

## COUNTING AHEAD.

Wishes to be remembered by a friend in heaven.

A well-known literary man whose identity may as well be lost in the file—whose name of Prof. K.—but who lives in an eastern city, affords his friends no little amusement by reason of his forgetfulness and the "wool-gathering" state of his mind to have his wits about him, says the Detroit Free Press. This failing leads him into doing and saying some very funny things.

One day recently he was talking to a party of his friends, and he said:

"Do you know that I have been to the funeral of four of my old friends within the days, and it—well, it rather depresses me, you know. Now, on Monday, I attended the funeral of old Mrs. L.—, a good soul she was, a good soul.

Then on Wednesday I went to the funeral of another old friend I thought the world of, and later in the week I went to old Mr. B.—'s funeral. Then I went to Mr. M.—'s funeral on—dear me, dear me, what am I talking about? Mr. M.— isn't dead yet; but then he's very low and I'm going to his funeral, which will make four in a very short time!"

At another time the professor was at a reception when he was approached by a lady who evidently knew him, but whom he could not remember having met before. Too kind and polite to accuse his ignorance of the lady's name he said, in his most affable manner: "Delighted to see you, delighted! Is your husband here?"

"My husband?" said the lady, soberly.

"My husband is in Heaven."

"Oh to be sure; to be sure," said the professor, with his thoughts far away.

"Remember me to him, won't you, please?"

## A MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN.

Almost a Duplicate of an Arabian Nights' Story.

In the Arabian tales a story is told about a magnetic mountain which attracts irresistibly all ships, and when they come near extracts every particle of iron from them, even to the nails. Such a mountain exists in reality, although not quite as dangerous in its activity as the one mentioned in the oriental fairy tale. The island of Bornholm, in the Baltic, belonging to Denmark, consists almost entirely of magnetite, and its magnetic influence is very well known to the navigators of those waters, and also much feared by them, not on account of the possibility of its extracting the nails from their ships, but because of its influence on the magnetic needle, which makes the steering of a ship almost impossible. This influence is felt even at a distance of miles, and when this island is sighted all mariners on the Baltic discontinue steering their course by the needle, but turn to the well-known lighthouses and other helps to direct their course. Between Bornholm and the mainland there is a bank of rock under water which is very dangerous to navigation; because of it being constantly submerged vessels have been frequently wrecked at that point. The magnetic influence of that one bank is so powerful that a magnetic needle suspended freely in a boat over the bank will remain in a perfectly perpendicular line.

## WHITE HOUSE SILVER.

The Silver of the Executive Mansion Was Bought from a Nobleman.

It seems that when the executive mansion was again occupied by Mr. Monroe, after its destruction, the United States purchased at an appraisement his private furniture, and with it a "small service of plate," writes ex-President Harrison, in the Ladies' Home Journal. In 1853 the most important purchase of silver plate was made for the executive mansion, and at second hand. The pieces constituted the outfit of a Russian nobleman—M. le Baron de Tuyll, who had been the resident minister of Russia at the court of Portugal. The total cost was \$4,308.82. The silver service consisted of 338 pieces, knives, forks, etc., consisting of 140 pieces. These "gold spoons" were perniciously active in the campaign of 1840. Much of this old silver is still in use—and a piece or two has been added now and then; but the white house plate is now meager compared with what is to be found in the house of many a private citizen, who, at the time it was bought, was playing in his bare feet about the cabin door of a pioneer. The silver service recently presented by the citizens of Indiana to the battle ship of that name cost \$7,785.10—much more than the service used in the white house.

## Stamps as an Article of Diet.

Every day some fresh source of food supply is discovered. Adhesive stamps have not hitherto been regarded as nutritious; the ostrich prefers gold watches for a steady diet, and the traveling tinker's dokey has a reputation for consuming any clean linen that may be handy. A Hindoo paper, however, gives an account of a curious incident that occurred at the residence in a remote district in Ceylon a little while ago. Mr. Pieris, the official assistant, placed on his table some judicial stamps to do the value of about two hundred rupees. While his attention was drawn to something else his pet goat was slowly but surely making a meal of the stamps. This was not discovered until the goat had swallowed some fifty rupees' worth of stamps. Immediately the goat's life was demanded as a penalty, and the stamps afterward taken from its stomach were forwarded to the commissioner.

## A Primitive Light.

Recent experiments by the curious at Portland, Ore., have revived recollections of a primitive light used in the early days of the settlements along the Columbia river, when the residents called smelts candlefish. The dried smelts burn as well as candles and give off an appetizing odor.

## BILLS WANTED IN CONNECTICUT.

Connecticut hunters are making efforts to introduce more wild deer into Connecticut. A petition has been sent to the state game warden asking for an appropriation of at least \$2,000 for the purpose of securing deer and stocking preserves in various parts of the state, reports the New York Sun. Connecticut has hundreds of acres of wild country which is continually growing wilder, owing to the tendency of the people to desert the farms and give up agriculture for manufactures and city life, and for miles in some parts of the state not a house is to be seen. The country is too barren for agriculture, not even sheep raising being conducted with profit in some parts of it, but the scrubes are just what the deer require for sustenance through the winter. There are now about a dozen wild deer in the state, and their owners believe that they exist under ideal conditions.

The Connecticut climate is much more favorable to the animals than that of Maine, Vermont or New Hampshire, and in those three states the deer are met nearly everywhere in the uninhabited portions. The recent movement to preserve wild deer in Long Island has been a success. Bay lynxes, which in most newspaper reports are called "wildcats" in common with the genuine wildcats, are sometimes met with in Sussex and Passaic counties, and so are mink and weasels.

Bears sometimes get into the northwestern part of Sussex county.

## MEASURING SUNSHINE.

An Instrument Which Records the Strength of Every Ray.

An instrument which has been invented for measuring sunshine electrically is so sensitive that it may break through the cloudy arch of a gloomy day in lost, even if it be out of a moment's duration, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Not only does it catch these rays of sunlight, but by an ingenious contrivance it records their degree and the period of the day at which they occur. The cylindrical glass tubes, connected by a stem, are inclosed in a protecting glass sheath. Mercury is used to separate the air in the bulb, which are filled with pure, dry air and hermetically sealed. The space between the bulbs of the protecting sheath is then exhausted of air and sealed. One of the bulbs is coated with lampblack and when the sun shines its attraction for the blackened bulb drives the mercury up through the stem leading to the clear glass bulb. In its passage it forms a circuit with fine wires fused into the glass and the record is instantly carried to a register in the observer's office. This register is operated by clockwork, and upon its brass cylinder a sheet of paper bearing lines indicating the minutes and hours of the day is traversed by an automatic pen, which, actuated by the electric wires attached to the glass bulb, makes an absolutely accurate record of the intensity and duration of the sunshine each day.

## FROGS AT MUSKOKA.

Fertile-Brained Gentleman's Musical Yarn from the Wilds of Canada.

President George R. McKee was in a talkative mood a night or two ago. One said that the frogs had entirely disappeared from Muskoka lake in Canada, and after removing the toby from his mouth, Mr. McKee began, according to the New Castle Courant Guardian:

"I remember when I was at Muskoka with the first fishing party that ever visited that spot. Why, do you know that frogs were our principal article of diet? We used to get out in a boat after them, and as true as I tell you the frogs used to run after us. It was no uncommon thing for us to capture 40 pounds of frogs in one evening. They'd bite at the bare hook. I've seen them there fully as big as your pug dog, and we had a dozen that were selected for the difference in their tone of voices. I was enabled by the aid of a small stick to make those frogs sing a kind of a tune. We had a bass, a double bass, a tenor, a contralto, and, in fact, every known voice in that choir. Many's the night I have been lulled to sleep by the music of that bullfrog chorus. Why, I have seen—but he never finished, for every member of the symposium had escaped through the back door.

## ORDINATIONS IN OLD TIMES.

It cost more to ordain a minister in 1750 than it does now. There was Rev. Solomon Lombard, the first settled minister at Gorham, Me. His annual salary was less than \$450, yet \$120 was raised to defray the expenses of his ordination, December 26, 1750.

The supplies considered necessary on that occasion included two barrels of cider, two gallons of brandy, a barrel of flour, three bushels of apples, 54½ pounds of pork, six candles (not to burn on the altar, though), one teapot and one pound of tea, four gallons of rum, one ounce of nutmegs, and the same quantity of pepper, a pound of ginger and one bottle of vinegar.

## HIGH ART POSTERS IN PARIS.

The fad of collecting "high art post, ons" is receiving a check in France, as it deserves to wherever it involves vandalism. On all the posters recently put up in and about Paris may be found a warning: "As this poster can neither be given nor sold, anyone found guilty in its possession will be prosecuted as a receiver of stolen goods."

## POPULATION OF CANADA.

The Canadian department of agriculture estimates the population of the dominion to be 5,123,438—a gain of rather less than 300,000 since the census of 1891. In 1890 there were two states of the union that exceeded Canada in population—New York, with 5,907,833 inhabitants, and Pennsylvania, with 5,258,014.

## NEW USE FOR HAT PIN.

Women Find Them Very Useful in Supporting "Crowners."

"That hatpin," said young woman on the elevated, as she arranged her headgear, reports the Chicago Times-Herald, "has been steeped in gore."

"How awful!" whispered her friend.

"Was it employed on a burglar?"

"No; on a crowder."

"A what?"

"A crowder is a creature who is particularly a Chicago product. I certainly never met him in any other city. He is the man who gets into a car where every seat is occupied and crowds himself into the merest scrap of room between two persons; generally two women, who dare not resent his impudence. Then he coolly reads a newspaper."

"I've met the specimen often, but what can you do?" inquired the friend.

"Well," said the athletic young woman, "if I had been a man I would have bounded him from the car. But in that case he would not have crowded. I dare say I looked as meek as Moses, but I had a scheme to get even and I worked it. I took out my hat pin and gave Mr. Crowder a jolt."

"Did he jump?"

"Not at first, so I jabbed again. The car gave a lurch and he yelled 'Murder!' in the first degree and rushed out and off without asking the conductor to stop. I'm glad I saved the hat pin, as I may need it again," she concluded, sweetly, as she impaled her head with the pin.

Condition—An instrument which records a soldier's duty to his friend.

In the reminiscences of Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood, himself a brave English soldier, a touching instance of courage and self-sacrifice is given, says an exchange. One June day in 1885 a detachment of English marines was crossing the Woronoz road under fire from the Russian batteries. All of the men reached shelter in the trenches except a seaman, John Blewitt. As he was running a terrific roar was heard. His mates knew the voice of a huge cannon, the terror of the army, and yelled:

"Look out! It is Whistling Dick!"

But at the moment Blewitt was struck by the enormous mass of iron on the knee and thrown to the ground. He called to his special chum:

"Oh, Welch, save me!"

The fuse was hissing, but Stephen Welch ran out of the trenches and seized the great shell, tried to roll it off of his comrade.

It exploded with such terrific force

that not an atom of the bodies of Blewitt or Welch was found. Even in that time, when each had its excitement, this deed of heroism stirred the whole English army. One of the officers searched out Welch's old mother in her poor home and undertook her support while she lived, and the story of his death helped his comrades to nobler conceptions of a soldier's duty.

## FOUR-LEGGED TRADERS.

Meet That Replace with Other Articles All the Things They Steal.

There is a mouse in Florida locally known as the trading mouse. It is commonly a woods mouse, but it quickly adapts itself to human habitation. A colony of such mice carried two bushels of shelled beans 30 feet during six nights recently and replaced the beans with seed pods of a weed. Jewelry, too, disappears, and also articles of clothing, servitudes and dependances.

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