

SNOW-MAD IN NEW ORLEANS.

Astonishing Effect of Snow Upon People Way down South.

Two or three inches of snow has given New Orleans a fearful shock. The reason of her citizens is dejected, and the New Orleans Picayune seriously discusses what it calls "Snow Madness" editorially as follows: Any person who has lived in countries where snow is an ordinary circumstance and condition of the winter season, must if he had witnessed the extraordinary behavior of the people of New Orleans in the snowstorm of yesterday, have been thoroughly astonished.

The falling of the feathery flakes seemed to have operated on the people like wine, and from the highest to the lowest, young and old, grave and gay, the dignified and the comical, revelled in the unwanted condition and fell to pelting each other with snowballs as if they had been a gang of schoolboys.

The result of this midwinter madness was that every person who passed along the streets was unmercifully pelted, and in many cases no consideration was shown to age, sex or condition. There were men who were posted at street corners with magazines of snowballs ready to fall upon the unwary passenger, whether on foot or in vehicles.

Many of these balls had been dipped in water and compressed until they were solid lumps of ice, and when they struck a victim about the head and face inflicted severe injury. One gentleman who was passing on Gravier street, near the Citizens' Bank, got a blow in the eye which may cost his sight, and many others were knocked down and otherwise injured. Glasses in windows of houses, of street cars and of private carriages were broken by the volleys of balls, and nobody was safe from attack.

The people afflicted with this snow madness, although many were respectable citizens, did not seem to realize that they were violating private rights or disturbing the peace, or, if they did, they were too intent on making the most of the opportunity, which occurs only at long intervals, to pelt all comers without fear of punishment, to care.

In countries where snow is common every winter there are ethics of snowballing, just as well as of any other sport or business. There the fun is only indulged in between friends and acquaintances who consent to liberties taken, while to strike a stranger or an unwilling person with a snowball is as much an assault as would be striking with a stone. Of course, some allowance must be made here for the extraordinary excitement caused by so rare an occurrence as a snowfall, but even the maddest of the revelers ought to understand that a ball of ice or one mixed with mud, lumps of coal and oysters shell, is capable of inflicting a serious wound upon the head and face, and the deliberate use of such missiles is more like an act of malice than of sport.

The Sensitive Plant Knows a Friend.

An incident, related by the author of "The Pearl of India," in his description of the flora of Ceylon, is almost uncanny, although we are assured that it is true. It is about the mimosa, or sensitive plant, and makes one almost wonder whether that plant has intelligence.

The doctor, one of the characters of the book, while sitting with the family in the front of the bungalow of a coffee plantation, recognized a thrifty sensitive plant, and it was made the subject of remark. He called his young daughter of eleven years from the house.

"Lena," said he, "go and kiss the mimosa."

The child did so, laughing gleefully, and came away. The plant gave no token of shrinking from contact with the pretty child.

"Now," said the host, "will you touch the plant?"

Living to do so, we approached it with one hand extended, and, before it had come fairly in contact, the nearest spray and leaves wilted visibly.

"The plant knows the child," said the doctor; "but, you see, you are a stranger."

Prize-Fighting Amongst Fish.

One of the popular amusements of Siam is fish-fighting, just as horse-racing holds a high place in England. Two fighting-fish are placed in a huge bottle together, and they proceed to take each other measure, shoulder up to each other in schoolboy fashion, and back and push around the "ring," the small fish vibrating rapidly all the time, and each little being quivering with excitement and wrath. This goes on for some minutes, until, as the spectators are growing impatient, one fish suddenly makes a dart and a bite at the adversary's tail. Henceforth there is no hesitation until one or the other gives in. The Siamese back their fish just as money is staked on horses here, and then the battle is continued until one fish is chased around the bottle by the other. But this is usually a affair of an hour, and frequently three or four. The fish are reared specially for fighting, and display wonderful pluck and determination. The tail is the part which shows most display, although it is very easy to turn, but a good grip on the side fin is very effective. They display considerable agility in evading their opponent's mouths, and also in suddenly twisting round, and taking a piece out of its tail. In twenty minutes or so these appendages, which looked so brave and bright as they started to the fray, are torn to ribbons.

Dangerous Surgery.

Medical authorities have, in some cases, had reason to regret too active and energetic surgery in diseases of the nose and throat. It is, in a number of instances, appeared that partial or entire deafness has followed operations, and complete loss of the sense of smell is not uncommon. Conservation is gaining ground among the best surgeons, and palliative treatment is recommended whenever there seems to be a chance that it might have the desired effect. The best doctors know that the knife is a good servant, but an exceedingly bad master, and only those whose skill and judgment are likely to be faulty are willing to cut and slash on the slightest pretext.

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ASSYRIAN MONUMENTS.

They Can Now be Studied at the British Museum.

Among the most remarkable archaeological finds in recent years are the Assyrian sculptures, from ancient Nineveh, which have now been removed to the British Museum. The preservation of these valuable art-relics may be said to be chiefly due to the circumstance of their being carved upon thin slabs of stone. Had large blocks been employed it is doubtful if they would ever have been brought to European museums where their historical value can be justly appreciated. It is doubtful, too, in that case, whether they would have escaped destruction by violence or the ravages of time. But it fortunately happened that when the ancient buildings were destroyed, these precious relics were safely buried amongst the debris, and some of them are to this day almost as fresh and perfect as when they were finished by the sculptors of ancient Nineveh.

The best period of Assyrian sculpture is that of Assur-bani-pal, or Sardanapalus as he has sometimes been called. The delineation of animals was at this time most admirably true to nature, vegetable forms had lost much of their stiffness, and there were several examples of successful foreshortening; but, curiously enough, the Assyrian artist was rarely, if ever, successful in human portraiture. Assur-bani-pal was in every sense a great king. His tastes were of a liberal and refined character. He was not merely a warrior and a sportsman, but he was also a great patron of literature and the arts. He built the most magnificent of all the Assyrian palaces, and collected within its walls the finest sculptures which could be produced by native artists. He had a mind in advance of his time. While other kings had been content to leave behind them records of their exploits inscribed on stone tablets and cylinders, he was who founded the vast collection of clay tablets whereon were inscribed comparative vocabularies and other information of the most valuable kind, including the legends which relate to the Creation and Deluge.

On many accounts the obelisk of Shalmaneser II. (858-823 B. C.), may be considered to claim a foremost place in the collection. It records, by inscriptions and pictorial illustrations, the tribute brought to the Assyrian King by five people. The King Shalmaneser II. is twice depicted, and near him, in both instances, are the winged circle or globe, the token of the Supreme Deity, and one of the heavenly bodies, the sun or a star. There are five panels of sculptured figures on each of the four sides of the monument, and above and below them is an inscription 200 lines in length. The animals depicted comprise the elephant, rhinoceros, two-humped camel, wild bull, lion, stag, and various kinds of monkeys. The most important fact about this monument, however, is the valuable confirmation it gives to Bible history.

A Scientist on Christ.

Sir William Dawson, the eminent scientist of Canada, discoursed lately to a band of theological students, and among other things, he said: "I have read recently, I confess with feelings of contempt, discussions respecting the supposed limitations of the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Did he know the data of modern criticism? He was acquainted with the discoveries of modern science? The by alighting on my hand might as well attempt to understand the thoughts parsing through my mind, as criticism to gauge in this way the mind of Christ. To me, as a student for fifty years of nature, of man, and of the Bible, such discussions seem most frivolous, since our Lord's knowledge, as we have it in his reported discourses, is altogether above and beyond our science and philosophy; transcending them as much as the vision of an astronomer, armed with one of the great telescopes of our time, transcends the unaided vision of a gnat. Christ views things from a standpoint of his own, and through a different medium from the atmosphere of this world. His difficulty appears to be to convey heavenly thoughts to us through the imperfect language in which we speak of earthly thoughts."

A Story For the Little Ones.

Our thoughts, feelings and actions reflect themselves. If you smile, the face in the glass will smile, and if you frown, the face in the glass will frown, and it's apt to be the same way with other people. If you give them smiles they will pay you back in smiles, and if you give them frowns you will get frowns. A little boy ran into the house one day and said to his mother: "Mamma, there's a bad boy in our spring."

"How do you know, my child?" she asked. "I saw him, and he made faces at me."

"Well there is a good little boy there, too, my son," said his mother. "Go, look into the spring and smile, and you will find him. And sure enough, the little boy soon came running back with a happy face, and said: "I saw him, mamma, I saw him! He's a nice, pretty little boy, and he laughed at me." He didn't know that both the good and the bad boy had been made by his own face in the spring. So it is with older folks. There our hearts and consciences, no matter whether the world knows it or not.

I Was Cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Wm. DANIELS, Springfield, N. S.

The President's Daughter.

The Parisians, who are never happier than when they are engaged in prying into the doings of the world, have discovered within the last few days that France is about to be governed by a young lady on whom they have already bestowed the nickname of "Lucifer"—a play upon her names Lucie Faure. She is said to be very clever, very "spinix-like," very ambitious, very determined, and to rule completely in her father's new presidential household.

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POP! GOES THE WEASEL.

One That was Quicker Than the Shot of a Sportsman's Trusty Gun.

"Coming to our camp in the cool October evening after throwing our lines for bass at sunset in Little Bear Pond," said the Gotham sportsman, "we found that a visitor had been there during our absence. We had taken up our quarters in a deserted shingle camp, a low log structure with a splint roof. A 'deacon's seat' stood before the open fire-place of stone, and behind, laid thatchwise on the ground, were the pine boughs upon which we were to sleep. We had left our baggage there earlier in the day, and had hung up upon a peg in the wall two partridges that we had shot. After we had lighted up the place with a glowing fire, we saw that the partridges were gone from the wooden peg on which they had hung, and were nowhere to be seen. A long search about the camp revealed them at last, on the opposite side, crowded half under the bottom log of the wall, as if an attempt had been made to get them out of the camp that way.

We hung them up again upon the peg, and in a few minutes discovered a weasel running about them trying to get them down again. He appeared to be regardless of our presence. He would run out to the end of the peg and work away awhile to try to push the string that held them over the end, and then would dart to the ground below and sit upright looking at them, his eyes all the while glowing like emeralds. At last I picked my gun up, loaded with heavy charges of bird shot.

"It's no use trying to hit him," said Farris, my companion, an old woodsman. "He'll dodge the flash of your gun. The most you can do is to scare him away."

"As the weasel sat upright and motionless on one of the bottom logs of the camp I took a careful sight and fired with my right barrel at him. The smoke cleared away but no weasel was to be seen, although the place where he had sat was peppered with fine holes where the shot had all struck within a space as large as the palm of my hand. If the weasel had been hit he would have been found, and he had evidently dodged at the flash of the explosion, or perhaps the fall of the hammer, but the shot had the effect of frightening him away, for we had no more visits from him during our stay."

HAILED BY A MOUNTAIN LION.
A Night Adventure of Three Girls on a California Road.

We were driving from Oakland over the ridge that divides Alameda and Contra Costa counties, three girls bound for a country dance at Moraga Valley, a little settlement on the Contra Costa side. It was late in January, and the night was pitched dark, but as the young rancher who drove knew every inch of the way we were not afraid.

We had made the ascent of the mountain and were driving down at a good pace, suddenly the horses stopped, reared and then served to one side, overturning the roadways and landing us all in the mud on the side of the road. No one was hurt, and as we picked ourselves up, wondering in a dazed way what the trouble was about, something leaped out of the bushes, over the backs of the prostrate horses, and lit in the brush on the lower side of the road. There was a fearful roar, and then we saw two great, green eyes glaring out of the darkness.

The driver had succeeded in pulling the frightened horses to their feet and righting the wagon. He ordered us to get into our seats, and handing the lines to the girl on the front seat, he told her to hang on for dear life.

"It's a lion, and he'll jump in another minute," said the man.

Then, as we sat speechless from fright, the rancher drew his revolver. There was a scream, unlike and more dreadful than anything I had ever heard; then the great beast rolled a few feet in the brush and was still.

After the horses were quieted and we had regained our composure sufficiently, we jumped out of the rocky way, and, with the aid of matches, examined our seats, and found the lion's paw prints. It was a splendid young California mountain lion, measuring about four feet in length. We three girls were all very brave when we found the beast was really dead, so we helped the driver lift the carcass into the back of the wagon and then continued our trip, creating a great sensation among the young rustics at the dance, when we told of our adventure. To be sure we gave the driver credit for the actual killing, but weren't we there when it happened, and didn't we keep quiet, instead of screaming as lots of girls would have done?

High Prices for Horses.

"I am not talking of inferior shows at small fairs, of course," said the manager of the greatest circus combination in Europe, "but performing horses of the first class are extremely valuable, a thousand pounds being by no means a large figure for one. I not long since bought four horses for about fifty pounds each, trained them, and sold them to an American manager for three thousand pounds. I have refused sums of two thousand and two thousand five hundred for horses now in my possession. It takes anything—from a week to a year—to teach a horse a single trick; they vary in capacity, just as human beings do. But I can tell in half an hour generally whether I shall be able to teach any particular one. I have had a lifelong experience, you see. Be assured at once, the horses cannot be made accomplished performers except by kindness. Let me tell you that the crack of the ringmaster's whip is only a cue—just take notice at the next entertainment you may see—and performing horses do take their cues, especially from those who are on their backs, as accurately as do human performers. It is a common mistake to suppose that performing horses must have music. When a horse can do a trick well, it shows genuine pleasure in doing it. My horses have understood, like human performers, and though some people doubt that horses can remember for any length of time, I have known one to perform a trick after ceasing to do it for twelve months."

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