

HE MARRIED HER.

In Accordance With her First Husband's Dying Wish.

M. Joseph Bertrand, the well-known French academician, and permanent secretary of the Academy of Science, has just celebrated his golden wedding. The circumstances in which he became engaged to his wife form a romance surpassing the most lively efforts of the sensational novelist.

In 1812, soon after the opening of the Versailles Railway, Admiral Dumont d'Urville, a distinguished officer, famous for the discovery of the Venus of Milo, as well as for many more strictly professional exploits, was travelling from Paris with his charming young bride and his private secretary. A heated axle set the carriage on fire, and, according to the then prevailing custom, the doors were locked.

The secretary escaped through the window and did his best to rescue the other two. Admiral d'Urville thrust the fainting lady out of the narrow aperture into Bertrand's arms, crying—

"Save her! Save her! my friend, and marry her!"

An instant later the blazing woodwork fell in upon the gallant old sailor, and he was speedily reduced to a cinder. The secretary fulfilled his dying master's injunctions, and two years later led the widow to the altar. Besides Madame Bertrand, he retains another souvenir of that tragic day in the shape of a scar across the nose where the red hot debris of the carriage left an indelible mark.

A Dissertation on Sleep.

It was late in the evening, and the young professor of physiology ought to have known enough about the human system and the functions of society to have gone home; but he didn't, or, if he did, he was not putting his knowledge to much use. The girl, in the meantime, was doing the best she could in the circumstances.

"You see, Miss Talbot," he was saying, as the clock struck eleven, "if from any cause the brain is unduly stimulated, whether by emotion, thought, or external impressions on the one hand, or by the acceleration of the blood current and increased blood supply through the cerebral vessels, then the supervision of sleep will be delayed and possibly prevented for a prolonged period."

"Yes," she responded with feeling, "quite so; but, yes see, mine isn't that way."

A Canadian Statesman Fooled.

Some time ago the Duchess of Westminster put into one of her guest chambers a curious Swiss clock, which was attached to a printed notice: "Please do not touch." Subsequently, a well-known Canadian statesman visited her grace, and after a night spent in the chamber, ventured to ask the reason for the prohibition. "You are the twentieth man who has put that question," replied the duchess gleefully. "Woman, you know, are supposed to be proverbially inquisitive, and I placed that placard on the clock in order to test the same weakness in men. I am happy to say that I find them not one whit less inquisitive than women. I keep a list of all the gentlemen who have asked me the question, you have just put, and as yet there has been only one exception among all the guests who have occupied the room. That one was Mr. Fawcett, the late postmaster-general, and he, poor man, was blind."

For the Horticultural Society.

This formula for a kerosene emulsion was given by a professor in one of our agricultural colleges some years ago, and I was requested to experiment with it on greenhouse plants, writes Ellen E. Rexford in a very practical article on "The Enemies of Plants." It is made as follows: Two parts kerosene, one part slightly sour milk. Churn together until a union of milk and oil results. When they unite a white jelly-like substance will be secured, which will mix readily with water. Dilute this jelly with eighteen or twenty times its quantity of water, and shower your plants thoroughly. Soft leaved plants, like begonias, primroses and gloxinias, are frequently injured by it, if applied in the strength advised above; therefore, it is well to dilute the application by using at least thirty parts of water to one of the jelly.

Confirmed Her Suspicions.

At B—, special sermons were to be preached, and collections made, on behalf of a missionary society. To remind them of the annual effort, and to request their attendance, the good pastor visited many of his flock for some time previously. A few days after the event, he walked into the shop of an old woman whom he had seen at church on that day for the first time. Judge of his surprise and amusement when, before he could utter a word of greeting she startled him by jerking out, in great wrath—"Ah! you've come; I thought you would. But I'll give no more to your missions—not I. Why, look at that!"—reaching down a penny from the shelf—"I put that in the plate, and it has come back to me. I marked it, I did, for I knew well them niggers never got the money."

Six Hundred Feet of Seaweed.

The longest plants in the world are seaweed. One tropical and sub-tropical variety is known which, when it reaches its full development, is at least 600 feet in length. Seaweeds do not receive any nourishment from the sediment at the bottom or borders of the sea, but only from air and mineral matters held in solution in the sea-water.

A Long-Existing Imposture.

When an Egyptian mummy, supposed to be that of a princess, was recently unrolled a curious discovery took place. The priests who did the embalming probably spoiled or mislaid the body entrusted to them, and for it substituted that of a male negro.

Doctor, Cure Thyself.

Young lady physicians are multiplying throughout our country, and, as a result, it is said, the young men are becoming more sickly than they used to be.

Persons with delicate throat or lungs need to be very careful at this season and have a supply of Hawker's balsam for prompt treatment of the first symptoms of cold or cough.

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MAKING NEW PAPERS IN SYRIA.

The Censor Gets in His Work There as in Russia.

A learned Syrian traveller says that the Syrian papers probably contained not the most distant allusion to the massacres in Armenia. After observing the way of American newspapers he declared the Yankee editor was in Paradise and did not know it.

In Beirut, said he, there is a censor, an officer of the Turkish Government, and to him must be submitted the first copy of every newspaper, and until he approves it not another one may be taken out of the press-room. As there are some thirteen daily papers in Beyroot it is easy to imagine what an inconvenience this is. It will not do to give the censor proof slips. He must see the entire sheet as it is intended for circulation. While the press waits the censor runs his eye over the journal. If there is a line of news which the Government would prefer not to have published, if there is a leader reflecting in the slightest degree upon the conduct of affairs in Constantinople, the censor draws his pencil through it, and the matter must be taken out.

In anticipation of such an occurrence, Syrian editors always keep in reserve several columns of matter in type. This is all most laudatory of the Sultan, of the Grand Vizier, of all Turkish officialdom. It is carefully made up in portions of varying length, sticklets, two-sticklets, half-columns, columns, and squibs. If the censor orders part of the first forms out, these tales of fulsome flattery are immediately substituted, a fresh impression is taken, the censor approves, and the presses are started up.

How a Fish Comes to the Surface.

A curious physiological discovery has been made in the past year by Professor Bohr of Copenhagen in regard to the mode of storage by which a fish accumulates so much oxygen in the air that distends the swimming or air bladder. The air contained therein has a percentage of oxygen that may rise to as much as 85, an amount much in excess of the percentage in atmospheric air. Professor Bohr tapped the air bladders of codfish and drew off the gas by means of a trocar and airtight syringe. The gas had 52 per cent. of oxygen. In a few hours the air bladder was filled, apparently by a process of secretion of gas from the blood in the capillaries on the wall of the bladder. In one experiment the gas thus secreted had 80 per cent. of oxygen. When the nerves connected with the organ were severed, the secretion ceased and the organ was not refilled. It thus appears that when a fish descends to a great depth, and his body is reduced in size by increased pressure of the water about him, he is able to attain his former size and rise by secreting the gas he needs, and not by absorbing it from the water. Support is thus given to the theory that the gaseous exchanges that occur in the lungs of animals are not purely physical.

One Man Moves 55,000 Pounds.

George S. Spriggs, a merchant for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, his friends think, is one of the strongest men in the world. Unaided he moved for several feet up a slight incline of track a freight car which, with its contents, weighed 55,000 pounds. This is thought to be the world's record, as the heaviest car known to have been previously moved by single-man power weighed, with its contents, 36,000 pounds. This was in San Francisco several years ago. Spriggs' first attempt was on a freight car weighing, with contents, 42,000 pounds. This he moved eight feet, and it seemed easy. Then he waited a short time to gather his strength, and went for the huge car of the record breaking weight. He strained and tugged, finally starting it and moving it the required eight feet.

In a Japanese House.

There are no chairs in a Japanese house. Women sit on the floor to do everything from drinking tea and playing the four-stringed guitar to dressing the hair before the fetching little round mirrors upon lacquer stands. So when sewing machines came in the question of how to sit and work them was a puzzling one indeed. But Mme. Yoshawara, says an eastern traveler, rose or fell to the occasion. All her house floors stood some two and a half feet from the ground, just the height at which she could conveniently sew upon the contrivance of the foreign devils. So a hole was cut in the floor big enough for the machine to drop through, and the worker could then sit upon the edge, making her little bare brown feet steady the pedals flying as the machine rested on the earth below.

Queer Gambling by Indians.

Puyallup and Black River Indians tribes are participating in the first great gambling game that has occurred for over thirty years near Tacoma, W. T. The game has been in progress for eighteen days, and is apparently but half finished. Each side has a certain number of chips, which are hid, the opposite side guessing where one odd chip is. The Puyallups are ahead, having scored 34 out of the possible 60 points. Several hundred Indians spectators are present, the squaws dancing all night. The braves on both sides are betting heavily on the result, staking money, horses, cows, and blankets.

Dumas' Negro Blood.

Alexander Dumas is not ashamed of his negro blood. The Bishop of Autun having recently delivered an address on the abolition of slavery, Mr. Dumas wrote him a sympathetic letter, in the course of which he said: "A reader like myself, who has only to go back four generations to find slaves among his ancestors, could not remain deaf to this eloquent appeal. It is therefore, not only for our brothers from the Christian point of view, that I thank you, monsieur, but, perhaps, also for some real relatives whom I may still have on board the slave-traders' vessels."

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COUNTING FOR A HUSBAND.

Grace's Friend Grinned Maliciously at His Own Joke.

Just as the train pulled up at Chelsea avenue station, Long Branch, a very pretty girl darted forward to greet a young man who stepped to the platform. Pleasure and triumph struggled for possession of her bonnie face as she grasped his extended hand and exclaimed:

"Thirty-one, got eleven of them on the drive to-day!"

"Is that all?" returned her escort—

"Sixty-four!"

"Sixty-four!" shrieked the girl. "Where did you get them? You're real mean; you said going up to town wouldn't be much advantage to you, as they weren't wearing them now to any extent."

"Well, neither are they," said the bearded one. "The fact is I met a chowder party going out of town, and in accordance with the etiquette of such occasions they all wore 'em."

"Oh," said the maid, "what a glorious chance, and I suppose you were glad."

"No, Lyle, I was sorry you weren't there. You know we must try to keep even. I certainly will not shake hands with any other than yourself when my number is complete, and it will be embarrassing, to say the least, to refuse shaking any dainty little paws that may be offered me. So you'd had better make haste."

But the girl didn't hear him. "Thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four," she exclaimed, breathlessly. "They just got in a cat."

"What is it all about?" I asked my sister, who was helping me enjoy the situation.

"I believe you are the only man in Long Branch who don't know. It's quite the latest thing in matrimonial superstitions. You must count ninety-nine white high hats and four black ones and you are sure to marry the first person of the opposite sex with whom you shake hands—the first eligible person I mean. Of course, if I happen to meet a raggan first the charm does not hold good."

Whereupon I grinned maliciously and said:—"I always knew you were a friendly soul, Grace, but do you shake hands with the raggan?"

EARTHQUAKES IN JAPAN.

Villages are Swallowed up, and Thousands of Men Killed.

The damage that is done by earthquakes in Japan is terrible. All through Japanese history you find records of villages being swallowed up, and of thousands of men being killed. I have a list of Japanese earthquakes before me. Almost the whole of the city of Tokio was destroyed between two and three centuries and, at this time it is said that 200,000 people lost their lives.

At other times mountains fell and lakes took their places. The last great earthquake that Tokio had was in 1855. There were 80 shocks felt within a month, and the city was one blaze of fire. One hundred and four thousand people are said to have perished, and 14,000 houses were reduced to matchwood. The earthquake in which I was, was by no means so serious. Still, it was not to be sneered at, and my own Japanese servant came to me in great trouble, saying that his house had gone down, and that his wife and boy had been injured.

One of the biggest earthquakes that Japan has ever had, occurred about three years ago. I had a number of friends who were in it and it was horrible beyond description. Thousands of buildings went down and thousands of people were killed. The railroad was twisted as though it had been made of sticks of half melted taffy. Great factories were thrown to the ground. Some of the most famous potteries of the country were destroyed. Temples were burned. The embankments of rivers fell in, and about 200 Buddhist temples were reduced to ruins. This occurred near the great city Nagoya, and it affected buildings in Kobe. One man whom I know was a French teacher in a school in Nagoya. His house fell in, and his wife and himself had to flee in their night clothes. They lost everything, and in this earthquake 250,000 people were rendered homeless, and a vast amount of property was destroyed. The horrors of the earthquake cannot be described. People were cut all to pieces by the ruins. The earth half swallowed some. Great cracks and fissures existed everywhere, and the earth was seamed and wrinkled and torn.

To Raise the Wind.

Lemaitre, the French actor, was always head over heels in debt, despite an enormous salary, and was kept busy devising means by which he could raise money. One evening an hour before the curtain was to rise upon a new play, a well-known pawnbroker entered the private office of the director of the Theatre Francaise.

"Here is a pawn-ticket for you, sir."

"For me?" exclaimed the astonished director.

"Yes, monsieur. It is for twenty thousand francs, and I hold M. Lemaitre as security. He cannot leave my place until I have been paid."

And the pawnbroker was telling the truth. The director had to pay this amount before he could get his star. Lemaitre and the pawnbroker divided the spoils.

To Utilize Dust.

At Hornsey, a London suburb, the dust of the city is collected and burnt, leaving considerable residue in the shape of clinker, and the coarser of this is found to make excellent material for road-making, and will easily sell at 2s. per load. The finer clinker is put in a mortar-mill, and mix with lime or cement, is used as mortar and grouting, but there is still a great deal left, and this, it is stated, mixed with a fair quantity of Portland cement, makes excellent paving stones, at about half the cost of those purchased from the various patent stone-makers. A section of Southwood Lane, Highgate, at the entrance to the railway station, has been laid with this paving. It is said to be very hard and wear exceedingly well.

In the Good Time Coming.

The Courteous Attendant (at theatre)—

—Yes, madam, this is the place to check your lady hat.

The Lady (to her escort)—Well, let's go to our seats.

The Courteous Attendant (politely)—

—Not yet, madam; kindly pass on to the next window and check your big sleeves.

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