

# MR. WIGGLESWORTH.



HERE it is!" gleefully cried Mr. Wigglesworth, running to the window.

Mrs. Wigglesworth followed in a flutter. It was her birthday, and she'd been hoping since morning that her husband would remember it. She saw a fat, red-faced man, leading a tall sorrel horse into the yard.

"What—what is it, Ellery?" she asked, in a mild wonderment.

"What is it?" echoed Mr. Wigglesworth, smiling. "It's a horse, of course. What dye spots it was a bolted dinner? Thought the man was leading a farm mortgage, didn't you?"

"And did you get it for me?" chirped Mrs. Wigglesworth, clapping her hands. "Oh, how good of you, Ellery, to remember that it was my birthday!" So she kissed her husband on his whiskers—women love to kiss their husbands on their whiskers—and, putting an apron over her head, she followed him out of doors. The tall sorrel horse had his nose in the air and was wringing his lips back over his forehead in a peculiar fashion. Now and then he would thrust one foot out toward the horizon in an impromptu way, and look disappointed when the red-faced man turned out to be elsewhere.

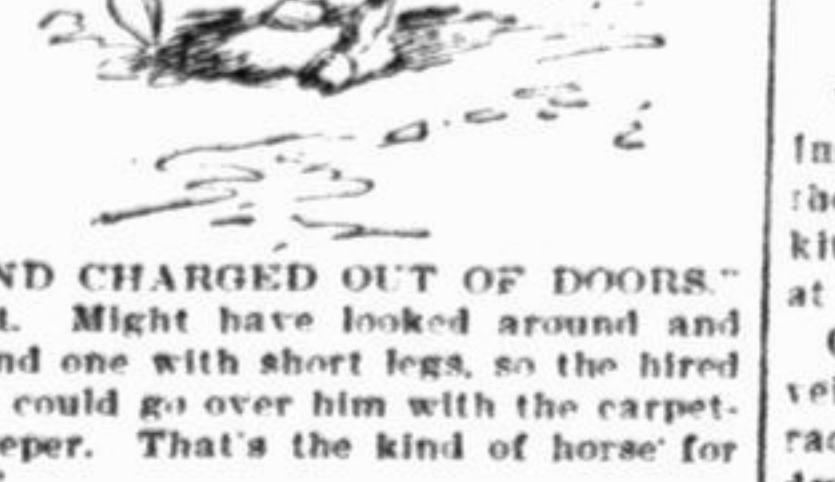
"Where'll I put him?" asked the red-faced man. He also had a hoarse voice that rumbled, and at the sound of which the tall horse would stand up in the air till he felt the red-faced man's fat form at the end of the halter, and then he would come down again, reaching for the red-faced man as he did so, but, unfortunately, missing him again. After some trouble the animal was got into a stall in the little stable and the red-faced man went away, while the hired girl came out and gathered up the line of clothes that had been cast down and stepped on.

"You see, it is this way," Mr. Wigglesworth explained, as they were eating supper. "I thought it would be a good thing for you to have a horse this spring and get out more. So I went to a man I know and told him just what I wanted, and he's sent up just the thing—a woman's driving horse—one that a child can handle. Quite a surprise, wasn't it?" he added, with the pride that a man takes in doing a thing without consulting his wife.

"Oh, it's too delightful for anything!" cooed Mrs. Wigglesworth. "But do you think I can drive him?"

"Don't you think I can drive him?" Didn't you seem rather—or—till? Not so awfully tall," she hastened to add, noting her husband's falling countenance, "but—just—"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Mr. Wigglesworth, holding his knife and fork on end and addressing the sideboard, "he's too tall. I oughter thought of"



"AND CHARGED OUT OF DOORS," that. Might have looked around and found one with short legs, so the hired girl could go over him with the carpet-sweeper. That's the kind of horse for us!"

They talked the matter over at length after supper. Mr. Wigglesworth said he was going to take care of the animal himself, as what he needed in the spring anyway was exercise, to work the accumulated sluggishness of winter out of his blood—out of Mr. Wigglesworth's blood. Mrs. Wigglesworth said she was going to learn to put the bridle on him—onto the horse—without standing on a chair, and afterwards, she said, she would drive around by the office and bring her husband home to supper, for she knew how tired he must be after a hard day's work.

There was considerable pawing around in the stable during the night.

"Don't you think you best take the lantern and go and see if everything is all right?" Mrs. Wigglesworth suggested. "Perhaps his blanket has slipped off."

"Well, I'll stay slipped off for all of me," said her husband. "Want me to go out and get stepped on, don't ye? Think it would be a good idea to stir up his pillow and put a hot-water bottle to his feet, I s'pose. Guess he's used to sleeping alone. Probably he's having strange dreams, first time in a new stable, so." This conceit so amused Mr. Wigglesworth that he lay awake a long time laughing at it. But early in the morning, just as the first rays of dawn were slanting downward over Sawyer's barn, there was a succession of tremendous noises that called Mr. Wigglesworth heavily from bed, and he rushed, half dressed, toward the stable. When Mrs. Wigglesworth, soon after, got there, her blood froze with horror at the sight that met her gaze. The tall sorrel horse had his two front legs over the edge of the stall, and with his neck stretched to the farthest limits of the halter was making frantic gestures toward Mr. Wigglesworth, who had climbed hastily onto a large feed-box in the corner, and was convulsively clinging to the wall, with a look on his face that his wife had never seen there before.

"Oh, Ellery!" she screamed, with a woman's ready presence of mind; "come away instantly!"

"Come away!" shouted Mr. Wigglesworth, making himself still flatter against the wall, as the sorrel horse essayed another grab and tore off one of his suspenders.

"Oh, of course—that's it—that's all I want to do—just wave my hand to the conductor and get aboard and ring two bells and go ahead! Wouldn't have thought if you hadn't wowed!" and he fetched another shriek as the sorrel stretched the halter an added

inch and snorted a cupful of foam down Mr. Wigglesworth's neck.

"What ye standing there for?" he yelled. "Don't ye see I can't move without losing my life and all I've got on?"

"What shall I do!" wailed his wife, wringing her hands.

"Why get an axe and chop his blamed head off!" he roared, and set a wood auger and bore a hole in him somewhere, and see if that won't take his attention! Go!"

Mrs. Wigglesworth was a woman who could be roused to momentous situations. She came down from the stairs and waved her apron gently.

"Shoo!" she said to the sorrel horse.

"That's it!" her husband cried, "that's the way to shoe a horse!" and ghastrly as the humor seemed to be, he found himself smiling at it. But his wonder redoubled when the sorrel horse, after looking at Mrs. Wigglesworth for a moment with a surprised air, slipped demurely down from the edge of the stall and began scratching his neck reflectively on the manger.

"There you are," said Mrs. Wigglesworth, climbing down from the box and cautiously approaching the stall. The animal had his eyes closed, and Mr. Wigglesworth, as he took hold of the halter, remembering his suspender, could not forbear giving it a vicious little jerk.

What followed Mrs. Wigglesworth explained to the doctors. The tall sorrel, she said, when he felt the jerk, seemed to turn and shot a hasty but astonished look at her husband. Mr. Wigglesworth's hands appeared to be glued to the halter, she said, for when the sorrel stood up on his hind legs and walked out of the stall, Mr. Wigglesworth came with him, swinging back and forth like the pendulum to a clock, only faster. When the sorrel got out on the barn floor, he looked around for Mrs. Wigglesworth, but failing to discover her, at first, he performed a few complicated dance movements, such as a circus horse makes, leaving portions of Mr. Wigglesworth's clothing and cuticle upon the studding and rafters of the stable as he went along. Then he put his hands around that gentleman and "barged" out of doors. The hired girl just time to look over her shoulder and see the procession coming, and then drop her clothes basket and crawl under the stoop. When the sorrel horse came down again, missing the hired girl by an inch, he put his hind foot through the clothes basket and bore it away with him.

It made one of the best items of news the local papers ever had, and even got "piped" into a city daily with cuts. People coming out of their houses would see Mr. Wigglesworth every few minutes going into the air, and then coming down again, closely followed by the sorrel horse, with his leg thrust through the basket, and accumulating mud which ever and anon he would shake off upon the bystanders as he went hustling past.

Half an hour later Mr. Wigglesworth climbed slowly up the stoop, a fragment of the halter, apparently forgotten, showing in his hand.

"My darling, darling Ellery!" sobbed his wife, with a pale face, tottering forward.

"Don't ye fall on me!" warned Mr. Wigglesworth, the passionate lines on his face growing deeper; "don't ye come whining around here asking for any more family horses warranted to stand without hitching! The kind of family horse you want is a gentle, long-eared, monkey, and blamed if I don't wish you'd got one before you ever saw me!"

And in explaining it affrays to the woman across the way, Mrs. Wigglesworth said: "It did seem queer that Ellery should lay it all onto her, when the horse was just as much of a surprise to her as it was to anybody, especially Mr. Wigglesworth."

**Indian and Chinese Cooks**

Whatever may be the merits of the Indian cook, cleanliness is not one of them and the disorder and dirt of his kitchen make one wonder still more at the results of his cooking.

One writer tells how a lady was inveighing to a friend against the whole race of Indian cooks as dirty, disorderly and dishonest. She had managed to secure the services of a Chinese cook and was much pleased with the contrast. Her friend did not altogether agree with her and was skeptical about the immaculate Chinaman.

"Put it to the test," said the lady; "just let us pay a visit to your kitchen and then come and see mine."

So they went together. What need to describe the kitchen of the Indian cook? They glanced around and hurried out, for it was too horrible to be endured long.

When they went to the Chinaman's kitchen the contrast was indeed striking. The pots and pans shone like silver, the table was positively sweet, everything was in its proper place and Chang himself sitting on his box, was washing his feet in the soup tureen.—Queen.

**CURIOUS FACTS.**

The most wonderful cliff dwellings in the United States are those of the Mancos, in a southern Colorado canon.

A triumph of art over nature was illustrated recently when a well-known English artist made a painting of some old beech trees in a Kent pasture, which he sold for \$1,400.

Paper telegraph poles are the latest development of the art of making paper useful. These poles are made of paper pulp, in which borax, tallow, etc., are mixed in small quantities.

A blast of 1,100 pounds of dynamite in twenty-seven holes was made recently at a quarry near Providence, R. I., blowing off the face of a cliff and dislodging about ten thousand tons of stone.

An unusual growth is noticed in the garden of Mr. George D. Colt at Norwich, Ct. A wistaria vine has entwined itself around an elm so tightly that it is gradually strangling the growth out of the latter.

Gallon declares that the patterns on the finger tips are not only unchangeable throughout life, but that the chance of the finger prints of two persons being alike is less than one in sixty-four billions.

According to a German scientific journal, a material called "flexible glass" is made by dissolving four to eight parts of gun cotton in one part of ether or alcohol, and adding to the solution two to four parts of a non-resinous oil, and four to ten parts of Canada balsam.

# OUR WOMEN OF TITLE.

## FOREIGN HOMES OF AMERICAN FAIR ONES.

The Haughty London Colony—Countess of Craven—The Jerome Girls at Home—Carlton House Terrace—Alas the Poor de Castellanes.

(Special Correspondence.)

MR. GEORGE N. CURSON'S London address for the season is 5 Carlton House terrace. This beautiful young matron, who, as Miss Letter, of Chicago, and Washington, was the toast of two continents, has chosen a splendid establishment in the most fashionable part of London. It is one of a row of magnificent houses facing the Horse Guards' Parade, divided by the Duke of York's column at the bottom of Waterloo place.

Mrs. John Mackay makes her home at 6, and the Duchess of Marlborough, now Lady William Bessford, has a magnificent appointed establishment at 3 on the same terrace. Buckingham and St. James' palaces and Marlborough House are not a stone's throw away, and all of the leading clubs are within easy reach. It is an ideal residence spot, for Carlton House Terrace is a part of London always associated with magnificence and luxury. For many years Mrs. Mackay lived in Paris, where her royal entertainments are well remembered by those fortunate to have partaken of her



THE COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE.

boundless hospitality. When she first went to London she rented a house in Buckingham Gate. All that exquisite taste and unlimited money could attain of luxury and beauty have been bestowed upon her palatial home, which is considered the most beautiful house in London. Her two sons divide their time between London, New York and San Francisco. There is no limit to the entertaining, and Princess Colonna, Mrs. Mackay's only daughter, often comes with her little ones, Andrea, Bianca and the baby Colonna, to make the stately house gay with children's voices and laughter.

The largest castle in England belongs to the little Countess of Craven, who was Cornelia Bradley-Martin, and who has just passed her eighteenth birthday, though she has been a lady of high degree for more than a year. Just think of such a dimpled bit of girlhood assuming the housewifely care of a place like Combe Abbey, where there are fifty guest bedrooms, with canopied porticoes, and polished oak rafters dark with age, not to speak of halls, drawing, morning, dining and living rooms.

The Countess of Essex, who was Miss Adele Grant, a daughter of the late Beach Grant, of New York, owns a grand country seat. She had no fortune but her beautiful face when she became the second wife of the rich Earl. Her father's residence is Cassiobury, in Hertfordshire, with its beautiful deer parks and twenty miles and more of walks and drives. The Earls of Essex are descended from Sir William Capell, Lord Mayor of London, in 1563.

The "American Duchess," as the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough was commonly known in England and America, can no longer lay claim to the title which she loved so well and bore so proudly. Upon her marriage with Sir William Bessford, the Queen insisted upon her forfeiting the higher title, and she was presented at court as Lady William Bessford. She is established in England at Deepdene, in Surrey, which she has leased from Lord Francis Hope, who married the American burlesque actress, May Yohé. Blenheim Palace, upon which, as the Duchess of Marlborough, she spent more than \$1,000,000, has gone to her stepson, the present Duke of Marlborough.

The Duchess of Manchester was Con-

suelo Yznaga, of New York, when she married the Viscount Mandeville. Her son is now Duke of Manchester. Rimbolton Castle, in Ireland, is the favorite estate, but the Dowager Duchess and her son and daughter spend part of each year in London, Paris and Berlin. The Manchesters are reckoned the poorest Dukes in England, but they have an enviable position socially, as the beautiful Duchess is one of the favored friends of the Princess of Wales. Since the divorce of the Vanderbilts, the old story of Willie K's boyhood devotion to the Duchess of Manchester, for whom he named his only daughter, has been revived, and it is admitted by some of the close friends of both that their marriage would not come as a surprise.

"The three pretty Jerome girls," as they were called, have lived so much in England that they have almost forgotten that they were born in New York. The loveliest of the three, Jennie, married in 1874 the late Lord Randolph Churchill, brother of the eighth Duke of Marlborough.

Her Ladyship's very comfortable London house is 2 Connaught place, and many grand entertainments have been given there, not merely to the social set, but to further the political aims and interests of her late husband. She is a very great favorite with the Queen.

In Paris the Princess de Sagan is the leader of the smart set, so it goes without saying that when Mrs. Charles A. Livermore married Raymond, Baron de Seilliere, a brother of the Princess, she entered a circle in the French capital which is opened to very few foreigners. Both bride and groom were plentifully endowed with wealth, and they have a magnificent establishment at 23 Rue de Constantine. It is this set that the Countess de Castellane, otherwise Anna Gould, wishes to enter. The real aristocrats of France, however, it is said, are not disposed to receive her.

Cholera has again broken out in the East. The Mecca pilgrims are experiencing a severe visitation. Constantinople is alarmed. St. Petersburg reports twenty-two cases, thirteen of them fatal, in one locality, while in others there have been some hundreds of cases, with a proportionate number of deaths. The eleven thousand pilgrims had come from all quarters of the world, and as at the end of their visit they scattered to their homes, there is no telling where the disease will end. Among the pilgrims there are always many who turn their faces toward America, and who may, in their clothing or other effects, bring cholera germs to our shores. It is not unusual for this disease to break out in Egypt and Turkey as well as Russia in the month of March. Cold and environment have little to do with the incipient stages. There are English troops quartered at Cairo, and English authorities are deeply concerned at the exposure of the soldiers to the epidemic. About their associates, and the apprehension on the part of the government is not without excellent foundation. An ounce of prevention is worth a great many pounds of cure, and as weather prophets tell us we are to have an exceedingly dry and hot summer, the quarantine authorities and health boards of this country should be on the alert that no suspected source of infection be permitted to enter our borders.

**Fifty Thousand Truants.**

The Board of Education of New York City has received a summary of the school census recently taken by the police. According to this report there are 168,620 male and 171,736 female school children in this city. The table shows there are 50,000 truants, which means an expenditure of between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 for new schools before these delinquents can be taken care of. There is now \$6,500,000 available for the erection of new school buildings and it is estimated that twenty-five of them will be required.

**A Soap for Cleaning Silk.**

A soap for this purpose is made by heating 1 pound coconut oil to 36 degrees F., adding 1/2 pound caustic soda, and mixing thoroughly. Then heat 1/2 pound white Venetian turpentine, add to the soap, and again mix thoroughly. The mixture is covered and left for four hours, then heated again, and 1 pound of ox gall is added to it and well stirred. Next, pulverize some perfectly dry, good curd soap and add it to the gill soap in sufficient quantity to make it solid—1 or 2 pounds of curd soap will be needed. When cold the mass should be pressed into cakes.

**Piercing a Nickel.**

We know that steel is much harder than nickel or silver, but a steel needle is so very slender that it seems impossible to force it through a coin. The feat, however, is very simple and may easily be accomplished.

**Devonshire's Clotted Cream.**

The special product of the county of Devon—clotted cream—is sold (says Mr. Rew) by weight for the same price as butter. "Every little farmer makes it, and the demand seems to be almost as great as for butter. Why this easily produced article, which ranks as a luxury, and one may almost say a rarity, in most parts of the country, should be practically confined to Devonshire, I have never been able to understand."

**Oldest Whisky in America.**

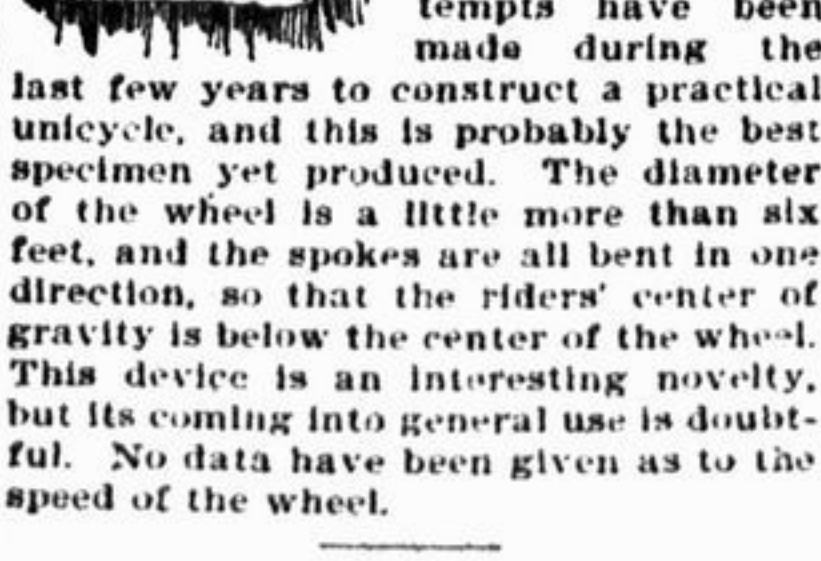
In a saloon cellar in Cincinnati were found recently forty gallons of bourbon whisky thirty-nine years of age. It is thought to be the oldest whisky in the country.

# SCIENCE UP TO DATE.

## RECORD OF RECENT INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

The Unicycle Is Being Perfected—An Interesting and Instructive Problem in Popular Science—Piercing a Nickel—More Spots on the Sun.

**NOVEL unicycle** has recently been invented by a Frenchman named Gauthier. A good idea of its construction may be obtained from the accompanying picture taken from Cassiers Magazine. Many attempts have been made during the last few years to construct a practical unicycle, and this is probably the best specimen yet produced. The diameter of the wheel is a little more than six feet, and the spokes are all bent in one direction, so that the riders' center of gravity is below the center of the wheel. This device is an interesting novelty, but its coming into general use is doubtful. No data have been given as to the speed of the wheel.



**Cholera Precautions.**

Cholera has again broken out in the East. The Mecca pilgrims are experiencing a severe visitation. Constantinople is alarmed. St. Petersburg reports twenty-two cases, thirteen of them fatal, in one locality, while in others there have been some hundreds of cases, with a proportionate number of deaths. The eleven thousand pilgrims had come from all quarters of the world, and as at the end of their visit they scattered to their homes, there is no telling where the disease will end. Among the pilgrims there are always many who turn their faces toward America, and who may, in their clothing or other effects, bring cholera germs to our shores. It is not unusual for this disease to break out in Egypt and Turkey as well as Russia in the month of March. Cold and environment have little to do with the incipient stages. There are English troops quartered at Cairo, and English authorities are deeply concerned at the exposure of the soldiers to the epidemic. About their associates, and the apprehension on the part of the government is not without excellent foundation. An ounce of prevention is worth a great many pounds of cure, and as weather prophets tell us we are to have an exceedingly dry and hot summer, the quarantine authorities and health boards of this country should be on the alert that no suspected source of infection be permitted to enter our borders.

**Improved Drawbridge.**

How to use the rivers and canals that run through large cities, and yet provide safe and simple bridges for them, has long been a puzzle to civil engineers. The new Van Buren street bridge in Chicago shows some novel ideas in construction, and will doubtless be a model after which many will be built. Instead of two enormous, elongated piers as tipped over toward each other that their stems meet, and you have the foundation principle of this bridge. The meeting point of the stems is the railing of the bridge, which is of the usual height. Now tip these piers back upon their blossom ends, and the shape of the bridge when open is approximately shown. This form of construction has advantages, in that no one can drive through the draw or stand on the bridge, as the tracks elevate to something more than an angle of forty-five degrees. The preponderant weight rests on very heavy stone piers, and when tipped upright there is none of the tremendous leverage which is a perpetual strain on those built after ordinary plans. The opening leaves the entire width of the channel free, and there is no danger of collision of masts or of difficulties on account of the narrowness of the waterway.

**Keeping Old Age at Bay.**

A few years ago an Italian bacteriologist proclaimed that he had discovered the "germ of old age." The idea was scouted by all scientific men, but there may be something in it after all. At any rate, says Modern Medicine, there seems to be good ground for believing that germs, if not a specific germ, are at least one of the most important influences which bring on old age. It has long been known that the ptomaines or poisonous substances produced by microbes are capable of setting up various degenerative processes. Degenerative changes in the joints, the liver, the kidneys, and other organs have been directly traced to this cause. The writer has for some time held the opinion that the degenerative changes incident to advancing age are due to the same cause; namely, the poisons absorbed from the alimentary canal. These poisons are constantly present in greater or less quantity, according to the extent to which fermentative and putrefactive processes prevail in the stomach and intestines. These considerations suggest at once the thought, while all human beings must necessarily be constantly subject to the influence of poisonous substances generated in their own alimentary canal, and consequently must grow old and die sooner or later to the degenerative process of old age, these processes may be greatly accelerated by subsisting upon a diet which favors the production of poisonous substances in the alimentary canal.

**A Boy's Effort to Explain Things.**

"Mamma, do you like to kiss Mrs. Jewhillaker?"

"No, dear."

"Do you think Mrs. Jewhillaker likes to kiss you?"

"I don't think she does."

"Then why do you and she always kiss when you meet?"

"I don't know, mamma."

"Don't you think Mrs. Jewhillaker would rather you didn't kiss her?"

"I have no doubt of it."

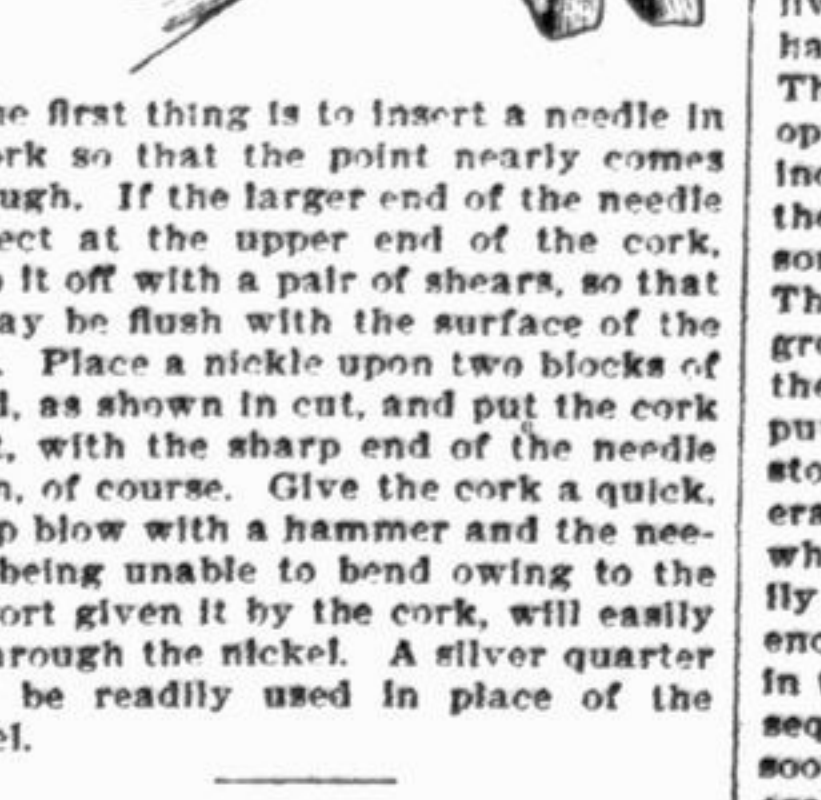
"Wouldn't you rather Mrs. Jewhillaker didn't kiss you?"

"Oh, very much!"

"Then that must be why"—Chicago Tribunes.

**The Depths of Coal Mines.**

M. Grousset's proposal to sink a shaft 1,500 m. in depth has attracted general attention to the depth of existing mines. Some American technical journals claim that there is a copper mine in Michigan with a shaft 1,972 m. in depth. M. Haton de la Goupilliere, director of the Paris School of Mines, has been interviewed on the subject by a correspondent of La Nature, to whom he gave some interesting details. From the data in his possession he found the greatest depths of mine shafts did not exceed 1,200 m. Beyond that it was only a question of bore holes. M. L. Poussiguet, director of the Ronchamp Mines, in the Haute Saone, has made inquiries into what were the greatest depths attained in Europe. In Bohemia, at Pibram, he found the Marie shaft with a depth of 1,120 m., the Adalbert shaft with the same depth, and the Franz Joseph with exactly 1,000 m. The



**More Spots on the Sun.**

spots are fine specimens of typical sun spot phenomena, while the faculae about the developing spots at the edge of the disk seem to afford good examples of the first stages of sun spot development. L. H. Horner, Springfield, Mass.

