke the strong rope halter as if it were a thread, and driving his head against the side of the barn covered everything with blood.

Finally he made a desperate effort at the door, and tearing it from its hinges sum. He then went away, and I do not went at a run through the field. His than reading, writing and spelling, with Another physician said that the hole paling, board or wire fences, but took somewhat exceptional, of bookkeeping was about 3 inches square and that three everything in his mad run. He ran and surveying. ribs had been cut in the operation. He, through a paling fence six times and said also that an opening similar to the through a four wire barbed fence 18 one in the chest existed in the man's times, tearing his legs and body in a horback, under the heart.-New York Sun, rible manner. It was just before day, and Mr. Sechrist says that every time he struck the wire the fire flew, and the ring of the wire could be heard a long distance. Finally, from exhaustion and loss of blood, he fell and died. Mr. Sechrist valued him at \$2,000 and brought him from Kentucky.-Oklahoma Special.

She Died With the Cat.

Mrs. Allie Spencer of Stillwater was found dead in her house there recently. It was at first supposed to be a case of suicide, but later developments showed that it was the result of a strange accident. Mrs. Spencer had said she intended to chloroform an old house cat. The cat was found lying dead in a box, which also held a large sponge. The strong odor of chloroform in the room told the rest of the sad story. Mrs. Spencer, while chloroforming the cat, must have been overcome by the fumes of the volatile drug, and having a chronic heart trouble had expired there alone.—Lewiston Journal.

Exposition Relics.

A curious illustration of woman's tendency to lose things is furnished by the collection in the lost and found bureau of the Columbian exposition. There remain in it 600 women's wraps, 520 gloves, 25 veils, a score of portmanteaux and handbags, to say nothing of 800 umbrellas, a good share of which were left by women, and 200 pairs of spectacles. most of which no doubt belonged to women. They lose things when away from home because they are more likely than men to be carried away by new scenes and to forget everything except what in-

A Coincidence. One of those coincidences that are as mysterious as they are interesting octhe present condition of starvation in curred in connection with the death of German industries. Workshops which John Nolan, an officer of the superior usually furnish employment to 20 men court of New York. One day recently to two. The depression is felt most se- as he was in excellent health was chaffed verely in the building trades, including by friends whom he asked to witness it.

Grand Wolf Hunt.

The farmers of Kossuth county, La., had a grand wolf hunt on Christmas day. They have lost hundreds of sheep this winter through the depredations of wolves and propose to exterminate the pests. The county was scoured by ties of horsemen, who swept the Moines valley from one end of the ty to the other. The scalps are \$5 each, and hundreds of them we

A BRAVE WOMAN.

How She Rescued Her Husband From the Vengeance of a Puma.

Jabez English, a sheep herder of this guese, was held for trial by Justice neighborhood, was engaged in building Grady at the Yorkville police court un- a cabin home, his former one having been destroyed by fire a week or two ago, and was busily at work on its roof when he saw an animal steal out of the woods hard by and fling itself upon the pail containing his dinner of cold boiled bacon and bread.

He recognized this animal as a puma. or mountain lion, but thinking he might frighten it away threw his plane at it. The tool struck the animal on the head, cutting it badly and rendering the creature furious. It rushed at the structure on the peak of which the herder sat and not to be done, and after several attempts the lion abandoned it and proceeded to patrol the spot, growling furiously and showing its teeth.

The man, having no weapon and being out of reach of any one to whom he might call, could only sit still and wait for the puma to become tired of the watch or for deliverance. Night at last came on, and still he did not dare venture to quit his perch, though it was so cold that he feared that he would freeze before morning. In the meantime his wife, who was in Santa Anna, a little mountain hamlet of the valley, grew uneasy about him, and with a lantern started to look for him. It was too dark for English to see her, but the lion did, and made for her

with a scream of rage. As the great beast came leaping at her out of the darkness she dashed the lantern full in its face. The puma, startled, gave way, and English, guessing who the newcomer was, shouted to her to run back to the village. She turned to do so, but the puma was after her, and she was obliged to wheel about every few feet and shake the lantern in its face again The animal would recoil at this, and each time gave her a few moments to run on

In this way she made her way to Santa Anna, screaming as she neared it, "A lion! a lion!" until some of the men of the village, hearing her, armed themselves and came out in time to see the lion break away to run back. They pursued him and killed him and then went on for the half frozen herder. His wife, a bright eyed, chatty little Mexican woman, claimed the skin of the puma, saying that it was rightly hers, as she alone had brought the lion into the village, and it was presented to her for the new home in the valley.-Tombstone (A. T.) Special.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

The Government Improving and Making

Accessible a Historical Spot. A contract has been awarded for the erection of a \$10,000 wharf on the Potomac river, near Wakefield, Westmoreland county, Va., General George Washington's birthplace, and the steamer Sue will probably make it a landing place. The house in which Washington was born was destroyed by fire during his boyhood, but in 1815 a stone with a suitable inscription was placed on the spot by George Washington Parke Custis. It was while living at Wakefield that Washington attended the neighboring schools, where instruction did not go further speed was terrific, and he stopped not for the addition, which must have been

In after years, while Washington was surveying the vast estates of Lord Fairfax, the birthplace was burned, and the family moved on the Rappahannock river, near Fredericksburg. The new wharf will be built by the government as a means of access to the ruins of the burned house, and congress is to mark the place with a monument. A steamboat landing will make the historical spot, now somewhat difficult to reach, of easy access for tourists.-Baltimore American.

Death Among the Dukes. Including the Duke of Leinster, whose death was recently announced, eleven dukes have passed away within the last three years-the Dukes of Buckingham, Cleveland, Devonshire, Leinster, Manchester, Marlborough, Roxburghe, Somerset, Sutherland and two Dukes of Bedford. Three years ago there were 29 dukes apart from those of the royal blood, and it will be seen that more than a third of the number have died. As one result of this mortality the dukedoms have been reduced to 27, the titles of Buckingham and Cleveland having become extinct. Only 24 dukes can vote, however, as the new Dukes of Leinster, Manchester and Roxburghe are minors. -London News.

Girls as Pallbearers. Six young ladies, each wearing a white chrysantheinum, created much comment by serving as pallbearers at the funeral of Mrs. James McGiven, manager of a local shorthand school. The girls' study class of St. Leo's Catholic church had charge of the funeral services, and the pallbearers were members of it. On the way to the church the young lady pallbearers walked behind the mourners and continued in charge of the remains until terests them for the moment.-Pittsburg after the interment.-Tacoma Letter in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Hanged Himself to Live.

A Paris beggar has been living very comfortably by hanging himself. He would choose a tree near where young children were playing, string himself up and groan to attract their attention, so that they would run for help. He would be cut down and restored, and a letter in his pocket would explain his attempted suicide by a statement of his destitution. He knew how to attach the noose sc as to avoid strangulation .- Paris Correspondent.

Buried Under His Snow House.

ken leg he was injured internally. He his cartoons more than his portraits.— died from his injuries.—Toronto Globe.

CAN'T GET MARRIED AT HOME.

A Situation Which Is Causing Betrothed Couples Considerable Annoyance.

A young man and a young woman came over the line from New Brunswick the other day and were married here, says a Calais correspondent of the Boston Herald. They had no difficulty in finding a minister to unite them, although they very frankly explained that they couldn't have got married in their native place in New Brunswick.

The reason for this seeming anomaly lies in the fact that Governor Boyd of New Brunswick is dead, and that every marriage license must be signed by the covernor to be legal. It is true that it was Governor Boyd's custom, as by statute he was authorized to do, to sign quantities of these licenses in blank and to distribute them to the various officers throughout the province whose business it is to attend to such things, to be filled in as circumstances required.

Now, there is a very fine legal point involved. The question is whether, during the interregnum caused by Governor Boyd's death and until the Dominion government appoints his successor, these marriage licenses signed by Governor Boyd are good. Can they be used until a new governor is sent down, or are they useless as not bearing the signature of the actual governor of the province?

This is what is agitating the minds of the New Brunswick lawyers, and especially of the betrothed couples. They may indeed adopt the old fashioned method of calling the banns, but that takes time, and time counts when the wedding day is set and the invitations are out.

Perhaps they had best do as the aforementioned couple did-go to Calais, and thus make assurance doubly sure.

BIMETALLISM IN ENGLAND.

Lord Salisbury's Recent Speech and What It Is Thought to Forecast.

Lord Salisbury's speech in the upper house during the debate on Indian finance is regarded as a definite pronouncement in favor of international bimetallism. It is possibly destined to have momentous consequences. Sanguine bimetallists predict the early inclusion of their currency scheme as a plank of the orthodox Tory platform, but that is scarcely probable until the numerous Tory monometallists have been converted.

The subject acquired considerable prominence in the Accrington election contests, but that is scarcely to be wondered at, because Lancashire has long been the stronghold of bimetallism. Even the Liberal newspapers of that county are compelled, owing to the pressure of local opinion, to keep an open mind on currency matters, and some of them at present are giving considerable space to the discussion of the silver prob-

lem. The Liverpool Post, an influential Liberal organ, gave prominence the other day to a letter advocating the adoption by England and her dependencies and the United States of a second, or silver, international standard, without relation to the first, or gold, standard, "all contracts made through gold currency being settled by gold currency and all contracts made by the international dollar currency being settled by the international dollar currency, the latter being the silver dollar divisible into 100 cents."-New York Sun's London Letter.

Drained a Lake by Boring Holes.

In Florida Life is an article from the pen of B. W. Partridge of Monticello with the above title. In it he describes the effect of the drought of 1891 on Lake Miccosukie, one of the largest lakes in middle Florida, when about 6,000 acres of water became dry land for a spell. The rainy season of 1892 filled it with water again.

Mr. Partridge conceived the idea that the lake could be drained by boring holes in its bottom and organized a company

to try it. Experts were engaged to examine and report on the plan, and the result was that the company has bored a number of holes in the bottom of Lake Miccosukie, and the water is rushing down through them via a subterranean passage to the gulf. In a few months they expect to permanently drain the lake and thus recover 10,000 acres of valuable land.

An Artist In Snow.

A young artist of Boston, after the recent snowstorm in that city, made a snow model in one of the public squares that attracted much attention. It represented a girl dressed in the height of fashion, standing with her arms folded. At her feet crouched a bulldog. The image was modeled in elaborate detail, and though the thaw destroyed some of the fine lines succeeding cold weather preserved the figure. A young Swede, John Jepson, was the sculptor; he spent about three hours on the work. He is hoping for another snowstorm to enable him to put up a snow statue of some prominent Bostonian on the Common.-Boston Correspondent.

While two wedding processions were fighting for the road at one of the gates of Hankow the chairs holding the brides got mixed and each lady was taken to the wrong bridegroom. The gentlemen never having seen their brides before, according to Chinese custom, knew no mistake until the mothers of the brides came to call upon them. Then it was found that one of the brides, who was rich and intended for a rich husband, had fallen into the hands of a very poor man. The problem remains unsolved.-Han kow Correspondent.

John J. Ingalls.

Ingalls looked more attenuated than ever when he made his address in Kansas Charles Prendergast, aged 11 years, City the other day. His long frock coat, was playing recently in a snow house closely buttoned, accentuated the gauntmear his residence, 116 St. Martin street, ness of his figure, and this, with the ontreal, when it collapsed, and he was streaks of white in his hair, made him uried in the snow. His companions appear to be "a compromise between an an away and left him. When he was illuminated spook and an animated ug ont, after lying there for eight hours, moonbeam." The ex-statesman is said e was nearly frozen, and besides a bro- also on this occasion to have resembled