## AN EXTRAORDINARY CRIME.

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

In the month of December last, says the Mexican Herald, an elegantly Gressed man presented himself to the evernor 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. He hat, as there was no one to look after er, he was afraid that some accident might happen to her. The governor ised the permit and the lady was admitted into the hospital.

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

The lady gradually got worse and

Dr. Alberto Lopez Hermosa, director of the asylum, and Dr. Franedeco, de P. Echeverria, assistant director, believing that the lady's e had been a peculiar one, exmained her cranium after death and made a sort of preliminary autopsy. To their astonishment they found in the megion of the right temple the head of a steel wire nail, which proved to be about eight centimeters in length. The sesh had almost cicatrized over the mail's head and the latter was hardly

#### THE NEW BOY.

#### Mis 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 wor wash the dishes, and is not considered a "sissy" for so doing. He can carry on successfully a bachelor establishment for his father and himmake out the menus, hire the domestics and even do his part soistally without losing his place among The first six in school.

The new boy is the result of a growing belief among mothers and edutors that domestic training is just good for boys as for girls. They argue that a domestic trained boy makes the best kind of a husband, and that the brother that is obliged pocazionally to make his own bed or moil an egg will not look down on his sister for doing these same things. Also, that the girl who can use her brother's kit of tools will no longer consider him a superior being because the tools are his property rather than hers. Again, the advocates of domesthe training for boys say that, while There will always be a division of ocsupations in the family, as in society, there is this difference in the family, that in those occupations which re-Into to the common life there ought to be a common performance else the division of labor will result in a diwision of feeling and of thought.

#### 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 Breat 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 had been before. She tried to tell **them** that she had been made 'a member of Christ, the child of God, and inheritor of the Kingdom wof Heaven,' but did not succeed in expressing the situation very well, and they pressed her for a clearer explamation. Finally, when she had exhausted every other effort, she turned on them, her eyes flashing through her tears. 'Well,' she said, lapsing into the vernacular, 'I will tell you. I was a little 'maverick' before, and the man put Jesus' brand on my forehead, and when He sees me running wild on the prairie He will know that I am His

## A LITTLE-KNOWN PAINTING.

Fainted by Rosa Bonheur-Hangs on the Wall of a Nebraska

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

During the Paris exposition of 1899, Buffalo Bill took the wild west show the French capital for the entire meason. One of the most constant vis-**Mors to the exhibition was Rosa Bon**heur. Several mornings each week she would appear at the camp with easel wand color box and make studies of the horses, buffalo and Indians, afterward Sunching in camp and making friends

with "all hands." To the working up of these studies The last years of her life were largely devoted. One of her pictures of Inminn life was sold in London for \$65,000 just prior to her death. At this time Rosa Bonheur made studies from life col. Cody and his famous white horse Tucker, from which she painted the picture here referred to and premented it to the doughty colonel.

## CHINESE DELICACIES.

Pennut 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. A letter which accompanied the gift explained that the paste was a combination of peanut buds and ginger jelly. That sounds like a joke, but it isn't. If you will break open a peanut you will find at the base a little cone-shaped formation usually surmounted by two microscopic leaves. It is the life germ of the nut, and if planted will develop into a vine.

"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 teacup, 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. That sent me was about the consistency of cream cheese, and it had a peculiar aromatic taste that was rather pleasant.

"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. I have eaten a little of the preparation, but I don't think I'm apt to acquire a taste

#### PAINT COATS OF WARSHIPS.

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

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 ventilators, saye London Answers. German men-ofwar are generally painted gray in time of peace and carry bands on the funnels; but for their war dress they have decided for a sort of "khaki" war paint of a yellowish brown hue, which their scientific experts pronounce as being most difficult to see both by day and night.

The French go in for a mourning dress of complete black, or black hulls, 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

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. While you may easily tell a Turkish man-of-war by her red funnel and coat

## 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. In some parts you get half or quarter as much as you do in others for the same price and meas-

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. If you ask how this is possible, you are told it depends from which end you start; if you start from A it is down hill, so much easier to walk; whereas, starting from B, you have to walk up hall, which is much more exerting and fatiguing-in fact, it is the same as walking a longer dis-

tance on even ground. 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?

From Royal Tables.

In the Austrian court it is contrary to custom for perishable articles to appear twice on the imperial table. The result is large perquisites for the attendants. To one man fall all uncorked bottles, to another the wine left in the glasses, to another the joints and to another still the game and the sweets. Every morning a sort of market is held in the basement of the palace, where the Viennese come to purchase the re-

The Saloon-Keeper in Dawson. According to a consular report & young man with aspirations may go to Dawson City and apply for a license to open a saloon. All the application costs him is \$50, and if the license is refused him the \$50 stays in the Dawson City treasury. If it's decided to grant him a license he will have to shell out \$2,500 more. A gallon of whisky will cost him only \$60.

Japanese Still Benighted. Enlightened as the Japanese are in many ways, it still happens that in cases of sudden outbreak of disease religious festivals are organized with a view to propitiating the supreme bower. These functions have the effect of gathering together the people from infected as well as healthy localities, to spread infection.

### 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. The blow severed the creature's tail from its body. The chief witch-doctor present reprehended the act, and averred the python was the spook of a warlike ancestor of the recently departed chief. The creature, deprived of its tail, recovered health in time; and though stump-tailed, become sacred. Ever since this story has found believers. The Boers, superstitious as they are, soon lent a willing ear, and the story became mixed up in their own somewhat prolific spookology. Certain it is, this stump-tailed snake-or another of the same pattern -appears from time to time. At every appearance, it is alleged by the Boers of the neighborhood, some event of great portent is on the tapis. Perhaps, if this snake has recently appeared, it may have had something to say about the relief of Ladysmith or the advent of Sir Charles Warren.

Spion kop means the hill of spying, and was so called because the Boer Foertrekkers 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

#### 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. Not so the Maoris. With unaffected pleasure, they made us welcome. Swarthy faces beamed upon us; many brown hands were outstretched to grasp ours, and tattooed lips, in hospitable, if quite unintelligible language, invited us to partake. Round two large dishes the entire party of men, women, girls, youths and babes were squatted, and it was interesting to see that in this tribal commune the smallest child had evidently as much right to put his paw in the dish and help himself as had his elders.

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. The method of cooking was primitive, but apparently efficient. Catching the glimmering of a firelight in one of the larger huts, we entered and found that it proceeded from some glowing wood ashes on the floor. Over the formed a rude grill, whereon was placed a large tin pan containing another loaf, while a third, still in the dough stage, stood on the floor ready for baking.

## TOM WASN'T MODEST.

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

An English general in reviewing & corps of cavalry stopped before a spleudid-looking fellow and asked ab-

"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 hiemish; 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."

"And who is the best rider of the best horse?"

"Tom Jones, sir." "And who is Tom Jones?"

"I am, sir." Insect Cunning.

The gardens in Hamburg have within the last ten years been decorated with white-leaf maples, and a writer in the Zoologist says that since the introduction of these shrubs the common white butterfly has chosen them for its settling places. Concealed in the white leaves, the butterfly is safe from enemies. An anecdote, more suggestive of insect reasoning, is told of a spider by James Weir. It spun its web in a sawmill in a place where the passing of lumber frequently broke the long stay. threads that held the web. The situation was too favorable for flies to be abandoned, and finally the spider got around the difficulty by discarding the use of stays and substituting for them, to keep the web stretched, a nail which it wove into the lower edge of the fab-

Siberian Farm Life.

The most characteristic feature of Siberian farm life is that the farmers live not scattered all over the country, remote from neighbors, but in villages as near as possible to the land they are

### 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 stagecoach 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. This has a flavor which the salt of silence alone can bring out; a dash of interruption destroys its exquisite delicacy. More than this, it must be answered while it is still fresh and sparkling, says Harper's Bazar. Though the fire of such a letter

need have neither the artificiality of flirting nor the intensity of love. vet 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. The communication must be spelled in the cipher of your friendship, to which you only have the key. It must be writ in the native dialect of the heart.

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. Indeed, the perfect letter-writer must do both, and change from the intensely subjective to the intensely objective point of view. He must, as it were, look you in the eye and hold you by the hand.

#### HANDICAPPED BY A WILL.

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

G. 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 has body was taken to Boston, Mass., for burial beside the body of his first wife. He was married three times, and there was but one child, a daughter by his first wife. His second wife is dead and is buried here. The third wife is still living. His daughter is also living, and she owns an orange grove in California, where she resides.

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. There was an estranged feeling between the bene-ficiaries, and neither has occupied her side since the death of Mr. Kelly. Each has goods stored in her respective portion. The property cannot be sold senarately nor rented, as no tenant nor buver wants it in that shape. The house has remained unoccupied for 20 years, save that one room is leased on the daughter's side by Col. Davenport, who lives there alone.

## 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. She had a companion, a yellow cur, mangy and disreputable looking, with its tail between its legs, and furtively looking from side to side, as though meditating an escape. He was in leading strings-not figuratively, but actually. His small mistress had tied about his mouth and head in muzzle fashion a lot of cast-off baby ribbons and led him by about two yards of carpet rags, twisted in "hit-ormiss" style. About the cur's neck was a huge bow of oiled calico, once red, and

his name was Trilby! "Huh now, you Trilby, don' you go pokin' vo'r nose raoun' dat no 'count dog," remonstrated his small mistress, as she drew in on the string, when Trilby would have made up with a small terrier. "De dog kaitcher, he done git you if you don' be 'fraid of yo'sef. You jus' mind 'bout gittin' de air you needs, an' den you goes back to yo's kennel, you does, honey love." And thus talking she strolled along supremely happy.

English Pronunciation.

An English journal recently wondered whether the pronunciation of some of the ignorant classes or of some of the cultivated classes is the worse. For instance, the groom says: "'Arry, 'old my 'oss." But the curate says: "He that hath yaws to yaw, let him vaw." And the doctor's wife says: "Jawge, please go to Awthah and awdah the hawse, and don't forget to look at the flah." And the vicar says: "If owah gracious sovering lady wur-ah to die!"

A Rich Bedstead.

Not very long ago a bedstead made of gold and silver and inlaid with precious stones was discovered in a cave between Beyrout and Damascus. An inscription shows that it belonged to the famous Queen Eleanor of England, who followed her royal husband to the l Crusades. This wonderful piece of furniture had lain concealed in the cave for six centuries.

### 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 message came from San Francisco, and was addressed to an old man who lived across the street from the station, so I put on my hat and went over and delivered it, seeing that it was important that he should have it at once.

"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

"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! That exploded the theory in regard to weight in its relation to quality. | Calves' brains are valued by the pound.

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. Gardiner's and Elizabeth Cady Stanton's brains are promised as soon as their present owners are through with them. In the future stone and water will not be the only substance upon which to depend for the perpetuation of merits and demerits-indeed, not while there are shelves in Cornell on which to place jars of algohol labeled with names and containing the evidence that women have once thought thoughts. It will be a legacy of comparative value, of course, but what values are not comparative? Women's brains shall testify that they have lived.

# STAY-AT-HOMES.

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

Among westerns 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. The Frenchman never willfully expatriates himself for life. The Chinaman, on the other hand, is a stay-at-home by religion. He thinks that his hope of salvation depends upon ending his days in the Celestial empire, and he is careful to provide that if he dies in a foreign land his coffin, with his remains, shall be sent back to China. The frightful overpopulation of the Chinese empire has driven Chinamen into all quarters of the world, especially to Australia, but they all hope to return to their own land. The Hindu loses custe if he leaves his native country, but he is a member of a religion rather than of a race, and as a set-off the Mohammedans, who form a very large proportion of the Indian empire, are the most persistent pilgrims on the face of the earth.

In the Physiology Class. The Bangor Commercial would have its readers believe that this incident happened in a Bangor grammar school: At a recent monthly examination one of the questions in physiology was: "What is the patella or knee pan?" The answer of one boy was as follows: "The patellas or knee pants is trousers, which extend from the waste to the knee, and were worn by grown up men during George Washington's administration. They are not worn by men in the present Time except bicycle riders and men who play golf, but are only worn by small Boys. Every Boy is glad when he is old enough to take off his patellas or knee pants and go into long pants which extend from the

#### BOTH SIDES RAN AWAY.

The English and the Burghers Retreated from Each Other in Hot Baste.

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 afterward publicly whipped by their un-

grateful allies. Reitz says: "It 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 shout-'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 Pasteboard 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 sixpence, 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 cccasion it was fixed 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.

# CHURCH MENDICANTS.

Spider-Like They Spin Their Delicate Webs for Prey in the House of God.

"When the spiders have spun their web of delicate filaments, and have stretched it from corner to corner of the church, it is amazing how many flies, not all of them simple, they have caught, and how much spoil they have obtained," writes Ian Maclaren, of "The Genteel Tramps in Our Churches." in Ladies' Home Journal. "The wardrobes of the church, both of men and women, are at their disposal, and every month you are reminded of some; old friend when you see our mendicant. Their house rent is paid in turn by a set of good Samaritans, each of whom believes that he is the only one who has ever been allowed to do this kindness. and who does it under promise of secrecy lest shrinking natures, poor but proud, should be hurt. Some kindly doctor in the district gives his attend-. ance, as is usual with those men, without money and without price. Medical la comfort in the shape of cordials, jellies, fruit, delicate food, pour into the house. They obtain loans from almost everybody, rich and poor, which are asked in every case in circumstances of a last extremity and with a perfect agony of ; shame."

Humor of the Alchemists.

The Evening Standard says the alchemists are no longer in fashion, and Nansen, Raleigh and Roentgen have taken the places of Hermes, Geber and Flammell. It seems farcical that men could have lived with the sole object of seeking after the "lapis philoso-phorum" or the "elixir vitae." The science of chemistry owes its busining to them, but what monotonous and uninteresting lives they led. Throughout their works there is never a glimmer of wit, though atrocious exaggerations are frequent, and here and there one comes across real treasures of unconscious humor. They all asserted that they could prepare the stone or the elixir, and, having invested them with supernatural properties, they regarded themselves as superior mortals and possessed of qualities different from those of other men.

Adornment of an Arab Girl. From "Southern Arabia," by the late T. Bent and Mrs. T. Bent: "Arab girls | 4 before they enter the harem and take the veil are a curious sight to behold. Their bodies and face are dved a bright yellow with tumeric. On this ground in they paint black lines, with antimony, over their eyes; the fashionable color for the nose is red; green spots adorn the cheeks, and the general aspect is grotesque beyond description."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS