

TOLD BY OLD CIRCUS MAN.

Snow-Shoveling Feats of the Greatest of All Giants While in Winter Quarters.

"Whenever I see people shoveling snow off the sidewalk nowadays," said the old circus man, "it makes me think, always, of how the greatest of all giants used to shovel snow, in his day, round the house that he occupied, in the town where the show made its winter quarters."

"Every fall after the tenting season was over we used to go back to this town to lay up for the winter, and the giant always came back here with great pleasure. He liked the place, and he liked the change, and the rest, after the constant travel and the real labor of the tenting season. And then the giant was glad, too, to get into a regular house again, in which there was room for him."

"On the road he was, of course, provided with suitable shelter, but this was necessarily in the form of a tent. Except in public places like halls, and so on, there was no roof shelter to be found under which the giant could have been made really comfortable; and so, sleeping under canvas throughout the season, as he was compelled to do, he looked forward with pleasure, naturally enough, to the house at the winter quarters. This house was especially designed for him, and so built that there was room in it for him in just the same measure and proportions for his convenience and comfort that there would be in an ordinary house with rooms of ordinary size and height, for us."

"This house that the old man had built for the giant was not ready for him until the second winter that he spent there; but it is a curious fact that right there in that very town we found, the first winter, a house that would do, and which the old man leased. This was a fine big house belonging to an old resident, a man of very comfortable means, who was devoted to music and who had had placed in his house a big organ."

"This organ was in a large music room that had been especially built to receive it, sufficient height having been gained by carrying the room up through two stories. The rooms in this house were all rather high studded, anyway, and when you came to open two up into one like that it made a very high room. And it so happened that the owner of this house was going to Europe that winter and the old man leased it for the giant, and the giant took up his quarters in that music room, and got along through that winter in it very comfortably. The next winter when the show came back to go into winter quarters there, the giant's house was ready."

"It looked just like any other big comfortable house on the outside. We got the room for the giant inside simply by carrying the rooms made for his use up through two stories in height, which didn't show on the outside at all. Not even the giant's door, which was about like the scenery door of a theater, was ever seen by many people, because we cut that in the back of the house where you couldn't see it from the road. The regular front door was just like any front door of a house of its size. But, gracious goodness! how I am wandering on; what I set out to tell you about was the giant's shoveling snow."

"The house stood well back on a big lot, with a 150-foot front on the street, and the giant always used to shovel not only the sidewalk in front, but the long path back to the house, and the path around it. He did this because he wanted to; he never needed to do a thing that he didn't want to, but he loved to shovel snow; it was fun to him. And that long stretch of walk that he cleaned was to him really nothing."

"He had a snow shovel with a blade about as big as a cellar door, and a handle about 14 feet long. And he would shovel our front sidewalk off in just as many shovelfuls as six would go into 150, the shovel blade being about six feet square in size, and he taking out snow to the full size of the shovel every time."

"He'd just slice the snow down through on the walk, across six feet ahead of him, and then slice down the sides, and then just lift that block of snow six feet square, and of whatever depth it might, in one shovelful; and do it, you understand, easy. But easy as all this was to him, to see him do it was always a great delight to the neighbors, and folks that were strangers there in the town, and that happened to be passing when the giant was shoveling snow, used to pause and look on in wonder."

"When the giant had finished the front walk he'd shovel the path up to the front door, and then around the back, and these none of your squiggly little narrow paths like you often see when you get away from the front, but broad six-foot lanes through the snow. He'd have gone down then to where the show was quartered and shoveled all the paths for them if they'd have let him, but the old man put him foot down on that—he was afraid the giant might overdo it and hurt himself."

"But around his own house, after every snowfall, you'd see the giant out cleaning the paths, and tossing out snow by the cartload with every shovelful."

A General Idea. "But," said the cruel editor, "this is not good dialect poetry."

"Not good dialect?" answered the dreamy poet. "Mr. I defy you to find a single word that is spelled correctly in that poem. I guess I know what dialect is."—Baltimore American.

Take an Invoice of Yourself. Take an honest invoice of yourself at least once a year; no man ever helped himself by overestimating his ability.—Atchison Globe.

THE SPEAKING PORTRAIT.

A New Scheme Employed in Paris to Aid Detectives in Identifying Criminals.

Everyone knows that, thanks to the great Parisian criminal expert, M. Bertillon, a criminal who falls into the clutches of the law more than once stands absolutely no chance of hiding his identity if his measurements have been taken by the anthropometrical system. But as every criminal also knows when he is at large this system is practically useless to his pursuers; the detective cannot measure the length of a man's middle finger in a crowd or take an impression of his thumb. Yet once again the genius of M. Bertillon has triumphed over the identification difficulty, and he has come forward with a system which approaches very near perfection, says Pearson's Magazine.

"Le Portrait Parle," as M. Bertillon calls his method, consists in form of a card that may be carried in the pocket, on which are noted down those characteristics that have the most fixity in the individual and the most variability in different people. "The anthropometrical system," said M. Bertillon, when discussing the subject with me, "necessitates the detention of the criminal, whose measurements are taken with the aid of compasses, but the verbal portrait which aims at the criminal at liberty may be applied unknown to him and from a distance."

"This description, based on a knowledge of human anatomy, anyone can master with a little preliminary study, and it is of so much precision that it applies solely to the person it represents, to the exclusion of all others. It is composed, for each individual, of from ten to fifteen distinctive signs, which should always be borne in mind by an officer in search of a lawbreaker. The verbal description has the advantage over a photograph in that it can be turned up in any place at any hour and transmitted by telegraph or telephone."

Examining a verbal portrait, we find that it is divided into three chapters. The first deals with the color of the eye, hair and face, the second with the characteristics of the forehead, nose, right ear and build of body, the third with an analysis of the profile and face.

It does not necessarily follow that because the chapters are arranged in this order the detectives will apply them in the same order to the criminal. When looking for his man he carries in his mind only the most characteristic features—the fixed features, such as the eyes, nose, forehead or ear. These the criminal cannot alter at will, but he may dye the color of his hair or the complexion of his face; he may hide his mouth under false hair or disguise his build of body by padding his clothes or in other ways. Therefore the officer carries in his mind a kind of caricature of the person to be recognized, concerning himself at first with only the most exaggerated features and taking no heed of those which would be described as average. Everyone knows how easy it is to recognize some well-known personage from a caricature, which is far superior to the best photographs for this purpose.

WINDSOR AND THE LOUVRE.

Each of the Structures Symbolizes the National Traits of Its Country.

Windsor castle is the proper home of our kings, because, in a sense, it symbolizes the character of England and Englishmen. Despite the iniquitous restoration of Wyatt, the Destroyer, we can still mark its ancient lines and wonder at its ancient splendor. It is vast, it is rugged, it is without a plan, it has grown with the energy and zeal of Britain. Compare it to the palaces of France and note the difference, says the London Daily Mail.

Windsor lacks the beauty of the Louvre; the Louvre lacks the character of Windsor. Even the fortified castles of Touraine are more elegant than the great palace of our kings. Yet we are more likely to see another Louvre than another Windsor. The vast towers and the modest cloisters afford a whimsical contrast which cannot be matched elsewhere, and though the hand of change has been heavy upon its walls Windsor has been a castle for a thousand years.

Nor may its situation be matched in the world. Once a stronghold, it is now the pleasure palace of our kings. There may a monarch have ruled, hunted, loved and been buried. Its walks have witnessed the processions and pageants of many centuries, but never have its lofty walls looked down upon a more sorrowful progress than that which recently wound up the slope to the noble gate of St. George's chapel.

Consumption in Canada. Consumption causes one-fifth of all the deaths in Canada, and physicians attending the tuberculosis congress at Ottawa declared that the long skirts worn by the women are responsible for many a death. The trailing skirts pick up the disease germs and carry them into the home. Another argument in favor of the common sense skirt which misses the ground by an inch or two.—N. Y. Times.

Russians May Be Late. The Russian people are not favorable to the old usage early to bed and early to rise, etc. Even in the country districts the czar's subjects like to sit up late at night. In the great capitals the principal streets are generally crowded after the small hours of the morning. Many of the theaters do not open till midnight.—N. Y. Post.

SEA ANEMONES BECOME TAME

Singular Effects of Captivity Upon These Creatures and Upon Coral Polyps.

When first placed in an aquarium the sea anemone will at the slightest touch contract its flowerlike tentacles instantly; but in the course of a few months it changes in this respect greatly and becomes decidedly tame.

When fed the food is conveyed to the anemones because they can't go after it. In nature the sea anemones would attach themselves to rocks or timbers in a tideway or wherever they could get food from the passing waters. In captivity in an aquarium the food is handed down to them in the water on the end of a stick, to be shaken off within reach of their tentacles. At first they shrink from the stick at the slightest touch, but after a time they get so tame that they are not frightened by it at all, says the New York Sun.

The sea anemone has some power of motion. It changes its location by shifting itself along its base, and it may attach itself almost anywhere. While they might cling to rocks over which there was an unbroken sweep of water, they might fasten to a rocky shelf where they would be protected by an overhanging cliff. The tame anemones in an aquarium would be those attached to rocks situated in open water.

An anemone that had remained in a sheltered place under some projecting and protecting rock would still remain sensitive. The one outdoors, so to speak, would know the stick and not be alarmed by it; but the one that lived in that sheltered place under the rock would still draw in its tentacles at the slightest touch.

The small and delicate little coral polyps found off the Jersey coast do just the same thing. From the top of the body of one of these polyps spring the waving tentacles with which it gathers in its food. Like those of the sea anemone, they are flowerlike in appearance, so that these coral polyps are like so many little marvelous flowers; or, where there are many of them gathered together, they might be likened to a forest of the tiniest imaginable willows. But one of these little trees with a trunk half an inch in height and with branches spreading out from it will sink suddenly at a touch into the shallow structure it has built on the rock and quite disappear from view.

In captivity, when it is first sought to feed them, the coral polyps would all shrink thus, the forest going down with a wavelike movement and disappearing before the rod on which the food was placed. There would now seem to be, over the surface of the rock, but the pattern formed by the myriad of contiguous round formations, each with a radiating starlike figure within it, and each figure marking the home of a polyp.

After awhile, this time being measured perhaps in minutes, more or less, the polyps would rise again, a few at a time, and all to disappear again at a touch. But that would be when they were new in captivity. Gradually they become less and less sensitive, until, like the sea anemones, the coral polyps do not shrink.

When once the whole forest went down at the mere waving of the stick in the water near them, now they all stand up, not afraid. Like the sea anemones, they are not crowded down, but they are not now disturbed by anything in the usual care of them. Like the sea anemones, the coral polyps have become tame; and so they, too, seem now to show intelligence.

The Boy and the Dog.

There is no truer friendship than that of the boy and the dog. There are no happier days to which the grown man may look back with a tender regret for their passing than the days spent in the old home field with the faithful four-footed companion of youth. Confidence between boy and dog was perfect. The dog perhaps was not a thoroughbred, and had come into the world minus a pedigree, but the boy accepted him for what he was, and in the blessed ingenuousness of youth may even have found an occasion of added pride in the dog in some characteristic which he now knows was highly to the animal's discredit as determined by the bench show standards. And as for the dog, on his part, too, he took the boy for what he was, asking of him no more than that he should condescend to make of himself a demigod for unstinted confidence, affection and worship. If the scientists would devise a way to represent the carefree happiness of boyhood days, in some equivalent of foot-pounds, the amount of it justly accredited to the companionship of boy and dog would be expressed in many tons.—Forest and Stream.

An Informal Invite.

Mrs. Goodart—Poor man! Come to my house, across the way there, this evening, and you shall have a good dinner.

Harvard Hasben—Some of your guests disappoint you? That's rather short notice; I'm afraid I can't get my full dress suit out of the laundry in time.—Philadelphia Press.

One Man's Wisdom.

She (after the proposal)—Are you in favor of a long or short engagement? He—If you can cook I'm in favor of a short one. If you can't we had better make it long enough to enable you to learn.—Chicago Daily News.

Make Provisions the Main Thing.

Life is a journey—and from the way some people eat one would suppose they were taking in provisions to last during the entire trip.—Chicago Daily News.

FISHING BASKETS.

They Are Imported from Europe, Mostly from France, and Some Have Locks.

The fishing baskets of the old, familiar kind, with a sagging, baglike shape and having in the center of the sloping cover a rectangular opening through which to drop the fish, that seem to be as much a part of the angler's equipment as his rods, are made, in France or in Germany, the greater number coming from France. This is the kind of fishing basket of which the greatest number is sold, says the New York Sun.

It is made now in just the same form as 50 years and more ago. It comes in half a dozen or more sizes, selling at prices ranging from 75 cents to \$2.25.

Comparatively new among fishing baskets—it has been on the market only five years or so—is one with a regular French imported body, fitted with a cover made in this country, the cover being metallic, or of a composition material, and provided with a lock. The opening through which the fish are dropped is closed with an inner cover working on a spring hinge and capable of being secured inside with a button. With that fastened and the cover locked nobody but the owner can get inside the basket. The angler, as a dealer in fishing tackle said, is an honest man; he doesn't steal. But the locked cover might secure the basket against curiosity or against the playing of tricks on the owner.

There is imported an English made fishing basket, of a kind first produced ten years or so ago, that is made in two parts, an upper and a lower. This basket has in a general way the same form as the French fishing basket, though it is somewhat clumsier in shape and made of larger willow, and this wrought in a coarser weave. It is made in larger sizes and it has a bulky look, but it is light and serviceable for its use. Of its two parts the lower one, including three-quarters of the basket's space, is, of course, for the fish. The upper section is for luncheon or for the carrying of a camera, which in these days the angler sometimes takes along with him.

In this English compartment basket the two parts are hinged together at the back. With the basket ready to carry the upper part shuts down on the lower, to which it is secured in front by straps and buckles, making the whole basket practically a single construction. In this basket the opening into which to drop the fishes is not in the center, but at one end of the cover. These English baskets are imported in two sizes, and they are sold at eight dollars each.

The locked baskets and the English baskets find some buyers, but many more of the old familiar French fishing baskets are still sold.

BLOCKS THE PATH.

Portugal Oppresses the People and Prevents Progress in East Africa.

In the 500 years in which he has claimed the shore line of East Africa from south of Lourenzo Marques to north of Mozambique, and many hundreds of miles inland, the Portuguese has been the dog in the manger among nations. In all that time, says Scribner's Magazine, he has done nothing to help the land or the people which he pretends to protect, and he keeps those who would improve both from gaining any hold or influence over either. It is doubtful if his occupation of the east coast can endure much longer. The English and the Germans now surround him on every side. Even handicapped as they are by the lack of sea ports which he enjoys, they have forced their way into the country which lies beyond his and which bounds his on every side. They have opened up this country with little railroads, and with their launches and boats they have joined by means of the Zambesi and Chinde rivers new territories to the great Indian ocean. His strip of land, which bars them from the sea, is still unsettled and unsafe, its wealth undeveloped, its people untaught. He sits at his cafe at the coast and collects custom dues and sells stamped paper. For fear of the native he dares not march five miles beyond his seaport town, and the white men who venture inland for purposes of trade, or to cultivate plantations, do so at their own risk; he can promise them no protection. The land back of Mozambique is divided into "holdings," and the rent of each holding is based upon the number of native huts it contains. The tax per hut is one pound sterling a year, and these holdings are leased to any Portuguese who promises to pay the combined taxes of all the huts. He also engages to cut new roads, to keep those already made in repair, and to furnish a sufficient number of police to maintain order. The lessees of these holdings have given rise to many and terrible scandals.

Caste in India.

With the Maharrattas caste prejudices are, as is well known, not so strong as among some races in India, but in Baroda all strongly approved of Maharajah Partab Singh's helping to carry the coffin of a deceased European. Where no caste fellows of the deceased are available for this last service, I think all Hindus would hold a man disgraced if he did not help. Still it is usual only for persons of the same caste to carry a corpse. Among the Maharrattas, generally speaking, water must only be taken from a member of our own caste, but with modern ideas these obligations are getting relaxed. The drinking water in my palace is drawn and served by a caste man.—The Maharajah of Baroda, in Nineteenth Century.

WATCHES GET TIRED.

Fine Hand-Made Timepieces Require an Occasional Period of Rest.

"This is a very fine timepiece and there is nothing on earth the matter with it except that it is sulky," said an old watchmaker on Royal street, reports the New Orleans Times-Democrat, who has followed his craft here and abroad for the last half a century. The watch to which he referred lay on his bench. It was an old-fashioned Swiss chronometer, in a massive gold case, worn as smooth as glass, and the owner declared it had not run steadily for several weeks. Nothing seemed to be broken; it had simply stopped and refused to go, except by fits and starts.

"It is all right," the old watchmaker went on; "nothing about it out of order, and it is fairly clean. The only trouble is that it is sulky and may be tired. Fine old hand-made watches get that way now and then, and the best thing to do is to lay them aside and give them a rest. Suppose we do that now, and I will lend you something to wear in the meanwhile. Watches like this have lots of human traits," he continued, after its owner had secured a substitute and departed, "and very few people realize that they really get fatigued. I have often had them come to me in the condition of this one. The mechanism seems to be in perfect condition, but it won't run. The fact is, that long service has thrown it slightly out of adjustment in perhaps 20 different places. I dare say I could go over it with my tools and forcibly set it to rights, but the less the works of a very high-grade watch are scraped and handled and taken apart the better for them. A far more sensible plan is the one I shall pursue in the present case—to lay it away in a drawer and let it rest undisturbed for one, two, possibly three months; the longer the better. In that time the delicate wheels and cogs and pinions will slowly readjust themselves—settle back into their right places, as well as I can explain it, and when I take the watch out again all that is necessary is to give it a tap or two and a microscopic drop of oil and it starts off as briskly and cheerfully as ever."

"You will understand, of course, that the only watches subject to this sort of thing are those that have been carefully and patiently made by hand—each part wrought out with special reference to the rest and fitting no other set of works in the world. Some of the human quality of the maker goes into such a timepiece. The modern, machine-made watch doesn't get tired. When it stops, something is 'busted.'"

THE AGE OF ELECTRICITY.

Wonders That Have Been Accomplished in the One Hundred Years Just Elapsed.

It is exactly a hundred years since Volta made his demonstration of current electricity before the scientific world, says E. W. Mayo, in Huff Leslie's Popular Monthly. The Buffalo exposition, therefore, will possess additional interest as representing a century's advance in electrical investigation and invention. Practically, however, the period which it will cover will be much less than this. The early investigation of the subject was of necessity academic in its nature. It was necessary to discover the properties of the unknown force before these properties could be taken advantage of for material use. The practical application of electricity to industrial purposes dates from Morse's invention of the magnetic telegraph, first put into practical working order only 66 years ago.

It would be an intensely instructive addition to the exhibits which the managers of the Pan-American exposition are preparing if they could reproduce the scene which marked the first transmission of an intelligible message over electric wires in this country. This event took place in 1837, in a small room overlooking Washington square, in New York city. Morse had invited a few friends to witness the experiment, and in their presence he transmitted a few signals from one to the other of the two crude transmitting and receiving machines that he had constructed, on wires strung about the room. All who witnessed the test agreed that the invention suggested marvelous possibilities, but the most practical among them declared that it was doubtful whether messages could ever be sent in this manner for a greater distance than eight or ten miles. Morse, however, declared with enthusiasm:

"If I can make it work for eight or ten miles, I can make it go around the world."

What would be the thoughts of the members of that group, separated from us by less than the span of a single life, if they could see messages being sent not only around the world, but in opposite directions over a single wire; if they could watch automatic transmission achieving a record of a thousand words a minute, or could send a message from the floor of the Produce exchange in New York to Chicago and receive an answer within 45 seconds, as has been done many and many a time?

Plague of Flies in Paris.

Paris has been suffering for months from a great plague of flies and other insects. Naturalists trace this to the wholesale slaughter of birds for women's hats, and the ministry of agriculture has issued a circular ordering a stricter observance of the laws enacted for the protection of birds.—N. Y. Sun.

IN BABY'S NURSERY.

Its Correct Furnishings—The Proper Ventilation and Temperature.

The room in which the infant is housed for the first few months of its life should be the brightest and sunniest of all, and with a southern exposure if possible, for there the sun lingers longest. The furnishings of the room should be simple, with no more hangings and furniture than is necessary to give it a cheery aspect. Everything should be avoided that will exclude air and hold dust.

Running water or open basins should never be allowed in the nursery, and hard-finished walls, either painted or tinted, are to be preferred to paper, which absorbs odors and cannot be properly cleansed, says the New York Tribune.

There should be no carpet in a nursery. It is better to have a painted or hardwood floor or one covered with linoleum. Either can be dusted off with a moist cloth every day without difficulty. A few rugs are not objectionable if they are small enough to be handled easily and shaken out in the open air every day.

There should be a few bright pictures in simple frames on the walls, and the furniture should be as free from upholstery as possible, with the bed or crib in brass or white enamel. The crib should have a woven wire mattress, while over it may be laid a heavy blanket, folded sufficiently to fit the crib. Upon this, again, is placed a square of rubber nursery cloth to keep the cold out, as well as to protect the blanket. Over this, again, is laid the sheet, and, lastly, a soft quilted cotton pad. The blanket should be well aired every day, and by this care and arrangement a comfortable bed is secured, and one that is absolutely clean and sanitary. Never use a hair mattress for a young infant, for even with the greatest care it cannot be kept in a perfectly sanitary condition.

The nursery should be carefully dusted each day, and never with a feather duster or dry cloth, which simply scatters the dust from one place to another. But a soft cloth should be wrung out dry from a basin of water in which a few drops of ammonia have been sprinkled, and by this method all dust is easily gathered and the air of the room freshened. It must not be forgotten that in dust lodge the germs of disease, and the cleaner and purer the room is kept where the baby spends its early days the better the baby's chance for continued health.

Temperance and ventilation are matters which cannot receive too strict attention. The temperature should never be allowed to go above 70 degrees, and for an infant of more than two months a temperature of 63 degrees is far better for the daytime, with a few degrees lower for the night. Children brought up in close, overheated rooms are, as a rule, pale and puny, and susceptible to cold and pulmonary disorders.

MADE HIS OWN EGGS.

That Is What an Incubator Was Told Two Curious and Credulous Women.

The incubators which attracted so much attention at the recent poultry show reminded some of the old-timers, who for the last quarter of the century have always attended the show, of an amusing incident which occurred at the Madison Square garden 11 years ago. It was in 1889 that the first show of the association was held in the present garden.

Charles M. Griffings, the treasurer of the association, was one of the first to own an incubator, which, by the way, was a crude device. He placed it on exhibition at the garden in 1889, says the New York Telegram.

While watching the chickens running about in the incubator two middle-aged women approached. After gazing at the machine intently for nearly five minutes, one of them said: "Why, they look like real chickens, don't they?"

"Wonderful, wonderful, isn't it?" responded her companion.

"Yes, they do resemble real chickens very closely," replied Mr. Griffings, suppressing a smile.

The two women gazed at the chickens in awe. Finally one of them asked: "Do you make your own eggs?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Griffings. "Mercy, me! What do you make 'em out of?"

"Gelatine and cotton," gravely replied Mr. Griffings.

"Well, I want to know," ejaculated both women, staring at each other in open-mouthed astonishment. "I've heard of oleomargarine, but I never knew before that they made chickens by hand."

And they marched away uttering exclamations of wonder.

Sardine Relish.

Six slices bread, one-half box sardines, one teaspoonful mustard, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful paprika, two tablespoonfuls olive oil, three tablespoonfuls butter, yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Cut bread in rounds and saute in butter. Mix mustard, salt, paprika and olive oil and egg yolks, beat well, add boned sardines and spread on bread, reheat in blazer, adding more butter if necessary.—Good House-keeping.

Easy to "String."

Nell—I never knew a girl so susceptible to flattery as Maude. Belle—That's right. Jack told her she was an angel, and she went right off and began taking lessons on the harp.—Philadelphia Record.