

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 8.

There are, of course, missionaries and missionaries, and much very much, can be said perhaps on either side in commendation or disapprobation, and many of these poor people's children of simplicity and innocence in their ways and manners may have learned from some of these false prophets to eat the mongu and the cocoanut and wear blue jean pantaloons and straw hats instead of lurching on such choice meat as Captain Cook and other unfortunate jack tars and roaming around in blissful ignorance and innocence, wearing nothing more than an idiotic grin or a straw hat occasionally they have something to remember and regret when they think of the wrongs and the misdeeds that have come upon them from men and women who have come among them from other lands and who have very often abused the confidence and welcome that was given to them by these simple minded and ever confiding dwellers in these islands of tranquil delights. My first Sabbath, however, in Honolulu was to me a beautiful and interesting object lesson in the good that may be accomplished by a patient, persevering band of men and women who are working in the proper lines and who are seeing, day after day, the great benefits arising from their noble self-sacrificing and unselfish labors. One portion of the church was thronged with children, nearly all girls, whose faces, although dark hued, were bright with an innate and steadily growing intelligence. A troop of good sisters moved among them like ministering angels, and as their dark eyes flashed back the love and affection from the prayer books in their tiny hands to the sweet sad faces of those good women who were devoting their pure noble lives in order to give them a start in life with so many advantages at their command, one could only see the beauty and the joy of it all—the future mothers of a race of people who would not, like their dusky ancestors, seek through sensuality and ignorance their own devouring slavery.

At the service on that bright and rosy Sabbath morn I was much pleased and edified (not that I want to parade my church going proclivities in any way, and if I must say it I have done my share of it for a tramp of my temperament and restless disposition) but in all my wanderings and experience in that direction it was the first time I saw a Chinaman worshipping God in a catholic church. I had scarcely found a place in the congregation there assembled, where a neatly dressed and scrupulously clean child of the Celestial Empire, which the progressive Japs are trying to batter down, sailed into the pew by my side. He was dressed in immaculate white and his queue was coiled round his well shaped head in the most approved oriental fashion. I observed him pull an old newspaper out of his pocket and awaited developments, thinking, perhaps, he had found some startling news from home or a prayer or two in the journalistic literature of the age, and was about to utilize it then and there, but I was mistaken, for he quickly uncoiled his little treasure and carefully placed it on the kneeling bench to save his white pantaloons from the contamination of the little dust that might have accumulated there. It was a small thing, of course, but it spoke in eloquent silence of the frugality and other good qualities of a sometimes much abused race. He crossed himself reverently and pulled the beads from his pocket and followed the service like the rest of us. Scattered here and there through the cathedral aisles beneath the image of some saint were men and women of his own nationality who had forsaken the graven gods of their pagan fathers, worshipping the God we all adore. In what is called christian and enlightened lands, these poor people are being often treated in such an unchristianlike manner that perhaps we cannot blame them if they cling so tenaciously to their ancient pagan rites and usages.

One of the events in the social life and manners of the town and in the fleeting days of the curious and observant stranger is the coming and going of an ocean steamer. The incoming transoceanic vessel brings some friend or dearly loved one, some transient bird who thought his home a cage, or a message from over the sea. The outgoing vessel takes these little things that make life worth the living in such a place, away with her over the stormy sea. I have witnessed several of these departures and a faint description of one is in a measure only a picture, however feebly drawn, of the others.

It was a warm day; and there are no cool ones in Honolulu. It was nearing mid-day and the blazing sun was flooding everything with a shimmering glow as I wandered down the quiet street to where the big cruiser of the mighty deep was resting after the first stage of her ocean journey from the busy city by the Golden Gate. She proved to be the Oceania, a big four masted steamer that links the Orient with the Occident. The stately banner floated in the soft sensuous air of this tropical land from the fore top and the red cross of St. George was flying in graceful folds from the mizzen peak. The decks were swarming with Japanese and Chinese en-

route to these far off times to fight perhaps for the "Land of the Morning Calm." There were missionaries and tourists, globe trotters of different nationalities, or merchants in quest of more wealth and more business beneath the burning skies of India or amid the flowers of Japan or to scale the walls of the yellow Chinese. There were ladies on board, clad like angels, all in white or in other light and gauzy drapery. Dresses perhaps that had been doing duty during the sweet summer time upon the fashionable sands of New port or Atlantic City in the gay and giddy whirl of these and other famous Eastern seaside resorts. The wharf was crowded with people of every hue and color, listlessly gazing on the lively scene, or bidding relatives or friends sweet and fond adieus. The natives, however, were wreathing garlands and chaplets of flowers and disposing of them to those who wished to deck some manly breast or marble brow and who understand the language of these pretty souvenirs that nature and an eye for the beautiful has so beautifully supplied these people living beneath these real skies. The government band, one of the finest in the world, was very much in evidence, its members, clad in immaculate white, treating the departing stranger and those that were left behind on terra firma to music rare and sweet. The lines are cast off, the big engine commences its restless movement once more, the calm and lucid waters are churned into foam as the steamer slowly swings away from her moorings. Amid a flutter of handkerchiefs the band plays "Auld Lang Syne" or "Home Sweet Home" as a tear trickles down some fair cheek when the vessel turns her prow towards the open sea and the land of the Mikado and the descendants of the wise Confucius. The little dark kinked Kanaka boys sport like elves around the vessel's side, on the alert for a nickel or a dime thrown to them from fair white hands of one who little cares who kiss the coin that her fingers dropped into the shining sea. There is music in the air here all the time and strange to say not plentiful or in any great variety.

But there is a couple of bands here that are in a par with Gilmore's in the heyday of its glory or any other famous organization of the kind in the world. This may seem an exaggerated statement but I must force myself to believe that it is nevertheless true. One is called the Government band, under the leadership of an exceedingly clever German musician named Berger. This splendid musical aggregation is sustained by the government and is composed of men of different nationalities with a sprinkling of natives. They do nothing else but play. When a steamer sails away they are on the pier giving a gratuitous parting musical farewell to the wandering stranger. They play in the mornings on the Palace grounds just to encourage the President and his Cabinet in their fresh republican ideas; they play in the afternoons and at night on some of the many pretty squares on the lawn in front of the Hawaiian hotel, the great hostelry of the place. It may be in honor of some celebrity who is lingering within her gates or some minister of state, or envoy extraordinary who is only perhaps an ordinary individual otherwise but the band plays "Sweet Marie" or "Annie Laurie" just the same. Then there is what is called the Native or Hawaiian Band, which is superb in every way. Your Kanaka is nothing if not musical, and you will never forget the music, both vocal and instrumental of these people, for it will surely linger long in one's memory, so weird, so beautiful is it all.

ROTHSCHILD AS A BEGGAR.

How a Student's Gift to him was Repaid Ten-thousandfold.

In Paris art circles a new story runs in this way: Dining on one occasion with Baron James de Rothschild, Eugene Delacroix, the famous French painter, kept his eyes turned upon his host in so marked a manner that when the company rose to leave the dining room Baron James could not help asking his guest what it was that so attracted his attention. The painter confessed that for some time past he had vainly sought a head to serve as a model for that of a beggar he intended to hold a prominent position in a painting on which he was then engaged, and that, as he gazed at his host's features, the idea suddenly struck him that the very head he desired was before him. With this explanation he ventured to ask the baron whether he would do the favor to sit for him as a beggar.

Rothschild being a great admirer of art in all its forms, and pleased to be considered one of its chief patrons, readily consented to assume a character never before undertaken by a millionaire.

The next day found him at the painter's studio. Delacroix placed a turban round his shoulders, put a stout staff in his hand, and made him pose as if he were resting on the steps of an ancient Roman temple.

In this attitude he was discovered by one of the artist's favorite pupils, who alone had free access to the studio at all times.

Naturally concluding the model had only just been brought in from some church porch, and never dreaming the character assumed by him was far from his true one, he seized an opportunity when his master's eyes were turned to

slip a piece of money into the beggar's hand.

Baron Rothschild thanked him with a look and kept the money. The pupil soon quitted the studio. In answer to inquiries made, Delacroix told the baron that this young man possessed talent, but no means; that he had, in fact, to earn his livelihood by giving lessons in painting and drawing.

Shortly afterward the young fellow received a letter stating that charity bears interest, and that the accumulated interest on the amount he had so generously given to one whom he supposed to be a beggar was represented by the sum of 10,000 francs, which was lying at his disposal at the Rothschild office.

THE IDEAL FEMALE ARM.

Expressiveness, as Well as Beauty, an Important but Rare Feature.

"I find great difficulty in getting a model with good arms," said a well-known sculptor recently. "It is astonishing how few women there are with arms that conform to the standard. A perfect arm, measured from the wrist to the armpit, should be twice the length of the head. The upper part of the arm should be large, full and well rounded. There should be a dimple at the elbow. The forearm must not be too flat, not nearly so flat as a man's, for instance.

"From a well moulded shoulder, the whole arm should taper in long graceful curves to a well-rounded wrist. It is better to have an arm that harmonizes, even if the parts do not conform to the generally accepted lines. For instance, a full, round upper arm which is joined to a flat or thin forearm has a very bad effect. Perhaps it is only a little worse, however, than a graceful, well-moulded forearm tacked on to a thin, scrawny upper arm.

"Correctness of form is not the only thing necessary for a good arm. The owner must possess the power of expression with her arms. American women are deficient in this, as a rule. Those nationalities which show the most expression with the arms are the Spanish, French and Italians. The warm admirer of Sara Bernhardt would not claim that she had beautiful arms, yet no one can say that the divine Sara ever appears ungainly in consequence. Much more lies in the faculty of arm expression than is generally supposed."

This Dog Knows Money.

"A man named Harrison, in Sioux City, has a setter dog that is a pretty valuable animal, and a good many people in Iowa would be willing to pay a good, stiff price for him," said W. W. McCann of Des Moines. "He has brought his master on several occasions money he has found in the street, and quite recently he came in with tail wagging proudly and a pocket book over \$200 in it held in his mouth. Shot—which is his name—seems to be as familiar with the worth of the articles he may happen to come across in his skramishes around town as any human being, and it is the result of early training. His owner when the dog was a puppy, patiently taught him to retrieve various articles, and frequently used bills and coin in this practice. In this way, probably, the animal learned to distinguish the peculiar scent of money, for it has aroma that is acquired from being carried on the person. But no matter what its secret is. Shot is a lucky dog in every sense of the word, for he never comes across money that he does not eagerly pick it up and race home with it. And he'll bring lots of other things that evidently appear to him as useful. If there is an old cast-off hat in his course he'll carry it to Harrison, and old rags of clothing are as dutifully taken the same way. He's an excellent field dog also, but has never been known to retrieve a bird. So Shot is a sort of canine paradox in his run-and-fetch qualities."

Queer Things Dug up in Michigan.

A remarkable collection of pottery, said to have been taken from mounds in Me-costa, Isabella, and Montcalm counties, Michigan, is on exhibition. Five caskets of nearly the same size and make are shown. The exteriors bear what appear to be likenesses of the pyramids of Egypt, as well as Egyptian and Phœnician letters and characters. There is a sixth casket, different from all the others. One side presents the pyramids of Egypt and the other side two male figures, one a mound builder, with spear aloft in a threatening attitude, and the other an American Indian with tomahawk poised. There are two tablets. One, said to represent the ten commandments, being numbered from one to ten, and the other a representation of the flood, from the warning to the resting of the ark and the coming forth of the inmates. From one casket were taken three brass coins, four stone coins, and nine pieces of stone type. From another a nugget of solid gold weighing about two ounces, some amulets, and pipes, lamps, and vases, said to be of the time of the Pharaohs, were taken. There is a perfect square adorned with Masonic emblems, alleged to have been taken from a mound, upon which remained a stump over four feet in diameter. The rings showing the tree to have been over 600 years old.

A Chinaman's Tribute.

There was a touching incident at the funeral of Dr. A. J. Gordon, in Boston, the other day. With the floral tributes that poured in upon the church officer in charge came a letter containing a sum of money. It was from a pupil in the Chinese Sunday school, and read as follows: "Goon Woy gives the inclosed for missions instead of flowers, as he thinks Dr. Gordon would have desired."

Hereditry.

"Mother (policeman's wife): 'Willie, I've been shouting for you this half-hour. How is it you are never to be found when you are wanted?' Son: 'Well, mother, I suppose I inherit it from father.'"

The life of a locomotive is fifteen years, during which time it will run 240,000 miles carry 600,000 tons, or 1,000,000 passengers, and earn £60,000; its ordinary power is 300 horse, and its first cost £2,000.

The turf seems still to reward some of English devotees. In a recent article the names of sixteen horses were given which within ten years have won altogether in stakes alone £175,439, or nearly £30,000 a piece.

WEAPONS OF THE INDIANS.

The Present day Indian has Adopted Rifles and Revolvers.

The Indian of to-day had in a great measure discarded his primitive weapons of war and adopted the white man's. An Indian can reload an empty rifle or revolver shell as well as a white man. How he does it is a mystery, for the white man needs a special lot of tools for the purpose, and the Indian has none that are not improvised. The fact remains, however, and was so well known to General Miles that when campaigning after Geronimo in 1886, he published an order that soldiers should turn over to their officers all empty shells, in order that they might not be left on the ground and utilized by the Apiches.

The bow is used in war when a stealthy attack is meditated, and quite generally in hunting, for there it answers as well, and is more economical. The degree of skill attained by the Indians in archery is truly astonishing, but it is the result of long and constant practice. The Indian boy's first lesson is to shoot with a small bow and blunt arrow. Finally he receives the strong bow, and with it fits himself for war.

These latter are powerful weapons. One that an Indian would, with the greatest ease, draw to the arrow's head, could scarcely be bent four inches by a white man. They will send an arrow 500 yards, and put it through a board an inch thick. On one occasion a man's skull was found transfixed to a tree by an arrow, which had gone completely through the bones and embedded itself so deeply in the wood as to sustain the weight of the head. He had probably been tied up to the tree and shot.

The Sioux make the best bows. Cedar and hickory are favorite woods. The wood is carefully seasoned by being hung, sometimes for months, just out of reach of flames of the tepee fire. The bow is four feet long, and an inch thick in the middle. A warrior with a sharp knife and a file, will take a week to make a bow, which will sell for about \$3 in trade.

The Crows make bows of elk horn, each bow requiring three pieces, nicely fitted to each other, and spliced and wrapped together. When ornamented, carved and painted, these bows are beautiful, and rapidly sell for \$15 or \$50. It takes an Indian about three months to make one.

Before they came into contact with the whites, the Indians frequently used poisoned arrowheads. The Shoshones made their poison of ants, dried and powdered, and mixed with the spleen of some animal. The mixture was then placed in the sun and allowed to decay. The result was such a deadly poison that if the arrow ever broke a person's skin it was sure to produce death.

Arrows are made very carefully, for upon their construction depends the bowman's success. Three or four are the limit of a day's work, even when the rough material is at hand. The branches from which they are made are cut in the fall, when the sap is not running, and are tied up in bundles, so that they will not warp. They are then hung up in the tepee, in a similar manner to the bow wood. The shaft is usually channelled, or grooved, so as to allow of blood from the wound. Arrows pertaining to different tribes may be distinguished by the expert after examination of the feathering, painting or carving. Indeed, it is said that individuals of the same tribe can tell each other's arrows in the same way.

The tomahawk and war club are hardly used at all. Their place has been taken by the knife, one or more being always carried by a wild Indian in a sheath attached to his belt. Used principally for skinning game, knives are never less, at close quarters, deadly weapons of attack or defence. They are also used for scalping. Scalping is not a religious ceremony, as many have supposed. It is simply a proof of killing—evidence beyond a doubt, most people think.

It would seem that scalping is fatal, but in itself it is not necessarily so. Numerous instances of survival, even when the victim had been wounded in addition, are on record. One spring day in 1868 Thomas Cahone and Willis Edmonston, freight conductors of the Union Pacific railway, were fishing in a small stream near Sydney, Neb. They were unarmed, feeling sure that the handful of regular troops stationed at Sydney would keep off any prowling Indians.

Suddenly a party of mounted Sioux swept down upon them. They put eight arrows into Cahone, one of which passed under the point of the right shoulder blade, and came out an inch or two under the breast. Four arrows were fired into Edmonston. The scalp proper of Cahone was taken by one Indian, while the second took a piece about four by seven inches from the left side of the head. Edmonston was not scalped, for at this juncture the soldiers and citizen of Sydney hurried out, and the Indians took to flight. The wounded men were taken to the town, where the arrows were taken out. Later Cahone was seen, and said he was in excellent health, having never suffered from his wounds or the scalping.

THE SERPENTS OF INDIA.

Cobras, Scorpions, and Centipedes Frequent and Soberable.

"Along with the insects come the serpents. The cobra is the most dangerous. It seldom comes into the houses for some reason, though my small sister slept on a pile of mats under which a sleeping cobra was afterward found. The cobra, however, comes into the compound and often bites the natives. Europeans are seldom bitten by the cobra or other snakes, because the European goes about in boots that give the serpent notice of their coming, and also perhaps protect him from the bite.

As a matter of fact serpents commonly meet in India do not voluntarily go after human prey, but are probably more afraid of man than man of them. A barefooted native, treading noiselessly, gives the serpent no notice of his approach, and may unconsciously step upon him, and then the creature bites in self-defence. I knew a native gardener was bitten by a cobra. He filled himself with whiskey and

walked to keep himself awake. An Englishman whom I knew well, was bitten by a cobra, and his friends promptly applied the same remedies. They walked him all night against his drowsy protests and his earnest prayer that he be permitted to sleep. His life was saved, but he never really recovered from the shock, though he lived many years after. The bracelet snake is a familiar and venomous little wretch that takes pleasure in coiling up in one's boot during the night or in getting in the holes of one's garments. One soon learns to shake one's boots before putting them on. The natives have a curious aversion to killing snakes, and they have a superstition, shared by some Europeans, that if a cobra be slain its mate will come to avenge the act. Of course, there is no foundation for it, save perhaps that a widowed cobra comes in search of her mate and incidentally meets the slayer.

"Rats abound in India and get into houses and swarm aboard a ship. The great Indian rat, the bandicoot, with a snout like a pig, visits one's bed at night and chews the ends of one's hair. I know a red-headed fellow on board ship who used to grease his hair with oil or bear's grease. He was visited one night by a bandicoot, and came upon deck next morning with the oddest evidence of the bandicoot's barbering. The muskrat swarms in India, gets into the houses, as all sorts of wild creatures do, since the doors are merely unclosed openings. His smell is something tremendous, and when he merely crosses the cork of a soda water bottle he seems to scent the contents.

"The bite of an insect, even though slight, or a small sore of any kind that would soon heal in a temperate climate, may hang on for days or weeks in the heat of India, and a slight illness greatly weakens one. Europeans luckily seldom take the native diseases, and though cholera is constantly present in India, it is only in cases of peculiarly widespread epidemics that it reaches the European population. There is no yellow fever there, but small-pox ravages the natives. It is amazing to see how many natives are pock-marked. The natives have small faith in European doctors, but they always take the European cholera mixture. Of course no European submits himself to a native doctor. At a secess of the liver is the great terror of the European, though the land breeze comes laden with all sorts of horrible possibilities."

HOW WOMEN SHOULD POSE.

The Way in Which They Can Secure a Beautiful Picture.

"I am always being worried by the question, 'How should I pose?' asked by intending sitters," said a famous photographer, the other day. "It all depends on the sitter and the photographer," I answer.

"If you chose, it is the easiest thing in world to get a photograph which doesn't flatter, and one which your own lover wouldn't recognize, but very few sitters—men as well as women—care for a photo which doesn't flatter them to some extent."

"Although some sitters are foolish enough to have their photos touched up, others are willing to put themselves in my hands, and allow me to give them a natural pose. To bring out the characteristic points of women or men sitters, I watch their movements about my studio, and gradually find out what is their most natural and beautiful pose.

"Actresses and society women are my best sitters. A famous actress, one of my sitters, never offered a hint but once, and then she apologized for interfering in my business. Some women think they know much more of the business than I do myself. There are just a few broad principles of posing which everybody should know. A woman should never have a full length photo, unless her form is fine, or her attitudes are full of life, feeling, and beauty."

"I always try to express in a portrait some idea to make the sitter seem to have an aim in what he does. This the average sitter cannot comprehend. She looks at you with black suspicion, and won't work with you."

"She throws herself into an attitude which tells a thousand things of her nature, and you rush back to the camera, crying, 'Don't move for your life!' good-naturedly, what does she do but lock blank, rigid, and expressionless, and say, 'I never was so uncomfortable in all my life.' Of course, it is all over them. But if a woman does pose easily and intelligently her likeness will be more real than that of the best actress one sees."

Candy Fumes Spoil Teeth.

Since Adam's day parents have been warning their children to beware of candy, for it would give them the toothache. Boys and girls have held this admonition honorable in the breach, and the dental profession has waxed powerful. Now it appears that even the smell of sweetmeats is noxious. A man cunning in all the refinements of dental torture said: "You ought to see the teeth of those who work in candy factories. In the mouth of some, of them, however, you would see no natural teeth; they are all false. In the case of many others the teeth are ruined. The fumes in these establishments are damaging to the teeth. It is known that candy-eating is more or less injurious to the teeth, but that does not compare with the fumes of candy in the process of being made. A large part of my practice comes from the candy factories, and the work brought me in this way in of the most difficult kind."

Shot Ashes from Cigars.

During the recent visit of the committee of agriculture at the State college, Pa., an unusual incident occurred which furnished considerable amusement for the members of the committee not participating, and displayed exceptional nerve and confidence on the part of the actors. M. N. Masher of Bradford county, one of the students in the Dairy school, who is better known by his cowboy sobriquet of "Winchester Frank," is an expert shot with the rifle, acquired through years of practice in the west. Being acquainted with a few of the legislators, he was asked by them to give an exhibition of his skill. He acquiesced by offering to remove from a lighted cigar the ashes, at a distance of fifty feet. Chairman Moore of the committee, who is a member of the same county as the cowboy

dairymen and had previously witnessed some of his fancy shooting at home, placed himself at the chosen distance, smoking a cigar. At the signal from him the rifle ball knocked the ashes from his cigar as neatly as if it had been done by hand. Representative Baldwin of Delaware county, not to be outdone in nerve deeds, had a cigar broken in half by a ball from the Westerner's gun. These feats were roundly applauded by the members, while the cowboy returned to his work as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

SHE IS IN THE SECRET.

Woman Freemason Who Has Proved Loyal to Her Oath.

The story of how a woman once obtained an insight into the secrets of freemasonry—the most jealously guarded secrets in the world—has often been told, but there are so many versions of the story that the authentic account of "how it happened" may not be interesting. The lady was the Hon. Mrs. Aldworth, the daughter of the first Lord Doneraile, who was a personage among Masons and the "master" of a "lodge" held at his house. On the occasion of their meetings at Doneraile castle they were assembled in a room or hall communicating with a smaller room, the door of which happened to be open. This young daughter, being occupied, quite by chance, in the inner room, unwittingly heard all that was going on. Too much alarmed to know how to act, she at first thought that the meeting would shortly disperse, and that her accidental presence would never be known, and then again it occurred to her that she had far better escape, if it were possible to get away unperceived.

She accordingly stole out, and, keeping close along the tapestry of the vast hall, in the gloaming successfully passed the gentlemen seated at the table in the middle of it, who were too absorbed to notice her. She had reached the door and opened it, when to her dismay, she found herself suddenly confronted with an unexpected seer, who called the "tyler," whose office it is to guard the approaches whenever a lodge is held. This functionary, as in duty bound, brought his prisoner back into the middle of the hall and presented the terrified girl to the assembly. A unanimous regret was frankly expressed for the fate the young maiden had incurred, but they agreed there was only one issue. "Oh, no, gentlemen," said Lord Doneraile, "I am not going to lose my only daughter; you must find some other way out of it." "There can only be one other way," replied the spokesman, "but she is not a man; if she were she might be sworn a freemason." "Then," said Lord Doneraile, "she must be sworn in without being a man." The conclusion was accepted; the young lady was sworn in then and there, and proved as loyal to her oath as the best man among them.

Mr. Cleveland's Protectors.

No president in the history of the States has been so careful in having himself guarded as Mr. Cleveland. It started with the Coxeys' craze. Before the Commonwealths began their march toward Washington, or six policemen of the metropolitan force were detailed to do duty in the White House grounds. Besides these were the regular corps of White House watchmen and door-keepers. But when the Commonwealths came Marshal Wilson asked Major Moore, chief of the Washington police, to detail twelve more of his men for White house duty. Since that time Mr. Cleveland has, perhaps, never recovered from his nervousness, for the entire force of eighteen policemen, besides the regular watchmen and secret service men, yet guard the White House and its occupants. Three sentry boxes with lookout windows have been erected in front and on either side of the building. In these armed guards do duty day and night, while others patrol the grounds. In the daytime ample guards are about the house and grounds watching for cranks or others who may enter with malicious designs. Whether the president personally or his friends insist upon his personal guard is not known. Certain it is, however, that no information can be got from any of them. They as carefully expel the camera flashes from the grounds as they do a crank, and have so far prevented a snap shot at even a sentry box. When the president drives he is accompanied by a well armed secret service man, who trails along a short distance behind the executive carriage in a buggy driven by a companion. Several times he went on horseback, but the buggy idea has been found to attract least attention, and to be preferable.

A Wonderful Watchmaker.

Jules Curzon, a Polish mechanic, who was gifted with gold talent to his inventions, performed a most extraordinary thing when he succeeded in manufacturing a complete watch in the space of eight hours, and from materials on which any other watchmaker would have looked contemptuously. It appears that the Czar of Russia, hearing of the marvelous inventive genius of Curzon, determined to put him to the test, and forwarded him a box containing a few copper nails, some wood chippings, a piece of broken glass, an old cracked china cup, some wire, and a few crumpled pages, with a request that he should transform them into a timepiece. Nothing daunted, and perceiving a golden opportunity for winning favor at the court, Curzon set about his task with enthusiasm, and in the almost incredibly short space of eight hours had dispatched a wonderfully constructed watch to the Czar, who was so surprised and delighted at the work that he sent for the maker, and conferred upon him several distinctions as well as granting him a pension. The case of the watch was made of china, while the works were simply composed of the odds and ends accompanying the old cup. Not only did it keep good time, but only required winding once every three or four days. This remarkable watch is believed to be still in the possession of the Russian royal family.

Buffalo Bill Beaten.

Hagenbeck is about to give London an exhibition of life in Africa. He is importing a complete Somali village, comprising eighty native hunters, with their butts and household appliances, twenty-five African hunting horses, twenty five racing dromedaries, and specimens of all the wild and tame animals of British East Africa.