

CONNECTICUT LIGHTNING.

Simplified Damage Done by a Bolt in Naugatuck Valley.

It was in Goshen, at the upper end of the Naugatuck valley, that the frisky Connecticut lightning recently made its playground.

Having satisfied itself of its aim and having got the range, it took another shot. This time it aimed at the lightning rod on Fred Williams' house.

The first room it came to was Miss Williams' bedroom. She had been lying on the bed a few minutes before, but had been called downstairs by her sister.

This finished its work on the Williams farm, but it struck several trees in that section of the town and split them apart, tearing off the bark to the ground.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

In Youth Gladstone Wanted to be an Actor, But Changed His Plans.

Few are aware that, not only has Mr. Gladstone figured as a playwright, but that, also, he was to such an extent stage struck in his youth that he actually consulted the famous actor, Macready, respecting his chances of success in the theatrical profession.

Of course, the entreaties of Mr. Gladstone's own relatives likewise weighed in the balance in persuading him to change his plans, and thus the British stage was deprived of a star that would certainly have proved its most brilliant ornament.

With regard to his career as a playwright, it was both brief and inglorious. It is just 60 years ago that he wrote a play, making its theme the retreat of the famous "ten thousand" under Xenophon, the leading part in which was intended either for Keane or for Young.

A Thousand Gallons of Physic.

The following is from the report of a recent meeting of the Mitford board of guardians: Miss Parnell is an elderly maiden lady who has been in receipt of medical relief from the board for some years past.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

Colorado Peaks That No Man Has Succeeded in Scaling.

The terrible Jungfrau of Switzerland is but 14,000 feet high, yet travelers from all over the world journey to Interlaken to climb it, or to say that they have sat in the hotel and wished that they might climb it.

Then why should not every American who has money to spare and the desire to make a journey get out to Colorado, strap a pair of mountain boots on to his legs, put a spike on an ash staff, and attempt to climb Mount Blanca, in the southern part of this state?

If it is the duplicate of Chor that tourists seek, Manitou, in this state, rests at the foot of 14,000-foot Pike's peak for them, and is itself 6,300 feet above the sea, while being endowed with health-giving waters the equal of Carlsbad.

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level. Forty of these are higher than 14,000 feet, and more than half of that number are so remote and rugged that no one has dared to attempt to climb them.

Not even the Coloradoans have sought as yet to surmount them, and the profession of "guide" is still open to whoever may care to enter it. Railroads reach to within close enough range to provide hotel facilities, but otherwise the mountain climbing of Colorado is yet awaiting its pioneers.

Sound Blindness.

We have all heard often enough of color blindness. Many people, although they may possess perfect eyesight for reading or seeing long distances, yet can't for the life of them distinguish between green and red, and many other pairs of colors.

Woman in Finland.

In Finland the women are making marked progress. For more than 25 years the gymnasiums have admitted both sexes, and in the University of Helsingfors there are now 200 women students.

Over 600,000 pounds of tea are consumed in England daily.

BREVITIES OF FUN.

To Know Her Is Not to Love Her—Minnie—"Sadie has another new admirer." Mamie—"New ones are the only admirers she has."

Where It Is—Orator—"What has become of the famed American statesmanship?" Auditor—"Lost in the push for offices."

One Exception—"The good die young," said the casual caller, apropos of any old thing. "They may if they are chickens," said the editor, "but if they are jokes they do not."

Mrs. Temptot—"I am so glad that you are engaged to Harold Wiloughby. Was it a long courtship?" Miss Skidmore—"Not very. My cyclometer registered about 700 miles."

Mrs. Della Creme (wearily)—"I know everything we eat is adulterated; but what can we do, Reginald? We must trust our grocer." Mr. Reginald Creme (drearily)—"Ah, yes, Della, very true; and if—oh—if our grocer would only trust us!"

So Natural—"Oh, do look at that dear little lamb!" said Frances, on seeing a young lamb for the first time in her life. "Isn't it pretty?" asked mamma. "Yes; and it is so natural, too. It squeaks just like a toy lamb, and has the same sort of wool on its back."

Keeping Faith—"I thought you advertised home fare!" said the summer boarder indignantly. "Well," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "that's what you're gettin'; canned peaches, canned tomatoes, canned corn, and condensed milk, the same as you're used to."

A Thin Excuse—Deacon Hasbeen (laying down his paper)—"I have just been reading that alcohol will remove grass stains from the most delicate fabric." Mrs. Hasbeen (severely)—"There you go again, Jason, trying to find some excuse! Just remember that you have no grass stains in your stomach."

THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

Outwitted Her Father in His Own Domain.

The judge looked serious and the judge's daughter was properly demure. If there is any one who knows when to look very quiet and demure it is the judge's daughter.

"Young Bilkins was here last evening," said the judge, and the judge's scowl was something awful to behold as he said it.

"Was he, papa?" asked the judge's daughter.

"Was he?" roared the judge. "Don't you know that he was?"

"Oh, of course I know that he was," admitted the judge's daughter cheerfully, "but you were making a statement and not asking a question, and I have often heard you say that in a trial it wasn't policy to admit anything. It is time enough to admit a thing, I have heard you say, after the other side has proved it. I have entered no denial, you know."

The judge mumbled something about the new woman being a little too smart at times, but finally waived the point and suggested that he had personally seen young Bilkins on the front porch the previous evening.

"Very likely," admitted the judge's daughter calmly. "I am prepared to concede the fact that he was there, so that it is unnecessary for you to introduce the evidence."

The judge himself admits that no one can be more provoking than his daughter is at times.

"I not only saw him there," continued the judge with some impressiveness, "but I saw him kiss you."

"Yes," said the judge's daughter pleasantly, "George is an awful tease."

"A tease!" cried the judge. "Oh, he just delights in bothering me," explained the judge's daughter.

"Oh, he does, does he?" inquired the judge sarcastically. "Well, it so happens that I saw you return his kiss."

The judge's daughter laughed merrily. "The idea of a man who has devoted his life to law not knowing any better than that," she said. "Why, I wasn't returning the kiss he gave me. I was simply replevining the one he had stolen."

Then it was that the judge gave up the unequal strife and retired to his library talking to himself in italics. Chicago Post.

Didn't Mean It Was Accepted.

Actor—What became of that play you read to me?

Dramatist—Oh, it's on tour.

Actor—Where?

Dramatist—Among the managers.

Town Topics.

A Common Delusion.

A man isn't necessarily thinking just because he thinks he is thinking.—Denver Times-Sun.

This Is Sound Philosophy.

There are more good places than there are good men to fill them.

SUBMARINE NAVIGATION.

The Idea Not a New One—Fulton's Torpedo Boat.

The earliest well-authenticated mention of a subaqueous vessel as is meant by a submarine boat is that constructed by Cornelius Drebbel of Holland for James I. This boat was propelled by 12 rowers, and is said to have been tried on the Thames, but very little seems to have been recorded about it, and it can scarcely have been a success.

Boyle had some knowledge of it, and mentions that it was supplied with a secret composition which restored the "vital parts" to the air and rendered it fit for respiration for a considerable time. There is a record that in 1774 an inventor named Day lost his life in an experiment made in Plymouth sound with a vessel of 50 tons burden which failed to rise after submersion.

He invented a sort of self-moving torpedo in 1796, and later, in 1801, designed a plunging or submarine boat, in which he descended with three companions to a depth of 35 feet in the harbor of Brest and remained under water for an hour in darkness. Candles vitiated the air, so in further trials bull's-eyes were inserted in the top of the boat.

Although Fulton demonstrated with the Nautilus, as she was called, the possibility of constructing and working a submarine boat, she never did any effective service, nor did Fulton meet with any better success or patronage when he went over to England, but he blew up some old vessels with his torpedoes.

Delaney, of Chicago, took a submarine boat abroad in 1859, but it does not appear to have been taken up for use by the authorities. M. Denayrouse, whose subaqueous helmet and respirator have often been used in mines flooded with water or filled with irrespirable gases, also invented a submarine boat, and contrivances of the kind are, it is said, used in the pearl fisheries, but they are scarcely suitable for navigating the sea beneath the surface.

Wood That Will Not Burn.

A demonstration of the fire resisting qualities of timber prepared in accordance with a process recently patented, has been given on a large scale. Two small houses, each identical in shape and dimensions, and equipped with wooden chimneys, but constructed, the one of treated timber and the other of ordinary timber, were exposed to the flames of a large bonfire piled to the windward side of the building.

A Sleep of Six Days.

A curious case of a prolonged sleep has occurred at Steenwreck. It appears that a farmer named Dumont, living in the village, allowed a man to pass the night on a load of hay. The next morning, as the farmer did not see his guest, he concluded that he had left early. Six days later Dumont was standing near the load of hay, when to his amazement the man emerged from it, still half asleep, and scarcely able to hold himself upright.

Several species of moths never eat after attaining a perfect state. They have no mouths and live but a few hours.

A FLEMISH PASSION PLAY.

The Furnes Procession—Was Instituted in the Year 1100.

Furnes, a quaint Belgian city some 13 miles distant from Dunkirk, is one of the rapidly vanishing communities where the old traditions of the Roman Catholic religion, with its love of outward show and its open-air ceremonial displays, still retain their fervid exponents.

When the procession emerges from the old church of Sainte Walburge the bells toll the knell for the dead. The murmur of the spectators is hushed, and all becomes still as the actors in the play leave the portals of the sanctuary.

The Furnes procession was instituted in the year 1100 by Count Robert, of Jerusalem, who on his return from the Holy Land experienced a violent tempest as he was reaching port.

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THE FASTEST BOAT.

The English Turbinia is a Novelty and a Wonder.

In the first place, the Turbinia must be pronounced a novelty. The excess of speed which she has developed over anything previously achieved introduces a substantially new factor in evolutions. Moreover, the Turbinia in esse is no more than an experiment, a first step. She is to the ship of the future what the Monitor was to the turreted battleships.

Unhealthy Gold Fields.

The unhealthiness of the New Guinea goldfields is so great that the miners who go there literally carry their lives in their hands. The captain of a passenger schooner reports that he recently left Woodlark island with 40 passengers, most of whom rawled to the vessel stricken with fever and dysentery.

Irons should never be allowed to remain over the fire longer than is necessary, but should be put at once in a cool place free from dust and smoke.

WAS VERY QUIET.

Affairs at Big Cove as Related to Mister Gabbit.

The mountaineer was skinning squirrels for supper when a man mounded on a mule came up the trail and halted in front of the cabin to call out:

"Deevin' to yo', Mister Gabbit over thar?"

"That yo', Abe?" replied the old man, as he looked up. "Howdy, and howdy's all the folks?"

"Right smart, thank yo'. 'Pears to be purty quiet around yere?"

"Yes. How's things at Big Cove?"

"And I reckon yo' heard about Tom Botsford shootin' at Bill Skinner over that lawsuit?" continued the stranger. "Jest mighty nigh put a bullet through Bill's head and had to run fur it."

"And somebody fired the skule hous ' other night. Had a jangle 'bout the skul teacher last week, yo' know, and one side or t' other burned down the skul house."

"Shoo! Shoo! Hadn't nobody told me 'bout that."

"Reckon yo' know Jim Renshaw? Wall, Jim's wife went up on the mountain to look fur roots, and she didn't cum back again. Some sez as it was b'ars and some sez as she got lost and perished in the bresh. Jim's mighty nigh crazy 'bout it and has quit drinkin' whisky."

"Shoo! Wall, did I ever? Mrs. Renshaw dun got perished, eh?"

"Reckon yo' dun heard 'bout that hoss race last week?" said Abe, as he removed his fur cap to scratch his head.

"No, never did. Had a real hoss race, eh?"

"Reg'lar hoss race, Mister Gabbit, with five mews into it. Steve Torbell's critter got in just by about two feet. Some said three feet and some said one foot, but I reckon two feet was purty close to the mark. Then the fout begun."

"What fout?"

"Reg'lar fout, with knives and fists and sich."

"What fur?"

"Kass Steve's critter got the race. Three men hurt and a heap o' talk all around. Yo' was axin', Mister Gabbit, how things was up at Big Cove, and I'm sayin' as how things ar' so mighty quiet with us that the stranger who'll cum along and git up a dawg-fout will receive the thanks of the hull nayburhood. Good evenin' to yo', Mister Gabbit, good evenin' to yo'." Philadelphia Press.

AN ADMIRAL'S COFFIN.

Had It Built on the Lines of a Double-Ended Life Boat.

Many have been the peculiar wishes of men still in the flesh with regard to the disposition of their remains when they have "shuffled off this mortal coil." Few, however, claim to be as appropriate as they may be original, though we know of one case in which a ship's carpenter built his own coffin, and for the remainder of his days used it as a tool-chest.

Product of Pin Factories.

The largest pin factory in the world is that at Birmingham, where 37,000,000 pins are manufactured every working day. All the other pin factories together turn out about 19,000,000 pins every day. Taking the population of Europe at 250,000,000, every fourth person must lose a pin every day to use up the production of pins per day.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS,

Seul Journal français quotidien au Sud, fondé le 1er Septembre 1827

Nouvelles du jour, locales et étrangères

Services spéciaux et par fils des dernières nouvelles du monde entier.