in Naugatuck Valley. It was in Goshen, at the upper end of the Naugatuck valley, that the frisky Connecticut lightning recently made its playground. The first hash that came in the storm just tried its marksmanship. Darius Thompson had been setting bean poles in his garden that morning, and one of them was particularly straight and handsome, somewhat taller than the others. The bolt singled out that particular bean pole, struck it on the tip end, and split it down to the other end, a foot or more under ground.

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. Eighteen inches of the top of the rod, including the copper point, was cut off as though it had been an icicle, and struck into the roof several yards away. Then another section of the rod was clipped off, about 8 feet of it, torn from its fastenings and rammed ten inches into the ground, where it stood upright when Mr. Williams started to look for it. Having had its fun with the rod, the bolt followed down to within about two feet of the ground, where it parted, one section going into the ground with such force as to throw mud on the clapboards as high as the roof while the other section tore out a piece of siding large enough to put a hand in, and began a trip of investigation.

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. The lightning tore off a section of lath and plaster, jumped down to the bed and tore every slat on it to kindling wood, ripping the headboard and footboard to pieces, and leaving not enough to make over into a bunk. Then the bolt bored its way into the parlor, where another bedstead had been put up for an emergency. Italsostruckthis bed, tore off the woodwork, and went through the mattress, quilt and sheets. The family's dog was shut in a closet in this room, but the playful electricity sought him out and killed him. Then, having had fun enough, it broke two panes of glass in the lower window sash and went out.

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.—N. Y. Sun.

## 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, says a writer in the Phila delphia Press. The tragedian is reported to have accorded a favorable opinion, but, subsequently, Mr. Gladstone was induced to abandon his intentions in that direction by the advice of his friend, Lord Stanley, afterward fourteenth earl of Derby, so celebrated as prime minister, and as the most successful translator of the works of Homer.

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. There certainly is no man on the English-speaking stage to-day, or, indeed, who has been during the present cuntury, who has been possessed of so exquisitely melodious voice or of such perfect diction. The course of English history during the last 50 years might have been different had Mr. Gladstone become an actor.

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 Kean or for Young. The drama, however, was rejected by every London and provincial manager of the day. It is doubtful whether a play written by the Grand Old Man nowadays would meet with so particularly sorry a fate.

### 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. When her case came up for consideration, the doctor announced that he had reckoned up the quantity of medicine she had consumed, and found that it came to just over 1,000 gallons. The relieving officer added that he had seen no alteration in her all the time. But if it had done her no apparent good, there is the consideration, on the other side, that she is still alive to tell of it, and can boast of being the greatest medicine taker in the world.

#### MOUNTAIN OLIMBING. 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. Mount Blanc, in the same delightful little European republic, is forever quilted with snow, and for this reason it is one of the most seductive features of travel to the neighborhood of Geneva. The Chor health resort, on the east side of the Swiss republic, is visited by thousands of invalids, because it is one of the loftiest

and noblest of European sanitariums. 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? Mount Blanca is over 14,400 feet high. Or if he does not care to take the risks of this perilous ascent, why should he not come up into the northern part of the state, place his field glasses in his hands and gaze on the glacier and the perpetual banks of snow that cover Mount Hallett? Or if tourists be possessed with reverence or of piety, why may not they locate in central Colorado and fix their eyes upon the great white cross that indents the Mount of the Holy Cross at an elevation of 14,176 feet?

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. They are as unique as those of Switzerland, and as fearful as the Alps in the warning they offer to the men or women who are so hardy as to defy them by starting upon their ascent. Some of them are massed with snow, others have glaciers over their approaches, and others are merely masses of jagged rocks

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. Did the Coloradoans or the people of other states fully realize the intoxication as well as the health-giving powers of mountain climbing, Rocky mountain climbing would be one of the

most popular recreations of America. Only one mountain-climbing club is known to exist in Colorado. There is room for a dozen more. There should be one in every city. The evidences such clubs might offer of their thrilling experiences and of their unexampled pastimes and adventures might be widely advertised, and Colorado thus be pushed forward to the place it must eventually occupy as the American substitute for Switzer-

### 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. Lately it has been found that some suffer from an exactly similar affection of the learing powers—that is, an in-ability to distinguish particular shades of sound arising from some obscure affection of the ear, yet quite distinct from deafness. One boy, in doing dictation, always spelt "very" "vought." He could not distinguish at all between the sounds of "very," "perry," and "polly," and yet he could hear at as great a distance as anybody. Another youngster would spell "different" "drifent." He said that was how it sounded. And several others ran the letters "r," "n" and "l" together in a hopeless way.

# 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. There are two flourishing clubs of women. About 1,000 are now employed in post offices, railroad and telegraph bureaus and other departments of the public service; more than 900 are engaged as teachers in schools of various grades, and it is not uncommon to see among their pupils young men of 18 who are preparing for an academic or commercial career. At least 3,000 women are in business. Fifty-two of the 80 poorhouses have women superintendents, and all the dairies are managed by women.

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."-Indianapolis Journal.

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

-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."-Truth.

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

-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!"--Tit-Bits.

-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."-Judge.

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

-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 statemont and not soking 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

"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

The judge's daughter laughed mer-

"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 Dalusion.

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

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

This is Sound Philosophy-

#### 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. Bushnell, of Connecticut, in 1775, made a vessel which was intended to be used for submarine warfare, but it was not until the time of Fulton that we have any very definite information on the subject.

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 25: 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. Subsequently Fulton took down with him reserves of compressed air, and with two men working the engine, the vessel was propelled under water about 500 yards in seven minutes.

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. He pubished his work on the subject in New York in 1810, and afterward turned his attention to submarine guns, an idea which has been worked out and abandoned.

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. Of late years electrical devices and compressed air have provided the inventor with appliances of much value in working submarine boats, and the probability is that before long some one will succeed in constructing a thoroughly officient vessel. San Francisco Chronicle.

### 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. According to the Railway and Engineering Review, the wooden house caught fire almost immediately and collapsed in the course of half an hour, while the other stood the ordeal almost unharmed. A fire was then built inside the building, but even then the house did not burst into flames, and was merely charred in the end. The treatment consists in drying the lumber in a vacuum and then impregnating it with certain salts, the nature of which is not disclosed. The appearance of the timber is not altered and it is capable of taking as high a finish as before treatment.

### A Sleep of Six Days.

A curious case of a prolonged sleep has occurred at Steenwerck. 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. For six days and six nights the man had slept, and of course had during that time nothing to eat. The good-natured farmer gave him a hearty meal, and the man having thanked the farmer for his kindness, proceeded to his destination.

-The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the province of Galicia, Hungary. It is known to be 550 miles long, 20 broad and 250 feet in thickness.

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

#### A FLEMISH PASSION PLAY. The Furnes Procession-Was Insti-

tuted in the Year 1100.

Furnes, a quaint Belgian city some 12 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. The yearly procession, which is held on the last Sunday in July, is in reality a passion play, whose actors express in naively quaint dialogue the various phases of the Lord's sacrifice. This religious function attracts hundreds of pilgrims from the remotest parts of Belgium, and thousands of sightseers. The oldfashioned little town, with its interesting Spanish houses, becomes for a single day the rendezvous of a crowd, where cyclists, pilgrims, friars, peasants and gayly-dressed pleasure seekers from Dunkirk, Ostend and Blankenberg assemble.

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. There are no fewer than 30 groups in the procession, which is headed by trumpeters. The most remarkable are "John the Baptist," the "Stable of Bethlehem," the "Shepherds," the "Wise Men of the East," the "Flight into Egypt," the "Court of Herod," the "Saviour and the Doctors," the "Entry of the Saviour into Jerusalem," "Pilate and the Judges," the "Saviour Bearing His Cross," the "Crucifixion," and the "Resurrection." The actors are mostly costumed with a certain regard for accuracy, and with the clergy, in their rich canonicals, bringing up the rear, the procession is quite a remarkable sight. The defile includes a number of "penitents," attired in coarse serge gowns, their features being concealed by a cowl, and their feet being bare. These are believers who, in atonement of their sins, undergo this yearly penance. It is said that the better classes provide many adepts for this peculiar method of seeking the remission of shortcomings.

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. He vowed to offer to the first church whose steeple might be seen a piece of the true cross of which he was the bearer. It is said that the sea at once became calm, and that the spire of Sainte Walburge was sighted. The count landed and handed the precious relic with due solemnity to the clergy of Furnes. The procession. was instituted to commemorate this event, and has been maintained almost without interruption up to this date.—London Standard.

#### 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. At the naval review the Turbinia was run up to nearly full power, and maintained the unprecedented speed of 35 knots, or over 40 miles per hour, for the length of the line of battleships, or about five miles. During this run there was an absence of strain, and from this fact it seems that the limit of speed in this little vessel has not yet been reached, and that after further improvements, at present in progress, she will be capable of not only maintaining her position as much the fastest vessel affoat, but will be able to give many knots to any competitor engined with reciprocating engines. What has really been proved by the Turbinia is that, without stress or vibration, compound turbine engines of unprecedentedly small weight are capable of the most direct and economical conversion of the power of steam into effective horsepower. But there is nothing that conines the application of the principle to small ships. Hence there is nothing exaggerated in looking to an augmentation of speed that can be fairly described as a novelty or new element in naval warfare. - Detroit Free Press.

### 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 capain of a passenger schooner reports that he recently left Woodlark island with 40 passengers, most of whom rawled to the vessel stricken with lever and dysentery. No fewer than even of these men died within a fort-

-Irons should never be allowed to emain over the fire longer than is necessary, but should be put at once n a cool place free from dust and

#### WAS VERY QUIET.

Affairs at Big Cove as Related to

Mister Gabbit. The mountaineer was skinning squirrels for supper when a man mounted on a mule came up the trail and halted in front of the cabin to

call out: "Deevnin' 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 Bottsford 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 t' 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 nobodytold 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 "No, never did. Had a real hoss

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

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

"What fur?" "Kase Steve's critter got the race. Three men hurt and a heap o' talk all oround. 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 navburhood. 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 toolchest. A'case of peculiar singularity and appropriateness came under our notice while "going the rounds." Seeing a well-built boat of miniature dimensions under construction on the premises of Mr. Philip Windram, Jordan street, Liverpool, curiosity was naturally aroused, and the inquiry as to the purposes of such an apparently useless craft elicited the curious information that the boat was being built to the order of an undertaker at the request of a living British admiral, to serve as his final resting-place, in place of the orthodox and more suggestive, but less attractive coffin. The build of the boat is strong, and she is in all respects constructed on the lines of an ordinary double-ended lifeboat, without, perhaps, quite as much shear as is usually found in such craft. She is provided with a wooden deck or cover extending fore and aft, and fitted lid-fashion to go over the gunwale. This boat coffin is carvel built and seven feet long, and will be painted. Life lines will be fixed around her, and when completed she will present a very attractive appearance. Two oars are to be supplied, and she will have a rudder and tiller fitted. She is built of pine, West African mahogany, oak, and elm. The internal "get up" is to be left for the undertaker furnisher, and will no doubt be of a fitting character. Mr. Windram, who has been in the boat-building business over 40 years in Liverpool, prior to which he followed the same trade elsewhere, having come of a boat-building race, said that this was the first order of the kind he had executed, though he had some remarkable ones at times.-Liverpool Journal of Commerce.

### 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.

#### DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS, L'ABEILLE

Seul Journal français cuotidien au Sud, fondé le ler Septembre 1827

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