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COLUMBUS

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ROASTED INDIANS.

CREMATION AS PRACTICED BY THE THLINKETS OF ALASKA.

Providing the Spirit with a Square Meal. A Corpse Awaiting Burial—Weird Scene at the Funeral—How the Cremation Is Conducted.

Among those Indians known as the Thlinkets, who inhabit the coast and contiguous islands of southeastern Alaska, the practice of cremation is universal, except in the case of shamans or medicine men, whose spirits after death inhabit a higher world apart from the common herd, and slaves who are considered scarcely worthy of this distinction.

The Thlinket believes that shortly before death the spirit of some loved friend gone before will appear to him, saying: "My dear brother, or good friend, you can last but a few suns longer, and it is best so, for life is but hard; so be ready, for I will soon come to lead your spirit to a land where all is happiness."

With the last breath tidings go out to the clan, who assemble with blackened faces to mourn the dead, and in former years the nearer relatives cut off the hair. The corpse is now dressed in the most valued garments, the face decorated in red and black, and placed in a sitting position, with back to the wall, opposite the entrance. All the property of the deceased is now brought and piled on either hand—the Thlinket counts his wealth in blankets, kept stored away in camphor wood or cedar chests. Masks, rattles, robes, guns, hunting and fishing implements and dancing paraphernalia are placed directly around; the head is surmounted by a grotesquely carved wooden mask in totemic design, brilliant in its inlaying of holiotis shell and topped by a semi-transparent forest of sea lion whiskers, while over the body is thrown a highly ornamental blanket, woven from the finer fleece of the mountain goat and worked in black, white, yellow and blue from old pattern boards that have been handed down through generations until the designs have become conventional.

For three days the dead remains a silent spectator of household affairs, which have to go on much as usual, as a number of families live under the same roof. Visitors come and go, food is prepared at the common central fire, and children toddle about, tumbling over the sleeping dogs; but a general air of quiet prevails until nightfall, when the tribe assemble with drum, rattle and dancing sticks, and to their measured accompaniment keep time in monotonous chant, eulogizing and lamenting the dead.

The scene is weird to a degree, the many colored blankets, the blackened faces, the walls hung with arms and fishing implements, the curiously carved and colored house posts; while festoons of dried fish and meat depend from the roof, and all seen through the fitful flashes of the great crackling fire of cedar logs, over which at intervals oil is dashed to redouble the effect.

For three nights this scene is repeated, but on the third day the wealth of the deceased is distributed among the relatives, each one receiving a certain portion, as judged by popular consent.

The funeral pyre is now erected directly in rear of the house or on the outskirts of the village, in proximity to the shore. Logs of the fragrant yellow cedar are now brought and laid upon each other, forming a hollow parallelogram seven feet long by three wide. At a height of from two to three feet a flooring of logs is laid, leaving air spaces between them, above which the walls are continued for another foot. Beneath the flooring and around the sides kindling and spruce knots, saturated with gum, are placed.

All being in readiness, on this, the fourth, day, the class assemble, a plank is removed from the side or end of the house, and through this opening the dead is carried on a mat made from the inner bark of the red cedar, for it is a strongly rooted superstition among these people that should the body pass through the doorway, that later the death spirit would return to claim more victims. As the body is carried out an old woman takes some coals and burning fragments from the fire and scatters them after it, to drive away the spirit of death and cleanse the passageway, and afterward throws out a dog to accompany its master's spirit to the world beyond.

The procession now makes its way slowly toward the place selected for cremation, and when reached the body is deposited on the raised flooring of the pyre and a torch applied to the resinous splinters readily igniting the whole mass. The women in full dancing habiliments, consisting of a blue black blanket faced with red cloth and ornamented with hundreds of mother of pearl buttons, fancy colored caps or headdresses of raven or eagle feathers, immense earrings and nose pendants, faces blackened and carrying in the right hand a long pole, the end decorated with sprigs of evergreen and bright streamers, form in a half circle about the head of the pile. The men, with dancing sticks and rattles, are grouped on one side. The nearer relatives sit about promiscuously, moaning and wailing. The older men lead the chant or dirge, which is joined in by all, and to its slow notes the women keep time with the body swaying from side to side and bowing in unison, reminding one of the famous sword dance of the Bedouins.

Oftentimes the arms and personal belongings of the deceased are thrown on the fire, which, by means of long poles, is constantly stirred, and the chant continues until the body is reduced to ashes and the logs consumed. The family collect any remains of bones and the supposed ashes, which are carefully deposited in small decorated boxes or trunks covered with cedar matting, corded with spruce roots, and finally placed in dead houses or family vaults directly in rear of the houses.

Every one now returns to the house, where a grand feast is prepared, consisting of dried salmon dipped in seal oil, herring spawn, potatoes, roots, berries, edible sea weed, shell fish, seal meat and tallow from the fat of the wild goat of the mountain. Food and grease are placed in carved platters and consigned to the flames, to sustain the deceased spirit on its weary journey. With the coming of night the men assemble, seating themselves around the fire, when the women in full dancing costume file in, forming in continuous rank around the walls, facing the audience of males, and repeat the swaying, bowing dance previously enacted at the cremation, keeping time to the chant. This closes the funeral ceremonies, which have now lasted through four days The dead may be honored again in future years by a period of dancing and feasting, and the rebuilding of a deadhouse is always a season of ceremonial celebration.—G. F. Emmons in San Francisco Chronicle.

PRINTED PAGES REPRODUCED

By the "Washout" Gelatine Process. Utilizing the Sun's Rays.

The English edition of an encyclopædia is being reproduced entire, in exact facsimile, without a line of type being set. The process by which it is being done, like many inventions of the kind, is extremely simple, and yet requires such delicacy in handling that it has taken years of careful experimenting to bring it to its present state of perfection. The 20,000 pages and the thousands of illustrations making up the encyclopædia are being reproduced by just this mixture—plain, common gelatine, such as you use at home in your cooking. Nothing more, except a few chemicals, ordinary brushes that can be bought anywhere for a quarter, and nothing less.

The idea of the "washout" gelatine process is not a new one. It certainly dates back a dozen years. But it was in 1884 that the patent under which the encyclopædia is being reproduced was first obtained. But then it was not practical. In two or three years several different owners of the patent found it an elephant on their hands, and because they could not work it practically—in other words, "to make money out of it"—failed. Finally a year ago it began to assume a more practical shape, and the company then working it took the contract from a firm of New York publishers to reproduce the encyclopædia. Like many new things the process was "cranky," and refused to work practically and steadily enough to produce the result aimed at. The thing dragged along, until finally last April the company made an assignment, and its plant and patent were bought by a former member of The Boston Globe's staff. He saw what simple changes were needed to make the process a success, and now plates for the new popular reprint of the encyclopædia are being turned out complete and ready for the press at the rate of 500 a week, while it seems that in the near future there will be practically no limit to the number of books that may be reproduced without setting a line of type.

It is the simplest thing in the world—that is, to explain on paper. Gelatine, when prepared by this secret process, has the property of becoming almost as hard as metal when exposed to the sunlight, and remaining soft and soluble when kept in the dark. When in a liquid state it is run out into thin sheets about "type high."

There is no international copyright. A copy of the English edition of the encyclopædia is cut up and carried to the photographers' room in this engraving establishment. The pages are put in front of large cameras and photographed. The result is a black and white negative—densely black and absolutely translucent, making a fac simile of the type pages. In the negative the black part of the page—that is, the type matter—is translucent, and the white part of the page—that is, the paper—is densely black.

These negatives are next placed in frames over the sheets of gelatine and exposed to the sunlight. Where the sun shines through the negative the gelatine becomes almost as hard as metal; where the black portion of the negative protects the gelatine it remains soft and soluble. The gelatine sheet thus "printed" is taken into a dark room and washed with a brush and ordinary water. The soluble portion disappears, leaving the hardened part—that is, the type—standing up in bold relief. It is practically exactly like a page of type set up and ready for the press. The gelatine plate is then electrotyped and from these electrotypes the book printed.

The illustrations are made in the same way. A dot or a line so fine that it can be seen only with the aid of a microscope "comes out" in the negative, and the minute ray of the sun that shines through that infinitesmal aperture hardens its infinitesmal molecule of gelatine.

English and other uncopyrighted works are now being reproduced by American publishers cheaper than they can be set in type, and without the trouble and delay of looking over proof sheets, etc. As leather goes into one end of a machine and comes out a finished shoe at the other, so English books go into this machine one day, and the next day plates come out complete from which American editions may be printed. Cuts are clipped from foreign books and periodicals, go through this process, and in a few days adorn our American books.—New York Letter.

A South American Visitor.

"There is something new," said a bird importer, pointing to what seemed to be half way between a turkey and a pheasant.

"What is it?" he was asked.

"A curassow. It is a native of South America, and does not come north of the Isthmus. A few of them have been imported to this country, and they seemed to take, and the probability is that they will become very popular. They are about the size of pea fowl, and their plumage varies from a glossy black to gray, and there is occasionally one that is mottled white and black. They have a peculiar tuft of feathers on top of their heads, which they can raise and lower at will. In Brazil these birds run at large like wild turkeys, and it is good sport shooting them. They are easily domesticated, and are wonderfully fine eating. There is such a demand for them that a large number will be brought up from South America, and they will be exhibited at the poultry shows this winter."—New York Mail and Express.

Advice to the Barber.

"I always shave myself," said a well known lawyer at the city hall, "and before commencing the operation dip the blade in a cup of boiling water." "What for?" "Well, I will have to lecture a bit. If you will take a microscope and look at the blade of a newly honed razor you will find that the edge is like a saw. Well, the boiling hot water will run these saw teeth together and make an even edge. That is the philosophy of it." Everybody who knows anything about shaving knows that of course, but how many do? The usual experience is a removal of the hair by a more or less effective power, but the barber who takes time to plunge his blade in boiling water is a rarity, and a glassy strop is the usual developer of his weapon's edge.—Buffalo News.

A Quick Witted Girl.

Courtship is visible on every hand at Saratoga. Its aspects are various, but usually mild, though occasionally violent. Only last evening I went quickly around a corner of a veranda and caught a fellow struggling with a girl for a kiss.

"You shan't have it," she said.

"I will," he persisted.

"No, you shant——" and here she saw me, and she finished the sentence this way: "This locket is a keepsake, and I won't even lend it to you."

Locket, indeed! Fellows don't pucker their mouths like that in asking for lockets.—Philadelphia Times.

An Undeveloped Bonanza.

The chief plant products of West Africa having a present economic value are, according to a new handbook by Capt. Alfred Moloney, palm oil, ground nuts, india rubber, coffee, gum, dye woods, cacas, cotton, fibers and timbers. Palm oil is obtained from a plant covering immense areas, and is imported to England to the value of nearly $5,000,000 yearly. A new product is the "white African rubber," from landolphia owariensis, in which the trade has risen during the last four years from almost nothing to nearly $180,000. Many plants yield valuable gums, and many have important medicinal properties. There is besides a wonderful botanical wealth whose possible practical value is yet unknown.—Arkansaw Traveler.

"Witness My Hand."

In the early days only a few scholars and priests knew how to write. It was then customary to sign a document by smearing the hand with ink and impressing it upon the paper, at the same time saying, "Witness my hand." Afterward the seal was introduced as a substitute for the hand mark, the two forming the signature. This is the origin of the expression used in modern documents.—Chicago News.

A BOOK WORM'S DEN.

THE QUEER PEOPLE WHO HAVE A MANIA FOR OLD VOLUMES.

How the Habit of Book Buying Grows and is Cultivated by Book Sellers. Hobbies of the Old and Young Worms. Rare Books.

"There goes one of the most confirmed book worms in the city of New York," said a clerk in a big Broadway book store the other day as an old man with a benevolent looking face and long white hair passed out of the store with two very old and very valuable books under his arm. His face bore a look of contentment and he seemed to be satisfied with himself and all the world. I watched him until he boarded a Broadway car and sat down to gloat over his latest possessions. The sight was fascinating, and I gazed at the fast disappearing car until the voice of the clerk called me back from a mental vision of old musty shelves filled with older and mustier books, whose bindings time has fringed and scalloped with a generous hand.

"Rather interesting to look at a real book worm, isn't it?" said the clerk. "You hear people call each other book worms simply because they are always reading, but they are not true, musty smelling book worms. What are they? What's the genuine article? Well, I'll tell you. A genuine book worm is a man or woman (which latter is rarely the case) who goes to a book store once or twice a week, without knowing just what he wants. He has no definite idea of buying anything, but before he knows it he has one or two good books. They come to see if anything new has been received; if so, and it is interesting, they buy it, and never object to the price. As a rule they are men past middle age, but there are some young men who are studying for a profession, but they usually buy only those books which treat of the profession they are studying. Then we have some doctors and lawyers who are confirmed book worms. Altogether I think there are about 150 book worms in New York, and about eighty of them are regular customers of ours."

A strange fact in connection with book worms, the clerk said, was that they very seldom visited the public libraries. They think that if a book is interesting enough to read it is interesting enough to buy, and buy it they do, even if they have to deny themselves the necessaries of life to raise money enough to get the book.

"But are they not great and insufferable bores," I asked the clerk, as I thumbed a disreputable looking copy of an old Latin prayer book that bore the date 1675. The clerk smiled.

"Bores? I should say not. I do not think there is a bookseller in this city who would be hard hearted enough to discourage a book worm that pays him a professional visit. In fact, they will gladly put up with the 'worm's' quips and fancies in order to have his trade. Why, I know a bookseller who refused to sell an old Bible—one that was yellow with age—just because he saw a worm looking at it the day before; and he was right. The worm bought the Bible and now is a regular customer. It's a pity, too, for he spends every cent he can get for books, old books, new books, and books, books, books seem to be the only things he lives for."

While speaking of book worms in general, an old man entered the store, followed by a younger one. The old man looked musty himself and the clerk whispered:

"There is one of the antiquarians—a genuine worm. That young man is a worm, too. Now, if we approach him gently, I think the old gentleman will give you some tips. He's one of the most confirmed worms I ever saw, and, although he wears shabby clothes, he lives fairly well. He spends fully $1,000 a year on books, and manages to live on from $400 to $500. He's genuine."

The old gentleman was introduced, and talked freely about his hobby, winding up by inviting me to inspect his collection. As I left, the clerk said: "Now, you'll see $10,000 worth of books. Don't ask too many questions, and when he gets started keep quiet and listen to him. He'll tell you all he knows."

The old gentleman was Chesterfieldian in his politeness, and as gallant as the knights you read about in the mediæval ages. Uptown in the elevated to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street we went, and then to One Hundred and Thirty-second street near Eighth avenue. Here is a little two-story building, and this was the book worm's home. The old gentleman apologized for his untidy house, and conducted me to his "den," a room in the second story. Books and books and books! Did I ever see so many books outside of a book store? What jolly midnight lunches the worms and the mice and the moths must have among those musty, time decorated, dust hidden volumes. I would live in One Hundred and Thirty-second street near Eighth avenue were I a mouse. The little old man looked as dried up and as musty as his books. He picked up a volume with beech wood covers. There were faint lines on the covers—lines that looked as if they had been traced there by some hand, which was now like the dust that covered the book. The lines were ghastly in their fantastic tracery.

"This is a Bibla Sacra Latina," he said. "It was printed in Venice, and is what they usually call Monk Latin. It is very old. The date says it is over 400 years old. The date is 1485. Look inside. It is my prize. You see the initials are drawn by hand in red, black and blue ink. They are bright. They used good ink in those days."

The book was indeed a treasure. The pages were not numbered, and the text is in sections in the center of each page. Surrounding these are various interpretations by the monk who did the illuminating of the initials.

"Here," said the worm, smiling, "is a book I prize next to my 'Bibla Sacra Latina.' It is, as you see, a copy of a discourse in Latin by Zwingli, the Swiss reformer. It is bound in parchment. It was printed in 1530, and the woodcuts are very fine for that time. I wouldn't part with it for the world. Here between the covers is a lock of hair and a letter to me dated in June, 1824, and signed 'Mary.' That was before I married her, and it is a love letter. She's dead now and—well, I'm getting old, 85 next month—and I'll soon be with her. I wonder who will get my books?" Tears glistened in the old man's eyes, and I stole away and left him to his memory and his books.—"Mr. K." in New York Star.

Eugene Field and the Bedbugs.

Eugene Field was here not long ago under an assignment to describe the Omaha saloon property of ex-President Hayes, and I had the pleasure of dining with him at one of our first class hotels. After dinner we went up to his room. When he opened the door for me to go in I saw probably the most remarkable apartment it has ever been my lot to witness. The walls had been white originally, I suppose, but as I glanced at them they seemed to have been transformed into a dirty yellow. The sheets of the bed were turned down, and they exhibited the same discoloration. The windows had spots of yellow on them, and the washstand and dressing case were similarly blotched. I turned to Field wonderingly. He was looking very sober, even sad. "I had some trouble with the bugs last night," he explained pathetically, "and I didn't sleep very well. As soon as it was light I went down to the drug store and bought four pounds of insect powder." And he had used it all, and with commendable thoroughness.

We sat in the yellow room and chatted a few minutes, and then Field rose and rang the bell. A girl appeared, and he asked her to send up the housekeeper. As that large, venerable and matronly person opened the door she saw Field in the center of the room assuming a tragical attitude, and rendered most fiendishly ridiculous by the waving plumes of a large feather duster which he had found on the dressing case, and the handle of which he had stuck between his collar and the back of his neck. It was a tableau as funny as could be improvised. It was broken presently by Field announcing himself in blood curdling tones to the housekeeper as "Spat, the Bedbug King." Then he plucked her mysteriously by the sleeve, and led her over to the dressing case. He opened the top drawer of that article of furniture, and there, disposed in regular line, were fourteen bedbugs lying in all the silent pathos of death on as many small fragments of newspaper. I shall never forget the expression of fear, astonishment and shame with which that housekeeper turned and ran out of the room.—Omaha World.

Science in Navigation.

"Did you ever hear of plowing a channel in the Alabama river for a steamer to get through?" asked an old river engineer.

The reporter has heard many a tough yarn from the fresh water salts who draw the long bow on Front street between trips, but this was brand new, and he surrendered.

"Well, last July the Carrier grounded on Yellowjacket bar on a falling river. The crew pulled away on the capstan without moving the old boat an inch, when the mate, seeing we would be high and dry in a few hours, got out a lot of hoes that were in the freight and part of the crew were set a digging alongside the bottom of the boat so as to wet her sides while the rest were hauling away. Old Dr. Harris, who lives about two miles from the bar, and who has a turn for civil engineering, asked Capt. Newmaster if there wasn't a plow in the freight. There was, and in a minute a big darkey was up to his waist in the channel above the bar holding the plow handle, which was hitched to the capstan rope, and the plow was hauled to the boat a half dozen times or so. Then the rope was tied to a tree on the bank above and the old Carrier went over that bar like butter through a tin horn. There's a heap of science in navigation."—Mobile Register.

Marching Through Georgia.

It was not uncommon to hear shots at the head of the column. The foragers would come tumbling back, and ride alongside the regiment, adding to the noisy talk their account of what they had seen, and dividing among their comrades such things as they had managed to bring away in their narrow escape from capture. A staff officer would gallop down the roadside like a man who had forgotten something which must be received in a hurry.

At the sound of the colonel's ringing voice, silence was instant and absolute. Sabers flashed from their scabbards, the men brought their guns to the "carry," and the battalion swung into line at the roadside; cats, fighting cocks and frying pans passed to the rear rank; officers and sergeants buzzed round their companies to see that the guns were loaded and the men ready for action. The color sergeant loosened the waterproof cover of the battle flag, a battery of artillery flew past on its way to the front, following the returning staff officer, and we soon heard the familiar bang of shells. Perhaps it did not amount to much, after all, and we were soon swinging into "route step" again.—Capt. Daniel Oakey in The Century.

Crime Keeps Pace with Science.

Crime keeps pace with science and no sooner is an improvement in the arts or mechanics announced than the crooked element instantly adopts it. Take the simple case of the typewriter; it is an innocent looking instrument, yet it is the means of baffling the police and other investigators. Handwriting formerly was a great aid to detectives in tracing up correspondents, and blackmailers and others using threatening letters appreciate that as well as any one. They would write backhanded, or try to disguise their chirography. The writing experts, however, penetrated the disguise by following the individual peculiarities that can never be covered up in the characters. Now, however, writers of anonymous letters use the typewriter and if you are curious to know the authority you will not be satisfied, for there is very little satisfaction for any one who tries to trace up the author of such a document. It is even more difficult than finding the printer of a circular, for where there is one printing shop there are a hundred typewriters.—Globe-Democrat.

She Was a Bright Girl.

A young lady and her escort, both well known in social circles, boarded a street car the other day, which was well filled with passengers. Soon the conductor came along and the young gentleman thrust his hand in one pocket and then in another. He fumbled in his vest pockets and then dove again into the depths of his trousers, while his perturbed features gave evidence to the interested spectators that he realized the embarrassment of the situation. He was about to make an explanation, when the lady with the utmost nonchalance was heard to say: "How stupid of me, I declare! When you passed me your purse in the postoffice while you stamped your letter I forgot to return it."

She drew out her purse with a bewitching smile. Her escort took it, paid the conductor and put it in his pocket, much relieved at the narrow escape. No one but a woman would have had the tact of avoiding an embarrassing predicament in this neat manner.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A State of Simplicity.

A civil and social state in which there was no place for barter or trade, must be a novel one at any rate, and it would be either very happy or very dull. A visitor to Monhegan Island, off the coast of Maine, this summer, found a child that was living in just that state of simplicity. The case is reported as follows:

Trading facilities are limited to one store. One day I offered a cent to a small child, but was surprised to hear it disdainfully refused with:

"What'd I do with it? My father keeps the store."—Youth's Companion.

American News in England.

Important news from several English papers: "In the United States the telephone is already being superseded. A writing telegraph is already working on a commercial scale and with marked success. The writer uses a stylus or pen, with which he writes in ordinary fashion, but only on the empty air. Before his face is a second pen, which reproduces his words on the tape in front of it. At the other end the receiving pen reproduces the message in fac simile."—New York Sun.

Mexico's Fashion Club.

The Diario del Hogar says that a "fashion club" is being organized in the City of Mexico by thirty rich dudes, whose only object will be to clothe themselves in the latest styles.

A MASTER OF FENCE.

A SWORDSMAN KILLS THIRTEEN OPPONENTS IN A SINGLE HOUR.

The Story of an Extraordinary Combat. A Regimental Quarrel Settled in the Presence of the Whole Army of French and Italians.

To give an idea of what a brave man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly, and but keeps cool and collected in danger, we will relate an historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, one of the greatest masters of the beginning of this century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master at arms of the Thirty-second regiment of French infantry. The First regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental esprit de corps and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged. After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over 200 French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments decided to give such breaches of order a great blow and to reestablish discipline; they decreed that the masters at arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

AWAITING THE WORD.

Imagine a whole army in battle array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the center a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain, so that not one of the spectators will miss one phase of the contest.

The drum is heard; two men naked to the waist step in the ring. The first is tall and strong; his black eyes rove disdainfully upon the gaping crowd; he is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome, and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command; his name is Jean Louis. The witnesses assume their places on either side of their principals. A deathlike silence ensues.

"On guard!"

The two masters cross swords; Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis; but in vain, his every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bide his chance, and caresses and teases his opponent's blade. Jean Louis, calm and watchful, lends himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell, and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis—a Florentine trick, often successful. But, with extraordinary rapidity, Jean Louis has parried, and ripposts quickly in the shoulder.

"It is nothing," cries Giacomo, "a mere scratch," and they again fall on guard; almost directly he is hit in the breast. This time, the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

THE NEXT MAN.

Jean Louis is already in position; he wipes his reeking blade, then, with the point of his sword in the ground, he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the First regiment has just been carried away a corpse; but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis has hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a riposst, and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. They wanted Jean Louis to rest. "I am not tired," he answered with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian has closely watched Jean Louis' play, and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He multiplies his feints and tricks, then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need to relate any more; ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited yells and roars of an army.

At the request of the Thirty-second regiment's colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis, after much pressing, consented to stop the combat, and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by 10,000 men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the ministry of war.—Outing.

Turgeneff's Peculiarities.

Turgeneff was very neat about his person, changing his underclothing every day, etc. Polonsky's surprise at his manner of brushing his hair led to the statement of a curious fact with regard to Turgeneff's skull. "I brush it, fifty times on the right side, fifty on the left, then I take this comb and pass it through 100 times. What are you surprised at? There is still another comb—a fine one." Then he explained that his love of brushing his hair was inherited from his mother, who was once seized with a mania for dressing everybody's hair. She combed the heads of the maids, and once in Moscow called a poor old invalid soldier in from the street, seated him at her dressing table, combed, arranged and anointed his hair, and then gave him money and dismissed him. In continuation of this subject he mentioned the curious fact above referred to. He was convinced that his temples had never grown over in infancy and that his brain was covered only by the skin on the spot where there is a slight depression. "When I was at boarding school," he said, "I felt a sort of giddiness whenever the children tapped on my temples with their fingers, and as children never have any mercy, sometimes they pressed my temples intentionally and almost made me faint."

Turgeneff was not wholly wrong on on this point, for when the doctors examined him after death they found that his skull was very thin, and possibly it was thinner still on his temples, so that it actually did yield under strong pressure, particularly in childhood.

He was as particular as he was personally neat. He always put things in order when he found them strewn about—the children's playthings, clothing, etc. like a nurse. And once, when he had forgotten to put his scissors in place, he got out of bed, lighted a candle, and only went back when everything on his writing table was in due order. He could not write if anything was out of place.—Miss Hapgood in The Independent.

Designer of the Yacht America.

I have heard a great deal in the way of reminiscence about the America recently. Her designer, George Steers, was pretty badly treated it seems. Stevens offered him $30,000 for a boat that would lead in the yachting contests. The contract being that she was to win all three of a certain series of races, Stevens threw her back on Steers' hands because she was defeated in one of them, though she had amply proved her capacity and superiority to anything afloat. Steers was in a great state, for he could not afford to own her and was owing for the material of which she was built. He was so close pressed that he took an offer of $20,000, and only found after the sale was completed that Stevens was the real purchaser, the other man being the unacknowledged agent.

Steers had his opinion of such sharp practices, but nevertheless took so keen an interest in his work that he consented to go over in her to England. Stevens was very high with him and never asked him into the cabin. He lived in the forecastle during the whole expedition. When the Englishmen, however, found out that Steers was the man who built the boat which defeated them, many more of their invitations went to him than to the man who merely owned it by dint of a score of thousands and some slippery work. Steers staid in the forecastle, but he went from there to dine on board the yachts of the richest and most exclusive nobles of England, and Stevens found himself rather at a discount. At least that is the story as given to me.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Our Army's Equipments.

From the present standpoint of the world our troops can boast of offensive weapons inferior to none; but as regards the other items of necessary equipment of the soldier in the field we are in a worse than transition state, scarcely any two companies in the army being uniformly equipped, and very often two, three, even four kinds of experimental equipment being in use at the same time in the same company. The real anxiety of the war department to get the very best, to keep pace with the most advanced progress of the age, is undoubtedly the prime cause of this state of things, but the fact remains that the importunities of inventors and the kind heartedness of officials saddles the army with an ununiformity of grotesque and impracticable bags, boxes and absurdities of all kinds.

A recent inspection of four companies of infantry equipped for field service (and at which the writer was present) one company had blanket bags, another rolled blankets, as in the war, another the cumbrous shoulderbraces and bags, while the fourth had men equipped in all these styles. These different articles were in the hands of the men by proper orders and regular issue; but however effective the command might have proved in the field, its appearance was incongruous, even ridiculous.—Journal of the Military Service Institute.

Confederate Captives at Big Shanty.

A large cable, fastened to stakes, encircled us round, on the outside of which walked the soldiers who guarded us. They all walked the same way, and the soldier whose post was No. 1 bawled out when he neared either end of his walk, "Right about!" which was the signal for all the guards on duty to right about at the same time and so prevent any chance of a prisoner's crawling away unperceived. I was struck with this wise precaution on the part of the enemy, for already I was beginning to look for some chance to get away, and doubtless others of those chafing Confederates were doing the same. As it was, the regular tramp, tramp of the soldiers' feet and the clock like "right about!" of the master of ceremonies convinced us all of the hopelessness of any such undertaking. I had no blanket, and so, with a heavy heart and a weary head and wide open eyelids which sleep refused to visit, lay down alongside of my men on the bare bosom of mother earth, one of the most miserable and wretched of men.—Ex-Confederate Colonel in Philadelphia Times.

"Aunty" in the Kitchen.

Even to-day one will find in many Kentucky households survivals of the old order—find "Aunt Chloe" ruling as a despot in the kitchen, and making her will the pivotal point of the whole domestic system. I have spent nights with a Kentuckian, self-willed and high-spirited, whose occasional refusals to rise for a half past 5 o'clock breakfast always brought the cook from the kitchen up to his bedroom, where she delivered her commands in a voice worthy of Catherine the Great. "We shall have to get up," he would say, "or there'll be a row!" One may yet see, also, old negresses setting out for an annual or a semi-annual visit to their former mistresses, and bearing some offering—a basket of fruits or flowers. I should like to mention the case of one who died after the war and left her two children to her mistress, to be reared and educated. The troublesome and expensive charge was taken and faithfully executed.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

Picture of a Mountaineer.

Bridger's appearance indicated his age to be 48, but he was remarkably spare and thin of flesh and nearly six feet in height. Altogether he was the most remarkable white man I ever met on mountain or plain in his personal appearance and demeanor. Dressed in the clothing of a white man, he seemed to wear it as a stranger to the garb of civilized life. Surrounded, as he had been, so many years by constant dangers, that even while sitting at a camp fire in the midst of white men his eyes were taking in every moving object in the entire circle of his vision, slowly moving his eyes from over one shoulder around to gaze over the other shoulder so as to complete the circle, taking in everything as far as he could see, this everlasting watch had become a fixed habit; he was the embodiment of "eternal vigilance."—John F. Oliver in Magazine of American History.

The Health of Actresses.

"What do I need to become a successful actress?"

"You need a good nose, with passable features and a respectable figure added thereto. You need some brains, a voice capable of training, a minimum of nerve and a genius for advertising. You need perfect health. With all these qualities you will probably fail, but you won't succeed without them, especially without the health."

The most charming actresses on the stage are, with rare exception, women with robust health. Personal charm has quite as much to do with success on the boards as mental ability, perhaps more; and personal charm — that something which lies deeper than mere beauty, and is called, for want of a better word, "magnetism"—depends to a wonderful extent on the physical condition of the actress.—Eliza Putnam Heaton in Kansas City Journal.

The Gain of Keeping Cool.

Very much is gained by keeping cool under all sorts of danger and threats of danger. If the cholera were to come this way it would take special delight in picking off those whom it would find already frightened half to death.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

A London newsdealer says the circulation of American magazines in Great Britain exceeds that of all the leading home publications of a like character.

The most remarkable echo known is that in the castle of Simonetta, two miles from Milan. It reports the sound of a pistol sixty times.

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