* FOREIGN GOSSIP

The first Indian regiment to don khaki became known as the "dustmen.

The great wealth that lies in the quarries of Sweden is at last being dereloped. Among the Mohammedans of Calcut-

to the infant mortality reaches the enormous figure of 634.5 per 1,000

A bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister was read recently for the first time in the house of Keys, Isle of Man.

Basel, Switzerland, recently had a special Sumatra exhibition, displaying the ethnographic and other scientific collections of the explorer, Gustav Schneider.

All tourists in Egypt are expected to so inside the pyramids. The entrance is a long tunnel chute or inclined plane, three or four feet wide, whose bottom and sides are polished stone. It is very dark, and candles are used.

India has electric tramways in but one city, Madras. Consul Fee, of Bombay, reports that permission has been asked to introduce electric traction in that city. Horses are used at present, but the consul remarks that they are well cared for and never abused, and that all animals receive humane treatment in India.

A wealthy Australian owns what is said to be the heaviest automobile in the world. It weighs 14 tons, and is run by a gasoline motor of 75-horse power. This enormous vehicle, which is capable of a speed, when needed, of eight miles an hour, is employed to carry freight to and from a gold mine sitmated 372 miles in the interior of the country.

MADE HERSELF AT HOME.

Situation Was Accepted, No Questions Asked-Explanations Followed, Then Change of Mind.

"My wife has been advertising for a hired girl." This is the story of the man down the street-big store-leading business man, says the Lewiston

(Me.) Journal. Well, the other day the bell rang. My wife went to the door. There stood an old lady and a girl about 16 years ald. When the door was opened both walked in without further ado. They

sat down in the parlor. "You are the one who has been adwartising for a girl, aren't you?' asked the old lady.

"'Yes.'

"Well, I'll take the job."

" 'But---"Yes, I'll take the job. We may coneider it settled. Of course you don't ob-Sect to Mirandy here. She has always lived with me and I want to have her round where I can keep my eye on

"The lady of the house replied that: she liked large families, and of course At would be all right to have Mirandy

there, but-"The old lady broke in, however, and said that she liked the looks of things at the house, and therefore she had snade up her mind to stay. She seemed so determined about it that my wife commenced to worry.

"Idon't believe you'll like it," said she to the old lady. 'The work is very hard. That is why I lost the last girl. She had to get up every morning at half; past three.'

'O, I'm used to getting up early, said the old lady, 'and I like to work.' "'Our girl,' went on my wife, 'has to shovel off the walks and keep the furnace going. She also tends furnace for two of the neighbors. We also have a great many midnight suppers, and we expect the girl to stay up and get those ready. That gives her only about three hours to sleep. We also take in two washings along with ours. There are some girls, you know, that don't like to work quite so hard. I thought I would tell you all about it, how-

"'O, that's all right,' said the applicant. 'It's a good idea to understand everything at the outset. But the prospect of work doesn't scare me. Besides I have got Mirandy here to help. She can do the most of the outside work. We'll bring our value this aftermoon.'

"My wife was more worried. "'I'll have to tell you about my husband,' she went on. 'I don't want you to be scared because you haven't been warned. But he is a very bad man when he is intoxicated. And he drinks a great deal. When he comes home he throws things round terribly. and if there's any strangers in the house, such as a hired girl, he starts for them the first send-off. The only thing for you to do is to follow my example. Have a club--'

"At this juncture the old lady jumped up. 'Come along, Mirandy,' said she. I don't think this place suits. I can do as much housework as any woman this side of tophet, but when it comes to prize fighting and midnight pitched battles and cavalry charges and them things I'm gettin' too old. Good day, mum, I hope you'll have better luck with the next one."

In Russia.

A tourist gives the following as an example of the rigid formality with which the officials in some parts of Russia act:

Russian Official-You can't stay in this country, sir. Traveler-Then I'll leave it.

"Have you a permit to leave?"

"No. sir." "Then you cannot go. I give you 24 hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do."—Tit-Bits.

Modern Drama.

Detroit Journal.

"She isn't much of an actress, but the women are all raving over the way she dresses on the stage!" No wonder! She puts on her shoes without sitting down on the floor!"--- TECK DIED GARTERLESS.

Because He Once Annoyed Her Majesty with His Tobacco Smoke.

The duke of Teck was a great smoker, and seems to have been privilged to smoke on all occasions, and even in the houses of all his illustrious relations, when other guests had to be most strict in their conformity to the rules of tebacco, says a correspondent of the Washington

I myself have seen the duke of Teck driving through the Strand, accompanied by the princess, his wife, and by the grand duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, puffing furious clouds from a huge cigar between his teeth. I have also seen him, on the terrace of Marlborough house, standing amid a group of his royal highness' relations of both sexes, not only smoking, but the only one smoking. Indeed, it is said that this habit of his for a cigar lost him the Order of the Garter, which he had very nearly received at

the time of his daughter's wedding. There had been a family dinner at Windsor, and the Tecks were present and had also been invited to sleep at the castle. The rooms assigned to the duke and duchess were in close vicinity to those of her majesty. Now, the queen never was a lover of tobacco. Her late husband was not much of a smoker. She was brought up in an age when tobacco never came near a lady's drawing room, and certainly remained very far from her boudoir. Her sons, the prince of Wales and his brothers, are all smokers, but it is stated they never smoke in their mother's presence, except in the open

On the particular night of the family dinner mentioned above, after the queen had retired to bed, and when presumably she had made up her mind that Francis of Teck should be told the following morning at breakfast that he should have the garter, she suddenly detected the smell of smoke. Her majesty at once touched the bell beside her couch.

"Who dares to smoke in the castle?" exclaimed the queen.

The two bedchamber women gazed at the great old lady with fear and amazement, but they were soon ordered to find out, and for the next few minutes there was a dreadful commotion in that particular corner

There was a ringing of bells, tramping of sentries, rousing of deputy assistant chamberlains from their beds, a hasty summoning of the lord high controller of the household, and scurry into garments on the part of equerries and deputy gold and silver sticks in waiting. "The queen smells smoke!" was bandled from mouth to mouth. "Tobacco smoke!" At last the smell was traced-and definitely traced-to the apartment occupied by his highness the duke and her royal highness the duchess of Teck. The lower court officials, such as equerries and chamberlains, scarcely ventured to hammer on the ducal door. But the grand controller of the house-hold did venture to knock, and he hammered with such effect on the panels that the duke of Teck himself opened the door, attired in pajamas somewhat short in the ankle, and awful to relate, a short briarwood pipe in full operation clenched between his

teeth. His highness looked surprised naturally. Then he asked what was the matter, and the chorus of roval murmidons yelled: "'Tis the pipe, your highness, the pipe. Her majesty smells smoke!"

But the next morning, when the prince of Wales ventured to remind his royal mother of the duke of Teck and his garter, he was peremptorily cilenced with: "No. Bertie, no. I am very angry with him. He woke me up with his awful tobacco." And the duke of Teck has died garterless!

Empresses in Contrast.

The present czarina of Russia goes to extremes in the simplicity of her court apparel, and in this respect forms a great contrast to the famous Elizabeth Petrowna, danghter of Peter the Great. The latter, while empress, says the New York Herald, had earned the title of "Elizabeth the Good," because she never approved of any executions in her empire. On the other hand, she was much criticised for her extravagance and eccentricity in dress. After her death the fact became known that she had 15,000 costly gowns in her wardrobe, none of which had ever adorned her royal person. Now, when the dress of court is a more serious matter with the royal and noble women. Russia has a czarina who observes the strictest simplicity in her gowns, and requires the same from her guests and attendants. This has caused endless dissatisfaction. The ultra fashionable lady must bear the chagrin of appearing at court functions in a very plain toilet, for otherwise the scrutinizing eyes would pick her out as a mark for disapproval. This extraordinary plainness baffles her admirers all the more, because it is a well-known fact that the czar is extremely fond of chic and has often expressed his admiration for elaborate, costly ladies' toilets.

After Joys,

"I don't think Mrs. Betterdays ever enjoyed her money so much as she does

"Why, she lost her money some years

True, but then, you see, it has supplied her with an unfailing topic of conversation ever since."-Kansas City Independent.

Conscience. Even people who will not confess to having a conscience, must admit that they sometimes have a funny feeling inside them that is not caused by nie -Atchison Globe.

THEY DREAD MIRRORS.

There Are Many Persons Who De Not See Themselves for Months at a Time.

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless the stern truth that many people have allowed months and even years to elapse without looking at themselves—that is, in the orthodox manner by the aid of a mirror, and they have as good eyesight as the majority of their fellow beings. Simply they decline to see themselves. If a victim of this peculiar malady encounters in his perambulations a shop resplendent with mirrors he is in a state of nervous dread till he has passed safely out of range.

Should he find himself, assuming for convenience sake he is of the male persuasion, in the hands of a strange barber, with reflections on all sides of him, his modesty is most touching. Even in the privacy of his own room, says Pearson's Weekly, he only proceeds to brush his hair when the looking glass-if indeed he does not dispense with one altogether—is tilted up to embrace nothing lower than the extreme top of his head. Of course, where a man of these queer tendencies is not actually insane he has something approaching a reason for all this.

One gentleman, for instance, whose bright presence and face used to be welcomed in the best of metropolitan drawing-rooms, was one day showing some fair ones over one of his factories. when he tripped, and, before he could right himself, the greater part of his face became momentarily immersed in an open vat of raw sulphuric acid. He miraculously saved his eyesight, but the first view it afforded him of his features turned him so sick at heart that he has never since, though a year or two have passed, braved the distressing

sight again. There is an elegant mansion not far from Liverpool which, though owned by a man of great wealth and of generous rather than miserly habits, is in its interior one of the most somber and forbidding residences in the country. The visitor, short-of calling at the servants' quarters, will find it almost impossible to obtain even the most meager glimpse of himself-the very

furniture being shorn of a glimmer. The odd thing is, the proprietor, instead of being afflicted with any facial deformity, has regular and pleasing features, but he is consumed with a fear that he is the victim of a mysterious disease which is ravaging his appearance, and is in dread lest some day he may encounter his reflection and have his fears confirmed.

A WAYSIDE KINDNESS.

The Humane Act of a Boy Helps Him Win Public Office When a Man.

The mystic tie of the freemasons promises help and friends in emergency to a "brother" in any part of the world who makes the secret sign. Universal brotherhood needs no conventional signal. For those who keep its commandment, opportunity to serve each other is enough, says Youth's Compan-

In a contest for the speakership of the Kentucky house of representatives it was noticeable that one member, instead of supporting the man of his party, gave his vote and influence for the rival candidate-who was finally elected.

The winner, in thanking his friends, made special acknowledgment to this political opponent, whose loyalty to him had excited his wonder. When he ventured to ask the reason the member, in reply, gave a paragraph of interesting history.

"Twenty-five years ago," he said, "an enterprising Kentucky boy of 18 or 20 made a horseback journey to Virginia. On his way through the latter state he met a poor man and his family emigrating west. They were wretchedly equipped, and so destitute that they were on the verge of starvation. The young stranger purchased them some food, and gave them money enough to carry them through to their destina-

tion. "One of the little children, then a little girl of six, is now my wife. You are the boy who did that deed of kindness. and the man you helped is my father-inlaw. My wife remembers the food you gave her that day as the sweetest morsel she ever tasted, and when she noticed your name in the late canvass for the speakership she told me how to vote. Neither she nor any of her relatives will ever forget you."

The surprised benefactor then recolleated that 15 years after the above incident he had received a letter from the Virginia emigrant, returning the \$20 gift, and stating that he was then in prosperous circumstances in southern Kentucky. Since that time every circumstance connected with the affair had passed from the giver's mind. Rev. E. C. Avis, relating this story in the Religious Telescope, well suggests that every kind deed "has a name, a history, and a future."

Regicides' Cave.

After the execution of Charles I. and the restoration of the Stuarts to royal power, Edward Whalley and William Goffe, two of the judges that condemned the unhappy monarch to the scaffold, were compelled to flee from England. They came to America, and for a time they hid in a rock cavern near New Haven, Conn. This hiding place has since been known as the "regicides' cave." and is one of the interesting spots in that locality. - Detroit Free Press.

The Colonel's Definition. "A southern colonel's definition of a gentleman is a man who never permits anybody else to shave him and

Who never blacks his own boots." "In Kentucky it's a man who never permits anyone else to do his shooting and who never mixes his own drinks."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CHIEFS TRIED IN WAR DRESS.

Eloquence of Red Men in a Murder Case Where One Man Was a Coward.

Satanta, Satank and Big Tree were Kiowa chiefs. The trial of the first two for the murder of seven teamsters in Texas in 1871 was the last notable one in which Indians figured. Such a trial at this time would interest the whole country. Occurring at an early day at a place remote from telegraph facilities and from railway communication, it was little known beyond the town where the chiefs were arraigned in their war paint. They were desperate men, and the safety of the court, lawvers and witnesses required that the chiefs should appear manacled, says the New York Sun.

Judge Samuel W. T. Lanham, member of congress for 16 terms from the Eighth Texas district, was the prosecuting attorney at the trial held at Jacksboro. Gen. W. T. Sherman was the means of having the chiefs brought to trial. Teamsters employed by government contractors to deliver grain to forts along the rontier had camped for the night on the military road between Fort Richardson and Fort Griffin. They were attacked by Indians, whose weapons were bows and arrows and tomahawks. Seven white men were massacred, horses stolen and grain destroyed. A few teamsters

Gen. Sherman was on the frontier inspecting government posts, and came upon the scene a few hours after the fight. He examined the arrows found in the dead, and by reason of the familiarity with the customs of various tribes, he said the arrow marks were those of the Kiowas. White men in battle are distinguished by their flag. Indians paint the characters of their tribe on their arrows. Gen. Sherman hastened to Fort Sill and informed the civil authorities, insisting that they should follow up the massacre and bring the perpetrotars to trial. A few days later Satanta, Satank and Big Tree went to Fort Sill to craw government supplies. They had a pow wow, the result of mean whisky. Satanta mounted a dry goods box and boasted that he and Satank and Big Tree had killed seven Tehanas (Texans), and were sorry they had not killed more. A government interpreter heard the speech and reported to the civil authorities. Arrest followed, and the three chiefs were started, handcuffed, under strong guard, to Jacksboro. On the march Big Tree, whose powerfulphysique gave him his name, tore away his handcuffs and alone made a ferocious attack upon the guard. He fought with such desperation that he was killed.

The march was resumed, and Satanta and Satank were placed in prison and guarded day and night. They were indicted and brought to trial, before Judge Charles Soward. The two chiefs were fully advised of their rights by the court, through an interpreter. Counsel was appointed for their defense. Thomas Ball, now living in Virginia, and W. Wolfolk, living in Texas, appeared for the chiefs. "Except for their manacles," said Judge Lanham, no white men ever had fairer trials. But it was considered unsafe to bring them into court without handcuffs, for they were the most powerful men I ever see. The chiefs insisted, on secount of their rank, upon appearing in their war paint, and in their war dress they were tried. They were convicted, and told by an interpreter of the court that they could speak if they so wished. Satanta was the first to avail himself of this right.

"'I am a squaw,' he said. 'Satanta no fighting chief. Great Medicine man. Do good to sick. Don't want to die. Let squaw go. Satanta will go to his people on Red river, and he make his people be at peace. Whole country to Red river open to palefaces. Palefaces can come with ponies to bank of Red river and water ponies in Red river, and be not afraid. Red river be line of peace between my people and palefaces. Don't want to die, captain."

"That was all he said. I took down his speech and remember it well. Quite a different Indian was old Satank. Powerful, with a head and face almost leonine, he stood up, folded his blanket about him, threw back his head in deflance, and spoke:

"Satank no squaw, Satank Kiowa chief. Not afraid to die. Captain say Satank die in 60 days.' Then he grunted that grunt which only an Indian can make. It was what we call contempt. Continuing, he said, as he held out his manacled hands: 'Take 'em off. Want to die now. Killed Tehanas. Wish um. kifled more. Glad Tehanas dead. Don't want Great Father to save Satank. Take 'em off'-pointing to his handcuffs again-'want to die here. Want to die now. Not afraid. Satank ready to die now.'

"I never saw such defiance in man or beast as was depicted in his manner. Giving another grunt he sat down on the floor in his war dress and paint. He had plaited in his hair the hair of several white women whom he had scalped. He was the incarnation of the

devil. It was a scene for a painter! Before the day set for execution the governor of the state commuted the sentence to life imprisonment, but Satank insisted upon dying "now." After severeal years the two were paroled. Satanta went to his people and not long after tried to incite them to devilment. He was brought back to Huntsville, Tex., and put in the penitentiary. One day he jumped from a window and broke his neck. He was the more dangerous of the two chiefs, for he was the diplomat of his tribe. Satank went to Florida, and remained sullen and unrelenting in his hatred of the whites until his death.

Miserable People, 1888 It makes some people miserable to find anything less annoying than they expected.-Chicago Daily News.

A WOMAN REGENT,

How Mrs. Hearst Became Interested in California's Great University.

Mrs. Hearst is essentially a woman's woman. One morning it was annonnced that Mrs. Hearst had established several fellowships in the University of California-fellowships for young and struggling women students. It was a new departure. Up to that time the women at Berkeley had always felt themselves unwelcome. They were ignominiously referred to as "coeds," with a Divine masculine assumption that education is a part of man's sphere, and that women who aim above mere seminary prattle are venturing where they have no concern. But with this new and powerful ally the status of the young women began insensibly to change. It was not long before they had formed their own organization of Associated Students. Their counsel came to be asked even in athletic affairs. The fellowships, of course, were eagerly sought. In time they increased in number. The first tie had been knitted between Mrs. Hearst and the University of California. It was about this time, says

Ainslee's Magazine, that the agitation for a woman regent of the university was begun. Hitherto it had never occurred to anyone that the growing body of women students needed any representative on the board. It was alwave presumed-as it is still presumed in larger affairs-that the interests of the women were the same as those of the men, and that the women were adequately represented by the men regents. The result of such representation was that the only place the girls could call their own was the worst room in North hall. Here the plumbing was always out of order, the stove in continual revolt, the room crowded. dark, ill-smelling and draughty. At luncheon time North hall was so crowded that one could scarcely move in it, much less find a chair. But the opposition to a woman re-

gent was strong. The idea was new and therefore vigorously combated. At last came a liberal governor, James H. Budd, graduate of the university an opportune vacancy, strong pressure from the women graduates, and Mrs. Hearst the obvious woman for the place. The appointment was a nine days' wonder. Mrs. Hearst had never been generally known as a business woman, though she had taken an active and laborious part in settling and managing her large and complicated estate. She was an instant success. Very quiet in manner and averse to public speaking, and not too proud even now to confess that her heart was in her mouth when she walked into her first regents' meeting; she was almost mouselike in her demeanor, though apparently calm as though she were presiding at her dinner table. For all her grace and graciousness, she knew how to be firm. Sometimes she expostulated at what she considered an unwise move; sometimes she was indignant at what seemed to her an injustice. Always she was resolute, and she ended by being a power in the board. Was there a new president to be selected, send him to Mrs. Hearst on approval. Was there a change under discussion, find out what Mrs. Hearst thought of it. The quiet woman with a sweet face under a l'arisian bonnet, and the soft curves disguising the firm chin buried in furs, was the real president of that body of lawyers and bankers. Other regents had given bountifully of their time and labor, but banker after banker had died with out making the university even his residuary legatee. Mrs. Hearst was the first regent to show her love and faith in practical form

MAN WHO FLAVORS TOBACCO.

He Gets Ten Dollars a Day for an Honris Work, But He Must Be Expert.

"A high-grade position of which but little is known, except to the trade," observed a prominent tobacco manufacturer to a Washington Star reporter, "is what is known as the 'flavorer,' the man who is responsible for the flavor of all the grades of goods made, and who sees to it that the flavor is kept the same year in and out, it matters not where the tobacco that goes in them comes from or the conditions under which it has grown.

"Of course, tobacco manufacturers endeavor to use the same kind of tobacco all the time, but circumstances at times render this impossible. As an illustration, our company had bought up and stored away enough tobacco and cigarettes for the year, when all of a sudden our storehouses were destroved by fire and our stock went out of existence. There was no more tobacco of that particular grade to be bought, and we were driven into new fields. The tobacco being raised on a different soil and being slightly different as far as seed and stem were concerned, the flavor was also different. Smokers, and chewers as well, insist on the same flavor all the time.

"Here is where the flavor comes in. By his art and skill he can make tobacco that grows on high lands. He can make tobacco grown during a dry season take the same flavor as that grown during a rainy season. Tobaccos grown at different ends of the same state or in different states are by his treatment the same, as far as the consumer is concerned. He draws big money, but though he comes high, as the traveling show companies say, 'we must have him.' As may be imagined. there are not many who are competent to do the work, and as a result they range in salaries all the way from eight to ten dollars a day of about one hour's actual work."

Simplicity. The supreme excellence in all things is simplicity.-Chicago Daily News.

TELEGRAPH FRIENDS.

People Who Are Acquainted Wifhout Having Seen Each Other.

"It's very funny," said a former "lightning jerker" the other night, to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man, what vivid pictures telegraph operators who have never met will form of each other merely from talking over the line. As a general thing they : are correct, for you can size up a man pretty accurately from the way he manipulates the key, but sometimes they are ludicrously wide of the

"When I was a kid and was holding 🎊 down my first job in a little Ohio town, I worked on a Pittsburgh wire with an operator who signed C. D. He was a jolly fellow, and slack times we used to chat and chaff and spin yarns to each other by the hour. He was a capital story teller and a still better listener, and there was an appreciative quality in his 'h-a,' 'h-a,' 'h-a,' that was particularly tickling to my vanity. You know that's the way telegraphers laugh over the wire. by sounding h-a and repeat, and there's just as much difference in the way it is done, as there is in laughing with your mouth.

"Well, I got quite attached to C. D. and imagined I knew exactly how he looked. I thought he was about 20, with a round, jovial face, and a little baseball mustache. A good dresser. I said to myself, and popular among the girls, and I was filled with such a yearning to make his acquaintance that I finally seized on a very flimsy pretext to run over to Pittsburgh for a couple of days on ostensible private business, but really to meet C. D. face to face. I was only 17 and was sure we would have a glorious time together. When I walked into the office, a thin elderly man with a long gray beard was leaning against the counter. 'Is Mr. - about?' said I, giving C. D-'s right name. 'I am Mr. ---,' he replied, and you could have knocked me over with a feather.

"When he heard who I was he turned red and made some excuse to get away. Poor old chap, he had enjoyed playing boy, and we were equally disconcerted. I never joked with C. D.—any more."

WATCH DEATH NOTICES.

How the Collectors of Antiques and Curios Await Opportunities to Purchase.

"The first thing I read in my newspapers in the morning are the death notices," said a veteran dealer in curios and old pictures, to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "I do it as a matter of business. Do you see that big ledger over there in the corner? It contains a list of pretty nearly everything worth having in the objets d'arts line that has been located in New Orleans, and, for that matter, in all Louisiana. I mean things that are now in the hands of private owners but might be secured some day for the market. A good many of the present owners are very poor, but are also very proud and wouldn't think of selling an heirloom. Generally the children of such people are less particular, and when the old folks die they are only too glad to accept a eash offer from a dealer. That's why I keep an eye on the death notices: they often open the way to a good trade. One of the things I have been aching to get hold of for the last 20% years is a small panel painting by an artist so great that if I mentioned his name you would be astonished, especially when I tell you that the present owner is an old negro woman who can't read or write. The picture was a gift from her mistress, and she'd. rather sell the eyes out of her head than part with it. But she can't live long, and her two daughters have told me flatly that they would be ready to talk business as soon as the panel came into their possession. The last time I called the old lady was very discourteous. In fact, she chased me out of the house with an ax handle, so I'm not bothering her any more. but am waiting patiently for the grim reaper to gather her in. You'd be surprised to know how many fine with the pictures and what a lot of valuable bric-a-brac has been found in the hands of negroes here and hereabouts. Much of the stuff was given them by former owners at the breaking up of many old families during the war, and a good deal was no doubt stolen. Nearly all that has been located has.

been secured by dealers."

Clothed with an Electric Skin. 14 19 1 Prof. Francis Gotch describes the electric fish of the Nile, of which the Egyptians made pictures thousands of years ago, and which still inhabits the waters of that river, as being provided with an electrical organ that incloses the whole body. It is situated in the skin, and when viewed with a microscope, is seen to be composed of about 2,000,000 beautifully formed little disks. superposed upon connected rows of minute compartments in which are the terminals of nerves. The shock is produced by an intense current which traverses the entire organ from the head to the tail of the fish, returning through the surroundings. It stuns small fish in the neighborhood. Prof. Gotch likens its action to that of a selfloading and self-discharging gun. The electromotive force of the organ in a fish only eight inches long can, he asserts, attain the surprising maximum of 200 volts. A single giant nerve-cell at the head of the spinal column is the source of the impulses which discharge

the organ. A Wedding on the Carda. "My queen!" fondly exclaimed the infatuated youth.

ifatuated youth.
"My Jack," softly responded the blushing maiden.—Collier's Weekly.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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