

TAMMANY'S ORATOR TO QUIT

Universally Popular Senator Grady Will Be Missed If He Sticks to Announced Intention.

Vague interest was aroused by Senator Grady's recent announcement that he would retire from the senate at the expiration of his present term, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star.

Grady is the best orator of Tammany. There was a day when Bourke Cockran was a bit better, but Cockran wobbled so in his political orbit that Tammany lost faith in him.

BAD FOR THE PHYSICIAN

Prescription That Cured Patient Had Unfortunate Effect on the Writer of It.

The first performance of "Elektra" in New York, with the fainting fit of Mme. Masarin at the end, was being discussed at the Lamb's.

"I suppose you know what happened since at an 'Elektra' performance?" said Victor Herbert.

"Well, a doctor had a deaf patient, and advised him to go to hear 'Elektra' and sit near the trombones.

"The noise," the doctor said, "has cured several supposedly incurable cases of deafness, and there is no reason why it shouldn't cure you, too."

"The patient accepted this advice. He even bought two front-row tickets, and took the doctor with him to the famous opera.

"As the two men sat side by side, the patient, when the din was at its very loudest, shrieked in the doctor's ear:

"Doctor, oh, doctor, I can hear!"

"But the doctor took no notice of the glad cry.

"Doctor, you have saved me! the patient repeated. 'I can hear again!'

"But the doctor sat cold and impassive. He had become deaf himself."

An Idol "Not to Be Fooled With."

A very remarkable idol was brought from Central Africa by a missionary. In its stomach is a disk-shaped mirror and inside of this is a bunch of herbs of mystical potency.

The god is supposed by the natives to be a very powerful one. To offend it would be extremely dangerous. Consequently it is kept at the Smithsonian Institution, to which the missionary presented it, in a glass case, where nobody can offer it any indignity.

Attached to various parts of its body are spears and darts, by the aid of which the god is supposed to inflict injury upon persons who deserve to get hurt. The Smithsonian scientists say it would be imprudent to handle any of these spiky things too freely, because, for all anybody knows to the contrary, they may be poisoned.

British House of Lords.

The house of lords is almost as old as the British people. Away back in the days of the Heptarchy we find the assembly known as the "Witenagemot," or "Council of Wise Men," composed of the leading men in church and state, which assisted the king in the making of the laws of the realm.

Naturally, under the circumstances, these big men became the "whole thing," so to speak, and in the course of time they became the "Lords," temporal and spiritual, making up the present "house of lords."—London Standard.

Water Found in Arid Australia.

Water is more precious than gold in certain parts of Australia. Borings recently made on the route of the proposed transcontinental railway have resulted in water being struck at Madura and also at a point 340 miles from Kalgoorlie. The officials are confident that a good artesian supply will be struck, which will greatly reduce the cost of the railway and add a new pastoral or agricultural area of twenty to thirty million acres to the country.

FAMOUS OLD ENGLISH CLOCK

Aged Astronomical Timepieces Around Which There Cling Many Superstitions.

Visitors at Hampton Court palace for the next few weeks will miss the famous astronomical clock, the dial of which has now been removed for repair and repainting. It is nearly thirty years since a similar work was undertaken. The old clock, which was the first astronomical timepiece in England and was made for King Henry VIII. in 1540, has a curious history.

In 1880 it was brought out of a shed at the palace, where it had lain neglected for nearly half a century, and by order of the then secretary of the office of works it was re-erected in the court yard opposite the entrance to the state apartments.

According to Mr. Ernest Law, the historian of Hampton Court palace, the clock was invented by Nicholas Cratzer, a famous German astronomer, who came over to England by the invitation of Cardinal Wolsey, and who was introduced by him to Henry VIII. By the clock it is possible to ascertain the hour, the month, the day of the month, the position of the sun and the number of days since the beginning of the year, phases of the moon and its age, the hour at which it crosses the meridian and the time of high water at London bridge.

The winding of the clock occupies half an hour every week. The weights descend to a depth of over sixty feet.

Like many other things about the palace, there are legends about the clock. It is related that when Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., died at Hampton Court the clock, which was striking four at the moment, immediately stopped. It is also alleged to have done so ever since whenever anyone long resident in the palace died within its precincts, and superstitious people quote many cases of its more recent occurrence.—London Chronicle.

DRAWN UP INTO THE SKY

The Only Explanation for the Disappearance of the Water from the Dead Sea.

There can be only two modes by which the waters flowing into the Dead sea can escape from it—either by underground percolation or by evaporation. It is extremely improbable that any considerable quantity escapes by the former mode, and we are further led to suppose, for two good reasons, that evaporation accounts for maintaining the steady level of that sea.

First, the sea remains intensely salt. The Dead sea contains about five times as much solids in solution as does the ocean. This intense saltness could not be maintained with comparatively fresh river water pouring into it for thousands of years, unless the water in escaping left behind the saline substances.

Evaporation is the only process that would account for this. Secondly, the heat in the Dead sea valley is overpowering. The temperature in the Jordan valley has been known to rise in August to 118 degrees, even opposite Jericho, and it would be even higher in the Dead sea gorge.

George Adams Smith, in his Historical Geography of the Holy Land (p.500), says: "The extracted moisture usually forms a haze impenetrable to the eye for more than a few miles, but sometimes vast clouds of mist rear themselves from the sea."

Wedding Over a Coffin.

A peculiar wedding ceremony was that which took place at Lewistown, Pa., one day lately, when, with hands joined over the casket in which lay the body of the bride's father, Miss Lillian Lewis and Edwin S. Eby were married by Rev. W. L. Mudge, pastor of the First Presbyterian church.

It had been the one wish of Mr. Lewis that he might live to see his daughter the wife of Eby, but a few days before the wedding he was suddenly taken ill and died.

The young couple had been engaged for some time, and at the request of the bride the wedding took place in the darkened parlor of the Lewis home, where lay the body of her father. Rev. Mr. Mudge, a friend of the Lewis family, was called, and before preaching the funeral service performed the wedding ceremony amid the tears of relatives.

Youthful Teacher's Bravery.

The brave action of a girl teacher was publicly noticed at a recent meeting of Scarborough (Eng.) town council. Miss Smith was in a room with a class of 40 children, none over five years of age. One boy had in his pocket some Bengal lights. Suddenly his clothes burst into flames. Miss Smith at once called the children to order to prevent panic and then seizing hold of the screaming child wrapped him in her dress and put out the flames with her hands. But for her presence of mind the child would undoubtedly have lost his life. Then she ran with the child to its mother and collapsed. Her hands and arms were badly blistered and her dress burnt, but the child was saved.

It Happens.

The Woman—Here's a wonderful thing. I've just been reading of a man who reached the age of 40 without learning how to read or write. He met a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years!

The Man—That's nothing. I know a man who was a profound scholar at 40. Then he met a woman, and for her sake he made a fool of himself in two days!

CAME THROUGH DEATH VALLEY

Only Recorded Instance Where a Man Has Successfully Crossed Dread Spot on Foot.

Death valley is the most barren part of the great American desert. More men have died in its arid wastes than any other equal area of the world's surface, barring the great battle fields. It lies, a great sink in the sandy plain, about 250 miles north and east of Los Angeles, Cal., and within the boundaries of that state. The valley received its sinister name owing to the fact that in the early '50's a party of emigrants, some 230 in number, travelling overland by wagon from Salt Lake City, Utah, to Los Angeles, perished in its awful solitudes, barely a man escaping.

In the Wide World Magazine is given the story of a man who, alone and unaided, conquered Death valley in the hottest month of the desert year. The tale of awful suffering endured by this man, W. W. Manton, of Rhyolite, Cal., is told for the first time in his own words.

For almost a week Manton was lost in the heart of Death valley. In three days he tramped 80 miles over sands so hot that he could scarcely walk on them, though shod with heavy shoes. During those never-ending days he had no food and but one drink of water.

When he staggered up to Cub Lee's Furnace Creek ranch, more dead than alive, his tongue was swollen to such a size that his mouth could no longer contain it. His lips and eyelids were cracked open; his clothing was in tatters, and his shoes were coated with a heavy incrustation of borax and other alkalines, which had eaten great holes in the leather.

At first he could not drink, and the touch of water was as fire to his parched lips and tongue. Kind-hearted ranchmen and miners forced the precious fluid into his mouth with a straw, with a spoon—any way to get him revived. And eventually he spoke, telling the strange story of his crossing the dread pit; of how he had wandered therein for many days with no companions save the lizards and the snakes of the barren sands.

HER IDEA OF STATESMANSHIP

And Just Wherein She Found Herself Unable to Agree with Senator Bailey.

Two handsomely gowned women were passing down a national capitol corridor, having been present in the senate during the delivery of Senator Bailey's speech.

"I am so glad," said the first lady, "that I was in the senate today. I had never heard Senator Bailey speak before."

"Isn't he fine?" said the other. "He is indeed—so forcible, you know."

"But," remarked the second lady, "what was he talking about? Was he for or against something?"

"I don't know as to that, but I heard him say something about banks and money, and he didn't believe the government had the right to invite women to put pin money where the government could protect it against her husband."

"Did he say that? He is a horrid man. Why, I have a separate bank account already, and Mr. — don't dare touch it, and every woman should have her pin money protected, so there now."

The first lady assented to the conclusions drawn by her companion and branched off into recapitulating lunch engagements for the coming weeks.

Edelweiss Not a Rare Plant.

Gardeners are somewhat at a loss to understand, says the Field, why edelweiss should be thought so rare and therefore be so greatly sought after. It must be largely due to the fact that at one time very popular song concerning it.

At any rate, even if it be a rarity on the Alps it is quite a familiar plant in British gardens, where it may be grown either in the rock garden or in the border, being best suited by sandy soil.

It was introduced to this country in 1776 and is referred to in the Botanical Magazine for 1818 as being rare and difficult to cultivate, while the extraordinary suggestion is made that the plants should be covered to the depth of 18 inches with sawdust to take the place of their native snow.—London Globe.

Remarkable Surgical Operation.

A remarkable surgical operation has been performed by Dr. Morrison, at Queen's hospital, Birmingham, upon a man named Charles Endall, who had been suffering from a stricture of the gullet caused by having taken sulphuric acid in mistake for whiskey. The man's throat having been closed, a new permanent mouth was opened in his side, through which he was fed by means of a tube. He gained weight, and was able to leave the institution, but gave way to drink, and died from exhaustion through stricture, hastened by bronchitis.

Not So Rare a Specimen.

A small boy in Yonkers recently became the proud possessor of a donkey—not so handsome or so young as it might have been. However, it answered the purpose of its acquisition, which was to afford back rides. One day the urchin was enjoying a ride when the minister of the parish met him. "Hello, sonny!" greeted the minister. "Quite a rare beast you have there." "Yes," replied the boy; "but I suppose there are a great many of 'em in the theological gardens."

AND THE FATHER WONDERED

Young Man Must Have Found It Hard to Explain Away His Remarkable Statement.

Senator Depew, lamenting at a dinner in Washington the recent Paris flood, said: "How delightful Paris is! Almost too delightful for study."

A friend of mine sent his son to Paris to study architecture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Then, the following June—in time for the Grand Prix, you know—my friend went over to Paris to see how his boy was getting on.

The boy said he was getting on famously. Father and son, after a delightful luncheon under a tree at Armonville, went sightseeing. They crossed the Seine, looked at the Whistler and the MacMonnies at the Luxembourg, then turned riverward again to see a little of the Louvre.

"As they drove in their taxicab down a quiet, old-fashioned street near the Seine, the father's interest was excited by a fine, imposing building, with a spacious courtyard full of fragments of statuary, fine old bits of stone carving, casts and so on.

"What place is that, my boy?" he inquired.

"Really, father, I can't tell you," said the young man. "I'm so busy at the Beau Arts, you know, I get very little time for sightseeing."

"So the father leaned forward and touched the chauffeur's arm.

"What place is that, my man?" he asked.

"The Ecole des Beaux Arts, monsieur!" was the reply.

NOT HARD BY COMPARISON

Looked at In One Light, Nervous Man Really Had Little to Complain About.

The New York subway train was just leaving the ferry. The stout man with the genial smile and the easy-going manner settled back comfortably in his seat, while his little, thin, nervous friend cleared his throat to speak.

"As I was saying," started the nervous man, "I have—" but his voice was lost in that of a small woman who was telling her friend all about the deformity of her brother and painting it in such a way as to make the small man shudder. Promptly he gave up what he was going to tell his friend, and listened in a nervous manner to what this woman had to say.

At Eighth street the two women got off.

"Now," continued the nervous man, "these two women got me all mixed up, and—" but again he was to be interrupted, for two other women had taken the seat occupied by those who had just left, and one was telling the other in a high-pitched voice all about her husband. She had a regular gift of conversation. Every one in the car could hear her.

At Fifty-second street the stout gentleman and his nervous friend got off the car.

"I can't stand that," said the little man. "It makes me nervous."

"Well," remarked his stout friend, "if some poor devil has to stand that for 365 days, you surely ought to be able to stand it for a few minutes!"

Captain's Heroic Act.

Penned in the cabin of a canal boat that had sunk at its pier without warning at New York, the other day the captain saved his invalid wife and 13-year-old daughter in a most remarkable manner. The hero of this exploit was James Oelsen, captain of the boat, which was loaded with coal, when suddenly the craft gave a lurch, and went to the bottom like a shot. The captain acted instantly. He pushed his daughter through the cabin door and she rose to the surface. Then he started to help his wife out, but both became wedged in the door. He managed to free himself and came to the surface. Seeing his daughter safe, Capt. Oelsen looked around for his wife, but she had not come up, and he dived into the water, coming up in a few moments with the unconscious form of the woman. Other help was now at hand, and all were got safely to land.

One Story and a Jump.

The old house in Baltimore which was once the home of Samuel Arnold, the friend of Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, is no more. It was the popular belief that in this house, as it was the home of Samuel Arnold.

The house was supposed to be about one hundred years old. It was of quaint architectural design and was one story and a "jump." The first floor contained six rooms and the "jump" two. It was probably built by George Arnold, father of Samuel Arnold. Mr. Trafor bought it about 20 years ago from Mrs. Orlan Jackson of Washington. Several times he started to raze the old building, but refrained on account of its supposed historical value.

Claims to Have Found Black Rose.

Has the long-sought flower been found at last? It is reported that Dennis Tapple, a hopeless cripple, of Savannah, who has eked out an existence by making key rings, has been in Washington seeking a patent for a black rose that he has grown as the result of 15 years' experiments. Tapple says he has been offered \$100,000 for the secret on the day that it is protected by patent, but he is awaiting further bids.

WORTH FIT OF INDIGESTION

Tenderfoot's Sandwich May Not Have Been Palatable, but It Was Worth Money.

"Poor Pat Sheedy," said a sporting editor, "used to entertain me, when I visited his art shop, with gambling tales. There was one tale about a sandwich that I rather liked. It seems, according to this tale, that a bar-keeper in Tombstone or Dead Cat or some such town connived with three sharpers, and dear help any tenderfoot that ever ventured to sit in a little poker game among that crew. One night the tenderest tenderfoot imaginable, after a half dozen drinks in the saloon, agreed to take a hand in a dollar limit game. Things went along in the usual way for a while; then an amazing series of nods and winks began to pass about. The bartender had signaled that the tenderfoot held four kings on the draw. There were more nods and winks, then betting began. In the midst of the betting a waiter brought sandwiches and whisky in order to distract the tenderfoot, and while the poor dupe was tossing off his drink, the sharper next him slipped a sixth card on to his hand, thus, of course, nullifying it. The unconscious tenderfoot took up a huge sandwich, bit off a large mouthful, and began to bet again. Right and left, of course, they raised him. He ate on, and bet away calmly. An enormous sum lay on the table. Then, suddenly, the bartender resumed his nods and winks. He was terribly excited. Something was wrong. The sharpers, a little anxious, called the tenderfoot. The tenderfoot finished the last bite of his sandwich, took a long drink of whisky, and laid down his original five cards. Then, in silence, he gathered in his vast pile of winnings, and with a cool nod took his leave. After his departure there was a terrible time. 'What the dickens did he do with that sixth card?' the sharpers cried. 'Didn't you see?' cried the bartender, dancing up and down with rage. 'He ate it with his sandwich!'"

SISTER COULD MANAGE HIM

Johnny Knew Better Than to Delay When Mollie Summoned Him to Come Home.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the tired mother, as she leaned out of the window of her flat, "I can't make that child come home at all. I have called 'Johnny Johnny,' here for ten minutes, and I know he hears me, but he keeps right on playing with that crowd of boys. Mollie, run out and bring him in. You can always make him come. I don't know how you do it, but he seems to mind you better than he does me."

Mollie, aged ten, gave her mother a peculiar look and ran down stairs on her errand. Her mother watched the performance from the window. Johnny was rushing madly to a head-on collision with another enthusiastic fighter and was apparently oblivious of all else; but before Mollie had left the home steps he suddenly became limp, turned weakly away from his foe and then, gathering renewed strength, made a dash toward Mollie, who by that time had waved her hand at him. As he drew nearer his mother saw a frightful scowl on the heated face of her son and a malicious, triumphant grin illuminating the countenance of Mollie. The grin did not cease as she led the conquered hero to the home base.

"How do you manage him?" asked their mother, determined at least to learn the secret.

"I call him 'Johnny Mathilda,' an' he's afraid the boys'll hear me. No, I don't do it any more. I don't—it did it—once, an' now he knows when he sees me comin' for him that I'll do it if he doesn't make tracks; so he comes right along."

Beauties of Nomenclature.

A new epidemic, that of congresses, pathetically laments a Paris contemporary, rages over our unhappy city. There have been "Hygiene publique," "la fraude alimentaire" and le commerce et l'industrie." These have all afforded matter for exciting debates, but the most amusing of all the gatherings, we are told, is the congress for the repression of fraud of every description. This may be so, but the food congress is not without its humor so far as technical terms are concerned. For coloring matter the report recommends the use of "diethylbenzylidiamidodiphenylcarbinol-sulfone." This was formerly known as "vert acide." As alternatives the report suggests "le bleu patente" or "metoxytetrahydridiamidodiphenylcarbonylsulfone" and "le violet acide" or "diethylbenzylidiamidodiphenylcarbinolsulfone." Gallant little Wales, we think, cannot eclipse these for euphony.

Struck by a Dead Hand.

A rather gressome incident, touched with comedy, occurred in Berlin, the other day. A fashionably dressed lady was passing down one of the city streets, when something fell on her up-to-date capacious hat. Putting her hand up, she found that the object was a severed human hand. Her loud cries of "murder!" quickly attracted a large crowd. The police on reaching the room from which the hand had been dropped found that the place was used in connection with one of the medical schools. It appears that the students had been "amusing" themselves by throwing and catching the severed hands and feet, and that in the course of the "game" one of the hands was accidentally thrown through the open window.

Shipload of Girls Come to Marry.

Among the second cabin passengers arriving on the Cunard liner Ivernia at Boston the other day were more than one hundred young women from England and Ireland, many of whom declared that they had come here purposely to wed. The first one to meet her sweetheart was Miss Mary Greaves, a striking brunette from Oldham, Eng. William Alexander Abbott, Worcester, had paid for her passage here and was provided with a marriage license when he met her as she stepped off the gangplank.

OCCURRENCE OF HAILSTORMS

Violent Vertical Disturbances Responsible for the Showers of Frozen Rain.

Hail storms occur most frequently during the heated season, and during that part of the day when the vertical disturbances of the atmosphere is greatest. These heated areas, and violent vertical disturbances of the atmosphere are more likely to occur over land than over water, owing to the fact that land becomes heated more rapidly during the day than does a body of water. Hail is supposed to be formed by the congealing of rain or vapor carried up to a great height by a rapid vertical movement of the air. At a certain point in its ascent, after being congealed, the ice particles are thrown out from the center upon a stratum of air ascending less rapidly. Here they fall, and in their descent increase in mass by condensing vapor on their surfaces. As they descend they are sucked into the ascending vortex again, and by this process grow sometimes to enormous dimensions before finally reaching the ground. It may be seen, therefore, that hail is less likely to occur over a watered area than over a land area. And especially is this so in northern latitudes, where the waters are cold and are likely to retard vertical currents of any intensity. Although hail is most likely to be produced over land, it may be precipitated with greater frequency over, or in the neighborhood of, water, since the upward air current over water is sufficiently moderate in velocity to allow the precipitation of hail. That is the only way in which water can be said to attract hail storms. In a northern latitude there are fewer and less violent hailstorms over an area partly watered than over a waterless area.

UNHURT AFTER LONG FALL

Almost Miraculous Escape of Miner Who Fell to Pit's Bottom, a Distance of 250 Feet.

A wonderful escape from death occurred at a Staffordshire (Eng.) colliery the other day.

A young man named Phillip Shenton, whilst working at a new inset, went to load a tub into the cage, which he thought was waiting in the shaft. As a matter of fact, however, the cage had not descended to the intake, and Shenton, instead of pushing the tub into the cage, pushed it into the empty space of the pit shaft. Having hold of the tub, and being taken by surprise, Shenton was also dragged after the truck, and fell headlong down the shaft, a distance of 250 feet.

The tub and man were precipitated into the well at the bottom of the shaft, which contained water to a considerable depth. Everyone, of course, concluded that Shenton had met an instant and terrible death, but to the amazement of those who witnessed the accident, a voice was presently heard from theinky depths calling for help. The cage was at once lowered, and the man was able to scramble into it.

When taken to the surface it was found he had escaped with a slight cut on the head.

Tragedy of a Gypsy's Curse.

An extraordinary story of a gypsy's curse and the tragic sequel to it is revived by the news of the death of Mrs. Frances Octavia Addison at Riga. She was the widow of Charles Greenstreet Addison. Mr. Addison was one of the four sons of a Kentish squire, who was cursed one night while standing in his lawn, by a Romany seer. The malediction declared that neither the squire nor any of his sons should die in bed. The gypsy's prophecy came true. The squire was killed in the hunting field. The eldest son was mortally wounded in India. The second son was asphyxiated upon Vesuvius. Charles Greenstreet Addison died suddenly in his drawing room. The other, Dr. William Addison, F.R.S., lay ill in his house at Brighton. When an old colleague came to play a customary game, at chess one afternoon the patient had risen, and was found dead in his armchair with the chess-board ready for action before him.

Move to Protect Seals.

Steps have at last been taken by the government of the Falkland Islands to stop the indiscriminate slaughter of seals and penguins on the islands of their dependencies. Up to the present the seal rookeries of the Falklands have been at the mercy all the year round of every foreign sealing vessel that chose to invade them and the slaughter that has been going on for years in consequence has nearly exterminated the seals. Similarly, the killing of penguins, usually for the sake of the plumage and the large quantity of fat which each bird affords, has almost denuded the islands of these interesting specimens of their fauna. Two bills have now been introduced into the legislative council—one to regulate the seal fishery in the islands and the other to provide for the preservation of the penguins.