

AN EXTRAORDINARY CRIME.

The Victim Put Where Her Story of It Was Taken for Insane Talk.

In the month of December last, says the Mexican Herald, an elegantly dressed man presented himself to the governor of the district and solicited the admittance of his aunt, a lady whose name, he said, was Mrs. Aurelia Granados de Jaimes, into the insane asylum for women in Canoa street.

The lady was not violently crazy, but she complained to the doctors of a pain in her head and she was constantly saying that a man had driven a nail into her head. The attendants of the asylum paid no attention to this statement, as it was thought to be a part of her ravings.

The lady gradually got worse and died. Dr. Alberto Lopez Hermosa, director of the asylum, and Dr. Francisco de P. Deheverria, assistant director, believing that the lady's case had been a peculiar one, examined her cranium after death and made a sort of preliminary autopsy.

THE NEW BOY.

His Training Is One More Advance Toward the Reversal of Sex Occupation.

The new boy is of later origin than the new woman, says a lady writer who has discovered him. He can make his own bed, sew buttons on his own clothing, cook his own breakfast or wash the dishes, and is not considered a "sissy" for so doing.

The new boy is the result of a growing belief among mothers and educators that domestic training is just as good for boys as for girls.

The French go in for a mourning dress of complete black, or black hulla, with gray funnels and masts. Their channel squadron rather favors a complete suit of neutral gray drab, which is almost invisible in gray weather.

The late Spanish navy was painted much after the English fashion, except for those ships serving on their American and Pacific stations, which were painted white.

NO LONGER A "MAVERICK."

A Newly Converted Little Girl's Odd Explanation of the Baptismal Service.

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, giving his experiences as "A Missionary in the Great West," in Ladies' Home Journal, tells of the baptism of a little daughter of a big cattle owner in Indian territory. "In our baptismal service we sign those who are baptized with the sign of the cross," he explains, "and when the little girl returned to school after the baptism the children pressed her with hard questions, desiring to know what that man with the 'nightgown' on had done, and if she were now any different from what she had been before."

A LITTLE-KNOWN PAINTING.

Painted by Rosa Bonheur—Hangs on the Wall of a Nebraska Ranch.

Rosa Bonheur painted one picture which is little known, and which has never been exhibited, says the Boston Globe. It hangs on the wall of a ranch near North Platte, Neb.

During the Paris exposition of 1889, Buffalo Bill took the wild west show to the French capital for the entire season. One of the most constant visitors to the exhibition was Rosa Bonheur.

To the working up of these studies the last years of her life were largely devoted. One of her pictures of Indian life was sold in London for \$65,000 just prior to her death.

CHINESE DELICACIES.

Peanut Buds and Ginger Jelly Combined Makes a Semi-Confection.

"The Chinese have a strange idea of table delicacies," said a gentleman of this city who has taken much interest in local mission work, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "A few days ago I received a small jar filled with a peculiar brownish paste, which was sent me as a present by a young Chinaman who used to have a laundry here, but is now living in San Francisco."

"As my friend Wong explained to me the nuts are first roasted and then these minute growths are carefully extracted. They are so small that it takes many thousands of them to fill a teaspoon, but when a sufficient number are collected, they are put in a mortar and ground into a fine flour, which is subsequently mixed with the ginger jelly and rubbed down to a smooth paste."

"It is one of the queer semi-confections that the Chinese like to nibble at between courses, and as it costs ten dollars an ounce, it is literally worth almost its weight in gold."

PAINT COATS OF WARSHIPS.

Colors Used by the Various Navies of the World on Their Big Boats.

Every nation has its own fashion of painting its ships-of-war, just as it has a distinguishing uniform for its soldiers. Our own navy favors black sides, white upper-work superstructures, yellow funnels and masts and merrillions, says London Answers.

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The Austrian war vessels may be recognized by their black hulls, white upper works and black funnels. The Russians go in for black hulls, yellow funnels with black tops and white masts.

CHINESE ARITHMETIC.

Celestials Possess a Talent for Inaccuracy That Amounts to Positive Genius.

The Chinese rejoice in a wonderful talent for inaccuracy in every detail, says Leslie's Weekly. For instance, a pound or a pint varies as it suits the merchant's fancy.

Then again, their way of calculating distances does not at all tally with Euclid. For instance, you are told from A to B is four miles, but from B to A is eight miles.

This form of argument always amused me nearly as much as the way the Chinese have of counting a person's age by tens. "My mother," they will tell you "is 30" (or 40). When she leaves 30 she is getting near 40. Should we all like to be told that, I wonder?

In the Austrian court it is contrary to custom for perishable articles to appear twice on the imperial table.

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A SPION KOP LEGEND.

Old Time Story of the Stump-Tailed Sacred Snake of the Zulus.

Pertaining to the elevated scene of Sir Charles Warren's feat at arms there is a native legend which runs thus, says London Telegraph. Many years since there died a celebrated Zulu chief. At his obsequies there gathered a notable band of warriors and others. In the midst of the assembly, suddenly, an enormous python put in an appearance. A youthful warrior, thirsting for glory, sprang forward and struck the reptile with some description of lethal weapon.

Spion kop means the hill of spying, and was so called because the Boer voortrekkers flying from the British law and restrictions, when they crossed the Drakensburg, paused at this hill to spy out the savage land and to decide in what direction they should move.

NATIVE NEW ZEALANDERS.

A Traveler's Description of a Tribe Eating Its Evening Meal—Fine Bread.

At sunset one evening we sauntered into a Maori village, and found ourselves in the grassy inclosure wherein sat the tribe eating its evening meal, says Blackwood. Some natives might have resented our invasion.

In a pool of gravy in a tin pan lay a large hambone at which an infant was picking, but the chief provision lay in a great pie dish full of kumaras (sweet potatoes) and some green vegetable. In addition, there was a splendid loaf of bread, round, flat, nicely browned and closely resembling a huge wheaten scone.

TOM WASN'T MODEST.

He Told the General Who Was the Best Rider and Soldier.

An English general in reviewing a corps of cavalry stopped before a splendid-looking fellow and asked abruptly: "Which is the best horse in the regiment?"

"No, 40, sir." "What makes you think he is the best horse?"

"He walks, trots and gallops well; is a good jumper; has no vice, no blemish; carries his head well; is in his prime."

"And who is the best soldier in the regiment?" "Tom Jones, sir."

"Why?" "Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, tidy, takes good care of his equipment and his horse, and does his duties well."

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LETTERS WE WRITE.

They May Make the Game of Correspondence Very Interesting.

The receipt of a letter is no longer the event it was in the old stage-coach days; railways and the penny postage have robbed it of all excitement. We have forgotten how to write interesting letters as we have to fold a sheet of foolscap or sharpen a quill. Yet at times, on red letter days, we find one among the number which demands epicurean perusal; it is not to be ripped open and devoured in haste; it insists on privacy and attention.

Though the fire of such a letter need have neither the artificiality of flirting nor the intensity of love, yet it must both light and warm the reader. It is not valuable for the news it brings, for if it be a work of art the tidings it bears are not so important as the telling of them.

So one has not the commonplace view of things, and escapes the obvious, it matters little whether one uses the telescope or the microscope. One may deal with macrocosm, discuss philosophy and systems, or gild homely little common things till they shine and twinkle with joy.

HANDICAPPED BY A WILL.

North and South Side of an Indiana House Left to Different People.

Q. B. Kelly, once a prominent citizen of Dublin, Ind., died 20 years ago and more. While still living he erected a fine and costly monument in the cemetery there for his own use, says the Boston Transcript. After his death his body was taken to Boston, Mass., for burial beside the body of his first wife.

Mr. Kelly owned a large brick house in Dublin, with three acres of ground attached—an equal amount of ground on each side of the house. The house has a hall running clear through. In his will Mr. Kelly bequeathed the north side of the house and the south side of the lot to his daughter, and the south side of the house and the north side of the lot to his wife.

HIS NAME WAS TRILBY.

He Was Not Pretty, But His Little Mistress Loved Him Just the Same.

Promenaders on F street saw a funny sight one day lately, says the Washington Star. It was a little colored girl, diminutive as to size, and clothed from some grand dame's rag bag, evidently, for a more grotesque get-up could scarcely be imagined.

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A BAD COINCIDENCE.

The Operator Sorry That He Rushed Across the Street with the Message.

"The strangest thing that ever happened to me," said the old operator, who was in the reminiscent mood, according to the Detroit Free Press, "occurred a good many years ago, when I was a young man holding down a night office in a little town in the west. I was half asleep one night when I was called to the key to receive a rush message. I took it off the wire without realizing what it meant, as a man will do at times when half asleep. But when I glanced at what I had put down I saw that it read: 'If you wish to see your brother alive you will have to come immediately.'"

"The old man caught the train that left at midnight. While he was buying his ticket he told me that the message referred to his brother who had left home 20 years before, and from whom he had heard nothing during all that time."

"The next night a party called and asked if there were any messages for him, giving the same name as the old man who had left the night before. He must have noticed that I looked at him rather blankly, for he went on to explain that he had a brother in California who was sick, and that he was anxious to hear from him."

"Well, it turned out that the message that I had received the night before was intended for him. He was a stranger in the town, and chanced to bear the same name as the old man whom I had sent on a wild-goose chase across the continent. Fortunately for me, I was transferred to another town before the old man got back. That is all there is to the story, except that it is true."

WOMEN'S BRAINS.

They Shall Mutely Testify That They Have Lived—An Exploded Theory.

Women have brains and they have proved it. They have demonstrated that they are in commendable appreciative working order, says Harper's Bazar. As a substance they have upheld a theory.

But this is not all. Once when men were weighing brains—that is, of course, dead men's brains—and were expressing congratulatory "Ohs" and "Ahs" with the dignity of masculine superiority, the women dug up the brain of a poor old washerwoman and lo, it weighed the same as Daniel Webster's brain!

But the end is not yet. Women demand recognition for their brain quality, so now they bequeath their brains to colleges that are making collections. Cornell leads in this idea, and Helen H. Gardner's and Elizabeth Cady Stanton's brains are promised as soon as their present owners are through with them.

STAY-AT-HOMES.

French and Chinese Lead the Nations of the World in This Respect.

Among westerners the French and among orientals the Chinese are the most stay-at-home nations of the world. Frenchmen are met with in all parts of the world, but their thoughts are always turning toward the happy days when they can once more return to La Belle France and breathe the air of the boulevards.

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BOTH SIDES RAN AWAY.

The English and the Burgers Retreated from Each Other in Hot Haste.

Young Hjalmar Reitz, son of the Transvaal secretary of state, who is out with the burghers, has been sending to friends in Holland an account of his experiences at the battle of Modder river, says the London Daily News. Specially interesting is the confirmation given by him of that strategic movement to the rear, for the skillful execution of which some of the Free Staters were reported to have been afterwards publicly whipped by their ungrateful allies.

"This is perfectly true; they were the men from Fauresmith. When the English, in the afternoon, tried to get across the river on the left flank, they were completely successful, for the Fauresmithers had already gone. As a consequence, Albrecht's guns narrowly escaped falling into the enemy's hands, but he managed to shell them back. Toward nightfall the English retired, but, to cover the retreat of their infantry, kept up a heavy fire."

"This the burghers did not understand, and as just then some one shouted: 'The English are on us!' they saddled up and rode away. With 13 men of the Bloemfontein commando I made my way to the Transvaalers to find out what they thought of doing. 'Well,' they replied, 'de beste is dat one ook maar trek.' (We had better trek, too.) And we went off together. Isn't it ridiculous that both sides should be fleeing at the same time?"

LOSING A RAILROAD TICKET.

A Traveler Tells What Happens When One Mislays the Pastebord in Holland.

While standing on the platform at Middleburgh in that early morning I found I had lost, or mislaid, as it proved, my ticket, value six pence, says the Gentleman's Magazine. After the usual ineffectual search, turning out pockets, etc., it seemed shorter to tender the amount tout bonnement and go one's way. But by this time the officials had gathered and were whispering ominously. The "headsman" or head man, put back the coin loftily, and said, in his jargon: "Have to pay plenty more." What did he mean? But it seems that to lose a ticket on a Dutch line is high crime—a presumption that you are fraudulently trying to travel about without paying your fare, and it is punishable by fine. On this occasion it was fined at five shillings. A large sum. There was no help for it, so paid it was.

Later in the day it was of course found. I returned to "get back the money." I found it hard to get into the station, but there was a door with "Head of the Station" inscribed. We rang, the door was opened; here was a fine stair and all the signs of a private dwelling. Presently came down a gentlemanly old gentleman in uniform, the real head, who received us good-naturedly, took the ticket and led the way to the platform, where we met our other friend, whom he directed to refund, and so the incident closed.

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