

CITY'S LATEST.

THOUGHT PHOTOGRAPHY HAS BECOME THE SCIENTIFIC FAD.

The Results of Experiments of Dr. Baraduc, as Found in His Report to the Academy of Medicine, the Basis-What They Are.

A new fad has seized upon society. Thought photography clubs have been formed with surprising and sometimes startling results. By fixing the gaze upon an undeveloped photographic plate or even holding these plates in the hands, figures of persons and forms of a very extraordinary character have been produced when these plates were developed. The facts in the matter are well substantiated.

This is far and away more interesting than palmistry and crystal gazing. A brilliant society woman who is up to date in everything, including the latest scientific discoveries, reflected that if Dr. Baraduc, the Parisian electro-therapist, could obtain these pictures and astonish the French Academy of Medicine with them, she ought to be able to do the same, since the method was simplicity itself, and the cost not worth considering, nothing more being necessary than a box of plates and from two to a dozen people who were capable of concentrating their thoughts on a given person or subject for a few minutes.

Inviting a few trusted friends, a circle was formed and a box containing four unopened plates placed in the center. The results were astonishing when the plates were developed. She was an amateur photographer herself and did the developing. Luminous pictures made their appearance. On the top plate no distinct form was visible, but in the shadowy outlines various figures and faces could be discerned by a lively imagination. On the next plate, however, there was a well-defined finger shape, across which lay a light figure that might be held to resemble a female. But the really startling result was the pictures which developed themselves on the two middle plates.

On these were distinct faces, recognized by members of the circle as perfect pictures of living friends they had held in their thoughts. In one case the photograph was that of a brother who had been lost at sea. All the plates had pictures, but some were positives and others were negatives. Two had to be transformed to a lantern-slide before they could be printed from.

The thing was a success, and now society has a fad that it will not tire of for some time to come. How is this photography accomplished? Dr. Baraduc's explanation is that every human being has the power of expressing conscious or unconscious thought exteriorly. He believes that a mysterious, impalpable force resides in and emanates from the human body. In the sphere formed about us by this vital emanation our thoughts create forms which the sensitive plate seizes upon and retains. The discovery of the Roentgen rays was a preparation for this statement. Dr. Baraduc has proved his statement in regard to the existence of this luminous radiation by his magnetometers and by photographs, over 300 of which he reproduced in his report read before the Academy of Medicine.

The Photography of men must be small dials and know small dials. Over the needles is free as a globe. The expected next development in a more definite manner. The experiment has been repeated 300 times, and in every case the photographic plate has shown an impression. The members of the club are instructed that it is to be noted that while the left side exerts only five degrees of force, the right absorbs fifteen. There remains a difference of ten degrees accumulated in the system. This, according to Dr. Baraduc, is psychic force, which can be exerted on external objects by the will.

This brings us to the most important part of the experiments. The magnetometers are taken away and a society man places himself in front of a fresh photographic plate. He extends his hands in the direction of the plate and is requested to think of some one particular thing with all the energy and concentration of mind of which he is capable.

At the end of a period which varies from two minutes to two hours the plate is impressed by a sort of luminous cloud, in which the outlines of certain objects can be discerned. These vary in distinctness, according to the character of the thinker, and can only be expected to appear when he has fixed his mind on some concrete and clearly defined subject.

The kind of thought photograph most easy to produce is a likeness of some person.—San Francisco Call.

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One of Nelson's Captains.

The fifth ship was the Theseus, Captain Ralph Willett Miller. This gentleman, who after his premature death Nelson styled "the only truly virtuous man I ever knew," was by birth a New Yorker, whose family had been loyalists during the American Revolution. A letter from him to his wife gives an account of the fight which is at once among the most vivid, and from the professional standpoint, the most satisfactory, of those transmitted to us. Of the Theseus's entrance into the bottle he says:

"In running along the enemy's lines in the wake of the Zealous and Goliath, I observed their shot swept just over us; and, knowing well that at such a moment Frenchmen would not have coolness enough to change their elevation, I closed them suddenly, and, running under the arch of their shot, reserved my fire, every gun being loaded with two and some with three round shot, until I had the Guerrier's masts in a line and her jibboom about six feet clear of our rigging; we then opened with such effect that a second breath could not be drawn before her main and mizzenmasts were also gone. This was precisely at sunset, or forty-four minutes past six; then, passing between her and the Zealous, and as close as possible round the off side of the Goliath, we anchored by the stern exactly in line with her, and abreast the Spartiate. We had not been many minutes in action with the Spartiate when we observed one of our ships (and soon after knew her to be the Vanguard, place herself so directly opposite to us on the outside of her, that I desisted firing on her, that I might not do mischief to our friends, and directed every gun before the mainmast, on the Aquilon (fourth French), and all about it on the Conquerant, giving up my proper bird to the admiral."—"Nelson in the battle of the Nile," by Captain Mahan, in the January Century.

Was Her Money the Attraction?

A wedding of the most remarkable character was celebrated at Providence, R. I. The bride was Mrs. Eleanor Linton, who is one of the wealthiest women in the state, and is moreover known to be decidedly eccentric, and the bridegroom was the sixth toll that position. Four of the previous husbands were present in their capacity of ushers or supporters of the groom, and the fifth would have attended the ceremony had he not been unavoidably prevented by a severe illness. To show that he had not forgotten the event, and that he bore the kindest feeling toward the principals, he sent them a valuable wedding gift. The lady entered upon her initial essay in matrimony ten years ago, and divorce proceedings shortly afterwards liberated her from her first husband. Four succeeding ventures were made, divorce being resorted to on each occasion. A curious feature of the whole affair is that all the 'husbands' have remained on good terms with the lady, and are very friendly to each other. None of the first five have remarried.

The Golden State.

In the first place, California is known not by what millions of people have seen, but by what millions have read. Europe is better known by contact to Americans than California. A prominent American author recently "discovered" California and filled the newspapers with the interesting and suggestive impressions it had made upon his mind. He had been to Europe 20 times and to the Pacific coast once, which is once oftener than many other distinguished travellers of the eastern seaboard. Still further, the Anglo-Saxon race is dealing with new conditions in California. Coming from dense forests, from a land of heavy rainfall and from a temperate climate, where winters are long and stern, it settled in treeless deserts, in a land of slight and peculiar rainfall and under a sky that never knows the winter. Finally California is in its infancy.

Born in a paroxysm of speculation—one of the wildest the world has seen—it has outlived a trying experience of lesser economic epilepsy and come to the threshold of its true career strengthened and purified by the extraordinary process. In less than half a century several far-reaching changes have swept through the industrial and social life of the state, swiftly altering the conditions of labor and of business. Even for those living in the midst of these events it has been difficult to read their significance and estimate their influence on the ultimate character of the place and people. What wonder, then, that to the outside world California has meantime appeared like a jumble of gold, palms, and oranges, of gilded millionaires and hopeless paupers, of enviable farmers living luxuriously on small sections of paradise and of servile alien laborers herded in stifling tenements? Such are the conflicting aspects of the Golden State to those who view it from afar.—William E. Smythe in Century.

Proved he Loved Her.

And it came to pass that the Meek-Eyed Youth looked upon the Glorious Girl while her cheeks were red, and he spake unto her, saying, "Fairest creature upon earth, wilt thou be my beautiful bride?" And the Glorious Girl made swift answer, saying "Not, O Renigald, not until you have given me positive proof that you love me."

And the face of the Glorious Girl was even as the wild lily of the untrodden forest for coyness, but her voice was like unto the tax collector's for firmness.

And the Meek-Eyed Youth looked him far away into the henceforth, for a great fear was with him, and in his wailing woe he was fain to end it all.

And it came to pass that in that darkest moment a great light dawned upon him, and he spake unto the Glorious Girl, saying; "Lest, peradventure, thou misunderstand me, again I do say, be my beautiful bride. As for proof that I love thee, fair one, let me draw your attention to the fact that Christmas is four weeks hence—dost thou not more proof?"

And straightway the Glorious Girl nestled close to his more or less manly breast, and even as she nestled, she spake, saying: "Thou art indeed brave. Most men would have waited until after Christmas; but you—ouch! You mustn't muss my hair, dear!"

The Marine Engineer.

From the time, less than sixty years ago, when the first steam vessel crossed the Atlantic, the evolution of the marine engineer has been rapid, but he is the one class of marine craftsman that above all others has kept pace with the developments of this fast-speeding age, and he stands today the most finished product of a century that has created more new types and more new occupations than any that has preceded it. The marine engineer today is more important than any deck officer, but his importance is as little recognized by the non-seafaring man as his identity is concealed from the view of those who travel in ships. Down in the bowels of the vessel, he controls not only the propulsion, but the steering, lighting, pumping, anchoring and ventilation of the modern marine structure, and on the warship he is even responsible for the manipulation of heavy guns. The eyes that steer the ship are those of the officer of the watch, but the brain that guides the ship to her destination and regulates her internal economy is the brain of the marine engineer. His is the real responsibility, and we are afraid, his is the least share of the honor that is given to those who serve their country or their employers with courage and devotion on the sea.

All the world heard of the gallantry of Captain Kane, of the Calliope, in working his ship out of the Samoa anchorage in the teeth of a cyclone; who heard of the struggle of the engineer officers with the machinery down below, and how many know even the names of them?

A Warning to Cigarette Smokers.

Crazed by cigarettes, Frederick C. Smith, twenty-two years old, who lived on the top floor of the flat house No. 68 West 100th street, committed suicide last night.

He lived with his father, Arnold Smith, his mother, two brothers and three sisters. His father, who is an upholsterer, had taught Frederick the trade and expected to start him in business for himself next spring.

Before he began to smoke cigarettes, two years ago, he was robust and had red cheeks and bright eyes. The habit grew upon him until he smoked incessantly, and his eyes became dull, his cheeks pallid, his form wasted. Acute nervousness and insomnia followed, and the youth's health was shattered.

His parents realized the harm cigarettes were working upon the boy and begged him to abandon their use. He promised to do so, but had not the will to fulfill his promise.

He abstained from smoking for one whole day and the effect was to increase his nervousness and to make him delirious. The family physician urged the moderate use of tobacco, believing the habit could be broken by degrees, but young Smith, weakened as he was, had not the resolution to follow this course. Instead he smoked more than ever, and in the sleepless nights lay on his bed absorbing cigarette after cigarette until daylight came. Then he would fall into a dose lasting only a couple of hours. This had continued for several weeks.

Frederick, who had not been employed for some time, received word yesterday from a former employer to report for work today. His father thought occupation would keep the youth from smoking so much and lift him from the morbid state into which he had fallen. Young Smith also seemed pleased at the prospect of returning to work.

He was apparently in better spirits last evening than he had been for some time and laughed and joked with his family. His mother congratulated him on the improvement of his condition.

He went out after supper, saying he would be back in a few minutes. He went to a drug store in Columbus Avenue and bought a quantity of carbolic acid, with which he returned to the house. His mother asked him what he had in the bottle. He smiled, and said he had only a little medicine.

Young Smith went into the parlor and closed the door. Alone he swallowed the poison to the last drop.

His father heard him groan a few minutes later and ran into the room. The boy was on the floor unconscious. His mouth and throat were badly burned by the acid. His father rushed to the West 100th street police station and had an ambulance called from Manhattan Hospital.

Dr. Levison responded. When he reached the house the young man was dead.

"I see that you are your own washer-woman," said Mrs. Spately, who was leading her people past the place.

"Yes," retorted Mrs. Spately, "but thank goodness, I'm not reduced to playing nurse girl for a dog."

Mrs. Blurtout—Why do you suppose the judge refused to grant us a charter for our new secret society?

Her Husband—Did you swear that certain portions of your work were to be secret?

Mrs. Blurtout—Certainly.

Her Husband—Then he didn't want to make any of you liable for perjury.

A MAN WITHOUT FEAR

INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE BOER PRESIDENT AS A MAN.

Anecdotes Which Illustrate His Personality as no Estimate of Another Can Do—His Persistence Under Pain and in Very Trying Moments.

Kruger's Christianity is not one which he reserves for the pulpit—fit from it. He carries his religion about with him, and there are plenty of well-authenticated stories about him to show that his life was a fair reflection of his faith. For instance, he once saw a Kafir straggling in the river, with other Kafirs stood on shore as spectators. At once he jumped in for the purpose of saving his life. But the black man lost his head, and grappled Kruger with such violence as to render it more than probable that both would drown together. Kruger was a splendid swimmer, and was able to remain a very long time under water. On this occasion he could only risk himself of the frantic black by total immersion, so he remained under water for a period of time which thoroughly alarmed those who witnessed the performance, but at last he emerged upon the surface—without the Kafir.

Another instance of Kruger's readiness to suffer in the place of another occurred during the troubles with the Orange Free State. Its President, Boschoff, had made prisoner some Transvaal burghers, who had been under his (Kruger's) orders. In the language of Kruger's friend, who was present: "When hearing this, the President at once saddled his horse and rode to the Orange Free State as fast as possible, informing Mr. Boschoff that he ought to set those men free and hold him (Kruger) instead; that those men had merely carried out the orders given by himself as sub-commandant of Pretorius. This was about 1877." It certainly is not common in modern war for an officer to offer himself a ransom for the men who have been taken prisoners while acting under orders.

The President has a violent temper, and his old friends think that of late years he has had increasing difficulty in restraining it. But quickly as he is roused, so quickly does his passion cool again; and no man more frankly asks forgiveness for a wrong committed. One day in 1881 Kruger and his Minister of State, Dr. Leyds, had a sharp altercation. Strong language was used, and the minister took a man of emotion. At length matters came to such a pitch of passion that Kruger burst out with these words: "One of us must get out." Of course Leyds said, "Then of course, I am the one to make way," with which he took his hat and went home, supposing that his career in the Transvaal was at an end.

In the middle of the night came a rap at the door of Dr. Leyds, and he walked the President. He had saddled his horse and come over by himself, explaining that he had been unable to sleep, and had come to say that he had been in the woods and to ask Dr. Leyds that what had passed might be completely buried. This story Dr. Leyds told me to illustrate the President's generous nature, and above all, his mastery of himself.

Kruger is a strict member of the Independent Congregational Church. But he is not on that account intolerant. When Dr. Leyds was first asked to become Secretary of State he declined on the ground that he was not of the same religious faith as the President, but Kruger, on a single matter of this idea. "If you are an honorable and able public servant, I shall never ask you what your religious views are." This was a very strong concession for a man of Kruger's convictions. This generosity of Kruger is notable in his political life. He fights heart and soul for the success of his measures, but when the majority has decided he loyally abides by its decision, and works with it as though it were his own. In this way Kruger has steadily increased the volume of political followers, and commanded respect from even his enemies.

Kruger was shooting one day when his gun exploded and blew away part of his thumb. The surgeon to whom Kruger finally submitted, the case found that the flesh had begun to mortify, and advised amputating the arm half-way up. But Kruger said he could not afford to lose his arm, for then he would no longer be able to handle his rifle. Then the doctor said that Kruger should at least allow him to cut off his left hand. But even this was too much for Kruger. The surgeon then told Kruger that he would have nothing whatever to do with the case, and left. Kruger then got his jack-knife and sharpened it carefully, so that it became as sharp as a razor. He then laid his thumb upon a stone and himself cut off its extreme joint. But, to his great chagrin, the flesh would not heal at that point, as putrefaction had gone already too far. Again he laid his hand upon the stone, and this time carefully cut away all the flesh about and above the second joint of the thumb, and this time the flesh healed and his hand was spared. He now uses his left index finger as a thumb, and seizes small objects between the first two fingers of that hand.

Dr. Leyds almost capped this anecdote by telling me that while in Lisbon Kruger had a toothache, and paced up and down the room, seeking relief in vain. At last he quietly pulled out his penknife and cut the tooth out of his jaw by patience and persistence. What can such a man know of fear?—what can be to him such things as nerves? It is gratifying to recall now that not of all the stories I have heard about the Transvaal President, not one indicates that he is cruel or vindictive or untruthful. Men of all political opinions unite in acknowledging his courage, his good sense, his honesty, his patience, and a host of other estimable qualities. If some member of his family had collected but a title of the good things he has heard about, no doubt we should have to-day a volume of table-talk replete with rough wit and homely wisdom—another Martin Luther.—From "White Man's Africa," by Poultney Bigelow, in Harper's Magazine for December.

On the Danube.

The Danube flows through countries in which fifty-two languages and dialects are spoken. It is 2000 miles in length, and bears on its current four-fifths of the commerce of eastern Europe.

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Russian Censors.

George Brandes, of Copenhagen, who has passed several winters in Warsaw, has been writing an account of his experiences with the Russian censors. After suffering considerable annoyance at their hands, he went to their office to see what they were like. He says:

"As I entered I saw in the mail room an enormous quantity of newspapers and books, in postal wrappers, some spread out and some heaped in great piles. That was the day's mail. Every newspaper that is received is taken from its wrapper and examined. Whatever displeases the censors is blackened. Every book is opened and looked through. There is, consequently, no calculable date for the arrival of this class of mail. Sometimes you get five or six newspapers in a day, and sometimes you do not get a single newspaper in five or six days. In a separate room sit those censors who handle the local newspapers. In consequence of the censorship nearly all are evening newspapers. In consequence of the censorship, also, they are not able to catch the afternoon foreign mail, but must wait until the next day. They are poor. The number of subscribers to one of them is seldom more than 1,500.

"A newspaper man is usually obliged to write articles on the same subject for several of them every day to make a living. At 11 A.M. all the proofs are sent from the newspaper office to the censors, who cut and slash according to mood or prejudice, influenced largely by personal animosity toward the writers, by the number of favors to be expected from the editors and by the amount of the bribes already given. Almost all articles in which anything of importance is said are written therefore in a style which is unintelligible at first reading. The language is abstract, indefinite, ambiguous. The reading public, however, has been educated to read between the lines. At 4 o'clock the proofs are sent back to the editors. What has been marked out must be replaced with reserve articles held in type for such emergencies. The censors do not object to foreign works on natural sciences, but they almost invariably exclude or expurgate histories. The word 'free' is forbidden. Last winter a Warsaw newspaper published a receipt for soup which was to be cooked over a 'free-burning fire.' This 'free' was cut out as dangerous to the existing order, and a 'burning fire' appeared in all its tautologous loneliness."

Halle's Ancient Cake Dance.

Halle, the little German saltmaking city whose inhabitants are supposed to be descended from an early race of different blood from the modern Germans, has a curious fete of its own, which has been celebrated annually for many centuries. On that day the masters and the salt-makers, clad in red mantles, follow to church the cake of the feast, born aloft by a youth accompanied by his sweet-heart. After the religious rites follow a banquet and a dance to the music of instruments specially devoted to the purpose.

The fete originated in an incident that took place so long ago that the very date has been lost. A mill belonging to the commune was burned, and the family of the miller was saved by the salt workers. When the mill was rebuilt, the commune voted to the saltboilers in perpetuity an annual cake of 100 pounds to be blessed, carried in procession and then eaten solemnly to the music of drums and fife.

The ceremony had been going on thus for generations when in 1576 there was a new fire in the city which destroyed the mill hall, but spared the salt works and the dwellings. Then the pious commune adopted a resolution thanking God for what he had spared and declaring that thereafter the cake bearer and the salt-masters and their men should make the procession, clad not in black as formerly, but in tunics of ardent red, with plumes of the same color in their caps. The date of the fete was also changed from St. Peter's and St. Paul's day to St. John's day, the longest day in the year. Since 1576 this order has been faithfully observed. The cut of the tunic has varied somewhat with the fashion prevailing, but the style of Louis XV predominates. Thus appear the carrier of the cake and his sweet-heart, and thus is clad the halberdier. After the banquet the men and maidens of honor, being those who in years before have carried the cake, decorate with red poppies the crown that presses in the public square. Then, in the midst of a spot protected by barriers, the men and maidens of honor execute not a cake walk, but a cake dance, a grave function in which one must neither speak nor smile. The dance is not complicated, but the music is of a special character, and this gives the whole a peculiar distinction.

In the evening there is a dance of a gayer character at an inn. The waltz here begins really at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and is continued until dawn. The red habits are put away at the end of fete, not to be brought out again for a year. They descend from father to son and are preserved with the utmost care.—New York Sun.

Sharp Legal Practice.

A country guest of a certain London hotel, having a dread of pickpockets, went to the clerk and handed him a £20 note to put in the safe. Asking for it next day, he was thunderstruck when the functionary to whom he had given the money coolly denied any recollection of the matter. Whereupon the countryman went to a lawyer. "Get another £20 note," said the lawyer, "and go, accompanied by a friend, back to the hotel. Apologize to the clerk for your memory; attribute it to absent-mindedness; deposit the second £20 note in the presence of your friend and come back to me." The mystified ruralist observed the instructions to the very letter. "Now," said the lawyer, "go back alone to the clerk and ask him for your £20 note. Knowing that your friend saw him receive it, he will give you back the second one. Then take your friend with you the next day, approach the clerk, ask him boldly for that £20 note, and as there was no witness to your receipt of the second note, he will be forced to return that also." The ruse proved completely successful, much to the gratification of the countryman.—Comic Cuts.

Mother of nine (wearily)—Well, Bridget, I'm quite sure we won't have to darn stockings in heaven after ten o'clock at night!"

Bridget—Shure, an' that's true for you ma'am. All the pictures ov' angels that I've seen are barefooted."

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THE MITTEN.

The night was frosty, bright and clear, And Bessie, cozy as a kitten, Was snuggled at my side, her feet Small hands tucked in my mittens. It might chill through her mittens.

The sleigh bells tinkled, I do heard, With Bessie's chinna was deep smitten. The nure skinned onward like a bird; Of love I uttered not a word. But still clasped hand and mitten.

"'Tis love that makes the world go round." No truer words were ever written. My tongue and Bessie's lips I found; And when we parted, on the ground I found her tiny mittens.

DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

Story Told by a Broker That Terrified an Attentive Listener.

They were discussing the subject of dreams, says the Detroit Free Press, and the broker, after hearing from most of the others declined to advance an opinion, but said he would relate a dream he once had, and leave his hearers to draw their own conclusions.

"I was a young man of active habits and anxious to get rich by the shortest possible method consistent with honesty. I found myself in the western part of what is now the State of Washington. I met a rough miner who said he was about to depart for the section where the Blawie gold mines are now being operated, and wanted me to go along. His inducement was that we could realize 50 cents a pan at placer mining, which was a dazzling bonanza. "I also met a man whom I had known in the East, and he advised against the project, because my proposed partner was under suspicion. He had started out on half a dozen expeditions with some underfoot, and always returned alone, though nothing had been proven against him. But he resisted all opposing advice and went. The third night out we spread our blankets early and laid down, for we were tired, and a storm threatened. It must have been about midnight when I had the most blood-curdling dream. As plainly as I see you gentlemen now I saw that rough miner, who was accustomed to losing men when he took out, standing over me with a drawn bowie and about to plunge it into my breast. "I could not scream or move to offer resistance. The very terror of the situation must have awakened me. The cold sweat was pouring from every pore, and it was only when I realized the immediate safety of my position that I could move. Stealthily I moved with my trappings to where my horse was tethered, hastily prepared him for the journey, and soon went galloping over the back trail. I imagined pursuit, but no shots were fired, and my escape was assured. "Did the man turn out to be a murderer?"

"What man? The whole thing was a dream, I told you. There was a dream within a dream. I was never west of St. Louis in my life."

A Way to Test Your Eyesight. You may be your own oculist, and in a very practical and simple way. All you need is a stereoscope and a photograph.

That arrangement in which the picture holder slides up and down a frame, trombone fashion, is the best sort of stereoscope for the purpose, although any will do, and the photograph that will give the best results is a certain size view of some locality, with people in it.

You put the photograph in the hold, and focus it just so that you can see the faces clearly. Then close the left eye and look at the picture intently with your right eye, while you count thirty slowly. Now close the right eye and look at the picture with the left eye for the same time. Then open both eyes and stare at the picture without changing the focus.

Something queer will happen. The figures on the outside of the view will seem to move across the view and group themselves with those on the other side, and this is the point of the experiment—the figures will always move away from the weak eye. Moreover, they move with a very precise relation of speed to the weakness of vision.

If the left eye, for example, is quite weak, the figures will move very quickly across the plane of sight to the right side, while, if but a slight defect, the movement will be gradual, and so on.

A queer thing about this experiment is that, simple as it seems, it will bring out defects of vision that have never been suspected, and another queer thing is that it will demonstrate the cases in which both eyes are of equal power to be surprisingly exceptional.

Tit For Tat.

A British sailor being a witness in a murder case, was called to the stand and was asked by the counsel for the Crown whether he was for the plaintiff or defendant.

"Plaintiff or defendant?" said the sailor, scratching his head. "Why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for my friends," pointing to the prisoner. "You're a pretty fellow for a witness," said the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means."

Later in the trial the counsel asked the sailor what part of the ship he was in at the time of the murder. "Aboard the binnacle, me lord," said the sailor.

"Aboard the binnacle?" replied the barrister. "What part of the ship is that?"

"Aint you a pretty fellow for a counsellor," said the sailor, grinning at the counsel, "not to know what aboard the binnacle is!"

The court laughed.—Harper's Round Table.

A Venomous Bird.

New Guinea is the home of the most wonderful feathered creature known to the student of ornithology—the awful rpr'n doob, or "bird of death." The venom of this bird is more deadly than any other known to man. It is a fact, not an antidote for the bite of the creature is known. A wound from its beak causes excruciating pain in every part of the body, loss of sight, speech and hearing, convulsions, lockjaw and certain death.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Great Feast.

"Did you have plenty of good things to eat on Thanksgiving, Tommy?"

"You bet! I just been orful sick ever since."

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