

## THE MORAVIAN VIEW OF DEATH.

A Beautiful and Impressive Oration of the Moravians.  
Clifford Howard contributes to the Ladies' Home Journal an interesting article upon the Moravians of Bethlehem, Pa., and their religious customs:

"Upon the death of one of the spagheti," he writes, "the event is announced, not by the monotone, mournful tolling of the bell, but by the deep-breathing, melodious music of trombones, played in the open belfry steeple of the church by the trombone choir; and as the deep, sweet notes of the familiar hymns are borne to the people below they reverently drop their work to listen. 'Hark!' they whisper, 'Gone home!'—perhaps nothing more beautifully exemplifies the perfect, unquestioning faith of these devout people than that expressive utterance, the sincerity of which is ever demonstrated by the lack of mourning at the passing away of a member of the household, however dearly beloved; so true and heartfelt is the Moravian belief that death is but the entrance to a brighter, happier home. The trombones are also used at the touching funeral service held at the grave; and amid their sad, yet inspiring strains the departed one is laid to his eternal rest. On all occasions, whether of death or joy, the trombones lend their sweet solemnity in fitting breath. From the steeple they herald the festival day of each of the choir, and in all open-air services their mellifluous tones are ever present."

## HEAT PHOTOGRAPHIC.

Substances Sensitive to Weak Radiation from a Heated Body.

The invisible radiations from a heated body possess the power of effecting certain chemical decompositions much after the manner of light, as, for instance, in photography, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Among the substances sensitive to weak radiations of heat may be mentioned paper saturated with cupric bromide, or a mixture of sulphate of copper and potassium bromide, which has a faint greenish tint that becomes olive brown in radiant heat, and if green is used a brown image can be obtained in a minute by exposing to the radiations from a gas stove and on treatment with silver nitrate this image becomes black by reason of the reduction of the silver. Iodized paper is affected by radiant heat, as by light, and paper impregnated simply with sulphate of copper yields a feeble image, which becomes nearly black when treated with silver nitrate. A mixture of sulphate of copper and oxalic acid gives a paper which becomes brown on exposure. Chlorate of copper is also very sensitive, the faint blue color becoming a deep green. Similarly used bromide of tin behaves as if exposed to light, but unexposed parts become very black when treated with silver nitrate. Nitrate of silver, which is markedly acted upon by light, is slightly browned when exposed to heat radiation, and the tint is deepened by hydroquinone or gallic acid.

## THE COLD IS CRUEL.

Dwellers in Northeast Siberia Experience Uttermost Sufferings.

The St. Petersburg Geographical Society has published the results of an exploration among the Yakuti, a people dwelling in a region of Northeast Siberia, covering an area of over 2,000,000 square miles, yet numbering no more than 300,000 souls. They are gathered mostly on the banks of the great rivers. The climate is a terrible one. There are not more than 90 days in the middle of September and begins in the middle of May. By October 15 the land is covered with a solid mantle of snow and ice, which begins to melt at the end of April. The cold is the most intense on the globe, and the temperature is lower than any recorded round the pole. It is greater on the southern plateau than further north on the shores of the Arctic ocean. During its continuation the atmospheric condition is one of undisturbed calm. There is not wind enough to move a twig, not a bird cleaves the still air. The silence is complete, and all nature is in deep sleep. Yet the climate is exhilarating, on account of its dryness, and day and night have equal temperature. The short summer is sudden and very hot. The people are of Turko-Tartar origin.

## FANCY-DRESS BALL IN LONDON.

English Men and Women Take Their Pleasure Seriously.

A fancy-dress ball in London is slow.

The streets around Covent garden on a fancy-dress ball night are as solemn as Scotland itself, says Scribner's. A few homeless Londoners are kept at respectful distance by the police, while a procession of carriages goes slowly under the archway and deposits serious merry-makers, dressed as stoves, light-houses, monas, lamps and vegetables. Owing to these elaborate disguises the journey past the ticket-takers and to the ballroom is slow. On the ballroom floor officials, totally sold of a sense of humor and dressed in black velvet and rust steel buttons, keep the center of the floor clear, apparently for their own use, and stand ready to subdue any burst of light heartedness, that might appear in the circle that is kept moving about them. The general orders are "keep moving along." The men who manage the searchlight, from one of the top boxes, probably enjoys the ball the most. He certainly does more to help it. The center of interest is wherever he will be. He can make a dull costume bright and a supper party in one of the boxes prouud; and he can almost remove the gloom caused by the officials in black.

## THE TERRIBLE BELL.

The ringing sound produced by serpents is greatly exaggerated, as the quantity of air contained in a snake lung is too small to produce a loud sound when ejected.

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## FARO WAS KING.

The late Mr. Sarony's Clever Methods of Photography.

The late Mr. Sarony, the well-known photographer, of New York, gave the panama something of the freedom of the pencil or the brush, and in his hands it did almost anything he pleased, says an exchange. In many ways, it is said, he was really a caricaturist. His poses were something so odd that the picture seemed like a travesty on nature. For this reason he excelled in theatrical portraiture. But his sitters had to yield him implicit obedience, and when "it failed he refused to "take them" any more. This made even popular actresses submissive. One of his favorite devices was to take them by surprise. "Are you ready to do my picture?" said Mr. Blaine, when he had been chattering in the studio for some time, and, as he thought, awaiting for the instrument. "It is done," said Sarony—the snapshot had been fired just as the sitter had reached the climax of a capital story. This, he said, was the highest reach of the art—"the true pose is not a pose, but a natural position." He was but an amateur in photography until he lost the fortune which he had made in business. He quickly recovered it by his originality and his consequent success. He was born in Quebec; he had a studio, for a time, in Birmingham, but New York was his happy hunting ground.

In Philadelphia he ran a gambling house on Walnut, above Eleventh, north side, from 1856 till the war broke out. Hero Thaddeus Stevens, the great commander of Pennsylvania, bobbed with James A. Bayard, of Delaware, and the handsome Ellis Schenck, who, with "Bill" Witte, of Philadelphia, made two of the best all-round stump orators of whom the Keystone democracy ever boasted.

## ARE WE MICROBES?

A Theory That Human Beings and All Life Are Aggregations of Them.

M. Paris, who succeeded to the seat of the great Pasteur in the French academy, referred in his inaugural address to the interesting theory that human beings and all life are aggregations of microbes, says the New York Journal.

"The microbes," he said, "were known before Pasteur, but the part which they played in nature was not clearly discerned. They penetrate into the tissues of the human body and produce infectious disease; they pollute the air; they fill the water; they saturate the soil; dwell in animals and plants; they develop us serve our purposes and threaten us from all sides."

"Why, I thought you knew," replied the other, "11 is the seven o'clock train which passes their homes. Along the line of the Illinois Central railroad, for instance, there are many homes where clocks are an unknown luxury. In the vicinity of Thirty-first street, for instance, there is a household which is wide awake at seven o'clock in the morning, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"We always get up at 21," said a member of the household to a companion in a street car the other day. "Two eleven, what time is that?" asked the friend.

"Why, I thought you knew," replied the other, "11 is the seven o'clock train which passes their homes. As soon as we hear the bell on the 21 we all get up. Then we watch for the other trains. We can see them pass the house and as we are all acquainted with the schedule we can tell the exact time of day. At night we tell the hour by the bells on the engines. We are familiar with the sounds. No, we have no clock in the house. Never had one as far as I can remember and we find train time more reliable than a lot of clocks which cannot be kept in repair."

**WRITES OF JOURNALISM.**

The inventive Small Boy Holds Fort on Newspaper Work.

A bright little boy who attended one of the public schools was told by his teacher a few days ago to write an essay on "Journalism," says the Atlanta Constitution, and the next day he handed in the following: "Journalism is the science of all sorts of journals. Journals is a good thing 'cept when they is not journals and then they is just awful. My ma takes a fashion journal what is always full of pictures of horrid old maids with the ugliest dresses on I ever saw. The fashion journal is a heap goode'r than the hot journal, 'cause the hot journal stops the train and the fashion journal starts it. The fashion journal don't stop nothing but the broken window light and the whale, the man, the immense and dazzling network in the meshes of which they ceaselessly circulate, destroyed and yet renewed, ever since there has been produced and without doubt produced by them on this globe of ours the mysterious dawning of life. This, therefore, is what the study of microbes has revealed to amazed humanity."

## OLDEST RACE NAME.

Distinction Belongs to the Chinese, or Mongolians.

The population of the globe may be said to be primarily divided into three races: the yellow man, the white man and the black man. Any other race, compared with these, is unimportant, and may be considered a modification of one or more of them. Anderson says that "the yellow men have innumerable tribes, the great central and northeastern plains of Eurasia, and are therefore called Mongols, or Turanians. For countless centuries they have out-numbered all the rest of the world, and even now the white men in Asia form only a tenth of the population. From their number, position and other considerations, they appear to have first existed; the other two races being derived from them by emigration, change of climate and mode of living."

"They ain't no more journals that I know of."

"P. S.—I forgot to say that a man what puts grease on the car wheels is called a journalist."

**Remarkable Whale Story.**

A curious story, which comes from Caen, is told by the Paris correspondent of the London Morning Post. M. Dubosq was duck shooting at the mouth of the River Orne when a whale rose near his boat. He fired both barrels of his gun into the animal, which dived. The water was very shallow, the whale soon rose again, whereupon M. Dubosq jumped upon its back and began stabbing it with a large knife. He was tossed into the sea, but returned to the attack and finally succeeded in driving the whale ashore. M. Dubosq has sold his capture to a company and it has been towed to Caen. It is 15 years since a whale was captured on this coast to the ancient name, the most ancient among many.

## DEMAND FOR FLINTLOCKS.

They Are Made to Delight Africans and Other Savages.

Strange as it may appear, flintlock muskets are not merely a record of by-gone ages, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. In 1895 no fewer than 1,800,000 gunflints were produced at the Langstroth mines, Brandon, Suffolk, England. These flints are chiefly to delight African and other savages, who, having been so long used to flintlocks, are reluctant to give them up.

The method of manufacturing these gun-flints is very interesting. In the operation of "blinking" the worker will take a "quarter" in his left hand and place it on his knee, around which a protecting band of leather has been wrapped, gently tap the flint with a hammer, giving it each time a well-directed blow. At every tap a flake six inches long and one inch wide falls into his hand, and if a good one, is deposited in a pocket. Yet the knappers work these flints with hammer and long, thin hammers, often made of old files, transversely striking the strip of flint on an iron fixed in their benches.

**WHY SHE PAWNED THE KETTLE.**

A poor Irish woman took a copper kettle to a pawnshop in order to secure some money. "I should think you would not want to put this up," remarked the pawnbroker. "What will you cook your dinner in?" "Sure, it's to get money to buy meat with to put in it that I'm pawnin' the thing."

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## TAKING PEOPLE UNAWARE.

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