

ELECTRIFIED HANDS AND FEET.

The Curious Invention of a New York Man of Genius.

There is a genius in New York who thinks he is going to make his fortune. He is an inventor, and occupies an attic room in an old gambrel-roofed house. At present he is living on the proceeds of the sale of a patented waistband buckle, and times are rather hard with him, but he is confident that both fame and fortune are in his path and grasp. The two terms are used advisedly, because his invention is that of patent calorified and vibrant artificial hands and feet.

"You see," said the inventor, taking a beautifully modelled and articulated arm of kid, papier mache, and aluminum from a drawer, "my brother has an artificial hand and forearm, the real articles having been shot off at Gettysburg. I happened to touch this artificial hand of his one day during that February cold snap, and it felt so awful freezing and deathlike that it sent the shivers all over me. One of those shivers reached my brain, I guess, for the thought came to me in a flash, 'What a failure a thing like that is any way. You see I had a right to think bad things about that hand if I wanted to, because 'twas mine. It was my brother's, of course, but I made it. So I borrowed it of him right then and there. He grumbled some about being without it, said he'd need it to carry his satchel—he's a collector for the gas company—but I told him it was as good as he lived, and so on, and here it is. Now, then, just take hold of that hand."

With that the inventor lifted the arm from the work bench and held it out in such a way that the hand lay in a position for grasping.

"Grab it as you would a natural hand," said the inventor, "press it gently, and let your hand rest for a moment. You'll find it a tingler."

That was just what the hand seemed to be—in a tingler. The hand was covered with a kid glove, and underneath the glove there was felt a gentle throbbing motion which seemed to be communicated to the living hand, while an equally gentle and pleasant warmth was plainly perceptible. It seemed hard indeed to realize that the hand was not one of living flesh and blood, instead of a piece of mechanism.

"How is it done?" said the inventor. "Oh, easy enough. It's just electricity. Right here, where the stump fits in, you'll observe is a small dry battery. From it a current is sent down the fingers where it passes through minute tubes, or veins if you will, of asbestos; that is the heating system. A second current sets in motion a number of small diaphragms which lie along the palm, and it is that part of the arrangement which gives the throbbing motion to the hand."

"You see," continued the inventor, growing a little enthusiastic over his arrangement, "calorified and vibrant artificial hands and feet make very much possible that which was not so before; in fact they open up new possibilities of life to maimed men and women. With this electric vivification a young man who has lost his left arm in a saw mill can pass such an artificial arm as this around his sweetheart's waist and she will not only feel its gentle warmth as just her throbbing heart, but the young man has only got to give the battery an extra charge before he leaves home to go sparking, and the girl would swear that his hand is glowing and quivering with an emotion he cannot control, when really it is nothing but a question of electrified particles of asbestos and tin-plate metal."

"The benefits of my invention even go further than that," continued the genius. "I know a man who lost both feet in a powder explosion. Now this man's wife suffers terribly from cold back and nothing seems to relieve her. Now here's my chance. I'm going to fit that man's artificial feet with the patent calorification attachment, and then there will be no more trouble. You see it will revolutionize the old antagonism of feet and back, and a man with artificial limbs will positively be at a premium—provided he has the patent calorification and vibratory attachment on."

Insect Sounding Boards.

Man's inventions are frequently but imitations more or less clumsy and ineffectual, of nature's own devices. It would appear, for instance, that even insects have sounding-boards, although they may be supposed to know nothing of the laws of acoustics. Entomologists have recently discovered on the under side of the fore-wings of two Japanese insects, of the families cicada, a curious pit or hollow closely connected with an organ believed to be used by the insect for producing strident sounds. The pit would evidently serve to concentrate the sound as the shell-shaped orchestra stands at certain side resorts reflect the melody of the instruments to the ears of the auditors. In the Khasi hills in India another species of the same insect has been found, which possesses a similar set of organs.

A Sad Case of Color-Blindness.

"Yours is a perplexing case," said the oculist. "You call red purple, and refer to Nile-green as Turkey red." "Yes," replied the visitor, as he smiled a contented smile. "I fancy it's because I was born that way." "It's the most aggravated case of color-blindness I ever encountered in my professional experience."

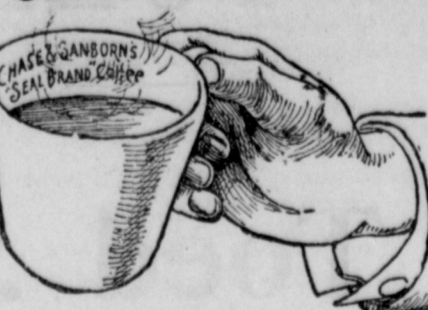
"That's it. I want you to write me out a statement to that effect. Never mind what the fee is. You see, my wife has a lot of patterns she wants matched, and she'll ask me to take the job some time next week, for certain."

And then the oculist had his suspicions. Business and professional men who suffer from tired exhausted feelings consequent upon mental effort, will find in Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic a sure conservator of the vital energies, relieving brain tire, restoring nervous energy and muscular vigor, renewing the blood, restoring lost appetite and aiding digestion.

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TEN DAYS IN A TREE.

With Nothing but Chinese Medicines and a Pair of Boots to Eat.

A Chinese miner, who, with a companion, was lost in the snow amid the rugged mountains of Piamas Cal. has been found, nearer dead than alive. For ten days he lived in a hollow tree, with nothing to eat but some Chinese medicine and scraps of leather cut from his boots. When rescued by a party of white miners his feet from which he had cut the boots for food, were terribly frozen, and he was so weak he could hardly move. The searchers could find no trace of his companion, who is certain to have perished.

There are a large number of Chinese mining at Brown's Hill, and Feb. 25 two of the number left the camp to go to La Porte, a distance of sixteen miles, to procure some Chinese medicine for the use of the members of the camp. The weather then was good, and the two Chinese proceeded safely over the snow to La Porte, procured the medicine, stayed over night, and started back the next morning. During their trip back on the 26th a snow storm came up and the Chinese became bewildered and hopelessly lost in the rough, mountainous country. They each had a few tent ideas as to which direction to take, and finally quarrelled and separated. One of them had not gone far before he found a low tree, wherein he was somewhat sheltered from the storm. He had matches with him and built a small fire, and crouching over that he lived for ten days. When their companions did not return to Brown's Hill the Chinese became alarmed and went to La Porte, where they ascertained that he had been there and started back. Then the white men about Cascade and Lumpkin were notified and search parties went out.

The other day John Kitrick, while searching with a companion for the lost man, noticed smoke down in a canon. He went down there, and in a tree found the poor Chinese nearly dead. Leaving him there, Mr. Kitrick went for help, and the unfortunate man was taken to the settlement on a sled.

His experiences during those ten days had been fearful. As the pangs of hunger came upon him he took off his boots, parched them over the fire, and ate them and drank the medicine. When he found his boots were all gone and his feet frozen and he was so weak he could not stand, he had given up all hope. So grateful was he that when camp was reached he gave his rescuers \$50 in gold dust, all that he had. He will recover.

A Fortune in an Ash-Tub.

On the 15th November, 1894, Made-moiselle Marie Tanies died at Orsay, bequeathing a fortune of a million and a half to the city of Paris for certain charitable objects. But where was the money? The notary informed Mr. Pouelle of the testamentary disposition of the deceased, but stated that the funds were not deposited with him. He knew they existed, however, for he had them in his hands. A visit was paid to the lady's house, but nothing was found in any of the drawers, desks, etc. A vigorous search was instituted, with no better result. No doubt a robbery had been perpetrated. The Prefect of Police commenced an investigation, while the search on the premises was still carried on. Every nook and cranny had been ransacked—all except a dust-bin. This was now dragged forward; it felt very heavy. On the lid being lifted, the contents were examined, and there lay among a litter of rubbish, lay the sum of eighty thousand francs in gold, and nearly two millions of francs in title deeds and other papers. The search was a long one, but the result was decidedly worth all the trouble.

A BOAT LOST DOWN RIVER. The new evening bonnet which is worn perched so far back on the head that it has every appearance of being about to fall off, is decidedly becoming to the women with low foreheads who wear their hair a la pompadour, while the hats, which have been so long popular, and set just on the forehead, are particularly disadvantageous to this style of hair dressing, the forehead often its owner's greatest beauty being partly concealed and unfettered by the short curling locks most women affect. The present queer little combinations of velvet, jet aigrettes with a broad bow just in front of the back hair, are not especially well suited to the round-faced women with the mop of frizzes she is apt to elect to wear, but she wears it because it is the style and womanly kind is not yet advanced and accepted enough to consult their individual needs in dress.

Flowers in the Ball Room.

It is far better to carry flowers to an evening entertainment than to wear them. They will preserve their freshness much longer. A few years ago a Philadelphia belle wore hundreds of costly Parma violets, which withered to unsightliness as soon as she entered the ball room. Far wiser Mrs. Frederick Gebhard, when she carried that expensive bouquet which has become historical from its cost, because at least, those violets as they were carried and not worn, would "keep seeming and savor" throughout one night.

Johnny Figured on the Bag.

The lesson was multiplication, and the teacher sought to impress on little Johnnie that three times two and two times three amounted to the same thing. "Now," said she, "if you could have two bags with three oranges in each, or three bags with two oranges in each, which would you have?" "The three bags with two oranges in each," replied Johnnie, without hesitation; "then I'd have one more bag to bust."

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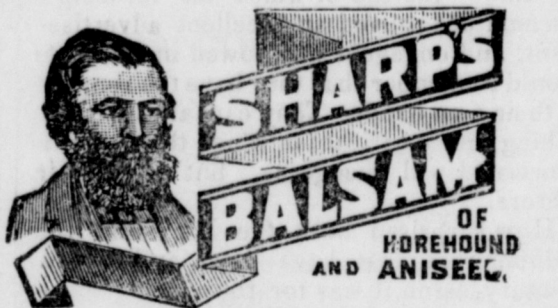
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A LITTLE CHINESE WAR.

A Fight That Took Place in the City of Montreal.

The residents of Montreal have lately been considerably amused by a real Chinese fight, constructed on the strictest principles of the Mongolian ring and faithfully reported by an eye witness.

Three vegetable hawkers, with their baskets, were all trying to get into the yard of a house at the same time, to solicit custom. The smallest of the three gracefully withdrew his opposition, but neither of the remaining pedlars would yield an inch. After exhausting the entire vituperative language known to the profession, which consists of many words, they laid down their baskets and doubled up their fists.

They struck out wildly for some minutes, occasionally coming almost within a foot of touching each other, and then exhausted by their efforts and panting for breath. The two Chinamen each retired to a distance of about six yards, and commenced a fearful fire of vegetables. One of the contestants got two soft tomatoes in the eye, while his opponent was struck with a squash pear in the mouth, and nearly blinded with a bunch of ripe grapes. For a quarter of an hour the sun was darkened by showers of potatoes, cauliflowers, apples, carrots, turnips, and sprouts, and it was not until they had both hurled their last bean-pod that they fled wildly in opposite directions calling on the god of war to bear witness to their dauntless bravery.

And then the small but astute child of nature, who had so courteously given way at the outset, and had been watching the battle from the other side of the street, seated on his basket, tripped daintily on the scene and picked up all the available debris which he thought he could sell, and, as he entered the disputed yard unmolested and sold the lady of the house fifteen-cent worth of vegetables and missiles, he murmured—

"Apples plenty cheap to-day; Chinaman get heap mad."

How Druggists Even Up.

In a West Philadelphia pharmacy a visitor, who is on terms of familiarity with the proprietor, remarked chaffingly to the latter: "I presume you cleared 90 per cent. profit on that prescription on that just went out."

"Better than that," replied the druggist. "That prescription called for three grains of powdered alum in two ounces of water. I buy the alum for about a cent a pound, and draw the aqua from the spigot yonder. The actual cost of the mixture was so infinitesimal that it could scarcely be expressed in fractions of a cent. Yet I charged 35 cents for it, and my conscience doesn't reproach me the least bit. Had I given it to him the probability is that the patient wouldn't have used it at all, and in any event its efficaciousness would have been impaired by the knowledge that its commercial value was next to nothing. And there's another side. I compounded a prescription this morning, the raw ingredients of which actual cost me nearly \$3. I charged \$1 for it, and the customer gave me a look which said as plainly as words, 'You're a swindler!'"

No Chance to Cheat.

"Gene Field, has a young son, a very bright lad, who is going to college outside of Chicago," said a friend of the Western humorist. "Not long since the boy came home on a visit, and a friend of his father asked him in the latter's presence how he was getting along with his studies."

"Very well," replied young Field, "in everything except mathematics. Geometry is too abstruse for me, and my standing in it is so low that I am a most at the foot of the class."

"'Twas the same thing with me," spoke up Field. "I never could get along in Geometry. Tried to beat the professor by writing out the theorems on my cuffs. It was a good scheme for everyday recitations, but it wouldn't work when examination time came for they insisted on examining me in the nude."

The Town Where They Burned Them.

It was at Rouen, in France, that the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, was burned at the stake. The good people of that town were once reminded of the part their ancestors took in that transaction. The hint of the disgrace was so nearly conveyed that it was worth the telling. Alexandre Dumas and Lievenne, a French actress, were both summoned as witnesses in a trial which took place at Rouen. When Dumas was called upon to give his name and condition, he replied—

"Alexandre Dumas, and I should call myself a man of letters, if I were not in the country of Corneille."

On the same question being put to Lievenne, she said—

"I am Lievenne, and I'd call myself a maid, if I were not in the town where they burned them."

No Racing in the Army.

The German Emperor has issued a special order to colonels in command of regiments, enjoining them to see that no officer keeps racehorses. No officer will in future be allowed to keep any horse except his charger unless he gets a special permit, to be obtained from the general of his division, and this will only be granted on his producing proofs showing that his financial position is such as to justify his luxury.

Another Great Canal.

Russian engineers are studying the route for the waterway to connect the White Sea with the Baltic. The total distance is about one hundred and eighty miles, part of which is already navigable. It is estimated that a uniform depth of thirty feet can be obtained for the whole canal at a cost of only £1,200,000.

Getting out of a Scrape.

First Chemist's Assistant: "By jingo, I've forgotten to make up the prescription for Frau Schmidt! She will be in a fine frenzy, for she has been sitting outside waiting for three-quarters of an hour."

Second Ditto: "That's very simple. Charge her three times the usual price, and she will think it was extra difficult to make up."

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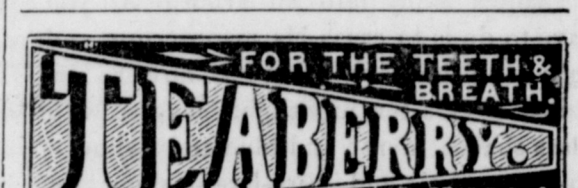
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Adams' Root Beer Extract, One Bottle
Fleming's Yeast, Half a Cake
Sugar, Two Pounds
Spikewarm Water, Two Gallons
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; put in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious. The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

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